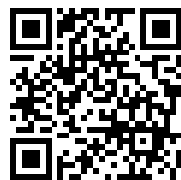


---

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<http://books.google.com>



University of Virginia Library

DA910 M8 1845

ALD A history of Ireland, from its



CX 001 689 894

**LIBRARY OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA**



**GIFT OF  
DR. WILBUR P. MORGAN  
OF BALTIMORE**















CURRAN



GRATTAN



FLOOD



REMEMBER

1782



EMMET



LORD EDW. FITZGERALD



WOLFE TONE



BRIAN BORU



OLLAMH FODHLA



SARSFIELD



HUGH O'NEILL



DATHI



CAROLAN.

ER & EC Kellogg





A  
**HISTORY OF IRELAND,**  
FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME;  
INCLUDING A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF  
ITS LITERATURE, MUSIC, ARCHITECTURE,  
AND NATURAL RESOURCES;  
WITH UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES  
OF  
ITS MOST EMINENT MEN;  
INTERSPERSED WITH A GREAT NUMBER OF  
**Irish Melodies,**  
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,  
ARRANGED FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS;  
AND ILLUSTRATED BY MANY  
PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED IRISHMEN,  
AND A  
SERIES OF ARCHITECTURAL VIEWS.

---

By **THOMAS MOONEY,**  
LATE OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

---

BOSTON:  
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

---

1845.



DA  
910  
.M.8  
1845  
43376

---

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by  
THOMAS MOONEY,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

---

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, DUBLIN.]

---

ERRATA.

Page 372, line 4 from the bottom, for "*Dungarvan*" read *Youghal*.  
Page 1350, lines 10 and 14 from the bottom, for "*Doneraile*" read *Cork*.

## APPROBATION.

### *Meeting of the Friends of Ireland in New York.*

A meeting of the Friends of Ireland and of Universal Liberty was held at Washington Hall, Broadway, on the evening of the 1st of May, 1843, the Rev. JOHN N. SMITH, pastor of St. James's, in the chair, James Bergen and George D. Dowling secretaries.

The object of the meeting having been very eloquently stated by the reverend chairman, which was called with a view to have the valuable and interesting course of Lectures on Ireland, delivered in the course of the past winter, by Mr. MOONEY, published,—

The reverend gentleman stated that he had heard many of those Lectures delivered, and he considered that if the whole were published in the cheapest possible form, the book would form an excellent auxiliary to our stock of literature; that it would make an excellent school book, which we much wanted, for it was a lamentable fact, that the youth of this country never saw a History of Ireland, simply because there is really no such work, complete, in existence. Even the children of Irish parents forget the blessed and revered land of their forefathers, or learn of it only through the vicious medium of English calumniators. A new era had arrived, public inquiry respecting Ireland had taken wing, and it will not rest now until it flies over the entire history of that interesting but oppressed land. (Cheers.) Mr. MOONEY had given the whole of her splendid history, in a pleasing, graphic, and familiar style, suitable to every taste. He was the first man that did the thing so much required, and he felt it his duty to Ireland and to truth to give the work his heartiest support. (Cheers.)

The Rev. Mr. M'Carran supported the views of the reverend chairman. Letters were received from Messrs. Charles O'Connor, William Denman, Dr. M'Gloin, and other gentlemen, highly approving the object of the meeting.

Mr. Wallace, of Kentucky, also addressed the meeting in laudatory terms of the object it had in view, and moved the following resolutions:—

*Resolved*, That we have witnessed with pleasure the great advantage derived by this community from the *Lectures on Irish History*, delivered by THOMAS MOONEY, Esq., during the past winter, and, feeling it due to Ireland and the United States, that the most extensive circulation should be given to the valuable and interesting matter contained in these important Lectures as a national work, we deem it a duty to request Mr. MOONEY to publish an edition of the same.

*Resolved*, That we, as a committee, not only cheerfully recommend such a publication to every friend of Ireland, and of universal liberty, throughout the United States, but will assist, by all honorable means, in disposing of the work when published.

*Resolved*, That the secretaries of this meeting be empowered to call upon the leading men of this city, and throughout the United States, for such general coöperation as they may be disposed to render.

The following named gentlemen then and subsequently subscribed their names for the work:—

a

John Power, vicar-general, pastor of St. Peter's, (five copies,)	John M'Keon, M. C., Robert Emmet, Charles O'Conor, W. J. Macneven, Samuel R. Macneven, John Caldwell, treasurer N. York Repeal Association, Patrick S. Casserly, Gregory Dillon, Wm. Denman, Robert Hogan, president Emigrant Society, New York, Dr. Sweeney, Dr. M'Gloin, Roche Brothers & Co., James Shea, John M'Sweeney, John Augustus Shea, P. H. Bushe, John Colgan, Denis Carolin, William Wallace, of Kentucky, Timothy Fahy,	Henry H. Byrne, Henry C. Bowden, Daniel Major, Robert Wilson, C. M. King, Wm. Francis Clarke, Allanson Nash, 109 Nassau Street, Moses Y. Beach, proprietor of the <i>Sun</i> , Horace Greely, proprietor of the <i>Tribune</i> , Bernard Donnelly, Charles J. Leahy, Thomas Scanlan, Robert O'Donovan, Alex. Wells, John Brady, Bartholomew O'Conor, secretary Repeal Association, James Trute, Patrick M'Kenna, Pittsburg, James Hurley.
John N. Smith, pastor of St. James's, (five copies,)		
Michael M'Carron, St. James, Wm. Nightengale, pastor of Fiftieth Street Church, (two copies,)		
Alexander Mappeti, Transfiguration Church, Rev. Mr. Murphy, St. Mary's, Felix Varela, vicar-general, pastor of Transfiguration Church, John M'Closkey, pastor of St. Joseph's,* Andrew Byrne, pastor of the Church of the Nativity, Rev. Wm. Quarter, pastor of St. Mary's, Rev. Mr. Curran, of St. Paul's, Harlem,		
* Coadjutor bishop of New York.	JAMES BERGEN, } GEO. D. DOWLING, }	} Secretaries.

The following correspondence took place :—

*To the Very Rev. JOHN POWER, Vicar-General of New York.*

WASHINGTON HALL, May 4, 1843.

Very Rev. Sir :

As secretaries of a meeting of friends of Ireland, held in this hotel on the first of May, we beg leave, in compliance with the resolutions of that meeting, to enclose your reverence a copy of the same, and to request most respectfully your attention thereto.

The students in the schools of America, and the great public generally, have hitherto been deprived of a correct History of Ireland — one which would acquaint them with the true character of the Irish people, their ancient importance amid the nations, their unequalled efforts for many centuries in propagating Christianity and literature, and the unparalleled succession of ages during which they sustained their national integrity, together with the treachery and butchery by which they were deprived of their freedom.

The American youth, learning the little that is printed of Ireland through the prejudiced histories written by her oppressors, cannot but have conceived a very unfavorable impression of her gallant, industrious, and warm-hearted people. Such, indeed, is the result of those unfair and prejudiced reports, that many amongst the American public have treated individuals from Ireland with unaccountable ill-feeling, which, in very many instances, has tended to impede the progress of enterprising industry, in many of the most important walks of life.

A new era, however, has arrived. Discussions on the claims of Ireland to national independence have brought the character of that nation more directly before the public eye, the result of which is the growth of a more favorable opinion, throughout America, towards Ireland and her people. From these discussions have grown a series of Lectures on Ireland, which have been delivered in the course of the last winter before the New York public, by Mr. THOMAS MOONEY, a gentleman recently arrived from Ireland, whose unceasing exertions for the liberation of his country entitle him to the thanks of every friend of freedom. These Lectures have covered the whole history of Ireland, from the earliest period to the present time, and will, when published, supply that desideratum in American literature so much required.

It is our pleasing duty, Very Rev. Sir, to solicit the honor of your name to the national list of patrons and subscribers of this work; and we are, with respect, your very obedient servants,

JAMES BERGEN, }  
GEO. D. DOWLING, } *Secretaries.*

#### A N S W E R .

*To James Bergen and George D. Dowling, Esqrs.*

NEW YORK, May 12, 1843.

Gentlemen :

I have received your letter of the 4th instant, with the resolutions passed at a meeting held in Washington Hall, on the 1st instant, recommending the publication of Mr. MOONEY's Lectures on Ireland, as delivered in this city during the past winter.

Of Mr. MOONEY's knowledge of Ireland and of Irish affairs I am fully convinced. Of his great services and labors in her cause since his arrival in this country you yourselves are witness. By his speeches and Lectures we all have been instructed. I therefore, gentlemen, do fully concur in the resolutions, and as a proof of my *heartly* concurrence, I beg you will set my name down for five copies of the work.

With great esteem, I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Your very faithful servant,

J. POWER, *V. G. of N. Y.*



## ADDRESS

*To the exiled Irishmen resident in the United States, the British Provinces, and in other parts of the world, and to those Irishmen still in bondage in their native country.*

**MY COUNTRYMEN:** I have performed the laborious task of gathering into one book a tolerably complete history of our country, our greatest men, our immortal music, our ancient language, and our sublime architecture.

This work has cost me several years of study, research, and labor. It is now done. My book is in the hands of the world.

It commences the history of Ireland at a period thirteen hundred years before the Christian era, and continues it to the thirtieth of May, 1845. It embraces an account of all transactions in Irish history most interesting to Irishmen, which have taken place during the long succession of ages comprehended in three thousand two hundred years.

Independent of the historic narrative, which begins at the beginning, and concludes in the present year, glancing at the parallel history of England and Scotland as it proceeds, the book contains the following special features, never before presented in any Irish History.

## THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

**FIRST.** — A special essay on the antiquity, nature, history, and present condition of the Irish language, with fac-simile specimens of the ancient Phœnician or Coptic character, in that stage when it succeeded symbolic writing; also, fac-simile specimens of the Irish alphabet, and oghams, (secret writing,) and a brief account of the patriotic efforts now being made to revive the language in Ireland.

## IRISH MUSIC.

**SECOND.** — A special history of Irish music — its remote practice in Ireland — the mode of its original construction — the origin and ancient form of the harp — its cultivation and improvement by the Irish bards — the ancient rules or canons of music which they formed — a fac-simile drawing of ancient musical notes — the time when, and the persons who, introduced the harp music and its laws among the nations of Europe — the general nature of Irish music, and its condition at the present time.

**THIRD.** — As connected with, and illustrative of, the foregoing, I have introduced

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY IRISH MELODIES, (POETRY AND MUSIC COMBINED.)

These melodies are arranged for the piano-forte, violin, flute, or clarionet, and presented as specimens of our ancient and modern composition, embracing every measure, whether of love, sorrow, joy, merriment, war, or patriotism, well calculated to soothe the heart in exile, or to animate it in bondage.

## IRISH POETRY.

**FOURTH.** — A special essay (historical) on the nature of Irish poetry. Various specimens of versification in the Irish language, with translations, are introduced. It is shown that the Irish bards first invented harmonic versification, and formed the science of dividing time and matter in music, poetry, and prose.

## ARCHITECTURE.

FIFTH. — A special history of Irish architecture, from the early erections of cromleachs and round towers to the building of the Parliament-House in Dublin. Several engravings of the various styles of architecture are introduced, including beautiful perspective views of Cormac's Chapel, Holy Cross Abbey, and the Irish Parliament-House. It is proved in this essay, that the sublime style of architecture miscalled Gothic is in fact *Irish*; and the names of the pious architects who introduced that style throughout Europe, with the names of the churches which they erected, are given.

## RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

SIXTH. — The history of the ancient worship of Ireland, and of the introduction of Christianity into that kingdom, with some reflections on its nature — the extensive universities in Ireland — the state of literature at various periods — the establishment of universities by Irish scholars, in the sixth and seventh centuries — the revival, by those pious missionaries, of the learned languages, writing, literature, religion, arts, science, and music, through Europe, after the barbarous violence of Goth, Vandal, and Saxon had subsided.

## THE HISTORIANS.

SEVENTH. — A series of biographical sketches of the ancient and modern historians of Ireland, with accounts of the records which they compiled and the places where these are now deposited, and the best compilations that now exist.

## THE GREAT MEN.

EIGHTH. — A series of abridged biographies of our most distinguished men, from Ollamh Fodhla to O'Connell, comprising two hundred separate "Lives," which include the kings, warriors, writers, saints, bards, and artists who flourished during the ages prior to the English invasion, and those heroic soldiers, patriots, martyrs, poets, musicians, orators, authors, and artists of our country, who shone at intervals, in the gloom of seven centuries of Anglo-Saxon oppression, including those who now live, and surround O'Connell in the heroic struggle for national independence.

## PORTRAITS OF GREAT MEN.

NINTH. — A series of well-executed engravings of a few of the foregoing, which represent the costume of different ages, head and half-length miniatures of Ollamh Fodhla, King Dathy, Brien Boroimhe, Hugh O'Neill, Sarsfield, Wolfe Tone, Flood, Grattan, Curran, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, O'Connell before the Catholic Association in 1825, (by Haverty,) O'Connell in prison, (by Mitchell,) John O'Connell, Sheil, Dr. Doyle, Dr. M'Hale, Smith O'Brien, Tom Steele, Father Mathew, Carolan, Tom Moore, &c.

## HISTORICAL VIEWS OF OTHER NATIONS.

TENTH. — It affords, through the whole work, continued parallel glimpses of the histories of England, Scotland, and Europe generally, by which the reader may become well informed, as he proceeds, of the revolutions of neighboring nations, from the flood to the present year.

## ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

ELEVENTH. — A comprehensive Alphabetical Index is appended to the work, which will enable the reader easily to refer to the most prominent subjects treated of in its pages.

I have put the whole of this matter into one book. It makes over sixteen hundred and fifty pages.

I believe it will be admitted that this is the most comprehensive History of Ireland that ever was published. I might have spun out ten volumes from the material embodied in this one; but my object is to place in the hands of every Irishman, in the cheapest form, and in one book, an account of all things connected with our country which we value most, by which the splendid history of our race, now for the first time put together since our fall, shall, like the Jewish chronicle, be preserved forever unbroken.

My long residence in Dublin, my long connection with the political agitation of Ireland, and my personal cognizance of matters and men, enable me to narrate, with tolerable accuracy, the transactions of the last twenty important years in Irish history — a period yet uncovered by any other writer.

I have asked no patronage or subscription from any man towards this work. It comes out equally independent of the rich or the poor. In this respect it is more fortunate than many of its predecessors. It speaks truth of the living and the dead — is published in a land of freedom, and speaks in the freeman's tone. I ask you, my countrymen, to assist in its circulation, not as a favor to me, but to us all, — the sons of a persecuted and calumniated land, — for this book will be your vindicator and cheering companion in exile or in bondage.

As to pecuniary profits, I shall have little. Every man acquainted with publishing will tell you this is the cheapest book ever published. The music alone embodied in it cannot be purchased for six times its price. Several thousand copies must be sold before the first outlay shall be repaid.

I therefore confidently call on you to assist in the circulation of this book. I suggest the formation of little clubs of subscribers of fives, tens, or twenties, by which the expense of carrying it to a distance will be lessened; and, as a means of dispelling much of that prejudice that exists in this country towards Irishmen, I would suggest that it be loaned to Americans by those who purchase.

I am, my countrymen,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

THOMAS MOONEY.

Boston, November 1, 1845.

## P R E F A C E .

---

“HISTORY'S lessons, if you'll read 'em,  
Will impart this truth to thee —  
Knowledge is the price of freedom ;  
Know yourself, and you are free.” — NATION.

HISTORY is defined to be a dignified recital of events. Its object is to give us the advantages of ages of experience, and its treatment ought to be such as not only to instruct, but to amuse and to incite.

It should, we conceive, be written to effect this triple purpose : to *instruct*, by a skilful array of events growing naturally out of one another ; — to *amuse*, by a happy introduction of as much of the characteristic features of the persons in the narrative, — the romance of life, as it may be termed, — as shall not take too much from its dignity ; which introductions should appear at due intervals in the work, like inns upon a great road, to afford refreshment to the reader ; — and to *incite* to deeds of virtue, patriotism, tenderness, and heroism, by duly extolling such as may have distinguished themselves by these laudable traits ; teaching the young that by these means only can they hope for the approbation of their contemporaries and of posterity. This is the aim of history, to which all its bearing should tend.

Most histories are written so dryly that they are as unpalatable as law books. Hence the young mind flies off to novels and romances, which are fictitious histories, but which possess the exciting and attractive properties that the grave historian casts away. The mind of youth should be filled with true history as the preparatory course to the acquisition of other knowledge ; and it should, in my opinion, be written in familiar language, and interspersed with the most beautiful flowers of literature, to refresh and delight the mind, and engage its attention.

The old historians, writing for less sophisticated natures, enveloped their narratives in poetry, and frequently recited them to their auditories, accompanying the voice with the sounds of the harp — a mode of conveying

historical information which was far more effective than that adopted by the moderns. The multitude of every nation, in ancient times, knew the history of their country tolerably well. But, with all our modern inventions, is this the case now? Do the multitude in Ireland, England, France, or America, know the history of their respective countries tolerably well? It must be admitted that they do not. Females, in general, know little of history; and one of the reasons is, that most of the histories we have are written so gravely, that none but a mind ardently bent on acquiring a knowledge of the past will toil through the wearisome pages in which it is deposited.

Entertaining this opinion, which I have formed upon a close observation of the bent of the public taste, I have constructed my work upon the ancient plan, restoring poetry and music to their companionship with history. This, of course, will subject me to the rod of the reviewers; but I hope to have the multitude on my side, who are always natural in taste and honest in judgment; and, if I succeed in this respect, I can afford to bear the laceration of others. I therefore present my History of Ireland in a series of lectures, interspersed with Irish melodies, nearly in the style in which they were originally delivered by me in New York. This method of conveying historical information I found to be attractive and effective in the lecture-room, and I trust it will prove so in my book. Those who seek the music and the pictures may pause to meditate on *facts* that are side by side.

The music is selected from many eminent Irish composers. The collection embraces every measure. It is difficult to select music that will please every taste; and some that I have omitted may be much better than some that I have chosen. The pieces which I have published are merely specimens; and many of them are linked with the history by an indissoluble tie. There is yet an unbounded field of Irish music untrod-den. Perhaps, in some future publication, I may offer a further collection. The songs of my own composition have been arranged for sundry instruments by Mr. M'Gaughy, and will be found, it is hoped, suggestive of patriotic sentiment.

In a work which, like this, embraces such a multitude of details respecting events and persons, some errors must strike the intelligent reader; and it will give me pleasure to receive suggestions for improvement from any quarter. The severest censure of the reviewers, if founded on sufficient grounds, will have my attention. The whole of this work is stereotyped, and covers seventeen hundred metal plates; it is in my power, by a trifling expenditure, to have alterations made in any of its pages. My life will be well spent in perfecting the work; and every detection of error or omission, either by friend or foe, will enable me to carry out the great object I have in view — the completion of a good History of Ireland.

The unreflecting or the prejudiced Protestant may deem this History partial, because he will not find in it any abuse of Catholicism or its clergy. The enlightened and the patriotic Protestant will perceive that, in common with the great body of the Irish people, the author dwells in fervent terms upon the virtue and nationality of the Protestant patriots, dead and living. Molyneaux, Swift, and Lucas, were Protestants. Grattan, Flood, Bristol, Charlemont, and Curran, were Protestants. The Emmets, O'Connor, Tone, Rowan, Russell, were Protestants. These are among our canonized patriots, the concentrated rays of whose genius form one bright beacon to illumine our path in exile, and our road to freedom. In our own day, O'Brien, Grattan, Steele, Davis, Barrett, Gray, Seaver, Clements, and others, who are among the trusted leaders of Ireland, are Protestants. We are prepared to risk our lives by their side in defence of liberty. What more would Protestantism have, unless it desire a tyrannical ascendancy over Catholics, which the Protestant ministers of the queen of England have said never can exist again.

The unreflecting and the prejudiced Englishman may deem this History partial, because much that he considered his own in art and valor has been restored to Ireland, and because the necessities of history compel the exposure of a long course of English misrule in Ireland and elsewhere. But the enlightened and the honest Englishman will perceive that the aristocracy and its agents are separated, all through, from the great bulk of the English people, who suffer almost as much from their depredations as Ireland or India; and a special acknowledgment is made to the English democracy for the several manifestations of sympathy which they have volunteered in behalf of the freedom of their brethren in Ireland. Indeed, the wish is frequently wafted forth for a hearty coöperation of the oppressed English and Irish people for the achievement of their common liberties.

I have not occupied my pages, as others have done theirs, with detailed descriptions of those lands that were confiscated during the several wars between England and Ireland, nor published profitless lists of the "right owners," the descendants of most of whom are scattered over the world, and are become the servants of the servants of men. Such publications enable the cunning agents of England to spread alarm among the Protestant possessors of those estates, by pointing to the care with which the Irish historians record the boundaries and the names of former owners,—to insinuate that the object of the present agitation for the reëstablishment of the Irish parliament is to seize on those estates, and restore them to the descendants of the original owners. Public opinion is completely set against any disturbance of the possessors of property in Ireland, upon any pretence of *former* illegal seizure. No! The Irish, when in possession of power, will never overhaul the titles of those who *reside* in Ireland; but

they will not spare the permanent absentees; *they* are a doomed race. And if Ireland be driven to the field to achieve her liberty, the fee simple of absentee property, worth, at twenty years' purchase, one hundred and twenty millions sterling, (*six hundred millions of dollars*.) will be found most appropriate, and amply sufficient to pay those auxiliaries who may volunteer in her behalf, and who would be happy with freedom, competence, and a permanent residence in Ireland, as their reward. In such an event, the man who would not be *for* Ireland would be *against* her; and the penalty of his hostility ought to be, at least, the loss of his property.

There will be found occasional repetitions of the same facts in the work. I have learned from O'Connell, from Cobbett, and from the London Times, that it is necessary, for the purposes of truth, to repeat peculiar facts. In defence of this practice, I will let the Times speak for me.

"Now, there is an immense power in facts. The long contemplation, and for a time the barren contemplation, of one simple fact, has often led to the sublimest discoveries. The fall of an apple elicited the theory of gravitation, the ascent of a soap-bubble the laws of color and light. It is so in the history of nations: the bare sight of the blood-stained dagger, or of its bleeding victim, has overthrown dynasties. Such is the power of a picture, or of a ballad. It is a fact boldly exhibited, and appealing to the hearts of men. Wherever there is public opinion, wherever there are common sense and common feeling, a fact is sure to have its weight. It is a battering-ram, which, though it be only one instrument, yet, by many successive blows, will break through the thickest and hardest prejudice or stupidity. It is the continual drop which wears the stone. So we say, if there be a great and distressing body of facts, with some great mystery of iniquity, or error, or misfortune, connected with it, tell it, and tell it, and tell it again. Tell it in a thousand forms. Tell it with perpetual variety of circumstance and novelty of view. Tell it of this locality, and tell it of that. Tell it of twenty years back, and tell it of now. Tell it of the mass, and tell it of individuals. Give sums total, and particular instances. Give names and places. Make the fact familiar, and yet vast; detailed, and yet marvellous. Do all this with a laborious and painful accuracy which cannot be gainsaid. Be a very slave to the truth. Before a generation is past, the fact will speak for itself, and find a cure. You will have endued a mere fact with life and energy. An undeniable statement, which admits of being comprehended in ten words, and which was once the ineffectual subject of whole libraries, will at last have more power than ten million men."\*

This volume embraces the great outlines of the history of Ireland from the first settlement of the island to the 30th of May, 1845. Although it is

\* Leading article from the Times, on the Reports from Ireland of its "Commissioner," September, 1845.

a bulky book, it is yet but an abridgment. It might have been still further abridged, if I had not feared to defeat the great object in view by a dangerous brevity. Although brevity is the soul of *wit*, it may be the destruction of *history*. The history of Ireland might, for that matter, be given in two or three pages: Thus, —

Ireland was first peopled, about fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, by an intelligent race called Phœnicians, who came from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and who brought with them a knowledge of the arts, sciences, and literature, then extant among the enlightened inhabitants of Egypt and Etruria. The island was called *Scotia*, was divided into principalities, and was governed by independent kings for the first six hundred years, who warred with each other for supremacy. About nine hundred years before the Christian era, a *Feis*, or parliament, was called by one of the most learned and moderate of those kings, named Ollamh Fodhla, which was held at Tara, the seat of his court, where all the chief men of the country, to the number of one thousand, assembled. This great man delivered to that assembly a history of the nation, which included the laws and maxims of their forefathers; whereupon a written constitution was framed, and appended thereto, called the Psalter of Tara, which was received for more than two thousand years as a guide by the subsequent kings and jurists of Ireland. The laws made by those ancient legislators were very wise and very humane. They provided for the national hospitality, for the diffusion of knowledge and wealth, and the subdivision of land, and for the punishment of crime. The trial of disputes by *twelve men*, and the law of *gavel*, were prominent among them. Their language, which was very ancient, and identified with the earliest developments of human science, is spoken by the people to this day. Chivalry, honor, music, poetry, and martial courage, were promoted by their social customs. Their religion, to the fourth century, was pagan: they sacrificed to the sun, like most of the pagan nations of antiquity.

Though the nations which surrounded them were many times conquered and reconquered, and even sold as slaves, by Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, Ireland maintained an unconquerable integrity all through. During the western wars of the Romans, the Irish opposed their legions in Britain, and finally drove them back, after a contest which lasted four hundred years.

They were the only nation that received Christianity without shedding blood, which they did in the year four hundred and thirty-two, from the lips of St. Patrick, who was a Gaulish captive, brought into Ireland, with many others, as trophies of war, by their conquering legions. After their conversion to Christianity, they turned their whole strength to the cultivation of letters and morals. They were an enlightened nation, and the doctrines of Christianity stimulated them to become missionaries and teachers of the west of Europe in morals, languages, literature, astronomy, architecture, poetry, and music. They opened extensive colleges at home, to which the youth of Gaul, Britain, and Scotland, repaired to be educated; and they sent forth swarms of missionaries over Europe, who undertook to instruct and refine the barbarous hordes which overran that continent on the breaking up of the Roman empire. There is hardly any celebrated part of Europe where evidences may not be found at this day of their piety, industry, or knowledge. During the long night of ruffianism and ignorance, which hung over Europe from the fourth to the sixth century, when the Goths were seated on the thrones of the Cæsars, the enlightened sons of Ireland were the only cultivators of letters, preservers of ancient documents, and dispensers of knowledge, that remained in Europe. They preserved the ancient Latin and Phœnician languages, which they speak in the purest style at the present hour. It was



from them that the Anglo-Saxons received their knowledge of letters and their ideas of legislative government; and though there are some writers of the present generation who denominate the ancient parliaments of Tara "rude baronial assemblies," it must be remarked that nothing has come from Saxon, Dane, or Norman, to supply their places; that the entire legislation of England, from the Norman conquest to the days of Castlereagh, is fraudulent, bloody, and oppressive; that the laws which emanated from the ancient Irish legislative assemblies were calculated to diffuse wealth and knowledge, to dispense justice, to punish crime, and to superinduce morality — results diametrically opposed to those which flowed from the legislation and laws of England. Ireland, for several centuries, presented these attributes, and won from the admiring nations which she taught the distinctive title *Insulam Sanctorum et Doctorum*, (Island of Saints and Doctors.)

In the ninth century, her people were harassed by a war with the Danes, which continued two hundred years; and though that powerful race gave a new line of kings to England, and founded a new kingdom in the heart of Gaul, they were subdued by the persevering bravery of the Irish, who defeated them, and extinguished their power in Ireland, in the beginning of the eleventh century. From the first settlement of the country to this, (a period of twenty-four hundred years,) the Irish maintained their independence.

In the twelfth century, through the quarrels of their native princes, they were invaded by new enemies in the Anglo-Normans, which proved disastrous to their independence. These invaders were crafty and treacherous, arrayed prince against prince, — assisting one side or the other, according to circumstances, — until the power of all was considerably diminished. For the first four hundred years of this invasion, the Anglo-Norman power contented itself within a small semicircle on the eastern coast of Ireland, known as the "English Pale," which covered about one eighth of the island, where the English laws, language, and dress prevailed, and where a little parliament and government were established under English auspices; but the descendants of the first settlers became, in course of time, thorough participators in Irish feeling, customs, and language, imbued with feelings racy of the soil, and were occasionally "more Irish than the Irish themselves." The new adventurers from England were looked upon by those of a previous age with jealousy; but both parties generally conspired to oppress and pillage the native inhabitants.

Towards the fifteenth century, the native Irish princes had won back by the sword a very considerable portion of the territories at first seized by the invaders, but, instead of joining together to expel them, as their forefathers had expelled the Danes, were content to receive from them annual tributes, which were called "black mail," and which were paid to them by the English settlers for a century and a half. During all this time, the native princes carried on their petty wars with one another just as if no foreign foe was on their soil, and wasted that strength in senseless assaults upon each other, which was more than twice sufficient, if combined, to expel the common enemy.

On the introduction of the changes in the creed of England, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a series of religious wars and sacrilegious confiscations ensued, from which the people of Ireland suffered terribly. A mania for pillage and robbery was generated in the minds of the English people by the wicked examples of Henry VIII. and his daughters, together with those monarchs of England who (with one exception, that of James II.) for three centuries succeeded him. This mania was converted into thundering armies, and at one period it seemed as if half the population of England and Scotland had landed in unfortunate Ireland, with the resolve of exterminating the ancient inhabitants. A vast number of the native Irish were destroyed by the sword and famine in the course of a series of wars, which began in

the middle of the sixteenth, and terminated by treaty at the close of the seventeenth century.

In the course of these wars, the Irish maintained their right to civil and religious liberty against a greatly superior and a far more crafty force. They were aided in their heroic defence by Spain and France, and were signally victorious in many battles; but bribery and treachery did more to despoil them of their inheritance than the arms of their enemies. Having lost three fourths of their territory and half of their population, being reduced by famine and the sword to about one million of inhabitants, (who still supplied a resisting army of twenty thousand men,) and having been badly commanded by King James II. and his French generals, they came to the resolution of capitulating with the invaders, which they did by solemn treaty, at the siege of Limerick, in 1691, in presence of the English and Irish armies. In that treaty of peace, it was agreed, for the first time, that the Irish should acknowledge the king of England as king of Ireland, but that they were in other respects to be deemed a separate nation, to enjoy the rights of worshipping God according to their consciences, the inheritance of their estates by those who survived the war, and liberty of trade, navigation, and manufacture. There was no question raised about a local parliament, because Ireland was then, and ever had been, in possession of some kind of a legislature. The king and queen of England, William and Mary, most anxious for peace, solemnly ratified this treaty; after which the flower of the Irish army passed over and entered into the service of the king of France. Trade and manufactures, for which Ireland was ever celebrated, began again to flourish; and several English manufacturers went over and settled there, to take advantage of the greater facilities for manufacture which the country offers in water-power, labor, provisions, and climate. From this a jealousy arose in England, which caused the king to break all those treaties with the Irish which he had so recently agreed upon. First he put down their manufactures, and next proscribed the Catholics, who formed, as at present, the great majority of the people. Succeeding monarchs followed up these bad acts by others still worse, denying liberty to educate, or acquire property, until the nation was reduced to the most degrading ignorance and poverty by a dreadful and certain process.

The Irish, destitute of an army, and but just recovering from the horrors of warfare, were unable to resist the course of injustice and oppression which they were now doomed to experience. At length, upon the breaking out of the war of independence in the American colonies, a gleam of hope opened, which was realized in the establishment of the political independence of Ireland in 1782, after which the Irish nation started onward in a brilliant career of prosperity. This was accomplished by the virtuous resolution of the Irish volunteers, a civil and military association numbering about eighty thousand men, who proclaimed civil and religious liberty, and the independence of Ireland, as their mottoes and objects, and at whose demand the king and parliament of England solemnly declared, by act of parliament, that the Irish nation was integral, and independent of the English parliament; that no authority had power to legislate for Ireland but the king, lords, and commons, of Ireland; and that this compact was to last forever. During this bright era, Ireland gave to literature, eloquence, and the arts, many of the most exalted geniuses, whose contributions England has endeavored to appropriate to her own glory, without acknowledgment.

The prosperity thus engendered in Ireland by peace and freedom superinduced, in England, the revival of the old national jealousy, which exhibited itself repeatedly during the administration of Mr. Pitt, but which broke into an overwhelming massacre in the year 1798; immediately after which, and while an English army of one hundred and seventy thousand men were in the country, a proposition was brought forward in the Irish parliament by the British minister, to hand over the rights

of the Irish parliament to that of Britain, and reduce the three hundred Irish representatives to one hundred, who were to be transferred to the English parliament, where, however, they were to be met by an English majority of five hundred. A proposition so destructive of the national rights and prosperity was met by the most determined hostility of the Irish people.

They had just passed through a civil war, and suffered a general massacre and loss of leaders, and were unable to resist the blow by war; besides which, a majority of the Irish members were bribed to vote away the independence of their country. Under these circumstances, and in defiance of the two solemn compacts of 1691 and 1782, the union with England was consummated. The gentry began to leave the country, and carry off the produce of the soil, and the ruin of Ireland commenced. In about three years after this, Robert Emmet tried, by a well-contrived but an unfortunate effort, to overthrow the British power in Ireland. He failed, and was executed; and then the British ministry suspended the constitution for several years.

At length Daniel O'Connell, a distinguished Catholic lawyer, commenced a system of agitation for Catholic emancipation, which, after several years' perseverance, prevailed at last. The British ministry acknowledged that they were compelled to grant freedom to the Catholics and Dissenters, in obedience to their combined confederation. O'Connell then led the way in the reform of the British parliament, and the British and Irish corporations, by the success of which he obtained a great deal of political power for the Irish people, who were greatly enlightened by his eloquent instruction, and now numbered some seven millions, six sevenths of whom were Catholics. He then raised the demand for the restoration of the Irish parliament; and though, in the prosecution of this demand, both himself and his friends have often been criminally indicted, and even imprisoned, yet the cause is so just, and the people are so convinced that without it they must be forever miserable, that there is no doubt but, like emancipation, reform, and other great questions of justice, it will at length be successful. To enforce this demand, Ireland possesses a population of eight millions and a half, of whom a million and a half are organized valiant men, governed by a number of distinguished leaders, unparalleled in her history for their talent, courage, and caution. The Protestant part of the population are gradually becoming reconciled to their Catholic countrymen. The British minister has declared, in parliament, that Ireland presents a confederation now which it is not in the power of England to put down; and thus, after another cycle of suffering, Ireland stands forth in her integral power, a nation in every thing but the name — an attribute, of which, under Heaven, she shall not long be destitute.

Many there are who will not give more than a few minutes to the study of Irish history. For the information of these, the preceding paragraphs are designed. Even through that glimpse, they may see how deserving Ireland is of her freedom, and how well calculated she is to achieve it; and this must win her friends and consideration. But the Irish exile will not be content with a hasty look into this subject. He will search the long record of the glorious deeds of his forefathers; and though he may be far removed from the scenes of his youth, yet the dreams of home and relatives will bring his troubled memory back to his native hills and valleys, where the dearest images first impressed their forms on his heart.

The expatriated Irishman, wheresoever he may be driven by the fiat of a severe destiny, carries with him into exile an undying sympathy for his

native land. The scenes of his boyhood, — the river, brook, or mountain, around which he gamboled in days of light-hearted youth, — the dear brother, sister, or parent, lying in the churchyard, and those loved relatives who still live, but are separated from him, perhaps forever, by a boundless ocean and continent, — all these come before him in his dreams, or in the mirror of his memory. Wheresoever he may be, — whether on sea or on land, amid the convivial circle or wrapped in sleep, — by day or by night, at labor or at rest, in London or Paris, Canada or India, in New York or New Orleans, the memories of his father-land haunt his imagination. No enjoyment, no excess of fortune or of misfortune, can efface them. Ireland, with all her griefs and woes, with all her joys and sorrows, fills his mind, breaks in upon his reveries, and springs his sympathies. Her cares are his cares; her triumphs are his triumphs; her reverses trouble him; the career of her patriots fills him with anxiety; their glory and their gloom are equally his; they pursue and hang round him in public and in private; and the farther he is removed from his native land, the more intensely does he feel for all that concerns her. Although his attachment to the land of his adoption be sincere and strong, his reverence for the land of his fathers is profound and lasting. Such is the Irishman in exile. He is the same in the four divisions of the earth, and he may be found in them all.

The political partisan may condemn him for this attachment to father-land and to all its holy associations; but the philosopher knows it to be an instinct planted in his heart by his Creator, and that he can no more divest himself of its influence than he can of his senses.

Amid all the privations to which the wandering Irishman is subject, there are few that so sensibly affect him as an exclusion from a knowledge of what is passing “at home.” In proportion as his mind is cultivated is this pain intense. Every scrap of paper upon which the name of Ireland is impressed becomes dear to him; an Irish newspaper is a welcome gift, and a book of Irish history or poetry is a prize. The music of his boyhood days, when struck up in his hearing, makes him a boy again. For a moment the heavy burdens of the world are removed, and the care-worn exile becomes for a time softened and spiritualized into a happy being. This may be pronounced a weakness, a childish weakness; still it delights the wanderer, and is frequently his greatest consolation.

For the Irishman in exile, this book is specially compiled. It is not a critical history. It is a familiar narrative, in which all that is dear to him is embraced. The history, biography, architecture, and music of his country are treated of, and the monuments of his forefathers' genius and valor are pointed out. With this book in his possession, he will never be alone. It brings him into communion with the great spirits of the past and the present; he is again in their society; he feels the enno-

bling influences of their example; and his mind expands with virtuous and valiant sentiment. As, in well-bred society, we are coerced into corresponding demeanor, so, when we commune frequently with the exalted, whether dead or living, we imbibe their spirit, insensibly become like them, rise in the moral scale, are obliged to be virtuous, and ashamed to be base.

With this object, among others, I have gathered records of the brilliant deeds of the most distinguished of our countrymen. These will show the world what Ireland deserves to be, and it will show Irishmen themselves what they should individually aspire to be. It will awaken their pride, and nourish their principle. With this book for his companion, the Irishman who leaves his native home will be able to discover the numerous interesting evidences of the virtue, talent, and valor of his countrymen, which are to be met with in all parts of Europe and in many parts of America. Should he travel into Scotland, he will find in the Isle of Hy (Iona) a memorial of the piety and philanthropy of St. Columba Kille, who from that spot illumined Caledonia and the north of England in the sixth century, and who left behind him an institution from which the lights of science and religion exclusively beamed for four centuries on the north of Britain. Should he from thence cross the borders into England, he will pass over the remains of that testimony to Irish valor, the great wall built by the Romans to keep out the Irish legions — the only legions in the world that remained unconquered by them. Let him from this memorable spot proceed to visit the old Abbey of Malmesbury, where Maildelphus, the Irish monk, taught the Angles and Saxons Christianity, letters, Latin, and architecture; and when he comes to Oxford, let him survey St. Peter's Chapel, which he will find modeled after Cormac's Chapel, on the rock of Cashel. He will remember, too, that Alfred, who founded, in the ninth century, this college and the constitution of England, received his education and ideas of law and government in Ireland, and appointed Irish professors to instruct his countrymen. Nor ought he to omit to look at their library, where he will see that the *most ancient* manuscripts in it are in the hand-writing of Irishmen.

If he go to London, let him enter Westminster Abbey, and survey with feelings of reverence the everlasting roof of Irish oak which was brought from Ireland in the twelfth century, and which hangs in solemn grandeur over the forgotten dead. He will not leave this place without calling at Grattan's grave, and kissing the sacred stone under which he sleeps. Let him, if he have feeling and ambition, visit the British Museum, for it was founded by his countryman, Sir Hans Sloane; and the Royal Academy of Arts also, for that was founded by his countrymen, Barrett and Barry, whose magnificent historical paintings adorn its walls — paintings which Thomas Campbell declared were equal to Michael Angelo's.

Passing from this, he will admire the parliament-house of England, which was built by his countryman Barry, and adorned in fresco by his countryman M'Clise. The viewing and remembering these things will rouse his ambition and animate his heart.

Should he pass over into France, there also will he meet, scattered on every side, memorials of his forefathers. At Ligny, within three leagues of Paris, are the ruins of three churches built by his countryman Fridolius, in the sixth century, where the lights of Christianity and learning were opened upon France. In the Irish College of Paris, he will find the original manuscripts of St. Sedulius and others, written in the seventh century, and at Versailles he will find four grand paintings of the battle of Fontenoy, won over the lion of England by his countrymen. He will kneel in the grand hall before the statue of Sarsfield, and vow to struggle for the freedom of the land which gave him birth.

Should he wander through Italy, this book will prove an index to much that will interest an Irishman. The ancient language of that classic soil is still the popular language of Ireland. The most ancient manuscripts in the Vatican are in the hand-writing of Irishmen. He will find that his countrymen Columbanus and Dungal instructed Italy, in the sixth and seventh centuries, in letters and music. He will find the library of the latter missionary preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan. But ere he quits Rome, let him visit the tomb of the great Hugh O'Neill, in the monastery of St. Isidore, and pluck caution and courage from his grave; for by these attributes he once humbled the power of England.

This book will guide him to many an honored or sacred spot in Austria, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe, where his countrymen have left memorials of their virtue, genius, or valor, the recollection of which must inspire him with consanguine attributes. And should his destiny drive him to the new world, he will find even here many noble monuments of a like character. On entering New York, almost the first object that strikes him is the tomb of Thomas A. Emmet; before which the patriot exile will feel an involuntary impulse to kneel and pray. He will think of his brother's blood not yet avenged, and his grave yet undistinguished by a tomb or an epitaph. With these thoughts upon him, he will sigh for his hapless country, and meditate upon the best means to give her freedom. When he passes into the interior, he will visit the farm of Wolfe Tone, in New Jersey, or mayhap the relict of that great man at Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. From thence let him visit Mount Vernon, the tomb of Washington, and honor the memory of him who did justice to that Irish brigade which fought faithfully by his side to the last. Let him then cross the Alleghanies, and observe the traces of Irish genius in the stupendous works which annihilate mountains, invented by Dougherty, and from thence to New Orleans, to

admire the most beautiful architectural pile upon the face of the new world, erected by Gallagher. At this point he will be near the Marathon of modern times, the plain of New Orleans, where the descendants of his countrymen contributed to overthrow the picked and chosen legions of England.

If, after seeing some of these monuments, and reading about the others, he should remain slavishly indifferent to his country's fame and freedom, and to his own pride and character, then, he may rely on it, his nature is bastardized, and he belongs not to Erin.

This book will call up memories of the past and of the absent. It will bring struggling Ireland into the minds of a new and a great race. The more her history is studied, the more her claim upon the sympathies of man will be established and admitted. It was for her dead more than for her living that the nations sympathized with modern Greece, and armed for her emancipation. This effort, the first to combine in one work the history, science, and biography, of Ireland, if properly seconded by her own sons, will do much to engage the minds of the thoughtful and the valiant in her behalf. Every true Irishman will assist in circulating this book, — push its facts and arguments through the press, and have passages from it read aloud in lyceums and reading-rooms. It was not written to aid a party, but to dispel falsehood and establish truth. Every man, who neglects to spread its contents among his neighbors, favors the dominion of calumny and tyranny.

The Irish name has been blackened in America by the pens of calumniators. This book will help to remove the stain. The Irishman in Ireland is prevented, by the libel and sedition laws, from learning the history or the doctrines of freedom. This book will help to enlighten him. Every Irishman in the United States should send one of these books to some friend in Ireland. It will be a welcome gift, and its introduction among the Irish farmers will rouse their ambition and fortify their valor. Every Irishman in the United States, who can afford it should have one of these books to lend to his American neighbors. He should be industrious in circulating it from man to man, until all his American neighbors have read it over. If this be vigorously performed at all points of the Union, one or two years will not pass over ere a new and a powerful sentiment will grow up, in favor of Irishmen and Ireland, which will make the path of the exile pleasant in his adopted country, and contribute to exalt his race and his father-land in the scale of nations.

T. M.

# GUIDE THROUGH THE WORK.

---

## LECTURE I.

Introduction — Ancient Nations — Egyptians — Phœnicians, &c.....1

## LECTURE II.

Phœnician Mythology — Etruscans — Their Discovery of Ireland — First Settlers of Ireland, &c.....34

## LECTURE III.

Government — Legislative Assemblies — Laws — Literature — Religion and Customs of the Ancient Irish from 1260 to 860 B. C..... 51

## LECTURE IV.

The Irish Language — Historians of Ireland — Ancient Architecture — Round Towers, &c.....77

## LECTURE V.

The Irish Bards — Their Poetry, &c.....151

## LECTURE VI.

The Music of Ireland.....180

## LECTURE VII.

The Historic Narrative resumed — 860 B. C. to the first Year of the Christian Era — Names and Deeds of twenty Kings — Military Code — Laws of Chivalry — Division of Ireland into Provinces and Counties...248

## LECTURE VIII.

FROM THE BIRTH OF CHRIST TO A. D. 141.

Names and Deeds of forty-three Kings — Moran — Roman Invasions — Roman Customs contrasted with those of the Irish.....271

## LECTURE IX.

FROM A. D. 141 TO 279.

Laws — Caledonian Colony — Leinster Militia — Reign of Cormac.....298

## LECTURE X.

FROM A. D. 279 TO 500.

The Constitution of the Irish Militia — Origin of several Irish Families — Defeat of the Romans in Caledonia — Literature, Religion, and Cus-



toms of the ancient Irish contrasted with those of Rome, &c. — The Mission of St. Patrick.....325

## LECTURE XI.

FROM A. D. 500 TO 800.

Origin of the Saxons — The English Heptarchy — Spirit of the Christian Ages — The Monks — Numerous Irish Missionaries — Their Labors in Europe.....364

## LECTURE XII.

FROM A. D. 800 TO 1016.

Names of fifty-nine Kings of Ireland — State of Europe — Charlemagne — Mahomet — The Venetians — The Danes — Invasions and Battles in Ireland — Brien Boromhe — Battle of Clontarf.....409

## LECTURE XIII.

Religion, Literature, and Architecture of Ireland in the tenth and eleventh Centuries, with Engravings illustrative of the latter Subject.....448

## LECTURE XIV.

FROM A. D. 1016 TO 1509.

Names of nineteen Irish Kings — Norman Conquest — First English Invasion — Magna Charta — Bruce — The Laws and Battles of the Pale...545

## LECTURE XV.

FROM A. D. 1509 TO 1560.

The Reign of Henry the Eighth — Queen Mary — The Reformation — Seizure of Church Property, &c.....601

## LECTURE XVI.

FROM A. D. 1560 TO 1603.

Mary Queen of Scots — Queen Elizabeth — The Fifteen Years' War — The Deeds of Hugh O'Neill.....635

## LECTURE XVII.

FROM A. D. 1603 TO 1691.

The Reign of James the First — Charles, the First — "Irish Rebellion" — Cromwell's Invasion — Charles the Second — James the Second — William the Third — Treaty of Limerick — Irish Exiles — Sarsfield.....714

## LECTURE XVIII.

FROM A. D. 1691 TO 1782.

Breach of the Treaty of Limerick — Confiscations — Suppression of Trade and Manufactures — Penal Laws — Reign of Queen Anne — George the First, Second, and Third — Irish Volunteers — Independence.....804

## LECTURE XIX.

FROM A. D. 1782 TO 1798.

The Dissolution of the Irish Volunteers — The Rise and Progress of the United Irishmen — Wolfe Tone's Exertions — Battles of '98 — Trials and Executions of that Period — Fall of Ireland.....	858
--	-----

## LECTURE XX.

FROM A. D. 1798 TO 1800.

The United Leaders — The "Union" and the Mode of carrying it.....	990
---	-----

## LECTURE XXI.

Life of Robert Emmet — Russell — Letters of T. A. Emmet and Macnevin — Insurrection — R. Emmet's last Speech and Death — Miss Curran..	1068
--	------

## LECTURE XXII.

Biographical Sketches of the eminent Men of Ireland, that flourished from the Beginning of the Eighteenth to the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century.....	1097
---	------

## LECTURE XXIII.

O'CONNELL AND HIS TIMES. — FROM A. D. 1800 TO 1820.

His Ancestry — Youth — Professional Career — Duels and Agitation.....	1199
---	------

## LECTURE XXIV.

O'CONNELL AND HIS TIMES. — FROM A. D. 1820 TO 1830.

The Rise, Progress, and Triumph of the Catholic Association — Biographical Sketches of the Catholic Leaders.....	1225
--	------

## LECTURE XXV.

O'CONNELL AND HIS TIMES. — FROM A. D. 1830 TO 1845.

The Reform Agitation — The Repeal Agitation — The "Experiment" — Resources and Manufactures of Ireland — Revival of the Repeal Agitation — Monster Meetings — State Trials — Imprisonment and Triumph.....	1342
--	------

## LECTURE XXVI.

O'Connell and his Family — Father Mathew — The Archbishop of Tuam — Bishop Higgins — William Smith O'Brien, with the leading Repealers, and distinguished Men of Intellect.....	1554
---	------

---

NOTES, supplemental, on the Round Towers, the Volunteers, and the Laws and Law-Makers of England.....	1633
GENERAL INDEX.....	1641
MUSICAL INDEX.....	1652

## INDEX TO ENGRAVINGS.

---

CAROLAN; ODLAMH FODHLA; BRIEN BOROIMHE; DATHI; HUGH O'NEILL; SARSFIELD; WOLFE TONE; GRATTAN; FLOOD; CURRAN; EMMET; LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD, .....Frontispiece.	
PILLAR TOWERS,.....	134
EGYPTIAN AND IRISH HOUSES, .....	144
PRINCIPLES OF GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE ILLUSTRATED,.....	493
PRINCIPLES OF IRISH ARCHITECTURE ILLUSTRATED,.....	495
CORMAC'S CHAPEL,.....	507
HOLY CROSS ABBEY,.....	511
IRISH PARLIAMENT-HOUSE, .....	527
THOMAS MOORE, .....	1109
O'CONNELL BEFORE THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION,.....	1224
O'CONNELL IN PRISON, .....	1523
FATHER MATHEW,.....	1566
RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE; DR. M'HALE, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM; W. SMITH O'BRIEN; JOHN O'CONNELL; THOMAS STEELE; RICHARD L. SHEIL,.....	1574
EARL OF ROSSE'S TELESCOPE,.....	1611



## LECTURE I.

---

### SECTION I.

**Reasons for delivering these Lectures.**—Ignorance respecting Ireland prevailing in America.—Reasons.—Policy of Britain to defame Ireland, and suppress her History.—American Literature derived from England.—Opinions of Warner and Sir James Mackintosh on the Antiquity of Irish Literature and Laws.

My first duty is to acquaint you with the reasons which induce me to deliver before the American public a course of Lectures on the History of Ireland. I have travelled over a large surface of this great country within the last three years; I have attended many public meetings of American citizens, who assembled, during that time, to sympathize with Ireland, in her struggle for a nation's rights. I have had the honor and pleasure, at those meetings, to explain the true relations that existed between Ireland and England; and to explain the nature of that momentous measure, termed "**REPEAL**," which the Irish people are now seeking to achieve.

In the course of these addresses, I brought before the attention of innumerable meetings of American citizens, views of Irish history—facts important to her cause, that all should know; and it surprised me not a little to find that much of what I stated appeared *new* to the great public, even to the reading and reflecting classes of this Union.

Meditating on this deplorable ignorance of Ireland's history, which I found very generally existing, I endeavored to account for it to myself. I found, in the public schools and libraries of America, the histories of Greece, Rome, France, Spain, England, and Scotland; but I found no history of Ireland. The Americans, speaking the English language, derive their literature from English books; and all that they have known of Irish history, they derived from the prejudiced, prostitute pens of British writers.

The policy of Britain, since her first invasion of Ireland, in 1169, has

ever been to disparage the fair character of her sister isle; to darken it before the nations of the earth; to hold the country up to each new generation as disentitled to national rights, national honor, national fame; to pay dishonest writers for discrediting its glorious history of civilization, independence, and government, which commenced a thousand years before England herself had emerged from a state of barbarism, or slavish subjection to pagan Rome.

Those English writers of Irish history, beginning with *Giraldus Cambrensis*, who, first of his class, commenced to defame Ireland, at the instigation of the British king, Henry the Second, immediately after the invasion of Ireland by that monarch, have continued their calumnies, age after age, with the regularity of a well-organized system, to the last living libellers of the London press, (the *Times* and the *Standard*,) who pile up calumny upon calumny on their victim, with surprising effrontery, even in this enlightened age.

These calumnies, uttered with the same unblushing confidence in the past ages as in the present, have always been quoted by writer after writer, on the English side, the falsehoods of one generation serving for texts to the generation succeeding. Every reign, every English ministry, has brought forth its swarm of revilers, who have stood, as it were, on the banks of Time, casting their filth and their poison into the stream of its history; who have generated in the minds of the youth of their own country terrible prejudices against their Irish brethren, teaching and training them to oppress that inoffensive nation—a nation that, for many ages, had been their faithful, their unconquerable, their victorious ally against the overwhelming power of pagan Rome.

In addition to this perfected system of calumny, which seems as if it never were to end, the English invaders, in every age, have made it their special object to destroy every valuable record, which they could lay their hands upon, of Ireland's ages of independence, of government, of laws, of literature, poetry, and music.

I shall show, as I proceed, when, and where, and by whom, were those libraries of Ireland's glory destroyed—libraries that took ages to accumulate, in which were carefully registered the deeds of the kings, and princes, and lawgivers, of "Temora" (Tara) for upwards of TWO THOUSAND YEARS; who, unconquered by invaders, and undisturbed in succession, preserved the national independence of the great Irish race for a duration longer than ANY nation, ancient or modern, can boast of.

But these Vandals from Britain did not destroy only the records of Irish arts, sciences, fame, and glory, but destroyed, in the promiscuous

outrage, innumerable records, and most valuable historical fragments (which were deposited, in the course of time, in the Irish colleges) of Egypt, of Phœnicia, of the Scythians and Celts, from which nations the early settlers in Ireland were descended.

Many fragments of Grecian and Roman literature, which constitute the code of classics, were found amongst the few volumes of Ireland's own history, which the devotees of knowledge tried to preserve and secrete during the ages of persecution. The world is indebted to the order of Benedictine monks for almost ALL we have of ancient history, of Grecian or Roman literature. These good men gathered, in every age, such fragments of the world's history as had escaped the unlettered, but conquering hordes of the north of Europe—a race which looked on knowledge, and on letters, as their greatest enemies.

When all Europe, in the fifth and sixth centuries, was convulsed with struggles between the decaying power of Rome and her resisting vassals,—when those nations, which she had enslaved by her arms, and oppressed by her aristocracy, uprose against her sway, and demolished, by a mighty convulsion, her Western Empire,—the peaceful, studious, contemplative inquirers after nature's mysteries were driven from their academic abodes in western Europe, and very many of them fled for refuge to IRELAND.

For this there existed a very natural reason. Ireland had maintained her independence against the arms of Rome during the whole of her six or seven centuries of conquest. Though Britain, Gaul, Spain, Greece, and all the nations of the East, submitted to that rule, Ireland alone, amongst them all, remained independent; presenting to the eyes of posterity a splendid oasis of freedom amidst the universal desolation of slavery. Her schools and colleges, sustained by national grants, and cherished by national hospitality, offered sanctuaries to the learned of Europe, who fled thither from the surrounding scenes of tumult and slaughter, carrying with them such valuable fragments as they could secure of the intellectual industry of previous generations.

The innumerable monasteries which were instituted in Ireland soon after the establishment of Christianity there, in the beginning of the fifth century, attracted the "Brothers of St. Benedict," a society, the first of the kind in the world, which originated in Italy, and extended its branches through the European continent, and to Ireland. These Brothers, I say, seemed to be the only executors of ancient literature. They gathered it; they protected it; and little indeed is the world aware of the obligations it owes to those industrious ecclesias-

tics, or to that nation which offered them and their priceless gatherings a safe and welcome sanctuary, when they were driven from every other.

Ireland having been the chief seat, in the west, of literature and laws, even in the Druid ages, the early accumulations, age after age, must have swelled to immense dimensions, previous to the European convulsions in the fifth and sixth centuries. But, when we estimate the quantity of books, documents, and records, which the literary refugees carried with them into Ireland, during that convulsion, and when we add them to those already gathered there, we can then conceive some measure of the criminality of those British invaders, one of whose objects, for *many centuries*, seemed to be the destruction of *every work of literature* found in that ill-fated country.

I shall show, when I come to the reigns of Elizabeth, James the First, the Charleses, Cromwell, that cartloads of the most ancient and most valued works were taken from the shelves of the religious libraries, brought out, and burned at the doors of those tenements which St. PATRICK and his successors erected, within whose venerable piles ALFRED and his Saxon countrymen, for many ages, received their gratuitous education.

But, though ages of fanatical persecution destroyed much that we should value, yet enough was saved to show what our nation was in her lengthened career of independence. The literary and religious refugees who fled from British violence, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to the Continent, carried with them more than enough of material to furnish the world with a more accurate history of Ireland than ANY OTHER NATION CAN BOAST OF.

And what must gratify you and me very much, is the fact, that, notwithstanding the corruption and tyranny practised by each succeeding British ministry towards Ireland; notwithstanding the promotion and rewards which awaited every lying historian; notwithstanding the persecution which every literary man, who dared to print the truth, from Molyneux to Plowden, experienced at the hands of guilty power,—yet there have been found Englishmen and Scotchmen, who, in the face of all, in the teeth of national pride and ministerial power, have clung to the proud, the lasting standard of eternal truth, have explored the streams of History to their obscure source, have traced them honestly for three thousand years of time, and have honestly admitted the ancient power and glory of Ireland.

How great must our gratitude be towards men so just and so fearless! Say, how much of the crimes of England towards Ireland is washed

away by the virtues of the few honest writers on Irish history, who have, in latter times, appeared amongst her sons. Amongst these I shall quote from Betham, Colonel Vallancey, Dr. Warner, Plowden, Lingard, and Cobbett; and amongst the writers of Scottish birth, Sir James Mackintosh, the ornament of English literature; and the Abbé M'Geoghegan amongst the French. Among the Irish writers, I will draw on the rich stores put together by O'Conor, O'Halloran, O'Connell, Keating, Mac Dermott, Pepper, Moore, Wyse, Barrington, O'Callaghan, Battersby, Madden, &c. From some of the surviving patriots of '98 I have collected unpublished material. From two of the above historians I present, at the outset, a couple of extracts, merely to indicate the nature of the important history which I have undertaken to develop.

Dr. Warner says, "Will any critic in this country [England] any longer confidently assert that the Irish had not the use of letters till after the arrival of St. Patrick, and the conversion of the island to Christianity? Ought we Englishmen not rather take shame to ourselves that we have hitherto always treated that ancient gallant people with such illiberal contempt, WHO HAD THE START OF THE BRITONS FOR MANY AGES, IN ARTS AND SCIENCES, IN LEARNING AND LAWS?"

Sir James Mackintosh says, "The Chronicles of Ireland, written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published, with the fullest evidences of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of many of their favorite legends by this authentic publication, are yet enabled by it to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other nation possesses, in its present spoken language. Indeed, no other nation possesses any monument of its literature, which goes back within several centuries of the beginning of those Chronicles. Some of Dr. O'Conor's hearers may hesitate to admit the degree of culture and prosperity he claims for his country; but no one, I think, can deny, after perusing his proofs, that 'THE IRISH WERE A LETTERED PEOPLE WHILE THE SAXONS WERE STILL IMMERSSED IN DARKNESS AND IGNORANCE.'"

If Ireland, then, be, and have been, what these great men admit, ought we not to feel humbled at finding her history so little known? to find her name not only blotted from the political map of the world, but fraudulently excluded from the commonwealth of the world's literature? And, as we are vigorously struggling in the sublime effort to restore her political position amid the nations, so ought we to struggle vigorously



to reëstablish her in her ancient relations with the literature and science of enlightened man.

While I feel strongly that this ought to be done, I also feel that I am incompetent to impart to the work I undertake those features of style and diction which would increase its interest, and secure for the nation to which I belong a reasonable share of honor. I feel this thoroughly, and I express it unaffectedly; yet I also mourn the ignorance that prevails in this great country, in relation to Ireland; and, clumsy though my hand may be, and untutored my pen and tongue, I will avail myself of the opportunity and the means that even *I* possess, to place before the American public a general digest of Ireland's history, from the beginning of her ages of civilization and government to the present time.

---

## SECTION II.

Policy of British Writers.—Dr. Johnson's Letter.—Discovery of a Key to the Egyptian Inscriptions.—Rosetta Stone.—The Deluge.—Noah.—Settlement of Egypt by the Children of Ham.—Origin of Writing.—Instinct in Insects and Quadrupeds.—Symbolic Writing.—Irish Language constructed on the Sounds of Nature.—Ancient Egyptian Government.—Egyptian Priesthood.—The Pharaohs or Kings of Egypt.—Pyramids.—Brick-making.—Mummies.—Manufactures of Egypt.—Its Architecture.—Metre.—Calendar.—Art and Science.—Libraries.—Histories.—Fathers of History.

THE majority of British writers have left no effort untried to discredit the early history of Ireland. The laborious records of the ancient Irish historians they have treated as bardic rhapsodies, because their authors claimed for their country a high degree of perfection in government, arts, literature, manufactures, music, civilization, and social refinement.

When the knowledge of any art, or law, which moderns value, was attributed to ancient Ireland, the British calumniators seized on the proposition, and held it up to derision, as an absurdity. "Observe," they would say, "the Irish claim the merit of knowing the principles of masonry and building three thousand years ago; of working in metals, of manufacturing textile fabrics, of understanding mathematics and astronomy, — though we know those various branches of human knowledge were the inventions of modern ages." Arguments of this kind take well with admirers exclusively of modern art and civilization;

for self-love is gratified, and self-importance swelled by their admission. Those who would disturb theories so fashionable, have rather an uphill work to perform.

The celebrated Dr. Johnson, the great standard authority on the English language, deplored, frequently, the little that was known of ancient Ireland by his countrymen. Some of his letters, of dates 1755, 1777, to Dr. O'Connor, of Bealenagar, the Irish historian, have been recently published by Sir William Betham, Ulster king at arms in Ireland, in his very able work on the ancient Celtæ, &c., now before me. The following extracts from one of those letters is seasonable:—

“What the Irish language is in itself, and to what language it has affinity, are very interesting questions, which every man wishes to see resolved, that has any philological or historical curiosity. *Dr. Leland begins his History too late.* [Leland, who was a renegade Irishman of that age, commenced his History of Ireland from the beginning of her connection with Britain.] The ages which deserve an exact inquiry are those—*for such there were*—WHEN IRELAND WAS THE SCHOOL OF THE WEST, THE QUIET HABITATION OF SANCTITY AND LITERATURE. If you could give a history, though imperfect, of the Irish nation from its conversion to Christianity to the invasion from England, you would amplify knowledge with new views and new objects. Set about it, therefore, if you can. Do what you can easily do without anxious exactness. Lay the foundation, and leave the superstructure to posterity.

“I am, sir, your humble servant,

“SAMUEL JOHNSON.

“May 19, 1777.”

Considerations such as these, so eloquently expressed by the great Dr. Johnson, ought to induce us to look into the ancient history of a race which was, for many ages, the “teachers of the west,” and should excuse me for carrying you back to ages of the world far more remote than the arrival of the Phœnicio-Milesian settlers in Ireland, to the times, indeed, of Moses, of Abraham, and of Noah, for the purpose of proving the reality of that remote civilization, which Ireland inherited from a long line of illustrious ancestors, whose Irish descendants, in every age, passionately cultivated the literature bequeathed to them.

The recent discoveries made in the hieroglyphic systems of the ancient Egyptians, and in the tombs of ancient Etruria, place within our reach that knowledge of the primeval ages which was denied to the Greeks

and Romans ; viz., a knowledge of ancient Egypt, Phœnicia, Etruria, &c. ; of the invention and advancement of art amongst those singularly great nations. In the days of Herodotus, Josephus, Pliny, and other fathers of history, who wrote about two thousand years ago, Egypt had, even then, been almost forgotten, and would have been completely so, had it not been for her everlasting monuments of art. All the decipherers of the symbolic memorials had long, long been gathered to the catacombs of the embalmed dead, and little remained to attest their former grandeur and power, but their wonderful pyramids, and their mysterious inscriptions, which no living man, for many ages, could decipher.

To ancient Greece and Rome, Egypt and Phœnicia were lands to be plundered, not exalted ; lands whose wisdom and glory dimmed their own ; lands to be forgotten, not recorded. Both those nations, in turn, plundered Egypt, Phœnicia, and Etruria. Both possessed themselves of their arts, sciences, laws, and religious mysteries, and boldly assumed them as their own. What England was, and is, to Ireland, Greece and Rome were to Egypt and Phœnicia — plunderers of their territory and science, and libellers of their fame.

But Providence brought to light the means of opening the sealed tablets of the Egyptians and the entombed treasures of the Phœnicians. We shall first dwell on ancient Egypt.

In the year 1797, some engineers of the French army were excavating, for the foundations of a fort, near the ancient Egyptian city of Rosetta, in the district known as the *Delta*, through which the Nile discharges its waters into the Mediterranean Sea. At several feet below the surface, they discovered, in the sandy earth, an oblong slab of black basalt stone, about three feet by two and a half, which was covered with writing and symbolic characters. When the French were captured by the British at Alexandria, this stone was given up to their commander, carried to London, and there attracted the attention of the antiquaries of the world. It was found to consist of a triplicate memorial of the coronation and proclamation of an Egyptian king or Pharaoh, who flourished one hundred and ninety-six years before the Christian era,

The first record of the event is in hieroglyphics or symbols, used in the mysterious system of the Egyptian priesthood ; the second memorial is in the *Demotic*, or *Encorial*, which was the language of the common people of Egypt ; and the third memorial is in the Greek language. The latter purports to be a translation of the two preceding

memorials, proving, for the first time, to the satisfaction of all men, that the symbolic characters found on the old monuments of Egypt are, in fact, *written records*. Great exertions were made by the learned of Europe to find a key to decipher these interesting symbols, which had remained sealed history to the most learned of mankind for better than two thousand years.

At length the task was accomplished by the learned French antiquary, M. *Champollion le Jeune*, who, in conjunction with Dr. Young and some other learned and scientific inquirers, hit upon a complete key for deciphering the monumental records of ancient Egypt; the consequence of which has been, that a series of reports have been read before the French Institute, and published to the world, with diagrams, explanations, maps, and illustrative drawings, which present to the eye of the scholar a new and magnificent historical superstructure. Proud may the Irishman feel at this singular result, for it confirms the truthful historians of his own country, who lived and recorded her glorious attributes two thousand years ago. From some of the voluminous publications on ancient Egypt, recently made by the learned, I have condensed into a brief narrative the progress of civilization, as conducted by two of the chief communities of ancient times, who flourished for unnumbered centuries after the deluge.

The original traditions of every nation acknowledge and attest that the world was destroyed by a deluge; one family, only, consisting of eight persons, having been preserved. The *time* when this event happened is variously dated by the traditions and histories of the numerous primary tribes into which mankind was divided long subsequent to that event. The *name* of the head of the favored family, thus preserved from all creation, is differently pronounced by the descendants of these primary nations. The Hebrew chronicles and the Christian pronounce it *Noah*.

*Noah* remained on the earth, after the deluge, three hundred and fifty years. He was lord of the whole earth. His three sons, *Shem*, *Ham*, and *Japheth*, had bestowed on them, by their father, the most fertile regions of the east. *Ham*, and his son, *Mizraim*, with their families, proceeded from the banks of the Euphrates, in Asia, to the valley of the Nile, during the lifetime of *Noah*. That region was bestowed on them by the patriarch, as their inheritance. Egypt was called by the Egyptians *Khem*, or *Kah*, the "Land of *Ham*." Such is the translation of symbols on the old monuments.

*Shem* and *Ham*, two of the sons of *Noah*, were twins. "Shem"

means "fair twin;" "Ham" means "swarthy twin." Though the term *Ham* means *swarthy*, in no ancient language does it mean *black*. In Ps. xxviii. 51, Egypt is designated the "*tabernacle of Ham*."

*Canaan* was the person cursed by Noah; he was the fourth son of Ham; he was a white man, yet his posterity did not become black: they are a white race. The offspring of the fair twin "Shem" were Israelites. They were called "shems," or "strangers," in Egypt. *Mizraim*, the son of Ham, was a *Caucasian*, in physical conformation; that is, well proportioned in the make of the head, with sharp features. The Caucasian race, by their physical and mental superiority, extended, in after ages, their dominion over the surrounding nations. The records of the contemporary nations, which grew up from Noah's family, have nearly all perished. Little is *certainly* known of the ancient history of the Hindoos, Chinese, Assyrians, Persians, &c. &c.

Egypt stands, like her enduring pyramids, almost the sole standard for the history of man, from the destruction of the earth by the deluge to the present time. Amongst the first settlements on the banks of the River Nile, we recognize THEBES as the earliest gathering of people which comes up to our idea of a CITY. Thebes was the first city built by *Mizraim* and his successors. It was, no doubt, like all other cities in their commencement, a mere village. It was built on the banks of the Nile, about one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty miles from its discharging mouths into the Mediterranean Sea. The city of Thebes was for many ages considered, by all the tribes and nations surrounding, the centre of knowledge, religious mysteries, arts, science, and celestial light. The *Sanconiathon*, the great Phœnician book, kept in Tyre, as well as other ancient works, Hebrew and Phœnician, record that the use of letters was either invented or restored by a descendant of *Mizraim*, named *Thaat*, or *Thoth*. By others this individual (*Thoth*) is considered to be *Phœneas*, or one skilled in the science of *sounds*. Mr. Gliddon, the eminent Egyptian hierologist, thinks that writing, either by symbols or letters, was known to the inhabitants of the earth before the flood. There is no good reason to doubt the proposition. When we know that animals and insects, of all sorts, are secretly directed in their operations, by the unseen hand of the Creator, by that law which we term *intuition*, or *instinct*, to perform for themselves those acts of provision and protection which surprise us; when we observe the precise and correct *geometrical* skill displayed by the spider, who weaves his nets, to catch his food, with much more exactitude than the most expert and instructed fisherman or net manufacturer; when we

study the labors of the bee, the wisdom, forethought, and *science*, displayed by that wonderful creation of God, — how humbled do we rise from the contemplation! Whether we remark on the *wisdom* which, in the summer, provides food for winter; the *forethought* to erect a suitable habitation to protect itself and young against cold; the *mathematical science* evidenced in the erection of those habitations and storehouses; the conservative sense displayed in the erection of *guards*, to keep pillaging insects from entering their front apertures, or outer doors, — we feel that the magnificent social economy, practised by this insect, cannot be dictated by self-will, self-culture, or *instruction* derived from any quarter.

In the construction of the honey-comb, one of the highest principles of mathematics is strictly observed. The principle is called *maxima* and *minima*. This problem had long been unsettled by the most learned mathematicians. The celebrated M'Claurin, a disciple of Newton, by a fluxionary calculation, at length solved the problem, and determined the proportions of a certain angle; and he found, by the most exact measurement the subject could admit of, that it is the *very angle* in which the three planes in the bottom of the cell of a honey-comb do actually meet. To call this extraordinary knowledge by the name of *intuition*, or *instinct*, as we generally do, fails to convey the true definition. We should call it DIVINE TEACHING. When, therefore, the inferior portion of animated nature evidences the eternal presence of a divine Creator, and a divine *Teacher*, is it to be maintained for a moment, that man, the chief work of his hand, should be denied those advantages conferred on insects and quadrupeds? That man was blessed at different periods, before and since the deluge, with divine revelations for his guidance in this world, is attested by Scripture.

Returning, however, to the early science manifested by the ancients, we find the art of indicating ideas by man to man, through signs and symbols, was very early known to the Egyptians. The first mode established was *pictorial* marks. The figure of a man expressed an idea. The varied positions, attitudes, and postures, of the man represented variations of the idea, or separate ideas. Parts of the human body also denoted *thoughts* and *ideas*; and so of figures of quadrupeds, fishes, birds, trees, mountains, &c. The creations of nature were thus used by the early scribes and linguists, as the medium of indicating their thoughts.

The writers of this symbolic character began at the top of a page or a monument, and carried the subject downwards. Square obelisks of hewn

stone, of about seventy to ninety feet high, were erected by the early kings of Egypt in front of their pyramids, on which, beginning at the top, were recorded, in symbol, the events of their reigns. Then there were different sets of natural objects, which were used at discretion, to represent the same set of ideas.

When the ideas to be entabled were of a sublime, celestial, noble, chivalrous, heroic character, the most noble animals and the grandest objects of creation were used in the symbolic alphabet. When they were of an opposite character,—when scorn, contempt, or hatred, were to be embodied,—the meanest, most loathsome reptiles were figured. The Egyptian scribes were expert at this kind of writing, and are said to have been able to indite as quickly as a man could speak.

In the progress of the art, for greater expedition, parts only of the human body, and parts of other animals, birds, trees, fishes, &c., were used, the suppressed portion being *understood*; and thus an alphabet of curves, angles, and lines, came into use, perfectly well understood by the people of those primeval ages.

Different branches of the human family used different marks to make up their alphabet; and hence that variation which we see in the writing of the several nations of the earth. Symbolic writing, after being used for two thousand five hundred years, ceased generally in Egypt about three hundred years before Christ.

In the same way was language, or the sounds of the human voice, used to express human thoughts or ideas. The voices of animals and birds, as well as men, were, by the ancients, called into requisition to form a dialect. The higher we mount up to the source of language, the more imitative of nature shall we find the expression of ideas. Thus, in Egypt, says Gliddon,

The name of an Ass	was	<i>Yò</i> ,	from his <i>bray</i> ;
“ “ “ “ Lion	“	<i>Moòee</i> ,	from his <i>roar</i> ;
“ “ “ “ Cow	“	<i>E'he</i> ,	from her <i>low</i> ;
“ “ “ “ Frog	“	<i>Croor</i> ,	from his <i>croak</i> ;
“ “ “ “ Cat	“	<i>Chàoo</i> ,	from her <i>mew</i> ;
“ “ “ “ Pig	“	<i>Rurr</i> ,	from his <i>grunt</i> ;
“ “ “ “ Serpent	“	<i>Hoff</i> ,	from its <i>hiss</i> .

There are very many other words traced to the cries and chirruping of birds; but there is enough in the above example to explain the simple roots of language. The Irish language, of which I shall have much more to say hereafter, was constructed upon the same principles, in very remote ages, by a branch of the Egyptian family called *Phæ-*

*nicians*, for which reason, it is the most expressive of *any* known language. No language can so powerfully express the varied sensations of adoration, joy, grief, love, anger, merriment, scorn, contempt, as the Irish. But to return.

The form of government first instituted by the Egyptians was a *hierarchy*, or government of the sacred priesthood. A religious pontificate was established at Thebes. The system of discipline established among them was complex and matured. Its leading characteristics were political forethought, intellectual discrimination, equity, and morality. It extended the dominion of Egypt over the nations that surrounded it. In process of time the civil power of the Egyptian priesthood was struck down by the usurping arm of a military chieftain, and then commenced the reign of the kings, or "Pharaohs."

But the moral power of the priesthood over the *mind* remained and endured, owing to its intrinsic utility to the happiness of man, for three thousand years; and yielded only at last to the superiority and divine strength of the Christian system. What the *form* of that religion was, which thus held sway for so long a period, it is not my province to describe. Its general principles, however, may be glanced at. They were, a belief in a divine Author, or Origin; the sun being the visible manifestation of that Supreme Being, which they worshipped by offerings of sacrifice: they believed in the immortality of the soul; in a future state; in judgment, rewards, and punishments; in a general resurrection; and also, that the soul, on the death of the body, passed immediately into some other animal, — bird, fish, or insect, — according to the "judgment" of *Isis* and *Osiris*, (male and female deities,) in which it existed for a certain period, passing from stage to stage, to either final bliss or final suffering, or extinction.

A system of celestial adoration and belief, which enabled an enduring hierarchy to hold subordinate, for three thousand years, the wild passions of a warlike and powerful people, such as the Egyptians once were, and which continued its sway, after their fall, in spite of foreign invasions, and even ages of slavish submission to the conqueror, cannot be viewed by the most Christian man with any other emotions than those of wonder and respect. When we know the powerful hold it had on the mind of the Eastern nations, we are not surprised at the zeal displayed by the early Christians in obliterating the literature in which its mysteries were so thoroughly interwoven. The same zeal was displayed by St. Patrick in Ireland, who, with his own hands, burnt several hundred volumes of Druid literature, consisting principally of



poetry, which was so fascinating in its conception and measure, yet so impregnated with Druid rites and doctrines, that the apostle deemed its existence dangerous to the Christian doctrine he had just promulgated.

The first rulers of Egypt were the priests. They united in their persons sacred and temporal authority. This form of government is called a *theocracy*. The ministers of religion were also ministers of science and knowledge, uniting in their persons two of the most influential missions with which man can be invested — the worship of the Deity and the cultivation of the human intellect.

This theocracy was necessarily despotic; and, in the progress of the nation, a military power was created to support the government.

Society was then divided into three classes — the *priests*, the *military*, and the *people*. A rivalry soon sprang up between the first two. The physical power being in the hands of the military, a military chieftain — a soldier of fortune — seized the sceptre of dominion, established a royal government, and made the throne hereditary in his line of descendants, through a long future.

This first PHARAOH (a term which meant *king*) is known as *Menes*. He began his reign as king of Upper and Lower Egypt about two thousand five hundred years before Christ. That the Egyptians, under their Pharaohs, became a mighty nation, and held that position for unnumbered ages, is well attested. Egypt held subject to her sway, at one period, Palestine, Syria, Arabia, Assyria, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Libya, Barbary, and other remote nations, in tribute or in bondage. From the Old Testament, or from profane history, we could derive only a limited or partial view of the true greatness of the Pharaohs; and the present race of Egyptians are themselves totally ignorant of events to them so momentous.

“But when,” says Gliddon, “we are enabled, through the discovery of hieroglyphical science, to read, translate, and understand the legends still sculptured on Egypt’s vast monuments, and decipher the written pages of her crumbling papyri, we are enabled to bring forward her history a speaking witness of her glory.”

The first objects in Egyptian prowess which attract the attention of the reflective, are those stupendous monuments of human labor and skill, the pyramids. Properly have they been described “one of the wonders of the world.” They are strewn along the banks of the Nile, from Memphis back to the junction of the white and blue forks of that great river, at Meroe, covering a line of fifteen hundred miles. They are so numerous, that if placed, as lighthouses, ten miles apart, they

would be sufficient to surround the whole coast of North and South America, and still leave a heavy balance. And yet each of these monuments seems, to our eyes and senses, as if it were the work of an entire nation for many years.

And, more singular still, the stones used in their erection were all taken from one quarry, — in the mountains known as the “Libyan chain,” — carried in boats against the current of the river, in some instances seven or eight hundred, or a thousand miles; squared, cut, chiseled, and then raised to altitudes, varying with the size of the erection, from ninety to four hundred and fifty feet. Calculations have been made, by the learned, as to the number of tons’ weight of stone which were used in the erection of those extraordinary piles.

One of the largest, at *Memphis*, a very ancient city of Egypt, is thus measured: Height, four hundred and fifty feet; square feet at the base, seven hundred and forty-six feet; cubic feet of masonry, thirty-two millions and twenty-eight thousand feet; tons’ weight of stone, six millions eight hundred and forty-eight thousand, of good limestone, cut into blocks varying from two to five feet square; and the pile covered thirteen acres of surface. The pyramids which stand along the valley of the Nile are of various sizes. The total number (including those in Ethiopia, a remote region of Upper Egypt) has never yet been accurately given. About one hundred and eighty have been numbered; many have been measured. Some are built entirely of stone; and so accurate and so exact have been these ancient people in their great works, that the names of their kings, and the dates of their erection, have been chiseled into the stones, in the symbolic character of the time. And further; duplicate marks have been cut into the quarry bed from whence the stones were excavated.

Some of the largest pyramids were built of sun-burnt brick, made of the alluvial mud washed down in the waters of the Nile, in a journey of four thousand miles from the interior of Southern Africa. (The source of this river no white man, save Bruce, has ever yet explored.)

Brick-making, in ancient Egypt, was a business which employed great numbers of the people. The artificial soil, deposited annually over the Egyptian valley by the periodical overflowing and subsiding of that singular river, the Nile, has ever enabled the people to raise abundance of grain without much labor. And the kings and priests, observing the danger of permitting the people to simmer in idleness, employed them in making bricks, quarrying stone, and erecting those huge, everlasting monuments of their existence, which still remain, and probably will

during the full period assigned to the earth itself. Each of those pyramids was erected to receive the remains of a king and his family, and perpetuate his name to future generations. Within each there is found a chamber, or chambers, for the dead.

The sun-burnt brick, made from the alluvial deposit of the Nile, seems to be of eternal endurance. Some of the pyramids are built altogether of that material, bound by a cement mortar, the component parts of which are now unknown. It was the custom of each Pharaoh to commence his pyramid at the commencement of his reign, marking the brick, while in process of manufacture, or the stone, with his name and degree, and to continue to heap layer upon layer, according to true mathematical principles, until a square pyramid arose before his own eyes, which was to perpetuate his name and deeds to posterity. The great object of the Pharaohs appears to have been to excel each other in the size of their pyramids. Hence the labor not only of their own people, but of all the nations they conquered, was called in to aid in the erection of those stupendous works.

As mausoleums of the dead, these pyramids present other features calculated to awaken our wonder. The process of embalming, and the materials used in the process, have long since become a mystery to the most scientific of modern men. Since the French possessed themselves of Egypt, about forty-five years ago, and forced open the ancient shrines to the inquiring eyes of science, thousands of embalmed bodies have been brought to Europe, which had been preserved, — flesh, bones, and muscles, — by the process of embalming, for full four thousand years. And the travellers of the present day assure us there are yet millions of these preserved bodies within the pyramids and mausoleums of Egypt.

Mr. Gliddon exhibited a set of earthen jars, four in number, as specimens of those found in sets nearly alongside every embalmed body. These jars contained the heart, liver, and intestines, of the deceased, which were drawn out preparatory to the body being embalmed: a composition of pitch, lime, and some other ingredients, was then introduced into the disemboweled body. It was next swathed in pitched linen or cotton cloth, from the head down around the feet, in interminable folds. Between each layer there was introduced a hot liquid, of a pitchy compound, which completely bound together the outside coatings, and rendered the body within impervious to air or moisture. This art is now totally unknown.

But what surprises us still more, is the degree of refinement and

excellence which their woven textile fabrics, whether of linen or cotton, found around those venerable mummies, plainly indicate.

The microscope has been applied to the material of those shroudings, to ascertain whether the thread was spun from cotton or from flax; but the most accurate and scientific observers could not decide, some alleging them to be from a cotton, others from a flaxen fibre. That the art of spinning and weaving, in its advanced stage, was well known to those ancients, is proved, by their exhumed shroudings, beyond all doubt or dispute.

Within the pyramidal chambers, castings of the dead, in clay, have been found, which display a high degree of advancement in that art. There have also been found images of the dead, sculptured in stone, laid by the side of the deceased. Millions of little glass images of their deities *Isis* and *Osiris* are found within every mausoleum; some of which were colored in the manufacture, and all of which evince the existence of a thorough knowledge of glass-making, a thousand years before the period hitherto set down by the learned, as the era of the discovery of that art. The earthen jars found, in great quantities, amongst the embalmed dead, prove their knowledge of pottery. Specimens of the glass and earthen ware, manufactured by the Egyptians four thousand years ago, have been exhibited in Europe and America; and they equal any thing of the same kind manufactured in the present time. Indeed, the glass specimens surpass the product of the present day, for they were beautifully colored during the process of manufacture — a degree of refinement to which moderns cannot aspire. The knowledge displayed by these remote people, in every branch of science, is truly surprising. They were the inventors of the *arch*, in architecture, in all its variety, a thousand years, at least, before either Greece or Rome had a social existence. The *Gothic* arch is found in Egyptian monuments which date before the time of Abraham. The pointed arch and the circular arch — the latter used in watercourses — are inventions of the Egyptian age, or probably of ages anterior to the flood.

The Egyptians quarried and hewed the hardest granite blocks, some of which were one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet in length, ten feet in width, and eight feet in depth. These were conveyed from the Libyan quarry, hundreds of miles, and raised several hundred feet, to their appointed places in their everlasting piles.

The “Doric column,” the father of the order of pillars, erroneously attributed to the Greeks, is simply an Egyptian pillar, shaped from the solid block: it is fluted, in concave hollows, from the top to the bottom;

the top is surmounted by a simple circular capital ; the base rests on a low, square pedestal. Several of these ancient columns are still to be seen among the ruins of Egypt, which were erected many ages previous to the existence of Athens or Rome.

The knowledge of metre, or measurement, was well understood by those ancient people. On the blowing up of one of the monuments, by Mohammed Ali, for the purpose of getting stone to erect a military fort, a wooden measure was discovered amongst the rubbish, which was found to be two cubits, or forty-two inches, long. It was notched in metrical distances, like our modern rules, by *fingers*, *palms*, and *spans*, and proved to be a rule or measure, which belonged to one of the masons employed on the monument three thousand five hundred years ago. The measure dropped from the workman's hand amongst the stones, and was found imbedded in the mortar.

This invaluable relic of ancient art is in the custody of the French embassy, and, I suppose, is now deposited in the archives of that nation.

The learned explorers, who purchased it of the workmen, applied it to many of the entrances and chambers of the pyramids. It proved to be the measure by which they were all erected ; the entrances to all are equal to two cubits, or forty-two inches of our measure. The "*cubit*" of the ancients was the length of the arm of a full-grown man, from the elbow to the top of the second finger ; the "*span*" was the breadth described by stretching asunder the thumb and second finger ; the "*palm*" was the breadth of the four fingers of the hand, without the thumb ; the "*finger*" was simply the breadth of that joint, which is something less than an inch ; the "*fathom*" was the length, from finger to finger, of a full-grown man's arms extended at opposite sides.

The *cubit* was the common term of measurement amongst the ancients. There were the royal cubit and common cubit, which differed a little in dimension from each other. The *cubit* was the measure of ancient Ireland ; the doors of the round towers are exactly two cubits wide ; that of Roscrea is three feet and six inches, equal to two cubits. The legislative hall of Tara measured two hundred and fifty cubits long. The ark of Noah was three hundred cubits long.

The Egyptians also perfectly understood the seasons, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies ; they fixed the year to consist of three hundred and sixty-five days. It was so established in the times of Herodotus, four hundred and forty years before Christ. Plato, the celebrated Greek philosopher, who studied at Heliopolis, in Egypt,

bears testimony to the early establishment of a calendar amongst them. Champollion declares that the dates on the tombs would establish the existence of a national calendar in Egypt two thousand years before Christ. It is said, moreover, that the early Egyptians pledged their kings not to alter their calendar.

The round towers of Egypt and of India should here receive a notice ; but I purposely reserve this feature of Egyptian antiquity until I come to treat of the round towers of Ireland, they being the emanation of a common age and a common race.

I would here insert, from Mr. Gliddon, a pithy description of the state of arts and science in ancient Egypt: "Will not the historian," he says, "deign to notice the prior origin of every art and science in Egypt, a thousand years before the Pelasgians and Phœnicians studded the isles and capes of the archipelago with their forts and temples, long before Etruscan civilization had smiled under Italian skies ?

"Philologists, astronomers, chemists, painters, architects, physicians, must return to Egypt to learn the origin of language and writing ; of the calendar, and solar motion ; of the art of cutting granite with a *copper* chisel, and of giving elasticity to a *copper* sword ; of making glass with the variegated hues of the rainbow ; of moving single blocks of polished granite, nine hundred tons in weight, for any distance by land and water ; of building *arches*, round and pointed, with masonic precision, antecedent, by two thousand years, to the *Cloaca Magna* of Rome ; of sculpturing a Doric column, one thousand years before the Dorians are known in history ; of *fresco* painting, in imperishable colors ; and of practical knowledge in anatomy. Every craftsman can behold, in Egyptian monuments, the progress of his art four thousand years ago ; and whether it be a wheelwright building a chariot, a shoemaker drawing his twine, a leather-cutter using the self-same form of knife of old as is considered the best form now ; a weaver throwing the same hand shuttle ; a whitesmith using the identical form of blowpipe which is but lately recognized to be the most efficient ; the seal engraver cutting, in hieroglyphics, such names as SHOOPOHO's, above four thousand three hundred years ago ; or even the poulterer removing the pip from geese. All these and more astounding evidences of Egyptian priority, now require but a glance at the plates of Rosellini, which have been engraved from original scenes, sculptured into the enduring monuments of Egypt."

As to the advanced state of learning, and the great numbers of written

books which abounded in ancient Egypt, a glance or two will disclose enough.

Every one has heard of the destruction of the celebrated library of the Egyptian city of Alexandria, where many thousand volumes were destroyed by popular fury, during the career of Julius Cæsar through Egypt, fifty years before Christ. That was the largest and most valuable collection of antiquity; yet Cæsar, while defending the arsenal, could not save it from destruction.

The Tyrian and Phœnician annals were destroyed by Alexander the Great. Poems of all sorts, and particularly epic poems, were common in Egypt, and were publicly chanted to the praise of deities or their heroes. Homer, it is said, visited Egypt about nine hundred years before Christ; and the poet Naucrates charges him with gleanings from *Egyptian bards* the ideas which, with such sublimity of thought and diction, he perpetuated in his *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Orpheus, Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle, borrowed much of their philosophy from the Egyptians. Plato was educated in Egypt. Whichever way we turn, amongst the literary monuments of the past, we shall behold Egypt the fountain of science, the school of post-diluvian man. — Perhaps this is the best place to pass up the stream of history to its extreme or obscure source, and note the great remaining authorities which delineate the progress of mankind to modern ages.

The *Pentateuch* was the earliest record of the Jews. It was looked upon as so sacred, that every letter was counted. Yet, when the Christians argued from that very book, to prove the divinity of Christ by the exactitude of the patriarchal prophecies, the Jews then interpolated their own sacred chronicle. The *Septuagint* was a translation into Greek of the Hebrew *Pentateuch*, which was performed in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, two hundred and forty years before Christ, when seventy learned men sat in the Isle of Pharos, Alexandria, to make the translation from a copy of the Law, sent by the high priest of the Israelites to Philadelphus, at the latter's solicitation, in return for the liberation, by that monarch, of one hundred thousand Jews. The Hebrew copy came from Jerusalem to Alexandria, written on parchment, in letters of gold. The Egyptians, besides the memorials on their monuments, kept a national record, called "the old chronicle:" this is lost. A fragment only of the writings of *Manetho*, one of their most celebrated historians, has come down to us.

*Manetho* was a learned Egyptian, a native of the eastern Delta, in

Lower Egypt, high priest and sacred scribe in Heliopolis, who lived about two hundred and sixty years before Christ, and, at the request of Ptolemy Philadelphus, composed, in the Greek language, a history of the kings of Egypt, from the earliest times down to the invasion of that nation by Alexander the Great, three hundred and thirty years before Christ. One only fragment of his history has come to us, which is copied verbatim into Josephus's work. Moses and the other writers of sacred history devoted themselves merely to a history of the Jewish family. Moses flourished twelve hundred years before Christ, and was an Egyptian, educated at Memphis. *Eratosthenes* of Cyrene was the superintendent of the great Alexandrian library, two hundred years before Christ, and sixty years after Manetho. His original work, a catalogue of Egyptian kings, has perished, except an extract preserved by Syncillas, which he copied from another, whose works have also perished. *Herodotus* is the well-known Greek writer, styled the *father of history*; he was in Egypt about four hundred and forty years before Christ; his visit there was made during the dominion of the Persians, after Egypt had fallen from her pristine greatness. He prepared a history of his travels, and the best account he could compile of Egypt, which he read in the Olympic circus, before his countrymen, the Greeks. Julius Cæsar wrote sketches of the nations he had conquered, denominated Commentaries, about fifty years before Christ. *Diodorus* the Sicilian wrote forty years before Christ; and the next great authority on ancient history is *Josephus*, the well-known Jewish historian, who wrote at Rome, soon after the fall of Jerusalem, one hundred years after Christ, or thereabouts. Then followed the Christian writer and prelate, Clement of Alexandria, about one hundred and ninety years after Christ — Strabo, Tacitus, Pliny, Polybius, and numerous others who swell the stream of history by their writings. I shall show, in the proper place, the early historians of Ireland, who wrote of that ancient nation before and subsequent to the days of Moses.



## SECTION III.

The Phœnicians. — Their Cities, Tyre and Aradin. — Their Dominion. — Helped in the Erection of Solomon's Temple. — Mysteries of the Phœnician Priests. — The Greeks taught by them. — The Etrurians. — A Colony of the Phœnicians. — Character of the Etrurians. — Irish Language derived from them. — Civilization and Refinement of the Etrurians. — The Irish Language the Root of the Latin. — The oldest Manuscripts in Europe in the Hand-writing of Irishmen. — Dr. Johnson's Letter.

WE will now glance at that branch of the great Eastern family, from which Ireland was directly peopled; namely, the PHŒNICIANS, "the people of the waters," the "masters of the seas," as the ancient historians invariably designate them.

The very ancient Phœnician book, denominated the "Sanconiathon," or "Book of first Time," contains the history of the Phœnician nation. It was translated into Greek, from the old *Phœni* tongue, (the present Irish,) by Polybius, the Greek historian, who wrote under Roman auspices and influence. This ancient record attributes to the Phœnicians a civilization and literature prior to that of the Egyptians. The most learned of the modern antiquarians have not yet settled the question, whether the Phœnicians or the Egyptians are entitled to the honor of priority in the discovery of the radical arts and sciences; more time, and still more extensive inquiries, are required to fix this point with greater certainty. Whilst the inquiry goes on, which cannot, terminate as it may, affect the history of Ireland in the slightest degree, we shall view an outline sketch of the Phœnician people, who were the first chief settlers of Ireland, as shall hereinafter be most fully proved by Irish historians, corroborated by foreign contemporary writers, of every age, and almost of every nation,—by identity of language, letters, customs, religion, buildings, coins, weapons, dress, &c. &c.; and who continued in Ireland to be an independent, and, in the words of the great Dr. Johnson, "an ILLUSTRIOUS RACE," for upwards of two thousand five hundred years; "the teachers of the West, the ardent cultivators of letters, arts, and piety."

The Roman writer Strabo says the ancient Phœnicians had settlements in the *Behrin* Islands, in the Persian Gulf. In these islands were places called *Tyre* and *Aradin*. This brings the Phœnicians very near the cradle of the human race, the point of dispersion after the flood. "That they were the Sabeans, and that their object of

adoration was the sun, will," says Sir William Betham, "appear hereafter."

The principal territory occupied by the Phœnicians, when their power began to swell, was the lands now known as Syria and the Delta, on the south of the Mediterranean Sea, with Sicily, Italy, Spain, and Gaul, on the opposite side. It is certain that the communities of men, which grew up on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, were direct emanations from this people, or were instructed by them in laws, religion, and arts. It is also admitted by all, that the Phœnicians were a nation contemporary with the Egyptians.

The latter occupied the valley of the Nile, covering some ten or twelve hundred miles from its discharging points into the sea, towards its source. The Phœnicians occupied a portion of the Delta, and the neighbor region of Syria. The Egyptians and Phœnicians were distinct, but, as abundantly appears, very friendly nations. The Egyptians, residing in the interior country, devoted themselves to agriculture, science, and war. The Phœnicians, occupying the sea-shores, devoted themselves to the navigation of the seas, to manufactures, to the discovery of foreign lands, to the extension of dominion, and to the propagation of letters, religion, &c. &c.

The celebrated city of Tyre was one of the Phœnician seats of manufacture, and continued, for many ages, the chief seat of manufactures for the whole world. The textile fabrics of that ancient city, and the beautiful colors which the Phœnician artisans imparted to them, had been, for many ages, the admiration of all other nations. The "Tyrian purple," famous in all history, so infatuated the Roman ladies, that large fortunes were expended in decorating a single family; and so far did this infatuation extend, that the emperors issued proclamations which forbade any but the imperial family to assume the precious color in their dress. The city of Tyre, which ever excited the jealousy of both Rome and Greece, was at length destroyed by the ruthless arms of Alexander the Great, about three hundred and thirty years before Christ.

We are informed, in holy writ, that "Hiram, king of Tyre, sent his servants to congratulate Solomon on his being made king of Israel. Solomon then sent to Hiram to announce his intention of building a temple to the God of Israel, and requesting his assistance to cut the timber, and quarry the stones. Great stones were quarried, hewn, and squared, by the workmen of Hiram, and the temple was erected by Phœnician workmen, for which Solomon bound himself to pay Hiram, every year, twenty thousand measures of wheat, and as many of oil, together with twenty cities, called to this day "of the land of Cabul."

“To the Phœnicians may be traced,” says Sir William Betham, in his recent very able and learned work on the ancient Celtæ, “nearly the entire mythological system of the ancients.” That enlightened nation confined its religious adoration to one divinity. According as each new art was discovered, — such as the nature of metals, the science of sailing in ships, the knowledge supplied by observations of the stars, moon, the art of writing, &c. &c., — each discoverer was almost deified; for it was supposed he was gifted with a divine revelation. Hence originated the long list of “gods” and goddesses, who are supposed to preside over the sea, the arts, letters, war, and of which I shall say a few words presently. But their chief adoration was directed to one Supreme Being, whom the priests identified in the gorgeous sun.

The mysteries of the Phœnician priests were elaborately constructed, and artfully calculated to engage the affections and obedience of the human mind. The *Cabiric* mysteries and ceremonies of *Samothrace*, *Imbros*, and *Masos*, so celebrated among the ancients, are still continued to our days, under the name of *freemasonry*. The *Sanconiathon* demonstrates that the Phœnician priests allegorized all the discoveries of learning, transforming the discoverers into mystical deities; and, perceiving the anxiety of men, both their own people and foreigners, for these allegorical mysteries, “*delivered them*,” says the text, “*to their successors, and to foreigners*.” And thus originated that portentous and overwhelming system of idolatry, which eventually overspread the nations of antiquity, and which yielded only at last to the pure religion of the cross. From such simple elements proceeded the complex system of the Greek and Roman mythology, which has ever continued to lead captive the imaginations of even the educated portion of the human race.

The Phœnicians, when they first visited the Grecian isles, in ships moved by the wind, were considered, by the Greeks, divinities, or superior beings. The Greeks were then, and continued for several subsequent centuries to be, a barbarous people. They were regarded as “barbarians” by the Egyptians. The first dawn of letters was shed upon them by their teachers, the Phœnicians and Egyptians. Other nations, that grew up on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, received the allegories, mythology, literature, and civilization, of the Phœnicians, and then fabricated local or individual systems upon them, according to the whims and fancies of the several hierophants, or learned scribes, who undertook to interpret these mysteries to their respective followers. The extensive number of divinities created by the imaginative and polished Phœnicians, the various attributes conferred on each, enabled

the priests and scribes to form an extensive *system* of illusive divinity, which gave full occupation to the human mind, and attracted the uninitiated around their shrines and altars, to receive their instruction, or to offer them obedience or worship.

Stupendous, amongst the colonies of the Phœnicians, stood the ETRURIANS, who occupied, on the opposite shore, the land of "*ancient Etruria*," known, in after ages, as the seat of the Roman empire, and latterly as *Italy*. I here take from the able work of Sir William Betham, already referred to, an entire page, descriptive of ancient Etruria.

"The attention of the British public has been much directed to Etruscan antiquities by the exhibition, a few years since, in Pall Mall, London, of the magnificent specimens of sarcophagi, fictile vases, bronzes, gold ornaments, and other remains of ancient Italy, brought to England by Seignor Campanari. The inscriptions excavated in Etruria were not inaptly termed, by Professor Buckland, a kind of geological literature. The works of Etruscan art demonstrate high civilization, and a progress of the human mind equal to the most elevated point of any Greek or Roman civilization, or even of modern improvement. The human face divine of their statuary and painting exhibits a noble physiognomy, a dignity and refinement of character, equal to the admirable excellence of the manipulation. The prow of a ship was their national emblem, and the dolphins, and other maritime emblems on their coins, bronzes, statuary, fictile vases, and pottery, declare their devotion to, and great progress in, navigation and commerce. The articles of elaborate workmanship in gold and silver declare their sumptuous and gorgeous magnificence, as well as their progress in that department of the arts; while their painting and sculpture, and indeed all their remains, evince a highly civilized, refined, and glorious people, both by land and sea; a people like the magnificent inhabitants of Tyre and Phœnicia, described by the prophet Ezekiel, of which people the Etruscans were assuredly colonists; for they were the only ancient people of the world answering such a description.

"These wonderful remains of so polished and highly civilized a race, occupying a period of ages *unknown to history*, whose very name is doubtful, fill the mind with surprise and admiration. Their inscriptions declare their literate character. So polished a people must have had authors and historians. Some noble statues are represented with inscribed volumes or rolls in their hands. Where are these? They were capable of every effort of the human mind, equally with any age or country; yet, except a few words to be found in the Roman writers,

the people who succeeded them in their beautiful country, absolutely nothing intelligible has come down to us. If their sepulchres exhibit so much greatness, refinement, and dignity, what splendor might be expected in their temples, theatres, public buildings, palaces, and the habitations in which they lived, moved, and acted! These were above ground. Their successors, the Romans, ruthless, ignorant, and barbarous, have obliterated nearly every trace of them, if we except their stupendous architecture, some magnificent specimens of which have, by their magnitude, defied the ruthless efforts of the barbarians, and resisted their puny efforts, while they attributed their erection to supernatural agency. Such has ever been the fate of civilized nations, when conquered by barbarians. The fall of the Roman empire, in turn, produced the "dark ages;" the Anglo-Saxons destroyed all traces of Roman literature in Britain. The hostile disposition exhibited by all barbarous people against civilization and literature, has been very remarkable. Omar, who destroyed the Alexandrian library, was a correct specimen of the ferocious and ignorant barbarian of all ages."

Sir William then quotes from the *Quarterly Review*, 1833, a passage on this nation. "*Etruria is one of the great, and, as yet, unsolved problems of ancient history.* It is clear that, before the Romans, there existed in Italy a great nation, in a state of advanced civilization, with public buildings of vast magnitude, and works constructed on scientific principles, and of immense solidity, in order to bring the marshy plains of central and northern Italy into regular cultivation. They were a naval and commercial people, to whom tradition assigned the navigation, at one period, of the Mediterranean. Their government seems to have been nearly allied to the Oriental theocracies: religion was the dominant principle, and the ruling aristocracy a sacerdotal order."

He then enters into an elaborate history of this extinct nation, which he justly builds upon the inscriptions on their coins, on their tombs, on their vases, on their bronze mirrors or *specula*, on their tables of bronze, that have been, within the last few years, dug up from beneath the classic earth of Italy, over which the Roman conquerors trod, unconscious, in their efforts to obliterate the memory of this people, of the existence of subterranean evidences which would, in other ages, meet the eye of posterity, and deprive Rome of the honors of originating arts, science, and mythology, which she so zealously and so unjustly strove to assume at the expense of her teachers, the Etrusco-Phœnicians.

This great nation, with its history, was involved in the deepest mystery, until a critical knowledge of the ancient Irish language,

acquired late in life, by Sir William Betham, enabled that profound scholar and antiquarian to perceive, that all their inscriptions, memorials, and devices, WERE WRITTEN IN THE ANCIENT IRISH CHARACTER; and that *through the Irish, and the Irish tongue alone*, could he unlock the hidden history of that polished, illustrious people, who once filled Italy, Gaul, Spain, and Ireland, with memorials of their arts and labor, which still remain, outliving the countless generations of man, that have washed over them as the ocean beats over the lasting rocks of Erin's old promontories.

Sir William gives upwards of fifty plates of accurate drawings of many of their ancient coins, curiosities, weapons, bronze mirrors, together with the literal inscriptions found on the seven *tables of bronze* — inscriptions called by the learned the “Eugubian Tables.” There are several mythological engravings on ancient pieces of metal, which are given, and translated first from the old Etrusco-Phœnician language into modern Irish, and then from the Irish into modern English. In presenting a drawing of a magnificent statue in alabaster, found in one of the ancient vaults of Etruria, Sir William thus writes: —

“Although the number of plates has already exceeded what was contemplated, I cannot resist the temptation of placing in this work one of a recumbent figure of a man, which formed the covering of a sarcophagus, now in the museum at Volterra. It is doubtless a portrait of the deceased, who was, according to the expression of Catullus, a corpulent Etruscan — ‘*obesus Etruscus.*’

“It is not easy to imagine a finer formed head, or a countenance more expressive of a brilliant intellect, a cultivated, well-stored mind, and a benevolent heart, than the one here presented. The ring on his left hand, and the gold chain, or torque, round his neck, declare him a man of high rank. He was a writer, as appears from the volume in his hand. His head is encircled with a wreath of oak leaves; the countenance fills us with bitter regret that the productions of the mind of such a man should be lost forever. How many ages of progressive civilization must have passed away to have produced such a head, and a pencil, or chisel, capable of making it live to our days! Where is the Greek or Roman statue which throws this into the shade, and exhibits a higher style of excellence in art, or one of which any age might be prouder? His very obesity is a proof of civilization. He was a benefactor to his country by his writings: probably his nation, anxious to do him honor, erected this monument to his memory. Anonymous as he is to us, his merits will not be altogether unappreciated; for they caused the

conception and execution of a piece of art which would do honor to any people. We are unable to unroll his volume, or to develop the beauties of his mind ; but we can conceive what such a development of intellect and expression of countenance might be capable of ; and it adds to our regret that the mental productions of such a people should have been so completely annihilated by the barbarous policy of their conquerors. The Phœnician and Etruscan writings were the only means by which the early history of man could have come down to our days. The sacred writings are but a history of one family, only incidentally referring to other nations. The 'Sanconiathon' was a recital of the progress of the human mind in its mental development, and of its discoveries in science, literature, and arts."

Sir William, in another part of his works, shows the ruthlessness with which the Roman barbarians destroyed every visible work of art or utility, erected by the Etrusco-Phœnicians. The stupendous works erected to bring the marshy plains of Italy into cultivation are still lasting monuments of the genius and power of these people, who had passed away before the Greeks and Romans emerged from barbarism, or had learned to write. The Greeks and Romans did not know their own origin ; much less were they qualified to give an account of their predecessors. The senate of Rome ordered the books written by *Numa Pompilius* to be burned, four hundred years after his death — a strong testimony against their literary taste and judgment. What must the feelings of an Irishman be, who reads these pages, and is informed by them that his remote ancestors were some of these illustrious Etrusco-Phœnicians, who brought with them into Ireland the language, literature, arts, and sciences which they possessed ? and further, when the fires of learning were extinguished by both Greek and Roman conquerors throughout the East, that to the learned descendants of the Phœnicians, who flourished in Ireland, "in the holy island of the West," were they indebted for many of the wandering torches that re-kindled the sacred flame of literature throughout the Roman and Greek dominions ? — all which shall duly appear as we proceed.

As to the language of the ancient Irish, Betham has the following luminous passage in his book : "It is repugnant to common sense to suppose that this remote island was the means by which civilization was communicated, *in the beginning*, to the countries surrounding the Mediterranean Sea, and the East, which seems to be implied when we assert that *the roots of many words in the Greek and Latin are to be found in the Irish language* ; but if we are able to show that this

language is the same as that spoken by the people who occupied Italy, and the countries bordering on that sea, before Greece or Rome were heard of, the absurdity vanishes, and the fact ceases to surprise. A man will laugh in your face if you assert *that the Latin* is mostly derived from the Irish; but if you are able to show that the Etruscan inhabitants of Italy spoke the same or a kindred language before the Latin had existence, if he be not convinced, his sarcasm and ridicule will certainly be deprived of all its point."

The above, and a few other passages, which I shall just now quote from the same able and honest author, are more than sufficient to awake the dullest mind to a consideration of the vast literary and artistical interests, wrapped in the neglected literature and history of Ireland. "The manuscripts of the ancient nations of Europe were destroyed by barbarous conquerors. The Danes were the only invading enemies of the ancient Irish; and, never having possessed more than detached spots here and there on the coast, had no opportunity of possessing or destroying, universally, the books of Ireland. The policy of England has been to make war against the Irish language; but they have not been able to annihilate Irish literature. **THERE STILL REMAIN MANUSCRIPTS OF MORE REMOTE ANTIQUITY IN IRELAND THAN IN ANY OTHER COUNTRY, NOT ONLY IN THE IRISH, BUT IN THE LATIN TONGUE;** and the oldest in the libraries on the continent are the production of Irishmen, who were the teachers of the early ages of Christian Europe, as well in learning as religion."

There are in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, many Latin manuscripts, on vellum, of very great antiquity; among them a copy of the Gospels, called the "Book of St. Patrick," of the fifth century; another copy of the Gospels, called the "Book of Kells," a magnificent volume, written in uncials, beautifully and elaborately illuminated, on the space leaves of which are entered deeds and grants from the Irish monarchs, long before the English invasion. The Irish manuscripts at the abbey of St. Gall, in Switzerland, are of very remote antiquity; "and," continues Sir W. Betham, "**INDEED THE MOST ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS IN EUROPE were written by Irishmen or their disciples.**" The old manuscript discovered in the Irish monastery of Bobbio, or Babia, Italy, is certainly of the fourth century. These facts ought to have due influence on the minds of the learned, in removing the blind prejudices which throw a doubt upon Irish literature.

Sir William again quotes one of Dr. Johnson's letters to Charles



O'Connor, to mark the anxiety felt by that erudite scholar, in relation to Irish history and the Irish language.

“TO CHARLES O'CONNOR, ESQ.:

“Sir, — I have lately, by favor of Mr. Faulkner, seen your account of Ireland,” (alluding to a short dissertation published by Mr. O'Connor,) and cannot forbear to solicit a prosecution of your design. Sir William Temple complains that Ireland is less known than any other country, as to its ancient state. The natives had but little leisure, and less encouragement for inquiring; and strangers, not knowing the language, have had no ability. I have long wished that the Irish literature were cultivated. Ireland is known by tradition to have been once the seat of piety and learning; and surely it would be very acceptable to all those who are curious, either in the origin of nations or the affinities of language, to be further informed of the revolutions of a people so ancient, AND ONCE SO ILLUSTRIOUS. What relation there is between the Welsh and Irish language, or between the language of Ireland and that of Biscay, deserves inquiry. Of those unextended tongues it seldom happens that more than one are understood by any one man; and therefore it seldom happens that a fair comparison can be made. I hope you will continue to cultivate this kind of learning, which has too long lain neglected, and which, if it be suffered to remain in oblivion for another century, may perhaps never be retrieved. As I wish well to all useful undertakings, I will not forbear to let you know how much you deserve, in my opinion, from all lovers of study, and how much pleasure your work has given to,

“Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

“SAMUEL JOHNSON.

“London, April 9, 1757.”

These undoubted testimonies of our former position amid the nations encourage me to perform the labor of wading through immense masses of material, furnished by the events of thousands of by-gone years, and should prompt the reader, if he be a lover of literature, or have an Irish heart in his bosom, to peruse these pages with attention, and learn from the facts put forward the illustrious character of the Irish nation — a nation that yet lives, in all her ancient piety and glory, her learning and poetry, in the persons of her O'Connell, her Mac Hale, her Mathew, and her Moore; and lives in all her ancient bravery, in her countless millions of courageous children, at home and abroad.

## DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

BY MOORE.

When Moore composed his inspiring songs, Ireland was prostrate, and her bard wrote in tears, breathing only the sighs of suffering and despair. Yet the tears of the bard fell upon and irrigated the land he mourned, and there grew from the sacred earth a crop of undaunted heroes to vindicate her freedom. Were Moore's career to begin now, his songs would express the sentiments of resolve and defiance which proudly characterize the Irish nation. This feeling will be to some, I hope, an apology for presuming to *add* a verse to the following song, which Moore wrote at a period of his life when he had made up his mind to resign the lyre of his country—a resolution which, however, he found himself unable to keep. The stanza which I have added is printed in *Italic*.

IN MODERATE TIME, WITH MUCH WARMTH OF EXPRESSION.



1. Dear Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee; The



cold chain of si - lence had hung o'er thee long, When



proudly, my own isl - and Harp, I unbound thee, And



gave all thy chords to light, free - dom, and song. The



warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness, A - -



- - wa - ken thy fond - est, thy live - - li - est thrill; But so

oft hast thou ech-oed the deep sigh of sad-ness, That  
e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still!

2.

Dear Harp of my country, farewell to thy numbers;  
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine:  
Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,  
'Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.  
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;  
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

3.

WITH ANIMATION.

*But the Harp, that so long hath been silent and weeping,  
Resigned by its master in gloom and despair,  
Shall again be brought forth from the shrine where 'tis sleeping,  
And with glad notes of freedom enliven the air;  
When the voice of the brave with its echoes shall mingle,  
In the clangor of arms, or the transport of glee,—  
For the millions who love it will shortly assemble  
To proclaim that their nation again shall be free.*

## CUSHLAMACHREE. [DARLING OF MY HEART.]

BY MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS,  
(THE ELOQUENT IRISH BARRISTER.)

ANDANTE.

1. Dear E - rin, how sweet - ly thy green bo - som

ri - ses, An em - e - rald set in the ring of the  
 sea ! Each blade of thy meadows my faith - ful heart  
 pri - zes, Thou Queen of the West, the world's Cushla - ma -  
 - chree ! Thy gates o - pen wide to the poor and the  
 stranger ; There smiles hospi - tal - i - ty, heart - y and  
 free ; Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger, And the  
 wan - derer is welcomed with Cush - la - ma - chree !

## 2.

Thy sons they are brave ; but, the battle once over,  
 In brotherly peace with their foes they agree ;  
 And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover  
 The soul-speaking blush that says Cushlamachree !  
 Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,  
 While sadly I wander an exile from thee ;  
 And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,  
 May Heaven defend its own Cushlamachree !

## LECTURE II.

---

The Heathen Deities proved to have been Phœnician. — Hercules. — Tinia. — Druid Fires in Ireland, in Honor of Tinia. — Apollo. — Minerva. — Phœnician Mariners. — Their first Discoveries. — Io Pœan. — The Irish Language the Key of Ancient Mythology. — Neptune. — Birth of Minerva. — Mercury. — Vulcan. — Charan. — Venus. — Pandora's Box. — Castor and Pollux. — Ethis. — Eris. — Mars. — Pluto. — Bacchus. — Herodotus's Opinion on the Greek Deities. — Janus. — Prometheus, Discoverer of the South. — The Hydra. — Scylla and Charybdis. — Jupiter Sancus. — The Seanchus of the ancient Irish. — Confirmation of Irish Tradition and History, by the Etruscan Inscriptions and Roman Writers.

It was the belief, for a long period, in the schools, that the magnificent system of mythology which comprehends the divinity worship of the ancients was invented by the Greeks and Romans. Sir William Betham demonstrates that the whole of those deities grew from the inventions and discoveries of the Phœnicians. The man, with that people, who, by his discoveries, made any addition to the stock of human knowledge, was deemed inspired, and was revered after his death as a secondary or demigod. The art which he invented was considered by his followers as under his protection. The succeeding practitioners and cultivators paid him homage, and invoked his aid.

### HERCULES.

Hercules was considered the hero of the sun, or of light. He was supposed by the Phœnicians to influence and direct all their affairs. He ruled the waves, conquered their enemies, and surmounted all their difficulties by sea and land. "The Greek hero *Heracles*, and the Latin *Hercules*, were evidently adopted," says Betham, "from an imperfect notion of the true meaning of the Phœnician fiction;" and he then quotes as follows, from Herodotus: "Being anxious to know as much as could be ascertained with certainty of these things, I sailed to *Tyre*, in Phœnicia, because I had heard that in that city there was a temple dedicated to Hercules. I saw that temple; it was enriched with many magnificent donations; and, among others, with two pillars, one of fine gold, the other of emerald, which shines at night in a surprising manner. Conversing with the priests of this god, I inquired how long this temple had been built. I found these also to differ from the Greeks; for they assured me the temple was built at the same time with the city, and that two thousand three hundred years were already passed since the foun-

dition of Tyre. I saw also at Tyre another temple, dedicated to the Thasian Hercules; and when I arrived at *Thasus*, I found there a temple of Hercules, built *by those Phœnicians* who founded that city, during the expedition they made in search of Europe, [i. e., in a voyage of discovery to Europe,] which was five generations before Hercules, the son of Amphitryon, appeared in Greece."

## TINIA.

The Phœnician coins and inscriptions represent Tinia as the sun, the first moving cause, the creator of all. *Teinne*, in the Irish language, signifies "fire of the air, or sky;" and in Ireland, the worship of the sun, or Tinia, was anciently held on midsummer day, twenty-fourth of June. After the introduction of Christianity, the feast was identified with the feast of St. John the Baptist.

Before Christianity, the Irish Druids kindled two fires, with great incantations and mystery, and drove their cattle between them to defend them against pestilence and murrain. These they called *Belltaine*, and *Baltine*, that is, the *fire* of the god Baal.

It is probable that the early Phœnicians worshipped the true God, as Baal Tinne, or the lord creator of all things, having derived that idea from the original revelation of God to man. In process of time, the sun, as the most glorious and splendid of visible objects, became the supposed demonstration of the substance of the Deity; and, as men are apt to be attracted by matter, they worshipped the sun as the image of God, created by himself.

## APOLLO,

according to the Phœnicians, was the north star; the fixed polar star, round which the other stars revolved in perfect order and harmony; which idea caused them to create him "god of music." The north star is spoken of in the Etruscan inscriptions, as the guiding sign by which the ships were steered, when out of sight of land.

## NERF, NERVA, (MINERVA.)

Sir William Betham presents us with several engravings of mirrors, medals, tombs, &c., in which are imbodyed the mysteries, gods, and inscriptions, of the Phœnicians.

**MIRRORS.** — As this term may require explanation, I may mention that the mirrors found in the tombs of the Phœnicio-Etruscans, throughout Italy, which have lain there three thousand five hundred

years, exhibit a knowledge of the art of engraving, in the ancient workmen, which surprises the philosopher. These mirrors were formed of steel, highly polished. The shape was that of a small frying-pan. The concave side, brightly burnished, was that which reflected the features of Phœnician beauty. On the convex side was generally engraved some national emblem, growing out of the discoveries and successes of their adventurous mariners. The engravings on these steel mirrors remain very perfect; and surprisingly so, when the length of time they have lain in the earth is taken into account. They are now deposited in several museums in Italy and other places, and have afforded plenty of food for reflection to the learned. (See the work of Mrs. Hall on Etruria.)

Nerf was the goddess of the moon and sea. Her Greek name of *Athena* arose from the Phœnician story of her being born from the head of *Tinia*, the supreme god, pronounced still, by the Irish, *Thina*. *Anna* was the name which, according to Cormac's Glossary, the ancient Irish annexed to the idea and attributes of Minerva. And *Strabo*, the Roman writer, alleges "*the mother of the gods* was worshipped in an island near Britain, in the same way as in *Samothrace*."

When the Phœnician mariners first ventured to sail over the ocean by the light of the moon at night, their success was hailed as a new triumph over the waves. Medals commemorating the event were cast; public manifestations of joy were indulged in; and hence originated the public shout or cry of *Io Pæan*, (as appears by the inscriptions on their medals,) which the Greeks and Romans practised, without being aware of the original cause. The name of *Minerva* has been involved in considerable mystery, and must have remained so, but for the light thrown upon it by the translation of the writings on the Eugubian Tables, and on the Etruscan coins and medals, which could never have been deciphered, says Sir William Betham, but through the key presented in the Irish language.

The prefixing of *Mo* (good) to the Phœnicio-Irish name *Nerf*, forms the Roman *Minerva*; and the Irish, in after ages, prefixed this epithet to their Christian saints. St. Colman is called *Mo Cholmuck*; St. Braccan, *Mo Braccan*; i. e., *St. Colman*, or *Good Colman*; *St. Braccan*, or *Good Braccan*. And the term *Naom*, (holy one,) applied to Nerf, in the Eugubian Tables, is also given to the Christian saints. *Naom* is the Irish word for a saint, or holy person.

Minerva is represented, in the inscriptions and medals, accompanied by an owl, because she flies by night; i. e., a ship sailing by night as

well as by day. Neptune was a god created by the ignorance of the Greeks, who, not knowing the meaning of the association of Minerva with an owl, on the medal, created from the *ship a deity*, which they called *Neptune*. Herodotus says, (Euterpe, 268,) "The Egyptians affirm that they know not the names of Neptune, Castor and Pollux, nor ever received them into the number of their gods." The name of Neptune is made up from corruptions of the Phœnician and Etruscan names of a ship. Minerva is represented, in most cases, as accompanying Hercules in all those actions which are called his *labors* — represented by our ideas of wisdom of design; the good or great science, or vigorous exertion in performance. Minerva is sometimes denominated *Pallas*, as the lord or lady, or supreme goddess of *light, intelligence, and wisdom*. The serpent, from its wise and subtle attributes, has been almost always found in the representations of Minerva. In one of the Etruscan mirrors there is a beautiful allegorical engraving, picturing the birth of Minerva, from the head of the supreme god *Tinia*. The group, consisting of male and female deities, expresses the perfection in art which these ancients had attained, a thousand years before Rome existed.

#### HERMES, OR MERCURY.

Hermes, among the Phœnicians and Etruscans, was the god of mining, trade, and wealth. The name originally expressed the idea of a journey, voyage, message, or the wind — swift as the wind in flight. He is represented naked, with winged sandals to his feet, and a winged cap on his head; he has in his hand ~~two~~ serpents, entwined together. His name is spelled on Etruscan coins several ways. From this character the Greeks created their *Hermes*, and the Romans their *Mercurius*. The early Romans borrowed the name and attributes of the god from their neighbors, the Etruscans. He is sometimes represented as the god of eloquence.

#### SETHLAUS, OR VULCAN.

Sethlaus is the name given to the god of metals. He was called Vulcan by the Romans, who were ambitious to append their own names to all things, real or ideal, which they unjustly appropriated from other nations. The name of Sethlaus grew from the circumstance of his having been a digger of holes in the earth, in search of metals. He is represented, in the Etruscan engraving of the birth of Minerva, (already alluded to,) with a hammer in his hand, as just having made an incision in the head of *Tinia*, (the supreme,) out of which Minerva sprang, completely armed and accoutred.



## CHARUN.

Charun appears in almost all sculptures of funeral processions on the Phœnicio-Etruscan tombs. He is represented with a severe, ferocious countenance, generally winged and buskined, his ears like those of a wolf. He is generally represented as accompanied by another winged male figure, with a benevolent countenance, clothed and buskined, carrying a torch, who seems to be the friendly guide to the departed soul, while Charun follows, and sometimes appears to hinder and counteract the benevolent acts of the good spirit. His ferocious countenance indicates his malevolent character. His *boat* seems, says Sir William Betham, to have been of Greek or Roman invention; for in all the Etruscan sepulchral sculptures it does not once appear.

## LARAN, AND TURAN, (VENUS.)

Laran was the god of beauty, of symmetry, and love. He is represented on the back of a mirror with *Turan*, the goddess of beauty; both naked, but sandaled, with Apollo and Minerva on the other side. The goddess *Turan* is represented by the Greeks as rising from the sea, and they call her *Venus*. *Turan* is sometimes represented, in the allegorical sculptures of the Phœnicio-Etruscans, stooping over a box, the lid of which she is opening. From this the Greek fable of *Pandora* is probably derived. From the inscriptions may be gathered the meaning of identifying the goddess of beauty with the *Pandora box*, which represented the idea of the troubles which have arisen among men for the possession of female beauty. *Turan* was represented as holding the box of love, which she occasionally opened amongst men, when she wished to generate discord.

## CASTUR AND CASATRA, (CASTOR AND POLLUX.)

The Castur or Casatra of the Phœnicians is the Castor of the Greeks. He is engraved, in the ancient mirrors, dressed in a cloak and cap, armed with a spear, but with naked legs and feet, and appeared a voyager or pilot. Among the Greeks, Castor is represented in company with Poltuke, (Pollux.) Their names indicate their characters of messengers or guides, navigators, &c. Sir William Betham explains at length a mirror in which Poltuke is represented describing his voyages and adventures to the king of the earth.

## ETHIS

is represented as the goddess, or emblem, of justice. She is a serious

female figure, with wings on her shoulders; the emblem of a celestial being, clothed and sandaled, with a necklace and cap on her head.

## ERIS,

the goddess, or emblem, of history, is represented on a mirror. She is naked, except a scarf thrown round her; she also wears a necklace, and pointed crown on her head. In her left hand she holds a style, or point, for writing. *Eris* is the Greek name for *Juno*, the goddess of the air; but the style in her hand indicates her character as writer of history.

## MAMERS, (MARS.)

Mamers was the Etruscan god of terrible war. To him was given to wife Neriene, or Evil Strength, viz., the destroying sword.

## SOMMANO, (PLUTUS.)

Sommano, or Sorano, was the father of the inferior regions, the minister of death. This was *Plutus*.

## ANNA PERENNA

was the mother of fruitfulness. ANNA, according to Cornac's Glossary, was the mother of the Irish gods — the mother also of food.

## BACCHUS.

Under this head, Sir William Betham introduces a lengthy translation from Herodotus, giving that ancient writer's opinion on the origin of most of these deities, from which I make the following extract:—

“But what origin is to be assigned to each of these gods, whether they always existed, and in what form, was, till very lately, unknown; and, to use a common expression, TILL YESTERDAY. [*Herodotus lived and wrote these remarks nearly two thousand three hundred years ago.*] I am of opinion that it was Hesiod and Homer, who lived about four hundred years before *me*, who introduced the genealogy and history of the gods among the Greeks, gave them their names, and assigned to each his functions, honors, and attributes. The other poets, who have been supposed to be more ancient, I think lived after Hesiod and Homer. What I have before related I heard from the priestesses of Dodona. The Egyptians were the first inventors of festivals, ceremonies, and transactions with the gods; all which, I am persuaded, the Greeks borrowed from that people, because they appear to have been very ancient among the Egyptians, and very recently introduced into Greece.

“The Phœnicians and Syrians, who inhabit Palestine, acknowledge that they received the circumcision from the Egyptians. Whether the Ethiopians took this custom from the Egyptians, or the Egyptians from them, is a matter too ancient and obscure for me to decide. Yet I am inclined to believe the Ethiopians took the custom from the Egyptians, because we see that none of the Phœnicians, who have any commerce with the Greeks, continue the practice of circumcising their children. From *Bacchus*, who is said to have been the son of Semele, the daughter of Cadmus the Tyrian, [Phœnician,] to our time, about one thousand six hundred years have passed; from *Hercules*, the son of Alcmena, about nine hundred; from *Pan*, who, the Greeks say, was the son of Mercury and Penelope, not more than eight hundred, which is less than they reckon from the siege of Troy.”

Herodotus then gives a list of the deities whom the Greeks created, amongst which are the *Graces* and the *Nereides*. That ancient author states that Vesta, Themis, and Juno, were derived from the Pelasgi, (Phœnicians,) and concludes his remarks with the following remarkable sentence: “Let every man embrace whatever opinion he thinks right; I have stated mine. I am convinced that the Greeks had not heard of these gods until they became acquainted with the names of the other gods, because they ascribe their generation to no higher a period.”

## JANUS.

The Roman account of this god is, of all their fables, the most confused and unsatisfactory. Like the Greeks, they had a misty notion of something being meant by the bifronted head on the Etruscan coins, which they heard that people call *Ianus*, or some name of like sound; and, seeing a double-faced head upon them, they concluded that it must have related to an ancient king or deity. Various were their opinions of the origin and attributes of this deity. Some attributed to him the discovery of the year; others, the power of creating war or peace. In the latter light he was viewed and worshipped by the Romans. They erected a temple to him in Rome, which was kept open during war, and closed during peace. This temple was closed only three times in seven hundred years; namely, once under Numa, once after the first Punic war, and once under Augustus. But the double-faced heads found medaled on the Phœnicio-Etruscan coins are now proved, by their inscriptions, to be a symbol of the first Phœnician ship which had sailed to the south, and to the north of the Mediterranean Straits.

## PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus was created by the Phœnicians from the allegory which they built up on their discovery of the south seas. The *gods*, as we have seen in the great Phœnician book, the *Sanconiathon*, were no other than the *discoveries* made in science by their learned men. By a certain voyage to the south, made by Promathe, the constellation of Gemini, in the heavens, was fully developed. Promathe was styled, in the Phœnician language, a *very good god*. He is represented as climbing up to heaven, and from thence bringing down fire, which meant nothing more than sailing to the south, by which new stars and constellations, and a warm climate, were discovered.

The confining of Prometheus to a rock, and his delivery by Hercules, were most likely the adventures of a nautical discoverer, who, absent from his country through some accident happening to his ship, and unable to return, was, after some years, discovered and brought back by subsequent voyagers, of whom *Hercules* was the emblem. The vulture or eagle, represented as preying on his liver, expresses symbolically the trouble or vexation attending such a situation, which, although distressing, did not extinguish the hope of relief, and of returning to his country.

## THE HYDRA

is the allegory of the Phœnician mariners passing in their ships round ridges, or points of headland. As soon as one headland is passed, one of the heads of the hydra is conquered; and, that difficulty over, another arises in the horizon, and immediately presents itself to the coasting mariner.

Thus the heads were apparently interminable, until Hercules (the personification of the mariners) had doubled all these capes, by exploring the whole coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, and eventually passed the straits into the ocean. Hercules applied *fire* to those heads, to render them harmless; that is, the mariners erected fire beacons, which were kept burning at night for their guidance along the Mediterranean shores. The Greeks made a very pretty nursery story of this allegory.

## SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Charybdis was, to the Phœnicians, a dangerous whirlpool, of a furious and appalling character; Scylla a perpendicular rock, close at hand to the whirl. This explanation deprives Scylla and Charybdis

of all their poetry and mystical character, and describes them as any simple and unsophisticated sailor would.

JUPITER.

The Jupiter of the Greeks and Romans — styled the *father* or *ruler* of the gods — is the *Tinia* of the Phœnicians.

The *Hesperides* were the islands, to the south of the Mediterranean Sea, where grew the golden apples — *oranges*.

The fables about Hercules' killing the dragon which watched this fruit is explained by his conquering the difficulties of long voyages, in quest of those southern islands.

The *Titans*, and numerous other Greek divinities, originated in the nautical enterprise and adventure of the Phœnicians. It would require an entire volume to enter fully into their history, and to show in detail how small is the claim of either Greece or Rome to the merit, whatever it may be, of building up the beautiful series of allegories, from which have grown the fascinating creations of the endless family of heathen gods and goddesses: which are chiefly to be attributed to the intellectual and enterprising Phœnicians, as also are the appellations and characters of various stars and constellations in the heavens. I will conclude my remarks on this head, which are altogether condensed from the elaborate writings of Sir William Betham, with his history of

SANCUS.

The Sabines, according to Varro and Ovid, had a deity called Sancus, or Sangus. He was adopted by the Romans as *dius Fidius*. The Italian author translates his from the Latin *sanctus*, (the holy one,) and makes him son of Jove. He is also said to have been the national god of the Umbri. The Greeks made him the same as Hercules.

There is not, perhaps, a stronger proof of the identity of the Etruscan with the Gaelic language, than the name of this deity. Nor can it be better illustrated than in the following translation of a passage in a commentary on the Brehon laws, in the Irish language, quoted in O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary, under the word *Seancus*, the precise name of the supposed Sabine deity: —

“*Seanchus*, that is, *old cause*; that is, *a very old cause*, and every cause appertaining to antiquity, as *senex custodia*; that is, old guardianship, or keeping secure. *Seancur*, that is, *sensus*; *Castigatorius*, that is, collected intelligence arranged in order — the old head of knowledge

or law. What the aforesaid great Sheanchus states is, that *Sheanchus* is the term applied to perfect knowledge among the learned, as genealogies, such as *Genesis*, which is in truth genealogical history. Law books were the origin and foundation of the Irish Sheanchus books. The delineation or ramifying all true history is called *dinseanchus*, that is, *accurate and corroborated history*. Poetry without fabulous embellishment, grammar, and the elements of education, among the learned of Ireland, were so called.

“Sheancus constitutes, both in name and matter, the original laws of Ireland. They are sometimes called *Fenechus*, because they regulated the *Fenians* [Phœnicians] and their colonies. It was the foundation of the knowledge of the tribes of Erin, and points out their origin, for the *Erenachs* [Irish] derive their name from *Fhenius*, *Farsaid*, *Phenius* the *mariner*, or of the *proW of a ship*.”

On this definition of the term, Sir William makes the following comment: “Sheanchus, the *old cause* or *first cause*, was the epithet properly applied to *Tinia*, the supreme god; and all the epithets in the foregoing translation are equally applicable. In this commentary on the old laws of Ireland, we have all the attributes of *Sancus*, and even his name set forth and explained by a writer who lived some centuries ago, in the west of Europe, in the then almost unknown, and altogether neglected, Ireland. A commentary written to explain a difficult and obsolete term, unknown to the vulgar of that day, respecting the old laws of Ireland, is an evidence above suspicion, clear and irrefragable.

“The Seanchus was also called *Fenechus*, because the Irish derived their knowledge of it from their ancestors, the *Fenicians*, or Phœnicians, of whom they were a colony. Could any evidence be more direct and conclusive? WE FIND THE LANGUAGE AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND IN PERFECT ACCORDANCE WITH THE STATEMENTS OF THE ROMAN WRITERS, AND ALL EXTRANEIOUS TESTIMONY.”

It is said by the same learned authority, that, in distant ages, a colony from Ireland found the American continent. O'Halloran notes it distinctly as having occurred in the twelfth century. A Highlander at Quebec, a few years ago, who understood the Gaelic, acted as interpreter between some Indian tribes and the governor of Canada; and I find a curious document published in the papers lately from the Indians, in the western part of New York, in which they use the same word to express the idea of *historian*, viz., “*sago senota*,” used by the ancient Irish.

\* \* \* \* \* The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser says that the General Council of Seneca Chiefs, recently held at Cattaraugus, have nominated and adopted Col. Stone, editor of the Commercial Advertiser, a chief of the tribe. In pursuance of a resolution in council, to that effect, it was unanimously agreed

that he be received into the clan of the *White Heron*, and be hereafter known by the name of *Sa-go-sen-o-ta*, meaning the man who perpetuates the exploits of brave men.

---

## SECTION II.

Discovery of Ireland by the Phœnician Mariners. — The Eugubian Tables. — Identity of the ancient Irish and the Phœnicians. — First Ship that touched Ireland. — Wexford Harbor. — River Slaney. — The Island dedicated to Nerf. — Called the Holy Island. — Translation of the Eugubian Tables. — *Gillia Keavin*. — First Settlers in Ireland. — Pillar of Hercules. — Erected by Breogan. — Stanzas from *Gillia Keavin*. — Landing and Death of *Ith*. — Arrival of the chief Milesian Fleet. — Negotiation with the old Inhabitants. — Battles of Kerry and Meath. — Death of *Scota*. — The *Damnonii*. — Their Settlement in Connaught and Cornwall.

In the foregoing remarks I have briefly sketched the general character and position of the great Phœnician family. I will now trace their adventurous migrations to Ireland.

By the discoveries in the tombs of Italy, made within the last few years, we are put in possession of unerring data to trace the direct connection of the ancient Irish with the Phœnicians. The "Eugubian Tables," found, in the year 1422, amongst the tombs of Italy, at the base of the Apennine Mountains, contain records highly interesting to the Irish antiquarian. The material of those tables was bronze, or mixed metals; and on them were engraved, in the old Phœnician (Irish) language, detailed accounts of the discovery of Ireland by the mariners. "Many passages in these inscriptions," says Sir W. Betham, "were found so palpably Irish, as to leave little doubt that the whole was of possible interpretation by means of the Irish language."

These interesting relics of the past consist of seven bronze tables. They seem to have been erected in some public place in the Phœnician cities, for the direction of mariners who sailed to Ireland. The inscriptions found on them were enigmas to the world, until Sir William Betham, through his acquired knowledge of the ancient Irish language, translated, and proved from the record, the identity of the ancient Irish with the Phœnician people — an identity which extended to language, customs, religion, arts, sciences, manufactures, commerce, &c.

These tables describe the first land touched on reaching Ireland. The Tuscar Rock, which stands in the ocean in front of Wexford, was the first object they saw. Sir William occupies several pages of his work with the inscriptions in the old Phœnician charac-

ter, which he gives in columns, — in juxtaposition with which, he places a translation into the common or familiar Irish language, and then a literal translation of each sentence into English. The writing on the Eugubian Tables runs from right to left, contrary to our present custom. I regret there is no Irish type in America, to enable me to print the Irish characters after Sir William's copy.

The following few extracts from his condensed translations will serve to give some idea of the nature of those inscriptions. The inscriptions on the tables, No. 1 to 5, exhibit the following outline: —

A Phœnician vessel proceeded, in a strong current, along the coast of Spain, beyond Cape Ortegal, then called the Northern Headland of the ocean, on which it appears a fire beacon was kept burning for the benefit of mariners at night. The vessel proceeded, for twelve days, in a direction due north, observed by the polar star, when they saw land, and came to a point which they named *Car-na*, or the *Turn*. In another place it is called *Tus-cer*, or the *First Turn*, being the first deviation from the direct northern track. They saw also a large, black rock, in the middle of the sea. They went round this point, and got into smooth water, and were *free* from the heavy seas and swells they had so long encountered. They called this *Car-na-ser-tus-cer*, or the *free turn of the first deviation*. That point of land bears, to this day, the name of *Carnasoire Point*, and the rock the *Tuscar Rock*. The peninsula is now the parish of Carne, in the county of Wexford. The mariners soon discovered the entrance to the River Slaney, which they entered in safety. The flux and reflux of the tides are described with extraordinary accuracy, — declared to be governed by a certain law, and influenced by the moon. They dedicated the country to *Nerf*, (Minerva,) by the guidance of whose wisdom they had made the discovery; and it is worthy of remark that coins of bronze are still extant which were made to commemorate this discovery. (Engravings of those coins are given in Sir William's book.) This land was dedicated to *Nerf*, as it was the first land discovered in the west of Europe, and was likely to lead to other undiscovered countries.

It was thus Ireland, in those remote ages, was called a Holy Island, viz., "the illustrious holy one of the sea, the holy guiding one of the sea, even *Nerf*." All the points and circumstances of this voyage are marked out on the metal tables with extraordinary accuracy.

I give a few verses of Sir William's translation from the tables, but would remark that there are two hundred and fifty pages of his book occupied with the translations of this singular record of antiquity.



## TABLE I.

## TRANSLATION.

"1. O Phœnicians, this is a statement of the night voyage to Carne, [the Turn,] and of the manner of going with great science over by the waters of the ocean.

"2. At first the waves were strong and swelling, which continued for a long way from the land, but the knowledge of the moving cause which acted on the sea, in the lonely course.

"3. From this, on the voyage, and with the moon's light at night, all the way to Carne, by this valuable knowledge it is when

"4. Day is away, but with the moon it was a certain and safe course in the sea a long way from the coast, with the course of the tides, both to and from that place.

"5. The currents, both day and night, and the moon's light, will be favorable all the way to sea. Indeed, in the night, during the voyage at sea, the moon will give light, and thus day and night will be in it.

"6. Great will be the influence of the moon on the current, when steering for a long way from the mouth, both in going out and returning home.

"7. O Phœnicians, it is very safe and secure navigation this long distance, steering the course, by the moon's light, to the port in that island Phœnician, and

"8. From thence to return by the same course, the same long distance on the ocean, in the absence of day when there is moon."

---

The contents of these bronze tables, from which I make the above extract, are given at great length in Sir William's book; but, as the matter is more a study for the learned antiquarian than the general reader, I shall not quote further, but pass on to the next link in the historic chain.

Giolla Keavin, Cormac, Declan, and other ancient historians of Ireland, who wrote a thousand years ago, have left behind them manuscripts, compiled and copied from manuscripts still more ancient, that existed in their time, which give a history of the Milesian families, by which Ireland was settled about thirteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. Whether the island was partially peopled by previous adventurers from the Phœnician stock, or from a less enlightened race, we have no means of knowing. Still less have we any means of determining the probable period when the island was first visited by human

beings. The conjectures of historians are given, speculations and theories are raised; but, it must be confessed, the first peopling of Ireland extends so far back into the dim twilight of antiquity and tradition, that a candid writer must acknowledge his incapability to define the period, or trace up the family, which poured the first small stream of human life into the fertile valleys of Erin.

The Eugubian Tables, from which I have made extracts, belong to an age thirteen or fourteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. That the tide of emigration from the south-east of Europe began then to set in towards Ireland, is quite reasonable to suppose. The traditions found existing amongst the first settlers, by the *Milesian* colony, state that the island was peopled three hundred years before *their* arrival. This would fix the arrival of the first adventurers about sixteen centuries before Christ. The first settlers of every country are less mindful than their successors of the refinements or luxuries of life. It is quite reasonable to suppose the very first settlers of Ireland, like other pioneers of civilization, felt interested only in the affairs of immediate existence, and heeded little the duty, which they owed posterity, of transmitting, on stone or brass, a memorial of their enterprise. That they were Phœnicians is a supposition more likely to be true than any other. The discovery of the island itself was regarded by the Phœnician mariners and people with as much surprise and joy as the discovery of America by Columbus was regarded by Spain and all Europe.

All that we have certainly vouched by the *Eugubian brass tables*, are, the facts that the "Holy Island" in the west was discovered twelve days' sail due north of Cape Ortegal, in Spain; that the rock in the front of Wexford, known ever since as the *Tuscar*, was the first object observed by the overjoyed mariners; that this rock looked like a ship turned upside down in the water; that the River Slaney was entered by the mariners, and the navigation of the river was described as perfectly safe, — "sailing in and out on the flowing and ebbing of the tide." The point on the Spanish coast from whence they started is marked out with extraordinary accuracy. Cape *Ortegal* is called the *Three Hills*, which, indeed, is the figure it exhibits from the sea. In the front of this bay, standing on a short peninsula, is the famous Pillar of Hercules, erected, as it is written, by *Breogan*, the Phœnician. It was built as a watchtower, on which a light was kept burning, to guide the mariners in their traffic to and from Ireland. The Pillar of Hercules has survived the shocks of countless generations. In the days of the Romans, it was deemed a work of great antiquity. When that

overwhelming power destroyed the Carthaginians, who sprang from, or were a continuation of, the Phœnicians, they consecrated this pillar to their tutelar god *Mars*, which proved clearly enough that they knew not the object for which it was originally erected, which was to direct the operations of commerce, not of war.

The merchants, composing the board of trade of Galicia, have erected, in 1809, a new pillar, two hundred feet high, around the old one; the object of which is precisely the same as that of the original erection, viz., to guide mariners at sea. Much has been written respecting this tower. The traditions in Spain, respecting its founder and those of Ireland, singularly coincide, and offer additional evidence of the truthfulness of Irish history. In the "Annals of the Four Masters," the "*Book of Ballymote*," the *Leabhar Gabhallas*, or "Book of Conquests," the last of great antiquity, now in the Royal Irish Academy, are found several allusions to this pillar, which was the first erection of the city of *Brigandsia*, afterwards Corunna. It was sung by *Giolla Cœmhan*, or *Keavin*, a very ancient Irish poet, in a long historical poem, which records the adventures of the family of *Breogan*, the renowned Milesian chief who built this tower, and whose sons led the first considerable colony to Ireland.

I give from Sir William Betham's translation the two following stanzas:—

## 39.

"Great skirmishes and battles were fought  
Against the renowned Spanish hosts,  
By Breogan, of deeds and battles;  
By him was founded Brigandsia.†

\* \* \* \* \*

## 43.

"Ith, the son of Breogan, of generous fame,  
Was the chief who came to Ireland;  
He was the chief man *with a tribe*,  
Of the valiant and powerful race of Gael."

The historians acquaint us that Ith, with about one hundred and fifty followers, landed in Ireland about one thousand two hundred and sixty-eight years before the birth of Christ; and, being suspected by the earlier inhabitants to be either a spy or an invader, they attacked and

† The meaning of the term *Brigandsia* is, the *mountain most remote*; and the founding alluded to the tower, rather than a town.

killed him and the majority of his followers, a few only escaping, who reached their ships, and returned to Brigandsia, (Corunna.) Among those who escaped was Lughaidh, the son of Ith, who carried back his dead father's body, and exhibited it to the posterity of Breogan. "Then *Lughaidh*, the son of Ith, went to Tuir Breoghain, [or Corunna,] and showed his father's dead body unto the posterity of Breoghain."

And the relatives and friends of Ith resolved to avenge their father's death. Accordingly they summoned all the forces they could command, and, according to the old text, "they ship themselves at Corruna, or Tuir Breoghain, in Galicia, leaving Spain among the forraigners, like a boane among a company of quarrelling curres, and to sea they goe, in thirty shippes, each whereof carried thirty valiant men, besides their women, and a number of the vulgar sorte, under their forty-nine commanders, viz., *eight sons of Breoghain*," &c. &c.

The text goes on to describe the commanders and the families from whence they sprang, and informs us that "they all, with their forces, arrived safe at the haven of Wexford, then called *Jubhir Slaine*." This landing took place in 1264 before Christ. [As it begins the authenticated history of Ireland under the Milesians, I shall henceforward observe a chronological notation in my historic narrative. The letters B. C. I shall mean to express the words "*before Christ*."]

They summoned the rude inhabitants to surrender the government. To this a reply was returned, stating that they had no notice of this hostile invasion, and of course were not prepared to resist it; that it was contrary to the rules of war to take them thus by surprise, but, if they would give proper time to collect troops, they would put the fate of their country on a single battle.

After much negotiation, the following conditions were agreed to: That the invaders should speedily return to their ships; their ships clear the coasts; after which, if they made good their second landing, the *Damnonii* (the name of the prior inhabitants) would deem it an equitable invasion, and either submit or oppose them, as they found most convenient.

This was agreed to by both sides, and faithfully adhered to by the Milesian chiefs. They conveyed all their troops and provisions on board, and put to sea with their whole fleet. When they were fairly in the main ocean, they tacked about; but a storm coming on, produced dreadful consequences; several vessels were lost; five of the eight sons of Milesius were drowned, besides many ladies and captains.

A portion of the fleet, thus shattered, made a landing at the port now

known as Drogheda, on the north-eastern coast of Ireland. Another portion re-landed in Kerry, near Tralee. A bloody battle took place, in the latter place, in which the women fought, as well as the men. *Scota*, the widow of *Milesius*, with other ladies, fell in the action, and the place of her death is marked to this day, and known as *Scota's Hill*. The Milesian army were the victors, and then, joining their companions in Drogheda, gave battle to the northern inhabitants on the plains of Meath.

The Milesians were commanded by three brothers, and the *Damnonii* were also commanded by three brothers. The battle raged all day with about equal success on both sides. The opposing princes eagerly sought each other, through numbers of wounded and dying. At length they met. The fate of Ireland, like that of Rome in the days of the *Horatii*, hung on the swords of these contending brothers. The three native chieftains fell by the hands of their invading opponents. The invaders were now the victors.

The *Danaans*, or *Damnonii*, after ruling Ireland for one hundred and ninety-five years, were completely subdued. Some tribes passed over to Devonshire and Cornwall, in England, carrying with them the customs and language of their race. Others of them settled beyond the River Shannon, in the west of Ireland, now known as Connaught, where they were permitted, undisturbed, to establish their own form of government and elect their chiefs; which distinct law and government continued in force, in Connaught, from that period to the third century of the Christian era. But these old settlers were not persecuted by their conquerors; their properties were not confiscated; their government was not abolished by the ruthless hand of their invaders. Such a mode of settling a country was reserved for more enlightened times.

The Milesian adventurers thus became masters of Ireland, by the laws of the most honorable warfare; and their sway continued in their successors for the unprecedented space of TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED YEARS.

## LECTURE III.

FROM 1260 TO 860 B. C.

Government established by the Milesians. — The Island divided between Heber and Heremon. — Amberghin, the chief Druid. — Heber and Heremon quarrel. — Heber slain. — Heremon proclaimed King. — Erects the Palace of Tara. — Suppresses Rebellion. — Arrival of the Tribe called Picts. — Family of Milesius refuse them an Inheritance. — Names assumed by the Milesians. — Picts settle in ancient Caledonia. — Seek the Liberty of marrying the Milesians. — Agree that the new Colony shall be subject to the Milesian King. — Death of Heremon. — Names of nineteen Kings, who reigned in the Course of four hundred Years. — Improvements in the Island. — Advanced State of Arts and Literature. — The Law of Colors. — Ancient Mode of dyeing. — Dress of the Kings. — Gold and Silver Helmets, Vessels, &c. — Ambassador sent to Greece. — Reign of Ollamh Fodhla. — Assembles a Parliament at Tara. — Dimensions of the Hall. — Order of taking Seats. — Provincial Division of the Kingdom. — Druid Ceremonies before the Commencement of Business. — *Sheanechie's* Reports. — Rules which governed the *Sheanechie's*. — Law of Hospitality. — Duty of the Hospitaler. — *Betagh Lands*. — Hospitality in Christian Ireland cherished still by the People. — Irish Law of Gavel. — English Law of Primogeniture. — Contrasted. — Nature of the British Aristocracy. — Law of Primogeniture in the United States abolished. — Origin of Trial by Jury. — Alfred the Great educated in Ireland. — The whole System of Irish Law transferred by him to England. — Remarkable Coincidences. . . . — Ancient *Sheanichea* the present Recorder. — Chief Court of Tara. — Laws of Tara. — Origin of Corporations. — Commentators on and Compilers of Irish Laws. — Ollamh Fodhla's History of the Milesians. — Laws of Heraldry. — Arms of Ireland. — Ladies' Assemblies in Tara. — Palace of the Ladies. — The Harp. — Songs: "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls." — *Savourneen Deelish*. — Come, raise a Cheer for Erin!

B. C. 1260. THE leaders of this successful colony now turned their attention to the subject of its government and permanent establishment. *Heber-Fionn* and *Heremon*, brothers, and children of Milesius, as chiefs of the colony, divided the island between them. Heber enjoyed the sovereignty of all the southern part; Heremon enjoyed Leinster and the northern districts. Some of these districts were subdivided amongst their sons, and secondary chiefs, according to rank and merit. The province of Connaught was given to the old settlers, commonly called the Belgæ or *Firbolgs*, and Danaans.

A third son of Milesius, *Amhergin*, claims our attention. He was chief of the order of learned persons, who were called *ollamhs*, that is, doctors — professors of religious ceremonies and literature. He was a *Druid*; a priest and teacher of that stupendous system of mythology, which prevailed throughout the entire family of the Phœnicians, and their contemporaries, the Egyptians. That system of religious observance and worship, if we may so call it, was introduced into Ireland by the Milesian colony, the chief *Druid* being *Amhergin*, or, as some

write it, *Amberghin*, brother of the successful warriors. A universal obedience was yielded to the priest and to the ceremonials. Our imaginations will aid the historian in conceiving and picturing the grandeur, solemnity, and fascination, of these superbly gorgeous ceremonies, performed in a country newly conquered, and in presence of the very heroes and priests who had led the colony on to victory, and to the possession of the most fertile, most fruitful land yet acquired by Phœnician enterprise.

B. C. 1250. The brothers, Heber and Heremon, were not destined to enjoy very long the fruits of their success. A few years passed over, when the wife of Heber threw a covetous eye on a lovely vale, situate on the border of her husband's dominion, that, by the first partition, had fallen to the share of Heremon, and which, from its rare beauty, had attracted the special care and cultivation of the latter's wife. The wife of Heber urged him to demand of his brother this favored spot. It was refused: an appeal to arms succeeded the negotiation. The wife of Heber urged him on to battle. He levied his followers, and led them to the plains of *Gesiol*, in Leinster. Here he was met by his brother, at the head of a hardy band, when that memorable battle was fought, which gave victory to Heremon, and which lost to the ambitious queen of Heber, her husband, her crown, and her territory. Heremon was then proclaimed sole monarch of Ireland. Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote in 1176, quoting from the old books to which he had access, has the following passage in reference to this event: —

“After several battles, and doubtful events of war, between the brothers, victory fell at length to Heremon; and in one of those battles, Heber, his brother, being slain, Heremon became sole master of the kingdom, and was the first monarch of the Irish people, who inhabit the kingdom to this day.”

Heremon, now being sole monarch of Ireland, built a splendid residence on a gentle eminence in the present county of Meath, which he dedicated to his queen, *Tea*, and denominated the palace of *Tea*, or *Tealtha*. It was also called *TARA*, and again *Temora*. This palace was enlarged at several periods, and became, for unnumbered generations, the residence of the monarchs of Ireland. I shall have frequent occasion to speak of *Tara*, and therefore reserve a particular description of this far-famed palace of kings for a more advanced stage of this narrative. The government established by *Heremon* was a simple monarchy. His reign, though short, was beset with difficulties. Although he provided for the sons of his fallen brother, by conferring on them tracts of

their father's territory, and otherwise actively employed himself in establishing law and order, he did not escape the troubles of rebellion. Some of his chieftains were the leaders of an unnatural revolt, which, however, he suppressed. In addition to this, he was plagued with the warlike incursion of a colony, called Picts, who came from one of the Grecian islands of *Thrace* to seek a settlement in Ireland. They were strangers to the Milesian tribes, and excited commotion on their arrival; for it was the custom, amongst the ancients, to look with suspicion on strange tribes—to refuse to mix or reside with them.

The Milesians — *Clanna Mileag* — that is, the children of Milesius — were divided into four tribes, viz., those of *Heber*, *Heremon*, *Ir*, and *Ith*. They preserved their race pure, and made no alliance with strange tribes, nor with the lower orders, or vassals of their own. They formed four great families, who were descended from the same father. "They preserved," says the Abbé M'Geoghegan, "their genealogies carefully, and knew the whole line of their ancestors down to the chief of their tribe. This precaution was essential in regard to the succession to the throne, because it was required that those who aspired to it should be descended from one of the tribes." Each tribe possessed, in the beginning, their own portion of the island, and each portion was divided into lands and lordships, possessed by the different branches of the tribe. Each tribe had vassals and farmers to cultivate their lands and tend their flocks. Every one was called by his name. They did not take the name of castles, or villages, like the nobles of the present day, but usually added to their names that of their fathers, with the adjective *Mac*, which signifies *son*, viz., *Mac Mahon*, the son of Mahon. *Rollin* says, the custom of the East was to add to the name of the son that of the father. For instance, Sardanapalus is composed of *Sardan* and *Pal*, which means *Sardan* son of *Pal*. This custom was followed by the Greeks and Romans. In Muscovy, the same practice is observed to this day. The *Fitz*, formerly made use of among the Saxons, in England, meant the same thing. *Fitzgerald*, *Fitzsimons*, mean the *son* of Gerald, the *son* of Simons. The present race of *Thompsons*, *Johnsons*, *Jacksons*, &c., are emanations of the same idea.

Returning to the Picts, we find that the feelings of the Milesians were strongly opposed to their settlement in Ireland. King Heremon pointed out to them the opposite coast, now known as Scotland, which was then either not peopled at all, or by very few indeed. The Pictish adventurers agreed to go thither, but, being without women or



children, they sought of King Heremon liberty to obtain wives from amongst his subjects ; and they agreed that the government of the new settlement should be subject to the Irish monarch and his successors. To attest the sincerity of their intentions, and to afford a guaranty for the faithful observance of their engagements, they pledged themselves to encourage the continuance of this connection by means of matrimonial alliances, and that the children alone of Irish women should succeed to the hereditary offices connected with the government, religion, education, or military system of the colony. To this stipulation the king agreed, and from that period to the times of *Columb Kille*, in the sixth century of the Christian era, this compact was faithfully adhered to on both sides. Caledonia was a colony tributary to Ireland, and sent deputations to the parliament of Tara. This alliance rendered Caledonia, in after ages, impregnable to the Roman arms, and enabled that colony, by the aid of the Irish legions, to preserve its independence against all invasions, for better than two thousand years. The colony was called *Scoto*, after the mother country, Ireland.\* Ireland was then, and for many subsequent ages, called *Scotia Major*, or the Great Scotia, and the colony of Caledonia was called *Scotia Minor*, i. e., the Lesser Scotia. The alliance was formed and bound by the ligaments of blood and interest: indeed, both people were one family; spoke the same language; were governed by the same laws; fought for their mutual defence in the same legions; cultivated the same music; practised the same religious ceremonies, customs, &c., all which shall be shown and sustained, with ample proof, in the course of this narrative.

On the death of Heremon, after a reign of thirteen years, he was succeeded by his three sons, who agreed to divide the duties of supreme government between them; each ruling, alternately, during one year. In the progress of their government they were interrupted by the sons of Heber, who, with their forces, overthrew the power of the sons of Heremon. Various hostile struggles for supreme government now ensued between those rival houses, which were attended by much bloodshed. Although the old historians go into lengthened detail of those battles, I do not think that the peaceful spirit of the present age calls for a very circumstantial account of such deplorable occurrences. I shall therefore pass rapidly onward to that period of our history, when these physical contests were partially abated by the establishment of the triennial assemblies of Tara.

The princes who filled the throne of Ireland, from the death of

\* The Milesian brothers denominated the island *Scoto* in honor of their mother who had fallen in its conquest.

Heremon to the time of *Ollamh Fodhla*, were *Muimhne*, *Luighne*, *Laishne*, *Irial*, *Eithrial*, *Connaol*, *Tighernmas*, *Eochaidh*, *Cearman*, *Eochaidh II.*, *Fiachadh*, *Eochaidh III.*, *Aongus*, *Eadhna*, *Rotheachta*, *Seadhna*, *Fiachadh II.*, *Muincheamboin*, and *Aldergoid*; viz., nineteen kings during the space of about four hundred years.

In the course of these four hundred years, the island increased considerably in its population, importance, foreign traffic, &c. The forests of oak, with which, we are informed, the whole face of the country was originally covered, had been nearly all cut down. Agriculture had progressed under the care of royal husbandmen. The Phœnicians, from which people these settlers had directly emanated, were still the leading nation of Europe and the East, and had kept up a considerable traffic with the Milesians of Ireland. Rome had not yet begun even an embryo existence; and the islands of *Hellas* — i. e., the Greek islands — had only begun to emerge from the most unlettered barbarism. Although the Milesian princes battled among themselves for political or supreme sway, as most of the ancients did, yet art, science, literature, manufacture, &c., progressed under them with an expansive speed, which does not at all surprise us when we recollect the degree of refinement and advancement their immediate progenitors had maintained for many previous centuries.

During the reign of *Tighernmas*, (included in the nineteen kings,) literature, arts, and agriculture, flourished. The old bards and historians celebrate this monarch for having introduced the scale and degrees of colors to be worn by the several orders of the people. By him it was ordained that princes of the blood royal were to have *seven* colors in their garments. The monarch was known by his mantle of yellow and purple, for *green* had not yet become the national color. The vesture of the Druids, ollamhs, bards, and artists, was variegated by *six* dyes; that of the nobility and knights by *five*; of betachs, or keepers of the houses of free hospitality, by *four*; of commanders of battalions, *three*; of private gentlemen, *two*; and of peasantry and soldiers, *one*. The provisions of this regulation were observed for many ages with the most rigid attention. The regulation had scriptural authority to sustain it; for it existed among the chosen of God. We are told that "Jacob loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age, and he made him a *coat of many colors*." The national observance of this custom tended to induce the cultivation of colors amongst the people. The authority of foreign writers exists, which proves that the Irish carried the art of dyeing to

great perfection. Bishop *Nicholson*, a learned authority, tells us they understood the composition of the celebrated Tyrian purple, which was extracted from a small shell-fish found in abundance round the Irish coast. Red, purple, and crimson, are frequently mentioned by the old poets in their descriptions of the attire of their heroes. The learned and accomplished English author, Colonel *Vallancey*, says, on this head, "Though the garb of the ancient Irish was simple in its fashion, yet the materials of which it was composed were of the most costly quality. Their kings wore mantles of an immense size, generally nine ells, of yellow and purple silk, which were studded with gems and precious stones. Their helmets, shields, and ensign staffs, were of pure gold, as the country abounded with that precious metal." The learned Dr. O'Connor also refers to that period in the following passage: "The dress of the ancient Scots [Irish] was plain as their manners. The fashion of their vesture was admirably adapted to the manners of a martial nation, and it received very little change through all ages; it helped to display action, and exhibited the actor in the most advantageous manner; it bears a perfect resemblance to the costume of the ancient Greeks, [who must have fashioned after the Phœnicians, their superiors in manufacture and art.] One piece of the dress covered the legs and thighs of the wearer very closely. The *braccon*, or vest, was fastened with golden clasps, and so conveniently contrived as to cover the breast better than any modern garment, while the close sleeves of a flowing mantle gave the soldier all the advantages he could require in the use of arms. Over the whole they wore a *fallung*, or wide cloak, which covered them from the sun and rain, in time of inaction; and in time of war it served them for a bed in the field tents. I have seen a representation of these dresses in the carving on the king of Connaught's tomb, [Feidlim O'Connor,] in the abbey of Roscommon, and I am certain that the remains of this species of dress are still preserved in the Highlands of Scotland."

These and other testimonies sustain us in believing the advanced degree of maturity to which civilization, art, and manufacture, had arrived at that period amongst the ancient Irish. In the reign of this prince, also, were many mines of great value discovered and opened in Ireland. Some goblets have been found in the bog of Allen, which were made in the reign of Tighernmas, and their sculptured devices afford a proof of the proficiency of the ancient Irish in the working of metals, &c. Dr. Warner says, referring to this era in our history, that "gold and silver must have been very plenty in this country in ancient times, as

all the knights wore golden helmets, and chains, and shields of the same precious metal." A bit of a bridle, of solid gold, of ten ounces, which was found in digging some ground, was sent as a present to Charles the First, by the Earl of Strafford. The same nobleman sent also an ingot of silver to the royal mint, from the mines of Tipperary, which weighed three hundred ounces, and a crown of gold was also found, and many other evidences of ancient wealth and art. Heraldry and heraldic orders had been introduced into the customs of the gentry and chiefs, which were more generally observed by those classes in subsequent times.

Another of the nineteen kings, viz., *Eithrial*, wrote the history of his ancestors, from the great *Phenius* down to his own days. "According to Colgan and Molloy," says Pepper, "this work of our royal historian existed in the archives of Tara, until St. Patrick, in the too ardent glow of his Christian zeal, committed it to the flames, with very many more of our antique works." O'Halloran says that King *Eithrial* sent an embassy to Greece, consisting of many learned men, at the head of which was the Druid *Abaris*, who instructed the inhabitants of the Hellas in many of the arts and sciences then familiar to the Irish. This embassy proceeded to Egypt, to explore the rich mines of knowledge existing there, and returned through the Phœnician territories, carrying back to Ireland great additions to the national science and knowledge. Diodorus, quoting Heccatacus, the Egyptian writer, confirms this. See "Round Towers," further on.

B. C. 920. We now come to the reign of Ollamh Fodhla. This prince, memorable for the wise institutions which he founded in Ireland, came to the throne of the Milesian kings after a bloody contest. He was of the line of IR; was crowned with the utmost grandeur as King *Eochaidh*, which was his real name; but, being a prince of profound acquirements, and having been, before his elevation, one of the bardic order, he assumed the name of OLLAMH FODHLA, viz., *Learned Doctor*, or Doctor of Ireland. His reign constitutes the most memorable epoch in the annals of the ancient Milesians; he saw and deplored the strife which continued to grow from the opposing and ambitious impulses of rival chieftains; he had witnessed the frequent acts of injustice practised by local petty chieftains on their vassals, and he had the wisdom, as well as magnanimity, to propose a tribunal, before which he, as well as all other men in the country, must bow — to which all should be responsible. This tribunal consisted of the assembly of the estates, which this great man proposed should meet every third year at

the palace of Tara. It was composed of the provincial princes, nobles, Druids, brehons, bards, artists, and workers in metals. This parliament was assembled under the grandest order of ceremonies; for the accommodation of the members, who consisted of a thousand persons, an extensive hall was erected, principally of oak, the fronts of which were supported by richly carved and ornamented pillars of the same wood. This national hall was five hundred feet long, sixty wide, and one hundred high. It had fourteen principal entrances, many of which opened into banqueting rooms, libraries, and courts of judgment. This extensive erection of wood gave place, in the third century of the Christian era, to a magnificent edifice of marble, raised by the profound scholar and king, *Cormac*; of which more in its place.

In this great assembly the utmost decorum was observed; each member had his place prescribed; his shield of arms was fixed over his seat; the princes of the royal Milesian blood had their seats next the monarch; the provincial kings had seats immediately around his person. Ireland had been, at this time, divided into the provinces of Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and Ulster, over each of which there was a provincial king, or governor, who reigned both by election and by blood. The monarch of Ireland was generally chosen by the voice of the assembly from these four princes; his power extended over all Ireland, while theirs extended only over their respective districts. It was the practice of the Irish kings to suggest or name, during their lifetime, their successors in the monarchy, which nomination required to be approved by the national assembly.

The members, sitting under their respective armorial shields and standards, the provincial princes, and the monarch in the midst, must have exhibited a splendid spectacle to a free and enthusiastic people. When we consider, that this legislative body consisted of nearly one thousand persons, and that the people, to whom they gave laws, did not exceed two millions, we may then form some idea of the *democracy* of that assembly, and proudly contrast *that feature* with any modern parliament or house of legislation in the world.

Business commenced in the parliament of Tara with great solemnity. The Druids were occupied, for three days previous to its commencement, in offering their mysterious sacrifices to the sun and moon. Those ceremonies were performed in the view of thousands: there were numerous trains of virgins, called vestals of the moon, who assisted at the ceremonies, attired in white dresses richly adorned with gems and precious stones. After these ceremonies had passed away, the mem-

bers were called to their duties by a flourish of musical instruments. Their first business was to call on the *Sheanachies*, or provincial historians, to read their reports of all public occurrences, crime, or oppression, from their respective districts. These *Sheanachies* were selected from the most trustworthy: they had lands appropriated to their use, and were rendered perfectly independent of their prince. They were expected to utter nothing that was not strictly correct. The *Sheanachie* was liable to severe punishment, expulsion from the legislature, and even death, if found guilty of the slightest deviation from truth. The learned and celebrated Primate Usher says of this class of public officers, "The *Brehon Fileas* [Sheanachies] were commissioned to set down in writing every remarkable transaction worth recording that happened in the kingdom, as well as in the neighboring states, agreeably to the truth of the facts. And, lest any error or false insinuation should creep in, or be introduced, they were bound, in the general convention, or in the presence of the chief monarch and a select committee of the nobility and Druids, to produce their writings every three years, when, after a diligent examination, and having expunged every fact, which appeared either uncertain or of doubtful authority, from the record, none was preserved but that which was sanctioned by the votes of all, as worthy of the great *Psalter of Tara*; so called because it was compiled in verse to aid the memory, and to guard against corruptions and falsifications."

Each province sent its *Sheanachie* before the assembly, and that which he reported, when undisputed, was committed to the great book of Tara, called the *Sheanachie More*, or *Great Antiquity*; otherwise the *Psalter of Tara*. This chief record was carried on by the Milesians, from the beginning of their power in Ireland, after the manner of their ancestors, the Phœnicians, who kept their national history, from the infancy of primeval time, in the record named *Sanconiathon*.

When all those reports were heard and recorded in the great book, then was the assembly called upon to make suitable laws to repress crime, to regulate the enterprise or stimulate the industry of the people. Prominent amongst the ancient laws which emanated from Tara was the celebrated LAW OF HOSPITALITY. This provided for the maintenance of public places of entertainment, at suitable distances from each other, where the traveller was ever sure to find food and a home. Liberal grants of land were made by the state, and by princes, for this purpose. The officer appointed to administer the national hospitality was called the *betagh*, (that is, *hospitaler*,) and the lands he occupied were called the *bally betagh*. He was enjoined to keep grazing in his pastures six herds of cattle, each herd to number one hundred and

twenty head, and to have seven ploughs continually working in his fallows. He was to have food at all times prepared for those who travelled, or were in want. There was no such thing known, for ages upon ages, in Ireland, as a public inn, hotel, or other such establishment, in which a charge was made for entertainment. This public custom continued in Ireland many centuries, even long after its connection with England; at least through three fourths of the kingdom, which, until the sixteenth century of the Christian era, had never submitted to the English crown. There were eighteen hundred of those houses in the province of Munster. In the reign of James the First, the Irish attorney-general of that monarch, namely, *Sir John Davies*, reported, under his own hand, to his royal master, that, *in the single county of Monahan*, there then were *ninety-six thousand acres of betagh lands*; all of which were duly seized by his *religious* majesty, and divided, with other similar lands, amongst his canting followers. When Ireland became Christian, the lands which, in pagan times, were thus administered, passed into the management of the Christian priesthood. Hospitality ever after appeared as the handmaid of Religion. The people imbibed the social virtue as a tenet of their faith, and entwined it in the code of their religious observances. It has descended to their children, and is practised, even in their fall, as one of their most paramount duties. The dwelling of the humblest peasant in Ireland, like that of the proudest lord, bears testimony to the prevalence of this exalted virtue. Every traveller who visits Ireland bears a hearty attestation to this. Go into the poorest cottage at meal-time,—the board may be poorly furnished,—the dish may consist of potatoes only,—whatever it is, you are welcome to a share of it; for hospitality is part of the national sentiment of Ireland; and O, may that Christian, godlike virtue never abandon the hearts of her children in exile, wheresoever chance or persecution may drive them!

The next important law that emanated from Tara was the law of *gavel*. This was a law which obliged the rich parent to divide, at his death, all his property, share and share alike, amongst his children. The jurist, the true political economist, and the democrat, will acknowledge this law to be amongst the very best that could be devised, to subdivide masses of property amongst a people. They must acknowledge it to be the very wisest of human devices for repressing the growth of an aristocracy. To estimate truly the value of this law, we should weigh it with its opposite, the law of *primogeniture*. That celebrated *baron law* was instituted in England by William the Conqueror, in the eleventh century, and transferred to Ireland after her complete

connection with the British crown, in the sixteenth century. The law of primogeniture, or *entail*, prohibits the owners of the chief estates in Britain, or Ireland, from selling any portion of them, dividing them amongst children, or any way disposing of them, except by the aristocracy-sustaining regulations which it prescribes. These *compel* the parent, at his death, to bequeath the whole of his land estate to his next male heir, to the manifest deprivation of the rights of his other children.

Every man can see, by this comparison, how well calculated was the old Irish law of gavel, for diffusing wealth, and distributing amongst the people the social and political power which it always confers. Every man, also, can estimate the aid which the law of primogeniture offers to tyranny, by concentrating vast property in the hands of a few, by giving that few unlimited power, which the few have never failed to use to debauch the press, corrupt the legislature, demoralize public sentiment, and oppress the people. If we would thoroughly understand its nature, let us observe its action in Britain and Ireland. The whole surface of those kingdoms is owned by about five thousand prime proprietors in fee. The joint population of Britain and Ireland amounts to some seven-and-twenty millions, and these five thousand, with their families, by their compact action and great wealth, contrive to fill the two houses of parliament with themselves and their nominees. It has been proved that the British house of commons contains four hundred members, out of six hundred and fifty-eight, who are directly returned to parliament by the landed interest. It is hardly necessary to add that the British house of lords is made up nearly entirely of the landed aristocracy; and this faction have continued, and do continue, to rob the people of both nations of twenty millions sterling per annum by their corn tariff, and of forty millions sterling per annum by their national debt, which they borrowed to preserve their estates, and which they compel the people to pay.

The law of primogeniture prevailed in the American states as long as they were subject to the same British faction. On the establishment of American independence, the British law of primogeniture was abolished, and the Irish law of *gavel* was substituted. Up to the year 1800, the law of primogeniture lingered in Virginia and Kentucky; but at present there is not a remnant of that tyrannic law remaining in existence throughout the entire Union.

Equalling the foregoing in importance, and springing from the same source, was the trial of the **TWELVE MEN**, or, in other words, the *trial by jury*. That was, and is, essentially an Irish law. Leland, who



though he was writing, to screen the English Government, tells us, in the preface to his History of Ireland, that among the old Brehon laws of Ireland was one which referred all disputes about *land* to the decision of twelve men. All personal disputes in those ages, under the head of "offences against the person," were decided by *wager of battle*, or personal combat. The law of the twelve men prevailed in Ireland for many ages before the time of King Alfred. That truly great prince and his brother were driven into exile by the Danes. They were received in Ireland, and were educated in the college of Mayo, where Alfred not only acquired a thorough knowledge of the whole system of Irish jurisprudence, but learned also to play well on the Irish harp, which proved of the utmost service to him in his celebrated conflicts with the Danes. It is related of that great prince, that he entered the Danish quarters disguised as a wandering harper, and played so admirably on the instrument, that he obtained their confidence, and made himself acquainted with all their plans, which knowledge he communicated to his countrymen, who were thereby inspired to make that vigorous effort which freed his country, during *his* life, from the Danish yoke.

The whole superstructure of Irish law was transferred by Alfred to England, including the law of gavel, the trial of the twelve men, the chief court of judgment. The great book of maxims, commonly called the *Doomsday Book*, which still remains in the archives of Oxford, was modeled after the Psalter of Tara. The only merit due to King Alfred, in reference to the trial by jury, is, he extended the Irish law of the twelve men to all questions relating to the *person*, as well as to property. I may add here that, when Alfred was firmly established on the throne of his fathers, he brought over Irish preceptors, and, amongst others, the celebrated *Erigina*, under whose management he founded the university of Oxford — that Oxford which has, in latter years, so frequently poured out its hireling venom on Ireland and Irishmen.

The office of the *Sheanachie* comprehended other duties than the recording of public occurrences. The *Sheanachie* was a petty judge in his district, and decided on matters of secondary importance. This officer is still continued in the British and American constitution, in the person of the *recorder*. The duties performed at present by the recorders of London, Dublin, and New York, are not very dissimilar to those performed by the ancient *Sheanachies* of Ireland. The great book of antiquity kept at Tara, called the *Sheanachie More*, was a record of all the maxims of law and government, which had grown from

the experience of ages. It was, in fact, the code of common law, the maxims of which had grown into proverbs, and were turned by the bards into verse, the better to fasten them in the memories of the people.

The estates of Tara instituted a chief court, before which all appeals, disputes, and complaints, from every part of the kingdom, were brought for final adjudication. The most careless observer will recognize, in that ancient Irish tribunal, the origin of the present Courts of Chancery of England and Ireland, and the Supreme Court of the United States. In the first session of the assembly of Tara, it was established, says the Abbé M'Geoghegan, as a fundamental law of the land, that, every three years, the king, nobility, and principal men in the kingdom, should, under certain penalties, repair in person, or, in case of sickness or any other obstacle, send *proxies* to Tara at the time fixed, there to deliberate on the necessities of the state, to establish laws, and confirm or change the old ones, as the general welfare might require. It was afterwards decreed by the assembly that each lord should maintain, at his own expense, a judge and historian, to whom he should assign a portion of land sufficient for the maintenance of their family, so that, free from all domestic embarrassments, they might devote their time exclusively to their employment. The business of the historian, who was a sort of notary, was to preserve, in writing, a record of their genealogies, alliances, and noble actions, which was presented, every three years, to the national assembly, to undergo the criticism of a committee of nine, viz., three princes, three Druids, and three historians: an abstract of these things, to give them validity, was registered in the Psalter of Tara. This custom of examining the annals of private families, and enrolling them in the Psalter of Tara, lasted, without interruption, till the twelfth century of the Christian era, and without any change, except that, when the pagan priesthood was abolished by the preaching of the gospel, in the fifth century, the three Druids were replaced by three bishops. So, when St. Patrick assisted as judge, with other bishops, at one of those assemblies, he had all the ancient books of the Milesians brought before him, and, having examined them all very carefully, he approved of the Psalter of Tara, with several other histories, written long before his time, and at the same time condemned and burnt one hundred and eighty volumes of the bardic compositions.

Besides the public offices created in the assembly of Tara, every lord or chief had a physician, poet, and musician, to each of whom he

assigned a certain portion of land. These lands, like those of the judges and historians, were considered sacred, and were exempt from all taxes and impositions, even in time of war, like those of the Druid priests of Egypt — a convincing proof of the taste of the Milesians for the politer arts in those remote times. Wise laws were also enacted to maintain the public peace. All violence against members of the assembly, during the session, was prohibited under pain of death. The same sentence was pronounced against those guilty of murder, violation, and robbery, without the monarch having the power to pardon. Copies of these ordinances were distributed amongst all the private judges in the kingdom, to serve as rules in the administration of justice.

· A celebrated regulation was instituted for mechanics. They appointed sixty of each trade in every district to inspect and govern the others. No one was allowed to work at any trade without having been approved of by these commissioners, who were called, in the language of the country, "*Jollamuidh*," which signifies expert in their art or profession. Such was the first organization of bodies of trades and mechanics in Ireland; and such was the origin of corporations, first instituted for the management of trades, and subsequently for the management of town and city affairs. The English are indebted to Ireland for their corporate institutions, but have not the honesty to admit it: on the contrary, they would rather acknowledge themselves indebted for these institutions to the Romans, their conquerors, than to the Irish, their ancient allies. But justice will be done to ancient Ireland, nevertheless, by the enlightened opinion of mankind. Ireland was familiar with those laws and institutions ere Carthage or Rome had yet been cities, ere Greece was honored by Solon and Lycurgus; three centuries before Rome received from the Athenians the laws of the twelve tables. I extract entire from the Abbé M'Geoghegan the following gratifying paragraph: —

“About the time of our Saviour the learned in the jurisprudence of the country began to make collections of the laws, and to commit them to writing, several of which are mentioned by their historians. In the time of Conquovar, king of Ulster, who began to reign some years before the Christian era, Forchern and Neid-Mac-Aidnha, two celebrated poets, composed a dialogue on the laws. The same, with Athirne, chief poet of Conquovar, were the authors of the axioms of the laws, called ‘*judicia cœlestia*,’ [celestial judgments,] as the axioms of the sages of Greece were called ‘*dicta sapientium*.’ Fearadach,

the monarch, and Moran, his judge, were celebrated for their justice and their writings on the laws. Modain-Mac-Tolbain, judge under Constantine, surnamed Keadcaha, made a collection of laws, called 'Meill-breatha.' Fiothall, or Fithic F'iorgothia, one of the legislators at Tara, under Cormac, surnamed Ulfada, has left a treatise upon laws entitled 'Fiondsuith.' King Cormac and Cairbre, his son, made a code of laws, called 'Dula,' which was divided into three parts, and contained regulations on various matters.

"All those works on law, with many others of the same nature, were collected in the eighth century, and formed into one body of laws, by three brothers, Faranan, Boethgal, and Moeltul, the first of whom was a bishop, the second a judge, and the third a poet and antiquarian. This collection was called 'Brathaneimhadh,' signifying 'sacred judgments.' The matter it contained is briefly explained in the following Irish lines:—

'Eaglais, flatha Agus filidh  
Breitheamh Dhios gacbdligh,  
Na bruigh fo aibh dar linn,  
Na saor agus na gabhan;'

which are thus translated into Latin by Gratianus Lucius:—

'Quid sit jus cleri, satrapæ, vatisque, fabrique,  
Nec non agricolæ, liber iste docebit abundè;'

and into English for the information of all:—

Priests, bards, and poets,  
Judges, human and divine,  
That never oppressed, in our time,  
Trades, arts, or science.

"Gratianus Lucius mentions his having seen several large volumes on Irish laws, written in large characters on parchment—

"I myself have seen many thick volumes of Irish laws, written on parchment, and among them the text written in large characters, having the lines moderately separated, for the more easy interpretation of the words compressed in smaller letters. We see more copious comments introduced in the page, having the text the same as in books of laws."\*

[These Irish laws were adopted by Alfred and Edward the Confessor, kings of England, who formed the Doomsday Book. Lyttleton was the

\* Several vols. of Brehon laws, in the Irish character, are now in Trinity College.

first Englishman who wrote a small work on the laws, which formed texts for Coke and others, who followed and enlarged.] *Ollamh Fodhla*, having a pure taste for literature, gave every encouragement to the bards and historians: he founded several public places of instruction, and a chief one near his own palace of Tara, where the higher mysteries of the Druids and the superior branches of knowledge were taught; he also wrote with his own hand a history of the Milesians in Ireland, from their first landing down to the period of his reign, which he prefaced by an account of their ancestors, the Phœnicians, tracing their pedigree back almost to the flood. This work was submitted by him to the estates of Tara, received, and adopted, as the beginning of their national journal, the *Psalter of Tara*: several copies were made of that great book, and were kept in the capitals of the provinces, which gave rise to the Psalter of Cashell, the Psalter of Ardmagh, of Glendelagh, Tuam, &c., and several others, which were regularly continued transcripts of the great national journal kept in Tara.

This prince, during a reign which extended to forty years, regulated the laws and customs of heraldry. Previous to his time, the Milesians did not observe very exactly any particular order; they had a banner, bearing, as an escutcheon, a dead serpent and a wand, in memory of the cure of *Gaodhal* by *Moses*. The Milesian genealogists traced their connection to *Gaodhal*, and therefrom assumed as their distinguishing emblem the dead serpent and wand. King *Ollamh Fodhla*, however, instituted symbols and ensigns for all his chiefs, which symbols were affixed to their seats in the hall of legislation, to prevent all jealousy and confusion. The Milesians, according to Keating, evinced a strong partiality for heraldic distinctions. Our early annalists, says he, inform us that Hector, the Trojan hero, bore sable two lions combatant; Osiris, the Egyptian, bore a sceptre-royal, ensigned on the top with an eye; Hercules, the Phœnician, bore a lion rampant holding a battle-axe; the arms of the kingdom of Macedon were a wolf; the Scythians, who remained in the country, and made no conquests abroad, assumed a thunderbolt; the Egyptians bore an ox; the Phrygians, a swine; the Thracians painted the god Mars upon their banners; the Romans, an eagle; and the Persians, bows and arrows. Homer relates that the shield of Achilles had several curious devices raised on it; Alexander the Great bore a lion rampant, and ordered his soldiers to display the same upon their shields; Augustus Cæsar bore the image of Alexander the Great; the Phœnicians, being a commercial nation, assumed the prow of a ship. The author of the *Leabhar Leatha* says the twelve tribes

of Israel bore each different symbols, to distinguish them in their march through the desert. Dr. Warner says there was no nation where heraldic distinctions were more strictly regulated than in Ireland. When a chieftain distinguished himself against the enemy, his name and exploit were immediately entered into the records of his house, to be transmitted down from father to son, and by that means to inspire the several branches of the family with an emulation to imitate such a great example.

The harp was the earliest national symbol of the *Firbolgs*, or first inhabitants. When Heber and Heremon divided the kingdom between them, they differed about a musician and poet; but the matter was settled in a friendly manner by Ambergin, their brother, who adjudged the musician to Heber, and the poet to Heremon; the brothers then assumed the *harp* as an emblem of the harmony that prevailed between them. The yellow banner, emblazoned with the dead serpent and the rod of Moses, was borne by the standard-bearer of Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, when that monarch had an interview with Henry the Second of England. Brian Borohme bore on his standard, at Clontarf, the sun bursting through a cloud. It may be that I shall enter more fully on the subject of Irish heraldry in the progress of this work, if I think it will not swell the volume to an inconvenient bulk. I pass on from the topic, merely observing that the whole system and superstructure of English and French heraldry have been modeled after the old orders and creations of Tara. These heraldic laws and symbols were introduced into Gaul, (France,) and into Europe generally, by the celebrated Charlemagne, on the reëstablishment of civilization, in the eighth century. It is distinctly recorded of that distinguished king and scholar, that he brought from Ireland several learned men, under whose direction he founded universities in various parts of his dominions. Amongst these learned Irishmen were Claude Clement and John Scott, who were installed by Charlemagne professors over the universities of Pavia and Paris.

The palace and the assemblies of Tara were adorned by the BEAUTY of the land. Modern belles and beaux imagine that in ancient times the human face bore no traces or lineaments of heaven's divine creation. They firmly believe, indeed, that, before the discovery of certain *soaps*, *washes*, and *composites*, the cheek of woman threw out no lovely glow, and her eye no kindling ray; that men were a sort of wild animals, with bushy hair and ferocious aspects, and, of course, insensible to the more refined influence of the superior sex. Such

sapient thinkers should be reminded that the gorgeous sun shone in the heavens three thousand years ago as brightly as it does now; that the moon glided then through her silvery path with the same regularity and bewitching brightness she does at present; that the firmament was studded with the same bright stars we now look upon with so much rapture; that Nature, through her successive seasons, put forth her changing beauties with the same pleasing variety, in endless continuation, breathing through rich foliage her balmy incense, filling the flowers with vivifying perfume, prompting millions of winged choristers to chirp the same light and happy strains which we see, and feel, and hear, at this day; that Nature was the same throughout all time, under the rule of one great God; and man has ever been subject to the same natural laws.

Every account of the transactions of Tara, which the old historians have left us, bears ample evidence of the grandeur of their various ceremonies, whether of business or pleasure, the magnificence of their festivals, the innocence, and, at the same time, utility of their sports and amusements. To the ladies present on all or any of these occasions, the utmost deference was paid: a special palace was appropriated to their use, which was called *Griannan na Ninghean*, or the Council of the Ladies. This council had delegated to it power to regulate all things appertaining to woman. In such an assembly, we may readily imagine, music held a prominent consideration. Such was the case. The oldest and most polished instrument of the Milesians, the HARP, was the favorite instrument of the refined then, as it now is, boxed though it be in the case of a piano-forte, and struck by leathern hammers instead of fairy fingers. The "harps of Tara" have long been the theme of the bard and poet. MOORE, the sweetest bard of modern times,—of whom Erin may well be proud,—has linked the "harp of Tara" with immortal verse, with which I shall conclude the reign of *Ollamh Fodhla*, and my THIRD LECTURE.

## COME, RAISE A CHEER FOR ERIN!

WORDS BY T. MOONEY.

*Written on the Mississippi, while on my Western Repeal Mission in 1841-2, and published in the Dublin Pilot, in one of a series of letters, addressed by me to that paper, under the title of "American Correspondence."* T. M.

1. Come, raise a cheer for E - - rin! Her

sun a - gain will shine out bright! Come,

raise a shout for E - rin! She'll soon e-merge from

slavery's night. Come,



raise the toast to E - rin! Tho' wa - ter sparkle

in the bowl, I'll drink thy health, dear E - rin; Thy

burn - ing flame still lights my soul!

## 2.

There was a time when, Erin,  
 You gave the haughty Briton laws; \*  
 There was a time when, Erin,  
 Your children won the world's applause!  
 And the time again is nearing,  
 When Freedom's sword we'll bravely draw,  
 To guard your soil, dear Erin,  
 And give your people their own law.

\* See the foregoing section, under the head of "Trial by Jury."

## 3.

Then rouse your heart, dear Erin,  
 And sound your voice from shore to shore!  
 Demand your rights, brave Erin,  
 And your parliament they'll soon restore;  
 And lift on high your streaming  
 Green banner, as in days gone by.  
 The nations aid you, Erin!  
 And Heaven smiles a cheer from high!

There are three other sets of words to this beautiful old Irish air, viz.: "*Maurian a Gibberlaun*," an old Irish composition; "The rose-tree full in bearing;" and "I'd mourn the hopes that leave me," by Moore. The latter I append, because it was addressed by the author to his wife.

---

 I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

## 1.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,  
 If thy smiles had left me too;  
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
 Hadst thou been, like them, untrue.  
 But while I've thee before me,  
 With heart so warm, and eyes so bright,  
 No clouds can linger o'er me;  
 That smile turns them all to light.

## 2.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,  
 While fate leaves thy love to me;  
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,  
 Unless joy be shared with thee;  
 One minute's dream about thee,  
 Were worth a long, and endless year  
 Of waking bliss without thee,  
 My own love, my only dear!

## 3.

And though the hope be gone, love,  
 That long sparkled o'er our way,

O! we shall journey on, love,  
 More safely without its ray.  
 Far better lights shall win me,  
 Along the path I've yet to roam, —  
 The mind that burns within me,  
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

## 4.

Thus, when the lamp, that lighted  
 The traveller, at first goes out,  
 He feels awhile benighted,  
 And looks round in fear and doubt;  
 But soon, the prospect clearing,  
 By cloudless starlight on he treads,  
 And thinks no lamp so cheering  
 As that light which heaven sheds!

## SHAVOURNEEN DHEELISH.

[MY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ELLEN DEAR.]

BY LADY MORGAN.

RATHER SLOW, WITH EXPRESSION.

1. O! the mo - - ment was sad, when my

love and I part - ed! Sha - vour - neen Dheel - ish

Ei - leen Ogge; As I kissed off her tears, I was

nigh broken - heart - ed; Sha - - your - neen Dheel - ish

Ei - - leen Ogge. Wan was her cheek, which

lung on my shoul - der; Damp was her hand—no

mar - ble was cold - er; I felt in my heart I ne'er

more should be - hold her, Sha - vour - neen Dheel - ish

Ei - - leen Ogge.

## 2.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,  
 Shavourneen Dheelish Eileen Ogge ;  
 All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,  
 Shavourneen Dheelish Eileen Ogge ;  
 Peace was proclaimed ; escaped from the slaughter,  
 Landed at home, my sweet girl soon I sought her ;  
 But sorrow, alas ! to the cold grave had brought her,  
 Shavourneen Dheelish Eileen Ogge.

CAROLAN'S FAREWELL TO MUSIC.



---

HUMORS OF MULLINAFAWNA.



# LECTURE IV.

## THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

### SECTION I.

The Irish Language.— Attempts to suppress it.— Professor of the Irish Language appointed by the Dublin University.— The oldest Manuscripts in Europe in the Irish Language.— Irish Dictionaries.— Ancient Writers on the Language.— Etruscan, Celtic, and Irish Language identical.— Sir William Betham's Opinion thereon.— Much of the Latin derived from the Irish.— Criterion to judge.— Refinement of the Phœnicio-Etruscans.— Ancient Irish Alphabet.— Compared with the Egyptio-Irish Ogham.— Five of the Zodiacal Signs are Letters of the Irish Alphabet.— Gave to Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, the Idea of Short Hand Writing.— Moore's Opinion on the Language.— Fidelity of the Irish to their Letters and Language.— Irish Alphabet printed by Order of Bonaparte.— Ireland the School of the Saxons.— Mother Tongues of Europe.— Alphabets now in Use in the World.— Suggestions for restoring the Language.— Its musical Properties.— Ancient Irish and Egyptians the same Family.— Origin of the prefixes *O* and *Mac*.— Meaning of the Term *Celt*.— Languages liable to alter in Pronunciation and in Spelling.— Efforts of the British to root the Language out of Scotland and Wales.— Estimate of the Numbers who still speak the Irish Language in Wales and Scotland.— Like Estimate for Ireland.— Like Estimate of those Exiles who speak it.— Efforts lately made to revive it.— Irish Language the Key to most others.— Efforts of the learned Men of Ireland to restore it.— Suggestions to Parents in this Country.— Irish History and Language not taught in this Country.— Appeal to wealthy Irishmen on this Continent to revive it.

HAVING introduced to the reader the principal settlers of ancient Ireland, and traced their origin, migration, settlement, government, laws, &c., downwards for about five hundred years, I will now treat of their language, historians, architecture, bards, poets, music, &c. ; after which, in my fifth lecture, I will resume the historic narrative.

In offering a few words on the Irish language, I confess, with humility, my inability to do even limited justice to a question so profound. I cannot even devote space to the opinions of others. The "Irish language," as a topic, would require an entire volume to elucidate; and yet, even though I had the ability to compile such a work, and the

capital to bring it through the press, where, in this country, should I find purchasers in sufficient numbers to cover the expense? The Irish language had been, in the course of the last three centuries, driven from the schools and universities of Ireland by the tyrant policy of Britain. Acts of parliament, queenly and kingly proclamations, penalties, and every species of persecution, were called up to suppress its use in Ireland, and in Ireland's ancient colony of Caledonia. It was proclaimed down at court, discountenanced by the affluent, discouraged by the patrons of literature, suppressed totally in the English and Irish schools and colleges. My father told me that he, when at school, has had a wooden *gag* put into his mouth by his teacher, as a punishment for having spoken occasional words of the Irish language during school time. It is really wonderful how a language, so *hunted* from school and cabin by the severest kind of persecution, did yet survive; and still more wonderful is it to see the descendants of those, who made war upon that language, now exerting themselves to reëstablish it in those very universities from which they formerly hunted it with such senseless barbarity!

In the university of Dublin, called Trinity College, a professor of the Irish language was appointed in the year 1841. On this head, Sir William Betham, in his very able work, from which I have quoted so largely, has the following: —

“Until last year the university of Dublin had *no professor of Irish!* A reverend and learned gentleman has been recently appointed. It is said he speaks the vernacular Irish fluently. Let us hope that, by his means, the most ancient written living language in Europe may take its just place in the estimation of the learned, and escape from the undeserved and illiberal criticism of those who, while they condemn, acknowledge their incapacity to judge, and virtually the injustice of their judgment. It has long been a reproach to the Irish university, that, possessing the most ancient and valuable Irish manuscripts in their library, they had no one competent to explain their contents. They have long had professors of the Oriental languages, and even writers on Ethiopic and Sanscrit; but, till now, *no professor of Irish.* Not one of the fellows has ever been induced to make himself acquainted with the *Iberno-Celtic*, [the Irish,] which may justly contend with the most ancient language of the East for precedence in antiquity.

“A more just consideration of the claims of the old tongue of Ireland, it is to be hoped, will now be accorded; and it will not be despised because it is not understood. It will, I trust, be examined by



a scholar, a man of liberal education and enlightened mind; one who will commence, perhaps, in some measure influenced by the prejudices of education, but who, duly weighing every point of evidence, will accord due weight to each. Such a man will discover in the Irish language a mine of philological wealth; a guide which will explain most of the difficulties which have hitherto so much obscured the history of the ancient people and languages of Europe."

"It is a singular fact, not generally known," continues Sir William, "THAT THE MOST ANCIENT EUROPEAN MANUSCRIPTS NOW EXISTING ARE IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE, and that *the most ancient Latin manuscripts in Europe were written by IRISHMEN*. I have in my own library manuscripts unintelligible to common Irish scholars. The *present* Irish vernacular has a very limited vocabulary; only so much as is necessary for the purposes of rural life, and the wants of the peasant. Nine tenths of the language have become obsolete, and only to be found in ancient glossaries and manuscripts. Fortunately, the labors of a few scholars, within the last two centuries, have collected the ancient words into the form of a dictionary: among these the late Mr. William Halliday, the compiler of the best Irish grammar, deserves honorable mention. By his premature death, Irish literature sustained a heavy loss. That learned and talented individual collected materials on the basis of Shaw's Gaelic Dictionary, which the late Edward O'Reilly added to and published. Four fifths of the words contained in this work are now obsolete and unintelligible to the Scottish Highlander and the speakers of Irish of the present day. Much of the Gaelic, in the translations which I have given of the Etruscan and Eugubian Tables, is certainly obsolete and unintelligible to the Scottish Gael, and to those who merely speak the modern Irish. *The Scots, having no ancient manuscripts*, know nothing of their tongue beyond what is acquired orally, which is limited and meagre when compared with the old language.

"It has been said that the modern Gaelic has no terms of art or science. This is to be attributed to their having been lost by non-usage; for the *ancient* Irish possesses all the terms of art or science known at the time it was colloquial. The present Irish vernacular has not now in use one fifth of the words to be found in the ancient glossaries, [dictionaries;] it is, therefore, not a matter of surprise that these works are not understood by those who speak the limited and corrupted vocabulary of the present day, and who are, also, for the most part, illiterate. To many of those who read and write the

modern language, ancient manuscripts are unintelligible, and even to those who pretend to translate them. It is in the ancient manuscripts that the old Celtic language is presented in its purity. Glossaries of the Irish Gaelic exist in manuscript, written some centuries since, explaining words even at that time obsolete. At the same time, it must be observed that much of the Gaelic, which I have placed in juxtaposition with the Etruscan, is intelligible even to the vernacular Irishman or Scottish Highlander. *The similarity, the almost identity, is remarkable ; there are very few variations even of a letter.*

“The most celebrated of the ancient Irish glossaries [dictionaries] is that ascribed to *Cormac*, bishop of Cashel, who lived about A. D. 901. There are two or three copies of this work in Trinity College, Dublin. A copy of this glossary, made for General Vallancey, by Peter Connell, who was a good ancient Irish scholar, with many glosses and additional explanations, I have had copied and collated, with many others, and translated all the explanations into English. I have had copies made of O’Clery’s and many other glossaries, and believe I possess copies of the best, if not of all, that are extant. In addition to which, I have interleaved dictionaries with many thousand words added from the *books of Ballymote* and *Lecan*, and the *Leabhar Brean*, *Brehon laws*, and other ancient manuscripts, glossed and explained by interlineations, especially those of the ancient laws. The language of the Eugubian Tables, being so ancient, may be considered as the inchoate, primitive, monosyllabic roots, from which the more modern compound language may be ascertained by analysis, and, being understood, will assist greatly in determining the sources of many other modern tongues. \* \* \*

“The essence of the languages of the Etruscans and Celts may fairly be considered IDENTICAL. At the same time, no one could flatter himself that a translation of such difficulty could be made perfect by a first effort. I commenced the study of the Irish language late in life, and would willingly have foregone the laborious exertion, could I have been fortunate enough to have met with an Irish scholar capable and willing to have done justice to the subject which so much interested my thoughts. If, in early life, I had been acquainted with the language, the task might have been accomplished with less labor, and perhaps more perfectly.”

Sir William then goes into a lengthened critical analysis of the Irish language, tracing its letters and sounds to the most remote antiquity. “It is,” he says, “*the most ancient living language ; more*

ancient than the Greek itself." He proves, as I have in another place quoted him, that the language spoken throughout the Phœnician empire was that which we now call *Irish*. It was the language of *Tyre*, of Carthage, of the refined and learned inhabitants of Italy, ages before "Rome" was dreamed of. Moreover, it is a twin dialect to the *Syriac*, the language which the Redeemer used while on earth. Italy was the first great colony of the Phœnicians which improved on the state of civilization, derived from their Tyrian ancestors, even more than Carthage. On this head my learned authority says, "When we assert that the roots of many words in the Greek and Latin are to be found in the *Irish language*, it may excite surprise in the minds of some; but if we are able to show that the Irish language is the same as that spoken by the people who occupied Italy and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, the absurdity vanishes, and the fact ceases to surprise. A man will laugh in your face if you assert that the Latin is mostly derived from the Irish; but if you are able to show that the Etruscan inhabitants of Italy spoke the same or a kindred language, if he be not convinced, his sarcasm and ridicule will certainly be deprived of all its point." The very learned and able Dr. O'Brien, the compiler of the first published Irish dictionary; in his preface to that work, gives a long list of words in the Irish, having a strong affinity with the Latin and Greek, "which," he says, "should, I presume, be esteemed a strong proof that the *Lingua Prisca* [first language] of the aborigines of Italy, from which the Latin of the twelve tables, and afterwards the Roman language, was derived, could be nothing else but a dialect of the original Celtic — a dialect, indeed, which, in process of time, received some mixture of Greek, especially the Æolic, from the colonies, or rather adventurers, which anciently came to Italy from Peloponnesus, agreeably to the saying of Dionysius Halicarnassus. The language used by the Romans is neither absolutely barbarous, or Greek, but a mixture of both: in many respects it is similar to the Æolic language."

"And at the same time," continues Dr. O'Brien, "to show that the Ibero-Celtic did not borrow from the Latin any of those words in which both languages agree, I shall only lay down, on the part of the Irish, those which are expressive of ideas which no language can want words for, even in its most incult state, and are, at the same time, the only words in common use, in that language, to signify, precisely and properly, the things they are appropriated to — two characteristics which plainly demonstrate that they are not derivatives of any other language,

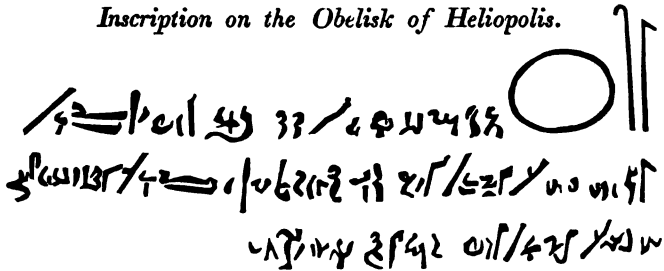
but rather genuine original words of the Celtic tongue, *from which circumstances, joined to the plain marks of derivation with which the corresponding Latin words are stamped, it will evidently appear that the Latin words are derivations of the Celtic*, from which the old Latin, refined by the Romans, had been formed." Again, "Now, it is to be noted, that, inasmuch as it is allowed by the best etymologists, that, of radical words of the same sense in different languages, those should be esteemed the more ancient that consist of fewest letters, and that, of words agreeing only in part, those which have the additional letters or syllables are, for the most part, derivations, — it follows that the Ibero-Celtic, being *chiefly monosyllabic*, should be esteemed the radical and ancient words. The Latin words, agreeing in sense with the Irish monosyllables, are generally of two or more syllables." *Dionysius Halicarnassus*, who wrote a short time previous to the birth of Christ, says, the Etruscans had their own language, rites, manners, and laws, which were original and independent. Referring to their inscriptions on the Eugubian Tables, Sir William Betham remarks, "That the sixth and seventh tables, written in the Roman character, were examined by their framers with great care before they were placed where they were found, appears, from certain erasures and insertions, *by way of correction of errors* committed by the engraver, exhibiting a great desire for accuracy, as well as demonstrating that the language was then governed by rules of orthography and grammar — a most significant test of a high state of civilization and progress in literature, the result of a long period of enjoyment, of repose, and political security, and the development of the highest exertions of the human intellect. The works of mind of this wonderful people, in the various departments of literature, science, sculpture, painting, commerce, architecture, mining, navigation, astronomy, and, in short, every other art and token of civilization, fill the mind with astonishment; all having germinated and been brought to light principally by themselves, and from them communicated to the rest of the world, and, as has been elegantly expressed by Professor Haron, the gentle attrition of commerce thus lighted up the flame of civilization."

There is no doubt but the Etruscan language and character so referred to, as the twin dialect of the Irish, are directly traceable to the era of symbolic writing, when ideas were represented by figures of men, beasts, trees, birds, fishes, weapons, &c.; when, as I have before noted, writers abbreviated those signs, marking only the legs of the man, the tail or horns of the beast, branches of the tree, feathers of the bird, or portions of the fish or weapons, and so formed an alphabet. The Per-

sians marked their ideas by the signs of arrows in various positions, and the ancient Chinese, by knots on cords.

I give, in a wood cut, a specimen of the most ancient writing of the Egyptians, which, when compared with the old Irish letters placed in the same diagram, will be found to exhibit a very close relationship. It will be seen there is no great difference in the construction of the letters of both nations, not greater than might exist between the writings of any two men we should select promiscuously.

*Inscription on the Obelisk of Heliopolis.*



Translation by Champollion:—"Pharaoh; SUN OFFERED TO THE WORLD; lord of Upper and Lower Egypt; the living of men; son of the sun; OSORTASEN," &c.

The following are terms used in an ancient Irish music book, explanatory of musical notes:—*Given in Walker's Bards.*

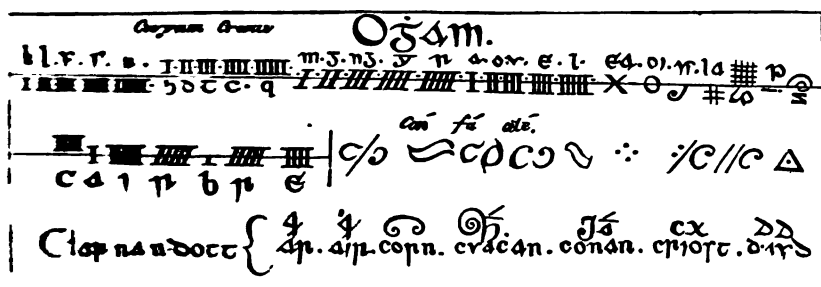
αὐρ	
Fáí, onàvè	
τρεῶρ,	..... Long Sound.
5εαί, δῆβ à, ηῆρ,	..... Long or Short Sounds.
céul	..... Long Sound.
<hr/> mīan	..... Long Sound.
Fīr,	..... Long or Short Sounds.
δύ τῆς, cīn	
<hr/> Fúar, Múar	..... Long or Short Sounds.

Here are specimens of the Irish *Ogham*, or secret characters, used by the Druids, and continued among the learned down to the last generation. M'Curtain wrote, in 1760, that he knew of two-and-thirty separate oghams which then existed in the county of Clare. Letters of the alphabet are placed over or under each sign, to give the reader an idea of their import.

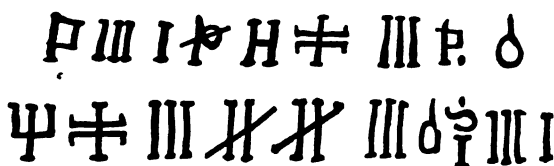
Simple Ogham.



Complex Ogham.



The following is another specimen of the ogham characters:—



which, translated, reads, "Dermodind O'Sullevoine."

These oghams were used by the most learned Druids and scribes, to communicate, exclusively to each other, the secret instructions and ordinances of their order. They were not for the use of the profane, but the initiated. The very term itself, *ogma*, in the Celtic, means "secret letters," and the practice is directly traceable to the custom of the Phœnician and Egyptian priests. Each upright line or dot in the ogham, or secret alphabet, expressed a word, an idea, or part of an idea.\* The learned Irish antiquarian, *Ware*, writing of these Irish "ogham colls," says, "They were writings that represented the branches of trees," and adds, "I have a book of parchment filled with these kinds of characters." Like the ancient Hebrew and the Ionic, the ogham scale consists of only sixteen simple elements; from the alphabetic Psalms it would appear that the Hebrew had twenty-two letters; but these Psalms are not older than the times of David. Scaliger demonstrates that the original Hebrew alphabet consisted only of sixteen letters, as did the Etruscan, according to Gori; as did the Ionic, according to Pliny, Suidas, Polybius, and others. But, even as early as the time of Herodotus, the original forms of the Ionic letters were lost. Sir R. Phillips says, "The Hebrew written character was the Phœnician; but in the captivity they acquired the square Chaldaic, and lost the former." In Ireland, however, the original number and forms of the letters, and the very name of the Phœnician alphabet, were, and are still, preserved. Baily and De Gebelin say that the Irish ogham ciphers come nearest to the mysterious inscription at Persepolis. And Sir Richard Phillips, (English authority,) in another part of his able work, says, "The current native language of Ireland is, *verbatim et literatim*, that of Carthage, a territory of Phœnicia. *Plautus* makes Hanno speak in Carthaginian, and ' *Haun done Filli hanum bene Filli in mustine,*' is, to a letter, either Irish, Carthaginian, or Phœnician." Many similar passages might be given from *Plautus*. "Scaliger supposes (adds Phillips) the Phœnician to have been the original Hebrew character, otherwise the Samaritan, and it is generally supposed to be that which was used by the Jews from the time of Moses."

\* I have heard it said that the Irish ogham writing, in which there are a thousand arbitrary characters to represent words and ideas, gave to the late Mr. Perry, of the London Morning Chronicle, his idea of short-hand and verbatim reporting of the parliamentary debates. Before Perry's time there were no verbatim reports of parliamentary speeches. Members who would make known their opinions were obliged to publish them in pamphlets. It is a remarkable fact that the majority of the reporters now on the London press are Irishmen; and I may add, that I know some of the very ablest reporters in the United States to be of the same country.

I also present the Irish alphabet, called *Beith Luis Nion*, having the power or sound of each letter denoted by its correspondent in the English language, as arranged by Bishop Molloy, at Lovain and Rome.

	<i>Irish Pronunciation.</i>	<i>Latin Pronunciation.</i>	<i>English Pronunciation and Signification.</i>
ᚠ	a	..... Ailim.....	Abies.....Fir Tree.....A.
ᚢ	b	..... Beith.....	Betulla.....Birch.....B.
ᚣ	c	..... Colt.....	Corylui.....Hazel.....C.
ᚤ	d	..... Duir.....	Ilex.....Oak.....D.
ᚥ	e	..... Eadha.....	Tremula.....Aspen.....E.
ᚦ	f	..... Fearn.....	Alnus.....Alder.....F.
ᚧ	g	..... Gort.....	Hedera.....Ivy.....G.
ᚨ	h	..... Huath.....	Oxiacanthus.....White Thorn.....H.
ᚩ	i	..... Idho.....	Taxus.....Yew.....I.
ᚪ	l	..... Luis.....	Ornus.....Wild Ash.....L.
ᚫ	m	..... Muin.....	Vitis.....Vine.....M.
ᚬ	n	..... Nion.....	Fraxinus.....Ash.....N.
ᚭ	o	..... Oun.....	Genista.....Broom.....O.
ᚮ	p	..... Potte.....	<i>Not explained.</i> .....P.
ᚯ	r	..... Ruis.....	Sambucus.....Elder.....R.
ᚰ	s	..... Duil.....	Salix.....Willow.....S.
ᚱ	t	..... Tinne.....	<i>Not explained, probably the Deity.</i> .....T.
ᚲ	u	..... Ur.....	Eric or Erica.....Heath.....U.

O'Halloran gives but sixteen letters, omitting the signs (English) F and H; but Molloy, Vallancy, M'Geogheghan, Dunlevy, and Halliday, give *eighteen* letters, — which I have supplied as above, — together with the Latin and English significations of all.

It is a very remarkable circumstance, and proves the great antiquity of the Irish language, that some of the zodiacal signs, and those of the planets and satellites, are really letters of the Irish alphabet. The Irish letters S, M, O, and G, are zodiacal signs; B, R, and D are signs of satellites. Some of the ogham signs appear to have an identity with the signs of the planets and satellites. This proves that when men first began to spell their way through the heavens, the signs by which they denoted the most striking objects were the signs then used to denote the ordinary sounds of the human voice. And these signs the Irish have preserved for at least three thousand five hundred years, — *an evi-*



dence that identifies the Irish language with the earliest development of astronomical science. Nor ought it to be left unsaid here, that eighteen in twenty-six of the ordinary manuscript characters which I am now using, writing in the English language for the printer, and that which all English people use in their ordinary writings, are the letters of the old Irish alphabet. Perhaps not one English scholar in a million is aware of this so very apparent fact, nor aware of the historical attestation of Bede, Camden, and other English authors, which tells us that "the Saxons received, in the sixth century, their literature, language, and the forms of their letters, from the Hibernians."

Moore devotes several pages of learned research to this interesting subject. From him I make a few brief extracts:—

"Abundant and various as are the monuments to which Ireland can point, as mute evidences of her antiquity, she boasts a yet more striking proof in the living language of her people,—in that most genuine, if not only-existing dialect of the oldest of all European tongues,—the tongue which, by whatever name it may be called, according to the various theories respecting it, whether Japhetan, Cimmerian, Pelasgic, or Celtic, is accounted most generally to have been the earliest brought from the East, and to have been *the vehicle of the first knowledge that dawned upon Europe*. In the still written and spoken dialect of this primeval language we possess a monument of the high antiquity of the people to whom it belongs, which no cavil can reach, nor any doubts disturb. According to the view of some learned philologists, the very imperfections attributed to the Irish language—the predominance in it of gutturals, and the incompleteness of its alphabet—are both but additional and convincing proofs as well of its directly Eastern origin as of its remote antiquity. The tongues of the East, before the introduction of aspirates, abounded with gutturals, which softened by degrees into aspirates; the alphabet, derived from the Phœnicians by the Greeks, having had but the same limited number of letters which compose the Irish. That the original Cadmian number was no more than sixteen is the opinion, with but few exceptions, of the whole learned world; and that such exactly is the number of the genuine Irish alphabet has been proved satisfactorily by the learned librarian of *Stowe*, Dr. O'Connor. Thus, while all the more recent and mixed forms of language adopted the *additional letters* which the Greeks introduced, the Irish alone continued to adhere to the original number—the same number and the same character, no doubt, which Herodotus saw graven on the tripods in the temple of Apollo at

Thebes. To so characteristic an extent did the Irish people imitate this fidelity, that even the introduction among them of the Roman alphabet, by St. Patrick, did not tempt them into any innovation upon their own. On the contrary, so wedded were they to their own letters, that, even in writing Latin words, they would never admit any Roman character that was not to be found in their primitive alphabet, but employed two or more of their own ancient characters to represent the same organic sound. Thus, in all words begun or ended by *x*, instead of writing that simple character, they used the double letters *qs*, or *es* — a trouble they might have saved themselves, had they not rejected it as an exotic character not existing in their alphabet.

“According to the learned *Lazius*, the Irish language abounds with Hebrew words, and had its origin in the remotest ages of the world. The eminent French writer *Marcel* endorses this opinion. This writer, who was director of the chief school of literature in France, under Napoleon, published an Irish alphabet, from the types belonging to the Propaganda of Rome, which were sent by the order of Napoleon to Paris: from the types of the Propaganda, the Irish catechism of *Molloy*, called *Lucerna Fidelium*, was also printed.”

Similar considerations induced the great *Leibnitz* to recommend a diligent study of the Irish language, as highly conducive, in his opinion, to the knowledge and promotion of Celtic literature.

The eminent Dr. *WARNER*, an English historian, says, “The great antiquity of the Irish language, which is the same as the ancient Scythian, affords another proof of the Phœnician origin of the Irish nation, and that the elements of their idiom were brought to Ireland when the use of letters was in its infancy. Indeed, the old Irish bears so great an affinity to the ancient Hebrew, that, to those who are masters of both, they appear plainly to be only dialects of the same tongue. This surely lays a fair foundation for an ancient history to be built upon; for a nation and language are both of an age, and if a language be ancient, the people must be as old.”

*Raymond*, another English antiquarian, says, “In order to discover the original of the Irish nation, I was at the pains to compare all European languages with that of Ireland, and I found it had little agreement with any of them. I then had recourse to the Celtic, the original language of the ancient Celtæ, or Scythians; and I found the affinity so great that there was scarcely a shade of difference, there being such an exact agreement between them, and the Irish language having no

affinity with any known language in the world, excepting the Hebrew and Phœnician. This is sufficient, I think, to procure that credit to Irish history which it may justly challenge." — "When we add to all this," says Moore, "that, at the time when the Irish first broke forth, as scholars and missionaries, upon Europe, they were found in possession of modes of writing peculiar to themselves, of elements acknowledged to have no prototypes in any known language, and differing in name, number, and order, from those of every other existing alphabet, such a coincidence, with all that we know of the early fortunes of the country, as well as with all that her own traditions lay claim to, forms a case for the antiquity of her history and language, and priority of her literature, not easily controverted." The learned Camden, himself an Englishman, acknowledged that the Saxons received and adopted the Irish letters — *Anglo-Saxones rationem formandi literas accepisse ab Hibernis, cum eodem plane characteri fuerit qui Bodie Hibernes est in usu.* Free translation — "The Anglo-Saxons received a knowledge of letters from the Hibernians; whose idiom, or dialect, was soft and expressive." — Bede, the Saxon ecclesiastic, who wrote anno 730, states that, in his time, the Irish language was spoken generally in the north of England, and in Caledonia, together with three or four others, namely, the Latin, Pictish, English, or Saxon, and the British, which was a dialect of Welsh. Camden, in another place, says, "St. Patrick's disciples, in Ireland, were such great proficient in the Christian religion, that, in the age following, [the close of the fifth century,] Ireland was termed *sanctorum patria* — that is, the country of saints. \* \* \* \* The Saxons, in that age, flocked thither as to the great mart of learning; and this is the reason why we find this so often in our writers — *Amondatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia* — 'Such a one was sent over into Ireland to be educated.'"

The French geographer *Sanson* says there are six mother languages in Europe, viz., the Irish, Finlandish, Welsh, Biscayan, Hungarian, and Albanian. The Irish language, continues he, is, besides in Ireland, still spoken in the north of Scotland. The Finlandish is used in Scandinavia, which comprises Finland and Lapland. The Bretonic, which is the language of Lower Brittany, in France, is likewise called Welsh, after a province of England. The Biscayan comprises Lower Navarre, with Cabour in France, and Biscay in Spain. The Hungarian is the language of Hungary and Transylvania, which countries belong to Turkey in Europe; and the Albanian is thus named from Albania, a country also of Turkey in Europe.

The present alphabets, of different nations, contain the following number of letters, according to Phillips:—

Irish, (Phœnician,) 16;	Persian, . . . . . 32;
Hebrew, . . . . . 22;	Sanscrit, . . . . . 50;
Greek, . . . . . 24;	Chinese, . . . . . 214;
Latin, . . . . . 22;	Turkish, . . . . . 33;
Slavonic, . . . . . 27;	German, . . . . . 26;
Spanish, . . . . . 27;	French, . . . . . 25;
Russian, . . . . . 41;	English, . . . . . 26.
Arabic, . . . . . 28;	

The first letter, or *sound*, of the Phœnician [Irish] and Hebrew alphabet, was *aleph*, which the Greeks called *alpha*; and which was originally denoted, symbolically, by the figure of a man walking; which, in process of symbolic writing, was contracted to the figure made by the man's *legs*; thus, [A,] our present A. So might we go through the entire alphabets that follow the *present Irish*, and prove their derivations *from it*, which was itself formed from the first symbolic mode of painting sounds, adopted by any of the human race. The Hebrew language and letters are believed, by the most learned, to be derived from the Phœnician; since Tyre, Sidon, &c., were distinguished cities in the age of Moses and Joshua; and even Abraham lived in their territory.

An apparently well-informed writer, in Walker's *Irish Bards*, says, "Another fatal injury, which the Irish language sustained, was from the first missionaries, who gave us an alphabet which did not express all the sounds in the Celtic. This alphabet very remarkably agrees with the Runic. The vowel *i* was used for *e*, as double *c* was for *g*, and *b* for *p*. No two or three vowels, joined together in the same word, can form two different syllables for rhymes; and hence the bards, to multiply syllables for their rhymes, threw between the vowels a *d*, or *g*, aspirated by an *h*; thus corrupting and disguising the natural structure of the word. *C* is constantly pronounced as a *k*. Unable, from insufficiency of letters, to express the sounds of the Irish language, these consequences were inevitable, viz., its orthography and orthoëpy were altered; its accentuation was lost; the sonorous vowel *e* was not used. *I* supplied its place, though less adapted to the inflections of the voice; and hence the coarse descriptive terms applied to the language by some writers, ancient and modern.

It is one of Lhuyd's observations, that the Irish have kept their letters and orthography beyond all their neighboring nations, and still continue the same letters and orthography, which makes their written language appear very different from what they speak. The latter followed, of course, from not having letters enough to express sounds; the enunciation and written language could never agree. But the former part of the assertion is a gross error; for the Irish endeavored to correct the want of letters, to express all their sounds, by introducing the palatals *g*, *ch*, *gh*, *h*, in after ages, to preserve some resemblance between the writing and sound; and also by the addition of the vowels *e*, *y*, the labials *p*, *ph*, and *v*, and the linguals *th*, *dh*, and *z*.

A countryman and namesake of my own, residing in Boston, who reads and writes the Irish character, intimates that he always understood there were five vowels and twelve consonants in the Celtic alphabet.

A writer in Walker offers the following suggestions for the revival of the language: "Is this venerable tongue to be suffered to go into total oblivion? By no means. The best thing that, in my opinion, can be done, is, to collect from the various dialects of the Celtic its original existing words into a vocabulary, as a standard to explain obscure terms. Let all the scattered fragments be collected carefully; let the canting phraseology of lawyers and physicians be investigated, and a key from those will be formed to decipher the Brehon laws. A good Irish scholar, thoroughly versed in ancient manuscript, I do aver, would, from the intelligible commentary annexed to those laws, be able, in a short time, to make a canting dictionary which would render the whole perfectly easy."

An eminent musical writer, in the same work, has the following observations on the musical properties of the Irish language: "In the Irish language, all vowels meeting in one word, without a consonant between them, make but one syllable, whether it be long or short; but an aspirated consonant between two vowels makes them separate syllables. This property of the Irish language renders it exceedingly harmonious, and well calculated for poetical and musical compositions; far superior either to the Latin or any of the modern tongues — a circumstance that confirms the assertion of *Cambrensis*, who, speaking of the Irish music of his day, [A. D. 1180,] says it was much superior to the Welsh; theirs being of a grave and solemn nature, whereas that of the Irish was soft, lively, and melodious, emitting soft and pleasant notes, divided by just proportions into concords and discords, making a complete melody, all of which depended upon the power and variety of the sounds and length of the Irish vowels, and to which the Welsh language is a stranger."

From the specimens of the ancient Egyptian and Irish writing, which I have given in previous pages, (see page 83,) it will easily be seen that the Irish language was that spoken and written in the valley of the Nile, four thousand years ago; and the inference flowing from that identity is, that the first settlers in Ireland spoke and wrote the language of the Pharaohs, and, as I shall prove in another place, practised the same customs, religious, political, and social; wore the same dresses, manufactured the same textile fabrics, and were learned in the same arts and sciences. On this head the learned English antiquarian, Colonel Vallancey, has the following: "If they [the Irish] had not had an intercourse, in former days, with the Egyptians, Persians, and Phœnicians, how is it possible so many idioms of speech, so many technical terms, in the arts of those ages, could have been introduced into the old Irish dialect? — terms not to be met with in the dialect of any other northern or western nation. What people, the Egyptians and Irish excepted, named the harp, or music, *ouini*? — Irish *aine*, that is, *oirfideadh*, that is, music, a musical instrument: *orphideadh* expresses the action of playing. What people in the world, the Orientalists and the Irish excepted, called the copy of a book *the son of a book*, and *echo* the daughter of a voice? With what northern nation, the Irish excepted, can the Oriental names of the tools and implements of the stone-cutter, the carpenter, the ship-builder, the weaver, be found? And with what people, the old Irish and Egyptians excepted, does the word *ogham* signify a book, and the name of Hercules or Mercury? The Egyptian name of *ermes* lies concealed in the Irish compound *ed-airmes*; that is, the root or art of invention. And in what part of the globe, Egypt, Ireland, and Scotland, excepted, were priests, or holy persons, denominated *culdes*, or *caldes*? in the Coptic, (Egyptian,) *kaldes sanctitus*? Again, the Coptic *esonab sacerdos* is the Irish *easab*, a bishop. To these examples we may add six hundred others, of which in their proper place. But the most striking instance of the intercourse of the Hiberno-Scythians with Egyptians and Phœnicians is the prefixes to surnames, O, U<sub>A</sub>, and M<sub>AC</sub>; the former denoting the eldest of the family, the second being a general name for the son — *O' Stirps, familia*; hence *O Siris*. Thus the Irish use either *O* or *Ua*; as, *Ua Concobhar*; in English, *O' Connor*. Among what people, the Egyptians and Irish excepted, did *seach nab* signify the writing priest? — he who was skilled in the sacred writing, &c."

Vallancey thus continues, in a most interesting paper on the language, manners, and customs, of the ancient Irish, to discuss their identity with the Egyptians and Phœnicians, which I may refer to again in the progress of this work.

The pioneers of colonization, who issued from the cradle and school of the human race, in the valley of the Nile, and along the shores of the Mediterranean, were called, very generally, *Celts*; which means *quick movers, voyagers*. The term was synonymous with *Phœnician*: both denominations appear to have been applied to the same people. — The Phœnicians were a permanent nation, occupying the region now known as Syria, and the Delta. The *Celtæ* were that portion of the great families, either Egyptian or Phœnician, who *moved off* in quest of new settlements. The word *celerity* (speed) is evidently a derivation from the term. The fertile lands of Italy, Sicily, Spain, Gaul, (France,) and Ireland, were those first settled by these enterprising bands. They separated into cantons or nations that acquired or assumed distinctive appellations. *Celt*, or *Kelt*, seemed to be the genus; *Gael, Gaul, Cymri, Belgæ, Teutons, &c.*, the species. Dr. Murray observes, “Each horde soon multiplied into various nations, regulated by similar customs, and loosely connected by language.” Various circumstances, operating on their common speech, gave rise to peculiar pronunciation or dialect. The change of old, the substitution of new words, and other causes affecting articulation, produce, in time, great difference between the speech of distant places in an extensive country; but among nations of identic origin there must long continue a close affinity of language. An eminent French author, *M. Bullet*, says the difference of *climate* will alter a language. The extension of science, manufactures, and commerce, will alter the character of a nation’s language, fill it with new terms for the inventions and improvements made, and produce, by the introduction of foreigners, a change in its pronunciation. *Polybius*, the Greek writer of Roman history, &c., tells us that the Latin was, in his time, [two hundred years before Christ,] so different from what it had been in the time of Lucius Junius Brutus and Marcus Valerius, three hundred years previously, who were consuls when the first treaty between the Romans and Carthaginians was made, that little of that document could be then understood; and Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, when treating with the Gauls, was obliged to employ an interpreter, though the Gauls originally spoke the same language, and were, in fact, a part of the Carthaginian family.

Logan, the compiler of a work on Scottish antiquities, though he has, like many other of his countrymen, endeavored to appropriate the ancient military and literary renown of Ireland, *without offering a particle of documentary evidence in support of his claim*, has, however, gathered together a goodly volume of ancient traditional fragments, which are agreeably arranged, and offer a recreative study to the antiquarian.

From Mr. Logan's work I may occasionally pluck a flower to variegate or adorn my own. On the language of the *Celts*, that writer has the following passage in the closing pages of his book:—

“The Celtic language has been several times the object of legislative severity. In Ireland several enactments were passed against it, as was the case in Wales, about 1700. Even so late as 1769, a plan was entertained by the bishops to extinguish *Cumræg*, by having the church service performed in the English only—a circumstance that but too often occurs, it is to be feared, without such a design. In Scotland I have often heard it complained that clergymen were put into a living who were quite unable to preach to the people in their vernacular tongue. It was attempted to root out the Gaelic, [Irish;] but, as might be expected, the design was impracticable. I do not know if the French ever thought of abolishing the Breton language, which, by Lagonidec, is said to be still spoken by upwards of four millions of people; a trial would have shown that no measures could accomplish this. The case of the Wends, whose language it was attempted to suppress, shows the impracticability of forcibly changing the mother tongue of any people. In 1765, it was thought expedient to eradicate the Bohemian language, and the design was long prosecuted, before the impossibility of accomplishing the object was discovered.

“The nobility and gentry of Ireland continued to speak and write their native language until the reign of Elizabeth, or James the First. The Highlanders relinquished the practice of writing in Gaelic before they had acquired any taste for conversation in English. *Rory Mor*, chief of the M'Leods, is said to have been the last of the Gael, who continued to write in the language of his fathers.

“There are at present upwards of three millions of people in the British isles, who speak Celtic, viz., about two millions in Ireland, [in this calculation Mr. Logan is far under the mark; I shall refer to it at the close of the quotation,] about four hundred thousand in Scotland, and about seven hundred thousand in Wales. This latter country began very early to pay considerable attention to the printing of books in the native language. By a catalogue, published in 1710, there appears to have been then upwards of seventy. Almanacs, magazines, dictionaries, grammars, religious books, and even several scientific works, have been published, and the number is supposed now to exceed ten thousand. The first Welsh Bible, a black letter folio, was printed in 1563; the first in Ireland, I believe, was in 1609. Bishop Kerswell's Liturgy, 1566, appears to have been the first book printed



in Gaelic. The Bible, and many other books, among which are not to be forgotten the poems of Ossian, from the original manuscripts by the Highland Society, have been since published; yet education and literature were certainly less attended to by the Highlanders than their characteristic thirst for knowledge might have led us to expect. But the cause is to be found in the unsettled state of society. Wales is nearly four times richer than Scotland, [*which I doubt much,*] and supports seven or eight periodicals in the native language, while Scotland has only recently established one, the *Teachdaire Gaèlach*, or Highland Messenger, which, however, appears to meet with suitable encouragement.

“The want of a Gaelic dictionary was long felt in Scotland; but that of Mr. Armstrong, published in 1825, was hailed with satisfaction, and the labors of the gentlemen employed by the Highland Society have more recently appeared in the *Dictionarium Scoto-Celticum*, in two large volumes, quarto, which will now preserve this pure and valuable dialect of a language once universal in Europe. It will also fix the orthography, which was previously so unsettled. The learned have frequently suggested means of simplifying the spelling, by getting rid of numerous consonants which are retained without being at all sounded. The Celtic Society of Glasgow have this year, 1833, offered four prizes for the best essays on the subject; but their exertions have come too late, it is to be feared, to produce any effect. The apparently useless consonants are retained to show the root or primitive of a word, and thereby prevent confusion.

“*Notwithstanding the important assistance which, in acquiring other languages, would be derived from a knowledge of this primitive tongue, there is not a Celtic professorship in any seminary of learning in the kingdom.*” [A professor of the Irish language has been recently appointed in Trinity College, Dublin.]

Mr. Logan evidently underrates the numbers in Ireland, who still speak the Irish language, in fixing them at two millions. All the inhabitants of Connaught, with very few exceptions, speak the Irish, in their ordinary conversations. The people of that province alone number over *two millions*; in the southern province of Munster, whose population is rather more than two millions, the Irish language is spoken with nearly equal generality. There are many parts of the south and west of Ireland in which the English language is very seldom spoken, and very little understood. At the “monster meeting,” held, in the autumn of 1843, at Skibbereen, in the western part of the county of Cork, O’Connell was interrupted, in his English speech, by an old

man, who, with thousands of others on the spot, could not understand a word of what he said. The old man cried out in Irish, "Lawir Gailic;" upon which the Liberator, with astonishing promptitude and ease, changed the vehicle of his ideas to the old language of the nation. In which medium he continued, to the end of his speech, to pour out the burning lava of his heart upon the mass of boiling blood, which had gathered at his call from a thousand sources in the neighboring mountains.

The Irish spoken in Munster is esteemed by the best judges to be purer, and more classical, than that spoken in any other part of Ireland, or in Wales, or Scotland. The Irish spoken in the province of Connaught is said, by competent judges, to be the sweeter in accent. The people of the south of Ireland generally cultivate the Irish tongue with classical care, and are so thoroughly conversant with its *radices*, that they master, with little difficulty, most other languages. It is no uncommon thing, as remarked by learned travellers through Ireland, to find the working peasants, in many parts of the south of Ireland, conversant with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, in the original text. The cultivation of letters seems to be a natural instinct of the southern inhabitants of Ireland. Although not more brave than their countrymen in the other provinces, they were more fortunate in maintaining their independence, and with it their letters, language, and chivalrous spirit, against all sorts of British force and influence, longer than any other portion of their countrymen. The south of Ireland has given to the world, certainly, the most learned and eloquent men; and this may be, in a great degree, attributed to their careful and classical cultivation of the pure Irish language, which offers a thorough key to the other languages of Europe, and enables the orator or writer to select, with ease, the most powerfully expressive words to convey the conceptions of his mind.

I confidently believe that *five* millions of the eight and a half, which compose the population of Ireland, speak the Irish language. In Munster, eleven speak Irish to three who speak English; in Connaught, the proportion is thirteen to one. In Leinster about one half, and in Ulster two thirds, speak the Irish language. There are a couple of millions of Irishmen living by their labor in England; of these, I am certain, one third, at least, speak the ancient language of their country. In America, I am a witness that it is freely spoken by Irishmen, at their work, in New Orleans, New York, and Newfoundland. There are upwards of four millions of Irish people scattered along the American continent, under the various governments of Britain, United States, Mexico, &c.; of these scattered exiles, the half speak the language of

their fathers. Then there are the British colonies in the West and East Indies, and towards the south pole, and, besides, the numerous ships and armies of Britain, which carry with them, wheresoever they go, the persecuted language, with the oppressed sons, of Ireland.

Thus I compute, that the Celtico-Gaelic is yet spoken by eight millions of native born Irishmen, and by eleven hundred thousand Scotch and Welshmen — much more than five times the number in the whole world who speak Greek, and ten times the number in the world who speak Latin, and twenty times the number of those who speak Hebrew, dialects so much cultivated by the learned world. And when we reflect, that those who speak the “ancient tongue,” are generally illiterate, and stick to it in defiance of fashion, derision, ridicule, and interest, how exalted must be our ideas of the *vitality* of that language, which vitality is chiefly — perhaps alone — attributable to its brevity, melody, power, and expression!

I do not conceive how any man, ignorant of the Irish language, can be deemed a complete scholar. Without its aid he cannot penetrate the archives of literature that lie behind Greece and Rome. I am fortified in this position by the opinion of a popular and judicious English writer of the present times, namely, Sir Richard Phillips; from whose work on ancient and modern history, languages, and literature, I have already drawn many appropriate supplies.

“Every thing in Europe is modern and imitative, in relation to the history, science, and literature, of the Arabians, [the Egyptians and Phœnicians,] and the nations who wrote and spoke in their language. The Greeks were their servile imitators; and *study*, in Greece, was to visit those countries and borrow from them. Pythagoras even served in the Chaldaic armies, and Solon, Plato, Anaxagoras, and others, travelled in Arabian countries before they professed wisdom. *We also might drink at the same fountain*, but by a strange fatality have preferred the *muddy stream of Greek and Roman derivation*. Scarcely fifty in all Europe understand Arabic, [the ancient Phœnician,] but five thousand Greek, and a million Latin; though the Romans merely copied the Greeks, who mutilated their own original.”

Let us hope that the senseless prejudice, raised by our tyrant foes against the powerfully expressive and truly melodious language of our forefathers, shall not, in our days, be suffered to prevail against it. We are struggling hard to restore our country to her place amongst the nations; we must be successful if we but persevere, and act in concert. Let us make an effort, a collateral effort, to revive her literature and

ber language; let those who shall come after us be told, that there lived men in this generation who felt all the ennobling pride of ancestry, of nation, and of tongue, and who offered at their holy shrines the homage of hearts and hands pulsating with Milesian blood.

Within the last four or five years, a vigorous spirit of nationality, in respect to language, has grown up in Ireland: this spirit has been quickened by occasional essays on the ancient tongue, published in the periodical press. There is also established an Archæological Society, to revive the literature and language of the country, at the head of which, as secretary, there is a most erudite Irish scholar in the person of O'Donovan. The elaborately learned publications of Sir William Betham, on the antiquities and letters of the ancient Celtæ, Etruscans, &c., have done wonders to open men's eyes to the rich mines of literary wealth, that lie unexplored for want of a thorough knowledge of the Irish tongue.

That profoundly learned and purely patriotic divine, the Archbishop of Tuam, popularly called JOHN OF TUAM, and justly designated, by O'Connell, the "Lion of the Fold of Judah," has not been idle in trying to revive the national language. Not only does he preach in the old language himself, but insists on the clergymen, under his episcopal authority, preaching to the people the tidings of the cross through the medium of their ancient tongue. His authority extends over the entire province of Connaught, and his example and influence have proved a wonderful stimulus to the revival of a taste for the Irish language in other parts of the island. His grace has translated several of Moore's most national melodies from the English language into the Irish, for the purpose of diffusing the sentiments of the inspired bard amongst the oppressed people for whom he strung the lyre of his country with such irresistible power—and is, with the same laudable zeal, now translating the Iliad of Homer into Irish. In the clerical colleges of Maynooth, Carlow, and Kilkenny, which are devoted to the education of Catholic clergymen, the Irish language is taught as part of the educational course; and in the colleges where missionaries of opposite forms of creed are educated, it has latterly been made a branch of study and acquirement. Some of these missionaries have gone so far as to print the Scriptures in the Irish language, for distribution in the west and south of Ireland. Though their immediate object—that of changing the people from the old to some of the new forms of faith—has not been accomplished, yet their labors have been productive of great service in reviving the study, the writing, and printing, of the national language.

The writers in the *Dublin NATION* have done their share in the good work, by the frequent publication of very eloquent and interesting essays on the nature of the language. The immortal songs, in the *Nation*, in which are artfully and beautifully woven together, by happy allusions, the literary and military events, and associations, of Irish glory, or Irish sorrow, have stirred through the national heart the slumbering life-blood of Ireland, have awakened a new pulsation for freedom, a new fervor for nationality, a new appetite for Irish literature, language, art, and music.

Such desires and appetites cannot long remain ungratified. Already are there historians, poets, painters, engravers, statuaries, and antiquarians, at work, endeavoring to satisfy the new desires that are felt by the sober, regenerated Irish people. The writers in the *Dublin Nation* have suggested the publication of a weekly newspaper in the Irish language, as one of the means which ought to be resorted to for its revival. And they reason on the revival of the language thus: "The bulk of our history and poetry is written in Irish; and shall we, who learn Italian, and Latin, and Greek, to read Dante, Livy, and Homer, in the original,—shall we be content with ignorance, or, perhaps, an ignorant translation of Irish?" A better and cheaper plan, perhaps, would be the publication, in the *Nation*, every week, of a column of news in the Irish, with a juxtaposition translation in the English language. One of the newspapers in New Orleans, where half the population are French, and the other half English, publishes the leading news in a couple of French columns, and also a translation into English, in the same paper. In Montreal and Quebec, likewise, in many of the newspapers, and in all the public proclamations, the matter is published in both the French and English languages. Such a plan would, I am convinced, work admirably in Ireland.

It ought to be made known to every parent, who has it in his power to give his sons a classical education, that the Irish language is the key to all the others. Almost all the distinguished Irishmen, who have kept entranced assemblies hanging on their accents, have been well versed in the Irish language. The great O'Connell is a remarkable instance in illustration; so is Curran; both of whom sucked in the Irish language with their nurses' milk: both of these men were unequalled, at the Irish bar, in getting at the hearts of a jury.

It is an admitted fact that the Irish language is the most touching of any which can be used by the advocate in persuasion, or the lover in

supplication; it is the most scathing in the expression of loathing or scorn, the most animating in war, the most expressive in suffering, the most melting in woe, the most persuasive in debate. He who knows it best, other acquirements being given, will prove the most successful suitor, the most powerful debater.

Would it not be wise, therefore, in parents in America, as in Ireland, who intend to prepare their sons for the learned walks of life, to have instilled into their youthful minds a knowledge of the Irish language? Our Irish colleges, in America, should have a professor of that language. A sort of scholastic foppery prevails in our Irish colleges here, which has kept out our old language from the studies of youth: because, forsooth, it has been proclaimed down in Oxford and Cambridge, it ought, therefore, to be prohibited in those colleges of America which are exclusively filled by the sons of Irish parents. This is false doctrine. With uplifted hands I repudiate it!

Many Irishmen there are in this country who have, by great labor and industry, realized a wealthy competence, and, stimulated by the undying devotion of their race to letters, spare no expense in giving their sons what is called a "splendid education;" but not one word of the history and language of their fathers' country are they taught in the course of this "splendid education." With the beastly ferocity of pagan Rome, with the refined immorality of the Greeks, with the military and manufacturing prowess of bloodstained Britain, with the dazzling frivolity of France, are they made familiar, and with the *infidelity of all* are they deeply saturated; but with the military renown of the country of their fathers, with its morality and letters even before Christianity, with its Christian piety ever since, with its ages of faith, of glory, of law, of government, of literature, of hospitality, of independence, they are left unacquainted. Of its ancient and erudite language they know nothing; its science and art they discredit; its ancient manuscripts, that enrich the shelves of European libraries, they disregard; its classic architectural piles that yet stand, stubbornly above the earth, proclaiming the science and piety of their founders, are unknown, unseen, unheeded. Ireland, whose entire surface, for several feet deep, is enriched with the dust of their sainted forefathers, is excluded from their studies, and forgotten in their hearts; and some of these half-taught fops go to the extremity of denying their extraction, despising their fathers and their fathers' country, and at last abandon the sacred principles of their fathers' religion, taught them by Christ and Saint Patrick.



Let me ask the Irish father, whose heart is proof against the fashionable cant, and duplicity, and villany, to be found in the atmosphere of our great cities, whether this mode of education shall be suffered to continue. Let me ask the clergyman, whose experience must attest the truth of my premises and my inferences, whether IRELAND, and her language, as a study, are to be excluded from the course of education administered to our youth. Let me suggest to the true-hearted Irishmen, who *are* able to pay for the classical education of their sons, to *insist* on their being taught the language and history of their ancestors; the most interesting lay study that can be put before the minds of youth.

What I have written may not fall, in every instance, on inanimate rocks; the spark I fling out may fall on a large Irish heart, a magazine full of the best affections of humanity, the exalted impulses of which may be sustained by affluence. These suggestions may find their way to such a heart, and may light up a resolve within it, to do some substantial thing to perpetuate on this continent the language of ancient Ireland. There are many Irishmen in the United States who have realized very large properties; indeed, there have been some *immense* properties amassed by Irishmen in this country. In St. Louis and other parts of the south and west there are some Irish families excessively wealthy. In Natchez there is an Irish family which has given ten thousand dollars towards the erection of the Catholic church in that place. In some parts of Ohio I have seen schools and churches that have been raised by the beneficence of individual Irishmen, who appropriated lands to their maintenance. The public institutions of Baltimore, St. Louis, and other cities, bear testimony to the magnificent generosity of the Irish heart. The greatest property in America, — that which has just been awarded by the Supreme Court to the children and heirs of General Gaines, — amounting to *fifteen millions* of dollars, arising from a portion of the city of New Orleans, was originally gathered by an Irishman in that city, whose daughter the late General Gaines married. The *Croghans*—Irish also—have immense properties in Pittsburg and Louisville. The *Devereuxs* have immense properties in the state of New York. In Brooklyn, near New York, there is an Irishman worth two millions of dollars. In Boston there is another who is worth, at least, half a million.

Who knows but these or some others equally wealthy, whom I do not know, into whose hands these pages may fall, and who, admiring

the glorious history of their forefathers, may be induced to appropriate to its honor some five or ten thousand dollars, the interest of which would support forever a professor of the Irish language in some of those chief colleges where the sons of wealthy Irishmen congregate for instruction? What an enduring monument of a good, enlightened man would such a bequest create! It would perpetuate the name of the liberal donor to the remotest generations, and connect it with the classic associations of the Milesian race. The hint I thus cast upon the waves of time may yet be taken up, nursed, and matured into a vigorous realization, and the language of the sages and saints of Ireland may yet be steadily perpetuated along this continent, amongst the descendants of a once illustrious race.

Were those who are blessed with the means of promoting this great object to read the life of FLOOD, — to be found towards the close of this work, — they will there learn the estimate which that truly great Irishman formed of the Irish language, to revive which he bequeathed the reversion of his entire estates. They could hardly resist the appeal of so brilliant a precedent.

Since the foregoing essay was written, I have noticed, in a Dublin paper, the following paragraph, which proves that in the ancient lands of Africa, the language so long preserved in Ireland is occasionally heard.

“Silk Buckingham, by way of settling the question as to the descent of the Irish from the Phœnicians, mentioned a fact, which had come within his knowledge, of a gentleman from Fez, who by means of the language of the mountaineers of Atlas, with which he was intimately acquainted, kept up a conversation with two Irishmen, in their native idiom. He also knew of a Dublin lady, who, by means of the Irish language, conversed freely with the mountaineers of Atlas in their native idiom; these mountaineers being the descendants of Carthaginians who had taken refuge in ancient times in the Atlas range, and preserved the dialect of their Phœnician forefathers.”



## SECTION II.

Notice of the Principal Irish and British Historians of Ireland. — Amberghin. — Ethrial. — Ollamh Fodhla. — “The Black Book.” — “Book of Conquests.” — “Book of Invasions.” — Psalters of Cashell, Glendelagh, Armagh, Na-Raun, &c. — Annals of Tigernachus. — Ancient Manuscripts found in the Abbey of Icolm-Kille, in Scotland. — Ware’s Opinion. — M’Geoghegan’s Opinion. — Annals of Ulster. — Usher. Oxford Catalogue of Irish Manuscripts. — Abbé M’Geoghegan. — Manuscripts carried to France by James the Second. — Old Manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin. — First British Historians. — Gildas. — Bede. — Cambrensis. — Falsehood of his Work on Ireland. — Read by him at Oxford. — Exposed during his Lifetime. — Admitted and apologized for by him. — Ware’s Opinion of Cambrensis. — Other English Historians. — Sir James Ware. — Ireland has a better Right to Antiquity than Rome. — Ancient Manuscripts of Ireland. — Irish and other Authors who have written within the last three Centuries. — Lombard. — Keating. — O’Sullivan. — Ward. — O’Cleary. — Roth. — Usher. — Colgan. — Sir James Ware. — Belling. — Walsh. — O’Flaherty. — O’Reilly. — Porter. — Allemand. — Molyneux. — O’Kennedy. — Harris. — O’Connor. — Leland. — Warner. — Abbé M’Geoghegan. — O’Conor. — Ledwich. — Scully. — Corry. — Wise. — Colonel Vallancey. — O’Halloran. — Walker. — Plowden. — Barrington. — Grattan. — Wyse. — Carey. — Pepper. — Moore. — Life of O’Connell. — Battersby. — O’Callaghan. — O’Connell. — Madden. — Wolfe Tone. — M’Neven. — Emmet, &c.

I PROPOSE, in this place, to give a very brief account of some of the more prominent Irish, British, and other historians, by whom the great fabric of Irish history has been erected. Most historians refer, in very abbreviated notices, to previous authorities, from whom they quote, supposing their readers already acquainted with all those authors. This I have myself always felt to be very unsatisfactory. To those who spend all their time in the company of books, these abbreviated notices are not so great a source of inconvenience as to the great bulk of mankind, who are occupied with affairs far apart from literary study.

As I design this book for young persons, of both sexes, who cannot possibly be acquainted with one tenth of the learned authors to whom reference is made, I shall do my utmost, throughout the work, to render every thing as plain — as easily comprehended — as possible; and, instead of merely referring to authorities which many may not have the inclination or the means of consulting, I will put them in direct communication with the authors themselves, by publishing appropriate extracts; exhibiting, in their own words, the variety, spirit, and material, of their testimony to the ancient civilization and glory of Ireland.

The first literary person that our annals record is *Amberghin*, the brother of Heber and Heremon, the leaders of the first Milesian colony.

He wrote a poem descriptive of the voyage and adventures of the Milesian colony from Spain. According to O'Flaherty, he was poet and judge of the colony; and Sir William Betham gives in full, in the original text, Amberghin's poem containing all the occurrences, with a literal translation, which that learned man pronounces to be the *Irish* account of the same events as those recorded in engraved characters on the Eugubian brass Tables. The poems of Amberghin are the most ancient compositions in the Irish language. They are altogether historical, and are, in that respect, according to the custom of the ancients, who wrote nearly all their histories, biographies, and laws, in poetic measures, the better to preserve them in the memories of the people. These very ancient poems are found in the Books of Leacan, Ballymote, and the Book of Conquests, says Sir William Betham, copied from more ancient manuscripts now lost, or, if existing, not at present in possession of the learned world. The language of those poems bears a striking and extraordinary resemblance to that of the Etruscan Tables. It is monosyllabic. Many of the expressions are the same, and the style of the whole is very like. There can be no doubt of their very remote antiquity, being handed down by successive transcribers for centuries, who, ignorant of their meaning, had no motive for deception. They transcribed them from more ancient copies, to preserve them as ancient monuments of their country, admitting their incapability to develop their meaning. They have, from their great antiquity, been nearly as much a sealed book as the Eugubian Tables. There are four of these ancient poems, one of which is an account of the passage of a ship across the Bay of Biscay to Ireland; being, as it were, the Irish account of the event celebrated in the Eugubian Tables.

Ethrial, son of Irial, the monarch and prophet of Ireland, wrote, according to Keating, the history of the voyages and migrations of the Milesians down to his time, about forty years after the death of Amberghin. Ethrial also wrote some tracts on laws and medicine.

*Ollamh Fodhla*, the lawgiver, and King about three centuries after Ethrial's time, delivered in to the estates of Tara a history of his ancestors to that time. This great work was received and adopted by the assembled estates as the basis of their national registry. They denominated it the *Psalter* of Tara. Copies of this work were made and kept in *Tuam*, *Glendalough*, *Cashell*, and some other places. The history of Ireland was kept as a business of the king and parliament for very many generations. Collateral with this great registry were written certain auxiliary books, called the "Black Book," the "Book of Con-

quests," the "Book of Invasions." The contents of these ancient books, together with all contained in the great Book of *Tara*, were carefully collated and entered in the *Psalter of Cashell*, by *Cormac M' Cullinane*, Bishop and Governor of Munster, in the beginning of the tenth century.

Cairbre Liffeachair, monarch in the third century of the Christian era, composed the History of Kings, who were his predecessors; "a copy of which," says the Abbé M'Geoghegan, "had been preserved until the last [17th] century, in the abbey of Icolm-Kill, and Sir George M'Kenzie, in his Defence of the Royal Line of Scotland, mentions to *have seen it.*" Since the time of Christianity (I quote from the same author) we have the book called *Na-Geear*, written half in Irish and half in Latin, by St. Benignus, disciple of St. Patrick; the Psalter called *Na-Raun*, the Psalter of *Armagh*, of *Cluan M'Noisk*, *Cluan Aigneach*, and of *Gravala*; the "Books" of *Fiontan of Leix*, *Glendaloch*, *Roscrea*, and *Kilkenny*. These "Books" were kept by the bishops or abbots of those places, for they were monasteries with churches attached. They were histories of the country generally, and of the local ecclesiastical institutions. *Gillia Keavin*, in the tenth century, wrote an epic poem, into which he wove the whole history of Ireland from the beginning. In this great work, a copy of which is still extant, he presents the entire thread of Irish history, though, no doubt, highly embellished with poetical colorings. Yet we cannot doubt the existence of the *men* whom he describes, or the general facts he weaves in, because we may believe the favorite actors of the poet have been overmuch exalted. With equal reason might those who will occupy our places, five hundred years hence, disbelieve the almost incredible exertions of Washington and O'Connell, and, indeed, their very existence, because the grateful people of our day, have almost deified those great men.

The Martyrology of Marianus Gorman was written in the eleventh century. This work, together with many Irish manuscripts, was translated into English, in 1627, by *Conell M'Geoghegan*, which is recorded in O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*. The Annals of *Tigernachus*, of *Cluan M'Noisk*, were written in the Irish language and characters, in the eleventh century. They were records of Ireland, kept at that monastery. The Annals of Ennisfail were written in the thirteenth century, also the Synchronisms of *Flannus a Monasterio*. The greatest part of these writings are still entire.

Sir George M'Kenzie, the Scotch writer already referred to, in his

Defence of the Royal Line of Scotland, printed at Edinburgh, in 1685, speaks of the Irish manuscripts in the abbey of Icolm-Kill, which *he had seen*. The following are his words: "Since I have commenced this work, a very ancient manuscript of the abbey of Icolm-Kill has fallen into my hands. It was written by Cairbre Liffeachair, who lived six generations before St. Patrick, and about the time of our Savior. An exact account is given in it of Irish kings; from whence I infer that, as the Irish had manuscripts at that period, we certainly must have possessed them. I have also seen an ancient genealogy of the kings of the Scots, in Albania, [that is, the Irish colony established in Caledonia, in the reign of Heremon. The ancient Irish were called *Scots*,] which agrees with what has been said in our history on the crowning of Alexander the Second, and which is preserved at Icolm-Kill as a sacred deposit. And I have also seen another ancient manuscript, which sets forth that the Dalreudini [the sons and posterity of the Irish prince Cairbre Raidi, who governed Caledonia in a remote age] of Albania have been established here [in Scotland] six generations before *Eire*, whom *Usher* calls the father of our kings. From the same manuscript it is discovered that *Angus Thuirtheampher* had reigned in Ireland five hundred years before our Fergus the First, [of Scotland,] which accords with our histories, which say that the Scots inhabited this country for a long period before Feargus established himself in it. These same Irish manuscripts agree also with the history of Cairbre, alluded to above: these are, in fact, the additions made to his book by our ancient Senachies."

The learned *Ware* [Irish writer] quotes the Psalter named "*Narran*," written in the eighth century, half Irish and half Latin, by Aongus Kelide, or Colideus. The same author praises highly the *Psalter of Cashell*, and its learned author, Cormac M'Cullinnan, Bishop of Cashell and King of the province of Munster, who wrote in the beginning of the tenth century. "He was a man," says *Ware*, "most learned and skilled in the antiquities of Ireland, and wrote in his native language a history, commonly called the Psalter of Cashel, which is still extant, and held in high esteem."

There were, besides these distinguished Irish authorities, many of lesser note; viz., *Lecan*, *Molaga*, *Mholing*, *O'Duvegan*, *M'Egan*, *Moel Conroy*, *O'Brodeen*, *O'Doran*, *O'Duneen*, &c. All these authors have written one after the other. They have transmitted, age after age, says *M'Geoghegan*, and from hand to hand, the thread of the history of the Milesians, from the beginning. Scarcely an age

passes without some who write the history of every country. The last historians, if general, always renew and relate, besides the present, whatever might be contained in the ancient monuments of a country; so that, should the original ones be lost, or consumed by time, (contingencies that have pursued the records of all nations,) their substance is still preserved in modern works. The realities of the monuments of the Milesians cannot be doubted. They are quoted by authors that are well known, and incapable of imposing on them by substituting chimeras for the true ones. Keating, Colgan, Gratianus Lucius, Walsh, O'Flaherty, Kennedy, and others, quote them in every page. The celebrated Protestant Archbishop *Usher* discovered in the ancient archives of the Armagh cathedral (which was built by St. Patrick) a gathering of the most ancient monuments of intellectual greatness. One of these ancient works was called the Annals of Ulster, which Usher named *Ultonienses*. It was written partly in Irish, and partly in Latin, but in the Irish character. It was a history of all public occurrences in Ireland for many centuries previous, kept by the clergy of that cathedral from the times of St. Patrick, 444. The last writer on this celebrated record was *Roderick Cassidy*, Archdeacon of Clogher, who lived in the eleventh century, and died 1041, and who continued the great work down to his own time.

Usher himself has written much on the history of Ireland, and indeed on universal history. He was a very learned man, and may be more indebted for his fame to the rare and ancient records which he discovered in Armagh than the world supposes. He speaks highly of the *Annals of Ulster*, and of the ancient *Annals of Tigernachus*, another historical work of remote ages. One of the most ancient specimens of Greek musical notation that is now in the world, was found here by Usher, and published, in the close of the sixteenth century. On this ancient relic I shall have more to say under the head of our "ancient music." Usher was a sort of Presbyterian Episcopalian, receiving, in that respect, his hue from James the First of England. His Chronology, of the Creation, had been received and adopted by the British parliament in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

There has been published in Oxford a catalogue of the ancient English and Irish manuscripts deposited with the Duke of Chandos, in England, by the Earl of Clarendon. — That ancient seat of learning, I may note in a parenthesis, was originally established in part by Irish professors, in the time of King Alfred. — In that catalogue are the following notices of some of the Irish works in the possession of the Duke: —

“The Annals of Ulster is a book of most ancient character, and has been written partly in Irish, and partly in Latin, but in the Irish characters; it commences with the year of our Lord 444, and ends A. D. 1041, in which Rodericus Cassideus, Archdeacon of Clogher, died; he wrote the latter part of said Annals.” — *Vol. 2.*

“The Annals of Tigernachus (according to Ware) Clonmacnaisensis are mutilated in the beginning. The author touches on universal history, till the coming of St. Patrick; after this he describes the affairs of Ireland, till the year of our Lord 1088, in which he died; the book is in the Irish characters and language.” — *Vol. 3.*

“In the Annals of the Monastery of Innisfail, the author lightly touches on universal history, from the creation of the world to the year of our Lord 430. After this he describes, with great accuracy, Irish affairs to the year of our Lord 1215, in which he lived.” — *Vol. 26.*

The learned Abbé *M'Geoghegan*, a French ecclesiastic, who wrote his History of Ireland, in Paris, in the close of the seventeenth century, which he dedicated to the “Irish brigade,” who followed the fortunes of Sarsfield and King James to France, and who enlisted in the military service of that country, says, “The late king of England, James the Second, had a large manuscript volume in folio, called *Leabar Lecan*, taken from the library of Trinity College, Dublin; it was afterwards, by order of the prince, who had an act passed before notaries for the purpose, deposited in the archives of the Irish College, in Paris, and is carefully preserved. The style of this manuscript is so concise, and the words so abridged, that it is difficult to find any among the learned in that language able to decipher it.

“The translator of Keating’s History into English, printed at Dublin, in 1723, and afterwards in London, informs us, in his preface, that there is in the library of Trinity College, in the same city, among other monuments, a volume, in folio, written upon parchment many centuries ago; that this volume contains extracts from the Psalters of Tara, Cashel, Armagh, and other monuments of antiquity; and in order to obtain the reading of it for six months, that he had been obliged to give security to the amount of one thousand pounds sterling. Would he have dared to publish and to have printed, in the same city, that account, and give the name of Dr. Raymond, during his lifetime, who had been, he says, his security, if he feared that he could be contradicted? That is not probable.

“The monuments to which we have been alluding, besides many others preserved in the cabinets of some lords of the country, are frag-

ments that have escaped the fury of the Danes and Saxons; they can be compared to inscriptions engraven upon columns injured by time, which are at present useless in a country where the language is in its decline. From such sources, those who have treated of the subject within the last two centuries have been supplied: when the language was better understood than at present, it was then possible to consult these monuments; but those opportunities will disappear the more as time advances." See note at page 128.

The first British author, of whom we have any account, is *Gildas Britannicus*, surnamed the *Wise*, who wrote in the sixth century a treatise *De Excidio Britanniae*. He seems to doubt if his countrymen, the ancient Britons, left any monuments or manuscripts; for he says he was obliged to follow, in his writings, the accounts given of his country by foreigners; which is true enough; for Julius Cæsar, who landed in Britain about fifty years before the birth of Christ, was the first person who made any written historical memorial of the inhabitants of Britain. He describes them as being numerous, divided into wandering tribes, without settled habitations, destitute of government, laws, or letters. They drove their flocks from pasture to pasture, and followed them for subsistence. Arts or manufactures they had none; they were clothed in the skins of animals, and painted their bodies blue. They were conquered by Cæsar, and subjected to the sway of Rome without much difficulty; under that power they remained for four centuries. Whatever events grew up in Britain, during all that time, were recorded by the historians of Rome.

After Gildas came the Venerable *Bede*. He was a Saxon ecclesiastic, who wrote historical records of England, about the year 730 of the Christian era; his references to Ireland are frequent and truthful. But the man who stands conspicuous on the page of time, as the historian and traducer of Ireland, is Gerald Barry, commonly called *Giraldus Cambrensis*; he was the first stranger who undertook to write a history of Ireland. Giraldus was a Welsh priest, who followed the fortunes of his relatives and friends, in their invasions of Ireland, from 1169 to 1171. Henry the Second of England had made claim to the Irish soil, at the court of Rome; he represented the Irish people to Pope Adrian (an Englishman) as destitute of religion, law, morals, or government; and to support this representation, with a view to induce the pope to join his cause, he employed Giraldus to write his book. The popes of that epoch had much temporal power awarded to them by the nations of Europe. They were, by a kind of universal consent, referred to as arbiters in all

national or princely disputes. Their decisions were bowed to with implicit obedience by the whole Christian world. Hence the anxiety of Henry to procure a corrupt witness against Ireland, which Giraldus proved himself to be. It appeared that Henry obtained a clandestine bull from Pope Adrian, which (though the genuineness of this document has been disputed by O'Connell and others) conferred authority on Henry to invade Ireland, and force it into subjection to England, and, through the English monarch, more immediately than it had been, to the Pope.

To sustain the king, Cambrensis wrote his History of Ireland. He was only twice in Ireland, once with the adventurers under Strongbow, and once with Prince John, the son of Henry the Second, both visits not occupying more than eighteen months; he only saw about one third of the country; he, or his, durst proceed no farther; he understood not the language of the people, to whom he was a total stranger, and could not, therefore, consult the records of their ancient archives; he was obliged to substitute inventions, and tales, picked up after the manner of our modern travellers, for historical facts; he mixed only with the most common and illiterate, and such tales as he obtained from the lowest, he distorted and mixed up with the most ridiculous inventions of his own, representing the people as little better than barbarians, and their civilization by *conquest* a meritorious act.

Cambrensis wrote five books in Latin; the first three he called the "Topography of Ireland;" the last two, "Ireland conquered by Henry the Second." He spent five years composing these books, which he read before the learned doctors and people of Oxford, after the example of Herodotus, who read his History of Egypt before the Greeks. Cambrensis, in order to run his concoction down the throats of his hearers, resorted to the aid of sweets and sugar-plums. He treated the whole town splendidly for three days; the first day was appropriated to the populace; the second, to the doctors, professors, and principal scholars of the university; and, lastly, on the third day, he regaled the other scholars, soldiers, and citizens of the town, — "a noble and brilliant action," says Cambrensis himself, "whereby the ancient custom of the poets has been, for the first time, renewed in England." The History of Ireland, written by this half-witted calumniator, represents the River Shannon as discharging itself into the *North Sea*, whereas it discharges itself into the South or Atlantic. He scarcely mentions who were the first inhabitants of Ireland; as to the Scoto-



Milesians, who were the peaceful possessors of it for two thousand years, he gives no account whatever, either of their government, laws, battles, or inventions; he says, indeed, there had been one hundred and eighty-one monarchs of that race before his time, but does not give us so much as their names.

Such was the authority, on which the majority of subsequent English writers have deprived Ireland of her two thousand years of literature and glory. The learned *Abbé M'Geoghegan*, from whom, in O'Kelly's translation, I have condensed some of the foregoing, asks, with great force, "Have not the Irish an equal right to complain of him, as Josephus [in his first book against Appion] complains of some Greek authors, who undertook to compose the history of the Jewish war, the destruction of Jerusalem, and captivity of the Jews, from hearsay, without having ever been in the country, or seen the things of which they wrote, and who, he said, impudently assumed to themselves the title of historians?"

But, even during the lifetime of Cambrensis, those contemptible fictions of his were exposed, and he was made to feel the stings of conscience so keenly as to prompt him to make a public confession of the incorrectness of his books. He *did recant*, in an apology, published in a second edition of his work, the *Conquest of Ireland*, and in a treatise styled *Recantation*. He acknowledged that, though he had learned, from men of that country worthy of belief, many things which he mentions, he had followed the reports of the vulgar in too many instances. Sir James Ware, the learned Irish antiquarian, speaks of the works of Cambrensis thus: "Many things concerning Ireland could be noticed in this place as fabulous, which Cambrensis hath heaped together in his *Topography*; to analyze or descant upon each would require a whole tract. Caution should be particularly applied by the reader to his *Topography*, which *Giraldus himself confesses*. *I cannot but express my surprise, how men, now-a-days otherwise grave and learned, have obtruded on the world the fictions of Giraldus for truths.*"

Men "grave and learned" have adopted, age after age, the falsehoods of Cambrensis; have added to these falsehoods, and have piled them up with unblushing effrontery: for this they have been well rewarded with fat places and easy chairs by the British government; and the worst of it is, there are plenty of "grave and learned men," in our day, who pursue the self-same course in reference to unhappy Ireland,

and who are rewarded by the self-same power that instigated and rewarded Cambrensis. The works of this false witness lay buried in obscurity for four hundred years, until republished by *Camden*, at Frankfort, in 1602; and thus was the poison generated anew through the mind of Europe. Those old, confronted, and discredited falsehoods were reproduced by the host of calumniators, who grew up after the reformation, and who methodically and unblushingly followed Cambrensis, building up their histories on his fictions; for the same motives that actuated Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, have guided the pens of most of the English historians of Ireland since the reformation. Hanmer, Campion, Spenser, Camden, and Leland, are amongst the most conspicuous of the English defamers of Ireland; whilst it must be confessed, with deep humility, that Ireland herself has vomited forth monstrosities, who have undertaken, for English pay, to disparage and vilify the glorious, though oppressed, land that bore them. Of these in their places.

“Sir James Ware,” says the abbé, “begins his antiquities of Ireland with the reign of Laogare, and the apostleship of St. Patrick. Why he has not taken them from an earlier epoch, he assigns, as a reason, that most of what had been written concerning the predecessors of that monarch was exceedingly mixed with fables and anachronisms. Two things in this must be observed; first, that, from the acknowledgment of the author, there were some kings the predecessors of Laogare, and monuments which speak of them; second, that these monuments were mixed with fable and anachronisms. I have no doubt but his criticism is just; this is a fault common to all ancient histories. What can be known of antiquity, if all history be rejected which contains any thing that may be false, fabulous, or supposed? Is not Herodotus, the father of history, called also the father of falsehood? Why has he put forth things that are doubtful, nay, untrue, according to Manetho, in regard to Egypt and the Egyptians, upon the testimony of Vulcan’s priests, whom he had met with at Memphis? Is he correct in the accounts he gives of the manners and customs of the Scythians, Amazons, and other countries, from hearsay? Have the author of the *Cyropædia*, Titus Livy, Quintus Curtius, and others, been free from the lash of criticism? Have the more modern historians, Camden, Buchanan, De Thou, Mezeray, and Pere d’Orleans, escaped censure? Is not Voltaire convicted of repeated mistakes in his *Age of Louis the Fourteenth*, in his *History of Charles the Twelfth*, and in his *History of the Empire*?

“Can we not with justice say that Ware was not a fit judge in the affair? He did not know the primitive language of Ireland, so as to be able to explore the first periods of its history; he had no opportunity of consulting the Psalters of Teamour, (Tara,) and other monuments, necessary for such an undertaking; he saw but some books of annals, written half in Latin and half in Irish, the dates whereof ran no higher than the Christian era; in a word, every thing, antecedent to that period, is accused by him of containing fable and anachronisms; by these means he exonerates himself from making the researches to which he did not feel himself competent.

“It is further objected, that, because the Romans, and also the Greeks, had not historians more ancient than Herodotus, who lived about four hundred years before the Christian era, the pretensions of the Milesians, with respect to the epoch of their history, cannot be maintained.

“Josephus, in his book against Appion, asserts that, to have a knowledge of antiquity, we must not seek it among the Greeks, whose writings, he says, are imperfect, new, and doubtful; it appears, therefore, that history was not the ruling passion of that people, although polished in other respects.

“As to the Romans, they are more modern. The use of letters, says Livy, was rare among the ancient Romans, the memory being their only depository of time, in the first ages of the republic. If their priests in succeeding ages, transmitted some monuments, they were lost in the burning of the city; and, if we attach belief to Vossius on the subject, Fabius Pictor was the first who wrote the history of the republic, in the year of Rome 485.

“Orpheus of Crotona, in his poem of the Argonauts, and Aristotle, in his book of the World, dedicated to Alexander, make mention of Ireland, under the name of Ierna, from whence Usher takes the opportunity of saying, ‘that the Romans could produce no testimony so authentic for the antiquity of their name.’ The comparison of Usher is not made in allusion to the soil or land of Rome, nor to that of Ireland, the two countries being in that respect of equal antiquity; the question is with respect to those who *inhabited the two countries*, of which *we* have a more authentic testimony for their antiquity than the other: thus, in the opinion of Usher, the Scoto-Milesians had a better title to antiquity than the Romans.

“The strength of this reasoning will be felt still more forcibly, if, with Camden, we consider that the name *Ierna*, and others, which

strangers give to that island, are derived from Eire, '*ab Erin ergo gentis vocabulo originatio pretenda*;' a name which has been peculiar to it since the Scoto-Milesians have been in possession of the island, and which is derived from *Ire*, one of their ancient chiefs. If it be then allowed us to think, with Usher, that the Scoto-Milesians were established in Ireland before the Roman name was known, we may likewise suppose that, from being a lettered people, the dates of their histories are much higher than those of the Romans."

The existing manuscripts which treat of Ireland are, indeed, more voluminous than those of all the rest of Europe put together. How many authentic manuscripts are there remaining in the libraries of the Vatican at Rome, of the king at Paris, and in the Bodleian library at Oxford, which were never published? The history of Ireland rests on the concurring testimony of *fifty* different records, each of which, though differing in object, has an essential connection one with the other. These records are all, or nearly all, written in the Irish language and character. It ought to satisfy us that Keating, Colgan, Gratianus Lucius, Bruodine, O'Flaherty, O'Halloran, Sir William Betham, and many others, who made use of, and understood, the Irish language and manuscripts, can warrant them, and say that they bear every mark of the remotest antiquity, and that the extracts which they give from them are faithful. I make a further summary, from the Abbé M'Geoghegan and other writers, of the authors who have written on Ireland before our time.

The authors who have, in the last three centuries, given their attention to the history of Ireland, and that are best known, are Peter Lombard, Keating, Messingham, O'Sullivan, Ward, Clery, Roth, Usher, Colgan, Ware, Bruodine, Gratianus Lucius, Belling, Walsh, O'Flaherty, O'Reilly, Porter, Molyneux, Kennedy, O'Halloran, &c.

Peter Lombard was born in Waterford, and, being brought up from his youth at Westminster, under the eyes of the learned Camden, he displayed great proofs of capacity for the sciences; he afterwards came to Louvain, where he completed his studies, and received the doctor's cap. The provostship of the cathedral of Cambrai was afterwards conferred on him; lastly, he was appointed archbishop of Armagh, and primate of Ireland. Among his other works, he has left a commentary, in Latin, on the history of Ireland, which was highly esteemed, and was printed after his death, in quarto, at Louvain, in 1632.

Geoffrey Keating was born in Ireland, in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth: being intended for the ecclesias-

tical state, he left his country, in consequence of the persecutions that were carried on against the Catholics, and came to France, where he received the degree of doctor in theology. Returning afterwards to his native country, and being perfect master of the Irish language, he collected every thing that was possible for him, from the ancient monuments of Ireland, and formed the design of reducing them into the shape of history. Two motives induced him to undertake it, as he himself says in his preface—first, to draw from obscurity a people who were equally ancient as they were generous and noble, by preserving from the ravages of time a methodical history of their monuments; secondly, to develop the injustice of some authors, who, without consulting them, propagate against the Irish their false productions, which may be termed satires rather than history. He adds, that every thing which he advances in favor of Ireland arises from his love for truth, and that his testimony should not be suspected, being himself of English origin. This qualification, however, raised suspicions from many quarters against him, particularly in the provinces of Connaught and Ulster, where he was denied access to their documents.

This history, written in the Irish language, which was principally spoken at that time, has been since translated into English, and become thereby open to criticism. Those who think themselves interested in degrading the Irish people, whose antiquity appears to them insupportable, severely censure the history of Keating; while others, more moderate and impartial, consider it a valuable collection of antiquities. It must, however, be acknowledged, that, if the English translation of this history be a faithful one,—which is not very certain,—there are many anachronisms in the work, and accounts which seem to be fabulous and absurd tales. However, these should be attributed rather to the credulity of the author, who has too closely followed, on some occasions, the fictions of the ancient bards, than to any previous intention of degrading the history of the Irish nation. Among all its defects we discover many good and interesting things, which make that work essentially useful: provided it be read with caution, much information may be derived with respect to the origin of the Milesians, their establishment in the island, their wars, government, and the succession of their kings.

Thomas Messingham, a priest, and native of the province of Leinster, also apostolical prothonotary, and superior of a community of Irish in Paris, published, in that city, in 1624, a small folio volume in

Latin, entitled *Florilegium Insulæ Sanctorum*; it contains the lives of many of the Irish saints, taken from the best authors.

Philip O'Sullivan, a gentleman of the noble family of O'Sullivan Barry, in the county of Cork, being compelled by the misfortune of the times, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to fly from his country, withdrew to Spain, where, after having completed his studies at Compostella, he composed several works in Latin; amongst others, an abridgment of the history of Ireland, which had for its title *Historicæ Catholicæ Hiberniæ Compendium*, dedicated to Philip the Fourth, king of Spain, and printed at Lisbon, in 1621. The fabulous account of St. Patrick's purgatory, introduced into his history, after the Viscount Lamon de Parellos, a Spanish lord, has been injurious to it. In his description of the island, its antiquities, the invasion of the English, the fifteen years' war under Queen Elizabeth, and the persecution under James the First, he appears to be correct. He has drawn upon himself the censure of Usher, who treats him as a faithless author, on account of a tract written against him, under the title of *Archicorni-geromastix*.

Hugh Ward, or Wardeus, a native of the county Donegal, in Ulster, was first brought up at Salamanca, where he became one of the order of St. Francis, in 1616; he afterwards completed his studies at Paris, from whence he was called, and nominated lecturer in theology, and afterwards warden, at Louvain. As he was very learned and versed in antiquity, he took the resolution to write a universal history of the saints of his own country. For that object he sent Michael O'Cleary, a monk of his order, to collect materials necessary for it. In the mean time, he composed several works that were afterwards very useful to John Colgan, who undertook, after his death, to finish his intended history.

Michael O'Cleary, a native of the province of Ulster, and monk of the order of St. Francis, was sent, as has been observed, into Ireland, by Ward, to make the researches necessary for the work he had contemplated. This monk performed his commission with all possible attention, without his patron having derived from it any benefit, being prevented by death.

O'Cleary, having formed a taste for that kind of employment, troublesome indeed, but very useful to the public, and being joined by other antiquarians of the country, particularly Ferfessius O'Conry, Peregrin O'Cleary, and Peregrin O'Dubgennan, collected a quantity of materials to serve for an ecclesiastical and civil history, and reduced

them into order. Some ancient monuments he purged, by comparing them with old manuscripts, of the errors which had crept in by the ignorance of the copyists.

The first of these monuments is an historical abridgment of the Irish kings, their reign and succession, their genealogies and death.

The second is a tract on the genealogies of their saints, called *Sanctilogium genealogicum*.

The third treats of the first inhabitants, and different conquests of that island, the succession of her kings, their wars, and other remarkable events, from the deluge until the arrival of the English in the twelfth century. This book is called *Leabhar Gabhaltas*."

The erudite John O'Donovan has as follows: — "The O'Clerys commenced the compilation of these Annals on the 22d of January, 1632, and completed their task on the 18th of August, 1636. The authorities collated and abstracted into this compilation are enumerated in the *testimonium* prefixed to the Annals, and given under the hands of the guardian and brotherhood of the monastery. Of the work so produced there appear to have been four transcripts, all of which, in whole or in part, have come down to the present day. The first volume of the copy executed for O'Gara, after having been carried into Spain by his son, Colonel O'Gara, came ultimately into the possession of the venerable Charles O'Conor, by whose grandson, Dr. O'Conor, it was deposited at Stowe, where it still remains. Another copy, complete, transcribed for the use of the truly learned John Colgan, was by him bequeathed, with his other manuscript collections on Irish history and hagiology, to his convent at Louvain. O'Flaherty, author of *Ogygia*, had a third copy, the second volume of which, wanting a century at the commencement, is now preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. The second volume, complete, of a fourth copy, which seems to have been executed for the use of the O'Clerys themselves, and contains the original dedication and *testimonium* in the proper hand-writing of the respective parties, having come into the possession of the late Austin Cooper, Esq., was purchased at the sale of his library by George Petrie, Esq., of this city, and by him the purchase was generously transferred to the Royal Irish Academy, the ultimate depository and faithful preserver of this, as of many of the other remaining evidences of the learning, piety, and patriotic zeal, of the Irish people in past ages." Mr. O'D. is now translating this work.

James Usher, or Usserius, was a native of Dublin, and well known, in the republic of letters, by his erudition and the great number of

his works, which are a proof of it. The writings of this learned man, that have any reference to our history, are his *Veterum Epistolarum Hibernicarum Sylloge*, and *Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Antiquitates*. The first contains fifty letters upon the Irish people, with some notes from the editor. This small volume was printed first in Dublin, in 1630, and reprinted at Paris, 1665. The second, which was printed at Dublin in 1639, and at London in 1687, treats of the origin of British churches.

John Colgan, a native of the county Donegal, in Ulster, and monk of the order of St. Francis, in the convent of St. Anthony of Padua, at Louvain, where he was professor in theology, was learned in the language and antiquities of his country; he undertook to write the lives of the Irish saints, and was the more capable of undertaking it from being aided by the researches which Ward had made with the same intention. In 1645, a volume in folio was published by him at Louvain; it contained the lives of the saints for the first three months of the year, under the title of *Acta Sanctorum Veteris et Majoris Scotiae*. A second volume was published at Louvain, in 1647, which had for its title *Triadis Thaumaturgæ, &c.*; it contained the lives of St. Patrick, St. Columb, and St. Bridget. We have likewise a treatise from him on the country, life, and writings, of John Scot, called the subtle doctor, printed in octavo, at Antwerp, in 1655. There are, in fine, many manuscript volumes, at Louvain, of this author, which speak of the apostleship and mission of many Irish saints in foreign countries.

Sir James Ware, or Wareus, a native of Dublin, made many researches useful to the history of Ireland, both in the registries and cloisters of the churches and monasteries of the country, and in the libraries of England. He published first, in Dublin, in 1639, a treatise, in Latin, upon the Irish writers. In 1654 and 1658, he had the antiquities of Ireland published in London, under the title of *De Hibernia et Antiquitatibus ejus Disquisitiones*. In fine, he has furnished a commentary on the Irish prelates, from the conversion of that country down to his time. This work has been printed at Dublin, in 1665, under the title of *De Præsulibus Hiberniæ Commentarius*. All these have been translated into English, and printed in folio, at London, in 1705, to which is subjoined a discourse from Sir John Davis, who was attorney-general to James the First, wherein he examines into the cause of the delay of the conquest of Ireland by the English. Ware's researches on the foundation of the churches, the names and succession



of their prelates, the establishment of monasteries and religious houses, and the learned writers of that country, are extremely interesting. His works, which relate to Ireland, from the invasion of the English, are in general excellent, and worthy a man of his merit ; but his treatise on its antiquities is of small moment ; he was not sufficiently acquainted with its language to be able to consult the monuments of that people, so that he has, at a small expense, acquired for himself the title of antiquarian.

Anthony Bruodine, a native of the county Clare, in Ireland, was a Recollet and professor in theology, in the convent of that order at Prague. Among other works he composed a volume in quarto, entitled *Propugnaculum Catholicæ Veritatis, Pars Prima historica, &c.*, printed at Prague, in 1668.

John Lynch, priest and archdeacon of Tuam, and native of Galway, in Connaught, was learned in the language of his country, and ably conversant in all kinds of literature. The troubles produced to his country by the war of the parliamentarians, and tyranny of Cromwell, obliged him to leave it. In 1652, he came to France, and published, among other works, a volume in folio, printed in 1662, under the title of *Cambrensis Eversus*, and under the borrowed name of Gratianus Lucius. Our author, with much judgment and solidity, refutes the calumnies that Cambrensis had advanced against his country.

Sir Richard Belling, a native of the county Dublin, has left us a volume in duodecimo, printed in Latin, at Paris, in 1650, under the title of *Vindicarum Catholicorum Hiberniæ Libri duo*, and under the borrowed name of Philopater Irenæus. In the first book of this volume we discover a sufficiently exact account of the affairs of Ireland, from the year 1641 till 1649. The second is a refutation of a work written by a monk named Paul King, on Irish affairs.

Peter Walsh was a native of Moortown, in the county Kildare. Being admitted into the order of St. Francis, he studied at Louvain, where he became professor of theology. He begins with the history of the country, to end it with the twelfth century ; but though the recital of facts contained in it be sufficiently correct, still the want of order and system discoverable makes the reading of it irksome. The second part, which he promised, has never appeared.

Roderick O'Flaherty, an Irish gentleman, was born at Moycullin, in the county Galway ; it was the patrimony of his ancestors for many ages, but confiscated in the troubles which had arisen in 1641 ; he was a man of letters, and profoundly skilled in the history of his own and

foreign countries. He has left us a large volume, in Latin, composed from the most authentic monuments, and which he dedicated to the Duke of York, who soon afterwards became king of Great Britain, under the name of James the Second. It was printed in quarto, at London, in 1685, under the title of *Ogygia*, wherein he treats of the ancient history of Ireland, before Christianity. In this book he displays great erudition, and a deep knowledge of chronology, as appears from the testimony of two great men, Loftus and Belling, whose approvals are found printed at the head of his work. Stillingfleet also cites him with eulogy.

Hugh O'Reilly, an Irish gentleman, and native of the county Cavan, was master in the court of chancery, and register to the council under James the Second. Having followed the fortunes of that prince into France, he was nominated his chancellor for the kingdom of Ireland. In 1693, O'Reilly published a small volume in English, which has for its title, *Ireland's Case* briefly stated, that is to say, an abridgment of the state of Ireland, since the reformation, wherein the things which happened in that country are represented without disguise. He reproaches Charles the Second with want of gratitude to his Irish subjects for their services: he shows the injustice and bad policy of that prince, for having confirmed the murderers of the king, his father, in their possessions and wealth, as rewards for their regicide; the old proprietors were, for those objects, stripped of their fortunes, whose only crime was their faithful allegiance to their king. He speaks, in fine, like a man who, in pleading his own cause, pleads that of his country. His complaints, it appears, were well founded; whereas the king, his master, to whom he communicated the purport of his writings, before they would be printed, was pleased to say, that "they contained but too many truths."

Francis Porter, a native of the county of Meath, and monk of the order of St. Francis, was for a long time professor of theology in the College of St. Isidore, at Rome, and president of it for some time. Among other works he has left us a volume in Latin, and printed in quarto, at Rome, in 1690, under the title of *Compendium Annalium Ecclesiasticarum Regni Hiberniæ*. After his description of the kingdom, and a list of its kings, he speaks of the war of the Danes; the remainder relates to the affairs of the church.

Louis Augustin Allemand, a lawyer in the parliament of Paris, published in that city, in 1690, *L'Histoire Monastique d'Irlande*, in the French language, and dedicated it to James the Second, king of Great Britain and Ireland. The learned author follows, with great exact-

ness, those who have written on the same subject before him; namely, Usher, Ware, Colgan, and others; and it can be affirmed, that, for a stranger, who had never seen the country of which he writes, his work is very correct.

William Molyneux was born in Dublin, and has published many excellent works. Amongst others, one upon the State of Ireland, was dedicated by him to the Prince of Orange: he proves in it that that country was never conquered by Henry the Second; that he granted, according to treaty, a parliament and laws to such of the people of Ireland as resided in his pale; that the ecclesiastical state in that country was independent of England, and that the English could not bind the Irish by laws made where the people had not their deputies.

Matthew O'Kennedy, an Irish gentleman, and doctor of laws, master in the court of chancery, and judge of the admiralty, in Ireland, has written a small volume in English, printed at Paris, in 1705: it contains an historical and chronological dissertation on the royal family of the Stuarts, who are (he says) of Irish descent, through the colonies that were sent at different periods into Albania. This treatise has not escaped criticism; it has been abused by Father De la Haye, an Anglo-Scotchman, in a letter to the Duke of Perth, wherein there are more invectives against Kennedy and his country than proofs against his dissertation, the object of his attacks, as appears by Kennedy's reply, in the shape of a letter, to what De la Haye had advanced. This was printed at Paris, in French, in 1715, with the letter of that father subjoined to it.

Walter Harris, counsellor, has published two volumes, in folio, in English, on the history of Ireland, under the title of the Works of Sir James Ware on Ireland, revised and augmented. The first volume was printed at Dublin in 1739, and the second in 1745; a third, which he had promised, never appeared. The Irish people are deeply indebted to this learned man, for the pains he has bestowed, and the interesting researches he has made to complete that work, which he has considerably enlarged, and enriched with many tracts that escaped the vigilance of his prototype, and which merit for him the title of author, instead of editor, which he has modestly taken.

The Dissertations upon the ancient history of Ireland, given in English by an anonymous writer, and published at Dublin, in 1753, through the care of Michael Reilly, display an extensive knowledge in the antiquities of that country. This work is flowery in its style, and the matter handled with peculiar delicacy and neatness. The writer was among

the first of those who began to breathe truth about Ireland, at a period when the tyrannic chain of England held her in silence. This author was the learned O'Connor of Belenagar.

Dr. Thomas Leland was born in Dublin, 1722. He was educated in the school of Dr. Sheridan, so famous for giving brilliant scholars to the world. He became a fellow of Trinity College, and a clergyman of the established church. On the lieutenancy of Lord Townsend, in Ireland, 1768, he was made castle chaplain to that nobleman. Having gathered some materials for a history of Ireland, he ventured to give them to the world. From the slanders of Cambrensis, Cox, Temple, and other defamers of his country, he drew his supplies. To vilify the creed of his fathers seemed to be his chief object, for he was a parson of that "Establishment" which had possessed itself of the property of the believers in the old creed; and he was the pampered tool of that Orange faction which so often steeped his country in its bravest blood. His history covers the period from the reign of Henry the Second, 1172, to that of William the Third, 1691. Dr. Johnson said of him that "he began his history of Ireland too late," for he despatched two thousand years of ancient Irish history in a few pages of "introduction." Plowden says of him, "The late Dr. Leland is well known to have written his history of Ireland for a bishopric, which he never attained." He died in 1785.

Warner, an Englishman of more justice and greater industry, has written much of Ireland, her ancient story, and her high antiquity. He acknowledges that "Ireland had the start of the Britons, for many ages, in arts and sciences, in learning and in laws."

Curry, an Irishman, wrote, in the middle of the eighteenth century, a history of the civil wars of Ireland, which embraces that period covered by the reigns of Elizabeth, James the First, Charles the First, Cromwell, Charles the Second, James the Second. It is an able work, and one which has fully vindicated Ireland from the charges of cruelty in those unfortunate struggles, which had been so plentifully heaped on her by Leland and others.

The Abbé M'Geoghegan, who was of Irish descent, wrote, in Paris, a very able, though brief history of Ireland, which he brought down to his own time, namely, the close of the seventeenth century. This work was compiled from a variety of Irish manuscripts and other records, brought to France by the leading Irish exiles, before and after the fall of James the Second. He dedicated his work to the "Irish brigade," then in the service of Louis the Fifteenth, a legion composed of the Irish

refugees in France, who, after the example of the glorious Sarsfield, enlisted in the French king's service, and, single-handed, defeated the English frequently. This work has been lately translated by Mr. O'Kelly, and republished in Ireland, in a very able manner, by Mr. Duffy. I am indebted to it for much valuable matter not to be found in other publications.

Dr. O'Connor, of Belenagar, wrote his Dissertations on Irish history in about 1750: the work purposed to be only a series of papers on ancient Ireland. Mr. O'Connor had in his possession very many ancient historical manuscripts, and other records, which came to him from his ancestors, who were of the royal line of O'Connor, kings of Ireland—the possession of which enabled him to give to the world a most important volume. It is to be regretted that his grandson, the late Dr. O'Connor, found himself necessitated to part with all those invaluable, those truly national records. He sold them to the English Duke of Buckingham, the owner of the celebrated library of Stowe, where they now remain in *bondage*, somewhat like the country of which they tell. Dr. O'Connor undertook, while enjoying the patronage and friendship of the Duke of Buckingham, to write a history of Ireland, based upon the foundation laid by his grandfather. This work has been censured by some of the most patriotic of our modern historians and writers, for its imperfect presentation of the noble superstructure of Irish history. It was written under English influence, and *for* English booksellers, and it is not uncharitable to suppose that, written and published under such circumstances, its tone is subdued and its style pliant. However, the publication of the doctor's work in England did great good, for it attracted the attention of such men as the late Sir James Mackintosh, who declared, after perusing it, that "Dr. O'Connor had *exhibited proofs* which showed that the Irish nation were possessed of laws and letters, arts and sciences, centuries before the British had yet emerged from barbarism." If Dr. O'Connor's book did no more than draw this admission from so learned and eminent a man, it has not been written in vain.

Dr. Ledwich, an Irishman, undertook to present the historical features of his country, and has so greatly distorted them that Ireland disowns his work, and repudiates his authority. He has been proved to be a false witness against his native land, and must be classed with the monster, or rather the reptile race, that seem to be yet uneradicated from the Irish soil. Ledwich was originally a Catholic, but became a Protestant for the sake of the loaves and fishes which awaited his apostasy; to sustain or countenance which, he calumniated his former creed, and traduced his country.

Mr. Scully, an Irish gentleman of Tipperary, wrote, in the middle of the eighteenth century, a powerful and well-digested account of the "penal laws." It made a tremendous impression on the minds of the Roman Catholics of Ireland and England, for it held a faithful mirror to the body, political and social, and affrighted them to that activity which eventuated in the formation of the first Catholic committee. That committee was the acorn, from which has grown the majestic oak of Irish agitation. Mr. Scully, Mr. Wyse, (father of the present accomplished Thomas Wyse, member for Waterford,) and Mr. O'Connor of Belenagar, formed the first glorious triumviri who agitated for liberty, though laden with the chains of the oppressor. Though their agitation produced nothing, they transmitted the duty and trust which they assumed to the succeeding generation. Henry Grattan, the patriotic John Keogh, and the great-minded but unfortunate Theobald Wolfe Tone, with others, took up and carried on the great cause, and succeeded, in 1793, in striking off the first series of Ireland's galling chains.

Colonel Vallancey, an Englishman, an enthusiastic antiquarian, devoted his mind to the study of Ireland's ancient history, and her antiquities. To him she offered unexplored mines of the richest ore. He was employed as an architect and engineer to erect fortifications round the Irish coast. His wealth and opportunities enabled him to gratify his taste, and he entered on the great work with extraordinary zeal. He not only studied the history of Ireland, but her ancient language also; and employed some of the best Irish scholars he could procure to assist him in the meritorious labor of unravelling the tangled hank of her antiquities. He went so far as to prepare and publish a brief glossary or dictionary of the Irish language, as spoken in Wexford, and in some other parts of Ireland; and it must be acknowledged that he rendered, as far as his necessarily limited acquaintance with the Irish language permitted, a valuable addition to the already existing enormous stock of materials for a comprehensive history of Ireland.

Dr. Sylvester O'Halloran, a native of the county Limerick, in Ireland, a gentleman of ancient family, and of great literary attainments, published, by subscription, about the year 1786, the first part of what he designed to be a comprehensive history of Ireland. Being a profound Irish scholar, besides a thorough patriot and philanthropist, he infused into the work, as far as it went, all the dignity, eloquence, and research, which characterize the writers of the most refined ages, ancient or modern. Unfortunately, he did not carry his history farther than the twelfth century: death shortened a life devoted to the perpetuation of the history

of his country — a fate which, by some special destiny, prematurely overtook many other men who engaged in the same laborious work! His book is a splendid and truthful one as far as it goes. He had had the advantage of the zealous and learned labors of the very many erudite men who wrote before him; and it is creditable to the Irish character that, in a period just emerging from the gloom of the penal code, under whose terrible influence the intellect of Ireland was darkened, so powerful a writer as O'Halloran just then made his appearance, who flung out on the world a brilliant reflection of the almost departed rays of Ireland's renown and glory. O'Halloran, full of acquired lore, apposite similes, and biographical anecdote, frequently suspends his narrative while he empties his full-charged mind upon the page. His digressions for that reason are, though always interesting, sometimes inconveniently long; which effaces or disturbs the order of historical facts in the reader's mind. This, I think, is the only fault which can be alleged against the work. It is otherwise a splendid production, sustained by authority, enlightened by reason, enriched by a wondrous gathering of facts, and adorned by a beautiful style, which continues its elevated tone from the beginning to the end. These combined properties of O'Halloran's work justified *Pepper* in denominating him the IRISH LIVY.

Joseph C. Walker, a native of Dublin, wrote an historical memoir of the Irish bards, Irish music, instruments, weapons, &c., published in 1786. Mr. Walker's was the first effort to gather into an historical record the interesting reminiscences of Irish poetry and music. Walker acknowledges himself indebted to many eminent men of Ireland, for various papers and essays of inestimable value. These are published, in his work, under the signatures of the various learned and tasteful contributors, which include the names of O'Connor, O'Halloran, Vallancey, Beauford, Hawkins, Dr. Young, Archdale, Ousley, &c. Mr. Walker had good opportunities to acquire the necessary knowledge. He was an officer in the treasury chambers of Dublin, and was one of those who were warmed into the necessary enthusiasm of authorship by the kindling influence of national independence which Ireland enjoyed in his time. Since Walker wrote, Bunting, Moore, Hardiman, Murphy, and others, have made efforts to rescue our music and history from oblivion.

Francis Plowden, an Englishman, wrote an honest, though abridged, history of Ireland, from its connection with England in 1172 to 1800; and a continuation of Irish history from 1801 to 1811. His latter work

is invaluable as proving, by documentary evidence, the atrocious villany of those who concocted, aided, and acted as agents of blood, in bringing about the fraudulent UNION. Mr. Plowden's first work on Ireland was a volunteer publication, entitled a *Review of Irish History*. This work, for its extreme impartiality, was attacked by the Orange writers of the day. He then entered the field as a vigorous historian, searching the archives of Ireland for proof to sustain his general accusations against England, her ministers, and their bloodthirsty agents in Ireland, the notorious Orangemen. Mr. Plowden, I have heard, was prosecuted for libel by some of the persons whose deeds he brought to light, and under a government where the publication of *truth* is declared libel, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be fined and imprisoned; to escape which, he fled to France, where, I have heard, he died.

Sir Jonah Barrington, a native of Dublin, a member of the Irish parliament, and a judge of the admiralty, published, in Paris, a splendid historical work, denominated the *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, which embraces the gloomy events of Ireland, that grew up under the penal laws — the times of Grattan, the Irish volunteers, and the *fall* of Ireland at the union. His history of the union is the most truthful and comprehensive work published on the subject. The author was himself a member of the Irish parliament, and voted to the last against its annihilation: he wrote and published his history in Paris, whither he retired after the fall of his country. His is an eloquent and a truthful picture of the times in which he lived — the most glorious, as well as the most gloomy, recorded in Irish history. His work was published in 1833.

Martin M'Dermott, of the Coulavin family, died in London, 1821, at thirty-one years of age, while superintending the publication of his history of Ireland. Pepper lauds that portion which appeared, very highly; and says, no historian of Ireland has infused so much of the spirit of historical eloquence into the narrative of his country's story, as that gifted and lamented son of Irish genius.

*Grattan's Life*, by his son, (Henry,) covers nearly the same ground as that trodden by Barrington. Grattan having been the chief actor during the days of Ireland's glory, from 1777 to 1795, his *Life* discloses a brilliant succession of incidents, a great number of documents, letters of a very interesting character, especially so to the statesman and general politician. This work was published in Dublin, in 1840.

The present Thomas Wyse, the eloquent member for Waterford, wrote, in 1830, a history of the Catholic Association. His work takes in the penal code, and the efforts made by previous associations of Cath-



olics to efface that code from the constitution. Mr. Wyse's work carries on the thread of Irish history, with circumstantial detail, to the passing of the reform bill, in 1831.

Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia, published in that city a very able but brief work, a few years ago, entitled *Ireland Vindicated*.

PEPPER, the eloquent, talented, and learned Pepper, published in Boston, in 1836, a history of Ireland, which he only brought down to the twelfth century. He intended to carry the history to his own times, and was preparing to go to Ireland to collect documents; but he *lived* not to complete his work. Pepper was a native of Ardree, near Drogheda, where, previous to his departure for this country, he was engaged in the flour business. He established, in New York, the *Irish Shield*, which, on removing to Philadelphia, he continued, in that city, to its fourth volume. It was a spirited weekly publication, which fully realized its title. He was editor of the *Boston Sentinel*, and the early series of the *Boston Pilot*. His work on Ireland is extremely eloquent: indeed, some persons think his style rather inflated; but this is a small fault. The immense quantity and the great variety of the facts, notes, and appropriate quotations from other authors, which he has put together in his eloquent book, must forever preserve his name amongst the most talented and patriotic of his countrymen. He died in Boston, of a violent cold and fever, caught from stripping off his coat to cover some unfriended countryman of his own. Poor Pepper, though endowed with splendid talents, was encountered, in this asylum of the oppressed, by petty personal attacks, which he repelled with scathing power and crushing effect. To honor his memory, some patriotic and warm-hearted sons of Ireland have caused a marble obelisk to be erected over his remains in Charlestown burial-ground. The workmanship was executed, in a very able manner, by MICHAEL GALLAGHER, of Canton. It bears the simple inscription that follows:—

GEORGE PEPPER,

HISTORIAN OF IRELAND;

BORN IN TALLISTOWN, CO. LOUTH, IRELAND.

Died in Boston, May 11th, 1837.

— AGED 45 YEARS.—

Thomas Moore commenced the publication of his history of Ireland

in the year 1835; and though he has no doubt prosecuted the work with as much vigor as he could summon, and devoted as much time to it as his other engagements would permit, it is not yet completed. It brings the history of Ireland down to the time of Elizabeth, 1550, and a very important space yet remains to be described. Although it must be a species of presumption in me to attempt to say any thing of one whose works have made him known to every nation, still a few lines in *this place* may be pardoned. The family of Moore were from Wexford, in Ireland. The poet was born in Dublin, whither the family came to carry on business. They opened a grocer's store in Aungier Street, in that city; and young Moore was educated in Trinity College. His poetry points the speeches of every patriot, and graces, while it conveys, the sentiments of every drawing-room miss.\* Few men had better opportunities than Moore to gather materials; yet there are some eminent Irishmen not well satisfied with his history of Ireland: amongst these are O'Reilly, Dalton, O'Brien, Pepper, Sir William Betham, and the writers of the Dublin Nation. I should be the last man in creation to cast the shadow of censure on Mr. Moore's history, whose style is so eloquent, whose learning is so great, whose fame is so well and so deservedly established; but after all this, I must confess, there is more favor shown to England in his work than England deserves: however, on this head I shall speak in the proper place.

The *Life of O'Connell* has been published by Robert Huish. The book touches the outlines of Irish history from 1800 to 1833. The author, having put together four or five hundred pages filled with the sayings and doings of this great man, flings upon his hero, at the conclusion of the work, one of the usual canting taunts about his reception of an annual stipend from his countrymen. The author wrote for the English. The *Life of O'Connell* is yet to be written.

The *Repealer's Manual*, by Mr. Battersby, of Dublin, published in 1832, is an invaluable compilation of facts, figures, and documents, connected with the fatal union. I wish it were reprinted, and put into the hands of every repealer in England, Ireland, and America. From it I have gleaned many valuable facts, nowhere else to be obtained.

The *Green Book*, by John Cornelius O'Callaghan, now of Dublin, but whose family, I believe, are from the south of Ireland, was published in Dublin in 1840. Its historical part is devoted to the affairs of Ireland under James the Second and William the Third. The various battles which took place, on Irish ground, between these kings, are ably re-

\* See my sketch of him, page 1100.

viewed; the English accounts are ripped up, and a new reading of the memorable events is given to the world, well fortified by indisputable authorities. Mr. O'Callaghan had been a contributor of prose and poetic pieces to the *Dublin Comet*, which was a brilliant weekly paper of the Anglesey reign. It did good service to the cause of freedom, in those days of terror. The *Parson's Horn-Book* was enlivened by some of the squibs and crackers of O'Callaghan. Brown and Sheehan, however, were the chief writers of that very able book. Brown is now employed on the *Washington Globe*, in America; Sheehan on one of the London papers, "*Punch*," from which he draws twenty guineas a week. He infuses into that able periodical all the patriotism, poetry, sarcasm, and spirit, which characterized the *Comet* and *Horn-Book*.

Daniel O'Connell, the *LIBERATOR*, published, in 1842, a "*Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon*," which does not pretend to be more than an historical indictment against the Saxon. It begins with the invasion by Strongbow, in 1169, and concludes with the reign of James the First. It is indeed a terrible indictment against England, and terribly has she felt it. It is a gathering of horrors, poured out on the head of the oppressor with an unsparing hand. This work has furnished the repealers of Europe and America with material enough to excite their indignation, and feed their eloquence. On Daniel O'Connell, the author of that work, I shall have a special lecture, which see.

Madden's *History of the United Irishmen*, Cloney's *Narrative*, Wolfe Tone's *Memoirs*, Gordon's *History*, and Taylor's *Rebellion of 1798*, together with *Fragments of Irish History*, published by Macneven and Emmet, in New York, furnish pretty full materials relating to the unfortunate affairs of Ireland during the rebellion of 1798, and the times immediately previous and subsequent. Besides these, the innumerable biographies of distinguished Irishmen furnish material abundant to sustain that part of the undertaking.

These are the principal authorities from which I have compiled this work. The greater portion of the modern authors above enumerated are in my possession. I need not express how intensely I feel the responsibility which I incur. If I shall live to complete this book, and present to my countrymen in America a familiar digest of their glorious history, together with some specimens of their music, — if I shall win the character of having done no damage to their name and cause in this endeavor, — let me have the honor of a place in this distinguished catalogue of her historians.

Whitelocke gives a list of the Irish manuscripts, in the Irish character,

still existing in the archives of Trinity College, Dublin, and in the private libraries of members of the Gaelic or Hiberno-Celtic Society of Ireland. There are *forty-one* manuscripts on antiquities; *thirty* on battles; *eight* on laws; *eleven* on medicine and botany; *four* on science; *eleven* on morals and religion; *ten* dictionaries and glossaries; *fourteen* romances and dramatic tracts, forming altogether one hundred and twenty-nine very ancient and very rare works. See Whitelocke's Dublin, Appendix 78, and Nicholson's Irish Historical Dictionary, Dublin, 1723. The Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, bishop of Cork, has ten thousand quarto pages, transcribed from old Irish manuscripts of a more modern date.

THE LAMENTATION OF THE AGED WOMEN.



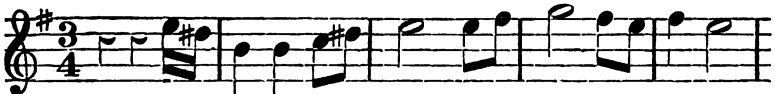
MARY, YOU HAVE ELOPED FROM ME.

Four staves of music in G major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The melody is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with several trills (tr) and triplets. The piece ends with a double bar line. Dynamics include *p* (piano) markings.

SAY, MY CHARMING FAIR.

(ABAIR A CUMAN GILE.)

*Melody of an age beyond the period of memory.*



## O! MY BLACK SORROW.

(ULLICAN DUB O!)

*Melody of an age beyond the period of memory.*

*Allegro.*

## SECTION III.

First Erections of the Milesians. — Round Towers. — Probable Uses. — Specimens of ancient Round Towers. — Egyptian. — Indian. — Irish. — Obelisks of Egypt. — Round Towers of India. — Religious Systems of India. — Buddhism. — Druids. — Cæsar's Description of them. — Tower of Ardmore, in Ireland. — Experiments at the Foundation. — Number and Size of the Irish Round Towers. — Marks of Christianity found on them. — Identity of the old Irish Castles with Egyptian Houses proved. — Gobbawn Scir. — Drawings of Egyptian Houses. — Irish Castles. — Drawing of an ancient Egyptian Sandal, found in Ireland. — Mr. Gliddon's Opinion thereon. — Egyptian Writer Heccatæus on Ireland. — Cromleaghs. — Caves, &c.

THE *ancient* architecture of the Milesians deserves here a special notice. It must be kept in our minds, totally distinct from the architecture of the ages which came immediately before and followed the introduction of Christianity. The first erections of this singular people yet live. They have lived on for thousands of years, through storm and through convulsion; and they yet exist above the earth, defying, like the proud race of the land, both time and tyranny.

The stone erections of the ancient Irish were of two kinds, viz., the round, pointed towers, and the square, vaulted castles. The former were sepulchres, and, as some very learned men assert, were used also for religious purposes and astronomical observations; the latter for the habitations of chiefs. There are many of both kinds of building yet existing in Ireland. The material of which they are composed seems calculated to endure forever. Many of the round towers are yet in a perfectly whole and sound condition, though erected more than three thousand years ago! The material of them all is stone and cement. The latter was formed of properties unknown to modern science. The scientific men of modern times cannot, by the most minute analysis, discover the nature of that cement, which has bound the stones together for so many ages. The origin and uses of these round towers have been the topic of a prolonged controversy between some of the most eminent scholars of Europe. Several books have been written to prove one side or other of the different positions assumed by the respective writers. No reasonable man could expect, from a work so general as this, a critical inquiry into a vexed question so learnedly discussed. A *glance* at the curious and interesting subject is all I propose to give.

Sir William Betham has entered into the profoundest depths of the round tower inquiry. Ancient and modern history, the experiments

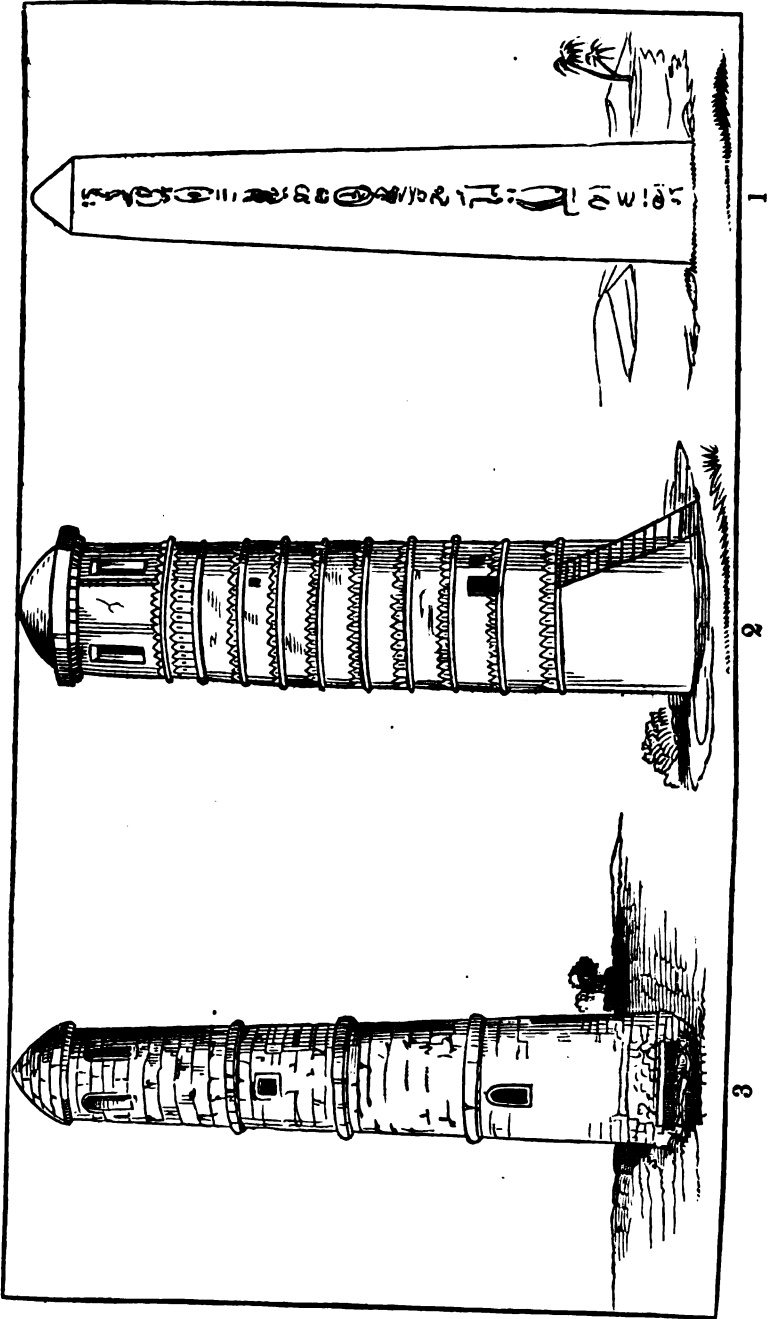
and observations of travellers in all countries, have been compared with each other. The ground under and around the foundations of some of these towers has been dug, under the superintendence of gentlemen whose only object was to elicit truth. An *OPINION*, formed upon concurring experiments, made not only in Ireland, but in India, Egypt, Italy, and elsewhere, has been established; the substance of which is, that these towers were erected in those ages when men conceived their greatest honor, while living, consisted in the dimensions of the monument they could raise up for the reception of their ashes.

This was the spirit which animated the Pharaohs of Egypt to the erection of the pyramids, those huge masses of stone and cement, which have certainly perpetuated the fame of the race of kings that raised them, in defiance of time or invasion, through many and many an age. Mr. Moore, while devoting several pages of his work to this topic, thinks these towers were used as well for astronomical purposes as religious. The four windows generally found at the top; as pointing to the four cardinal points of the compass, — north, south, east, west, — the stone steps, leading upwards, through the inside, to these apertures, plainly prove these towers to have been erected for utility as well as show. There is, in my opinion, nothing in the supposition inconsistent with the wisdom and pride of our progenitors. We can readily conceive the motives of a distinguished man, who, in raising a monument to perpetuate his memory, chose a mode which would forever connect his name with science, and preserve a recollection of his existence in the minds of enlightened men.\*

Before I enter farther into this question, I deem it proper to present outlines of *three* of these ancient erections, which are evidently akin to each other. No. 1 is Egyptian; No. 2, Indian; No. 3, Irish.

\* See note, in reference to Mr. Peitre's new theory on this subject, at the end of the book.





No. 1. The obelisk of Heliopolis is the sole remaining one of a pair that stood together, which were erected by Osortasen, king of Egypt, about 2070 B. C. Gliddon tells us that, about six hundred and forty-seven years ago, Abd-el-Cateef, the Arab historian, wrote there were *then* two upon the spot. The height of the remaining pillar is about sixty-one feet, and its base six and a half. The Pharaohs of Egypt erected these comparatively small towers before their great monuments and pyramids, to receive the written memorials of their existence and quality. That presented in the annexed diagram contains a series of hieroglyphic characters; the translation of some of which is as follows: — “Pharaoh, SUN OFFERED TO THE WORLD, lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, the living of men, son of the sun, OSORTASEN,” &c. &c. — This obelisk was dedicated *to the sun*, to which was dedicated the city, on the ruins of which it still stands. There are several of these Egyptian obelisks existing in Thebes, Alexandria, and other cities, along the Nile. All of these contain inscriptions of some sort or another, recording the deeds of kings and heroes. By some these erections have been called Cleopatra’s *Needles*, but this is a popular misnomer. The obelisk in the Hippodrome, at Constantinople, is a work of Thotmus the Fourth. That at Rome bears inscriptions of various Pharaohs and Roman emperors. Of all the obelisks, the largest and most beautiful is that of Karnac, at Thebes, cut by Queen Amense, before Christ 1760. It is a single shaft, of the purest and most exquisitely polished sienite, in height about ninety feet, and in weight about four hundred tons.

In Egypt, where the passion for erecting stupendous monuments over the dead was nurtured for ages by national policy and popular sentiment, these obelisks were of secondary importance — something in the way of ornament to the main erection; but in those distant countries into which the Egyptians and Phœnicians penetrated, where the population was yet thin, and building material scanty, their kings and chiefs contented themselves with erecting the smaller towers, which, according to the changing circumstances of climate and country, were linked by the builders, for the reasons already stated, with both the religious and scientific studies of the people.

In reference to the Indian tower, marked No. 2, all we can learn about it is little indeed. Sir William Betham says, “We find round towers in every respect identical with our own, scattered over the entire surface of the peninsulas of India. Two Buddhist towers are now standing at Bigpore, described by Lord Valentia, and there is another standing at Cole, near Allyghur, as appears from a drawing by my friend

Captain Smith, late of the 44th. His lordship observes, 'It is singular that there is no tradition concerning them, nor are they held in any respect by the Hindoos of this country. The rajah, Jyanagur, considers them holy, and has erected a small building to shelter the great number of his subjects who privately come to worship them.'" On their general uses, and their identity with the age and objects of the Irish towers, Sir William Betham thus reasons: "The opinions and tenets of the Buddhist faith supply the strongest evidence that the towers of India and those of Ireland originated with the same opinions, and were erected for the same purpose—evidence which, taken as a whole, I never even hoped would be so satisfactory and conclusive as it now appears. In papers published in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, I attempted to show that the Ptolemaic maritime geographical names of the Indian seas were significant of the local character and peculiarities of each place in the Irish language. This was to me a matter of surprise, but at that time I did not contemplate that the tenets of the Buddhist faith, (the faith, be it remembered, which preceded the Brahmins in India,) the most ancient faith of all India, and still of the Island of Ceylon, the ancient Taprobana, and the greater part of the further peninsula of India and China, should be found nearly in perfect accordance with that of the Celtic Druids. Such, however, is the fact, as far as we know of the latter, and the remains of that people in our island also coincide.\*

"Buddha Gaudma is supposed to be an incarnation of the deity. There were many before him; he is now the Buddha. The Lama of Tibet is supposed also to be a living incarnation, or representation of Buddha, by the Chinese called *Foe*, and on the death of his body, the soul immediately is born again in another person. It is necessary to say thus much to account for the numerous holy relics of Buddha, which have been deposited in many *dagobas*, *topes*, and *towers*, in India.

"The Buddhist believes in a future state of rewards and punishments, in the transmigration of souls. A bad man may be born again a pismire; a good one, a heavenly being, an angel. Heaven awards not its blessings, or hell its pains, eternally, but according to the merits or demerits of the individual.

"Buddha issued *ten* commandments! Of these —

- "1. Thou shalt not kill.
- "2. Thou shalt not steal.
- "3. Thou shalt not commit fornication.

\* See a further evidence of this identity in language at page 101.

“ 4. Thou shalt not say any manner of falsehood.

“ 5. Thou shalt not drink any intoxicating liquor.

“ These five were to be observed by all his disciples, but by the holy priests are added to the third above recited, ‘*or admit a lustful desire, or suffer the touch of a woman.*’

“ 6. Thou shalt not eat at any unpermitted hour.

“ 7. Thou shalt not dance, sing, or play music, or see them done.

“ 8. Thou shalt not use high and great seats.

“ To the inferior priests are enjoined the following, in addition : —

“ 9. Thou shalt abstain from the use of flowers or perfumes.

“ 10. Thou shalt not receive, use, or touch gold, silver, or money of any kind.

“ The breach of these laws is committed by thought, word, and deed, thus, in stealing : —

“ 1. The knowledge that the property is another’s.

“ 2. The desire of stealing.

“ 3. Projecting means to steal.

“ 4. Actual commission of theft.

“ The 3d, of fornication : —

“ 1. Desiring a woman not your wife, or a woman a man not her husband.

“ 2. Lustful desire in man or woman.

“ 3. Planning a committal.

“ 4. Actual commission.

“ The 4th, of falsehood : —

“ 1. The knowledge of its being a falsehood.

“ 2. The saying it.

“ 3. The making the hearer believe it.

“ The 5th, drinking intoxicating liquor : —

“ 1. The knowledge of its being intoxicating.

“ 2. The drinking it.

“ 3. Suffering under its effects.

“ There are ten sins: *three* committed by deeds — killing, stealing, and debauching.

“ *Four* by words — lying, backbiting, slandering, or speaking to hurt another’s feelings, and idle talk.

“ *Three* by mind — covetousness, envy, and false belief.

“ This brief statement of the opinions and belief of Buddhism clearly shows that the late Mr. O’Brien totally misunderstood its precepts, and that, all his premises being erroneous, his conclusions must be equally so.

The religion of Buddha has nothing in common with the obscenities of Siva, or the worship of the Phallus.

“I do not mean to say that the Buddhist religion is pure in its practical effects: its theory alone is pure; but it requires something more than pure laws to produce pure lives. It is well said, ‘It inculcates benevolence, tenderness, forgiveness of injuries, and love of enemies; it forbids sensuality, love of pleasure, and attachment to worldly objects; yet it is destitute of power to produce the former or subdue the latter. It is like an alabaster image, beautiful in all its parts, but *destitute of life*, and being so, provides no atonement for sin.’ Here, also, the Gospel triumphs over this and every other religion.’ \* \* \*

“The Druids have long ceased to exist in Gaul and Britain, and none of the Roman or Greek writers afford any satisfactory clew to their doctrines and dogmas, except what we find in Cæsar. We, in fact, know but little of them; St. Patrick’s zeal for the Christian faith destroyed all the books of the Irish Druids.

“The little Cæsar supplies is, however, of the first importance. To the pen of that great man we are indebted for what we know of the early history of the British islands. He possessed the highest order of human intellect; he was the greatest soldier, the most profound statesman, and most elegant scholar, not only of his own day, but of the periods which preceded him, at least so far as profane history speaks.”

It is due to truth to insert here the character of Julius Cæsar by the learned Sir Richard Phillips: “He was a profligate young patrician, who, being two millions in debt, obtained by corruption the command of the army, with which he plundered and enslaved several nations, and then turned it against the freedom of his own. He ultimately paid the penalty of his tyranny and treachery by the loss of his life at the Capitol. Most of the commentaries which bear his name were written by *Hirtius* and *Appianus*.”

“Cæsar says, ‘The Druids are occupied with the sacred duties of expounding their religion, and ordering the ceremonies of their public and private sacrifices. To them the youth are committed for education, and they are held in such honor and reputation, that all controversies, or disputes, both public and private, are referred to their decision. If any offence be committed, as murder or manslaughter, or any dispute respecting estates, lands, or inheritance, it is the Druids who decide, punishing the guilty and rewarding the virtuous.’

“‘They teach, as their chief doctrine, that men’s souls are immortal, and move from one body to another after death.’

“Let us now compare the Druid and Buddhist systems, and first their religion. They both believe in the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls — a system so peculiar and singular in its character and ramifications, as to negative at once the idea that it could have originated from separate sources; the most credulous and speculative would scarcely venture an assertion so improbable. If this be admitted, we know that the metempsychosis was essentially an opinion taught by Pythagoras, and promulgated over the world by the Phœnician people, both in the east and west.

“The Druids and Buddhists were both skilful astronomers; of this I have already given sufficient evidence in Cæsar and Upham, and the Mahawansa.

“BAAL.

“Among other coincidences between the opinions and customs of the Buddhists and the Celts, is to be numbered the *planet worship* of the *Baalim*, which prevails in Ceylon, and wherever Buddhism rules. It will not be denied that the worship of Baal prevailed in Ireland, and other Celtic countries, except by those whose ignorance is only to be equalled by the confidence with which they put forth their pretensions to knowledge. The lighting of the fires of the *Bealtin*, on the eve of the summer solstice, the name of Baal scattered over the whole of Ireland, in its topography, as *Baal tigh more*, the great house of Baal, in Cork; *Baltinglass*, the Green of Baal’s Fire, in Wicklow; *Baall agh*, or Baal’s Ford, in Mayo, at which place, by the bye, is a round tower, prove the fact: it is useless to multiply examples.

“Mr. Upham says of the doctrines of the Bali in Ceylon, (page 116,)

“‘Planet influence is styled *Bal-le-ah*, which may bear affinity to *Baal*.’

“These Indian towers, like the Irish, are circular; they are both solitary buildings, with an entrance elevated from eight to twelve feet from the ground; they each have small apertures for the admission of light, at regular distances from the elevation, with four apertures near the top, at the four cardinal points, and each is covered with a round or conical top. The Buddhist writings declare that they were built over the bones or relics of their saints, or to commemorate some act of their incarnate Buddho. In the tower of Timahoe, in Ireland, an urn was found, which contained human bones.

“In India are abundance of dagobas, or mausolea of dome-like masses, covering the body of a deceased Buddho, solid, save the chamber, where the body was deposited. In Ireland we have conical hills, as New

Grange, Killeavy, Dowth, Ratoath, Cloncurry, of exactly the same character."

The tower of Ardmore, No. 3, in the diagram, stands in the county of Waterford, on the coast, near the entrance of Youghal Bay. It is above one hundred feet high, forty-two feet in circumference, fifteen in diameter. "It is divided on the outside, by projecting bands, into four unequal stories, with a window in each, except the upper, in which are four opposite to each other. The door is about fifteen feet from the ground. This is the only tower in Ireland (at least I believe so) which has the projecting bands, in which it resembles much the Indian towers of Boglipor."

Sir William Betham, in concert with other antiquarians of Ireland, has had many of those Irish towers closely examined, and the earth dug up for several feet beneath their foundations. As the description of one experiment would *nearly* answer for all, I content myself with giving that made in Ardmore, in July, 1841, by Mr. Hackett, who describes the root of the tower thus: "Mr. Odell's letter described our labor in reaching the bottom; let me now describe what appears to have been the manner in which the builders of the tower proceeded. They first went about ten feet, or more, below the surface, and there laid their foundation of large rocks; about four feet from the bottom they laid the body across, the head and feet resting on the rocks at the opposite side, the body lying on a bed of mould, four or five feet in diameter; they then continued to carry up the foundation, the ends irregularly serrated, so as to overlay the head on one side, and the feet on the other; they then covered the body with about two feet of mould, which they covered with a floor of mortar; over this, they wedged in, with such force as to render them impervious to ordinary labor, large blocks forming a compact mass of unhewn stones, and above them another layer of similar stones, but not so compact; over this were indications of another mortar floor, which being only visible at the edges, indicated a former attempt at exploration. Only about one course or two of large blocks were laid higher than the outside plinth; above these was a loose mass of small stones, five or six feet deep, of the same kind of stones as the substratum of blocks, all of which are different from the stone of which the tower was built. I am thus minute in the description, because it has been suggested that, as the skeleton was found lying east and west, as the bodies do in the surrounding cemetery, the tower had been built over a grave unknown to the builders. This induced me to examine it with more care, and I took with me an intelligent mason, who agreed with

me that this tower was certainly intended as a sepulchre, for the whole was carefully and artificially prepared for that purpose; first, laying down a concrete floor, then four successive layers of mason's work, and finally, above these, a second floor of concrete; all this would not be accidentally built over a body previously deposited, for the last floor and the walls rest on the solid rock.

"On the 29th of July, I received a letter from my friend, John Windele, Esq., of Cork, confirming Mr. Hackett's statements; and, on the 18th of August following, one from Mr. Odell, stating that he had discovered a second skeleton, so imbedded in the solid work of the tower, he had 'not been able to extract it, but that it can be got out without, in the slightest degree, interfering with or endangering the foundation, which rests, as I had anticipated, upon the rock.'"

Similar experiments were made in the foundations of the towers of Cashell, Cloyne, Roscrea, Drumbo, Maghera, and other places. There are sixty of these ancient edifices in Ireland, and two in Scotland, viz., at Brechin and Abernethy; their general height ranges between ninety and one hundred and twenty feet. Moore says of them, in the conclusion of his interesting essay, (published, however, previous to the important discoveries made by Sir William Betham and his friends,) "They [the towers] must therefore be referred to times beyond the reach of historical record." That they were destined originally to religious purposes, can hardly admit of question; nor can those who have satisfied themselves, from the strong evidence which is found in the writings of antiquity, that there existed between Ireland and some parts of the East an early and intimate intercourse, harbor much doubt as to the real birthplace of the now unknown worship, of which these towers remain the solitary and enduring monuments.

Some of the round towers have marks of Christianity cut in the door-ways, and in other parts of the building. From this circumstance, certain writers have taken occasion to insist that some of them were built in Christian times; but, on examination, this will be found untenable. We know that the early Christian missionaries adopted the policy of weaving in as many of the previous customs of their converts as, consistent with their principles, they could. For instance, the Baaltine fires, lit up throughout Ireland at midsummer, in honor of Baal, (the sun,) were not suppressed by St. Patrick, but the custom was turned to Christian account, by annexing to it the festival of St. John: thus did they in all countries. These venerated towers were not destroyed, nor the custom of assembling round them abolished; but



Christian churches were erected close to them, and the Christian rites were performed nearly on the very sites of the pagan sacrifices. Even in our own times, a reverend gentleman in the south of Ireland has erected two round towers on the ancient principle.

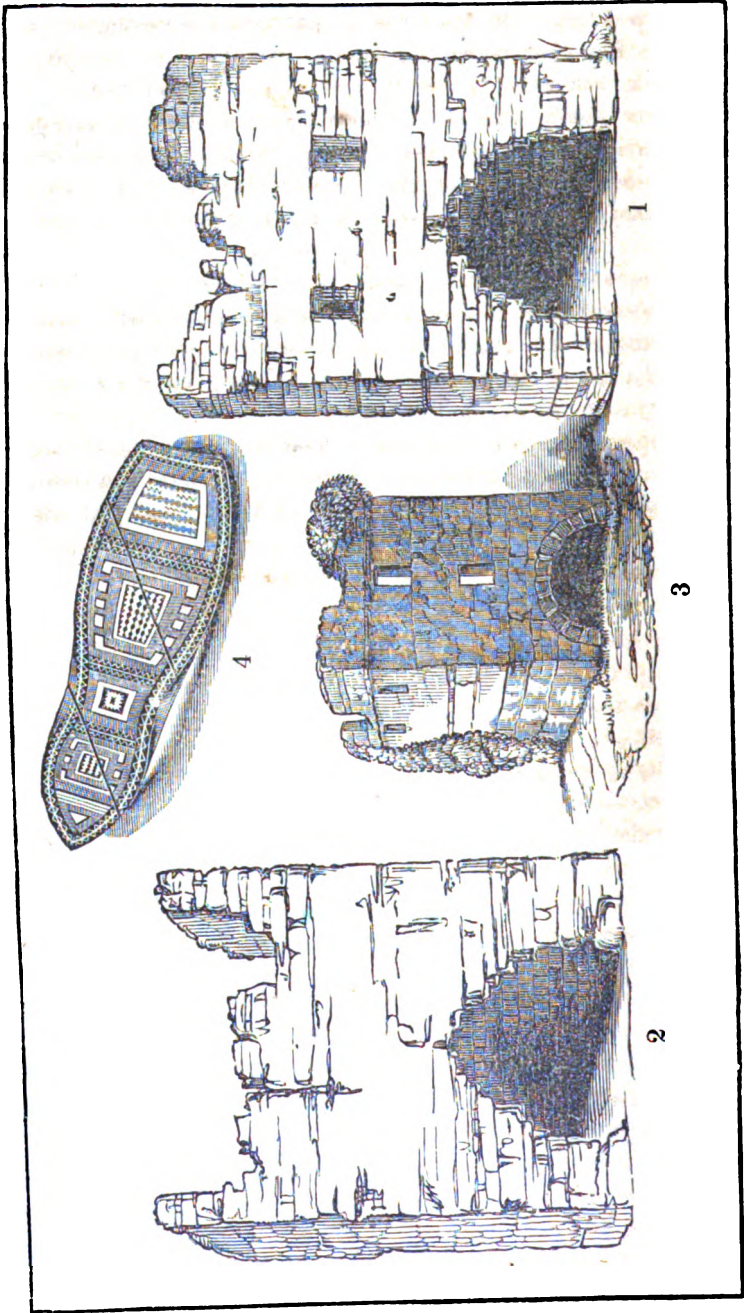
With a view of proving the identity of the early buildings of Ireland and those of Egypt, I present drawings of an old Egyptian house, and of a building which is a specimen of many that are yet to be seen in Ireland. No. 1, I have copied from a drawing presented by Mr. Gliddon in his lectures on Egypt, which he sketched from one of the ancient Egyptian houses to be found in the valley of the Nile. No. 2, I have sketched, according to the impressions made on my memory of an old castle to be found in Ireland, near the banks of the Grand Canal, at the village of *Balateage*, about twenty-four miles south-west of Dublin. I have seen this old castle many a time, and have often run up its old stone steps when a boy. The old arched vault is still in perfect order, and over it is a layer of earth, which forms a second floor or story. The roof has long since decayed away, and the upper part of the walls are mouldering slowly.\* This castle, like all the others of its kind through Ireland, is supposed to have been erected several centuries ago by a certain *Gobbaun Seir*, or masonic conjurer, whom popular tradition has linked with every extraordinary or ancient building of which there is no certain history known. No. 3, is a sketch of the ancient Castle of Carlingford, near Dundalk, in the county Louth. Near this castle is the ruin of an old abbey, which was erected several ages ago: the castle was *then* an ancient ruin. There are still lingering in Ireland a few others of those very ancient erections, — one at Kilgobbin, another at Kilcullen, &c. There can be no doubt entertained by any man, that they are of Egyptian origin, and are nearly coeval in date with similar erections yet found in the valley of the Nile, which gives them an age of better than three thousand years.

No. 4, is an accurate drawing of a leather sandal, found in the year 1833, by some turf-cutters, deep in the bog near Kilnemnon, in the county Tipperary. I take the engraving and description from *Fold's Dublin Magazine*, 1834. The gentleman who describes it says, "The drawing is done to life; the smallest *minutiae* of the carving, and even two cuts, which the sandal unfortunately received from the tools of the workman ere it was discovered, being faithfully delineated. This valuable relic of antiquity is made of leather curiously carved;

\* These walls are eight feet thick.

and I need not add, that it is well tanned. The possessor is of opinion that it is near a thousand years old."

I took this drawing to Mr. Gliddon, of whom I have made honorable mention on several previous occasions, to ascertain his opinion as to its origin. He, without hesitation, declared it to be an Egyptian sandal. Mr. Gliddon resided in Egypt three-and-twenty years as the consul of the United States, and, during that time, made the antiquities of that country his favorite study. He pointed out to me, amongst his drawings, the outline or profiles of many Celtic heads, which are still seen chiseled in the monuments of Thebes. He assured me that it was the opinion of the learned, who had studied this subject, that these profiles bore so strong a resemblance to the Irish of the present day, that they might be said to be sketches of the living race, instead of their progenitors entabled near four thousand years ago! I could indeed give other engravings of ancient coins, weapons, and ornaments, which will go still farther to prove the immediate relationship of ancient Ireland with Egypt.



Here, perhaps, is the best place to introduce the celebrated passage from the Egyptian writer Heccætaeus, transcribed by Diodorus the Sicilian, in reference to the "Land of the Hyperboreans," which proves how highly Ireland was then esteemed by the scribes of that great nation. "They say that Latona was born here, [in Ireland,] and, therefore, that they worshipped Apollo above all other gods; and, because they are daily singing songs in praise of this god, and ascribing to him the highest honors, they say that those inhabitants demean themselves as if they were Apollo's priests, who has here a stately grove and renowned temple of round form, beautified with many rich gifts; that there is a city likewise consecrated to this god, whose citizens are most of them harpers, who, playing on the harp, chant sacred hymns to Apollo in the temple, setting forth his glorious acts. The Hyperboreans use their own natural language; but, of long and ancient time, have had a special kindness for the Grecians, and more especially for the Athenians, and them of Delos; and that some of the Grecians passed over to the Hyperboreans, and left behind them divers presents, inscribed with Greek characters; and that *Abaris formerly travelled from thence into Greece, and renewed the ancient league of friendship with the Delians,*" &c.

These drawings, and what I have said respecting them, relate only to the *ancient* architecture of Ireland. The ages antecedent and subsequent to Christianity gave birth to a different, and a more varied, style, which shall, when we come to the affairs of those ages, be fully considered.

Under the head of "ancient erections" of Ireland may be ranked the *cromleaghs* and caves, which were of Phœnicio-Etruscan origin.

"The Etruscan mode of burial was the most sumptuous and expensive of any ancient nation, except, perhaps, the Egyptians. It does not appear that they embalmed the bodies of the dead, but they hewed out chambers in the natural rock, in which they placed sarcophagi of marble, and other stones, and also of burned clay, and placed about them vases and bronzes of great beauty and exquisite taste; on the bodies they left sumptuous ornaments of gold and precious stones.

"To give even a sketch of this very interesting portion of the Etruscan remains, would occupy too much space. The object here is merely to make a comparison between the mode of sepulture of the ancient inhabitants of Ireland and those of Italy.

"The damp climate, and consequent wetness of the soil of Ireland, forbids the general adoption of excavating chambers in the natural

rock ; nor does the hard stone, of which Irish rocks are, for the most part, composed, admit of such an operation ; while the soft tufa of Italy is peculiarly fitted for the purpose : we cannot, therefore, expect to find many similar chambers in Ireland. The Etruscans, however, had also their large artificial hills, or tumuli, with long galleries, or passages, leading to the centre, where were lofty chambers, formed of large stones of Cyclopiian architecture, in which they deposited the mighty dead.

“The monument, or tumulus, called Cucumella, in the plains of *Canino*, partakes of the character of the round tower, as well as of the tumulus. It closely resembled Newgrange, Dowth, and many other Irish sepulchral tumuli, as to its external appearance, before it was opened.”

Ireland still presents evidences, in her caves and cromleaghs, of her Phœnicio-Etruscan origin. There are celebrated caves in all parts of the country, some of them evidencing, in the inside, the expenditure of considerable labor and taste. That in the plains of Louth is inlaid with marble, on which figures in basso relievo have been well carved. “St. Patrick’s Purgatory” is a narrow cell in one of the islands of Lough Derg. It is hewn out of the solid rock, and was a place of penance, of voluntary imprisonment, which the holy man prepared for himself, and to which he frequently retired as a punishment for his sins. Skeheewrinky, near Cabir, is a splendid cave : after descending by a ladder of thirty steps, the visitor can wander for half a mile under ground, and find on every side rocky altars, columns, spires, and architectural ruins, resembling a fallen city. Bally Cassidy, near Enniskillen, is a cave, the dome of which rises to the elevation of twenty-five feet, and the different chambers are adorned with Tuscan columns of limestone. Indeed, in every part of Ireland, there are time-honored caves, to which the enthusiasts in religion or science withdrew, to enkindle in their souls, unimpeded by the gross world without, the celestial fires of that heaven which they worshipped.

For a further account of Irish architecture, see page 485.

In the month of August, 1844, and since the preceding pages were stereotyped, one of those colossal mounds, having a cave beneath, was accidentally opened by some laborers, near Tarbert, on the Kerry side of the Shannon. It is described as a conical hill, two hundred yards from the base to the summit. It is surmounted by an ancient fort. Beneath the summit was discovered a vertical entrance, a common doorway, of about two feet square, and about six feet below the surface.

Five or six persons who had ventured in, one after the other, were suffocated by the confined air. At length, when its suffocating properties were somewhat neutralized by the admixture of a fresh current, others entered, and having dragged out the lifeless bodies, report that they proceeded through the narrow passage before described, and at the distance of a few feet were able to stand nearly erect; they thus advanced through four cellars, each about six feet long, connected, in a circuitous direction, by narrow apertures, the walls of the cellar being formed of grit-stone, overlapping each other.

Having passed through these, the party reached a straight hall, about twelve feet long, at the end of which the leader (Bunnian) struck upon one of the bodies they were seeking. It is probable that before this book goes to press, some further information may be obtained about the interior of this second Irish pyramid. This discovery, together with the pyramid called *New Grange*, near Drogheda, discovered only seventy years ago, leaves no longer any doubt that the original settlers of Ireland were from the shores of the Nile. The following beautiful stanzas, by *Desmond*, in the *Dublin Nation*, are appropriate: —

## THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

“The pillar towers of Ireland — how wondrously they stand,  
 By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our land!  
 In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,  
 These gray old pillar temples — these conquerors of time!  
 Two favorites hath Time — the pyramids of Nile,  
 And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle;  
 As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its nest,  
 Passeth Time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the West!  
 The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,  
 Like the dry branch in the fire, or the body in the tomb;  
 But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast —  
 These temples of forgotten gods — these relics of the past!  
 Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane,  
 The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain,  
 Phœnician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman peers,  
 And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs of later years!  
 How many different rites have these gray old temples known!  
 To the mind what dreams are written in these chronicles of stone!  
 What terror, and what error, what gleams of love and truth,  
 Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its youth!  
 Here blazed the sacred fire; and, when the sun was gone,  
 As a star from afar, to the traveller it shone;  
 And the warm blood of the victim have these gray old temples drunk,  
 And the death-song of the Druid, and the matin of the monk.”

## EDMUND OF THE HILL.

(EAMON A CNICK.)

Musical score for "EDMUND OF THE HILL." (EAMON A CNICK.). The score is written in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 3/4 time. It consists of five staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a trill (tr) in the fifth measure. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff includes a trill (tr) in the first measure and a double bar line. The fourth and fifth staves conclude the piece with a final double bar line.

## ADIEU, THOU FAITHLESS WORLD.

Musical score for "ADIEU, THOU FAITHLESS WORLD." The score is written in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and common time (C). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature. The tempo marking "Slow." is placed above the first staff. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a trill (tr) in the second measure of the second staff. The third staff concludes the piece with a final double bar line.

## SHEELA NA GUIRA.

Musical score for "SHEELA NA GUIRA." consisting of five staves of music. The first staff is in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and 3/4 time. The second staff includes a repeat sign. The third staff has a key signature change to C major (no sharps or flats). The fourth and fifth staves continue the melody in C major.

## SLEEP ON, MY KATHLEEN DEAR.

Musical score for "SLEEP ON, MY KATHLEEN DEAR." consisting of four staves of music. The first staff is in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and common time (C), with the tempo marking "Slow." above it. The second staff includes a repeat sign. The third and fourth staves continue the melody, with a trill (tr) marking above a note in the third staff.



## CAROLAN'S FAREWELL.

The image displays a musical score for the piece "CAROLAN'S FAREWELL." The score is written on seven staves of music, all in treble clef and common time (C). The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The music consists of a single melodic line. The notation includes various note values such as quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. There are several slurs and accents throughout the piece. A repeat sign with first and second endings is present in the third staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the seventh staff.

## LECTURE V.

---

### THE BARDS.

The Bards. — Their ancient Duties. — Respect shown them. — Nature of Poetry. — Music defined. — Bards were cherished by the Ancients. — Their Mode of helping the Memory. — Material of their Books. — Public Lectures of the Bards delivered in Recitative. — Helped their Voice with the Harp. — Academies of the Bards. — The Barred and Ring. — Bards led the Armies to Battle. — Their Influence. — Their Dress. — Value of their Dress. — Their Duties at the Burial of the Dead. — The *Caione*. — Lamentation over Chucullen's Tomb. — The *Ullaluth*, or Irish Cry over the Dead. — Female Voice mingled in the Lamentation. — Bardesses. — Bards acted as Registrars. — Were taken as Hostages. — Blair's Estimate of their Character. — Grew in Numbers prodigiously. — Limited by King Hugh in the sixth Century. — Columba Kille comes from Scotland to plead for them. — Their excessive Numbers prove the poetical and musical Taste of the People. — The Scottish Bards received their Education in Ireland. — Destruction of Irish poetic Manuscripts. — Irish Poetry. — Rules of the Poets. — The twenty-four Laws of Irish Poetry introduced into Wales in the eleventh Century. — The Irish Masters of every Sort of Versification. — Their Rules adopted by modern Poets. — Specimens of ancient Irish Poetry. — Irish Triads. — Classified Definition of English Versification by Sir R. Phillips. — Oisín the old Bard of Erin. — Learned Disputes about his Poems. — Homer's subject to similar Disputes. — Oisín an Irishman. — The most learned Men admit it. — Macpherson's Translation. — Character of Macpherson. — Specimens of the Oisianic Poetry. — Fionmaccoumhall's Advice to his Son. — Oisín's Lamentation for the Loss of his Sight.

OUR idea of a bard differs materially from that entertained by our Milesian forefathers. By us, the bard is viewed as a wandering rhymer, songster, or some eccentric person of that nature. But in the early ages of Ireland, and during her long career of independence, the bard was esteemed a most important officer. In his person were united the attributes and functions of historian, legislator, judge, poet, and musi-

cian, and sometimes the functions also of Druid. From the very first settlement of the Milesians in Ireland, the bard was viewed by the people with the highest respect. In the reign of the enlightened Irish king Tigernmass, about nine hundred years before Christ, the high respect entertained for the bardic order was distinctly marked in the sumptuary laws established by that monarch to regulate the colors in the people's dress. That celebrated law limited the common people and soldiery to one color; military officers and private gentlemen to two colors; commanders of battalions to three colors; beataghs, or keepers of houses of hospitality, to four; the principal nobility and knights to five; and the *ollamhs*, or **DIGNIFIED BARDS**, to *six*; whilst to the king *seven* colors, and no more, were permitted. This law, while it marked distinctly the respect rendered to the bards, ranking them next to royalty itself, proves, at the same time, the *order* which, in that remote age, prevailed amongst the ancient Irish, and establishes, beyond the power of calumniators to deny, the science and taste which must have been called into action, to supply the public appetite for those various colors. The Franks, or French, in the time of Pepin, adopted this custom from the Irish, and have continued it from that time to the present. The many-colored garments of the French are to be traced to the Irish custom here noted. Walker, reflecting on this law, asks, with patriotic exultation, "Can that nation be deemed unenlightened or barbarous, in which learning shared the honors next to royalty? Warlike as the Irish were in those days, even arms were less respected amongst them than letters. Read this, ye *polished* nations of the earth, and blush!"

In all ages, and in every nation, poetry and music were ever held in estimation. Every man is more or less a poet or musician, and is affected more or less with the one or the other expression of human feeling, in proportion as his physical and mental faculties are natural, healthy, developed, and cultivated. Poetry is the regulated effervescence of the brain; it is part of the excitement which takes place beyond the demands for natural wants, and thus displays itself in flights called imagination; those flights are often eccentric, and produce evil. But "good poetry," says Sir R. Phillips, "is the able display of *feeling*; and good prose, the able display of *fact, correct reasoning, and acquired knowledge.*"

Music is the more sublimated expression of human feeling; its effect depends upon the power and variation of the sounds which convey it. Music may be defined an agreeable stream of well-con-

trusted sounds, formed by the standard of the human voice in a natural key, continually varying from that to a lower or higher pitch, but uttered in a manner agreeably to the organs of hearing, or the seat of sensations in the brain. Music, like language, delights in simple sounds; yet refinement, as it proceeds, sanctions a skilful deviation from simple sounds, as the acme of science. An ear accustomed or educated to these deviations must be continually fed by the like sounds, for it sickens at the pure voice of nature. In the same way does the physical appetite of one, who has been fed from childhood on food tortured from its natural flavor by every imaginable invention, sicken against plain meats in their original elements.

In the next section, I shall enter more fully into the subject of music; the present is devoted to the "bards."

Ancient Ireland was surpassed by no nation on the earth in political, literary, and religious institutions. The bards, as heads of education, and administrators of laws, were a privileged and an influential class. They were greatly respected by the ancients of every nation. The Egyptians and Phoenicians honored them highly; and the Greeks and Romans — pupils of those learned nations — honored their bards after the custom of their great teachers. Even Alexander the Great was accompanied by a bard, *Cherylus*, who received a piece of gold for every good verse, and a blow for every bad one. Our great Irish bard Oisín speaks of a king\* who kept one hundred bards in his court.

As books were very scarce in those ancient times, the bards turned their histories and laws into poetic or rhyming metre, the more easily to fasten them in the memories of the *brehons* (judges) and legislators. Some classes of the bards were required to recite from memory the genealogies and history of twenty kings. Others were required to recite in verse the whole history of Ireland, including all the laws and battles that had taken place from the first landing of the Milesians to their own times. These exercises must have wonderfully increased the power of their memories. Their academical discipline enjoined that, on every new day, the business of the preceding should be rehearsed, the conversations and exercises renewed, till all that was deemed most valuable was stamped indelibly on the leaves of memory. It was the practice of those learned men to store their *heads* with knowledge. The learned of our days keep their knowledge packed in their libraries.

The bards wrote on the inner bark of the beech-tree. The term *book* was derived from *bench*, a beech-tree. The book of *Declan*,

\* Cormac, in the third century.

written in Ireland before the Christian era, which was deposited by James the Second in the College of Paris, is of that material. The Egyptians cut their laws and histories on stone. They also wrote them on leaves of the papyrus plant. The Phœnicians engraved on bronze tables; the Romans on ivory; and the Irish on wood, iron, bark, and the skins of beasts. Parchment *volumes* were commonly rolled on a stick having a ball at each end; the composition began at the centre. These were called "volumes," and the outsides were inscribed just as we now letter books: Flatted horn and thin plates of brass were used in religious recitals, and in schools. The horn-book of our nurseries is a primitive book. Parchment volumes were scarce; they frequently sold for double their weight in gold. Information was communicated to assemblies by the bard, as it now is by the lecturer. He recited, in sweetly-modulated tones and in metre, the deeds of kings, heroes, adventurers, mariners at sea, the relations which the stars bore towards each other, &c.

All they deemed worth preserving, in science, law, or worship, was committed to verse, and, through the sweet medium of poetry, conducted to the heart, and marked on the memory.

Each succeeding generation of the Milesian family recognized the attributes and authority of the "bard," as a legislator, an administrator of the law, poet, historian, and instructor of youth. Occasionally their voices were accompanied by an instrument — the harp, most likely, as that instrument was very generally in use, in those ages, in Ireland.

We are told by the Abbé Dubois, an old French writer, that the early Grecian and Roman orators, in their public orations, sustained their voices by musical accompaniments. Thales, the Cretan legislator, conveyed his precepts in verse, and sung them to his lyre. In Ireland, there were places set apart for the education of the "bards." These sacred recesses of study were generally sunk in sequestered woods. The eye of day was excluded, and learners studied by the light of tapers, torches, and lamps. The *ollamh* studied twelve years, each three of which were devoted to a chief branch of science. It was in those primary recesses of learning that the Druids instructed the bards. The diet and dress of the students were regulated by the most rigid rules of prudence. The attractions and lures of pleasure were strictly kept away from these homes of study; all was peaceful, silent, and awful; here the troubles of the world found no entrance; here genius was fostered, and the soul sublimed.

In after ages, colleges of extensive dimensions were founded on these

principles in Ireland. Clogher, Armagh, Lismore, and Tamour, were amongst the chief seats of learning. The regulations of those primary seats of literature were afterwards copied by the universities of France, Germany, and England. The bard, thus educated for about twelve years, received his degree as *ollamh*, or doctor, when the square cap, or *barred*, was put on his head, and a *ring* on his finger, in token of his learning and station; and these insignia of the learned are continued to our own time, especially in the ecclesiastical customs of the Christian church. The square cap, worn by modern ecclesiastics in the pulpit &c., is the *barred* of the ancient Irish.

There were several orders of bards. The most learned were admitted into the order of the Druids, which was the highest of all. They were trained to arms, and, though not bearing arms in the field, joined in every battle, exciting the warriors, by singing the praises and glories of their fathers. Their persons were held sacred by all sides; it was a sort of sacrilege to injure them in person, property, or reputation. They animated the troops, before and during an engagement, with *Rusga-Catha*, — the inspiring war-song, — and, when they shook the “chain of silence,” contending armies stopped the battle, and listened to the voice of negotiation. They were the heralds and constant attendants, in the field of battle, of the chiefs whom they served, marching at the head of their armies, arrayed in white flowing robes, harps glittering in their hands, and their persons surrounded with a staff of vocal and instrumental musicians. While the battle raged, they stood apart, and watched, in security, every action of the chief. Their business on the field of danger was as much to record the noble deeds of their chiefs, as to stimulate them by the animating strains of their martial music.

“The Muse her piercing glances throws around,  
And quick discovers every worthy deed.”

It was the province of one of these bardic orders, the *filea*, to mark the backsliding of his chief, and correct any tendency to evil he might discover in him. Mr. O’Conor, of Belenagar, says, that these bards were supposed by the common people to be gifted with the power of prophecy; and this delusion was favored and encouraged by the military chieftains, in whose interest they exerted their extraordinary influence over the people in the various struggles for governmental sway, which then, as now, possessed the hearts of men.

The dress of these bards, as I have said, consisted of a white flowing

toga, or *cotha*, hung loosely over their shoulders, bound by a girdle round the loins. The *cotha* of the Irish was the *toga* of the Romans. The limbs were encased in a *thruise*, made of web, which fitted so closely, that the action of the muscles could readily be seen through the web. This *thruise* went down to the ankles, where it was tightly fastened, and there was observable, in stripes, the exact number of colors peculiar to his order. He wore his beard long, and his flowing locks, which reached over his neck and shoulders, were bound round by a golden fillet. His harp, in good grace, was pendent before him. And thus in a moment of inspiration does he move.

“He is entranced. The fillet bursts that bound  
His liberal locks. His snowy vestments fall  
In ampler folds; and all his floating form  
Doth seem to gladden with divinity!”

The value of a bard's dress was fixed by a royal ordinance of *Mogha Nuadhad*, one hundred and eighty years after Christ, at five milch cows, which would equal fifty pounds of present British currency. There are frequent allusions in this ordinance to the “old laws,” which prove that, in very remote ages, this matter was attended to by the kings. We see, from the whole train of Irish history, that this order of men possessed a very considerable influence in the affairs of Ireland. They appeared to be, in those early ages, the models and the censors of society. Their duty, as expressed by one of their order, was, to

“Applaud the valiant, and the base control,  
Disturb, exalt, enchant, the human soul!”

Another office, performed by the bard with pomp and circumstance, was the ceremony of lamentation at the burial of the dead. When a prince or a chief fell in battle, or died by the course of nature, “the stones of his fame” were raised amid the voices of bards. On this occasion, the Druid having performed the rites prescribed by religion, and the pedigree of the deceased being recited aloud by his seanachai, the *caione*, or funeral song, (composed and set to music for the occasion,) was sung in recitativo over his grave by a *racaraide*, or rhapsodist, who occasionally sustained his voice, with arpeggios swept over the strings of his harp; the symphonic parts of this solemn ceremony being performed by minstrels who chanted a chorus at intervals, in which they were joined responsively by other attending bards, the relations and friends of the deceased mingling their sighs and tears.

The following lamentation of the bards over *Chucullen's* tomb, as translated into English, will give an idea of the *soul* they infused into their compositions: —

“By the dark rolling waves of Lego,  
 They raised the hero's tomb, Luáth;  
 At a distance lie the companions  
 Of Chucullen at the chase.  
 Blest be thy soul, son of Semo!  
 Thou wert mighty in battle!  
 Thy strength was like the strength  
 Of a stream; thy speed like the eagle's wing.  
 Thy path in the battle was terrible;  
 The steps of death were behind thy sword.  
 Blest be thy soul, son of Semo!  
 Thou hast not fallen by the sword of the mighty;  
 Neither was thy blood on the spear of the valiant.  
 The arrow came, like the sting  
 Of death, in a blast; nor did  
 The feeble hand which drew the bow  
 Perceive it. Peace to thy soul in thy cave,  
 Chief of the Isle of Mist!  
 The mighty are dispersed, O Mora!  
 There is none in Cormac's hall:  
 The king mourns in his youth, for  
 He does not behold thy coming.  
 The sound of thy shield is ceased;  
 His foes are gathering round:  
 Soft be thy rest, in thy cave, chief of Erin's wars.  
 Bragcla will not hope thy return,  
 Or see thy sails in ocean's foam;  
 Her steps are not on the shore, nor  
 Her ear open to the voice of thy rowers.  
 She sits in the hall of shells,\* and sees  
 The arms of him that is no more.  
 Thine eyes are full of tears, daughter  
 Of car-borne Sorglars.  
 Blest be thy soul in death, O chief of shady Cromla.”

The custom was founded in sound policy. The bards were directed to seize on the solemn occasion of interments to soothe the tumultuous passions of human nature, and to impress on the minds of their hearers a reverence and imitation of virtue, or what in those heathenish days

\* Hall of music; so called from various musical shells used by the ancients; the musical principles of which have been imitated in modern brass instruments.



was deemed virtue. They dwelt on the excellences and heroism of the deceased, recounting all his acts of humanity and valor; closing every stanza with some remarkable epithet of their hero. Walker observes on this custom, "David's lamentation for Jonathan, and the *conclamatio* over the Phœnician Dido, as described by Virgil, coincide with the *caione*, or Irish cry: the *ululuh* of the Irish, and the Greek word of the same import, are exactly alike."

This ceremony was considered of such moment that the man to whom it was denied was deemed accursed, and his ghost supposed to wander through the woods bewailing his miserable fate. Thus the woods and wilds became peopled with shadowy beings, whose cries were supposed to be heard in the piping winds, and the *banshee's* moans were believed to mingle in the terrific lamentation,

"Deepening the murmur of the falling floods,  
And breathing browner horrors on the woods."

The melting sweetness of the female voice was deemed necessary in the chorus of the funeral song. Women, whose vocal powers gave effect to the voice of song, were taken from every class of life, and instructed in all the music then practised.

The *cur sios*, or elegiac measure, was chiefly taught them, that they might assist in heightening the melancholy which that solemn ceremony was calculated to inspire.

Mr. O'Halloran says it was ever considered that a fine female voice, modulated by sensibility, is *beyond comparison the sweetest and most melting sound in art or nature.*

It appears, in every age of our country's history, that women exercised an active influence in the political and social government of society. They cultivated and nourished music and poetry as a passion. They often employed those divine powers in softening the manners of the men, rendered harsh by the practices of the camp and the battlefield. What an unbounded influence must those arts, united with the irresistible sway of female beauty, have given the women of those ages! Accordingly we find them guiding, in secret, the helm of the state, and proving the primary cause of great revolutions. While embattled ranks waited the arrival of expected invaders, women often passed through the lines, animating the soldiery with suitable war-songs, accompanying their voices with *cruids*, or portable harps. On such occasions, if the danger was imminent, they appeared in black, and assumed a frantic air: —

“————— Through our ranks  
 Our sacred sisters rushed, in sable robes,  
 With hair dishevelled, and funeral brands  
 Hurl'd round with menacing fury!”

When armies returned, in triumph, from foreign wars or domestic battles, troops of virgins, clad in white, each bearing a small harp in her hand, advanced with a tripping step to meet them, with congratulatory songs: —

“With the voice of songs and the harp,  
 They will hail their heroes.”

These influences proved strong incentives to valor; and its universal practice throughout Ireland could have no other effect than that of producing, which it did, a nation of heroes.

A further duty of the bard was to fix the degree of honor won by his chief, or that realized by his ancestors. An officer for registering the titles and honors of nobility is still continued in Ireland for each of the four provinces. One of these is Sir William Betham, the ablest scholar and most profound antiquarian in Europe. The bards were deemed of so much consequence in the state, that they were sometimes accepted as hostages. *Aodh-Dubh*, king of Munster, would not consent to the investiture of *Aodh-Caomh*, in the sixth century, till he delivered up hostages to him: this was agreed to, and *Breannin*, the abbot of Clonfert, with *M'Lenin*, the bard, were delivered up as sureties. It is no wonder that the bards were held in this high estimation. It was through their means only, that the prince, or chieftain, could hope for immortality to his fame. The bard mingled in every social and convivial circle. Without him the feast, however luxuriantly spread, would prove insipid. *Blair*, noticing the respect paid to them by the Irish, says, “So strong was the attachment of the Celtic nations to their poetry and their bards, that, amidst all the changes of their government and manners, even long after the Druids were extinct, and the national religion altered from the worship of the sun to the worship of its Creator, the bards continued to flourish; not as a set of strolling songsters, like the Greek rhapsodists in Homer's time, but as an order of men highly respected in the state, and supported by a public establishment. We find them, according to the testimonies of Strabo and Diodorus, before the age of Augustus Cæsar; and we find them remaining under the same name, and exercising the same functions, as of old, in Ireland and in the north of Scotland, almost down to our own times.” After the introduction of Christianity, some of our bards acted in the double capacity of bards and

clergymen. As late as the thirteenth century, we find Donchad O'Daly, abbot of Boyle, excelling all the other bards of his time in the *hymnal* species of poetry. In the next section I shall show the share which the bards and the early Christian fathers took in the cultivation of music.

Invested with honors, wealth, and power, says Walker; endowed with extraordinary privileges, which no other subject presumed to claim; possessed of an art which, by soothing the mind, acquires an ascendancy over it; respected, by the great, for their learning, and revered almost to adoration, by the vulgar, for their knowledge of the secret composition and hidden harmony of the universe, the bards became, in the reign of HUGH, about A. D. 560, intolerably insolent and corrupt, and their order a national grievance. They arrogantly demanded the golden buckle and pin which fastened the royal robes upon the monarch's breast, and had been, for many generations, the jewelled associates of the crown. They lampooned the nobility, and were guilty of several immoralities, and not only grew burdensome to the state, but increased so prodigiously, that the mechanic arts languished from want of artificers, and agriculture from want of husbandmen. Many regulations had been put into operation, during the reign of several monarchs, to restrain them; and the monarch (Hugh) called an assembly of the estates in Donegal, principally to expel them from the kingdom, and abolish the whole order. But, at the intercession of St. Columba Kille, who came, with a considerable deputation from Scotland, (then a colony of Ireland,) to attend this assembly, he spared the order, but reduced its numbers, allowing only to each provincial prince, and to each lord of a cantred, one registered *ollamh*, who was sworn to employ his talents to no other purpose but the glory of the Deity, the honor of his country, of its heroes, of its females, and of his own patron.

The Welsh bards grew so arrogant, in the times of Grifudd ap Cynan, (twelfth century,) that it became necessary to control them by a law, which restrained them from asking for the prince's horse, hawk, or greyhound.

The excessive number of the Irish bards, and the very laws passed, in later ages, to limit and control them, prove the pervading taste of the Irish nation for poetry and music, during a long succession of ages. This prominent attribute in our national character, together with countless facts, well attested, that history has left us, which shall be presented as I proceed, must establish for Ireland, in the minds of all unprejudiced men, her claim to be ranked the school of Western Europe in poetry

and music. In the celebrated letter of Dr. Macpherson to Blair, there is a long and interesting account given of the bards of *the M'Donald*, the most eminent of the chieftain race of Scotland. The genealogy of *the family bard* is traced back through nineteen generations. They had lands and pay appropriated to their use by their patron, the M'Donald. Their duty was to continue the family record, the deeds of the chief, the intermarriages with other families, the history of the national wars, and general vicissitudes of the clans; to make periodical visitations, every three years, to all the branches of the chieftain's family; to enter and correct records of the births, marriages, deaths, survivorships, transfer of lands, &c. These entries were taken as evidences, in all courts of law, in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, down to a modern epoch. That which more especially deserves our notice, in this interesting reminiscence, is the closing remark of Dr. Macpherson, himself a Scotchman: "The last of the race was a man of letters, and had, *like his ancestors*, received his *education in Ireland*, and knew Latin tolerably well."— See Macpherson's letter to Dr. Blair.

Many of the most sublime pieces of our ancient poetry are lost, never to be retrieved. Our poetic gatherings have been destroyed at three periods in our history. The first took place in the fifth century, at the introduction of Christianity, by St. Patrick, who burnt all poetic compositions not embracing laws or history; the second during the temporary subjection of the Irish to the Danes, in the ninth century, when a general destruction of the national poetry, as well as schools and colleges, took place, under the direction of the Danish chiefs; and the third in the sixteenth century, at the terrible period of the reformation, when the sacking of convents and the burning of whole libraries were the ruffian occupation of British soldiers and adventurers.

Through all those vicissitudes, there were some children of poetry, in whose hearts the godlike fire could not be extinguished, who, like Cæsar, when, pitched from his bark into the current of the Delta, he buffeted the struggling surge with one hand, while with the other he bore his Commentaries above the waves in triumph to the shore, clung, with a death-struggle, to the poetic remains of their heroic ancestors.

The attention of the most learned has, in latter years, been turned to the nature and construction of Irish poetry. It was found in the old Irish code of poetic rules, entitled *Uiricecht na Neagir*, (Rules for a Poet,) that the most extensive, exact, and minute laws were laid down for the government of their poetic compositions. Dr. Molloy says, the construction and variety of Irish metre are the most difficult he had

ever seen or heard of. In its composition, these things are required — *number, quartans, number of syllables, concords, correspondence, termination, union, and caput*; the *subdivisions* of all which are again minute and perplexing. The authors of that able work on the poetry and music of Wales, entitled the *Myvyrian Archæology*, published under the superintendence of the society of Welsh antiquarians, enter on a profound inquiry into this subject.

Referring to a *second* era in Welsh poetry and music, (the twelfth century,) on which those learned antiquarians pause to comment, they bring forward the great and broad fact, that “from Ireland [in that century] was brought into Wales, by Griffudd ap Cynan, certain cunning musicians and bards, well skilled in poetry and music; and then was established twenty-four elementary principles of versification: these, with their subdivisions, [say the authors,] INCLUDE EVERY SPECIES OF VERSE THAT HAS EVER YET, IN ANY AGE, OR AMONGST ANY PEOPLE, BEEN PRODUCED, BESIDES A PRODIGIOUS NUMBER OF ORIGINAL CONSTRUCTIONS, WHICH CAN BE FOUND WITH NO OTHER PEOPLE.” The learned Wormius, who wrote in the sixteenth century, speaks in wondering terms of the pupil of a learned Scot, (the Irish were, in those ages, called Scots,) who was master of no fewer than one hundred different kinds of verse, with the musical modulation of words and syllables, which included *letters, figures, poetic feet, tones, and tune*. Macpherson says of the poetry belonging to the era of Oisín, (the third century,) “Each verse was so connected with those which preceded or followed it, that, if one line had been remembered in a stanza, it was almost impossible to forget the rest. The cadences followed in so natural a gradation, and the words were so adapted to the natural turn of the voice, after it is raised to a certain key, that it was almost impossible, from a similarity of sound, to substitute one word for another. This excellence is peculiar to the Celtic tongue, and, perhaps, is to be met with in no other language. Nor does this choice of words clog the sense, or weaken the expression. The numerous flections of consonants, and variation in declension, make the language very copious.”

Here must the reader, if he have Irish blood streaming in his veins, be forced, as I have been, to pause in admiration of those almost forgotten forefathers, and to lament, for human nature’s sake, the existence of that ignorance, or that prejudice, which, in our days, refuses to them the deserved distinction of a refined and intellectual reputation.

The refined poetry which the Irish produced, from the second to the

ninth century, is at once a monument of their learning and their cultivated taste. The critical rules laid down for the construction of poetry, by Alexander Pope, in modern times, were understood and developed, fifteen hundred years ago, by the poets of Erin.

“Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;  
 The *sound* must seem an echo to the *sense*.  
 When Ajax strives some *rock's vast weight to throw*,  
 The line too labors, and the words move slow.  
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.”  
*Pope.*

The principle in poetic composition so expressly recommended by Pope was, as we have seen, understood, practised, and taught, by the men who have, with equal charity and truth, been described, by some English writers, as semibarbarous.

Spirit of the godlike Oisín!  
 Whene'er you wander o'er Temora's ruins,  
 Along thy radiant pathway in the clouds,  
 Look down upon those slanderers  
 With heaven-created scorn!  
 And smite the reptiles back  
 Into that hell from whence alone  
 They e'er could have emerged!

This may be the best place to give a few specimens of the ancient Irish rhyme, which I take from Logan and others.

“In Gaelic poetry, the rhythm sometimes consists in the similarity of the last words of the first and third, and second and fourth lines, as in English composition, thus:—

‘Meag aoibhneis an talla nam fear  
 Mar so thog crònan am fonn  
 Dh'eirich maduinn a, soills' o'n ear  
 Bughorm air an lear, an tonn.’

*Carraig Thura, ver. 195.*

“In the stanza which immediately follows this, the rhymes are in the last syllables, but the final consonants are not alike, the harmony depending on the concord of the vowels.

‘Ghairm an rìgh a shiùil gu crann;  
 Thanig gaoth a mall o’n Chruaich:  
 Dh’èirich Innis-Thorc gu mall;  
 Is Carraig Thùra iul nan stuadh.’

Here the correspondence is in the *a* in the first and third lines, and in the *ua* in the second and fourth.

“Sometimes the conformity between the last word of a line, and some word or part of a word about the middle of the following line, constituted the rhyme; as,

‘Suaigheach m’ aigne ’n uaimh mo bhroin;  
 ’Smor mo leon fo laimh na h’aois.  
 Ossag ’tha gaster o Thuath  
 Na dean tuasaid ruim ’smi lag.’

*Morduth.*

“The above three sorts of rhyme are often found in one composition, intermixed with couplets rhyming as softly and perfectly as in modern Italian; for example: —

‘Soilsichibh Sràd air Druim feinne  
 ’Sthig mo laoich o ghruaigh gach beinne.’

*Morduth.*

“Some of the most beautiful passages in old Gaelic poetry are, however, a sort of blank verse, having no rhyme. It appears that the bards sought, in this case, no more than to render every line perfect, without any dependence on the next, of which the following ‘War Song’ furnishes specimens.

‘*A mhacain cheann,  
 Nan cursan strann,  
 Ard leumnach, rìgh n’a’n sleagh!  
 Lamh threin ’sguch càs  
 Croidhe ard gun scà.  
 Ceann airm nan rinn gear girt,  
 Gearr sìoe gu bas,  
 Gun bharc sheol ban  
 Bhi enasmh ma dhubh Innis-tòire.  
 Mar tharnamech bhavil  
 Do bhuill, a laoich!  
 Do shuill mar chaoir ad cheann,  
 Mar charaic chruin,*

Offspring of the chiefs,  
 Of snorting steeds, high bounding!  
 King of spears!  
 Strong arm in every trial!  
 Ambitious heart without dismay.  
 Chief of the host of severe sharp-  
 Cut down to death, [pointed weapons,  
 So that no white-sailed bark  
 May float round dark Innistore.  
 Like the destroying thunder  
 Be thy stroke, O hero!  
 Thy forward eye like the flaming bolt;  
 As the firm rock,

*Do chroidhe gun roinn.*  
*Mar lassan oidhch do lann.*  
*Cum suar do scia*  
*Is crobhhui nial*  
*Mar chih bho reul a bhaish,*  
*A mhacain cheann*  
*Nan cursan strann,*  
*Sgrios naimhde sios gu lar.*

Unwavering be thy heart;  
 As the flame of night be thy sword.  
 Uplift thy shield,  
 Of the hue of blood.  
 As you see his death shall be real.  
 Offspring of the chiefs  
 Of snorting steeds,  
 Cut down the foes to earth.'"

"The ease with which the language is rendered harmonious is the cause that there are so few bad verses in Gaelic. Many of the sweetest lyrics have no other rhyme than the frequent sound of a single vowel or diphthong running throughout the stanza, with hardly any regularity of situation.

'A nighean donn na buaile  
 Gam bheil an gluasad farusd  
 Gun tug mi gaol co buan duit  
 'Snach gluais è air an Earrach so  
 Mheall thu mi le d' shùghradh,  
 Le d' bhriodal a's le d' chùine  
 Lab thu mi mar fhiuran  
 'Scha duchar domh bhi fallain uaith.'

*Anon.*

"In singing or playing these compositions, the rhyming vowels are apparent, and prove the harmony of the measure. The Aged Bard's Wish is probably older than the introduction of Christianity among the Gael, for he displays his belief in the ancient Celtic theology, and anticipates the joys that await him in the elysium of the bards—in the hall of Ossian, and of Daol. It shows that, at a very early period, harmony of numbers was sedulously studied. There is a beautiful poetical translation of this piece by Mrs. Grant; for the literal version of the stanzas quoted, I am indebted to the author of *Melodies from the Gaelic*.

#### 'THE AGED BARD'S WISH.

'Ocairibh mi ri taobh nan allt  
 A shiubhlas mall le ceumaibh ciuin.  
 Fo sgail a bharrach leag mo cheann  
 'S bith thus a ghrian ro chairdeil rium.



Gu socair sin 's an fheur mo thaobh  
 Air bruaich na'n dithean 'snan gaoth t̄ā,  
 Mo chos ga slioba sa bhraon mhaoth,  
 Se luba thairis caoin tren bhl̄ār.

Biodh sòbhrach bhàn is ailli snuadh  
 M'an cuairt do m' thulaich, 'suain fo dhriuchd,  
 'San neonain bheag 's mo lamh air chluain  
 'San ealbhuigh mo chluas gu cur.'

*Translation.*

'O lay me by the streams that glide,  
 With gentle murmurs soft and slow;  
 Let spreading boughs my temples hide;  
 Thou sun, thy kindest beams bestow.

And be a bank of flowers my bed,  
 My feet laved by a wandering rill:  
 Ye winds, breathe gently round my head;  
 Bear balm from wood, and vale, and hill.

Thou primrose pale, with modest air,  
 Thou daisy white, of grateful hue,  
 With other flowers, as sweet and fair,  
 Around me smile through amber dew."

There was a very peculiar measure of poetry in great favor with the ancient Irish, called a *triad*, connecting three lines in a special harmony. Cormac, king of Ireland, in the third century, wrote a celebrated work in this measure, called, by his Latin contemporaries, *De Triadibus*; this work was very highly applauded by the old writers. Of the philosophic, the elegant Cormac, who rebuilt the halls of Tara in *carved marble*, I shall have much to say in its place. He was the Pericles of Ireland! and yet who knows any thing of him?

Fingal, the father of Oisín, wrote triads. Camden mentions a Welsh work, *Triadum Liber*, and there are others yet existing. THOMAS DAVIS, of the NATION, the present war bard of Erin, wrote the celebrated lament over Father Tyrell's grave partly in that measure; and perhaps, than it, there never was any composition in the English language which produced amongst the people so deep a feeling of combined sorrow and revenge. The circumstances which caused the death

of Father Tyrell will be related under the head of the "State Trials" of 1844. — I give a specimen of the lament over the martyr.

"A MARTYR'S BURIAL.

"And shall we bend and bear forever?  
And shall no time our bondage sever?  
And shall we kneel, and battle never  
For our own soil?

And shall our tyrants safely reign  
On thrones built up of slaves and slain,  
And nought to us and ours remain,  
But chains and toil?

No! round this grave our oath we plight,  
To watch, and labor, and unite,  
Till banded be the nation's might,  
Its spirit steeled!

And then, collecting all our force,  
We'll cross oppression in its course,  
And die, or all our rights enforce  
Upon the field."

This is another evidence of the knowledge of human passion which our great forefathers acquired by the cultivation of mind. Here are we, in the blaze of the nineteenth century, — after poetry has been, for the past fifteen hundred years, twisted and tortured into a thousand forms and fashions, even as ladies change their dresses, — confessing, by our imitation and adoption of their style and rules, their intellectual power.

I regret the limits of this work will not permit me to give more of those specimens. The lover of genuine poetry will find in Hardiman's *Minstrelsy*, Walker's *Irish Bards*, Bunting's *Collection*, Moore's *immortal Melodies*, the *Green Book*, *Spirit of the Nation*, specimens of every style of Irish poetry; some of the latter are to be found in the musical pages of this book.

Sir Richard Phillips has given a very brief list of the terms and rules of modern English poetry, which, like the English language itself, have been compounded from the rules of several nations. A poet, skilled in the Irish language, and rules for Irish poetry, can easily discover that many of the laws which govern English poetry have been

drawn, like their best common-law maxims, and the trial by jury, their letters, and their Latin, from persecuted Ireland.

“*Heroic measure*, in English poetry, is ten syllables. *Iambic verse* is when unaccented syllables alternate with accented; in *anapestic verse*, the accent falls on every third syllable; a *dactyle* is one long and two short syllables; a *trochee* is one long and one short syllable; a *spondee* is two long syllables; and iambs are like trochees. There are twenty-eight feet, or metres, consisting of two, or three, or four, short and long syllables. *Hexameter verse* is of six feet — the first four dactyles or spondees, the fifth a dactyle, and the sixth must be a spondee. *Pentameter* is five feet, the two first dactyles or spondees, the third a spondee, and the two last anapests, or two short and one long syllable.”  
— *Sir Richard Phillips*.

Anxious as I feel to conclude this protracted section on our ancient bards and poetry, I cannot do so without devoting a page to the poetry attributed to OISIN. There are few who are not aware that the scattered poetic works attributed to this poet, have been translated from very old Irish manuscripts by Mr. Macpherson, a Scotchman, about seventy years ago. These scattered fragments were collected in some cottages of the Highlands of Scotland, where the old Gaelic (Irish) is yet, and probably ever will be, spoken. Macpherson understood the old language, — a rare accomplishment in an educated man. He discovered the fire and soul originally infused into, and still vividly existing in, those fragmental pieces. They were chiefly founded on the wars, successes, or reverses, deaths, victories, or loves, of the Irish heroes, who accompanied Oisin and his father's legions in their warlike expeditions against the Romans in Caledonia and the north of Britain. These poems were written in detached pieces in the camp or on the march. The scenery around their homes, their marches, and the fields of their conflicts, are accurately sketched; the incidents are colored in Homer's style; the connection between their actions and the spirits of those who preceded them — the communion of the living with the dead — is traced in the vivid sublimity of Milton. Although *Oisin*, who flourished in the third century, may have written *some* of these pieces, there is internal evidence in the poems, as proved by very learned men, that many of them belong to eras some centuries more modern than Oisin's time, whilst others again assert that some of them are Macpherson's own creation. Now, it may be probable that the majority of all these reasoners are right.

The poems of Homer, which have been gathered into two distinct works, viz., the Iliad and Odyssey, are not all of *his* composition, nor of *his* age. The wars of the Trojans, which form the subject of the Iliad, took place 1150 B. C., and two hundred and fifty years before he wrote. He was blind during the prime of his life; and, therefore, many of his compositions were delivered orally, and committed to the memory of others, according to the practice of that era. He travelled much in Egypt, where he composed some portions of the works attributed to him. They were gathered there and elsewhere, two hundred and fifty years after his death, by Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, and others, from the lips of men, and not from books. Although it is now believed by the learned (see Sir Richard Phillips, p. 602) that Homer did not write *all* the works attributed to him, yet no one values them the less on that account. He probably began a certain style of poetic description, apt, natural, and exciting, which he sang or recited with great effect to the people of his age. Others imitated his style, and elongated his story. Copyists in succeeding ages purified the composition as they transcribed it from hand to hand. This was a privilege and practice assumed by copyists before the era of printing, and is one of the reasons why the works of old authors have come to our hands so pure.

The Oisianic poems may have descended to us attended by like circumstances. The *uncertainty* as to the origin and the age of some of them, is a characteristic that appertains to other great works, which are, nevertheless, highly valued. That Oisin was the son of *Fion M' Counhall*, the Irish general of the Leinster militia, (Irish also,) is admitted by all; that he commanded in his father's legions, in Caledonia, against the Roman legions, in the third century, is equally certain; but that he was a Scotchman, as Macpherson has it, is untenable, improbable, and untrue. As well might it be said that the Duke of Wellington is an Englishman, or a Spaniard, because he fought the wars of England in Spain. Oisin, his father *Fion*, and his legions, were Irish, who, under the Irish and Caledonian compact, fought the Romans on the plains of Britain. The heroes he celebrates were Irish; the scenery he describes is Irish. It can yet be seen in Donegal, between the Screen and Tara, from the Hill of Allallou to the Morna Mountains. In the county Donegal there is a cloud-capt mountain called *Alt Ossoin*, around which is some of the scenery so finely described by Oisin.

I say so much, and adduce the proof that follows, to show that

*Oisín* was *not* a Scotchman, because I find in a book now before me, by Logan, published in Scotland, and in this country, that the old heresy of Macpherson is by him revived; to which I oppose the opinions of Laing, Pinkerton, Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, the Edinburgh Review, Sir James Mackintosh, Nicholson, Warner, and common sense.

The learned Dr. Young, Bishop of Clonfert, an erudite Irish scholar, went to Scotland himself, in 1784, to search for Gaelic poetry. The following extract from his letter from the Highlands, on the subject of his mission, is given by the Gaelic Society of Dublin: "The Irish language is spoken with considerable accuracy in many parts of the Highlands of *modern* Scotland. This I conclude from having conversed with several gentlemen of this country with the greatest ease and familiarity; and I must add that none of them refused an immediate and unequivocal acknowledgment that the Gaelic of Scotland was a dialect of the *mother tongue* of Ireland, as well as the Highland Scots were the descendants of a colony from the mother country. They readily assented to the dishonorable fabrication of Macpherson, and declared they knew, from undisputed tradition, that Fingal, Oisín, Oscar, and all the other Fínnian heroes, were Irishmen." The bishop, in another publication, charges Macpherson with altering the old manuscripts, erasing the name of St. Patrick, varying dates, &c., so as to enable him to build upon these a *Scotch* fame. The talented Pepper speaks of the affair thus: "Has not the voice of literary Europe reproached them [the Scotch] for national vanity, in pluming themselves with borrowed feathers clandestinely plucked from the wings of Irish songsters? and for clothing the meagre, deformed, and decayed skeleton of their history in garments stolen from the wardrobes of our learned antiquarians and annalists? Macpherson was certainly a poet, whose talents had graduated in the Parnassian college; and, while we deny him the honor due to candor, we cordially concede that these poems, which we award him the full credit of having framed from fragments of Irish poetry, possess traces of genius that would have reflected credit on even the best epic of Homer." James Macpherson was born at Inverness, 1738. In 1758, he published his first fragments of ancient poetry collected in the Scottish Highlands; in 1762, he produced *Fingal*; in 1763, *Temora* and others. He died in 1796.

Here we introduce two specimens of poetry of the *Oisíanic* age. The first is from Baron Harold's translation of some of these fragments. It is a remonstrance addressed by *Fíon M' Coumhall* to his

son Oisín, on choosing a wife. The second is the lament of Oisín, in his old age, for the loss of his sight. It equals, in my opinion, the lamentation of Milton on the same bereavement. It is remarkable that the three great poets, Homer, Milton, and Oisín, were each totally blind for many years of their lives.

REMONSTRANCE OF FION M'COUMHALL, (FINGAL,) ADDRESSED  
TO HIS SON, ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

“ My son, of the noble line  
Of Heremonian heroes !  
Thou gallant descendant of Erin's kings !  
The down of youth grows on thy cheek ;  
Martial renown is loud in thy praise ;  
Romans fear thee ; their eagles  
Were dazzled by the lightning of thy spear !  
They flew before thee like timid birds  
Before the hawks of Leinster !  
Is it in the morning of thy fame,  
Bright with the sunbeams of martial glory,  
That thou wouldst ally thyself  
With the daughter of the Pict,  
And thus sully  
The royal purity of Milesian blood ?

Thy country is proud of thy exploits,  
And the royal virgins of Erin  
Sigh for thy love,  
While Cormac's bards  
Sing the deeds of thy bravery,  
In the battles of the mighty !  
O, then, Oisín,  
Of dulcet harmony,  
Listen to the voice of thy father.  
Albanian maids are fair,  
But fairer and lovelier are  
The chaste daughters of thine own  
Wave-washed isle  
Of wood-crested hills !  
Go to thy happy isle ; to Branno's  
Grass-covered field.  
*Ever-Allen*, the most brilliant gem  
In the diadem of female loveliness,  
The trembling dove of innocence,  
And the daughter of my friend,  
Deserves thy attachment ;

The pure blood of Milesius  
 Glows in her guileless heart,  
 And flows in her blue veins;  
 Majestic beauty  
 Flows around her as a robe of light,  
 And modesty, as a precious veil,  
 Heightens her youthful charms.  
 She is as lovely  
 As the mountain flower,  
 When the ruddy beams of the rising sun  
 Sparkle on its dew-gemmed side!  
 Go! take thy arms,  
 Embark in yonder dark-bosomed ship,  
 Which soon will bear you  
 Over ocean's foam,  
 To green *Branno's* streamy vales,  
 Where you will win  
 A pure virgin heart, that  
 Never yet heaved with a sigh of love!  
 For thee, the vernal rose of passion  
 Will first  
 Effuse its sweetness through her sighs,  
 And blush in all its beauty on her cheeks."

## OISIN'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF HIS SIGHT.

"O thou that rollest above!  
 Round as the shield of my fathers,—  
 Whence are thy beams, O sun,  
 Thy everlasting light?  
 Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty,  
 And the stars hide their heads in the sky;  
 The moon, cold and pale,  
 Sinks in the western wave;  
 But thou thyself alone,  
 Who can be a companion of thy course?  
 The oaks of the mountains fall;  
 The mountains themselves decay with years;  
 The ocean sinks, and grows again;  
 The moon herself is lost in heaven;  
 But thou art forever the same,  
 Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course!  
 When the world is dark with tempests,  
 When thunder rolls and lightning flies,  
 Thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds,  
 And laughest at the storm!  
 But to Oisín thou lookest in vain,

For he beholds thy beams no more,  
 Whether thy yellow hair flows  
 On the eastern clouds, or  
 Thou tremblest at the gates of the west;  
 But thou art perhaps like me,  
 For a season, and thy years will have an end;  
 Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds,  
 Careless of the voice of the morning.  
 Exult, then, O sun!  
 In the strength of thy youth!  
 Age is dark and unlovely;  
 It is like the glimmering  
 Of the morn, when  
 It shines through broken clouds;  
 And the mist is on the hills,  
 The blast of the north is on the plain,  
 And the traveller shrinks  
 In the midst of his journey!"\*

There are many other poets of Erin, from whose works I shall produce occasional specimens. Goldsmith's beautiful poetry is in every body's mouth. Furlong's sentimental and euphonious compositions ought to be equally circulated. The Irish bards of the present age, at whose head Moore, Davis, and Barry proudly stand, are fully equal to the bards of any age or of any nation. Some emanations of their splendid genius will be found scattered along these pages. Those who would understand and cultivate Irish poetry have an opportunity herein to judge of its varied properties, and to appreciate, which I humbly hope they will, the selections I have made, and look kindly on my own humble dabbling in the sublime art.

\* Within the present year a valuable manuscript copy of poems, written by Oisín, was discovered buried in an old church near Belfast. The precious relic was incased in an iron chest. It is written on vellum, in the ancient Irish character. The property on which it was discovered belonging to the Dublin corporation, the manuscript was claimed and taken possession of by that body, but was given out by them to the Archæological Society, to be translated. Some of the poems have already appeared in English, and transcend, in majestic beauty, any of those previously published by Macpherson.



## O! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

BY MOORE.

I have in this, as in other instances, taken liberties with Moore. I am quite aware of the presumption of the act, and my only apology is my fervent desire to animate the hearts of my countrymen. When Moore wrote this affecting piece, he was smarting under the insinuations of his countrymen, that he devoted his talents more to pleasure than to patriotic exertions. He had been a living witness of his country's glory, and her fall. He saw her deprived of freedom, bleeding, prostrate, and destitute even of the hope to recover. At such a moment his muse was melancholy, and mingled her sighs, and tears, and moans, in one passionate flood. But Ireland's wounds are almost healed; her tears are dried up; her vigor and courage have returned, and she stands erect, calling on the plunderers of her liberty for its restoration. At such a moment, I may be pardoned by the patriotic for adding an appropriate stanza to this beautiful song. It is the concluding one, — in Italics.

WITH EXPRESSION.

1. O! blame not the bard, if he fly to the

bowers Where Pleas - ure lies care - less - ly

smil - ing at Fame; He was born for much

more, and in hap - pi - er hours, His

soul might have burned with a ho - li - er flame.

The string, that now lan - guishes loose o'er the

lyre, Might have bent a proud bow to the

war - - ri - or's dart; And the lip, which now

breathes but the song of de - sire, Might have

poured the full tide of a pa - tri - ot's heart.

## 2.

But alas! for his country — her pride is gone by,  
 And that spirit is broken which never would bend;  
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,  
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.  
 Unprized are her sons till they've learned to betray;  
 Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;  
 And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,  
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

## 3.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream  
 He should try to forget what he never can heal;  
 O! give but a hope, let a vista but gleam  
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!  
 That instant his heart at her shrine would lay down  
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,  
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,  
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.\*

## 4.

But, though glory be gone, *hope fades not away*;  
 Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;

\* See the hymn, attributed to Alcæus, "I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," etc.

Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,  
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!  
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;  
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,  
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

5.

*But arise, dearest Erin! the home of the brave!  
 The birthplace of heroes, and sages of light!  
 Send your voice of complaint and resolve o'er the wave,  
 And the nations shall join in your cause and your fight!  
 And the God that protected his children before,  
 Whom the tyrant of Egypt oppressed in his might,  
 Shall watch o'er the struggle around your green shore,  
 And bless the brave arms of your sons in the fight!*

---

 LEWIS O'MORE.

The following stanzas were sung for me by a friend, to the foregoing air, with a great deal of feeling, and affected me much. They evidently belong to a by-gone age, and must be a translation from an ancient ode in the Irish language. O'More was an illustrious chieftain of Leinster. The chief of the sept was a *To-parch*, and ranked next to the Leinster kings. This song is founded on his exploits at the battle of Clontarf, in the year 1016. But in the wars with the English invaders, for more than four hundred years, the O'Mores of Leix and Offalley proved to be the unconquerable enemies of England, and maintained their independence. [Sir Thomas More, the first illustrious victim to the tyranny of Henry the Eighth, was a scion from this house.] Their power crumbled, and their territory was confiscated, after the treacherous butchery of the three hundred Leinster chiefs at Mullaghmast, in the reign of Queen Mary,—for which, see "Mullaghmast."

1.

Remember the days when thy children, dear Erin,  
 In myriads assembled around thy green shore,  
 When the cross and the harp, on thy bright banner beaming,  
 Were borne by the chieftains of Lewis O'More!

When the heroic legions, to battle descending,  
 Embossed their bright skians in the invader's gore;  
 While the blood of its guardians, spontaneously blending,  
 Round the banners of Erin and LEWIS O'MORE!

2.

Bright gleamed the sword of O'More 'mid the strong,  
 And fierce was the look he bestowed on the foe;  
 They shrunk with dismay from his firm knit brow,  
 Though *Odin* still tried to avert their o'erthrow!  
 But still, while the harp of thy minstrel is glowing  
 With grief that the hero of our isle is no more,  
 Let us send the cup round, with the grape treasures flowing,  
 To MALACHY, MORROUGH, and LEWIS O'MORE!

---

 BEAUTY IN TEARS.




## LECTURE VI.

### THE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

A Harper and Poet accompany the Milesians to Ireland.—Ireland deemed the Island of Apollo.—Origin of vocal Music.—Origin of the Harp.—The Irish Harp.—Superior to the Greek Lyre.—Music mixed in all the Ceremonials of the ancient Irish.—How the Music of Ireland was constructed.—Its Nature.—Its Effect on a Nation.—Greece *not* the School of Music.—Fragment of Grecian Music found in Ireland.—Its inferior Quality proved by Burney.—Romans ignorant of Music.—Irish Bagpipes.—Ireland the true School of Music.—Revolution effected by Music.—Ode of Moriat.—The Harp and Bagpipes of the Irish gave Bass and Treble.—The Harp of the ancient Irish the Piano-Forte of the Moderns.—Irish addicted to Music before the Christian Era.—Christian Missionaries adopt the Irish Music, and introduce it into the Churches.—Ireland preserved Literature, Science, and Music, when Rome fell.—Irishmen imparted musical Notation, as well as grammatical Punctuation, to Europe.—Terms of ancient Notation.—Specimen of the ancient Notation preserved for unnumbered Generations in the Family of the Cavanaghs.—Two Schools for Music in Europe.—Efforts of the first Christian Fathers to form a Code of Church Music.—The Gregorian Chants established A. D. 600.—Ireland full of her own Church Music one hundred and fifty Years previously.—Musical Modes and Rules well known in Ireland.—Ireland the musical School of Western Europe.—Rhyme in Poetry an Irish Invention.—Proofs.—Moore's Opinion.—Camden's Opinion.—Several Pieces in the Gregorian Chants composed by Irishmen.—Columbanus, an Irishman, introduced Irish Music into Germany and France.—Irish musical School totally different from the Latin.—Opinion of Cambrensis.—Wales derived her Music from Ireland.—Caradoc's Opinion.—Ledwich's Opinion.—Twenty-four Irish musical Laws introduced into Wales.—Musical Schools of the Irish.—Italy derived the Harp and Rules of Playing from Ireland.—The Violin of Irish Origin.—Scotch Music essentially Irish.—Proof.—Opinions of English Writers on Irish Music.—Improvements in the Irish Harp.—The Horn.—The Organ.—The Piano-Forte formed from the Harp.—Power of various Instruments.—Music of England.—Specimen of the first Notes used.—Luther introduced Music into his Churches.—George the Fourth introduces two hundred Strains.—Handel, rejected in London, received and applauded in Dublin.—Change in the Character of Irish Music.—Persecution of the Minstrels.—Irish Music adapted to the Passions of Love and Sorrow.—Truly constructed.—Irish Musicians copied the Sounds of Men, Birds, and Beasts, on their Harp-strings.—Variety of Character of Irish Music.—Lament of the Minstrel *O'Gnivee*.—Suppression and Decline of Irish Music.—O'Kane, Carolan, Jackson, &c.—Revival of Irish Music after 1782.—Belfast musical Convention in 1792.—Assembly of Irish Harpers.—Mr. Bunting's Notes of that Meeting.—Mathematical Examination of the Structure of the Irish Harp.—The old Irish Bards formed their Harps agreeably to the Philosophy of Sound.—“The Harp of Tara.”—Its History.—Musical Glasses invented by an Irishman.—Moore revives the Music of Ireland.—General Revival of Irish Music.—Lover.—Balfe.—Successful Composers.—Italian

Opinion of Irish Music.—Present musical Spirit of Ireland.—General Effects of Music.—Attempt to define its Nature.—Style of most of the fashionable Performers.—Scientific Examination of Sound.—Its Laws.—Echoes.—Organs of Hearing.—Musical Keys.—Nature of the Voice.—Mechanism of the Throat, Chest, &c.—Laws of Wind Instruments.—Nurses should sing to Infants.—Hints to public Singers.—Moore's Suggestions for singing his Irish Melodies.—Willis's Description of Moore's Singing.—Moore's Visit to the Dublin Theatre.—Effect of an Irish Tune on the Boston Public.

THE music of Ireland is all that her oppressors have left her. That proud attribute even Cambrensis allowed her seven hundred years ago. That Ireland was the school for music to the Western nations for ages, I am, I trust, able to prove; that she possessed musical notations, and a series of the most exact and minute rules for poetry and music, her annals testify; very old manuscripts, containing the rules and the notations anciently in use, have been produced by Walker. Fac-similes of the ancient *notes* will be found in the course of this section, which when the reader has perused, together with other proofs of a like nature, he must then admit the preëminence of Ireland over all the nations of Europe, in this ancient and fascinating branch of human science.

On the first arrival of the Milesian colony in Ireland, there were places and positions assigned to the *Druids*, *poets*, and *musicians*. *Amberghin*, one of the sons of Milesius, the brother of *Heber* and *Heremon*, first kings of the island, was the chief Druid bard, the head of the order. This proves that poetry was then a special study, and its professors an ascertained class. The old historians tell us that the brother-kings, Heber and Heremon, quarrelled about the exclusive retention of two celebrated sons of song, viz., *Cirmacsis*, a poet, and *Onna Ceanfin*, a harper; but that, on the arbitration of Amberghin, the poet was adjudged to Heremon, and the musician to Heber. The incident proves that music and poetry were passionately cherished by the ancient Irish. A well-attested fact like this, occurring upwards of three thousand years ago, in Ireland, ought to be received as strong evidence of the general prevalence of musical taste amongst the people.

But we have much stronger proofs than this. *Heccataeus*, the ancient Egyptian historian, quoted by Diodorus, describes Ireland, then called *Hyberborea*, as having in it a city, in the midst of a grove, where the priests of Apollo sang the praises of that god, mingling their voices with the sounds of the harp. The following is the passage, according to Booth's translation: "They say that Latona was born here, and, therefore, that they worshipped Apollo above all other gods; and, because they are daily singing songs in praise of this god, and ascribing



to him the highest honors, they say that these inhabitants demean themselves as if they were Apollo's priests, who has here a stately grove, and renowned temple, of round form, beautified with many rich gifts; that there is a city likewise consecrated to this god, whose citizens are most of them *harpers, who, playing on the harp, chant sacred hymns to Apollo in the temple, setting forth his glorious acts.*" This was written of Ireland five hundred years before the Christian era. The musical ceremonies in the temple of Apollo were nothing more than the worship of the sun, which was sometimes called *Baal*, and again *Apollo*. The ceremony consisted in part of vocal chants, in which the music of the harp was blended. The island, in *that age*, was deemed *ancient* by the contemporary nations. It was called, even then, the "Holy Island," a name suggested by the strong disposition evinced by its people to celebrate their religious ceremonies with great pomp and excitement, and also from its having been made, by the Phœnician colony which first settled in it, the centre of their radiating instruction to the communities that began to grow around in Albion, Wales, and Caledonia.

I have already proved the intimate connection that subsisted between ancient Egypt and ancient Ireland. The whole system of worship, music, science, and art, as then known in Egypt, was carried into Ireland. This relationship existed ages before Greece had either letters or political existence.

The Irish of those ancient days, like their relatives in Egypt, practised but a few simple musical sounds. These were regulated by the human voice. The first sound uttered by the open mouth, in a natural key, was called *A*. That sound was fixed as the standard note. They varied the voice above and below that standard, producing an agreeable variation of vocal sounds. And this is music, — the first and purest supplied by nature. A good voice was found capable of producing sixteen tones, perfectly distinct from each other, agreeing in number with the sixteen sounds represented by the sixteen letters of the old Irish alphabet, which was the alphabet first used in Egypt. These are measured by two octaves, of eight tones to each octave.

It is probable that ages passed away ere Egypt had arrived at the improved eleven-stringed harp. In the times of Solomon, David, and Moses, a harp was used; but it may have had then only five or eight strings. There still exist on the monuments at Thebes, in Egypt, figures of the ancient instrument, chiseled into the enduring granite. The harp must have been first formed from the bow of the archer.

The sound of the bowstring would indeed suggest the existence of music in that simple instrument. It did, in fact, suggest the idea. The first harps, as appears by the models sculptured on the Theban monuments, were formed simply like the bent bow of the warrior. The strings were few at first, producing only five or six notes. The *improved* harp, of *eleven* strings, was, no doubt, the result of many experiments, which, when accomplished, was deemed worthy of eternal perpetuation on stone. It was simply the bent bow of the archer, generally about five feet long, the longest string giving the bass note, and the others, shortening with the arc of the semicircle, gave the intermediate tones, up to the treble, according to their respective lengths. The date of this improvement may be fixed with that of Thebes itself, which was in the zenith of its consequence about three thousand five hundred years ago. The harps brought into Ireland by the Milesian colony were of that fashion, as we find by some old traditional sketches.

The *improvements* made in the harp are altogether Irish. The Greeks do not seem ever to have had an instrument like our harp. There is frequent mention made by their poets of a *lyre*. As they received all their instructions in literature and arts from Egypt, it is probable the *old bent bow* of the Egyptians passed over into Greece; but the Greeks worked it into an instrument differing widely from the harp. One of those lyres, having eight strings, was found in a tomb at Athens. Its form is that of the bow, bent till the points nearly meet, which are then bound together. Strings are fastened in the centre, and drawn to the united points; but, from the construction of this instrument, it was incapable of extension, or of much modulation. And *Montfaucon* remarks, that "Greek instruments had no contrivances for shortening the strings." So that they must have been unacquainted with the expansive and vibrating character of the harp. The lyre usually put into the hands of Apollo, by painters and poets, is fashioned after that found at Athens. But it would be far more correct to put the Irish harp into the hands of the musical god, seeing, from *Heccateus*, that he was worshipped by the ancient Irish with the voice of song and the sounds of the harp, during the vernal equinox, before the Greeks arrived, if ever they arrived, at an advanced stage of musical refinement.

That the ancient Irish cultivated the music of the voice, and of instruments, is proved in every page of their history. Music mixed in every ceremonial. In their sun worship, the song of praise and thanksgiving was raised to the giver, in their opinion, of fruits, and regulator of

the seasons. At their funerals, the voice of lamentation was vented under the control of musical notation. In the battle, the harper bards led on the warrior hosts. At the festive board, and in the banquet hall, there also the voice of music stimulated the joyous passions. On all these occasions, the harper bards caught the most touching sounds of human sensations as they rose, and copied them on their harp-strings. These were, upon succeeding occasions, struck out again from their strings, to kindle in other hearts emotions similar to those which gave them birth. In this manner, a series of the most touching sounds was formed by the Irish bards into a code of melody, which has lasted through unnumbered ages. This melody, whenever played according to nature's rules, (ever the same, in all ages,) never fails to reach the human heart, and awaken therein the self-same sensations that originally gave existence to the melody itself.

For this reason, the music of Ireland has attracted the encomiums of all the surrounding nations. The elegant and erudite Walker remarks, that "the Irish music is, in some degree, distinguished from the music of every other nation, by an insinuating sweetness, which forces its way irresistibly to the heart, and there diffuses an ecstatic delight that thrills through every fibre of the frame, awakens sensibility, and agitates or tranquillizes the soul. Whatever passion it may be intended to excite it never fails to awaken. It is the *voice of nature*, and will be heard. We speak of the music of the ancient Irish; for music, like language, the nearer we remount to its rise amongst men, the more it will be found to partake of a natural expression." And Dr. O'Connor dilates upon the same idea thus: "In every concert, the *ABHRAM*, or song, accompanied the instrumental music, and the ode was invariably adapted to the species intended, whether the heroic, the dolorous, or the somniferous. By this you find that our ancients in Ireland were far from being strangers to the powers of harmonized sound, in directing, as well as exciting, the human passions. *Sounds* were therefore cultivated and modified, so as to produce extraordinary civil and political effects on the minds of men."

This attention to the cultivation of the musical art evinces a degree of refinement of manners and of *soul* amongst the Irish, which few other nations can equally claim. "If a man, naturally rough, becomes softened, *for the time*, by music,—if those times are continually renewed,—habit will take the place of nature, and that man's character will, to a certain degree, change."—*Sherlock*.—So a nation kept continually under the influence of music must become softened, susceptible, refined. And yet there are English writers, who have, to aid the base purposes

of tyranny, written down the ancient Irish, and the modern Irish also, as a barbarous people, though their passionate cultivation of music, in all ages, would of itself confront and abash the calumny.

Collins, who wrote the *Ode on the Passions*, recited so often by our schoolboys, began it with a falsehood —

“ When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early *Greece* she sung.”

Collins was an Englishman, and though he knew in his heart that *Ireland*, not *Greece*, had the best claim to the honorable distinction of *school for young Music*, yet, to sing it, or even admit it, would make his ode and himself unpopular amongst his countrymen. He therefore starts with his musical rhapsody from *Greece*; and while we admire his composition, we are grieved to think that the genius of poetry should, in his person, bend, in a falsehood, to the genius of tyranny.

There is no evidence, either on the page of history or in musical tradition, of any very great excellence to which the Greeks attained in music. Moore, quoting *Anacharsis*, says, “The sweetness of their ancient music had *already been* lost when all the other arts were but on their way to perfection;” and Wood, in his *Essay on Homer*, has the following: “The old, chaste Greek melody was lost in refinement before their other arts had acquired perfection.” But we have the means of ascertaining the character of Greek music, furnished by a fragment of their own composition, in the days of their highest degree of refinement. It is an astronomical hymn, composed by Dionysius. It is in three parts. The first was dedicated to Calliope; the second, to Apollo; the third, to Remisius. This fragment has marked upon it the very notes by which the Greeks chanted it. And, curiously enough, it was discovered in the sixteenth century, by Archbishop Usher, in the archives of the cathedral of Armagh, in Ireland. When this ancient fragment was given to the world, it created a strong excitement, especially in the musical circles. *Galleli*, the Italian composer, published it, in 1587, with musical notes, in his *Dialogue upon Ancient and Modern Music*.

This fragment, having occupied the attention of the learned and musical world for a long period, is thus defined, in the scale of excellence, by the great Burney, whose work on music is a standard authority: —

“In reference to those ancient melodies, I have only to say, that no pains have been spared to place them in the clearest and most favorable

point of view ; and yet, with all the advantage of modern notes and modern measures, if I am told that they came from the Cherokees or the Hottentots, I should not be surprised at the degree of excellence they possess. There is music that all mankind, in civilized countries, would allow to be good ; *but these fragments are certainly not of that sort* ; for, with all the light that can be thrown upon them, they have still *but a rude and inelegant effect*, and seem wholly unworthy of so refined and sentimental a people as the Greeks ; especially if we subscribe to the high antiquity that has been given to two of the hymns, which makes them productions of that period of time, when arts and sciences were arrived in Greece to a very high point of perfection."

From these proofs the candid mind must conclude that the *taste* of the Greeks did not favor very much the growth of *music*. That is all I contend for *here*. At another stage in this work, I shall enter into a short comparison between the Greek and Roman political institutions, laws, customs, morals, &c., and those of Ireland, in parallel ages.

As to the Romans, they knew nothing worth naming of music, and this Cicero himself admits. We have heard that "Nero fiddled while Rome was burning ;" but the fact is, Nero never saw a fiddle : he had a sweet voice, and sang, in the theatre, for days, and even nights, without stopping : on some occasions he punished his courtiers for nodding asleep during his performance ; and it is said he *wrote* nearly all his orders connected with his government, to save his voice. The chief instrument of the Romans was a blow-pipe, resembling the Scotch bagpipe. It is said, indeed, that the Scotch have modeled their bagpipes from the Roman. The Irish bagpipe is a different kind of instrument. It has a set of drone pipes, which give a base an octave lower than the chanter pipe : all these pipes are supplied by wind from a bag, into which it is puffed by a bellows strapped to one arm of the player, while the other arm squeezes the wind-bag which supplies all the pipes. The bagpipe, as thus described, is thoroughly an Irish musical instrument, and is of very great antiquity. In the ancient parliamentary assemblies of Tara, a place was set apart for the *cushlas*, the Irish name of the players on the bagpipe, so denominated because the instrument was worked by the inside of the arm, the region of the arteries which run to the heart.

Let us now turn to Ireland, and examine for ourselves what *her* ancient claims are to musical reputation. We have seen that the Egyptian historian, in describing the ancient Irish, noticed their musical exercises on the harp. The history of Ireland is studded all over with the deeds of the bards and musicians. Indeed, most of the bards were

also musicians, and taught the divine art to the youth of both sexes. In the fragments of old Irish poetry which have come down to us, we find numberless allusions to ladies of other days, who struck the harp with fairy fingers, accompanied with strains from their own hearts, which melted those of their hearers, even as the sun's rays melt down the snow. A daughter of Erin is thus described by a bard who wrote two thousand years ago:—

“The daughter of Moran seized the harp!  
And her voice of music praised the strangers.  
Their souls melted at the song,  
Like a wreath of snow before the eye of the sun!”

Another, of the same age, is thus described:—

“The spouse of Thrathal had remained in her house;  
Two children rose with their fair locks about her knees;  
They bend their ears above the harp,  
As she touched with her white hand  
Its trembling strings. She stops.  
They take the harp themselves,  
But cannot find the sound which they admired.  
‘Why,’ they said, ‘does it not answer us?  
Show us the string wherein dwells the song!’  
She bids them search for it till she returns.  
Their little fingers wander amongst the wires.”

About three hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, a revolution was brought about in Ireland, by the power of music, in the following manner: The Irish monarch, Leoghaire, with several of his sons and nobles, was murdered by his brother, Cobthaigh, who usurped the throne. One only of the king's children, named Mahon, escaped. His friend privately conveyed him to the hospitable mansion of the king of Munster. Here he grew up a youth of comely person and of great promise. During his residence at the court of Munster, he inspired the lovely *Moriat*, the prince's daughter, young and beautiful as himself, with a strong affection for him. The usurper, hearing that a young prince and heir to his ill-gotten throne was still alive, was about to declare war against the king of Munster; whereupon, for greater safety, Mahon fled the kingdom, and found an asylum in the court of the king of Gaul. Here he signalized himself in that king's service, by several brilliant actions in war.

The fame of his valor reached his faithful *Moriat*, and, under the influence of the divine passion which she cherished, she composed the fol-

lowing beautiful ode, which she instructed her *harper*, Craftine, to sing to the chords of his harp, in affecting melody, and sent him in quest of her exiled lover.

When the minstrel arrived at the quarters of Mahon, on the banks of the Loire, in France, he took his station under his windows, and sang the ode of *Moriat*.

"Warrior prince! son of a thousand kings  
 Of wave-wreathed Erin!  
 Hast thou forgotten thine own native land,  
 And the imperishable glory  
 Of thy sires — those  
 Milesian heroes, who were  
 Towers of fire in the battles of the valiant?  
 Is the voice of Erin's harp  
 Still dear to recollection, and  
 Gladdening to the soul of Prince Mahon,  
 The hope of Innisfail?  
 Listen, O prince, to strains  
 That would speak the sorrows  
 Of thy oppressed country, and  
 The wailings of desponding love.  
 Know, then, that Erin,  
 Thy country and kingdom,  
 Invokes thee, her darling son,  
 To return to the throne of thy fathers,  
 And rescue her from usurpation.  
 Return! return to green Aelga,  
 And free thy people from the yoke!  
 The harps of Tara breathe the sounds of woe;  
 The oaks of thy forests sigh in the breeze;  
 The rocks of Meath respond, in echoes  
 To the Banshee's lamentations;  
 And the ghosts of thy royal fathers,  
 As they stalk over their pathway of clouds,  
 Call upon thee to rouse,  
 And make victory the footstool of thy throne!  
 But if thy country cannot  
 Awaken pity in thy breast,  
 Surely love will melt  
 Thy heart to compassion,  
 As the vernal sunbeams  
 Dissolve the crystal mirror  
 Of the ice-plated Shannon,  
 When hoary Winter becomes  
 Shocked at his own image.

Dost thou still remember Moriat.  
 The maid of thy first love?  
 Has absence obliterated  
 The record of thy solemn vow?  
 Has another, fairer, younger princess  
 Despoiled the heart-shrine  
 In which thy young affection first placed her image?  
 Have you forgotten your last words,  
 That thy 'beloved *Moriat* should be  
 The only divinity, thy  
 Heart would worship?'

This fondly-remembered declaration  
 Is the very life of her hope,  
 The bright beacon that shines  
 In the wilderness of her heart!  
 Return, O wandering warrior,  
 To the maiden of thy vow.  
 Thy presence would brighten  
 The darkness of her woe!  
 O, Mahon! canst thou resist  
 The double claim of country  
 And of love?  
 Come, gallant prince, of the race of heroes,  
 To the halls of thy sires,  
 And at the head of the warriors of Erin,  
 Let your might be like the spirit of the tempest  
 Uprooting the pines of the hill,  
 And your vengeance as terrible  
 As the mountain torrent  
 Sweeping over the valley of  
 The husbandman.

Hasten, then, O, hasten  
 To the fields of exploit of thy glorious sires.  
 Here their spirits will inspire thee with courage,  
 And nerve thee with  
 Supernatural power,  
 And give thy martial arm force  
 To prostrate the usurper of thy throne."

The prince, filled with the passion of resistless love, and the fires of a lofty ambition, prevailed on the French king to grant him an expedition to recover his throne. He was successful — he landed, and marched directly to the palace of the murderer of his father, and destroyed him and his guards. His success soon flew out on the winds of fame. His first act was to marry his faithful *Moriat*. His marriage and coronation were the grandest known in Ireland for many previous reigns.



Both the harp and the bagpipes of the ancient Irish gave a *bass*. This, standing alone, would be an incontrovertible evidence of their thorough knowledge of music, with its counterpoint, bass, and harmonies. Some of the musical writers say that counterpoint, bass, and harmony, were not known in Europe till the eleventh century, and erroneously attribute the *invention* of these improvements to *Guido*. Now, the very construction of these ancient Irish instruments — the harp and bagpipes — must disprove a part of this assertion. It is true that *bass*, *counterpoint*, and *harmony*, were not known in the south of Europe till the eleventh century; but it is not equally true that *Guido* invented them, inasmuch as they were familiar to the Irish musicians several centuries before that period.

The harp, in the course of ages, was enlarged by the Irish musicians, from eleven strings, the old Egyptian number, to thirty-two, which gave them sixteen tones, or two octaves, below C, and sixteen tones, or two octaves, above that note, forming a comprehensive scale, which comprised the full complement of bass and treble tones. The harpers touched the instrument with both their hands, one of the hands sounding bass notes, and the other the treble, as players upon the self-same instrument, in the piano-forte, do at present. — The piano-forte of the present day is simply the Irish harp, placed horizontally in a box, and struck by machinery. — The old Irish harpers obtained their flats and sharps by pressing the string about to be struck with the thumb of one hand, while they struck it with the fingers of the other. This old contrivance was done away by the introduction of the *pedal*. Thus each string concealed three tones. The Irish harp produced a great number of tones and semitones — perhaps one hundred — affording compass enough for bass and harmonies; and the harp even now supplies the greatest number of octaves or sounds of any instrument except the organ. No other nation, either in Europe or in any other part of the world, cultivated the harp. It is Ireland's exclusively. It is graven on her banners. It is graven on her people's hearts. It is the symbol of their nation. The guitar, the violin, and many other instruments, are variations and derivatives from the harp; but the "harp of Erin" is Erin's own, and

"Must still be respected,

While there lives but one hard to enliven its tone."

The old Irish bagpipes, as I have said, afforded, in its three *drone* pipes, a comprehensive bass. Two of the drones were pitched equal to D, on the chanter pipe, and one an octave, or eight tones, lower. The chanter or treble pipe gave eight or ten notes, which, by a stiff blast,

were run up the entire of the G cliff, in the same manner that the flute is made to play. The flat and sharp notes were obtained by playing in a particular way the end of the chanter on a leather strap, fastened to the knee, and by half stopping the finger-holes of the chanter; and the drone pipes were so contrived that the player could lengthen and shorten them at pleasure, deepening or contracting his bass according to the demands of the strain played by the chanter.

More than enough of evidence is herein offered, to show that the ancient Irish understood bass, counterpoint, and harmony. If I have not already wearied out the reader's patience, I beg him to accompany me through this inquiry. The ear and heart, attuned to music, will be pleased to trace the progress of this fascinating art, through countless ages, from its infancy to its present maturity. As I said already, Rome knew nought of music. The amusements of that brutal nation consisted chiefly of inhuman exercises, involving the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of human beings, in the amphitheatres, where the admiring eyes of patrician beauty gloated on sights of blood, and heard with ecstasy the groans of the dying. Practices such as these, continued for upwards of seven hundred years, suffocated all the tender or sensitive feelings of humanity, which alone can appreciate and foster music.

It will be seen, when we come to the times of St. Patrick, and the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, that the people were passionately addicted to music, both vocal and instrumental. Their sun worship, their funerals, their wars, their games, and their festivities, were all attended by musical performances. The apostle of the cross brought no singers with him into Ireland; he brought no music; but he found it there. The pagan deeds and ceremonies of their ancestors he found celebrated and sung, by the Irish poets, in the most fascinating versification, attuned to strains of touching melody. The poetry he destroyed, but the music he turned to the purposes of Christianity. He induced them to turn their musical strains towards God and his Son, instead of Baal. Christian objects, Christian heroes and saints, held the place of pagan heroes and deities, in their public chants. During the lifetime of St. Patrick, several hundred churches were erected throughout Ireland. Many universities and monasteries were also established. In some of the latter, the monks formed choirs which consisted of hundreds of singers. In the abbey of *Benchoir*, which was founded in Carrickfergus, in the North of Ireland, in the beginning of the sixth century, there were three thousand monks, all of whom, in turn, joined in an eternal song of praise to the Almighty. No fewer than three hundred

at a time were so engaged, and when those had performed their share of the holy duty, they were relieved by others, and so on, throughout the night as well as the day, from year to year. In this way the song of praise to God was kept up for many ages. The term *Ben-choir*, the Irish appellation of this abbey, means *sweet music*. *Archdale* says, "The abbey of Mungret, near Limerick, contained, for many ages, *fifteen hundred* religious persons, of whom FIVE HUNDRED were *skilled in psalmody, to serve continually in the choir.*"

In truth, the monks of the various monasteries established throughout Ireland, cherished, practised, and taught music, inventing several additional rules for its government, suggested by a passionate cultivation of the science; and, as the elaborate Burney hath remarked, "the national music of a country is good or bad in proportion to that of its church music," so may we readily give our belief to the advanced state of musical science claimed for Ireland at the era we are considering, viz., the sixth century of Christianity. On the general introduction of Christianity into Ireland, through the mission of St. Patrick, in the previous century, the Roman or Latin language was universally established in all the church offices. The natural influence exerted by the church over the newly-converted Irish, exalted, in their estimation, to a certain extent, the language of its ritual over their own. Hence their musical and religious terms were gradually clothed in the language (Latin) used by the priesthood. Some writers have, on this very slender ground, alleged that the Irish received their musical knowledge from the church missionaries who came from Rome; but this is a fallacy. On the decline of the Roman empire in the fifth and sixth centuries, the ancient seat of their government fell into the hands of the barbarian tribes, who rushed from every side upon the centre of that power which oppressed them.

Every thing connected with the cultivation of *mind* was swept away by the infuriate deluge. Even the Latin tongue, the language of the Roman empire, became in a short time mixed with the barbarous dialects of all those nations, which sent in their hostile legions to destroy her. The knowledge of writing the Latin language was nearly lost, and its old pronunciation completely so. The few books which escaped the fury of war were written in Roman or Etruscan capitals, without the least distinction or division of words or sentences. All was chaos in government, law, literature, and music, throughout Europe. And it was in Ireland alone, where the eagles of conquering Rome never were suffered to perch, that all the higher attributes of civilization

remained in pristine vigor, and continued, undisturbed by civil commotion, to approximate to matured excellence.

Even the language of fallen Rome was preserved in its original integrity by the Christian priesthood of Ireland, and by them carefully cultivated, and restored, improved, to the schools of Europe, when order was at length reëstablished by Charlemagne. The English nation, says the English Camden, was taught Latin by *Maidulphus*, a learned Irishman, anno 680. — See Camden, p. 176. — To them are we indebted for the application of the principles of punctuation to the Latin language. In the ages between the sixth and ninth century, they used, says Beauford, a number of points and marks, not only to distinguish and point out to the reader the true meaning of the different parts of a written discourse or composition, but also to express the several *tones* and inflections of the voice in which such compositions ought to be pronounced.

These marks they divide into three species, viz., *grammatical*, *rhetorical*, and *MUSICAL*. From the first two species are derived the several stops and marks at present used in reading and writing throughout the greater part of Europe. The third, that is, the musical, were used in the psalms, or other divine hymns, to render the singing more easy, and to regulate the modulation of the voice.

Walker gives a translation from an old Irish manuscript, containing some of the ancient rules for singing, from which I quote the following: —

“The *ancient* Irish poems, as sung by the *fleas*, harpers, &c., were frequently *accented*, to render the singing of them more easy. The characters thus made use of were the same as those adopted by the Latins, differing only in power, according to the genius of the language. A line of poetry marked, was denominated *car*, or a marked line, (being the same as the Latin *sulcos*;) and the characters used therein consisted of two species, that is, the *ceol*, or sound, (the *tonus* of the Latins,) and *annál*, or *breath*, from whence, in the Irish tongue, *car* came to signify a bar or line in music, or music in general; and *ceol*, or *chieol*, a musical note. But *ceol* properly signifies sound, and the marks under that name expressed the elevation and depression of the voice on any syllable in musical concord, and was of three species, that is, *ceol ardceol*, *basceol*, and *circeol*. The *ceol* in this case marked the middle tone or pitch of the voice, (being the same as the Latin *modicus*;) and in our language was seldom denoted by any character, the syllables in this pitch being left without an accent. The

*ardceol*, (the same as the Latin *acutus*,) thus ( ' ), marked over a syllable, denoted that the voice was raised a third above the *ceol*, or middle pitch, and, when the character was doubled, elevated the tone to the octave. The *basceol*, thus marked ( ` ), depressed the voice a third below the *ceol*, and a fifth below the *ardceol*, (being the same as the Latin *gravis*,) but, where marked double, fell a sixth below the *ceol*, and an octave below the *ardceol*. The *circeol* (the same as the Latin *circumflexus*) denoted the turning or modulation of the voice, and depended entirely on the length and power of our diphthongs and triphthongs; for, as the Irish language does not delight in the harsh sounds of consonants, there is no tongue, perhaps, where the power and variety in the sound of the vowels are so great, in consequence of which, the *circeol* varied its power according to the different inflections of the vowels. The first species, thus marked ( — ), denoted the falling voice, from a third above the *ceol*, to a third, and sometimes a fourth, below, making the falling fifth or sixth, and properly belongs to the diphthongs  $\widehat{eu}$ ,  $\widehat{iü}$ ,  $\widehat{ao}$ , and  $\widehat{oi}$ . The second species, thus marked ( ^ ), denoted the rising voice in the fifth or sixth, passing through the intermediate third, and was generally placed over the diphthongs and triphthongs,  $\widehat{ieu}$ ,  $\widehat{aoi}$ ,  $\widehat{ei}$ , &c. The third species elevated the voice a third, and fell a third, alternately, and was marked thus ( ^ ) over the accented vowel; as  $\widehat{ea}$ ; but when the voice only fell or rose a single note, this ( — ) for the rising note, and ( — ) for the falling.

“As for the semitones, they were seldom marked, being left to the ear of the musician, according to the key he sang or played in. And in the Irish language, all vowels, meeting in one word, without a consonant between them, make but one syllable; and, however they may be accented, the different tones are sounded in the time or length of the syllable, whether it be long or short; but an aspirated consonant between two vowels makes them separate syllables. This property of the Irish language renders it exceedingly harmonious, and well calculated for poetical and musical compositions — far superior either to the Latin or any of the modern tongues.” — Here let the reader turn to page 83, under the head of “Language,” for a further evidence of musical notation, in the fac-simile engraved from this old manuscript.

If the reader, who has perused these pages, still remains unsatisfied as to the degree of excellence to which ancient Ireland attained, I will only invite his attention to the following specimen of musical notes in the ancient character, with the accompanying translation into modern notation.

Ancient Irish Psalm Tune, with a Translation.

The annexed ancient characters were symbols of musical sounds. They answered all the purposes of modern notes, which are no more. These marks of musical modulation must be thoroughly conclusive as to the possession of a complete musical school by the Irish several centuries before the days of Pope Gregory, who sat in the pontifical chair about 594. It is true, Burney, who saw this specimen, does not consider that it belongs to a period so remote; but Burney knew nothing of Irish history, or the Irish language, and viewed Ireland only through the medium supplied by the writings of his prejudiced countrymen.\*

This musical curiosity, says Walker, was given to Mr. Beauford by a priest, who took it from a manuscript which had been for *many generations* in the possession of one of the families of the Cavanaghs. The characters in which it is written are the Etruscan, or Latin, of the middle ages.

I am aware that there exists a difference of opinion amongst learned writers on the point whether Ireland received most instruction in music from, or communicated most to, the "Latins." It would be difficult, I believe, to select any assertion, proposition, or recorded event, within the knowledge of man, about which there is *not* a difference of opinion. One broad fact has been established by the controversy, namely, that there were at the dawn, and during the early ages of Christianity, two distinct musical schools in the world, viz., the *Eastern* and the *Western*.

\* Burney admits, however, that the farther back he traced Irish music, the more melodious and refined he found it to be.

Some of the theological writers, who, since the reformation, wrote adversely to the supremacy of Rome, have gone so far as to build something like a theological argument on the difference which they found in the psalmody and music used in the churches immediately surrounding the pontifical centre, and those used in Ireland, Britain, and Gaul.

That the Christian fathers adapted their psalms and hymns to whatever rules and modes they found existing in those countries which they converted, is recorded and admitted by all the early historians. There were hardly any of the nations destitute of some sort of musical chant ; for melody belongs to the mental and physical formation of a human being, and not to science. It belongs, like feeling and sentiment, to nature. Although, according to Burney, the Eastern nations know nothing of bass, harmony, or counterpoint, yet we may readily admit their practice of chanting, in strains of rude melody, the praises of their dead or living great. The pagans of the East did this, and observed the method of chanting with one, and responding with another, set of voices. St. Paul desires the Ephesians to speak to each other in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, (Ephesians, chap. v. verse 19.) Though it is impossible to determine of what kind the ecclesiastical musical modes were, yet we may conclude, from the frequent allusions made to the subject by the immediate followers of the apostles, that some musical order was followed, and improvement aimed at. *St. Origen*, early in the third century, says, that Christians sang psalms. The terms he uses in reference to the Christian psalmody are of Greek origin, which lead to the supposition that the "*rude and inelegant*" music of the Greeks was that adopted by the Christian fathers. I have marked the definition of Greek music in Italics, because it is not mine, but that of a great master of musical science and history, *Dr. Burney*.

During the first three hundred and fifty years of Christian preaching, the doctrine was so violently opposed, and the teachers so inhumanly persecuted, and sacrificed, by the pagan Romans, that little order and less improvement could be introduced into the psalmody of the church. It is computed that, in the space of three hundred and fifty years from the foundation of Christianity, upwards of four millions of human beings were put to death for professing the Christian religion. When, in the close of the fourth century, one or two of the Roman emperors became Christian, this horrible persecution abated, and then some efforts were made by *St. Ambrose* to regulate the church psalmody.

About the year 384, he formed a compound chant of the Dorian, Lydian, Mixolydian, and Phrygian tones, which were called authentic modes. To this, his holiness Pope Gregory, in 599, added three or four Plagal tones. The chants, thus modeled under Ambrose and Gregory, continued for ages the songs and psalmody of the church, and even down to our own days stand amongst its music under the general designation of the "Gregorian chants." They were the first efforts of the Latin fathers to form a code of melody. The ever-existing jealousy of the church against innovation on any of its rules or principles, and its desire to secure uniformity in the sacred song, as well as in prayer, sacrifice, and sacrament, forbade any change in the Gregorian chants for several ages; but in the twelfth century, improvements were made, it appears, by the Pope Gregory of that age.

Such are the material components of the *musical school of the Latins*. Let us now turn our eyes again to Ireland. The chants of Pope Gregory were established in the year 600 of the Christian era; but St. Patrick entered Ireland in the year 427, one hundred and seventy-three years before Gregory's time. He could not, therefore, have introduced the music of the Latins into Ireland, inasmuch as the Latins had no musical code at the time of his appointment by Pope Celestine, nor had they, as I have shown, for nearly two centuries after; and yet all the churches and monasteries — and they were numerous — erected in St. Patrick's time were filled with choristers. The monastery of Benchoir, whose very name (*sweet music*) indicated the character of its performances, had as many as three thousand choristers, who kept up the eternal song of praise to the Creator, as well by night as by day, mingling with their voices the sounds of the harp. The whole island, in the course of St. Patrick's mission, was covered over with churches and monasteries, some built of stone, some of wood, and some of clay; but they were *all* filled with singers and harpers. We find that *Dubh-thach*, the great poet of the Irish, on the arrival of St. Patrick, reconstructed, at the saint's request, many of his own poems, and those of other Irish bards living and dead, accommodating them to celebrate, in melody and harmony, the praises of the Christian martyrs, instead of the heathen deities.

We find that a series of musical rules, for dividing and accenting poetical compositions, existed in Ireland in very remote ages. We find the musical diagram for regulating the harp music in use. We find the universal cultivation of the harp prevailing amongst the refined classes of the Irish. We find that even the clergy sang to it in their



churches, as Cambrensis, in his *Topographia*, written in the twelfth century, testifies. "Hence it happens," says he, "that the bishops, abbots, and holy men, in Ireland, carry with them *their harps*, and, modulating them, are piously delighted. Whence it happens that *St. Keiven's harp* is held in the greatest reverence by the people of that country." — Chap. 12, dis. 3. — In the *Life of St. Keiven*, it is stated that the king of Munster, so early as A. D. 489, had the best band of harpers of any in his time, who accompanied their music with singing. We find the bagpipes, the horn, and sundry other instruments, in use, with rules for playing on them, long established in pagan ages. Such maturity was not attainable by any sudden or fashionable application; it must have been the effect alone of long practice and cultivation.

The more we proceed on this interesting inquiry, the more numerous do we find proofs of the musical science of Ireland. I have shown, from the controversy on the comparative merits of the *Latin* and *Western* musical schools, that *two* distinct schools existed in Europe. Such, in fact, was the case: the *Western* school was seated in Ireland. That it was esteemed the *best*, through the most part of Europe, we shall find established by the following evidence: "When Neville Abbey was established in France, in the close of the sixth century, under the auspices of King Pepin, Gertrude, the daughter of that governor, sent into Ireland for musicians and choristers to serve in it. A band of these Irish harpers and choristers came from thence, who imparted their music and rules to all the Franks, which were adopted by the court and the nation;" and we find that the great Charlemagne, in the eighth century, appointed two Irishmen, Clement Albanus and Dungen, preceptors for the two great universities of Pavia and Paris, which he established.

If the Irish school were not esteemed the better of the two, its professors would not have been selected for music and literature by those monarchs, who assisted so materially in restoring civilization and letters to Europe.

But far more remains to be told. The construction of rhyme, the father and mother of music, is purely of Irish origin. The Greek or Roman poets wrote no poetry that rhymed. Theirs was written in *blank* verse, that is, verse without rhymes. The translators of the old Greek and Roman poets — Dryden, Pope, Cowper, and others — have clothed *their translations* in rhyming verse, to meet the demands of the popular taste; but their great originals wrote without rhyme. Singular as it may appear, nevertheless it is true, that the Irish were the only

people of ancient days who rhymed in poetry. The ancient *ran*, or *ria*, of the Irish was the father of modern rhyme.—The reader will please turn to pages 163, 164, for specimens of ancient Irish rhyme; and, further, the first in all this world who wrote *Latin* rhymes were Irishmen!

On this head let us hear Moore. "It would appear, indeed, that the modern contrivance of rhyme, which is supposed by some to have had a far other source, may be traced to its origin in the ancient *rans* or *rias* [stanzas] of the Irish. The able historian of the Anglo-Saxons, [Turner,] in referring to some Latin verses of Aldhelm, which he appears to consider as the earliest specimen of rhyme now extant, professes himself at a loss to discover whence that form of verse could have been derived. 'Here, then,' says Turner, 'is an example of rhyme in an author who lived before the year 700, and he was an Anglo-Saxon. Whence did he derive it? Not from the Arabs; they had not yet reached Europe.'" But already before the time of Aldhelm, the use of rhyme had been familiar among the Irish as well in their vernacular verses as in those which they wrote in Latin. Not to dwell on such instances in the latter language as the hymns of St. Columba Kille, an example of Latin verses interspersed with rhyme is to be found among the poems of *St. Columbanus*, of Ireland, which preceded those of Aldhelm by near half a century, viz.:—

"Mundus iste transit et quotidie decrescit;  
Nemo vivens manebit nullius vivus remansit."

Though the rhymes, or coincident sounds, occur thus in general on the final syllable, there are instances throughout the poem of complete double rhymes.

So far back, indeed, as the fifth century, another Irish poet, *Sedulius*, had, in some of the verses of his well-known hymn on the life of Christ, left a specimen of much the same sort of rhyme, viz.:—

"A solis ortus cardine, ad usque terræ limitem  
Christum canamus principem — natum virgine."

But it is still more correctly exemplified in a hymn in honor of St. Brigid, written, as some say, by *Columbkille*, but, according to others, by *St. Ultan*, of Ardraccan.

"Christum in nostra insula, quæ vocatur Hibernia,  
Ostensus est hominibus — maximis mirabilibus."

From the following account of the metrical structure of Irish verse, it will be seen that it was peculiarly such as a people of strong musical feeling, with whom the music was the chief object, would be likely to invent and practise. "The rhyme," says Dr. Drummond, "consists in an equal distance of intervals and similar terminations, each line being divisible into two, that it may be more easily accommodated to the voice and the music of the bards. It is not formed by the nice collocation of long and short syllables, but by a *certain harmonic rhythm adjusted to the voice of song by the position of words which touch the heart and assist the memory.*"

"According to this 'art of the Irish,' as it was styled," continues Moore, "most of the distichs, preserved by Tigernach from the old poets, were constructed; and it is plain that Aldhelm, who was instructed by *Maidulph, a native of Ireland, derived his knowledge of this, as well as of all other literary accomplishments of that day, from the lips of his learned Irish master.* How nearly bordering on jealousy was his own admiration of the schools of the Irish, has been seen in the sarcastic letter addressed by him to *Eagfrid*, who had just returned from a course of six years' study in Ireland, overflowing, as it would appear, with gratitude and praise."

Camden admits the English learned Latin from the Irish, and adopted the Irish letters; and several English authors admit that *rhyming* is exclusively an Irish practice.

St. Columbanus, the celebrated Irish scholar and Christian missionary, who proceeded from Ireland, in the sixth century, throughout Europe, teaching literature and Christianity, used, it is said, to enjoy the music of the harp; and, on one occasion, the holy man is described sitting, along with his brethren, upon the banks of Lake Kee, in Ireland, listening to the songs of the celebrated poet and musician *Cronan*. He was a Leinster man, educated in the Irish college of Benchoir, already alluded to; and he took with him twelve Irish monks, who travelled with him through several places on the European continent, preaching the doctrines of the cross. Princes and potentates welcomed him wheresoever he appeared, gave him lands, and encouraged him to establish his disciples as teachers amongst their people. Wherever he established monasteries, he also established, says the Abbe M'Geoghegan, *the perpetual psalmody by different choirs, who relieved each other by day and night*, as practised at the time at Benchoir and other Irish monasteries. The same author, writing in France, adds, that he was

the first who established the monastic order among the French. We may fairly presume that he introduced, through his order, into France, thus early, (sixth century,) the sacred music of Ireland.

Germany received its Christianity and *psalmody* from Ireland in that century and the one succeeding, as shall be shown more fully in those pages of this work which treat of Christian Ireland. While I am writing, an address appears in the Irish papers, directed to Daniel O'Connell by the clergy of Germany, fully confirming all I have advanced. I make a very brief extract.

*"We never can forget to look upon your beloved country as our mother in religion; that, already at the remotest periods of the Christian era, commiserated our people, and readily sent forth her spiritual sons to rescue our pagan ancestors from idolatry, at the sacrifice of her own property and blood, and to entail upon them the blessings of the Christian faith."* — Dublin Nation, 13th April, 1844.

Indeed, the chants of the Latin church received many contributions from Ireland even during the lifetime of Pope St. Gregory. St. Columbkil sent three pieces to Rome, two of which were thought very fine by his holiness, and there incorporated in his chants. The first of these begins with the lines

"In te, Christe, credentium;"

the second with

"Noli, pater, indulgere."

The great *Sedulius*, the Irish evangelical poet, wrote several church hymns, some of which were adopted by the same pontiff, and inserted in the breviary of hymns — "*A solis ortus cardine*," for the nativity; and "*Hostis Herodes impie*," for the epiphany; with the "*Salve, sancta, parens enixa puerpera regem*," which is used as an introit at the masses of the Blessed Virgin. "*The Catholic Church* (says Moore) *has selected some of her most beautiful hymns from this poem. Sedulius wrote in 448 — more than a century before the time of Pope Gregory.*"

I might, indeed, continue to produce many other similar instances, if I deemed them necessary. It is evident from Irish history that the lay and church music of Ireland grew, under their own cultivation, from the ancient sounds of simple melody, to a complete maturity. The genuine old Irish lay melodies are capable of being converted into quick or dancing measure, and *vice versa* — a test of their correct mode. This the dancing airs of modern times do not admit with equal propriety and effect. The Irish was totally distinct from the Latin mode, which was not introduced into Ireland till about the twelfth century. At

that period, by the strenuous exertions of St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, the music practised at the chief seat of the Christian church was introduced partially into the church service of Ireland. *But this did not alter the general character of the lay music of the nation*; for we see, when Geraldus Cambrensis visited Ireland, in 1186, the music of Ireland was in great perfection, and in high estimation.

Cambrensis was an Englishman, who had travelled as the companion of Henry the Second all over Europe; had heard the best music of every country, and of the most refined society. In his Book of Travels is the following remarkable passage on the Irish music of that age:—

“The attention of this people to musical instruments I find worthy of commendation; in which *their skill is, beyond all comparison, superior to that of any nation I have seen*; for in these the modulation is not slow and solemn, as in the instruments of Britain, to which we are accustomed; but the sounds are rapid and precipitate, yet at the same time sweet and pleasing. It is wonderful how, in such precipitate rapidity of the fingers, the musical proportions are preserved, and, by their art, faultless throughout, in the midst of their complicated modulations and most intricate arrangement of notes, by a rapidity so sweet, a regularity so irregular, a concord so discordant, the melody is rendered harmonious and perfect. Whether the chords of the diatesseron or diapente are struck together, yet they always begin in a soft mood, and end in the same: that all may be *perfected in the sweetness of delicious sounds, they enter on, and again leave their modulations, with so much subtilty, and the tinglings of the small strings sport with so much freedom under the DEEP NOTES OF THE BASS, delight with so much delicacy, and soothe so softly, that the excellence of their art seems to lie in concealing it.*”

But such was the celebrity of Irish music a century preceding the arrival of Cambrensis, that the Welsh bards, so celebrated for their knowledge in this art, condescended to seek for and receive instruction from those of Ireland. “Gruffydh ap Conan,” says Powell, “brought over with him from Ireland divers cunning musicians into Wales, who devised *mostly all* the instrumental music that is now there used; as appeareth as well by the books written of the same, as also by *the names of the tunes and measures used among them to this date.*” This is found in Camden’s History of Britain and Ireland, 1584, (page 191.)

The learned Selden says of Welsh music, when speaking of the subject, “Their music, for the most part, *came out of Ireland* with

Gruffydh ap Conan, prince of North Wales, about King Stephen's time." — *Notes on Drayton.*

Carodoc, of Lhancarvan, a Welshman, in the twelfth century, assures us that the *Irish devised* all the INSTRUMENTS, TUNES, and MEASURES, in use among THE WELSH. "Caradoc, the Welsh king and historian," says Lædwich, "without any of that illiberal partiality so common with national writers, assures us the Irish devised all the instruments, tunes, and measures; in use among the Welsh. Cambrensis is even more copious in its praise, when he declares that the Irish, *above any other nation*, is incomparably skilled in symphonical music. This incomparable skill could never be predicated of unlearned, extemporaneous bardic airs: it implies a knowledge of the diagram, and an exact division of the harmonic intervals; a just expression of the tones, and, in the quickest movements, a unity of melody. Cambrensis observes these particulars of our music; he accurately distinguishes the Irish and English styles: the latter was the diatonic genus, slow, and made up of concords, heavy, the intervals spacious, as in ecclesiastical chant: the former was the enharmonic genus, full of minute divisions, with every diesis marked, the succession of our melodies lively and rapid, our modulations full and sweet. He alone, [Cambrensis,] who had the sharpest faculties, and was the most profoundly versed in the musical art, felt ineffable pleasure in hearing Irish musicians. It is then evident that all this transcendent excellence in music could be derived but from two sources — *a perfect knowledge of it as a science, and its universal cultivation.*"

Logan, the Scottish antiquarian, says, "Although the Welsh were not previously ignorant of music, it is related that *Gryffith ap Cynan*, being *educated* in Ireland, brought its music, musicians, and instruments, to his own country about 1100, and, having summoned a congress of the harpers of both countries to revise their music, *the twenty-four musical canons were established* in Wales."

I will here repeat, from my chapter on the bards, the nature of those rules for poetry and music which were then brought from Ireland into Wales. The authors of that able work on the poetry and music of Wales, entitled the *Myvyrian Archæology*, published under the superintendence of the Society of Welsh Antiquarians, enter on a profound inquiry into the subject. Referring to the rules of poetry and music introduced from Ireland into Wales in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, they say, "*The rules consisted of twenty-four elementary principles of versification. These, with their subdivisions, include*

*every species of verse that has ever yet, in any age, or amongst any people, been produced, besides a prodigious number of original construction, which can be found with NO OTHER PEOPLE.*" Dr. Molloy, already quoted by me, says, the construction and variety of Irish metre are the most difficult he has ever seen or heard of. In its composition these things are required — number, quartans, number of syllables, concords, correspondence, termination, union, and caput, the subdivisions of all which are again minute and perplexing.

Ere Dr. Johnson designated Ireland *the school of the West*, he had fully satisfied himself that she deserved the appellation; and so in truth she did. Her schools of literature, science, and music, were celebrated throughout Europe, and imparted to its youth the light of wisdom. The ancient Irish, according to Vallancey, Walker, and other antiquarians, had their musical schools, in which the bards and *oirfidigh* were instructed in musical science. Into these schools, the stray musical talent of the country was collected, maintained, and educated, at the expense of the foundation — a practice we find prevalent at present in the Jesuit schools of Germany, and also in the pontifical schools at Rome. In those Irish musical schools, a circle of the learners was formed, called *draíeacht*, to distinguish it from *ogham*, the prosodiacal circle.

The Irish bishops carried the harp with them in the time of Cambrensis, and, indeed, the clergy were often excellent bards. Donchadh O'Daly, abbot of Boyle, in 1250, excelled all the bards of his time. The members of the Scots (Irish) church, says Logan, brought sacred music to great perfection, and rendered it celebrated throughout Europe in very early ages; and left *many treatises on it*.

Wharton, in his History of English Poetry, says, "Even so late as the eleventh century, the practice continued among the Welsh bards of receiving instructions in the *bardic profession from Ireland*."

Up to the twelfth century, poetry and music were generally cultivated by the same person; so that all things that were said of one branch applied to the other. After that period, poetry and music separated, and each was pursued by different votaries. The musician gradually became a distinct *artiste*, and so of the poet.

I find it asserted in some of the musical works, that "counterpoint, or melody, as treble and bass, were *invented* by *Guido*, an Italian, about the year 1022, and the time table by *Frameo*, in 1080." I cannot see how that can be called an *invention* in Italy, in the eleventh century, which was known in Ireland at least five hundred years previously. But

this fallacy proves to us that the Latins knew little of the varied musical principles of the Western (Irish) school for a long period after their religious intercourse commenced. Improvements, it is said, travel much slower than snails. We can readily credit the fame which Guido and Frameo acquired, by the *introduction* to their countrymen of the *Irish* rules for *treble and bass, and dividing time*, which they offered to the world as *inventions*. The Italians, according to their own great musical author, Galleli, “derived their harp from Ireland before the time of Dante,” (A. D. 1300.) The instrument, according to his account, had, at that time, four octaves and a tone in compass, viz., thirty-three strings. As Italy got her harp from Ireland, it is not presuming too much to say she got the instructions for playing on it from the same quarter; for they must be very subtle casuists indeed, who can draw a different conclusion from those plain premises. °

The violin, though brought to great perfection in Italy, in 1550, by *Amati* and *Straduaris* of Cremona, had its origin in the Irish *creamhtine cruit*, (*Walker* and *Vallancey*), an instrument of six strings, four only of which could be termed symphonic, and these were stretched over a flat bridge on a finger-board. The two lower strings projected beyond the finger-board, and were not touched by the *plectrum*, or bow, but occasionally with the thumb, as a bass accompaniment to the notes sounded on the other strings. This instrument, the parent of the violin, was used as a tenor accompaniment to the harp at feasts and convivial meetings. Martyn, in his Journey through the Western Highlands, notices the prevalence of this instrument, and remarks, “As it is not denied that the *creamhtine cruit* was the parent of the violin, it only remains to be admitted that the *Scots* borrowed this instrument from the *Irish*, in order to account for the violin being in such general use in the Western Isles.” The Welsh had a similar instrument long in use, the invention of which some of their writers having claimed for them, the learned Colonel Vallancey, the English antiquarian, grapples with the assumption, and vindicates the claim of Ireland to its invention. “I believe,” he says, “the only honor they can have is the invention of playing on this instrument with the bow; yet this seems to have been known to the Irish also, for, in our common lexicons, we find ‘*Cruit*, a harp, a *fiddle*, a crowder.’”

It is very evident that this instrument may have been played by the ancient Irish with the fingers, like our modern guitars; or, rather, may we not say it was the old Irish guitar? It was capable of giving four octaves, or thirty-two natural notes, which was formerly the precise



power of the harp. Upon this basis the violin of *Cremona* was constructed. Experiments have improved it so much that a bar may be bowed above fifty different ways. Paganini was the most wonderful violinist that ever appeared. He transcended, with the G string by itself, all other performers with the four strings.

The Scottish music is essentially Irish; their ancient language was Irish; their kings, their laws, books, and poetry, were all Irish in origin; all their musical instruments, with the exception of the bagpipes, were Irish. The Scotch bagpipe, which they have brought to very great perfection, and play on delightfully, is of Roman origin.

The learned Mr. Beauford, at the request of Dr. Walker, made an exact comparison between the Irish and some of the Highland airs, published, in the last century, by the Rev. Mr. M'Donald, and it was discovered that they were constructed on the same principles. The cause of this affinity in music, between these two people, is the same as that which made their language common or identical, namely, a common origin, and a long and closely continued alliance and relationship. Dr. Campbell, in his *Philosophical Survey*, confidently asserts *that the honor of inventing the Scots music must be given to Ireland*. The Scottish historian *John de Fordun*, who was sent over to Ireland, in the fourteenth century, to collect materials for a history of Scotland, (the first that ever was published separately on Scotland, from the time of its original colonization from Ireland,) expressly says that "*Ireland was the fountain of music in his time, whence it then began to flow into Scotland and Wales.*"

John Major, in his fulsome panegyric on James the First of Scotland, (as quoted by Walker,) calls that prince "another Orpheus, who touched the harp more exquisitely than either the Highlanders, or even *the Irish, who were the most eminent harpers then known.*" This was written in 1600. Walker continues to remark, "The cause of this affinity between the airs of the two nations we may find in the Scottish historians. These writers inform us that, about the period of which we are now treating, many Irish harpers travelled into the Highlands of Scotland. Here, while they diffused several of their native melodies, they undoubtedly occasioned a revolution in the musical taste of the country for the excellence of their performance: they, standing at this time unrivalled in their profession, must have excited admiration; and whatever we admire we are ambitious to imitate."

In a large work, entitled *Caledonia*, page 476, quoted by Logan, a Scotchman, the following passage appears: "The Welsh, the

Scots, and the Irish, have all melodies of a simple sort, which, as they are connected together by cognate marks, evince at once their relationship and antiquity. The Manx have but a few national airs that much resemble the Irish. Much of the music of Ireland seems as if it were composed for love only."

The music of the Isle of Man is altogether Irish.

Almost all the English poets, who wrote on Ireland from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, noticed the preëminence of her music above all the nations of Europe. Fuller, in his *History of the Holy War*, says, "Yea, we may well think that all the concert of Christendom in this warre could have made no musick if the *Irish harp* had been wanting."

Drayton has the following: —

"The Irish I admire,  
And still cleave to that lyre,  
As our music's mother;  
And think, till I expire,  
Apollo's such another."

Lord Bacon says, "The harpe hath the concave not along the strings, but across the strings; and no harpe hath the sound so melting and so prolonged as the IRISH HARPE." Moore quotes the following from Evelylin's *Journal*: "Come to see my old acquaintance, and the most incomparable player on the Irish harp, Mr. Clarke, after his travels. Such music before or since did I never hear, that instrument being neglected for its extraordinary difficulty; but, in my judgment, far superior to the lute, or whatever speaks with strings." Even Spenser, the poet of Queen Bess, praises the harp of Ireland, and says he had much of their poetical compositions translated to him. Walker remarks that it is very probable Spenser borrowed several of his beautiful fictions from some of these Irish poems; for in them, as in those of Ariosto and Chaucer, giants and fairies may be found in abundance. Many more English, and also French, authorities could be quoted, if I deemed them necessary.

In the fifteenth century, the Irish harp, according to Dean Lynch, received considerable improvements from the ingenuity of Robert Nugent, a Jesuit, who resided in Ireland. He enclosed the open space between the trunk and upper part (or arm) of the instrument with little pieces of wood, and closed it up after the manner of a box, and the bored part, or sound-hole, on the right side, which was formerly open, he covered with a lattice work of wood, as in the clavichord, and then

placed a double row of chords on each side. This was certainly a valuable improvement ; for, in consequence of the double row of strings, which was stretched along each side of the trunk, there were two strings to each tone, so that two parts might be played on the instrument at the same time — the treble with the right hand and the bass with the left. The Welsh have used a double-stringed harp, in latter years, which is much esteemed amongst musicians ; but the Irish harpers seem to prefer the old single-stringed instrument. The old harps were strung with wire, and the performers struck them with their nails, which were suffered to grow very long for that purpose. Gut is now used. The Welsh formerly used hair.

There were many other instruments in use amongst the ancient Irish, which want of space will not permit me to dwell on. The ancient *horn* was a simple musical instrument, common to almost all the nations. It was formed from the horn of the cow, and was occasionally lengthened by a small brass or tin tube inserted in the smaller end, which was put into the mouth. Holes were bored in this instrument at musical distances. Almost all chiefs, knights, bards, and travellers, wore those horns suspended over the neck, by the side ; and when they arrived at the ancient *betagh*, (resting-place of free entertainment,) they sounded either the horn worn by themselves, or that found suspended at the gate. It is said that St. Patrick, when he travelled, took with him a horn. The horn was used as a drinking cup by the Irish chieftains ; and it was also used as a signet, or symbol of agreement, in the perfection of civil contracts. In England, as in Ireland, it was used as a pledge, in the transfer of inheritances, and its presence upon such occasions may have given birth to that old Irish and English custom of having a drink at the conclusion of a bargain or contract. The horn, or *cornu*, does not seem to be peculiar to any nation ; it was used as well by the Jews, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Germans or *Teutones*, Caledonians, as by the Irish.

When the bugle horn ceased to be used in the armies of the Irish, and the other European powers, it was either slung, as an ornament, at the side of domestics, (*Walker*,) or employed at hunting matches to call together a scattered pack of hounds. There were many variations of this instrument, such as the clarion, trumpet, &c. The flute, pipe, flagelet, and boy's whistle, were originally in the same form. The Irish had the *corabasnas*, a chorus instrument of a complex form, which was used, as its Irish name imports, for *marking time in music*. It consisted of two circular plates of brass, connected by a wire of the same metal,

twisted in a worm-like manner, which jingled round the shanks, when the plates were struck upon by the fingers.

The ORGAN was invented by a barber of Alexandria, about one hundred and thirteen years before the birth of Christ. The history of its improvements from the rude original to its present perfected state, is interesting, but too long for this work. When it was first introduced into Ireland, history is silent. Organs were in general use, in the churches of Italy and France, in the seventh century; about which time, the religious of Ireland and of those countries had frequent intercourse. There is an organ at present at Amsterdam, which has fifty-two whole stops, besides half stops, and two rows of keys for the feet, and three for the hands, and a set of pipes that imitate a chorus of human voices. The organ at Haerlem (*Gardiner*) is one hundred and eight feet high and fifty feet broad, with five thousand pipes, resembling columns of silver, from the ground to the roof. It produces a tone of thunder. This is an instrument capable of yet greater improvements.

The PIANO-FORTE, as I have already said, is simply the Irish harp, placed horizontally in a box, and struck by the machinery of levers and leathern hammers, touched by the fingers. This instrument, now such a universal favorite, was constructed in London, in 1766, by *Zumpi*, a German. The compass of the *piano* extends, like the *modern harp*, through six octaves. To present a scale showing the surpassing compass of the harp, I give, from the best musical authorities, the following calculation: the compass of the grand action *harp* extends through six and a half octaves; the compass of the grand action *piano*, through six and a half, and latterly some have been run up to seven; the *guitar*, through two and a quarter; the *clarionet*, three and a half; the *horn*, three; the *bassoon*, three; the *flute*, three; the *violin*, two and a half, but every note can be bowed fifty different ways; the *violoncello*, two and a quarter; *human voices*, two. In an organ of eight octaves, the pipes of the lowest tones are thirty-two feet long, and of the highest, *one inch and a half*.

BELLS began to be used in churches on the introduction of Christianity into Britain and Ireland; but large bells, suspended in towers, were not general till the eighth and ninth centuries. At that time, on the expulsion of the Danes from Ireland, the clergy converted the old round towers of Ireland into belfries.

The *trombone* is the sackbut of the ancients; and it was revived about 1790, after a model found in Pompeii. It produces the semitones by sliding out and in, like a telescope tube.

The English had no musical schools, and cultivated the science very sparingly, till about the close of the sixteenth century. A country described so accurately by one of their own accomplished writers, in the few compact words that follow, can have little pretensions to music; for it is the offspring of peace, art, science, literature, and political independence. "The Roman occupation of Britain is an historical blank. They held the country four hundred years—a period sufficient to change its character; but we have few evidences of their improvements, *and for twelve centuries after their departure civilization was in the lowest state.*" — *Sir Richard Phillips.*

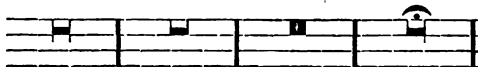
While music and poetry were flourishing in Ireland, coarse ballads, set to rude music, were the delight of the nobility and gentry of England. I hope no person from that country will deem me guilty of disparaging unjustly the character of the English nation. Ireland has, until very lately, been contemptuously treated by the majority of Englishmen. Her fair character has been stained by calumnious writers. Under the shade of clouds of slander, her liberties have been stolen away, and her children have been scattered, houseless and friendless, on a cold world. If, in the endeavor to remove some portion of that vast cloud, by the publication of this book, I should wound the sensibilities of any English man or woman, I have only to say that the deed is farthest from my wish. Although the great body of the English people *now* feel disposed to be more just to Ireland, still the genius of history requires that I should, in these pages, tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and that I shall do, under the favor and protection of the Almighty.

John Baldwin, an English writer, published a work, called the "Canticles or Balades of Solomon, A. D. 1549," in which he thus concludes his address to the reader: "Would God that such songs might once drive out of office the bawdy balades that commonly are indited and sung of idle courtiers in princes' and noblemen's houses." This depravity of taste, remarks Walker, which Mr. Baldwin reprobates, must have been gradually stealing on his countrymen.

Henry Lawes, according to Milton, who was himself a lover of music, was the first improver of the secular music of the English. Milton's sonnet to him begins thus: —

"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song  
 First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent,—not to scan  
 With Midas ears, committing short and long," &c.

So much for the secular music of the English. Now we turn for a moment to their church music, which we shall find in a very simple, unimproved state. In "*The Book of Common Prayer noted*," published by John Marbeake, in 1550, which contains so much of the common prayer as is to be sung in churches," there were but three or four sorts of notes used, viz.



The whole is filled with chanting notes on four red lines only; but their knowledge of harmony, it appears, increased in the year 1563, for another work was then printed, entitled "*The Whole Psalms, in Foure Partes, which may be sung to all Musical Instruments.*" Yet their taste seems not to have kept pace with their practical improvement; for *Prinn*, in a work published in 1663, calls their church music the *bleating of brute beasts*.

Luther, who was a tolerable musician, introduced some new rules into English psalmody. He caught the popular airs floating in the dance and wake, and gathered them into his churches. The *Old Hundredth*, says Phillips, was a love ditty; *Rebuke me not*, was an Irish jig; and *Stand up, O Lord*, was a Poitou-dance.

Burney gives the first tune printed in English notes, and it appears to be the old Irish air, *Ta an Sammodh teacht*, "*The Summer is coming*," to which Moore wrote the beautiful words, "*Rich and rare were the gems she wore*," to be found in the musical pages of this work.

Madrigals for four or five voices were introduced in the seventeenth century, when Marinzio, Este, Morley, and Wilbye composed their glees and catches. James the First, himself a good musician, introduced into Scotland several eminent foreign performers, who, it is said, improved the Scotch style, and, on their return to Italy, brought with them the old Irish and Scotch music, which they learned during their sojourn.

George the Fourth, a few years ago, with the aid of our countryman *Michael Kelly* and *Gardiner*, had two hundred strains of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, adapted to as many of the best versions of the Psalms. The English, within the present century, have become great patrons of foreign music, whilst they have nearly altogether neglected their own, meagre though it be. In truth, their principal stock was given to them by Irish composers. Michael Kelly, alone, wrote the music of

sixty English operas and musical pieces, during the first quarter of the present century.\* He composed all the music for Dibdin's songs, sung by him with powerful effect during the wars against Napoleon. The taste of the English public for genuine music was not so accurate as that of their contemned neighbors, the Irish, as may be seen from the following anecdote of Handel, which appears in Walker, but better told by Busby, in his musical work. "When Handel first produced his *Messiah* before a London audience, in 1750, it was condemned. He went to Dublin, reproduced the splendid performance there, and won from that more discriminating audience thunders of applause. In fact, it created quite a sensation in Ireland. On Handel's return to London, he had the satisfaction of enjoying the most enthusiastic applause, and the highest honors, from the same audiences which previously condemned his immortal composition; and after his death, his natal day was commemorated in London by the most extravagant musical festivals." At the Handel commemoration of 1784, which took place in Westminster Abbey, four hundred and eighty-three performers took part; at that of 1834, there were six hundred and twenty.

The music of Ireland changed gradually in its character after the introduction of the religious wars of the reformation. Although the first settlers from England, who obtained a footing in Leinster, through the national treachery of Dermot M'Murrough, in 1169, had given their Irish neighbors considerable annoyance, — and although King Edward the First, of England, inhumanly butchered, at a feast, three hundred of the Welsh harpers, and soon after caused to be passed, at the little parliament of his Pale, a statute making it penal to entertain any of the Irish minstrels, rhymers, or news-tellers, — still the heart of Ireland was not broken, and her music was buoyant as her spirit was light, hearty, animating.

But after the desolation which followed the religious wars of Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, James the First, Cromwell, and William the Third, the character of the national music changed. But rather than attempt a description of this change, I give that of the elegant and accurate Walker, from whose rare work I have already drawn so largely. "Such was the nice sensibility of the bards, such was their tender affection for their country, that the subjection to which the kingdom was reduced, affected them with the heaviest sadness. Sinking beneath this weight of sympathetic sorrow, they became a prey to melancholy. Hence the plaintiveness of their music; for it being, at this time, (from 1550 to 1780,) their only solace, must have served to increase their

\* See *Michael Kelly*, at page 1190.

melancholy; for music, says Bacon, feedeth that disposition of the spirits which it findeth: the ideas that arise in the mind are always congenial to, and receive a tincture from, the influencing passion. The bards, often driven, together with their patrons, by the sword of oppression, from the busy haunts of men, were obliged to lie concealed, in marshes, in gloomy forests, among rugged mountains, and in glens and valleys, resounding with the noise of falling waters, or filled with portentous echoes. Such scenes as these, by throwing a gloom over the fancy, must have considerably increased their settled melancholy; so that, when they attempted to sing, it is not to be wondered that their voices, thus weakened by struggling against a heavy mental depression, should rise rather by minor thirds, which consist but of four semitones, than by major thirds, which consist of five. Now, almost all the airs of this period are found to be set in the minor third, and to be of the sage and solemn nature of the music which Milton requires in his *Penseroso*.

‘—— bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto’s cheek,  
And made hell grant what love did seek.’”

The great Orientalist, Sir William Jones, remarks on the advantage we have over the Greeks, in our *minor scale*, which enables us to adapt our music so admirably to subjects of grief and melancholy — love, for instance. Mr. Marsden, in his *History of Sumatra*, says, “The Sumatra tunes very much resemble, to my ear, those of the native Irish, and have usually, like them, a flat third.” “Being very desirous,” says Walker, “to discover the cause of this resemblance, I consulted Mr. Marsden on the subject, the result of which was the following curious paper:—

“It is observed that the popular music of most nations, within certain limits of civilization, is confined to the flat or minor key. The sharp or major key is doubtless the more obvious, and must present itself to the rude essayers of the art. Accordingly it will be found, that people in a very savage state, as the negroes of Africa, seldom, if ever, demonstrate any acquaintance with the minor key. Their short songs, by which they regulate the motion and soothe the irksomeness of their labor, are *all in the major key*, which accords better with the natural vivacity of their disposition. In countries where, from incidental circumstances, the inhabitants are encouraged to devote their leisure to the improvement of their musical skill, they catch, at length, the succession of tones with a flat interval; and finding this more expressive of passion,



and more calculated to awake the feelings, which is the great end and object of music, amongst people whose genuine sensations are not blunted by the polish of refinement, they attach themselves to it, and the other key, being comparatively deficient in pathos, falls into disuse. Where the art is carried to its last stage of perfection, as among the European nations, and where the object of the musician is to entertain by variety, and surprise by brilliancy of execution, — to captivate the ear rather than the hearts of his auditors, — there both the keys are indifferently employed, or so managed as to produce that species of pleasure which arises from sudden transitions and contrasts.

““ Since writing the above, I met an observation by a French author, that singing birds always tune their song in the major key, and that, although it has frequently been attempted to teach those birds which possess imitative faculties to pipe airs with a flat third, it has never to any degree succeeded.’ ”

The Irish harpers copied the sounds of birds and animals upon their harp-strings. So did the Irish pipers upon the bagpipes. Hunting tunes have been made the medium of numberless variations, in which the cries of the hounds, the “Tally ho!” of the huntsman, and the moans of the dying stag or fox, have been very well imitated. Gardiner, in his *Music of Nature*, has put into notes the songs of twenty-four birds, and twenty animals, and of eight or ten insects; also twenty expressions of human passion or feeling. The *gnat* gives the note A, on the second space. The death-watch calls in B flat, and answers in C. The three notes of the cricket are in B. The buzz of a beehive is in F. The wings of the house-fly are in F, in the first space. The *humble-bee* is an octave, or eight notes, lower, &c.

I have inserted these digressional remarks and quotations here, for the purpose of presenting the reader with some of that variety of character which belongs to Irish music. And now to return to the ages of its decline.

A people hunted like wolves, as the Irish have been, by their barbaric neighbors, for the last three hundred years, could not have practised the nice and minute rules necessary to keep up a good musical school; they were not able to improve and refine according to the rapid development of musical science in other happier nations; and hence there is found a marked decline in its cultivation.

Walker mentions one Maguire, a vintner, who resided near Charing Cross, London, about the year 1730, and played exceedingly well on the Irish harp. His house was frequented by some of the very

first men in London, even members of the cabinet, who came to hear his melody. Upon one occasion, he was asked why the Irish airs were so plaintive and solemn. He replied that the native composers were "too deeply distressed at the situation of their country and her gallant sons to compose otherwise; but remove the restraints which they labor under, and you will not have reason to complain of the plaintiveness of their notes." Offence was taken at these warm expressions; his house became gradually neglected, and he died soon after broken-hearted.

Many fragments of beautiful lamentations, as well as incitements to freedom, composed by the minstrels who lived in the ages of persecution, are plentifully scattered through the history of this period. I can make room for only one specimen. It is the composition of *O'Gnive*, family *ollamh* to the O'Neills of Clanaboy.

“————— O

The condition of our dear countrymen!  
How languid their joys!  
How pressing their sorrows!  
The wrecks of a party ruined!  
Their wounds still rankling!  
The wretched crew of a vessel  
Tossed long about, finally cast away!

Are we not

The prisoners of the Saxon nation?  
The captives of remorseless tyranny?  
Is not our sentence pronounced?  
Is not our destruction inevitable?  
Frightful, grinding thought!  
Power exchanged for servitude,  
Beauty for deformity, the  
Exultations of liberty  
For the pangs of slavery,  
A great and brave people  
For a servile, desponding race!

How came this transformation?

Shrouded in a mist, which  
Bursts down on you like a deluge,  
Which covers you with successive  
Inundations of evil.

Ye are not the same people.  
Need I appeal to your senses?  
But what sensations have you left?

\* \* \* \* \*

The suffering children of Ireland no longer  
Recognize their common mother.  
She equally disowns us for her children.

We both have lost our forms.  
 What do we now behold  
 But insulting Saxon natives,  
 And native Irish aliens?  
 Hapless land!  
 Thou art a bark through which  
 The sea hath burst its way.  
 We hardly discover any part  
 Of you in the hands of the plunderer.  
 Yes! the plunderer hath  
 Refitted you for his own habitation,  
 And we are new-moulded for his purpose.  
 Ye Israelites of Egypt—  
 Ye wretched inhabitants of this foreign land,  
 Is there no relief for you?  
 Is there no Hector left  
 For the defence, or rather for  
 The recovery, of Troy?  
 It is thine, O my God,  
 To send us a second Moses.  
 Thy dispensations are just;  
 And unless the children of Scythian Scot  
 Return to thee, old Ireland is not doomed  
 To arise from the thraldom of the Saxon.”

This is not the place to record the millions of human beings, of every age and of both sexes, that were butchered—the confiscations and the desolation which accompanied the wars of Elizabeth, James the First, Cromwell, and William the Third. The reader will find them briefly described in the proper place in this volume. Every attribute of the Irish nation which we should admire was struck down, and, as eloquently expressed by the heart-broken bard, “the slaves of Ireland no longer recognize their common mother.” In this terrible desolation the music of Ireland sank. Nine tenths of the most beautiful compositions perished. A few, compared with what existed, have come down to us; and, judging by their surpassing melody, we may form a conception of what the MUSIC of IRELAND really was in the ages of her independence. During the pressure of the penal laws, from the age of Elizabeth, in the sixteenth, to the times of Grattan and Flood, in the eighteenth century, the intellect of Ireland shrank back into the earth as fast as it saw the glare of tyranny. Education had been suppressed, wealth and enterprise forbidden, freedom extinguished, and the songs of the bard silenced by the hangman or the trooper. Now and then, however, in the midst of the universal gloom, some dazzling genius would flash his meteor rays

on the thick surrounding darkness,—but only to make the darkness more visible; yet those involuntary emanations of native talent did occasionally appear, affording evidence of the vitality of Erin's body, and the immortality of her soul,—proving, in the language of her darling poet, Moore,

“—— that still she lives.”

Amongst these, O'Kane, Carolan, Jackson, and some others, stand proudly prominent—the first as a harper, the second and third as composers. O'Kane not only delighted his own countrymen in Ireland, but passed over to Scotland, about 1740, where he won such renown, that the lairds of that ancient country made him their honored guest. He was presented by the Laird M'Donald with a *harp key*, that had been time immemorial in the family, which bore marks of *great antiquity*, being ornamented with gold and silver, and precious stones of great value. Such a tribute offered by the primary chieftain of Scotland to Irish musical genius is not to be undervalued.

Of Carolan a volume might be agreeably filled. Walker gives many pages of his valuable book to his life, and Bunting and Hardiman also give many particulars. “The cabin,” says the former, “in which our bard was born, 1670, in the village of Nobber, county Westmeath, is still pointed out to the inquisitive traveller. As it is in a ruinous state, it must soon become a prey to all-devouring time; but the spot on which it stood will, I predict, be visited, at a future day, with as much true devotion by the lovers of natural music, as Stratford-upon-Avon and Binfield are by the admirers of Shakspeare and Pope.” He must have been deprived of sight at a very early period of life by the small-pox, for he remembered no impression of colors, and was shut up in darkness before he had taken even a cursory view of creation. From this he felt no inconvenience. “*My eyes,*” he would say, “*are transplanted into my ears.*” Yet, though blind, he could play backgammon very well. Hospitality consumed his little farm. He ate, drank, and was merry, leaving the morrow to provide for itself. It is not known at what period of his life he became an itinerant musician, or whether it grew from necessity or choice. His person was comely, his forehead intellectual, as may be seen from an engraving of him to be seen in the Frontispiece. Walker says, “Methinks I see him mounted on a good horse, and attended by a harper in the character of—a domestic,—for he at all times kept a good pair of horses, and a servant to wait on him,—setting forth on his journey, and directing his course towards Connaught. Wherever he

goes, the gates of the nobility and gentry are thrown open to him. Like the Demodocus of Homer, he is received with respect, and a distinguished place assigned him at the table. Near him is seated his harper, ready to accompany his voice and supply his want of skill in practical music." "Carolan," says Mr. Ritson, "seems, from the description we have of him, to be a genuine representative of the ancient bard." Carolan had his love troubles. There is hardly any bard free from them. Woman worships poetry and music, and he who has been blessed or cursed with poetical or musical addictions, will have his share of her smiles and frowns.

It was during his peregrinations that he composed all his beautiful pieces. "Carolan," says Magee, in his *Dublin Packet* for 1784, "though a modern minstrel, has been admired as a first-rate musical genius — an untaught phenomenon in the cultivation of harmony. His music is in every body's hands, and is in the highest degree popular." I have selected *some* of Carolan's musical remains for these pages, which I hope will not be neglected for airs of far less melody or merit.

His wit was prompt and pointed. Residing, at one time, in the house of a parsimonious lady, who was sparing in her supply of his favorite beverage, he heard the butler, O'Flinn, unlocking the cellar door, and, following him, was repulsed rather surlily; upon which he instantly composed a bitter epigram in Irish, which is translated as follows: —

"What a pity hell's gates are not kept by O'Flinn;  
So surly a dog would let nobody in."

Not only Geminiana, but Handel, appreciated and praised Carolan's powers: both these great composers were in Ireland. Carolan succeeded in every kind of composition. Mr. O'Connor, the historian, makes honorable mention of his sacred pieces. "On Easter day I heard him play at mass. He called the piece 'Gloria in Excelsis Deo,' and he sung that hymn in Irish verses as he played. At the Lord's Prayer he stopped; and after the priest ended it, he sang again, and played a piece which he denominated the 'Resurrection.' His enthusiasm of devotion affected the whole congregation." I have compressed Bunting's notice of him into the following brief paragraph: —

The bards, according to the testimony of the Greek and Roman writers Strabo, Diodorus, Marcellinus, &c., existed among the ruder branches of the Celtic tribes before the time of Augustus, emperor of Rome, in the second century. We find them under the same name in Ireland, from the earliest period of our history down to the year 1738,

when Carolan died, who seems to have been born to render the termination of his order memorable and brilliant. If we reflect upon the disadvantages under which he labored, — born blind, with slender opportunities of acquiring ideas, the inhabitant of a country recently desolated by a civil war, the flames of which had scarcely subsided, and add to this his own propensity to idleness and dissipation, — we cannot but be astonished at the prodigious powers of his mind. He occasionally tried almost every style of music, — the elegiac, the festive, the amorous, and sacred, and has so much excelled in each, that we scarcely know to which of them his genius was best adapted. His first composition was plaintive and amorous, addressed to “Bridget Cruise,” a lady to whom he was attached, without the hope of success. He is said to have dedicated fifteen different pieces to her, all of which are lost. “O'Rourke's Feast,” the music of which he composed for Mugh M'Gouran's ode, was much admired by Swift, who immortalized it in his works. “Paudeen O'Rafferty” he composed almost impromptu, on hearing that a little boy without pants had opened a gate for him, on his way to Miss Cruise's residence. These melodies will be found amongst the music of this work. His last piece was inscribed to Dr. Stafford, his physician. He composed, early in life, the *Fairy Queen*, *Rose Dillon*, and others of his serious pieces; but, after having established a reputation, and addicted himself too much to festive company and the bottle, he spent his time in the composition of his *planxties*, which required no labor or assiduity. We may form some idea of the fertility of his genius from this circumstance, that a harper, attending the Belfast meeting, (in 1792,) who had never seen him, and was not taught directly by any person that had an opportunity of copying from him, *had acquired* upwards of a *hundred of his tunes*, which, he said, constituted but a very inconsiderable part of the real number. We need not wonder if nine tenths of his compositions be irreparably lost, as Carolan never taught any itinerant pupils, except his own son, (who had no musical genius,) and as we have never heard that any of his pieces were committed to writing until several years after his death, when young Carolan, under the patronage of Dr. Delany, edited a small volume. The Italians dignified him with the name of CAROLONIUS.

On the establishment of the parliamentary independence of Ireland, in 1782, and the consequent growth of a young and buoyant public spirit, such as happily characterizes her sons at present, (1844,) her music was searched for among the ruins of her plundered shrines. Belfast, the

birthplace of that glorious spirit, which was, unfortunately for Ireland, misdirected in 1798, and which was calculated, under a wiser management, to give her freedom, called into existence a national musical desire, which produced a general convention of musicians from all parts of Ireland. It assembled in 1792, in Belfast, at which the few remaining harpers of Ireland attended. The celebrated Dr. Bunting was authorized by the Belfast committee to attend professionally, to take down the airs according to modern notation, and in the English language, for the purpose of forming a standard code of national music. The following is a portion of his report of that celebrated meeting : —

“The compiler of this volume was appointed to attend, on that occasion, to take down the various airs played by the different harpers, and was particularly cautioned against adding a single note to the old melodies, which were found, as we shall see, to have been preserved pure, and handed down through a long succession of ages. Most of the performers convened at the meeting were men advanced in life, and all concurred in one opinion respecting the reputed antiquity of those airs which they called *ancient*. They smiled on being interrogated concerning the era of such compositions, saying they were more ancient than any to which our popular traditions extended.

“It would appear that the old musicians, in transmitting this music to us through so many centuries, treated it with the utmost reverence, as they seem never to have ventured to make the slightest innovation in it during its descent. This inference we naturally deduce from our finding that harpers, collected from parts far distant from one another, and taught by different masters, always played the same tune on the same key, with the same kind of expression, and without a single variation in any essential passage, or even in any note. The beauty and regularity with which the tunes are constructed appear surprising. This circumstance seemed the more extraordinary, when it was discovered that the most ancient tunes were, in this respect, the most perfect, admitting of the addition of a bass with more facility than such as were less ancient. Hence we may conclude that their authors must necessarily have been excellent performers, versed in the scientific part of their profession, and that they had originally a view to the addition of *harmony* in the composition of their pieces. It is remarkable that the performers all tuned their instruments on the same principle, totally ignorant of the science of the principle itself, and without being able to assign any reason, either for their mode of tuning or of their playing bass. On an impartial review of all these circumstances, we are inclined to

believe that those specimens which have survived and been transmitted to us are only the *wreck* of better tunes, the history of which is either lost, or incorrectly recognized in a confused series of traditions."

But Ireland, even in the ruins of her music, has yet much more varied and touching melody than any *other nation on earth can boast of*. What an old Scottish author applied to his country may, with a slight alteration, be given to Erin.

"From the pastoral cot and shade  
Thy favorite airs, my *Erin*, came,  
By some obscure *Beethoven* made,  
Or *Handel*, never known to fame!  
And hence their notes, forever warm,  
Like nature's self, must ever charm."

The scientific Beauford, in Walker's Bards, p. 344, furnishes a learned paper on the construction and capability of the harp. He enters into a critical and mathematical examination of its structure, which he gives in several pages full of algebraical calculations, to which I refer those who may doubt his result, which appears by the following passages in his paper: —

"As the science of music advanced among the European nations, the harp changed its form. Its original figure was, most probably, like the harp of the Phrygians, a right-angled plain triangle; but, as this form was not capable of receiving, with convenience, a number of strings, it was found more proper to alter the right angle to an oblique one, and to give a curvature to the arm. *The Irish bards, in particular, seem, from experience derived from practice, to have discovered the true musical figure of the harp* — a form which will, on examination, be found to have been constructed on true harmonic principles, and to bear *the strictest mathematical and philosophic scrutiny*, as I shall endeavor to demonstrate in the following pages; but, not having an opportunity of examining a number of these instruments, I have taken that in Trinity College, called Brien Boroimhe's harp, as the model of the Irish harp in general. The Greeks constructed their triangular harps of three, four, or five, and six, strings. But the old Irish bards seem to have improved upon this system, for, by making the plane of their harp an oblique-angled triangle, they fell into the true proportion of their strings; that is, as the diameter of a circle to its circumference, which fully agrees also with the learned Dr. Young's laws relating to the theory of sound.

\* \* \*



“From what has been said, we see how near the Irish bards, in the construction of their harp, came to mathematical correctness. Finding the straight arm inconvenient, they constructed it in a curve, which, most probably, they determined by the length of the strings, and the length of the strings by their ear, which led them naturally to the proportion of the circumference of a circle to its diameter and semi-diameter from the beginning of the axis of the arm, or tension. This method of dividing the musical scale was introduced by the late Mr. Harrison, in his time-piece, as a new discovery. Little did that ingenious mechanic think that it was discovered by men inhabiting woods and bogs several centuries previous. I might, from the above datas, consider the extent and perfection of the old Irish music; but this would carry me too far, and, indeed, would require a volume.” — April 10, 1786.

As allusion has been so pointedly made, by the above distinguished writer, to the harp of Brien, also called the “harp of Tara,” I think this the most fitting place to insert the following authorized history of this venerated relic: —

• THE HARP OF BRIEN BOROIMHE.

“The hero struck this harp in his battles, and, at the last glorious victory of Clontarf, it was found in his tent, together with his crown, by his nephew Donagh, who succeeded himself and all his sons who fell on that dreadful day. In the close of Donagh’s life in Munster, he retired from the political theatre of his great uncle, and sought repose in a monastery in Rome. Thither he carried with him the celebrated harp of Brien, together with his golden crown, and other insignia of royalty, which he presented to Pope Alexander the Second as presents. The harp remained in the Vatican until Pope Leo the Tenth sent it and other Irish relics as presents to *Henry the Eighth*, with the title of *king, defender of the faith*. Some time after, Henry presented the harp to his favorite, the first Earl of Clanrickard, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the last century, when it came, in the paraphernalia of Lady Elizabeth Burgh, into the possession of her husband, Colonel M’Mahon, of Clenagh, in the county of Clare; after whose death it passed into the hands of Commissioner M’Namara of Limerick. In 1782, this wandering harp came into the possession of the Right Honorable William Coningham, the father of the marquis of that name, who was such a favorite with George the Fourth,

king of England. The marquis, to his credit, with a view of *fixing* the future residence of the immortal harp of Brien, placed it in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. When George the Fourth visited that city, he touched the single remaining wire-string which so often, with its lost companions, sped the voice of melody into heroic souls, under the masterly hand of the great *Brien*. This far-famed harp is thirty-two inches high, and of extraordinarily good workmanship. The sounding-board is of oak; the arm and curved pillar of red sally; the point of the arm is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chiseled; it contains a large and rich crystal, set in silver, and there was another stone, now lost; the ornamental knobs at the side are of silver; on the arm are the arms of the O'Brien family chased in silver, the bloody hands supported by lions. On the sides of the curved pillar are carved two Irish wolf dogs; the holes of the sounding-board, where the strings entered, are ornamented with escutcheons of brass, carved and gilt. This harp has twenty-eight keys, and as many string-holes; consequently there were twenty-eight strings. The foot-piece, or rest, is broken off, and the parts to which it was joined are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an accomplished and expert artist.

*Brien*, the great hero, was passionately fond of music, and used this harp in his convivial hours, as well as in private, to solace the troubles of his great soul. Its remembrance, presented in the above sketch, may quicken some spirit amongst us into activity in behalf of the persecuted land of Brien, Sarsfield, Emmett, Tone, Fitzgerald, and O'Connell. And when Ireland shall be again what nature intended her to be, that harp shall be taken into her senate, restrung, and shall sound again the accents of the free.

The harp presented by Mary, Queen of Scots, to a young Scotch lady, is of lighter construction than Brien's, and has thirty strings, but of nearly the same form.

Mr. Gunn, in his Inquiry, has the following pretty passage:—

“I have been favored with a copy of an ancient Gaelic poem, together with the music to which it is still sung in the Highlands, in which the poet personifies and addresses a very old harp, by asking what had become of its former lustre? The harp replies, that it belonged to a king of Ireland, and had been present at many a royal banquet; that it had afterwards been successively in the possession of Dargo, of Gaul, of Fillan, of Oscar, of O'Duine, of Diasmod, of a physician, of a bard, and, lastly, of a priest, who, in a secluded corner, was ‘meditating on a white book.’”

About the year 1750, the musical glasses, since improved into the harmonica, were invented by Richard Pockrich, an Irishman, a name which, Campbell says, ought not to be lost to the lovers of harmony. With the celestial tones of this instrument, the sweetest within the compass of melody, Mr. Pockrich once so charmed two bailiffs sent to arrest him, that they became incapable of executing their office. He was born to a good estate in the county of Monohan, in Ireland, but outlived his property, and died poor.

The terrible and unfortunate revolution of 1798 again saturated the fields of Ireland with blood. The spirit of liberty, of poetry, and of music, which began to grow up in Ireland, was almost extinguished in the purest blood of her people. A few years of death-like gloom succeeded that bloody era. At length, MOORE began to write. His lyrical scraps, flung on the waves of public sentiment, burned on the surface like the phosphoric stars that follow a ship's track over the ocean. His *sentiment*, breathed through the most beautiful language, penetrated the hearts of the people, and created within them something like itself. He found his songs sung to the old popular airs of the country, and this induced him to set about adapting a series of songs to a portion, at least, of the national melodies. With this view, he obtained the coöperation of Sir John Stephenson, the eminent musical composer of that period. Sir John and himself made a musical tour through the interior of Ireland, and heard the old songs sung, and the old airs played, by the country people and the wandering musicians, whether harpers, pipers, or fiddlers. A gathering was thus made from the ruins of our national music. Several of those airs have been rendered still more popular by the beauty of language or sentiment with which Moore re clothed them. Sufficient has been rescued by those two patriotic gentlemen to attract the admiration of Europe.

On the publication of Moore's Melodies, in the years 1809 to 1812, they immediately won unbounded popularity. They were sung in every drawing-room, and charmed every circle. They passed over to Britain, and won from our proud invaders the tribute which they so richly merited. The lament of Erin, through her poetry and her music, extorted a tear from their flinty hearts, as beautifully expressed by Moore himself.

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,  
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,  
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep."

The Melodies of Moore worked miracles in the national sentiment, which, indeed, they may be said to have created. Their melody and their passion awoke the soul of Ireland from the torpor of slavery.

O'Connell felt the sentiment growing up around him which Moore's poetry created, and never failed to point his speeches against tyranny with the stings supplied, in endless profusion, by the accomplished bard.

The music of Ireland, from this date, began to revive rapidly: it was introduced into the theatre in overtures and musical interludes. Even the bands of the British regiments studied and played it. The 88th, commonly called the Connaught Rangers, marched to the battle-ground of Waterloo to the airs of "Garryowen" and "Patrick's Day," and did not fall there from shots received *in their backs*.

These Melodies and music were published in six European languages — a splendid evidence of their excellence. When the gatherings of Moore and Sir John Stephenson made so great an impression in England and throughout the continent, some of the Scotch writers, with their usual *love of country*, claimed many of the airs as theirs, upon the ground of these airs having been familiar in the Highlands time out of mind. Lord Kaimes is positive that those airs called *the old Scots' tunes*, were originally Irish compositions, which James the First, who was himself a good musician, had adapted to the church service; and POPE had previously called Ireland the mother of sweet singers. It is hardly necessary to enter into a controversy about the authorship of *modern* Scotch music, seeing that their best and principal airs were directly taken from Ireland, as admitted by their own writers.

Even modern Italy worked into her musical code some of those beautiful creations of Ireland, which Moore had clothed with such fascinating drapery. The most eminent of their talented sons and daughters admitted this: Geminiani declared that the music of Ireland could not be equalled on the western side of the Alps; and Handel said that he would rather be the author of *Ællin a Roon* than of the best of his own compositions. The celebrated Madame Malibran once entranced a select party in London by an Irish composition, so altered by Italian variations of her own creating, and by a change in the language, that they did not detect the original basis upon which madame had raised her beautiful fabric of sounds. It was rapturously applauded. One of the party ventured to ask the name of the delightful song. She replied, to their infinite surprise, with much *naïveté*, it was the Irish air of the *Coulin*.

Within the last few years, several Irish musical composers have followed in the path beaten out by Moore and Sir John Stephenson.

Lover stands prominent as a good poet, story-teller, and musical composer — a true specimen of the old Irish bard. His popular songs, "A baby was sleeping," the "Fairy Boy," and others, have stamped his name with the characteristics of poet and musician; and his "Rory O'More" is literally in every one's memory, both in the old world and the new. Some of these will be found in the musical pages.

Balfe, too, has shed his sentimental beauties on the stream of his country's melody. His chief productions have been brought before the Dublin and London musical audiences, in the shape of operas, which have won alike the approbation of the refined and scientific. His "Bohemian Girl" has been performed many successive nights in New York, winning the utmost applause. Mr. Brooke has produced some operatic music that keeps its place on the stage.

The songs of the writers in the Dublin Nation, and of many other compatriot poets, have astonished Europe by their number, power, and beauty. Some of these will be found in this work, set to such Irish airs as I deemed fitted their spirit and metre.

The spirit which now animates Ireland seems to be composed as well of poetic or musical, as of patriotic and martial elements. It is a glorious spirit, call it what we may. Never before was the ark of liberty floated by a prouder, safer, stronger current. Bishops and priests, as of old, sing the songs of freedom. The towering MACHALE has struck the *clearsah* of Ireland, and the lowly priest of Drogheda, Father Burke, has made several *clearsahs* (harps) of the size of the harp of Tara. These he so far improved that the harpers taught by him, who play upon them, delight the social circles, as of old. That reverend and patriotic gentleman has established a musical college in Drogheda, and holds an annual musical festival, at which many harpers attend at the contests of melody, as in the olden days.

With the return of liberty to the Emerald Isle, her music, which is the genuine language of happy hearts, shall resume its throne in the public mind, and create, and sustain with its voice, the food on which it lives.

I hope to be excused for giving so many pages to the subject of music. As a passionate admirer of the divine art, I conjecture (erroneously perhaps) that others will be pleased to dwell on that which fascinated me. I am sure there is a principle in our nature that acts in sympathetic union with a concord of sweet sounds. Music excites the most tender and refined, as well as the most powerful, emotions of which humanity is susceptible. In the church, it lifts up the heart to a community with

God. In the festive assembly, it is the very soul from which delight radiates on all within its influence. In the camp, it is the best symbol of order and discipline. In the combat, it is more inspiring than the commander's voice. At military funerals, it spreads melancholy and sorrow on all around! And in the serenade, the voice of sweet music, floating on the midnight breeze, arouses beauty from delectable dreams to a reality still more delightful!

The best play in the theatre would go lamely off without appropriate music. Children can be kept in good temper by the lullaby of the nurse. It will silence their cries, dry up their tears, and bring sunshine into their little eyes. It will tame the vicious horse in the plough, more effectually than the lash. "The ploughman's whistle is better than his goad." In the cottage, it stirs the limbs of the over-labored, and sets the weary heart dancing. The aged live over again under its influence, and the young brighten into ecstasy. On the high and giddy mast, it is the solace of the seaman. The voice of his own song cheers the helmsman, in the midnight watch. The traveller plods his way more merrily when he sings, and the laborer, by the same means, gets rid of half his toil.

Tell us, ye philosophic few, by what secret means are all our faculties, physical and mental, worked upon by this charmer? In what way does it reach the valves of the heart, that our tears gush forth or recede at its bidding? How does it so mix with the blood, that it stirs to frenzy, and, anon, calms to repose? How does it fasten on the gristly sinews and muscles, stiffening them up to supernatural power, which, at its pleasure, it again relaxes into softened inactivity? How does its subtle influence steal along our thrilling nerves, through every recess and region of our frame, changing our features, at its will, into joyful, heroic, pious, melancholy, or merry combinations?

It flies through the frame more rapidly than the most powerful poison, or its antidote. Would it not be a powerful auxiliary to the physician in restoring the convalescent, or even assuaging the pains of the sick? View this component part of our nature whichsoever way we will, it appears to me to be a highly-important gift from our Creator, conferred upon us, like speech itself, for our happiness. If we neglect its cultivation, or reject its use, we deprive ourselves of a portion, at least, of that earthly pleasure which God conferred upon Adam and Eve before their fall, and which, in his mercy, he permitted to remain with man to sustain him through the labors and miseries attendant on our fallen nature.

“Harmony from heaven descended,  
Soaring first when chaos ended,  
And through time and space extended  
Heaven's first decree.

The very soul itself refining,  
All that's great and good combining,  
God, and man, and angels, joining,  
Hail thee, Harmony !”

Music is, in reality, simple. Nature gives forth its own melody, which can be regulated by a few general rules, so as to affect the *hearts* of the majority of those who hear it. I have ventured to define its nature in my section on the bards, which I shall here repeat. Poetry is the regulated effervescence of the brain. It is part of the excitement which takes place beyond the demands for natural wants, and thus displays itself in flights called imagination. Good poetry is the able display of *feeling*, and good prose the able display of fact, correct reasoning, and acquired knowledge.

Music is the more sublimated expression of human feeling. Its effect depends upon the power and variation of the sounds which convey it. It is an agreeable stream of well-contrasted sounds, formed according to the standard of the human voice, in a natural key, continually varying from that key to a lower or higher pitch, but uttered in a manner agreeable to the organs of hearing, or the seat of sensations in the brain. Music, like language, delights in simple sounds; yet refinement, as it proceeds, sanctions a skillful deviation from simple sound as the acme of science. An ear accustomed or educated to these deviations, must be continually fed by like sounds, for it sickens at the pure voice of nature. In the same way does the appetite of one who has been fed from childhood on compound cookery — on food tortured from its natural flavor by every imaginable invention — sicken against plain meats, presented in their original elements.

Instrumental music requires much more study, and many more rules, to form it, than vocal, because the effort is an artificial imitation of nature, and approaches nearer to perfection, as it imitates nature more exactly. In proportion as our musical taste — that is, the sense of hearing and discriminating — becomes accustomed to deviations from the pure sounds of nature, the pleasure we derive from pure melody is diminished. This refinement may be said to remove the ear so far from the heart, that the essence of music (melody) cannot reach it. Most of the scientific music which we hear, is calculated only to display the brilliant execution

of the performer, and to occasion a gentle titillation in the organs of hearing; and many of the great masters who perform on the violin, harp, bugle, or piano-forte, to hear whom we pay high prices, seem to disdain the use of melody altogether, and to be ashamed to be supposed capable, or accustomed, to play a simple tune as it was originally composed. Their performances consist of flourishes on their instrument, displaying the effect of great *practice*, but shedding out none of that soul of music, which the poet conceived and expressed in the following familiar and immortal distich:—

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks and bend the knotted oak.”

But the music we are accustomed to hear at some of the fashionable concerts is certainly *not* of *that* nature. The performers, for the most part, come before the audience as if it were only for the purpose of tuning their instruments; and to show what they *could* do, if they had a mind. They run up and down the scale in capricious phantasies, and when we think they are about to commence, they make an obeisance and retire, amid thunders of applause. — “O! there be players that I have heard play, — and heard others praise, and that highly, — that, having neither the tones of music, nor the soul of music, have so strutted and puffed, so strained their instruments, and split our ears, that I have thought some of nature’s journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated nature so abominably.”

*Complication* in music advances with the musical education of the ear. The grave and sober Correlli and Arne gave way to Haydn and Mozart, who, in turn, gave way to Beethoven and Rossini; but *melody* belongs to the imagination, and not to science; it belongs to nature, and not to art. Some are well skilled in the complication of music, but are not gifted with melody; or rather that melody, originally planted in their hearts by nature, has been extinguished by a scientific violation of her laws. They cannot be called *musicians*, but are merely dexterous players. Musicians of this character will never, they may depend on it, “bend the knotted oak,” or “soothe the savage breast.”

Gardiner, in his *Music of Nature*, analyzes the components of sound, and examines the organs of hearing. I will endeavor to make plainer, while I extract, a few of his subtle but valuable ideas. Sound and light, or tones and colors, are produced by two different affections of the very same medium; every sound is a mixture of three tones, just as a ray of light is of three colors; the union of the key note with the fifth



and octave is the common chord. The diatonic scale is the prism of sound. White light may be decomposed into three colors; and every sound is a compound of three tones. Atoms of oxygen and nitrogen in conjunction may produce one tone or color, oxygen another tone or color, and nitrogen a third tone or color. One is the excitement or propulsion of atoms called *light*, and the other the propulsion of a gross volume called *sound*. The atmosphere will affect both. It will affect especially the human voice, which oftentimes has to contend, in thronged rooms, against a dense volume of vapor, in which the vital gases have been consumed by the frequent respiration of the same volume of air. And if the singer has been unused, for some time previously, to the enjoyment of fresh air, in which oxygen and nitrogen shall be fully represented, the voice will lack that elasticity which is necessary to strike vigorously on the atmosphere, and produce a pure, clear sound.

Every vibration and propulsion of atoms, in the aerial elements, includes, on examination, the prismatic and diatonic scales. Both scales are chemical, and are produced by the very atoms which produce all our chemical and electrical phenomena: the scales are similar, because they are the measures of the effects upon the same *sensorium*. The figures agree, since a volume of five parts of atmospheric air is four measures of nitrogen and one oxygen, and *every sound* is composed of the fundamental note, its fifth, and octave, whose square is twenty-five and one hundred, or one to four.

Sound arises from vibrations of the air, as may be *seen* by the vibrations in the water of a musical glass, and by the affections of light bodies laid on strings in concord, and they may be *felt* by the vibrations of all instruments. Sound affects particles of dust, or the animalculæ seen in a sunbeam. The delicacy and intensity with which the vibrations of sound reach the ear, prove the fulness of space in aerial atoms. We distinguish tones, says Phillips, when the vibrations are seven thousand in a second. The lowest tone which the ear can discriminate is, according to some, twelve and a half undulations in a second, to others thirty, and the most acute, above seven thousand. Every ear differs from another in its powers of sensibility or accuracy. The *harmonies* of one sound are the separate effects of different parts of the string. Water is a better conductor of sound than air; wood also is a powerful conductor of sound, and so is flannel or ribbon. Deaf persons may converse through deal rods held between the teeth, or held to their throat or breast. The best form for a concert room, or speaking hall, is an oblong, or double cube; the fewer elliptical surfaces the better; and

the roof or ceiling should be finished quite plainly, and perfectly semi-circular. An echo returns a monosyllable at seventy feet distance, and another syllable at every forty feet distance. All sound appears to be echo or *reflection*; and if not a distinct echo, it is only for want of distance. The speaker, or performer, should stand at the *end*, and not at the *side*, of a room. If the room be square, as many are, he should get towards a corner, and send his tones towards the corner *opposite* to that in which he stands. Public speakers derive great advantage from the practice of singing. Effective speakers modulate the tones of their voice, agreeably to the true principles of music, though frequently knowing little of the science which governs those principles. The words should be chosen, like notes in music, of all lengths: the adagios of Haydn and Beethoven are, like passages of Milton and Shakspeare, made of words slow and rapid.

The sense of hearing arises from, or is regulated by, an expansion of nerves into the inner chamber of the ear, and these receive the vibrations of the tympanum—a *strained membrane*. This elastic membrane is *damped* by a small bone called the *mallet*; but, like a drum, it will not transmit to the brain *two* loud sounds in *immediate succession*. These delicate organs are pleased with a succession of pure sounds, varied in their length, loudness, and tone. The pleasure can be *increased* by tormenting them for a moment with discords, or harsh or flat tones, returning again to the same sweet notes in which they delighted, or to others in a higher or lower strain, agreeably to the key on which the air is constructed. The *key* is the bass or centre of any system of notes, and gives character to the composition. Old songs were composed in G minor. When F is made the key or bass of any melody, the effect is rich and grave; but its relative, D minor, is more sombre. C is bold and energetic, and its relative, A minor, is similar, but plaintive. G is gay and lively, but its relative, E minor, soft and tender. D is grand and lofty, but its relative, B minor, complaining. A is glowing, but F *sharp* minor mournful. The sharps of E are brilliant and sparkling. The sharps of B are piercing. B *flat* is dull, and G minor melancholy. E *flat* is mellow and soft, and C minor complaining; A flat, delicate and tender, but its relative, F minor, gloomy. D flat major is solemn and awful.

The point of action in the voice is in the throat, and level with the hair in the back of the neck. As singers raise or lower this point, the tone is harsh, hard, thick, throaty, and guttural. High notes are produced by lessening the aperture and increasing the velocity of the breath.

If the lowest notes would permit the passage of a billiard ball, the highest should permit but a pea. The notes of the musical scale are formed by the contraction or enlargement of the *rima glottidis*, an aperture in the larynx, over the windpipe. In the passage leading from the mouth to the lungs, just within the part of the neck where "Eve's apple" protrudes, are situated two sets or pairs of muscles, one of them about an inch above the other, of a half-moon shape, thick and attached at their circumference, but thin and pendulous in the centre of the passage. These muscles are situated so nearly at opposite sides, that, when the air, in passing out from the lungs, causes them to vibrate, they nearly close the opening. The vibrations of these muscles produce sounds just as the strings of the viol produce them when vibrating under the bow. It is like the reed in wind instruments, but susceptible of the most delicate variations. So astonishingly great is the number of these vibrations, that it is now believed the human voice is capable of one thousand changes, perceptible to a musical ear. These changes are all produced by the action of these muscles, in obedience to volition, or at will; they are greatly strengthened, and capable of surprising modification by exercise; it is said that some voices are able to give two to three hundred changes in one breath. Braham, Farinelli, and Mrs. Wood, could give three hundred without drawing breath; but these are prodigies. Ordinary good voices are exhausted by fifty.

The human voice is governed by the laws which apply to wind instruments. The throat is the tube, and the chest and lungs the wind-bag. By pressing the wind through the aperture in the throat, (already described,) subject to a variety of *compressions*, in its passage, the music, with all its variations, is obtained. Ferlandi played on an oboe with one leather joint, by twisting which he imitated the tones of the human windpipe. But the human pipe exceeds, for variety and delicacy, all the pipes ever invented. The reason why we always have the same sound from organ-pipes is, because they are always blown by a bellows, with a certain weight thereon, and therefore the sound is the same.

It appears that, by lengthening the trombone, in the middle of a note, the force of the breath being kept the same, a new note is produced. Again, the trombone can be drawn out and made to produce the same note by *blowing* differently; that is, by making a larger aperture in the mouth, and blowing with less force. Those who sing will always derive advantage from considering these general principles — principles which, if applied to the exercise of the voice, cannot fail to produce full, melodious, and correct tones. These rules apply generally to the

flute, clarinet, and all wind instruments, and I introduce these remarks to give a clearer idea of the nature of the human instrument, which every one is blessed with, and which is superior to all others.

The Italians call the lower notes the *voce di petto*, the voice of the breast; and the higher notes the *voce di testa*, or voice of the head. The former is called the language of the heart; the latter, or upper notes in men, is called *falsetto*. The nose and roof of the mouth are the sounding-board of the voice. The teeth, the bridge of the lips, and tongue, on whose activity, form, and skilful use, depend the modulations of tone, — the speaking, singing voice, — is a machine whose use children should be taught. It is curious, but perfectly true, that children who are nursed by a woman who sings in their infant ears, have generally a taste for music, and those nursed by one who does not sing, are rarely ever good musicians. So delicate is the nature of our infant sensibilities, that we partake of the character of that mental or spiritual atmosphere into which we first respire.

Persons who sing before assemblies should eat very little, or indeed nothing, for three or four hours ere they begin: keeping the stomach empty enables one to take in more breath at a draught. Any candies, preparations, or drinks, that stimulate the palate, tongue, &c., are bad. They generally beget thirst, which creates a rough surface in the throat, tongue, lips, &c., which alters the tones materially. Cobbett remarks that, in defending himself on a charge of libel, he spoke six hours without ceasing, — refreshing his lips and throat by now and again eating a mouthful of common suet.

I will here introduce a few observations from Moore and some others, on the style in which the sentimental music of Ireland should be sung and played. Rapidity and ornament in the execution kill it. I have heard too many murder those melodies in this way.

Let us hear Moore himself, on this: "It has always been a subject of some mortification to me, that my songs, as they are set, give such a very imperfect notion of the manner in which I wish them to be performed, and that most of that peculiarity of character which I believe they possess as I sing them myself, is lost in the process they must undergo for publication; but the truth is, that, not being sufficiently practised in the rules of composition to rely upon the accuracy of my own harmonic arrangements, I am obliged to submit my rude sketches to the eyes of a professor before they can encounter the criticism of the musical world, and, as it too frequently happens that they are indebted for their originality to the violation of some established law, the hand that corrects their errors is almost sure to destroy their character, and

the few little flowers they boast are pulled away with the weeds. In singing them myself, however, I pay no such deference to criticism, but usually give both air and harmony according to my own first conception of them, with all their original faults, but, at the same time, all their original freshness. I know I shall be told, by the learned musician, that whatever infringes the rules of composition must be disagreeable to the ear, and that, according to the pure *ethics* of the art, nothing can possibly be pleasant that is *wrong*; but I am sorry to say that I am lawless enough to disagree with him, and have sometimes been even so lost to all sense of musical rectitude, as to take pleasure in a profane succession of fifths." \* \* \* "Wherever I have been content to remain simply in the key in which I began, without wandering from home in search of discords and chromatics, I have not only been independent of critical aid, but the strains I have produced were much more touching and effective.

"There is but one instruction I should venture to give to any person desirous of doing justice to the character of these ballads, and that is, to attend as little as possible to the rhythm, or time in singing them. The time, indeed, should *always* be made to wait upon the feeling, but particularly in this style of musical recitation, where the words ought to be as nearly *spoken* as is consistent with the swell and sweetness of intonation, and where a strict and mechanical observance of time completely destroys all those pauses, lingerings, and abruptnesses, which the expression of passion and tenderness requires. The truth of this remark needs but little enforcement to those who have ever heard a song of feeling and delicacy passed along in the unrelenting trammels of an orchestra."

Willis, in his *Pencilings*, describes an interview he had with Moore, while in London, at Lady Blessington's. It portrays the effect of Moore's singing in few words, and in a practical way.

"We went up to coffee, and Moore brightened again over his *chasse café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, Pasta, and others of the choral goddesses now ravishing the world. This introduced music very naturally, and, with a good deal of difficulty, he was taken to the piano. Its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and for one, I could have taken him into my heart, with my delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have soul or sense in you. I have heard of women's fainting at a song of Moore's, and if the burden

of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it.

“ We all sat round the piano, and, after two or three songs of Lady Blessington’s choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang ‘ When first I met thee warm and young ’ with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady B.’s hand, said ‘ Good night,’ and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes, and the softness upon my heart.”

I remember well the effect of those melodies on a theatre full of all sorts of people, in Dublin. I was in the theatre on the night of Moore’s visit, in the spring of 1838. He sat in one of the dress boxes. There were with him Lady Morgan, Counsellor Finlay, Mr. and Miss Kelly, and other friends of his youth. The airs which he had gathered and immortalized were played successively before him by the orchestra, in a beautiful medley. At each change from one well-known air to another, the audience poured forth a peal of unbridled applause. It affected him thoroughly. It was a delightful, and at the same time a melancholy moment. The remembrance came upon us of some who loved those tunes, now in the cold grave; of the hopes of freedom breathed by the bard yet unrealized; of the chains of slavery yet banging round us. He spoke, — for the audience would have him speak, — but he could say little; his gestures were more eloquent than the tongue of any man; he alluded to his origin — Irish; his heart — Irish; his songs — Irish, which had passed into the languages of six nations; which were sung on the banks of the Vistula, the Rhine, the Ganges, the St. Lawrence, as well as the Shannon. Peal upon peal of applause followed. The curtain drew up for the afterpiece. I shall never forget that night, or the effect of that proud swell of my country’s music.

At one of the most fashionable concerts that ever took place in Boston, which was given by the celebrated violinist Ole Bull, at the Melodeon, on the 27th May, 1844, he played the Irish melody, “ The last rose of summer.” It was encored. The same air was then played, by that musical prodigy Master Hughes, on the harp, and it was again encored. Perhaps, in the history of music, such an excitement never was produced on an audience as that produced by the masterly execution of this simple Irish melody by these two genuine masters of the human heart. There were nearly two thousand of the most respectable citizens of Boston, who witnessed that fact.

I append one more attestation to the same general purpose from an English musician, the leader of her majesty's sacred choir. I extract it from the London Sun of October 18, 1844. "Mr. Horncastle, of the Queen's Chapel Royal, has published a volume entitled the 'Music of Ireland'—a collection of *beautiful, perhaps matchless melodies*. The service which the composer has rendered to music, and even to ethnology, by the preservation and publication of those *exquisite relics of ancient science and refinement*, is enhanced by his judicious as well as reverential abstinence from attempts at improving *perfection*. In this respect, he stands very much above his predecessor in the same field, Sir John Stevenson; for he at once admits that the old music of Ireland, as it is found, is not the wild effusion of a rude and simple people, but is the production of a school in a high degree methodized, skilful, and cultivated. The Irish *keine*, according to Mr. Horncastle, is a noble and most expressive piece of music. These *keines* serve as examples of the most beautiful harmonic composition, and prove, beyond a doubt, that music in those early ages was in the *highest state of cultivation*. Yet to this day, the humblest of the people are the only depositaries of these great works. There is a close affinity existing between the poetry of the Latins and that of the Irish. The first ode of Horace is perfectly adapted as written for the Irish melody of 'I am asleep, and don't waken me.' It may be worth asking, Did Horace know and use the Irish tune?"

The foregoing confirms, in a striking manner, the opinion to a like effect recorded by Dr. Burney, as follows: "It is certain that the *further we explore*, while yet any light remains, the *more highly is Irish border minstrelsy extolled*. The *oldest* Irish tunes are said to be the most perfect."—*Burney's Music; Historical and Critical Dissertation on the Harp*.

# STRIKE THE HARP TO ERIN'S GLORY!

MUSIC AND WORDS BY T. MOONEY.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS D——, MONTREAL, ON HEARING HER PLAY  
(WHICH SHE DID DIVINELY) AN IRISH MELODY ON THE IRISH HARP.

1. Strike the Harp to E - rin's glory! Strike the Harp to

The first system of music is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass clef with a grand staff. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Strike the Harp to E - rin's glory! Strike the Harp to".

E - rin's sto - ry! Strike the Harp to those who died For

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "E - rin's sto - ry! Strike the Harp to those who died For".

E - rin's hon - or, E - rin's pride! Strike the Harp to

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "E - rin's hon - or, E - rin's pride! Strike the Harp to".

by - gone a - ges! Strike the Harp of

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "by - gone a - ges! Strike the Harp of".



he - roes, sa - ges! From the grave, e -

- ter - ni - ty, They call on E - rin to be free!

2.

Now our swords are brightly gleaming!  
 Now our banners proudly streaming!  
 Now the victory is won,  
 And Freedom shouts, "They run! they run!"  
 Now our hearts are proudly swelling!  
 Now the tyrant's death is knelling!  
 Hark! that shout, across the sea,  
 Tells us Erin now is free!  
 Hark! that shout, across the sea,  
 Tells us, Erin now is free!

## KATE KEARNEY.

1. O, did you not hear of Kate Kearney? She

lives on the banks of Kil - lar - ney ; From the

glance of her eye, Shun dan - ger and fly ; For

fa - tal's the glance of Kate Kear - ney.

2.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,  
 You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming ;  
 Yet, O, I can tell how fatal's the spell  
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

3.

O, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,  
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,  
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile  
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

4.

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,  
 Yet there's mischief in every dimple ;  
 And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,  
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

BY MOORE.

*TENDERLY.*

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer Left

bloom - ing a - lone; All her love - ly com -

- pan - ions are fa - ded and gone. No

flower of her kin - dred, No - rose - bud is

nigh, To re-lect back her blushes, Or

give sigh for sigh!

## 2.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
 To pine on the stem!  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them;  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead!

## 3.

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!  
 When true hearts lie withered,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 O! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone!

## THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

BY LOVER.

*A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is talking to angels.*

ANDANTE.

1. A ba - by was sleeping; Its moth - er was

weeping, For her hus - band was far on the

wild ra - ging sea; And the tem - pest was

swelling Round the fish - er - man's dwell - ing, And she

cried, "Dermot, dar - ling, O, come back to me."

2.

Her beads while she numbered,  
 The baby still slumbered,  
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;  
 "O, blessed be that warning,  
 My child, thy sleep adorning,—  
 For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

3.

"And while they are keeping  
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
 O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me;  
 And say thou wouldst rather  
 They'd watch o'er thy father,—  
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

4.

The dawn of the morning  
 Saw Dermot returning;  
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,  
 And closely caressing  
 Her child, with a blessing,  
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

## THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

BY MOORE.

WITH EXPRESSION.

1. There is not in the wide world a

val - ley so sweet As that vale in whose

bo - som the bright wa - ters meet; O! the

last rays of feel - ing and life must de -

- - part, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall

fade from my heart; Ere the bloom of that

val - ley shall fade from my heart!

## 2.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
 Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green;  
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;—  
 O, no! it was something more exquisite still!

## 3.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
 Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear;  
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,  
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

## 4.

Sweet Vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest,  
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best!  
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,  
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!



O'ROURKE'S FEAST.  
(PLEIG ZACANA NA RUARCAC.)

BY CAROLAN.

The image displays a musical score for the piece "O'Rourke's Feast" by Carolan. The score is written in a single system on a grand staff, consisting of eight staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The music is characterized by its lively, rhythmic nature, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together in groups. The melody is primarily in the upper register of the treble clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the eighth staff.

CAROLAN'S CONCERTO.



# LECTURE VII.

FROM 880 B. C. TO THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

## SECTION I.

Resumption of the historic Chain at the Death of Ollamh Fodhla. — Twenty Kings and a Queen, who succeeded him in a Space of three hundred Years. — War Chariots invented. — Military Fortifications. — Military Code. — Carthaginian and Irish Weapons identical. — Ancient Mines of Ireland. — Plenteousness of Gold and Silver. — Mints. — Coins. — Napoleon's Imperial Crown made of Irish Gold. — Palace of Emania. — Queen Mecha seizes on the Sceptre. — Irish Archers. — Robin Hood beaten by an Irishman in Feats of Archery. — The Monarch Righ Dhearg invades the Picts. — Jughaine the Great passes into Gaul. — Leads an Army against Greece. — Division of Ireland into Counties. — Murder of Jughaine. — Exile of his Son Maon. — Revolution effected by Music. — Maon established on the Throne. — Reign of Aongus the Second. — Aids the Carthaginians in their Wars with Greece, and with Rome. — Birth of *Fear-Mara*, the Sea-Child. — The Parent of the Royal Line of Scotland. — Division of Ireland into four Provinces, and a Monarchy. — Palace of Cruighain, in Connaught, built. — Queen *Meibhe*. — Insurrection of the Bards. — Laws for regulating the Burial of the Dead. — The Knights' Mode of Burial. — Ancient Surgery. — Chivalry. — Traditions of Chivalry. — Institutions of Knighthood in Ireland. — Various Orders. — Academies for their Education. — Their Mode of Training. — Their Oaths. — Their Magnanimity. — Their Tilts and Tournaments. — Military Renown of Ireland acknowledged. — The valiant Cuchullen. — Battle of Mullacrew described.

880 B. C. I now resume the historic narrative, requesting the reader to call back to his recollection, that we dropped it [page 57] at the establishment of the parliament of Tara, by Ollamh Fodhla, 920 years before the birth of Christ. Having dwelt at some length upon the character of that eminently wise prince, who was the twentieth of the Milesian kings since the foundation of the kingdom, we take up the succession of events from his death, which took place A. M. 3122, or 880 years before the Christian era.

The monarchs who succeeded Ollamh, for a period of three hundred years, numbered twenty, which gave an average reign of fifteen years to each.

The recital of the events of their separate reigns would be tedious,

and occupy space which can be filled with matter more interesting to the present generation. I shall merely glance at the development of inventions, customs, and occasional acts specially deserving to be remembered, which grew up during the three hundred years they reigned.

In the reign of *Rothceathca*, the Irish manufactured war chariots, to the sides and wheels of which they attached scythes, or long, sharp knives, and drove them, by furious horses, through the ranks of their enemies. The Gauls, seven hundred years after that period, according to Cæsar, used these destructive engines in their wars with the Romans. O'Halloran says they were manufactured for them by the Irish; and Julius Cæsar informs us that he used this very contrivance in his conquest of Britain.

In the reign of *Elim* we read, for the first time, of military fortifications, which were invented by him. He cut deep trenches, and raised high breastworks of earth, lined with stone, around the different stations, in which he garrisoned his troops. He completed seven of those stations; but, in after periods, in the Danish wars, these *duns*, or fortifications, were amazingly increased, and there are many of them yet remaining throughout Ireland.

The Psalter of Cashell tells us that *Elim*, for these inventions, got the name of *Inboch*, or Stagnant Water.

Seadhna the Second wrote a code of laws and discipline for the military, which proved to be a guide and standard for many ages afterwards, and he fixed the pay of soldiers to consist of part food, part clothes, and part money, which continues the practice of England to this day. His is the earliest treatise on military tactics that we find on record. In succeeding ages, *Mago*, the Carthaginian, and *Arrian*, the Greek, wrote on the same subject.

In those days, a close intercourse was kept up between the Carthaginians and the Irish. Sometimes, indeed, the Carthaginians approached the Irish coasts as pirates or invaders, but were universally resisted with great slaughter. Antiquaries have proved that the Carthaginian swords found near the plains of Cannæ, in Italy, which are now in the British Museum, and the old Irish swords so frequently found in bogs and morasses, are, as to make, form, and mixture of metals, so exactly similar, as to appear to have come out of the same mint.

Governor Pownal compared some Irish swords in the possession of Lord Milton, found very deep in the bog of Cullen, in the county Tipperary, with those in the British Museum, and requested the assay-

master of the mint to analyze both. This he accordingly did, and found the proportion of metals composing them so exactly corresponding, that he declared they must have been cast in the same furnace. They are both, says the mint master, a mixture of copper, of iron, and perhaps of some zinc; they take an exquisite polish, and carry a very sharp edge, and are firm and elastic. They are so peculiarly formed as to resist any kind of rust, as appears when taken out of bogs after lying there for ages. Our annals remark on the great plenteousness of our mines, and the knowledge and art displayed by our ancestors in all that related to their domestic fabrications. It is quite natural to conclude that those remarkable swords were of their own manufacture. On this head, O'Halloran has the following:—

“But as our annals particularly remark on the abundance of mines and minerals in our country, and the ingenuity of our artists, the candid reader will agree with me, I think, that the Carthaginians imported their swords from us in the course of traffic, as Ireland was in that age unequalled for the elegance of her arms.”

*Camden* says, the massy gold and silver chalices, candlesticks, plate, utensils, ornaments, and images of saints, seized by Queen Elizabeth in the Irish abbeys, brought more than a million sterling.

Sir James Ware alleges that, in 1639, an urn full of the coins of the monarch *Eadhna Dearg*, who reigned 700 years before the birth of Christ, was found in a Druidical cave in the county Clare. These coins were of silver, and as large as an English shilling; on one side was the impression of the monarch's head, and on the reverse, Hibernia bearing in her hand the wand entwined with a serpent. Two of these coins are to be seen in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

Warner, the English historian, has the following in reference to the mineral properties of Ireland:—

“The mountains of Ireland are full of mines and minerals. Gold and silver must have been very plenty in this country in ancient times, as all the knights wore golden helmets and chains, and a shield of the same precious metal. The Earl of Strafford sent over to Charles the First a bit of a bridle, of solid gold, of ten ounces' weight, found by workmen who were digging in lands in the county Tipperary. The same nobleman sent also an ingot of silver to the royal mint from the mines of the county Tipperary, which weighed three hundred ounces; and in his letter to the secretary of state, he says that the Lead mines of Munster were so rich, that every load of lead had in it forty pounds of pure silver.\*

\* See *Mines of Ireland*, towards the conclusion.

There are many considerable collieries in various parts of the kingdom, probably enough to supply all Europe with coal; but for want of government encouragement, they are neglected. Besides these, there are numerous iron mines and lead mines in the island. There is one lead mine, in the county of Antrim, so rich that from every thirty pounds of lead one pound of silver is yielded. By the report of the railway commissioners, published by authority of the British parliament, in 1839, it is shown that eleven of the thirty-two counties of Ireland are studded with *every* species of mineral wealth.

In fine, nature designed Ireland for the operations of art and agriculture; and, though she is unfortunately poor, she has exhaustless wealth in her own bosom, but under the hermetic seal of British policy.

In the reign of *Eadhna* the Second, mints were worked, and gold and silver coined into *money*. The mint was erected at Ross, on the banks of the Suir, in the county Waterford.

In the year 1639 of the Christian era, several pieces of these ancient coins were discovered by countrymen at Glandeloch, in the county Wicklow, a parcel of which fell into the hands of Sir James Ware. The antiquarians confess them to be of great antiquity, and drawings of them had been made to prove it. All writers agree as to the very early use of money in Ireland. The Irish coins engraved from by Ware have on the face a human head, encircled with a cap or helmet; on the reverse, a horse. The ancient Carthaginian coins had the same effigies. We find, long before the Christian era, that they had *bons*, or pieces of four pence; the *scrubal*, or three pence; and the *pinghin*, or penny; but larger pieces of money, though stamped by the king, were estimated, as at this day in China, by weight only.

“Long before the birth of Christ, the Irish had stamped money; and their artists seem to have been as unrivalled in the fabrication of metals, as they confessedly were in lignarian architecture and martial music.”—*Bishop Nicholson*.

“There can be no doubt of the early use of trade and money in Ireland, into which, it is probable, it was introduced as soon as it was frequented by the Phœnicians. Before the reign of Echaidh the Fourth, seven hundred and fifty years before Christ, the Irish made their payments of gold and silver in bars and ingots, with which their rich mines supplied them.”—*Antiquities of Wales*.

Many discoveries of ancient Irish coins have been made by the country people; but the laws compelling them to render all treasures discovered in the earth to the lords of the soil, they were frequently melted

down in secret by the finders, and sold in bars to the gold and silver smiths. The imperial crown of Napoleon was made, in part, of a crown belonging to the Irish monarch Brien Boromhe, which was taken from the Vatican, where it had lain as a valued relic since the time of Pope Adrian, to whom it was presented by Donagh, the nephew of the hero of Clontarf.

About 460 B. C., *Ciombhaoth* was peaceably proclaimed monarch of Ireland, and has been greatly celebrated for his prudence, his fortitude, and his moderation. This prince revived all the wise institutions of his great predecessor, *Ollamh Fodhla*. His queen, *Macha*, founded the splendid and celebrated palace of *Emania*, or *Eamuirania*, in the north, — next to Tara, the most magnificent public structure of ancient Ireland. The remains of this superb palace could be traced, near Armagh, in the days of O'Halloran, 1785. It was the scene of many a brilliant fête in after ages, and the subject of many a bardic epic. This splendid palace got its name from Macha, his queen. She traced its area on a proper scale with the gold pin of her handkerchief. From this it took its name; for *ea* is Irish for *pin*, and *muir* for *neck*.

We are informed that this celebrated palace was finished in the grandest style of architecture. The arched roofs were lined with polished marble brought from Italy, and the interior pillars, we are told, were made of the same costly material, highly and beautifully carved; and the marble quarries of Kilkenny, the west of Ireland, and also the north, furnished material enough to complete a rich and lasting architectural structure.

When her husband died, leaving no male issue, Queen Macha was called upon to evacuate the royal palace of Tara, for the purpose of inaugurating the rightful heir. By the laws of Ireland, no female was allowed to sway the monarch's sceptre; yet this courageous woman entered the hall of the national convention, and boldly claimed the diadem, as the widow and inheritrix of her husband. She addressed the assembly with great energy, confounding the Druids, Brehons, and Senators, by her extraordinary daring; for the attempt was unprecedented in the history of the country.

As soon as they informed her that she must surrender the throne to the rightful claimant, she laconically replied, "He must then fight up to his knees in blood before he can pluck the diadem of my fathers from my brow." And, after uttering this threat, she hastened to the camp, where a numerous and devoted army awaited her orders. She addressed her brave soldiers in the language of passion, saying, — "You will

combat to-day under the command of a woman ; yet I shall prove to you that I am worthy of leading Irish heroes, and that, in the woman heart of your queen there is glowing the chivalric spirit of my Milesian fathers."

She led forth her legions to battle. No forces which her enemies could bring into the field availed them. All power melted before her daring and irresistible course, and complete victory declared her in possession of the sceptre. As in the days of Joan of Arc, of France, whose followers mistook her courage for supernatural inspiration, and conquered under the influence of its animating impulse, so this extraordinary woman carried dismay into the ranks of her enemies wherever she appeared.

In this battle the first notice occurs of archers ; and we find, through all subsequent stages of our history, that the Irish soldiers obtained great renown for their expertness and skill in archery. No youth, however noble, could be admitted into the Irish militia who could not pierce a given object with an arrow at the distance of two hundred yards. The science of archery can boast as high an antiquity in Ireland as among any nation of earth. In several renowned battles in England and Scotland, the Irish bowmen obtained the victory. When our Fingal, O'Neil, and Dathy, delivered Caledonia from the yoke of Rome, their accomplished archers were the terror of the Roman legions ; and, in subsequent years, when the celebrated Robert Bruce made, in 1314, the unparalleled stand for his country against the arms of England, which history celebrates and succeeding ages admire, O'Neil, his brother-in-law, sent over a legion of Irish archers, which helped him to win. Referring to this brilliant battle, *Chaucer*, the English poet, says, —

"To *Albion* Scotts we ne'er would yield ;  
The Irish bowmen won the field."

*Spenser*, another, who wrote in the reign of Elizabeth, 1597, (no friend to Ireland,) extols the Irish archers for their discipline : "They certainly do great execution with their short bows and little quivers, and their short, bearded arrows are fearfully Scythian." *Hollinshead*, (English,) in his *Chronicles*, says that the famous Robin Hood, the outlaw, fled to Ireland in the reign of Richard the First, and that an Irishman named *Pat Lawler* excelled him in feats of archery. "This trial of skill took place," says *Dr. Hanmer*, "in Dublin, 1195. Robin shot an arrow eleven score and seven yards, the distance from Old Bridge to St. Michael's church ; but *Pat Lawler* sent his arrow three yards farther."



B. C. 330. *Righ Dhearg*, or *Reachta*, succeeded the victorious Queen Macha, and in his reign the Scottish Picts became troublesome. He transported a mighty army into Albany under the command of *Tere* and *Iboth*, with which he effectually reduced them.

B. C. 310. *Jughainé*, called *More*, or *the Great*, having won the crown in the field, was now enthroned monarch. He, too, passed over to Albion, and reduced some rebellious spirits there. His deeds in the field had reached the ears of Europe, and he passed over to the Gaulic king's court, with a splendid retinue of knights and minstrels, and married the fair *Cæsaria*, called the *Lovely*. When he returned to his kingdom with his beautiful queen, he summoned the estates to a solemn convocation at Tara. This was the grandest and most solemn assembly held at Tara for two hundred years previously. It was surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance which the king could devise; and, the object of his ambition being distant conquest, he raised the hopes and inflamed the imaginations of his followers, and swore them to his interest by the *sun*, *moon*, and *stars*, and by their favorite god Neptune. Thus animated, he led his legions towards the Mediterranean Sea, having first appointed his wife queen regent of Ireland and Albany. His first landing was on the Island of Sicily, which he conquered without resistance, and subsequently passed over to Africa, to the aid of the Carthaginians, who were then at war with Greece. It is said by Plutarch, that, on this occasion, one of the Corinthian Greeks addressed the opposing Carthaginians in terms of reproach for having applied for auxiliaries to the Atlantic isle, beyond Hercules' Pillars; that is, beyond the Straits of Gibraltar; for history admits that the Carthaginians procured legions from Ireland to aid them in their wars against the Greeks and Romans. The *sacra cohors*, or sacred cohorts, mentioned by *Diodorus* the Sicilian, *Curtius*, and others, were the Irish legions, Ireland having been then as I have shown, named "sacred isle," and her armies "sacred cohorts."

Prince *Jughainé* was saluted "monarch of Ireland and Albany, and of all the Western Isles of Europe," by his admiring allies in Gaul and the countries within the waters of the Mediterranean Sea. If it were not that the Romans, who imitated the Greeks in this custom, invariably destroyed the records of the nations they conquered, obliterating their languages and letters, and compelling them to speak and write in their own, it is certain the Carthaginian records would have supplied us with many testamentary facts connected with the military prowess of our ancestors, who, being the descendants, were ever after, until Carthage was destroyed, the firm allies of the Carthaginians.

That the Carthaginians were a learned and most powerful people, will not be disputed, and that the ancient Irish spoke the same language, used the same weapons, and observed the same religious and social customs and laws, and practised the same military discipline, prove that an intimate connection subsisted between these two nations. It is confidently affirmed that an Irish legion formed part of Hannibal's invading army, which crossed over the Alps into the plains of Italy, and approached towards the very gates of Rome, and would have then conquered the eternal city, had not the Carthaginian politicians betrayed Hannibal, and abandoned him to his enemies, even in the midst of his victorious career. In after ages, Irish swords were found in Italy, in the very track of Hannibal's army!

The monarch *Jughainé* had twenty-five children, of whom twenty-two were sons. He divided the kingdom into twenty-two parts, and set a son to govern each district, from which taxes for the national exigencies were derived. This system of taxation continued for three hundred years. He reigned thirty years, but was inhumanly murdered by his brother, who, however, was permitted to reign only a day and a half; for the second son of the murdered prince rose up with a great force against the usurper, ere he had time to sink the iniquitous roots of his power in the earth. He was destroyed, and from one foul act many more have flowed; for the young and victorious *Loaghairé* the Second excited enmity, which produced his own fall. He and his eldest son were both murdered by aspirants for the diadem. A younger child of this prince escaped the slaughter, and was sent by his friends to the residence of the king of Munster.

Maon, the child thus sent to the hospitable palace of the king of Munster, afterwards passed, for greater safety, over to the Gauls, amongst whom he rose to the dignity and command of a general, signaling himself in all their wars. Whilst a youth in the palace of the king of Munster, he prepossessed the daughter of that prince in his favor; and she, faithful to his interest, when an opportunity arrived for the resumption of his father's throne, sent a favorite bard to the court of the French king, who sought the exiled prince, and sung to him a poem, beautiful in conception and composition, urging his immediate return. *Maon* was fired by the passion of love and glory; he prevailed on the French king to give him legions; he returned, landed an army in Wicklow, marched directly to the court of the usurper, and put him and the chief men of his court to death. The circumstance is described at length in my lecture on music, page 187, where, also, will

be found the ode composed by Moriat. This revolution is attested by O'Halloran, Warner, M'Dermott, Lynch, and others.

About three hundred years before the Christian era, *Aongus* the Second reigned as monarch of Ireland for eighteen years; during which, says the "Book of Reigns," "he led his victorious armies against the Greeks, and was saluted as conqueror of Greece."

"When we compare this relation," says O'Halloran, "with the accounts given us by Greek and Roman writers of the irruption of the Gauls into Greece, and note how exactly the reign of Aongus accords with the time of this remarkable invasion, we must, I apprehend, be convinced that our annals deserve the highest credit."

The great fact stands out, in all these events, that the Irish were not idle spectators of the wars that were kept up between the rival nations of Carthage (Phœnicia) and Greece, or her eldest-born, *Rome*. The Carthaginians obtained constant aid from the Irish monarch; this is attested by Greek, Roman, and Irish historians, in numberless instances. Seven princes reigned in succession after Aongus, over a space of ninety years, during which period, nothing beyond the average events occurred. At length we light on the reign of *Aongus the Third*, who, like his predecessors, distinguished himself in those foreign wars. We are told that, on his return covered with glory, he revelled in excess, and violated the chastity of his daughter, by whom he had a son: for this he obtained the name of *Tuirmhcách*, or the *Shameful*, which proves that, even before the introduction of Christianity, the ancient Irish were distinguished for their moral sensibilities — as high an argument as can be adduced in support of their refined civilization.

To conceal this crime, the infant was put into an open boat, and sent down the current of a river, to sink or swim, as it pleased the fates; but the child was found by fishermen, and, having been clothed in purple, which denoted its royal origin, he was put to nurse, and denominated *FEAR-MARA*, or the Sea-Man. And as, from this providentially-saved child, by the female side, a long line of monarchs have descended, it may be proper to dwell a little upon his history.

When preserved thus by the interposition of the fates, and brought back *a man* to the palace, his father, the king, granted him large possessions in Ulster; and, as we shall see hereafter, many of his descendants became kings of Munster, and some of them monarchs of Ireland. These descendants became, in the progress of ages, kings also of Scotland.

“From the posterity of this prince, whose name, *Fiacha Fearnara*,” says the English *Warner*, “thus exposed to almost certain destruction, either by famine or the waters, came the royal line of Scotland — the progenitors, on the British side, of our present monarch.” The families of the O’Connors, O’Connells, M’Dermotts, O’Tooles, M’Loughlins, O’Farrels, O’Dwyers, O’Ryans, and Murphies, are all descended from this prince, and are the proudest names that illuminate the annals of Ireland. From the same line was descended the O’Connors of Kerry and Sligo. Roderick O’Connor was directly descended from Feargus M’Roy, king of Ulster, by the famous Queen *Meibhe*.

*Aongus* was succeeded by *Connall Callam*, and he again by *Seamhuin*, and he by several other princes, whose warlike achievements are dwelt upon by the old writers with an enthusiasm which shows that the men of the olden days delighted much in feats of arms. I pass over a period of one hundred and sixty years, during which no organic change took place, though several princes reigned.

Ireland was divided into five provinces by *Eochaidh* the Ninth, about one hundred years before the nativity of our Redeemer, viz., Munster, Leinster, Connaught, Ulster, and Meath. Meath was fixed on to be the domain of the reigning monarch, — as the District of Columbia is the residence of the president of the United States. *Meath* then comprehended an area of seventy square miles. It was divided, in Henry the Eighth’s time, into Meath and West Meath. Previous to the reign of *Eochaidh*, the province of Connaught had continued to be governed by one of the princes of the Danaans, who were the earliest settlers on the island. This prince, by considerable address, and by proposing to remove the seat of legislation from Tara to a more central spot in the island, or to the plains of Connaught, obtained great popularity in that province. He built a splendid palace in *Cruighain*, a part of Connaught celebrated for its great cave and Druidical mysteries, and he called it *Rath Eochaidh*, or *Eochaidh’s* palace. He gave his daughter, *Meibhe*, to the Connaught prince in marriage, and, he dying, this princess reigned alone, under the protection, for a time, of her father; and finally her administration secured her the allegiance of the province, though her reign was contrary to the national laws, which forbade a woman to sway the sceptre.

It appears this princess indulged in the enjoyment of an illicit passion with Connor, the young prince of Ulster, by whom she had three sons. Charles O’Connor thus notices their pedigree: “Roderick O’Connor was directly descended from Feargus M’Roy, [son of

the king,] king of Ulster, by the famous Meibhe, queen of Connaught. From this source also sprang the O'Connors of Corcomrve, as well as those of Roscommon."

Her palace was one of great splendor, and was celebrated in the days of St. Patrick as one of the royal houses of Loaghaire. She interfered in the discussion of the estates on the affairs of the nation, and, in a speech remarkable for force and beauty, urged her followers to battle in defence of their ancient rights. Some bloody battles were fought between the Connaught and the Ulster knights. In these battles, Queen *Meibhe* appeared in person, animating her soldiers, and inspiring them to extraordinary deeds of valor.

This extraordinary woman was killed at the advanced age of one hundred and ten, by a stone hurled from the sling of one of her Ulster foes, while bathing, on a summer's morning, in Loch Ribb. He had practised with the sling for some time previous, in order to gain a correct aim.

About this time, the bards and literati had swelled to a very inconvenient number, and their insolence and rapacity excited the indignant hostility of the great body of the people. (On this topic see section on the bards, pages 159, 160.) An insurrection having been generated by their exactions and insolence, a great body of them fled to Ulster, where they were received, and protected, and entertained, to the number of one thousand, for seven years, by Connor, the prince of Ulster, and the historian of the age. By the management and address of this prince, he had the number of the *ollamhs*, or doctors of learning, reduced, as in the days of Fodhla, to two hundred.

It was in those days that regulations for the interment of the dead were first recorded. It was decreed that the head of the deceased should be placed to the west, the feet to the east, and a *leacht*, or monument of stone, raised over all. Some of the knights had graves dug, — the bottom of smooth marble, the sides built with brick and cement, in the form of a modern coffin, and so formed that, at top, a large stone exactly fitted it, and left no room for dust or worms to creep in. In this the corpse was laid, with his armor on him, and his sword by his side. Inscriptions were raised round the mouths of the coffins, and the beauty of the letters proclaim, at this day, the skill of the sculptors. Many such are to be seen at present, in several parts of Ireland.

In the famous battle of Murthemne, on *Cuchullin's* being mortally wounded, he directs his charioteer "to carry him to yonder *carruig*, [a large stone placed on one end,] to place his body standing against it, his

sword in his hand, his shield raised up, and his two spears by his left side." The renowned hero *Eogan*, slain in the battle of Lena, was laid out completely armed in the same manner. The following translation from an Irish verse in the history of this battle shows *Eogan* : —

"Placed erect,  
His lance by his shoulder,  
His helmet on his head, his coat  
Of mail on his body,  
And his sword in his hand."

At the royal palace of Cruachan, in the county of Roscommon, in Connaught, there was a celebrated cemetery, established for the reception of the dead — a modern Westminster Abbey : it was called the *hill of graves*. Here the kings and princes of the blood were buried. Dathy was the last of the pagan monarchs buried there. In after ages, golden shields, and golden crowns, and helmets, were found in this place, also golden urns, and other precious evidences of the grandeur of the past ages.

By several accounts of the battles of those times, we learn that surgery was made the special study of some branches of the learned professions, or *ollamhs*. But the practice of physic and surgery, like other learned branches, in remote ages, was kept in certain families, and transmitted to their descendants as hereditary rights. The military surgeons were deemed the most skilful, and those belonging to the royal militia the best of all. It was a common saying then, in reference to a person that was dying, or despaired of, that "all the physicians of the royal militia would not raise him."

Having arrived at that age in the history of Ireland when the feats of chivalry became more intimately interwoven in the social and political institutions of the people, this may be a proper place to consider the origin and nature of practices that, in after ages, engrossed so much of the mind of the most polished and learned people of Europe. So extremely ancient have the institutions of chivalry been in Ireland, that the most learned historians know not where to fix their origin. Unfortunately for letters, the early histories of the Gauls and Britons, and of every other nation subdued by the Romans, are lost. The Romans proved themselves every where as much the enemies of science and letters as of the liberties of mankind. In *Selden's Titles of Honor*, an English work of authority, it is settled that the order of knighthood took *not* its rise in Rome.

Ireland, however, having ever preserved her freedom from the universal yoke of Rome, her history is plainly the *only* key to the laws and customs of the ancient Celtæ.

We find our ancestors, in Phœnicia and Egypt, attributed the first civil reformation of the people to the *curetes*, or knights; and *curetes* is, to this day, the Irish name of a knight, and *cure* the French name for a pastor. Cæsar, in his Commentaries, describes the Gaulish knights, and says they were the second order in the state; and, as the ancient Irish and Gauls were the allies of each other against the common foe *Rome*, it is most natural to conclude that, from the constant intercourse kept up between both people, the social, political, and warlike customs of one nation would be adopted and practised by the other. The order of knighthood was known in Ireland from the days of Ollamh Fodhla; for we find them a distinct class, taking part in the legislative deliberations of Tara more than eight hundred years before the Christian era. There were five equestrian orders in Ireland. The first was the *Niagh Nase*, or knights of the golden collar; and this order was peculiar to the blood royal, as without it no prince could presume to become candidate for the monarchy.

In the fourth century of the Christian era, when *Eochaidh*, king of Leinster, seized the palace of Tara, previous to the election of the monarch, the Druids, and doctors, and lawyers, remonstrated against the illegality of the act, as he was unfitted to become even a candidate for the throne, inasmuch as he had not yet received the *gradh-gaiuge*, or the order of chivalry; upon which he relinquished his claim, and surrendered the palace to *Nial the Grand*. Of the other orders, there were the *Curaithe na Craobh-Ruadth*, or the red branch knights of Ulster; the *Clana Deagha*, or Munster knights; the Leinster knights were called *Clana Baoisgne*; the knights of Connaught were of the old *Danaan* race, and yielded not the palm in courage or discipline to any heroes in Europe. Each of these classes of warriors had peculiar "arms," or signs, on their helmets and banners, that they might be known on the field of battle by their friends. This was the origin of heraldry, and orders of nobility, so much prized by the aristocracy of Europe. The rank these knights held was very early settled, for they preceded all orders in the state, except the *ollamhs*, or doctors in different sciences, and the blood royal. By the law of colors already explained, knights were allowed five colors in their clothes. In two centuries nearer to us, they were allowed, by law, silver shields and targets, and the privilege of fighting in chariots, which was previously

the privilege only of the blood royal, or of generals. In subsequent reigns, it was decreed that the knights should wear a *torquis*, or collar, of gold, pendulous from the neck. And this last, *Strabo* and *Livy*, the Roman historians, say, was constantly worn by the knights of Gaul. Not only their rank was ascertained, but the utmost care was taken of their education, and their military regulations.

Academies, at the national expense, were founded for them at Tara in Meath, Emania in Armagh, Cashell in the south, Chruachan in Connaught, and Naas in Leinster. These schools were like the military school of West Point, or the military academies of France or England. The candidates were entered at seven years of age, when slender lances were put into their hands, and a sword by their sides. From this to fourteen, they were instructed in letters and military discipline, when they took their first vows. They were now exercised every day in casting a javelin at a mark; at which, in time, they became so expert, that they could with certainty transfix an enemy, if within their reach. The *cran tubal*, or sling, was another instrument with which they hurled death around with wonderful precision. At the use of the sword and target, they were uncommonly skilful, and they fought on foot, on horseback, or in chariots, according to circumstances. At eighteen, they took their last vows; and, from the accounts of this order of men still preserved, we are surprised at the elevation of their sentiments. To swear by their knighthood was the most sacred oath, for it reminded them of all their vows.

At the battle of Ventry, in Kerry, one of the knights in *Fion's* army swore in the following translated words: "I affirm on my word, and on the arms of chivalry" — an oath which no one of them was ever known to break. At the battle of Murtheimhne, fought before the incarnation, in the north of Ireland, when Cuchullin is advised by his officers against fighting the imperial army, he at length cries out, "Since the days that my first arms were put into my hands, [that is, since I received the order of knighthood,] I have not declined a battle, nor shall I this." Their common saying was, *Ish fear bleath na seaghhail* — "Glory is preferable to life."

Before the battle of *Maigh-Lena*, in the King's county, fought in the second century of the Christian era, it was proposed, by some officers of the imperial militia of Ireland, to attack and surprise the troops of Munster at night; to which *Gaull*, the son of *Morni*, general-in-chief of the Connaught knights, thus replied: "On the day that I received



the honor of knighthood, I vowed never to attack an enemy at night, by surprise, or under any kind of disadvantage ;” and accordingly this noble commander refused to lead out his troops till the day had dawned. The general mode of challenge between the Irish knights, in practice in those ages, was this : In every military academy, before the great court, a coat of mail and a shield were suspended under a handsome arch, to denote them always ready for battle. At all public festivals, and particularly when the young knights took their last vows, numbers repaired to the scene of action to witness the ceremony. Such foreign knights as chose to enter the lists, struck the shield three times with their lances, when each cried out, *Sgreadaim sgiath and sarim compach* — that is, “Strike the shield *and* demand the fight.” Their names, quality, and proofs of knighthood were then demanded, and the terms of the tournament adjusted.

Mr. O’Halloran goes into proof, at length, to show that the Gauls and Romans borrowed their orders of knighthood and heraldry from the Irish ; for the custom of obliging all candidates for the monarchy to be knights of the highest military order, which we see adopted in the tenth and twelfth centuries of Christianity throughout Europe, was observed in Ireland previous to the Christian era. Our histories of chivalry, yet well preserved, tell us that the knights of Ireland, in very early days, frequently traversed the continent of Europe in quest of adventure, where they gained glory and honor. And so celebrated were they in Europe, that they were called, by way of preëminence, *the heroes of the Western Isle*. Harris says, “The French had no regular body of men charged with the care of armories, processions, and ceremonies, until A. D. 1031, when we find mention, in their chronicles, of *Robert Daupin*, as their first king at arms. In England, it does not appear that any such officer as the herald was ever employed on missions by William the Conqueror, or either of his sons ; and it was half a century after the invasion of Ireland, that the office was introduced among the English warriors, who, no doubt, *took their original idea of it from the Irish princes*.” Dr. Warner (English authority) says, “It must be confessed that this was a period of great military renown in Irish history ; for here were three principal orders of knights at that time, who were not only accounted the greatest men of the age by their own provinces, but were so confessed by all the nations of the western world. We are told that their valor, their strength, and the largeness of their stature, (being the picked men of the nation,) were the wonder of the

surrounding countries; and that their exploits are not to be paralleled in history." It was one of the principal customs of the ancient Irish to train up their youth to a military life, that they might either defend their country in times of distress, or carry the fame of their arms abroad." Add to this what *Llhuid*, an old Welsh historian, has long since demonstrated, viz., that the names of the principal commanders who opposed *Cæsar* in Britain are pure Irish, Latinized. Can we suppose that those whom we saw so manfully assist the Carthaginians and Gauls, in their struggles with the Romans, would remain idle spectators when the Romans were approaching so near their own homes? Certainly not. And I shall show, in the course of these lectures, that with the aid of Irish legions, led by the great Irish heroes and generals, *Nial* and *Dathy*, the Romans were finally driven out of England, in some four hundred years later than the period I am now treating of. And the same generals and Irish legions, or *cohorts*, chased the Roman force to the very foot of the Alps. As the name of the valiant CUCHULLIN has frequently appeared in the songs of our bards, I deem it appropriate to insert here an account of the battle at which he fell, which was, unhappily, between the native princes of Ireland, and grew from the claims of the rival houses of Heber, Heremon, and Ir, to the chief government of the nation. I take the account from Pepper, whose own soul seemed to have imbibed the spirit of the heroes he so eloquently describes.

"The allied army encamped in Ardee, which was then called *Baile na Riog*, or the 'Town of the Kings,' which is still its Irish appellation. Here Fergus and the other chiefs wished to bring the Ultonians to battle, and, with this intent, they raised fortifications on the banks of the River Dee, a deep and rapid stream, that rises from a small lake in the county of Meath, five miles north-west from Ardee, and, after passing through that town and Dunleer, and receiving, in its course, the waters of several tributary rivulets, falls into the sea at Annagassin, in the county of Louth, at the distance of fifteen miles from its original source. The rath, or mound, which the Connacians then erected adjoining Ardee, is one of the most majestic, elevated, and extensive piles of earth and stone in Ireland.

"Connor, in the mean time, made a vigorous preparation to oppose the meditated attack of the approaching foe, and happily succeeded, by his artifice and address, in appeasing the resentment of the hero Cuchullin, and in persuading him to take the chief command of the Ultonian army, then encamped at Dundalk. The very name of this chief of the *Craob-rogh*, or the knights of the Red-wreath, was a 'tower of strength'

to Connor's forces. Notwithstanding that Cuchullin could never forget nor forgive the baseness and cruelty of the king of Ulster to his relatives, he still was impelled to assume the command of the army, not only by the desire of glory, but by the craving of revenge; for, in a former war between the Connacians and Ultonians, Lughha, the champion of Munster, had killed his father. The Ultonian general had strict orders to remain on the defensive at Dundéalgan, (Dundalk,) until he should be reënforced by a legion, under Connal Cearnach, that was daily expected to return from an expedition to Britain. The Connacians, aware of their numerical superiority, did every thing which artifice could suggest to force Cuchullin to a battle. They abandoned their entrenched camp at Ardee, and took up a position on an eminence at *Muirthimne*, (Mullacrew,) four miles northward of their former camp, and in the immediate vicinity of *Caislean na Calga*, or Galga Castle, the patrimonial residence of the Ultonian general. This movement compelled Cuchullin to extend the right wing of his army to a height now called Ard Patrick, or the Hill of Patrick. The two armies approximated so close, that it was impossible, in consequence, to avoid a battle. The Ultonian chief, however, notwithstanding his fiery valor and impetuous courage, wished to decline coming to action, until the arrival of his gallant colleague, Connal. But Fergus and Lughha caused trumpeters to approach Cuchullin's camp, in order to mock and deride them, and by this means provoke him to join battle with them. These insults had the desired effect; for they irritated the brave hero of Ulster, who, impatient to avenge them, issued the signal for the attack on the Connacian camp. At that moment, when his military passion reached the acme of enthusiasm, some of his officers endeavored to persuade him to postpone the action for a day. He indignantly retorted, 'What! are we to fear their superior numbers? No! their defeat will be more glorious to the Ulster arms. I to shrink, like a dastard, from the face of the vaunting foe! O, never! Since my first arms were put into my hands, I have never declined a battle, nor shall I this. If I am to fall under the spear of Lughha, I shall fall like my heroic sire, covered with a warrior's glory, and with a spotless fame, worthy of being embalmed in the song of Erin's bards.' The onset was as dreadful as it was desperate; resentment and implacable rage burned in every breast, and rendered the conflict of the belligerents sanguinary and fierce beyond any former example on record. Cuchullin's war chariot, like the red thunderbolt felling the trees of the forest, flew through an avenue studded by uplifted battle-axes, and paved with dead bodies. To stop this fiery car of

carnage, which rolled through the Connacians as irresistible as the headlong torrent of burning lava when sweeping down the rocky declivities of Ætna, was an achievement that none except Lughá had the daring courage to attempt. The Munster champion bravely resolved to cross his blood-flowing path, and arrest his destructive career, or nobly die in the glorious attempt. Our ancient historians compared the collision of the war-cars of Lughá and Cuchullin to that of two huge rocks of flame, thrown in contact by a violent volcanic concussion. The combatants fought with a force and a fury which astounded the contending armies. It was a murderous conflict of two enraged giants, each of whom was at once fired with the desire of vengeance and glory. After fighting from noon to dusk with unexampled bravery and unshaken resolution, Lughá succeeded in piercing the heart of the Ultonian champion with his javelin. Thus fell the renowned champion of Ulster, a hero whose exploits have been the theme of countless songs and stories of Irish and Scottish writers."

## THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

BY LOVER.

*A Four-leaved Shamrock is supposed to endue the finder with magic power.*

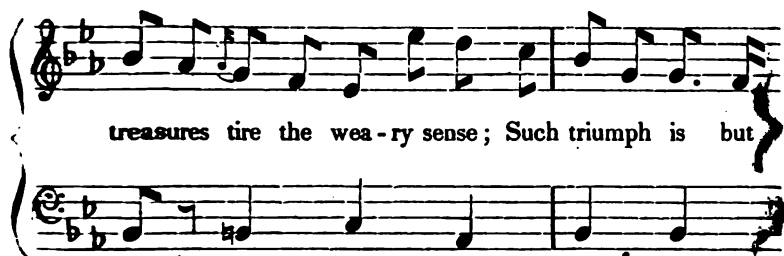
MODERATO.

1. I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock In all the fai-ry

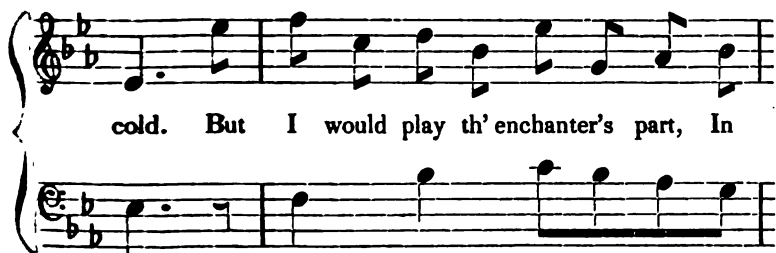
dells; And if I find the charmed leaves, O,

how I'll weave my spells! I would not waste my

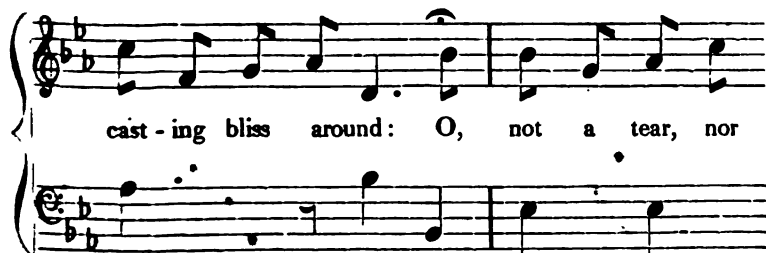
mag - ic might On diamond, pearl, or gold; For



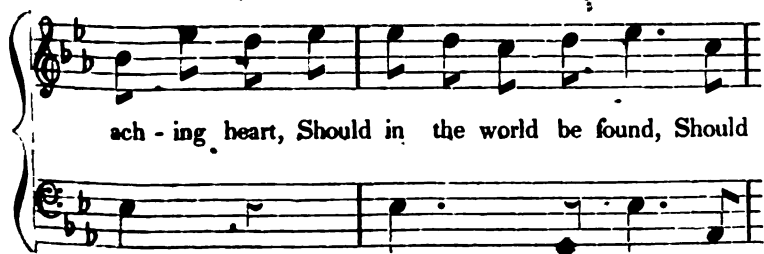
treasures tire the wea-ry sense; Such triumph is but



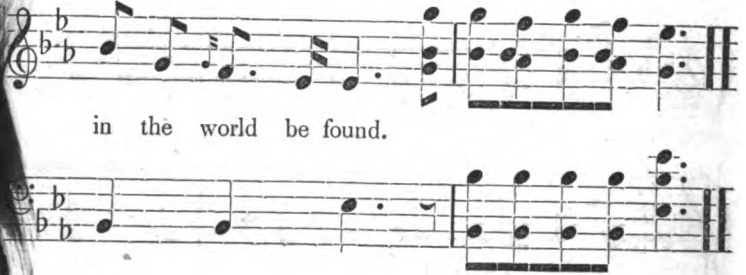
cold. But I would play th' enchanter's part, In



cast-ing bliss around: O, not a tear, nor



ach-ing heart, Should in the world be found, Should



2.

To worth I would give honor ;  
 I'd dry the mourner's tears ;  
 And, to the pallid lip, recall  
 The smile of happier years.  
 And hearts that had been long estranged,  
 And friends that had grown cold,  
 Should meet again, like parted streams,  
 And mingle as of old.  
 O, thus I'd play th' enchanter's part ;  
 Thus scatter bliss around ;  
 And not a tear, nor aching heart,  
 Should in the world be found,—  
 Should in the world, &c.

3.

The heart that had been mourning •  
 O'er vanished dreams of love, •  
 Should see them all returning, •  
 Like Noah's faithful dove ! •  
 And Hope should launch her blessed bark •  
 On Sorrow's dark'ning sea ; •  
 And Misery's children have an ark, •  
 And saved from sinking be. •  
 O, thus I'd play th' enchanter's part ; •  
 Thus scatter bliss around ; •  
 And not a tear, nor aching heart, •  
 Should in the world be found,— •  
 Should in the world, &c. •

## O PATRICK, FLY FROM ME.

1. O Pat - rick, fly from me, Or we are

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of quarter notes: G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, B-flat4, A4, G4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment of quarter notes: G3, B-flat3, C4, B-flat3, G3.

lost for - ev - - er! O Fortune, kind - er

The second system continues the melody with a quarter rest, followed by quarter notes: G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, B-flat4, A4, G4. The bass staff continues with quarter notes: G3, B-flat3, C4, B-flat3, G3, and ends with a double bar line.

be, Nor thus our true hearts sev - - er.

The third system continues the melody with a quarter rest, followed by quarter notes: G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, B-flat4, A4, G4. The bass staff continues with quarter notes: G3, B-flat3, C4, B-flat3, G3, and ends with a double bar line.

My mother scolds me o'er and o'er, With lessons

The fourth system continues the melody with a quarter rest, followed by quarter notes: G4, A4, B-flat4, C5, B-flat4, A4, G4. The bass staff continues with quarter notes: G3, B-flat3, C4, B-flat3, G3, and ends with a double bar line.



cold and end - less; It on - ly makes me love him

more, Be - cause he's poor and friend - less.

## 2.

And then to me my Patrick says,  
 'Tis true, he has not riches;  
 But that love they little prize,  
 Whom gold so much bewitches.  
 He tells me—but, ah me! I fear  
 Lest I from duty falter;  
 I wish he could as soon persuade  
 The mother as the daughter.  
 O Patrick, fly from me,  
 Or we are lost forever!  
 O Fortune, kinder be,  
 Nor thus our true hearts sever.

## LECTURE VIII.

FROM THE BIRTH OF CHRIST TO A. D. 141.

Names and Titles of the forty-three Kings who reigned in Ireland during the six hundred Years preceding the Birth of Christ. — Comparison with the Reigns of sixty-four Roman Emperors; with the Saxon Kings; with the Scotch. — Character of the civil Wars among the Irish Chiefs. — Julius Cæsar. — His Invasion of Britain. — His Character of the ancient Britons. — Traffic of the Britons carried on in Irish Ships. — Irish, Welsh, and British Druids meet in Mona's Isle. — Agricola invades Britain. — Reigns of the Irish Monarchs. — *Conaire*. — *Connor* of the red Eyebrows. — *Criomphón*. — His Invasion of Britain, and Victory over the Romans. — *Cairbre* the Usurper. — MORAN the Just. — Appointed chief Judge. — Moran's Collar. — Moran's Purity. — Lord Norbury and other Judges unlike him. — *Tuathal*. — Agricola, the Roman General, prosecutes the Conquest of Britain. — Is met at the Grampian Hills by Irish Legions under *Gealta Gooth*. — Erection of the Roman Wall by Adrian and Severus. — The Wall erected to keep out the Irish and Picts. — Customs and Games of the Irish. — Baal Fires. — Brilliant Feats of the Monarch *Tuathal*. — Horse Racing. — Charioteering. — Marriages. — Feats of the Knights. — Marriage Ceremonies. — Amphitheatres in Meath. — Architecture of the Ancient Irish. — Appeal to Irishmen on the Education of their Children. — History of Ireland forms no Part of modern School Study. — Comparison between Irish and Roman Customs. — Roman Exercises. — Scipio's Feats. — Exhibition of Beasts fighting. — Claudian's Description of the Beasts. — The Circus. — Sea Monsters introduced. — The Gladiators. — Female Gladiators. — Knights and free Citizens become Gladiators. — The Senators and Patricians become Gladiators. — Ladies enter the Circus to fight each other, and to fight with the Beasts. — Roman Gentry traded in the Virtue of their Wives. — Dreadful Ferocity of the Roman People. — Shed Rivers of Blood in opposing Christianity. — Ridiculous Superstitions of the Romans. — The History of Rome is given to our Youth, and that of Ireland excluded. — The splendid Reign of *Tuathal* continued. — Provincial Assemblies. — Regulations to encourage Arts and Manufactures. — Commerce of ancient Ireland very considerable. — *Tuathal's* Address to the National Assembly. — Great Expedition against the Romans, under *Gealta Gooth*. — Defeats them in two pitched Battles. — Pauses in Obedience to Instructions from the King and Parliament. — Marriage and tragic Death of *Tuathal's* two Daughters. — The Monarch marks out Leinster for Destruction. — Origin of the Leinster Tribute. — A Revolt, and Death of *Tuathal*. — Flight of his Son to the Picts. — His Return and Victory over the Usurper.

HAVING presented to the reader the *principal* events of Irish history for a period of six hundred years, since I took up the chain at the death of *Ollamh*, omitting many vivid accounts of battles, court intrigues, love affairs, which are so like each other, and so little instructive, that I expect to be pardoned for dashing on rapidly over *centuries*, merely noting the chief organic changes, and characteristic acts of the several ages through which I pass; I now give a catalogue of the kings, whose principal deeds I have noticed in the preceding pages, who succeeded

Lughaidh, from six hundred years before Christ to the fifth year of the Christian era, viz.: *Siortalaimh, Eochaidh V., Eochaidh VI., Conning, Art II., Fiacha, Olioll, Airgeadmher, Eochaidh VII., Lughaidh III., Aodh-Dithorba, Ciombaoith, Queen Macha, Reachta, or Righ Dherg, Jughaine the Great, Laoghaire II., Mahon, Meilge, Modh Chorb, Aongus II., Jurero, Fearchorb, Conla, Olioll III., Adamar, Eochaidh VIII., Feargus, Aongus III., Connall, Niadh, Eanda, Criomthean, Ruighruidhe, Jonadhbhur, Breasal, Lughaidh IV., Duach, Fiachtna, Eochaidh IX., Eochaidh X., Eidersgeoil, Nuadhneacht*; forty-three kings, from the reign of Lughaidh II., six hundred years before the Christian era, to the fifth year of Christianity, which gives an average reign of thirteen and a half years to each. From that period to the invasion of Terjesius the Dane, there reigned sixty-one kings, in a space of seven hundred and thirty-eight years, which gives an average of twelve years to each. When this evidence of the civilization of Ireland for that period is weighed,—when it is balanced against the history of five hundred years of Rome, during the full time of the empire,—it will then be seen to which of those people the palm of approbation ought to be adjudged. From the time of Julius Cæsar to that of Augustulus, anno 475, about five hundred years, there reigned sixty-four emperors over Rome. Their reigns averaged but eight years for each. Forty-six of these emperors were monsters of crime and vice; thirty-three of them were murdered; seven were assassinated or poisoned, one strangled; two fell by their own hands; one was burnt, and one was drowned; and nineteen only died natural deaths.

If we turn our eyes to England, we will find that twenty-eight kings of the Saxon heptarchy were murdered in a period of three hundred and fifty years. Robertson says of the Scotch kings and nobles, they were revengeful. Of six successive princes, from Robert the Third to James the Sixth, not one died a natural death. The wars and kingly murders that grew from the English factions of the white and red roses, only three or four centuries past, are sufficiently bloody and treacherous to keep the tongues of Englishmen quiet on topics like these.

It is unfortunately true that the warlike propensities of the Irish led them into hostile conflicts with each other, when the more exciting enterprise of foreign wars did not call their princes from their own country. Taught, from youth upwards, to esteem personal bravery and military exploit as the very climax of human excellence, they resented insults, and settled disputes about territory, on the field of combat. Still, in

those deplorable conflicts, a code of laws was observed by the most deadly opponents, which proved how sensibly alive they must have been to that principle of human action called *honor*, whose root is justice, and whose nourishing fluid is tenderness and exalted human feeling. In the hottest period of battle, if the attending bards or heralds, on either side, shook the "*chain of silence*," there was an instantaneous suspension of the war, and the voice of negotiation was listened to. The combatants were frequently induced to retire to their respective homes by the songs of bards, and seldom or never have they been known to take unfair advantage of each other. Those internal battles, however, were most generally maintained with terrible resolution on both sides. The idea of *retreating* never entered into the heads of any party. The absorbing, impelling sentiment that enwrapped the nation, directed them to die on the field or conquer their opponents. The princes who instigated and led those warrior legions to the field, deemed it so great a disgrace to survive the loss of a vital or pitched battle, that, when they saw, towards the conclusion, their hopes and soldiers die away, they *invariably* plunged into the thickest of the contest, and fell fighting by the sides of the remnant of their followers. The whole history of Ireland presents but *one* exception to this general practice — that of Malachy II., anno 1010, who survived the loss of his diadem. Had Napoleon died, with his sword in hand, resisting his enemies at the gates of Paris, instead of on the rock of St. Helena, how much more brilliant would his fame have shone in the eyes of the military world than it now does! — As to the *political* equity of Napoleon, I hold an opinion on it different from those who cry him up a genuine lover and distributor of human liberty, which shall be expressed in its place.

With all their faults, the ancient Irish strictly revered the most sacred laws of honor. Contests were frequently decided by the single combat of the contending princes, who put their claims upon the issue of their personal bravery and skill, whilst the contending armies on either side paused in their work of death, and gazed upon the vital combat of their respective chiefs. Great was the glory of the victor. Frequently a diadem and a principality awaited his triumph. The opposing armies joined together, forgot their former feuds, and mutually partook of hospitality, whilst the processions of the victor to his palace, whether maintained or acquired on the field of honor, were swelled by his former enemies as well as friends, and were attended by a pomp and circumstance to which modern days afford no parallel.

On this feature in their character, the eloquent Phillips has founded the

following stanza in his beautiful song of "Cushlamachree," which is printed, with the music, in the beginning of this work : —

"Thy sons they are brave ; but, the battle once over,  
In brotherly love with their 'foes they agree."

We have now arrived at that era in the world's history marked by the birth of a Savior. Rome had risen to the meridian of her power. *Julius Cæsar*, as her general, had conquered more than half the then known world. He had subjected many of the civilized and barbarous nations of the earth to his sway, and compelled them to pay tribute to the Roman aristocracy. After his conquest of Gaul, Spain, Africa, Egypt, Pontus, and some other states of lesser note, he had carried before him, in his triumphal procession into Rome, vessels of gold and silver, computed by modern authors to be worth *twelve millions pounds sterling, or sixty millions of dollars*, — together with eighteen hundred and twenty-two golden diadems, weighing *fifteen thousand and twenty-three pounds weight*. All these were put into the Roman treasury, as spoils to the republic, independent of the booty he brought home for himself. In addition to all these, the profusion of jewels, paintings, and other rich and valuable curiosities, swelled his spoils to an incredible amount.

Elated with this success, he sought the shores of Britain, to add it to his conquests. According to his own account, he landed on the shores of Britain, near Dover, on the 26th of August, fifty-five years before the birth of Christ. He soon overcame the feeble resistance of scattered and undisciplined tribes. He describes the inhabitants as divided into forty tribes, each living in a state of independence of the other. Those in the southern parts, who appeared to be emigrants from Belgic Gaul, were the most civilized. They had made some progress in agriculture and the arts of life. The rest maintained themselves by pasture, were clothed with the skins of beasts, painted their bodies, and were constantly shifting their habitations, either in search of food or to annoy or avoid their enemies. They had no other laws than the will of their chiefs.

Cæsar returned to the continent after establishing a temporary government in Britain, in the name of Rome ; but was obliged to go back the next year to quell the insurrections of the northern Picts. In this he succeeded, having landed, from a fleet of eight hundred ships, an immense army, with which he overran a great portion of Britain. But the foot of a hostile Roman soldier never polluted Ireland, and subsequent

events, well attested by Roman and English history, will tell the reason why.

On Cæsar's return, he sent over lawgivers to England, and pursued, as did succeeding governors, a conciliatory policy. The laws of Rome were partly adopted in the south of Britain, but rejected towards the north. The only thing the Britons, at this time, shipped to other countries, according to Cæsar, was *tin*, which, it appears, the Phœnicians obtained from the British mines in Cornwall; but as the Britons, according to Tacitus, had no ships at this time, this traffic was carried on in *Irish vessels*—an important admission, which is made by the Roman historian in his *Life of Agricola*. Britain remained in this condition for ninety years, during which no Roman general approached the country. In the forty-sixth year of the Christian era, *Platius*, a Roman general, landed in Kent, and advanced to the Thames, which he passed, and fought three great battles with the Britons, whom he defeated near Oxfordshire. In five years afterwards, the Roman general Paulinus arrived in Britain, and found, that in *Mona's Isle*, now called the Isle of Anglesey, (separated from the main land in Wales merely by a river, over which the greatest suspension bridge in the world now hangs, namely, the *Menai* bridge,) was congregated an immense number of Irish knights, Britons, Welsh, Druids, and bards, who opposed his progress. In this isle there was established a sacred seat of Druidism, to which the Druids of Ireland used to repair to mingle their peculiar ceremonies with those of their brethren of Wales and other parts of Britain.

The Roman general met with great resistance here, and he bent his whole force to the destruction of the religious and military congregations on the island. It was here the Irish allies were accustomed to land from Wexford. The Roman general laid siege to this place, and finally destroyed the fortifications, together with the Druidical altars, and then erected a fort of great strength, leaving behind him a strong garrison, to drive off auxiliaries who might approach from Ireland.

In twenty years afterwards, we find *Julius Agricola*, the Roman general, employed in *retaking* Mona's Island, which proves that this was the battle-ground between the Irish allies of Britain and the Roman legions.

Returning to my narrative of Ireland, we find *Conaire*, in the first years of the Christian era, monarch of Ireland. He belonged to the family from which the *Dalriada* of Scotland descended, and from whom

her present majesty, by the female side, claims lineage. The first act of *Conaire's* reign was an unexampled punishment on the people of Leinster for the murder of his father. He ordered that every first of November, three hundred swords mounted with gold, three hundred cows, three hundred purple cloaks, and three hundred steeds, should be delivered at his palace as an *eric* from that province, for the crime. He reigned forty years, some historians assert it to be sixty years; but during his reign the people enjoyed a perfect state of happiness. He was succeeded by *Connor* of the Red Eyebrows, and he again by *Criomthón*, who penetrated Britain with a victorious army, harassing the Roman forces, destroying their fortifications, and carrying home quantities of warlike spoils. *Criomthón* died suddenly by a fall from his horse.

A. D. 41. On the death of this prince, he was succeeded by *Cairbre*, the usurper, a prince of the *Danaan* line, from Connaught. *Cairbre* possessed shining abilities, as well as cunning and treachery. His remote ancestors were amongst the very first chiefs of the tribes who settled in Ireland, and his family, through a long course of ages, mourned the predominance of the Milesian race in the government. *Cairbre*, seeming to possess this feeling to an uncontrollable degree, conceived the daring resolution of seizing upon the sceptre by a treacherous effort. To carry this resolve into effect, he negotiated with, and secured the alliance of, some British Belgæ and Gauls, to act with the forces which his own province of Connaught afforded. He prepared for a favorable opportunity to attack the constituted authorities. It was in that moment when the throne of Ireland had become vacant by the death of the beloved *Criomthón*, when the princes and nobles of the kingdom had assembled at Tara for the purpose of electing a successor to the crown. The festive entertainments which custom had ordained, were being enjoyed. These electoral entertainments generally continued three days. *Cairbre* watched the hour of unsuspecting hilarity for his attack. Late in the night, when the princes and other authorities in the palace of Tara were stultified with wine, and relaxed with enjoyment, he and his troops, who approached by secret marches, rushed upon the devoted guests, and slaughtered all they could reach, without distinction or mercy. The sanguinary *Cairbre* was then proclaimed king by his soldiery, who compelled the terrified arch-Druid to inaugurate him as monarch, on the Stone of Destiny, with the accustomed solemnity. For five years, the full duration of his reign, he acted towards the nation with singular mildness and justice, and his son *MORAN*, the celebrated lawgiver and judge,

won the general affections of the people by his talents and unexampled equity.

On the death of Cairbre, the usurper, MORAN, the heir apparent, was proclaimed monarch of Ireland, with the usual ceremonies; but when a deputation of the national assembly waited on him with the crown, this great man declined to assume it, giving his reasons in the following memorable words:—

“I never shall wear that crown, to which I have no just right, except what I might derive from the violence that placed it on my father’s brow. Do you conceive Moran so ignoble as to accept the power which is based on such dishonorable claims? No, legislators! You wrong me when you suppose that injustice should be the foundation of my personal aggrandizement. If my own honest merits cannot secure me the applause of posterity, let my deeds rest in darkness, in oblivion.”

*Feardhaih*, of the old Milesian line, was therefore called (anno 46) to the throne, and to him all parties in the state swore allegiance. MORAN was appointed chief judge of all matters in the kingdom; and, from his extraordinary wisdom and integrity, his name has passed down to us as a model for judges in all succeeding ages. The prince and the judge were worthy of each other, and, by their wisdom and equity, produced in the kingdom the most perfect state of social happiness. So great was the reputation of MORAN for wisdom and justice, that the golden collar he wore round his neck was worn by all his successors; and so wonderful were the powers attributed to it, that the people were taught to believe that whoever gave a wrong decree with this collar round his neck, was sure to be compressed by it in proportion to his deviation from the line of truth; but when the judgment given was just, it would hang loose and easy. The common people, even to this day, swear *dar-an-joadh-Mhoran*, i. e. “by the collar of Moran,” which is deemed a most solemn asseveration.

With the exception of Sir Thomas More, lord chancellor of England, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, who, according to Sir James Mackintosh, was the purest judge that appeared in England for a thousand years, we have no judge, in England or Ireland, that won such universal approbation and respect as Judge MORAN, until we come to our own days, and light on the person of the lamented Sir Michael O’Loughlin, the late Irish master of the rolls,—one who came from a line of ancestors known in Ireland a thousand years ago.

*Dr. Warner*, the English historian, says of Chief Justice Moran, “There is not in all history, as I remember, another instance of a



revolution like this, brought about by the self-denial and strength of a single man, called to the exercise of royal power through the wickedness and perfidy of his own father, divesting himself of this power, and disarming a giddy multitude, in order to establish the public tranquillity, and set the lawful heir upon the throne. Indeed, *ancient or modern history affords no parallel of such self-denial*, if we except the single instance of Lycurgus, the famous Spartan lawgiver, who, though called by general consent to the throne, on the death of his brother, no sooner heard that his sister-in-law was pregnant, than he abdicated the regal sway, and assumed merely the regency of the state."

Such, descendants of the Irish race, was Judge Moran; one who elevates your nation on the score of judicial equity to an equality with the proudest and most polished on the earth. It was much regretted, in the days of Lord Norbury, that Moran's collar could not be found to place about his neck, for it would have choked him long ere he condemned so many brave men to the block; and it would be creditable to justice, if a distinguished functionary, who figured lately in certain "state trials," had had this collar round his neck while charging the jury.

Anno 69, *Fiachadh* was proclaimed monarch of Ireland. In the same year, Vespasian was proclaimed emperor of Rome. *Fiachadh* poured forces into North Britain, and continued to resist the Roman power there. In those battles, the celebrated *Gealta Gooth*, (the *Galgacus* of Tacitus,) an Irish chieftain of those days, led over the Irish legions against the Romans, who were then sweeping the plains of Britain; but internal division, which, at that time, grew up amongst the chiefs and princes of Ireland, absorbed the national spirit, and kept back the supplies; otherwise the Roman arms might have been stemmed much sooner and much more effectually than they were.

Anno 86, we find *Fiachadh* slain in battle, and succeeded by *Elim*, who, however, was not suffered to enjoy his powers long. He was opposed by *Tuathal*, the son of the preceding monarch. *Tuathal* gathered home some of the Irish legions from North Britain, with which he attacked *Elim*, and, in eighty-five battles, won his way to the throne. Though he waded through much blood in his way to power, yet his reign was otherwise just, wise, and glorious. His first public act was a convention of the estates of Tara. Before this assembly he appeared in his place as monarch and president of their councils. He addressed them with great eloquence, pointed out the danger of divisions, and of the pretensions of so many families whose blood entitled them to

the throne, and besought them, as they valued their safety and dreaded the power of Rome, to pass an act limiting the chief monarchy to the male issue of one house. To this they agreed, and they swore fealty to the house of Heremon.

This prince revived all the wise institutions of *Ollamh Fodhla*. More lands were appropriated by the estates, or parliament, to the support of the crown and the interests of literature, and to enable the prince to support his dignity with greater splendor. These lands were called *fearon buird righ Erion*, or the mensal lands of the monarch of Ireland. The great *Ollamh Fodhla*, having conferred on the University of Tara the power of granting the highest degrees in literature and science, King Tuathal followed up the idea, and conferred privileges and powers on the Tara University, endowing it liberally with revenues.

A little while ago, I brought forward a view of the invading armies of Rome, penetrating Britain, attacking Mona's Island, which was then a point of great consequence, as the rendezvous of the allies of the Britons.

In the intestine struggles of Ireland, in the last and preceding reigns, a portion of the Irish forces were withdrawn from the Isle of Anglesey. *Agricola* had, therefore, the easier conquest of that important military post. And, though little or no defence had been made, yet *Tacitus* asserts, that, by its capture, *Agricola* got the name of a "most consummate general." Having obtained this important post, he swept the plains of Britain before him from the south, and was repulsed only on the gathering together of a sufficient force of Irish allies on the Grampian Hills, under *Gealta Gooth*, the Irish general. Here a desperate resistance was offered to the overwhelming legions of Rome, by the combined arms of the Irish cohorts, Picts, and North Britons; but, though *Tacitus* claims the victory of the day for his *father-in-law*, *Agricola*, yet it is quite certain that the Romans never penetrated farther. Indeed *Agricola* contented himself with erecting a chain of forts from the Clyde to Galway Frith, which divided Britain from Scotia Minor. In twenty years farther on, we find the Roman emperor, *Adrian*, obliged to come into Britain, to defend their possessions, which defence ended in his building a wall from Solway Frith across to the mouth of the Tyne. Again, *Severus* has, farther on, to fight for his existence against the combined forces of the Picts and Irish; and we may form some idea of the strength of his legions, when we learn that fifty thousand of them died of an epidemic,

near York, in England, whilst prosecuting his defence of the Roman conquests.

*Severus*, in the year 200 of the Christian era, builds the famous wall of stone along the line of Adrian's wall of clay, which divided England from Scotland. Its height was twelve feet, its breadth, at the foundation, was nine feet, and its length sixty miles. In front was a ditch eleven feet broad. And here was high and haughty Rome, compelled, by the valor of the Milesian race, to pause, and draw a limit westward to her all-conquering power. This wall yet remains above the earth, a stupendous monument, not of Roman greatness, but of Irish valor — a sort of memorial to tell the world that such a race was never destined by Heaven for slavery.

Here may be the best place to view the customs, games, and amusements, of the ancient Irish, and to make a comparison between their character and that of the Romans during parallel ages. I have already shown that the Irish worshipped *Baal*, or the sun, as the great author of nature, of heaven, and earth. It was the custom, on the eves of May and November, for the Druidical priests to light up holy or worship-fires, in honor of the sun, throughout the kingdom, when all other fires were extinguished, and not rekindled but by a torch from the chief fire of the Druids. This chief or primary fire was, by *Tuathal*, ordered to be lighted only in Tara, where it was surrounded with the utmost degree of splendor and ceremony. The fire was lighted in a shady grove, when the king, queen, princes, Druids, bards, chiefs, knights, and the multitude, were present. When the ceremony was completed, portions of this holy fire were then given to the first orders, from whose fires the others took torches, and so on the fires of the whole kingdom were lighted up. Although, at this time, we may smile at the simplicity of this custom, yet, in those days, it had a considerable influence on the people. And so difficult it is to subdue a popular custom, that, even in our days, the first of May is ushered in by the young and gay with extraordinary excitement, though the original cause for the custom is unknown to probably nine hundred in every thousand.

The object of the monarch *Tuathal* was to conduct the government of the country in a way agreeable to the taste and feelings of the people. In order to make the meetings of the gentry and chiefs more frequent, and to attach them to his person, he revived the festive meetings on the plains of Louth with uncommon splendor. Here he erected a superb pile of architecture, where he revived the great fair, to which

all the trading people of the kingdom repaired. It commenced fourteen days before the first of August, and continued fourteen days after. The amusements of horse-racing, charioteering, feats of arms and dexterity by the knights, took place at this national gathering. Temporary amphitheatres of wood were raised for the accommodation of many thousand persons; and the ladies were, of course, assigned the best and most conspicuous places at these public entertainments. At these meetings, marriages and alliances were formed between the families of the chiefs, gentry, and distinguished orders, and every method was studied to promote exhilarating exercise, and refined and modest enjoyment.

So intent was *Tuathal* on raising the morals of his people to the highest pitch of virtuous refinement, that, to promote connubial alliances, he offered prizes to such young men as selected their wives at this great meeting. Here rival knights contended, at tilts and dexterous feats of grace and agility, for the ladies of their love; and poets sang, and rustics wrestled, to win the smiles and approbation of the fair.

The learned O'Flaherty says of these games and amusements, that the strictest order and most becoming demeanor were observed throughout: the men were placed by themselves; the ladies had a separate place assigned them in the capacious amphitheatres of oak erected for the occasion, where their parents were present, and treated about their nuptials. As soon as the match was settled, the happy youth presented a garland of roses to the elected object of his choice, and then led her forth to the Druid's altar, where the nuptial ceremony was solemnly performed by the ministering Druid. We are told, that this prince erected on the site of these festive games a Druidical cave in the earth. The ruins of this celebrated pagan abode are yet to be seen, and, say the learned *Beauford* and the Welsh antiquarian *Llhyuide*, who visited the *Mins*, "they equal any time-honored remnant of ancient architecture, which a Palmyra or Babylon could boast." The learned Camden and Raymond, both English writers, say the same, one of whom describes this celebrated cave "as elegantly vaulted, with polished marble slabs, indented into each other — is eighty feet long, with a marble paved floor, and walls encrusted with the same material." There are *bass-relief* and *hieroglyphic* inscriptions on some of the panels, boldly sculptured. And *Beauford* continues his remarks in the following words: "It is a ridiculous assumption in some English writers, who, to gratify their prejudices, maintain that the ancient Irish were not eminent in architecture before the English invasion. The round towers and antique cathedrals of Cashell, Clonard, Armagh,

Ardfert, and many others, with hundreds of old abbeys and innumerable Druidical altars and caves, are testimonials in favor of the taste, the architecture, and the genius, of the ancient Irish."

Bede has honorably admitted that to Ireland his country was indebted for their naval and mural architecture. William Rufus sent into Ireland for the oak that built Westminster Abbey, over which it yet presides, a grand and solemn witness of its superiority over the oak of England. "King Alfred, who had been exiled in Ireland, on regaining possession of his kingdom, invited over Irish ship-builders, who constructed for him a large fleet. Some of the vessels then built had seventy-six oars, and were generally navigated by sixty or seventy sailors." — *Dundel's Inquiry into the Rise and Progress of the British Navy*, London edition, 1799.

Gildas, who wrote A. D. 560, says, "The Hibernians had large ships for the purposes of war, but that, in carrying on trade, they conveyed their commodities over a sea rough and tempestuous in wicker boats, encompassed with a swelling covering of ox-hides;" these were called *Currags*, and were noticed by Tacitus five hundred years before Gildas wrote. Gildas himself, was educated in Ireland.

We are now considering the period ranging in the first century of the Christian era, three hundred and fifty years before Ireland was yet blessed generally with the light of Christianity.

I have opened to you a view of the rational, healthful, modest, and graceful amusements practised by your ancestors — at least the ancestors of the Irish — even before the refining influence of Christian precept had added a polish and a lustre to their character. You, children of this brave, chivalrous, modest, and virtuous race! to you I now address myself. You send your youth to the schools which a liberal government has provided for their instruction; and they are directed to drink their first draughts of knowledge from the fountains of Greece, Rome, and England, whilst the country of their ancestors, containing all that is brave, beautiful, grand, learned, pious, modest, and virtuous, is totally neglected. Not even is there a history of that glorious country on your school tables. The history of the oppressor of your race is that which corrupt fashion and impure and degenerate taste direct you to peruse; whilst the wisdom of those neglected sages, saints, and heroes, of your own country is cast off, — that country, that opened its doors to the persecuted missionaries of literature, when the hurricane of human passion, which swept over Europe in the middle ages would, but for your

sainted ancestors, have extinguished every vestige of Greek, or Roman, or ancient literature.

But come now, let us examine the lessons which your youth are directed to study in the senate, in the field, and in the theatre, of the Romans, which are pretended to be so far beyond the models for study which your own neglected ancestors have left you. I have shown you the innocent, the modest, the graceful, the elegant amusements of your calumniated ancestors, on the plains of Louth, and in the palaces of Tara.

Let us now take a glance at the public amusements of the Romans, previous and subsequent to the same period, whilst both people were under the influence of Druidical or pagan worship. The feats of exercise which these heroes performed, consisted chiefly of running, leaping, swimming, throwing a stone or a javelin, or running against a horse across a plain.

It is thus the famous SCIPIO is described, in a grand gathering of the Roman people, by *Italicus*, as translated by *Dryden*:—

“ Among the rest the noble chief came forth,  
 And showed glad omens of his future worth.  
 High o'er his head, admired by all the brave,  
 He brandished in the air his threatening stave;  
 Or leaped the ditch, or swam the spacious moat,  
 Heavy with arms and his embroidered coat.  
 Now fiery steeds, though spurred with fury on,  
 On foot he challenged, and on foot outrun;  
 While 'cross the plain he shaped his airy course,  
 Flew to the goal, and shamed the generous horse.  
 Now ponderous stones, well poised with both his hands,  
 Above the wondering crowd unmoved he sends;  
 Now 'cross the camp he aims his ashen spear,  
 Which, o'er ten thousand heads, flies singing in the air.”

Such were the extolled exercises of SCIPIO, one of their greatest heroes. And there is nothing in the boasted feats that an Irish hero of the same age would not accomplish; and we could get a thousand Irish boys, of the present age, to beat *Scipio* hollow, at leaping ditches, throwing stones, or running against the swiftest horse. So much for some of the wonderful feats of these great models which we are to follow. Let us go farther into their delicate, polished, elegant, amusements. It was the custom of the Roman people to have periodical combats with wild beasts, got up for their amusement. The animals were brought from the most distant countries for their gratifica-

tion. There were three sorts of diversions with the beasts, all which went under the description *venatio*. The first order of the amusement was when the people were permitted to run after the beasts, and catch what they could for their own use; the second order, when the beasts fought with one another; and the last, when they were brought out *to engage with men*.

*Claudian*, their own poet, thus describes the animals that were collected to gratify, by their presence and their feats in the ring, the *elegant* Roman patricians: —

“All that with potent teeth command the plain,  
All that run horrid with erected mane,  
Or proud of stately horns, or bristling hair, —  
At once the forest’s ornament and fear, —  
Torn from the deserts by the Roman power,  
Nor strength can save, nor craggy dens secure.”

The middle part of the circus was set all over with trees, removed thither by main force, and fastened to huge planks, which were laid on the ground. These, being covered with earth and turf, represented a natural forest, into which the beasts were let, from a *cave*, or dens under ground. The people, at a sign given by the emperor, fell to hunting and combating them, and carried away what they could kill to regale upon at home. Sometimes we find a tiger matched with a lion; sometimes a lion with a bull, a bull with an elephant, a rhinoceros with a bear. But the most wonderfully surprising feature in those horrid sports was, the bringing of the sea-water into the amphitheatre, when huge sea-monsters were introduced, to combat with wild beasts. *Calphurn*, in his *Eclogues*, describes the scene thus: —

“Nor sylvan monsters we alone have viewed;  
But huge sea-calves, dyed red with hostile blood  
Of bears, lie floundering in the wondrous flood.”

The men who engaged with wild beasts had the common name of *bestiarii*. Some of these were condemned persons; others hired themselves out, at a set pay, as gladiators. We find several of the nobility and gentry, many times, voluntarily undertaking a part in these encounters; and *Juvenal* acquaints us that the *ladies* of Rome were ambitious of showing their courage on such occasions, though with the forfeiture of their modesty: —

“Nor Mars alone his bloody arms shall wield;  
Venus, when Cæsar bids, shall take the field —  
Not only wear the breeches, but the shield.”

“ *Cum Mævia Tuscum figat aprum, et nuda teneat venabula mamma.*”

Those who coped on the ground with beasts, commonly met with a very unequal match; and their safety consisted in the nimble turning of their bodies, and leaping up and down to elude their adversary. In the show of wild beasts, exhibited by Julius Cæsar, in his third consulship, twenty elephants were opposed, in the circus, to five hundred footmen.

The first rise of the celebrated but horrible class of human beings, called *gladiators*, is accounted for by the Roman writers in this way: It was their custom to believe that the ghosts of the dead were only to be satisfied, and kept from howling abroad, by the sacrifice of human blood. At first they used to buy captives and slaves, whom they butchered and offered up at these obsequies; afterwards they contrived to veil over their impious barbarity with the specious show of pleasure and voluntary combat. And therefore, on the day appointed for the sacrifices to the departed ghosts, they obliged the captives to engage in mortal combat with each other, at the tombs of the chief men; and the victor who killed his opponent obtained his liberty and a reward. This shocking custom, as I shall show, grew with the growth of Rome, and strengthened with her strength, until a nation of savages was created, which swept like a curse over the face of the earth.

The first public show of gladiators, apart from the funeral rites, took place at Rome, in the consulship of Claudius, long before the Christian era. Within a little time, when they found the people exceedingly pleased with such bloody entertainments, the consuls, who courted popularity, gave them these feats of blood frequently, and they soon grew into a custom. And not only on the death of any great or rich citizen did these inhuman rites take place, but all the principal magistrates took occasion to present the people with such spectacles, in order to procure their esteem and affection. As for the emperors, it was so much their interest to ingratiate themselves with the commonalty, that they obliged them with these shows upon almost all occasions; as on their birthday, at the time of a triumph, after any signal victory, or at the consecration of any public edifice. As the occasions of these solemnities were prodigiously increased, so was the length of them, and the number of the combatants. At the first show exhibited by the family of the *Bruti*, there were only three pair of gladiators. Julius Cæsar presented three hundred and twenty pair of these fighting monsters. Titus exhibited a combat of gladiators and wild beasts which lasted a hundred days together. And *Trajan* continued



the barbarous amusement one hundred and twenty-three days, at a single show, during which he brought out a thousand pair of gladiators.

These gladiators were commonly slaves or captives; for it was an ordinary custom to sell a disobedient servant to the *lanistæ*, (master gladiators,) or their instructors, who, after they had taught them part of their skill, let them out for money at the shows. But mark! the freemen subsequently put in for a share of this honor, *to be killed in jest*, and many times offered themselves to hire for the amphitheatre—whence they had the name of the *auctorati*. Nay, the knights and noblemen, and even the senators, at length were not ashamed to take up the same profession, some to keep themselves from starving, after they had squandered away their property, and others to curry favor with the emperors. The emperor *Augustus* issued a public edict that none of the senatorian order should turn gladiators, and soon after he laid the same restraint upon the knights. Yet these prohibitions were so little regarded by succeeding emperors, that Nero brought out into one show, as gladiators, four hundred senators and six hundred of the equestrian order.

But all this will be left in the shade, when we come to a further search, and find the *very women* engaging, in the circus, as gladiators—particularly under Nero and Domitian. *Juvenal*, in his sixth satire, thus exposes their barbarous manners—translated by *Dryden*:—

“Behold the strutting Amazonian there!  
She stands in guard, with her right foot before,  
Her coats tucked up, and all her motions just;  
She stamps, and then cries ‘Hah!’ at every thrust.”

And again he says,—

“O, what a decent sight ’tis to behold  
All thy wife’s magazine by auction sold—  
The belt, the crested plume, the several suits  
Of armor, and the Spanish leather boots!”

These female gladiators fought with sharp spears or swords, until the combat ended with the death of one. Some of the more daring engaged with the men, and even with the wild animals.—The Roman senators traded in the virtue and in the persons of their wives; it was common for these *noble* Romans to let out their wives for one, two, or three years, to other *noble* Romans, and receive them back again with the price of their dishonor. Even the great Cato was guilty of this degradation. O, but it is shocking to proceed.

This barbarous, cruel, inhuman, beastly state of morals prevailed in Rome for *six hundred years* — ay, during its most palmy days.

When the thrones of the emperors were at last endangered by the numbers of the gladiators, — when all decency was swept away, and *all* security for life or property annihilated, by the prevalence of this horrible propensity, in a city composed, we are assured, of millions, — it was then the emperors tried to put a stop to the horrid practices; but it was not till Christianity had triumphed, it was not till the divine precepts, given to the apostles and Christian missionaries, had been sowed and nurtured by rivers of the martyrs' blood, that these inhuman practices were abated and melted down. How did this ferocious race meet the preachers and apostles of Christianity? Ask the page of history, and it will answer, *With imprisonment, torture, and death.* History will tell you that the Christian blood shed by the Romans, in their persecutions of the followers of Christianity, exceeded the powers of calculation. It is said that four millions of human beings were put to death simply for professing the peaceful doctrines of the merciful Savior of the world. And at length, so wearied did the Roman judges become, from the sheer labor of condemning the Christians to death, and so fatiguing was the labor of executing them, that judges and executioners at last could not with readiness be obtained to do the work of blood. Many of these judges, and many of the executioners too, seeing so many freely go to death rather than renounce a single particle of the Christian faith, became themselves Christians; for, they said, a religion that could not be extinguished after the shedding of so much blood, must have God to support it.

But it is not only of their ferocity and beastly habits we can speak — they practised the most ridiculous superstition. They believed in dreams, and had public interpreters appointed to communicate to the emperor the meaning of the dreams of his people. Thus the dreams of the young or the old ladies of Rome influenced the decisions of generals and statesmen. The appearance of certain birds or animals crossing the march of an army, would induce their bravest generals to turn aside from their purpose. Animals were sacrificed to their gods to propitiate them before battle, and the manner of their death decided the order of battle; the quantity of blood, the number of groans or struggles of the dying beast, gave the cast to their fate.

Such was bloody, barbarous, beastly, and inhuman Rome — Rome, whose deeds your youth are taught to study, as sources of instruction and models for imitation — Rome, whose history is held to be a part of

the "classics," or that combination of knowledge, which the world bows to as the literary code, by which it is to be governed; whilst Ireland, brave, chivalrous, modest, virtuous, hospitable Ireland,—pious, learned, cultivated, polished,—the land where not one martyr was offered to oppose the introduction of Christianity,—the land where architecture flourished, and flourishes to this day,—the school for virtue, oratory, music, poetry, and arms,—that great and good model which has survived Rome, and will survive equally bloody and inhuman England,—that great model of all the human duties and all the human ornaments, children of the Milesian race, is forgotten by your teachers, and your youth are educated in every thing but the history of your venerated and almost forgotten father land.

Having made this unavoidable digression, I return to the reign of the monarch *Tuathal*. The triennial meeting of the estates at *Tara* were carefully attended to during this reign. The national records were revised and corrected, and every new art or discovery that sprang up was cherished. It is recorded that, at this time, a meeting of the estates of Connaught was held at the palace of *Cruchain*, in that province, at which new laws were originated, to be proposed in the chief parliament of *Tara*. During the same reign, a meeting of the estates of *Leinster* was held at *Naas*, to suggest alterations in the national code of laws, and to provide for the better administration of the laws throughout the province. This proves for us, that, at this period, the legislative powers of government were distributed, to a certain extent, through the provinces, just as the powers of the American republic are, to a certain extent, distributed through the states. This is further confirmed by the action of the *Ulster* estates, which met at the celebrated palace of *Emania*, in the north, in the same reign; where certain laws were passed for the regulation and encouragement of arts, manufactures, trade, and commerce. And thus were laid in the earth those seeds of manufactures and commerce, which, we shall see, as we get along, progressed in the north of Ireland, and still linger in that part of the kingdom. In fact, we may say that Ireland was to Europe, in respect of manufactures, what the New England States are to America. On this matter, *Tacitus*, the Roman historian, in his *Life of Julius Agricola*, states that the commerce of the Irish, in his days, was much more extensive than that of the Britons.

The Roman legions had now laid waste a great part of Britain. Owing to the struggles for the diadem that had, for the previous few years, distracted the Irish at home, and had drawn back the auxiliary

legions, which they had been previously enabled to leave in Britain, the Romans found little to resist their onward course, and King *Tuathal*, fearing for the triumph of Roman power so near him, apprehending his own green island might be the next gem the stranger would set in his diadem, summoned the estates to assemble and consider their danger, being in the very neighborhood of Roman conquerors. King *Tuathal's* address to his parliament is to be found, in the original Irish, in Bishop Molloy's *Genealogies of Irish Kings*, and bears the marks of vigor and eloquence.

After alluding to other matters, the prince thus concludes a powerful appeal: —

“ Behold, wise counsellors, the Roman legions menacing our coasts, pampering their lofty hopes with the expectation of subjecting this sacred isle, rich with the dust of Milesian heroes, to their yoke! Will you suffer your wives and daughters to be dragged as captives to the streets of Rome, to share the ignoble fate of Britain and Albania's daughters? Will you suffer the Roman eagles to perch on the national standard of *Gathelus*, [the harp,] that sacred standard which the great Hebrew prophet, Moses, gave to the father of the Milesian race? Be united, be firm in concord, and the Irish air will never be poisoned by the breath of the Roman invaders. When we march forth to battle, with souls enkindled with the spirit of patriotism, the despoiler's power will recede from our spears, as the foaming waves recoil when broken and dissolved on the rocks of our shores. Yes, senators, if destructive and intestine dissension make no chasms in our ranks and love of country, the Romans shall find us invincible, and as firm in the fight as the majestic mountain, which, seated on its ocean throne, looks down with contempt at the idle rage of the turbulent billows that burst on its rocky footstool!”

This heart-stirring, this sublime appeal to the nation, was responded to in the equipment of an immense force for immediate operations in Britain. This force was put under the command of the celebrated Irish hero whose name has come down to our days surrounded with glory — *Gealta Gooth*, whose progeny gave kings to Leinster for many ages after.

The forces of Rome at this time had devastated Britain, under the Roman emperor, *Adrian*, anno 118, and were about marching on Caledonia, which, by treaty, the Irish were bound to protect from invasions. The king of the Picts placed the combined forces under the command of the Irish general, and he immediately gave battle to

the Romans, whom he defeated in two engagements, and compelled to retreat to Newcastle. The emperor, Adrian, who was then in Wales, repaired to the north, where his armies were disheartened. Here he commenced a wall of clay, the erecting of which he inspected in person, carrying it across from Carlisle to Newcastle, a distance of sixty miles. This wall subsequently gave place to a wall of stone, erected by Severus, which yet remains to tell the world of the bravery of the ancient Irish, and their kinsmen, the Picts.

*Gealta Gooth* encamped at Stirling, and awaited orders from the king and parliament of Ireland, as to whether he should cross the Tweed in chase of the Romans; but it was decided in the Irish councils, that he should not proceed farther with the Irish army than their compact with the Caledonians required. And here was the Roman power checked by one of our forgotten ancestors, while the Roman warriors, who fled before him, are recorded and held up to our youth as the paragons of bravery and military glory.

Shortly after this, an event occurred, of a most painful and tragic character, which lit up for a long time after the strife of civil war in Ireland. The monarch *Tuathal*, whose life we are considering, had two daughters, fair and beautiful; the elder of whom, *Dairine*, was wooed and wedded by *Eochaidh*, prince of Leinster, and carried, with an immense retinue, in great splendor, to his palace of Ferns, in Wexford. The bride was accompanied to her future palace and home by her younger sister, *Fithier*, a princess, we are told, of extraordinary beauty, who remained some time in the palace of Ferns. During this time, the prince, *Eochaidh*, smitten with her extraordinary beauty, conceived a strong passion for his sister-in-law, and, in some time after her return to her father's palace of Tara, followed her thither, dressed in the deepest mourning, and represented to the king, his father-in-law, that his wife, *Dairine*, had died suddenly — “an event,” said he, “that will break my heart, unless your majesty snatches me from the precipice of despair, by giving me the princess *Fithier*, to soothe my sorrows, and replace in these arms the counterpart of that angel perfection of which death has robbed me.” The monarch, moved by his well-assumed grief, consented to bestow a second daughter on the *fiend*. He soon wooed and captivated the young princess, and they were married by the arch-Druid, with great solemnity, at the palace of Tara. In some time afterwards, the married pair set out for the prince's palace at Ferns. When they arrived there, the shame and amazement of the young princess, *Fithier*, on finding

her elder sister yet alive, cannot be described. *Dairine*, the first and lawful wife of the prince, fired with jealousy, loaded her poor innocent sister with the most dreadful reproaches, which operated so sensibly on her feelings, that she fell into convulsions, and died in a paroxysm of grief. *Dairine*, deeply affected at the death of a sister she always loved so dearly, threw herself upon the body, and, overwhelmed with the wickedness of her husband and the death of her beloved sister, plunged a dagger in her own bosom, and died clasping that sister in her arms.

In the whole history of Greece or Rome, — ay, of Roman virtue, that you are taught so much to admire, — there is no more shining example of female virtue, sensibility, and self-immolation, on their long records, than the death of these two sisters presents.

So overwhelmed in grief and rage was the monarch *Tuathal*, at this dishonor and tragic end of his two daughters, that he called his estates of Tara together, before whom he related all these facts, when it was resolved, with one accord, to drive the guilty prince of Leinster from his throne. War was instantly declared, and the enraged monarch led his army into Leinster in person, laying waste the habitations of *Eochaidh's* followers. *Eochaidh* and a few of his followers sought safety in flight; and from the place of his secret refuge, he despatched his chief bard to the enraged monarch, with offers of the most humble submission to such terms as he chose to dictate. This proposal being made with considerable address by the prince's bard, an armistice was agreed to upon the following conditions: That *Eochaidh*, to enjoy his life and crown for himself, and to have his principality guarantied to his successors forever, should pay unto the chief monarch of Ireland the following tribute every second year, viz., three thousand cows, three thousand ounces pure silver, three thousand mantles richly embroidered, three thousand sheep, three thousand hogs, and three thousand copper caldrons. This tribute, known as the *Borimhe* tax, was the after-cause of much internal warfare, when the guilty author had been for centuries in the dust. It proves for us the masculine virtue of those people who marked a whole province to destruction for the crime of its prince; and it proves the wealth that abounded in Ireland in those early ages, by the nature of the medium in which this tribute was paid.

Some of our English neighbors of the present day insinuate, that we were a poor, miserable set before they came amongst us; that we had no gold or silver; that we had no manufactures of cloth, and, of course, no such thing as embroidered mantles; and that, as for copper caldrons, we never had the like, and never had a leg of mutton

to put into a caldron, till they came over and blessed us with their arts, sciences, and civilization. But the items of these and other tributes, the detail of the will of our princes, and the concurring testimony of Roman, French, and Florentine writers, will prove, in spite of our oppressors, what Ireland was. And the concurring desire and sympathy of mankind will soon restore Ireland to her rightful position, and enable her to pass through future ages with still more stainless glory than she won during the ages that are past.

*Tuathal*, having reigned fifty years, was killed by a revolter, named *Mal*, who persecuted his family and followers. *Tuathal's* eldest son fled to the camp of his uncle, the chief of the Picts, in whose armies he performed prodigies of valor. But the usurper, *Mal*, losing the confidence of the people, *Feidlimh*, the exiled prince, hastened back to his native land with a few followers, when the whole population rose in his behalf, and, after some slight resistance, the usurper was killed, and *Feidlimh* crowned with much pomp at the palace of *Tara*, in the year of Christianity 141.

## THE EMERALD ISLE.

QUASI ALLEGRETTO.

1. Far, far o'er the waves of the blue glan - cing

The first system of music features a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Far, far o'er the waves of the blue glan - cing".

wa - ters, Sweet E - rin, my coun - try, I

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wa - ters, Sweet E - rin, my coun - try, I".

wan - der to thee; Thy free - heart - ed

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wan - der to thee; Thy free - heart - ed".

sons, and thy bright smi - ling daughters, Are

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sons, and thy bright smi - ling daughters, Are".



call - ing me home o'er the wild, swell - ing

sea ; My heart has gone out like a

wild bird be - fore me, And rests on thy

shore, as I lin - ger the while, To

bless the bright heaven that sweet - ly smiles

o'er me, And the bark that is near - ing the

*Cres.*  
Em - e - rald Isle; And the bark that is

near - ing the Em - e - rald Isle.

## 2.

Yes, Erin! green Erin! though long years have whitened  
 The dark shading locks that hung over my brow,  
 Yet closer in love, the cords have they tightened  
 Of the heart that is yearning to be with thee now.  
 I fancy I grasp the brave hand of my brother;  
 I see the glad light of my sister's fond smile;  
 I stand in the hall of my father and mother,  
 Who welcome me back to the Emerald Isle!

## 3.

O! land of the grateful, where every emotion  
 Of kindness is fostered, of friendship sincere;  
 Where every breast, in its loyal devotion,  
 Would barter its life-blood to spare thee a tear!  
 O beautiful land! whose sunny-eyed daughters  
 Wear hearts on their lips, that have never known guile,  
 I hasten to thee, o'er the far-swelling water,  
 My home, and my country! the Emerald Isle!

## CAROLAN'S RECEIPT.

(OĪ REIE CHEARBALLAIN.)

The image displays a musical score for the piece 'Carolan's Receipt'. The score is written on eight staves, each beginning with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The music is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and repeat signs. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff includes a repeat sign. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff continues the melody. The sixth staff continues the melody. The seventh staff continues the melody. The eighth staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## THE THREAD-BARE COAT.

(AN COTA LIOME.)



## LECTURE IX. .

FROM A. D. 141 TO 279.

Reign of *Feidlimh*. — Law of *Lex Talionis*. — Reign of *Cathoir More*. — His extraordinary Will. — His Posterity. — Wealth and Refinement of the ancient Irish. — Reign of *Con* of the Hundred Battles. — Quarrel with *Eogan*, Prince of *Munster*. — Battle of *Lena*. — *Gaul M'Morna*, the *Connaught Hero*. — Death of *Con*, and Accession of *Conaire*. — *Carbrai Rihda*. — *Caledonian Colony*. — Established and sustained by the Irish. — Proof. — *Fergus* the Second of *Scotland*. — *Liak Fail*. — The *Stone of Destiny*. — The *Kings of Ireland, Scotland, and England*, crowned upon it. — Origin of many *Irish Families*. — *Fion M'Cumhall*. — *Oisín*. — The *Leinster Militia*. — The *Reign of Cormac*. — His *Laws*. — *Palace of Tara* rebuilt by him, of *Marble*. — His *Magnificence*. — The *Officers* he appointed. — Successes of *Fion M'Cumhall* against the *Romans* in *Britain*. — Revolts against *Cormac*. — *Cormac's Abdication* in Favor of his *Son*. — His *Writings*. — Proclaims his *Belief* in *God*, and renounces the *Sun Worship*. — Persecution of him by the *Druids*. — *Tara's Hall*. — *Great Meeting* on *Tara Hill*, in *August, 1843*.

*FEIDLIMH*, as we have seen, succeeded to the throne, anno 141. He introduced a consolidation of all the good laws of his predecessors — *Ollamh, Moran, Jughaine, More, and Connor*.

Previous to his time, the only crime punishable with death was the insult of any person at *Tara* during the sitting of the legislature, especially the insult of a lady. All crimes committed under other circumstances might be paid for by *eric*, or fine. This, we find, was the custom of the early *Greeks*, and of the *Britons* also, down to the seventh century of the *Christian era*. *Feidlimh* introduced the law known as *lex talionis*, which signifies a life for a life, an eye for an eye, and a limb for a limb. The punishment of death was inflicted on criminals by the sword, by the arrow, or by drowning. "Hanging," says *Bishop Hutchinson*, "the most ignominious of all deaths, was unknown in *Ireland* until after the *English invasion*." A complete reformation of the laws was effected by *Feidlimh*, and a comprehensive code of enactments was passed, which appropriated punishment, founded on the strictest equity, to every occurring crime. These enactments have passed down to posterity, known as the *Breatha Nuimhe*, or *Celestial Judgments*, and have formed the foundation of that code of laws established in *Britain* seven centuries later, by *King Alfred*.

*Feidlimh* died at his palace of *Tara*, anno 150, after a reign of nine years, leaving behind him, in the equitable code of laws which he compiled, a lasting monument of his wisdom and talents, — a code which

Warner pronounces to be “strictly equitable, and agreeable to the laws of God.”

The estates of Tara were summoned to choose a successor, and the choice fell on *Cathoir More*, grandson of *GEALTA GOOTH*, the celebrated hero who opposed Agricola and his Roman legions at the Grampian Hills.

*Cathoir More*, we are told, was a wise prince; but the pretensions of other of the royal houses disturbed his reign, and, at length, *Con*, surnamed “of the Hundred Battles,” a prince of his own line, fomented an insurrection against his throne, and finally disputed its possession on the field. Both parties amassed considerable armies to contend for empire.

On the night preceding the decisive battle that was to put one or the other on the throne of Tara, *Cathoir* awoke from a dream, in which he saw foreshadowed the disastrous results of the ensuing day. He summoned his chief bard, or secretary, and his ten sons, together with all his chief counsellors, to his presence, whom he addressed as follows:—

“To-morrow’s sun will beam on my dead body; but I shall die, like my gallant ancestors, resisting the foe, while I have strength to stand at the head of my brave army, in whose ranks there is not a single coward.”

He then desired all to leave him, except his chief bard, whom he caused to engross his will, a copy of which is carefully preserved in the Book of *Lecan*, to be seen in the Irish College, Paris. It was transcribed from that antique record by the celebrated O’Flaherty.

To his beloved son *Rosa*, called *Failge*, he bequeaths his kingdom of Leinster, to which he adds ten shields, richly ornamented, ten swords with gold handles, ten gold cups, and wishes him a numerous and warlike posterity to govern Tara.

To his second son, *Daire Berach*, he gives *Inath Laighean*, the present Fingal, and part of Wicklow. He wishes him to prove a successful hero, and always to rule over the Gailean Glas—the ancient *Belgæ*. To this he added one hundred and fifty spears, ornamented with silver; fifty shields, ornamented and embossed with gold and silver; fifty swords, of exquisite workmanship; fifty rings, of the purest gold; one hundred and fifty cloaks, of rich manufacture; and seven military standards.

To his third son, *Breasal*, seven ships of burden; fifty shields, richly ornamented with gold and silver; five swords with gold hilts; and five chariots, with harnesses and horses. To these he adds the lands on the

banks of the River Amergin, and charges him to watch over the old inhabitants, who will be otherwise troublesome to him.

To *Cetach*, the fourth, he leaves possessions, thinking it a pity to separate him from his brothers.

To *Feargus Luascan*, the fifth, he left nothing ; but this defect his brothers supplied.

To *Oliel*, the sixth, his backgammon tables and men, saying that neither the possession of lands or towns would be of any use to him, as he never attended to any study but gaming.

To his seventh son, *Aungos*, he gave nothing ; but this defect his brothers supplied.

To *Ecoaidh*, the eighth son, he gives his benediction only, wishing his posterity may adhere to their blood, and calls him *Treath Fear*, or "a weak man," for he was so far imposed upon as to give away a tract of land claimed as a promise in his sleep.

To his son *Criomphthon* he leaves fifty brass balls, with brass maces to play with ; ten backgammon tables, of curious workmanship ; and two chess tables.

To his youngest and tenth son, *F'acha*, whom he praises for his bravery and spirit, and for the universal love he gained, he leaves the country about *Wexford* ; recommends him to support his brother, and bequeaths him fifty large vessels, made of yew, fifty drinking cups, and fifty pied horses, with brass bits.

To his nephew, *Tuathal*, he gives ten chariots, with horses and harnesses ; five pair of backgammon tables ; five chess boards, with ivory men ; thirty shields, embossed with gold ; and fifty swords, highly ornamented.

To *Mogh Chorb*, one hundred black and white cows, with their calves, coupled two and two with brass yokes ; one hundred shields ; one hundred javelins, colored red ; one hundred polished spears ; fifty saffron-colored cloaks ; one hundred horses, of different colors ; one hundred gold pins for cloaks ; one hundred goblets, elegantly finished ; one hundred large vats, made of yew ; fifty chariots, curiously finished, ten of which were of exquisite workmanship ; fifty chess tables ; fifty playing tables, of different kinds ; fifty trumpets ; fifty standards ; fifty copper caldrons ; with a privilege of being privy counsellor to the king of *Leinster*.

To the prince of *Leis* he left one hundred cows, one hundred shields, one hundred swords, one hundred spears, and seven spotted horses.

*Cathoir More*, according to the English Dr. Warner, was the richest monarch that ever appeared in Europe; and these details of wealth and luxuries prove the advanced degree of maturity to which arts and manufactures had then arrived in Ireland.

King *Cathoir* fell, as he himself predicted, in the next day's battle; but his posterity of ten sons gave to Ireland several of the most patriotic and influential families who distinguished themselves for many ages. From *Rosa*, the eldest son, sprang the house of *O'Connor Faly*, the *O'Dempsies*, lords of Clanmarah, and the *O'Duns*. From *Daire Barach* are the *O'Gormans*, *O'Mallone*, and *O'Mooneys* descended. The issue of *Fiachiadh*, the younger, gave more kings to the throne of Leinster than those of all his brothers united. From him are descended the royal families of *M'Murragh*, and *Cavanagh*, kings of Leinster, *O'Toole*, *O'Byrne*, *O'Murphy*, *O'Dowling*, *O'Maoibrain*, *O'Cinseleugh*, *M'Cormick*.

*Rosa Failge*, the eldest son of *Cathoir*, is the great progenitor of the *O'Connors of Faly*, or *Offaly*, a district comprehending the King and Queen's counties, and part of the county of Kildare. Roger and Arthur *O'Connor*, or their children, are the only *legitimate* descendants of this sept of the *O'Connors* now living. Their father, John *O'Connor*, of Mount Pleasant, enjoyed a remnant of the family estates in 1750. Arthur *O'Connor* was seized as one of the chiefs of the revolution of 1798, and in the amnesty agreed upon between Lord Castlereagh and the state prisoners, he passed over to France, where he yet remains in exile. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the family of Roger *O'Connor* to speak with certainty of its living members; but, having written, for information on this point, to the venerable Thomas *O'Connor*, of New York, I have received from him the following letter in reply, which I give to the reader without curtailment:—

“NEW YORK, June 24, 1844.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have your favor of the 19th instant. I am not an historian, and cannot throw any useful light on the interesting subject of your intended publication. In this momentous crisis of the Irish struggle, the patriot will hail every well-authenticated historical research as a useful contribution to the stock which patriotism accumulates for the vindication and support of Ireland.

“The *O'Connors of Cork*, and those of *Roscommon*, to both of which you allude, are, I am inclined to believe, different families, unconnected by consanguinity, or deriving a common origin in some period long past.



“ Arthur O'Connor, an exile residing in France, must, I suppose, be the chief of the Cork family. The O'Connor Don, residing at Clonalis, in the county of Roscommon, is the head of the Roscommon family. Fergus O'Connor, who distinguished himself by a generous advocacy of the righteous cause of the British Chartists, is, I suppose, a son of Roger, and a nephew of Arthur O'Connor.

“ In a small volume, entitled ‘ Dissertations on the Ancient History of Ireland,’ published in Dublin, some sixty or seventy years ago, I find the following paragraph : —

“ ‘ From Rossa Filgeach, the eldest son of O'hoir the Great, came the O'Connors of Failgeach, a large country in ancient time, comprehending considerable parts of the King's county, the Queen's, and Kildare. They were, in all ages, a very martial and renowned family, as all our annals testify, (both before and after the invasion of Henry the Second,) until they were crushed by the superiority of relentless power, in the reign of Philip and Mary. Some general officers of the family serve, at present, with great repute, under his Catholic majesty ; and John O'Connor, of Mount Pleasant, in the King's county, esquire, enjoys, at this day, a part of his ancestors' estate, one of the most ancient tenures in the kingdom.’

“ In the same volume I find the following : —

“ ‘ Roderic, the last king of Ireland, was chief of the Hy-Brune and Clan Murray race. For more than a thousand years, this family, including a few of the Hy-Fiacans, governed the province of Connaught with sovereign authority. On the failure of Roderic's power, the government of this country fell to Cahal Crovedarg, in his time as great a man as any in this kingdom, and the younger brother of Roderic. From him descended, in fifteen lineal generations, the late Andrew O'Connor, of Ballintobber, in the county of Roscommon, a person of great worth and virtue, the chief of his name, and the father of Daniel, the present O'Connor Don, and of the chevalier Thomas O'Connor, an officer of great repute in the service of his most Christian majesty.

“ ‘ Dominic, the eldest son of O'Connor Don, lives now abroad on his travels ; and I mention him here with the greater pleasure, as, in so early a period of life, he is exhibiting those rare accomplishments, which are not the less valuable that they are independent of the highest birth, as well as out of the reach of fortune.’

“ In a work compiled by an Irish ecclesiastic, and published in England, in the year 1814, there appears a genealogy showing the descent of the present family of the O'Connors of the county of Roscommon,

from Tordelbachus, the supreme monarch of Ireland, the father of Roderic and of his brother Cahal Crovedarg, (Red-handed,) herein already mentioned. The names appear in Irish and in Latin. They are as follow, as well as I can translate. Opposite to some of them, I give, in brackets, the names as they appear in the Latin version. The other names are probably properly translated.

- |                             |                          |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Turlough (Tordelbachus.) | 11. Owen.                |
| 2. Charles.                 | 12. Carbery (Carbreius.) |
| 3. Hugh (Ædhus.)            | 13. Dermot (Diarmitius.) |
| 4. Roderic.                 | 14. Hugh.                |
| 5. Owen (Eoganus.)          | 15. Charles.             |
| 6. Hugh.                    | 16. Charles.             |
| 7. Turlough.                | 17. Dennis.              |
| 8. Hugh.                    | 18. Charles.             |
| 9. Turlough.                | 19. Dennis.              |
| 10. Felim.                  |                          |

“Dennis, the last name above mentioned, died, and was succeeded by his son Owen, the first of the family of Belenagare, who assumed the affix of ‘Don.’ He died, and is succeeded by his son Dennis, the present O’Connor Don, residing at Clanalis, in the county of Roscommon, formerly the residence of the late Dominic O’Connor Don.

“Owen, of Belenagare, and Dominic, of Clanalis, were descended from a common ancestor, a lineal descendant of the monarch Turlough, or Tordelbachus. The deaths of Dominic and of his brothers Alexander and Thomas, without issue, in the present century, rendered extinct that branch of the O’Connor family. The next in lineal succession from the monarch was Owen of Belenagare, then living. This accounts for the genealogy being carried down in the living line of Belenagare, and not in the extinct line of Clanalis.

“The present O’Connor Don represents his county in the imperial parliament — more properly the British parliament; for the mockery of Irish participation in the legislature is an absolute and intended insult to Ireland. But a better fate is in store for unhappy Ireland.

“I fully believe that England is a falling nation. If any thing is more clear to my mind, it is this, that Ireland is a rising nation. The great, last struggle now making by England is a proof that British rulers are sufficiently sensible of the necessity of more than ordinary exertion to maintain a tottering fabric, not in the vain expectation of securing permanent stability, but with the more rational hope of extend-

ing the lease. If I mistake not, the British minister has, by the imprisonment of O'Connell, extinguished this hope.

“The rise of Ireland does not depend solely on the fall of England. Such fall might accelerate the ripening destiny of Ireland; but Ireland must rise in despite of whatever obstructions may be interposed by the British minister. The British people—thanks to our enlightening presses—at length discover that they are not themselves free; that they gain nothing, but lose much, by the degradation of Ireland, and that it is their interest to make a common cause with Ireland against the common enemy of both. The poor may not reach the station of the wealthy, so far as worldly pelf is concerned, but they will approximate in intellectual endowment. Inequality of pecuniary fortune will always exist, and it may be well that it be so; but the acquisition of literary information, the fruition of which by one portion of the community, and the insidious denial of it to the other, have hitherto constituted the distinction between the lordly arrogance of the one and the constrained servility of the other, is about to become, like the air we breathe, the common heritage of all; delusion and humbug will no longer prevail over the tutored mind; neither fraud nor force will cajole or deter; literary education will resist the subtlety of the one, and the modern invention of an Irishman—passive resistance—will nullify the other. The revolution of Europe is clearly commenced. Old Ireland is in the van. It surely cannot be that those who lead in the movement will be the last to reach the goal of general aim. ‘Whom God would destroy, he first makes mad.’ Neither concession nor compromise will come from a government which casts the gamester’s last throw. Mr. Peel obstinately resists the repeal of the union. Let me be a prophet: the present generation will not pass away until an Irish ambassador will be received at Washington, and there recognized as the representative of free, sovereign, and independent Ireland. I will not see this day; you may. *Erin go bragh.*”

“Your obedient servant,

“THOS. O'CONNOR.

“THOMAS MOONEY, Esq.”

I take it that I have proved, from the items of the will of Cathoir More, that Ireland was then (the second century) in the enjoyment of all the arts, manufactures, luxuries, and literature, which mankind could boast of in any part of the world.

Independently of the great wealth conveyed by *Cathoir More* to his

ten sons, — the profuse detail of gold and silver vessels ; of arms and war chariots, ornamented with gold ; of embroidered mantles and cloaks for knights and ladies ; of ships ; of cattle ; of spears, swords, banners ; of the chess boards and *ivory* men ; of backgammon tables ; of musical instruments, &c., seems to have been recorded by the wealthy donor, with a prophetic eye, as evidences which would go, to the latest posterity, to overwhelm in confusion those who, having pillaged Ireland, and butchered her people, would traduce her name, and deny her the honor of her twenty-four centuries of political independence — an independence adorned by the development of arts, sciences, literature, and glory. But in this the calumniators of Ireland shall be disappointed ; for

“ Enough of her glory  
Remains on each sword  
To light us to victory yet.”

In the year of Christianity 153, *Con of the Hundred Battles*, son of *Feidlimh the Lawgiver*, succeeded to the monarchy of Ireland. He was a prince of great abilities, both in the field and in council ; and his reign has furnished the historians of Ireland with much exciting matter for applauding comment and instructive digression. His reign was embroiled by a contest with *Eogan*, the prince of Munster, for the supreme government of the country. Many heroically-fought battles ensued. At length, it was resolved that the government and patronage of Ireland should be divided into equal parts, as in the days of Heber and Heremon, the first kings ; that *Eogan* should govern the southern division, lying beyond the line drawn from Dublin to Galway ; and that *Con of the Hundred Battles* should have the government and income of the northern division. This arrangement continued for some years ; but in the year 181, we find the wars again renewed, we are informed upon the following grounds : —

*Eogan*, on a royal tour through his dominions, visited Dublin, which, in those days, was called *Atha Cliath Dubhline*, or the “ Passage over the *Black Pool*.” He found a greater number of ships on the north, or *Con's* side of the river, than on his own ; and, of course, the revenues and customs derived by *Con* were unduly greater than his. This proves to us the extent of trade which Dublin enjoyed in those early times. In the days of St. Patrick we find it celebrated “ for its extent and magnificence, the number and riches of its inhabitants, the grandeur of its edifices, and the greatness of its commerce.”

This trivial ground of quarrel, added to others of a weightier character, produced the revival of hostilities. Both princes prepared with

great animation for the decisive battle that was to give one or other supreme dominion. At length the armies meet at Lena, in the King's county. The Munster prince, Eogan, is described by the historians as cutting down all before him in the contest — moving, like the living demon of fire, through the hostile ranks.

*Art*, another princely warrior, is thus described, as he enters the battle field, by the recording bard : —

“ — the hero of Tara!  
 The irresistible wave in enmity;  
 As quick as lightning in defence;  
 Terrible in battle;  
 The support of mighty armies;  
 The very hand of liberality;  
 The all-protecting; the  
 Performer of most mighty deeds!  
*Art*, the son of Con, the son  
 Of Tuathal, arose.  
 Warrior-like was his anger,  
 Powerful his voice;  
 Lovely the champion,  
 His flaxen hair plaited,  
 His *shirt of silk*.  
 In one hand he bears two bows,  
 In the other his javelin,  
 And by his side  
 His dreadful and irresistible sword.  
 Yonder he sweeps over the plain, like  
 The thunder-bolt that tumbles the rocks  
 Into the foaming sea.  
 How majestic is the hero's step!  
 The brightness of his sword contends  
 With the refulgence of the sunbeam;  
 The gleam of his spear illuminates the hill!”

We find, from the detailed descriptions, three things proved; *first*, the beauty and majesty of the poetry; *secondly*, the bravery, high bearing, and natural nobility of the hero; and, *thirdly*, the fact of the *silk manufacture* being, at this early age, a flourishing branch of national industry — centuries before the Gauls or Britons were in possession of it.

But at length the mighty *Gaul M'Morna*, the Connaught general, stood before Eogan, sword in hand. “Now,” said Eogan, “we meet in a fair field; let our swords decide which of us is the bravest.” They fought desperately for an hour, when it was the fate of *Eogan* to fall, a

victim to his own unreasonable ambition. During this great personal combat, the armies on each side, as if by the spell of enchantment, suspended hostilities to gaze with wonder on the mighty conflict of their chiefs. Such a circumstance, if illustrated by the poetry of a Homer, would rank, on the pages of glory, as brilliantly as any action or circumstance of Greek or Trojan valor which that great poet cast in the mould of immortality.

When Eogan fell, pierced by a hundred wounds from the sword of Gaul M'Morna, his soldiers lifted up his body on their shields, to show to Eogan's followers that he was slain. "Lay down the body of the king of Munster," said his brave conqueror, "for he died as a hero should die — covered with wounds and glory."

*Con of the Hundred Battles* was then declared monarch of Ireland, over which he reigned, not without much trouble, for thirty years. Historians differ about the manner of his death, some alleging he fell in battle, others that he was assassinated. O'Halloran doubts the latter view, as it was totally inconsistent with the genius and spirit of chivalry which then pervaded every class in Ireland.

A. D. 183. On the death of Con, the national assembly of Tara proceeded to the election of a successor. The suffrage of the majority declaring for *Conaire*, of the northern or Heremonian line, he was, accordingly, seated on the throne of Tara. Conaire, being in undisturbed possession of the Irish throne, had the greater means left to him of opposing the Roman power in Britain, and went over at the head of considerable legions of Irish, to resist their forces, which were commanded by Severus, A. D. 192. The Irish historians dwell in terms of rapture on his progress and battles with the Roman legions.

A. D. 200. In his reign, or immediately after it, *Carbrai Riada*, one of his sons, was sent over to Caledonia to protect it, as an Irish province, against the threatening arms of Rome. Since the days of Heber and Heremon, Albania, or Scotland, was partially subject to Ireland, acknowledging allegiance, under the memorable compact entered into between Heremon and the Picts. *Carbrai* was invested by the national assembly of Tara with some of the attributes of independence; for the purpose of giving more satisfaction to the Albanians, who were flattered with the idea of obtaining the semblance of an independent prince to reign over them. *Carbrai*, according to *Bede*, commenced the first regular attempt at an independent government in Caledonia, in the second century. "From this leader," continues *Bede*, "whose name was *Riada*, the posterity of those settlers are, to this day, called

*Dal Reudimh*, or the Irish occupiers of the *part*." The Abbé M'Geoghegan is also positive on this point, and explains thus: "It is true that before this time the Albanian Picts were, for centuries, tributary to the crown of Ireland; yet it remained for *Carbrai* to form the first regular settlement in Scotland." Primate *Usher*, a great authority, says that this prince reduced all Scotland under his dominion; and O'Kennedy, in his *Chronology of the Stuart Line*, published in Edinburgh, 1780, asks, in reply to some of the Scottish writers, who contended for an origin from the north of Europe for their ancestors — "How can the Caledonians, in the face of the authorities of *Bede* and *Fordun*, have the egregious folly to deny their Irish origin?" In addition to these, there are all the Irish historians agreeing to and asserting the same great facts. In a most learned essay by Dr. Barnard, Protestant bishop of Killaloe, published by Walker, in 1786, entitled an *Inquiry into the Origin of the Scots in Britain*, which has never since been refuted, there are detailed proofs exhibited which would alone sustain the claim of Ireland to the colonization and government of Caledonia. We have seen that their old language and music were Irish, to which may be added their measurements — a Scotch and Irish mile being two thousand two hundred and forty yards, which differs from the length of an English mile. A few extracts from the "Inquiry" may be appropriate.

"The original of that portion of the inhabitants of Britain, properly called Scots, has been a point of history, so established by the concurrence of all writers on that subject, both native and foreign, from Venerable *Bede* down to Sir George M'Kenzie, that, for a period of at least nine hundred years, it was never esteemed matter of question, until some late Scottish antiquarians, anxious to support an hypothesis inconsistent with their own annals and tradition, have thought proper wholly to reject the received opinion of their ancestors on this head, and to offer to the public, in its place, an entire new system of their own, founded on arguments of probability sufficiently plausible and ingenious, but *unsupported by written testimonies, or any authentic documents whatsoever*."

The bishop then examines the testimonies of several learned authors on the question, and quotes the Roman writer *Tacitus*, the British writers *Gildas*, *Bede*, *Fabius*, *Athelwerdus*, *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, and *Fordun*, *Buchanan*, *John Major*, *M'Kenzie*, and other learned writers of Scotland. His quotation of the celebrated suggestion of the historian *Tacitus* to *Julius Agricola*, his father-in-law, in reference to the necessity of conquering Ireland for the purpose of ren-

dering the Roman empire in Britain the more secure, deserves our special notice. "The intercourse between the Irish and the Caledonians, and their ancient alliances, had been further cemented when it became their mutual interest to join their forces against the Romans — the Caledonians to preserve their liberty, and the Irish to keep the enemy from attacking theirs, which they were in no danger of until after Britain was totally subdued. Tacitus, speaking of the utility of an expedition against Ireland, to secure the Roman conquest in Britain, adds, among other motives, *ut libertas tanquam e conspectu tolleatur*, [to take away that hankering after freedom which the sight of a free ally so near at hand would naturally excite.] This hint gives the reader to understand that Agricola had already suffered some inconvenience from this connection of interests. The expedition here suggested never took place, because," adds the bishop, "*that general had work enough cut out for him by the valor of the Irish and Caledonians under Galgacus, [Gealte Gooth] without crossing the sea in search of a new enemy.*"

After a comparison of all the accounts which the learned bishop examined, he thus sums up: that a colony of Scots from Ireland had anciently settled in Caledonia; that they had several conflicts with the Romans, after Cæsar's invasion of that country; that they were, on one occasion, attacked by the Romans under Maximus, defeated, and forced to abandon Britain; that, on Maximus's leaving Britain, they took advantage of his absence, and made fresh attempts to reinstate themselves; that they were again forced back by Gratianus, and obliged to fly to Ireland; after whose death they returned in full force, a united army of Irish, Caledonians, and Picts, and laid waste and occupied the country from sea to sea; that, lastly, they established complete dominion in Scotland, about anno 396, when the names of *Caledonians* and *Picts* were sunk by *Niall*, and the general name of *Scotia* substituted. And further, about the same period, the great Niall of the Nine Hostages began his reign in Ireland, — he who vanquished the Romans in several battles through Britain, and finally extinguished their power in that country, after it had subsisted for four hundred years.

Cairbra Rihda had established a firm footing in Caledonia, during his expedition, in the close of the second and beginning of the third century, which was continued by his descendants for better than two hundred and fifty years. Towards the middle of the fifth century, we have an account of another migration of Scots into Britain, and more settlements obtained there. This was when Britain was totally freed from the Romans. When the Irish made their second great settlement in the



northern part of Britain, their armies committed excesses, which are recorded and deplored both by Gildas and Bede. But this was natural in exulting conquerors, who had been previously harassed for ages by legions from that soil.

From this time the settlement of the Scots (Irish) in Caledonia assumed a monarchical aspect. And it appears, further, that they were determined to have a king and government independent of the mother country. With this object in view, they invited the monarch of Ireland, *Arcath*, or *Earca*, to send them his son Feargus to be their king. The proposal was accepted; and upon this occasion did the Irish monarch make the Scots colony a present of the famous *Liah Fail*, or "Stone of Destiny," on which, from the times of Heber, the kings of Ireland were crowned. This took place in the latter part of the fifth century. It was the popular belief of the Irish, for many centuries, that an illegitimate branch of the royal family could be detected on being placed sitting on this stone. The policy of kings favored this delusion. On this stone were crowned all subsequent kings of Scotland, to the time of the conquest of that country by Edward the First of England, in the thirteenth century, when it was carried by that prince to England, as a precious trophy—a symbol of conquest, and deposited in Westminster Abbey. Upon this stone, which is encased in an antique oaken chair, all the kings of England, from that time to the present, have been crowned and proclaimed. The learned Bishop Barnard remarks thus on the superstitious properties attributed to this famous relic: "In the days of paganism, no Irish king would have parted with such a mysterious relic; but as Ireland was then just become Christian, we may suppose that it was little esteemed; though Feargus the Second might think it would be of use to him to give his new subjects a superstitious veneration for his person and family, and prevent them from attempting to shake a throne thus established by fate itself."

Yet we find, amid the *enlightened* people of England, that their coronations of their monarchs are considered incomplete — in fact, illegal — if the kingly ceremony of sitting on *this stone* be omitted. Her present majesty was crowned sitting on this old Irish stone, in Westminster Abbey, surrounded by all the bishops, peers, chancellors, and heralds, of her country, and by ambassadors from the courts of every civilized country upon earth. And yet these English are the people who absurdly enough sneer at the "superstitions of the ignorant Irish."

It is common in individuals, swelled by temporary affluence, to deny connection with poor relations, no matter how respectable they may

once have been ; so the Scotch, after boasting for nine or ten centuries their Irish origin, turned round when Ireland had fallen in political opulence and literary wealth, and endeavored to disown their parentage and protection.

The only piece of Albanian Scottish historical antiquity extant is a regal poem, much like our style, containing a list of their kings, beginning with *Loarn*, brother to *Feargus*, and ending with *Malcolm*, the son of *Donchadh*, confirming, word for word, our Irish annals.

The Scotch, then, are the *Irish* inhabitants of North Britain ; and as, through the posterity of our monarchs, we gave Scotland and England a long race of kings, it will be necessary to keep an eye on the progress of the Milesian race in that direction.

The *Mackeoghs* were connected with this great line. From *Cormac Cas* and *Eogan*, princes of great valor and prowess in the field, sprang several noble families, that shine in the Irish annals — names that fling the radiance of exalted virtue and martial renown on the pages and the nation they adorn.

Amongst these are the *M' Carthies*, the *O' Connells*, *O' Callaghans*, *O' Keeffes*, *O' Donohoes*, *O' Mahonies*, *O' Donovans*, *M' Aniliffee*, *O' Shee*, *O' Line*, *M' Gillicuddy*, *O' Gara*. From the posterity of *Cormac Cas* have proceeded the *O' Briens*, *M' Namaras*, *M' Mahons*, *Kennedies*, *M' Clinchies*, *M' Cochlins*, *O' Hiffernons*, *O' Carrolls*, (princes of Ely and Louth,) *O' Rierdons*, *O' Flanagans*, *O' Haras*, *O' Fogartys*, *O' Maras*, *O' Machairs*, *O' Caseys*, *O' Flynns*. From the monarch *M' Con* proceeded the families of *O' Driscol*, (chief of the county Cork,) *O' Leary*, *O' Kelly*, *O' Bernes*, *O' Breogan*. The very old and respectable Scotch family of *M' Flanchy* and *Campbell* claim the honor of a descent from the same ancient and honorable source.

I now return to the reign of *Conaire*, from which I digressed to present the reader with a distinct view of the progress of the Milesian colony in Caledonia. In doing so, I was obliged to anticipate my narrative at least three centuries, as relates to that branch of the subject.

In this age of Ireland's story there appeared two men, whose transcendent powers — the one in arms, and the other in poetry — cannot be passed over with ordinary haste. The first is *Fion M' Cumhall*, the chief of the Leinster militia ; the second *Oisin*, his son, the Homer of ancient Ireland.

First, of *Fion*, the military hero. The time in which he flourished was about the year 220 of the Christian era. So great was this hero's

exploits on the field, that he was magnified, by his admiring successors, to the size of a *giant*; and all his celebrated militia were ranked by the popular legends as giants, or men of extraordinary agility and stature. Hence there hangs about *Fion M' Cumhall's* niche, in the temple of Fame, a romantic drapery, which renders his whole history doubtful to those who are unwilling to believe aught that is brave or virtuous of Ireland in the ages of her independence. Fion was a great hero, a great general, a great legislator, and the terror of the Roman power in Britain. He resided chiefly on the Hill of Allen, in the county of Kildare. He trained his militia himself; and when I relate that he was equally the terror of the Ulster and Munster knights of his own country, it gives no mean idea of his heroism; but when I further state that he made, with his fleets, no less than thirty descents on Wales, which was then under the government of Rome, and carried from thence great spoils of war each time, it will give some idea of his bravery and prowess. According to all the best authorities, including Warner, the *English historian*, and the solemn declaration of the *Gaelic Society* of Dublin, published through its Transactions, "*Fion*, the renowned general-in-chief of the Irish militia, was son of *Cumhall* and *Murin*, who was daughter of *Thady*, son of *Nuadh*, the 'white monarch of Ireland.' He was son-in-law to King *Cormac*, and grandson to *Con* of the Hundred Battles. His *two sons*, *Oisín* and *Feergus*, by the Irish princess, were renowned in arts and arms. *Feergus Fair Lips*, figuratively meaning of *sublime diction*, has been emphatically styled the 'philosophic poet of pointed expression.'" So far from the Transactions of the Gaelic Society.

Warner says, in reference to the Leinster militia, "That great body of heroes, the Irish militia, was commanded by *Fian*, the gallant son of *Cumhall*, who was married to the daughter of *Cormac Cas*." All this it is necessary to place on the record, as there was a dispute about the hero's country. The great poet *Oisín* has left behind him a fragment of his composition, which has sailed down the stream of time to us. In it are discoverable the fire, the genius, and the well-stored mind, of one whom Ireland may proudly rank against the loftiest talent of the past ages, or of that in which he lived. For a full account of *Oisín*, see page 168.

#### THE REIGN OF CORMAC.

Two hundred and fifty-five years after the birth of Christ, the court of Tara was adorned by one of the most enlightened and brilliant of the Milesian princes—the monarch *CORMAC*. His road to the throne lay through hostile legions; yet he had address, skill, and bravery sufficient

for the design. Being a legitimate prince of one of the rival houses of the southern line, his claims to power were supported by a valorous army, in which there commanded the celebrated hero Lugh, who, in the heat of battle, slew, with his own hand, Feargus, the rival prince, annihilating thus all further impediment to the exaltation of Cormac. That prince was crowned, with an unusual degree of splendor, on the *Stone of Destiny*, at Tara, anno 255. It was the most brilliant coronation that had taken place for many previous centuries. More than a hundred Druids of the first class assisted in the gorgeous ceremonies, and a hundred bards chanted the inaugural salutation, mingling with their voice the tones of instrumental music.

Having reached the summit of his ambition, he immediately directed his attention to the state of the laws, and the administration of justice throughout the kingdom. The laws, which had greatly accumulated from the reign of Ollamh Fodhla, were all reviewed, purified, digested, and condensed. Any that were deemed in the slightest degree inequitable were abolished, and a code of jurisprudence was established, which remained in force from that time, say Warner and others, to the end of the monarchical dynasty of the Milesians, in the twelfth century. Dr. Warner says of him, "The ordinances which he established for the public good, which *are yet to be seen in the old Irish records*, and which show his great skill in the laws and antiquities of his country, were never abolished whilst the Irish regal government had existence."

These laws were so much approved of by the people, and by their leaders in the national assembly, that they were denominated the will of Heaven, or celestial judgments, and it was ruled a treason or sacrilege to attempt to change any portion of them; so true was it ever that no people in the world loved justice more than the Irish—a trait in their character remarked on, fourteen centuries later, by Lord Coke, Sir John Davies, and many other English jurists.

Cormac applied himself also to the regulation of the religious ceremonies of the people, and, for this purpose, summoned to Tara a great number of the Druids from all parts of Ireland, and, at the same time, convoked the various orders of learned doctors for the purpose of revising the history of the country, and establishing improved regulations for the administration of public instruction. The concentration in Tara of so many men, eminent for their great literary acquirements, rendered the court of Cormac the most brilliant in Europe at the time, and not inferior, indeed, to the courts of the Roman emperors. The monarch also encouraged poetry and music, and was not insensible to the enchant-

ments of the social circle. Though he attended to the sober business of legislation and jurisprudence with the grave, he mingled, in seasons of festivity, with the gay and chivalrous. He encouraged, with lavish hand, every art and science. He had the old palace of Tara, and hall of assembly, which were erected principally of oak, pulled down, and a magnificent palace and legislative hall of marble erected on the site. It was deemed the most elegant structure in Europe; there were many grand entrances to it, and one hundred and fifty richly-carved marble columns graced those entrances and piazzas on every side. *Torna Eigis*, who wrote in the fourth century, says, that "the marble statues of two hundred Irish kings, princes, and generals, adorned the niches of the halls of Tara." Whilst these great works were in progress, the royal establishment removed to *Miodh-Cuarta*, in West Meath. When they were at length completed, they were a source of extreme delight to the people, and to strangers, for many came from other countries to admire them. Several hundred bed-chambers were fitted up for the accommodation of foreign visitors, and fifteen hundred persons sat down daily at the royal tables. We are further assured that the monarch and his guests were waited on by one hundred and fifty knights of noble blood, whilst the meats were mostly served in gold and silver. The music of a hundred minstrels, mingling with the ceremonies of these banquets, must have flung over all the illusion of enchantment.

As if nothing were deficient in this splendid group, the monarch was blessed with three sons, and *ten* daughters, the most beautiful and accomplished in the land, whose animating presence in all these courtly scenes must have added to the magic that abided around his person.

Dr. Warner concludes his notice of this monarch in the following words: "There never had been a monarch on the throne of Ireland who was attended by such a numerous retinue. The great guard, consisting of the flower of the Irish army, always on duty in the palace, and the other ensigns and distinctions of royalty which he had about him, which were equal to the dignity of the greatest princes of that time, made the court of this monarch the theme of universal fame. What added something to its lustre was his numerous issue — three sons, of great renown in arms, and ten daughters, of distinguished beauty and rare accomplishments."

The king's eloquence in the national assembly; his skill in military affairs; his profound acquaintance with the laws, literature, and history, of his country; his magnificent architectural erections; his refined man-

ners, elegant hospitality, lavish encouragement of science and art; and the minute attention he paid to the wants and welfare of the people, to the improvement and defence of the country,— contributed to imbodify a ruler that may be weighed against a Solon, a Pericles, a Lycurgus, an Augustus, an Alfred, or a Charlemagne; a Louis Fourteenth, a Frederick, or against any that any age or kingdom has given to mankind.

Cormac caused a law to pass the assembly which made it imperative on every future monarch of Ireland to keep about his person a discreet nobleman, of Milesian blood, with whom he could confidently converse; a pious Druid, to direct him in matters of conscience; a chief *brehon*, (judge,) to assist him in his judicial decisions; a physician, to attend to his health; a poet, to record his military exploits; a musician, to stimulate his spirits; an antiquarian, to explain historical mysteries; and three treasurers, to collect his revenues. These offices were religiously continued, by the Irish kings, for the remaining thousand years of their power; and, more remarkable, they were transferred to the English court by King Alfred the Great, together with the entire framework of the jurisprudence of Ireland. Many, if not all, the offices of Cormac are still preserved in the court of the British monarch, from immemorial usage. The present keeper of Queen Victoria's conscience is that *charitable, moral, and conscientious* personage, the learned Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst; and the remaining officers *now* (1844) about her person, contrary, I presume, to her majesty's desire, are of a similar character.

In the reign of Feargus, the predecessor and rival of Cormac, *Fion M' Cumhall*, the renowned general of the Leinster militia, whom I have already introduced to the reader, had been despatched, with a considerable army, to the Dalriadian colony in Caledonia, for the purpose of protecting it from the aggressive invasions of the Romans. Fion, having belonged to the party of the fallen monarch, whose cause he had warmly espoused against Cormac and his father, was not on terms of friendship with the present king. Notwithstanding this, he sent an ambassador to Cormac's court, acquainting him with his perilous condition; for his army had been seriously diminished by various battles with the Romans, whilst the army of the enemy had been considerably augmented. Cormac, though he entertained no kindly feelings towards *Fion*, sent him a strong reënförment, placing the entire command in his hands. Fion, thus recruited, attacked the Roman legions, and caused them to fly before him to the centre of Britain. In this brilliant campaign, *Oisín*, the poet,

the son of Fion, distinguished himself by deeds of great bravery. Having gone at some little length into the character of *Oisin* in my section devoted to the "BARDS," I refrain from any remark on the topic here.

Whilst victory crowned the arms of Cormac abroad, his internal affairs ran unpleasantly. The great expenses which he had incurred in building the magnificent palace and house of assembly of Tara, and in supporting a most costly regal establishment, compelled him to raise large revenues on the people. He established, for this purpose, new tributes, which, as they ever do, begot plenty of discontent and opposition. These led to treasons and plots; and so Cormac, notwithstanding his equity, wisdom, and talents, found himself successively engaged in war with the people of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. In an engagement with the army of the latter, he lost an eye, which rendered him incapable of exercising longer the functions of monarch; for it was contrary to the law of Ireland for any prince who had received a serious blemish in his person to remain on the throne.

Ere Cormac resigned the throne to his son and successor *Eochaidh*, he publicly declared his belief in the existence of a supreme God, and renounced the absurd worship of the sun, which prevailed in Ireland for fifteen centuries. This, as might be expected, caused a mighty sensation in Ireland. The Druids immediately became his enemies; but he removed them from the palace, and they never after resumed their accustomed power in Ireland. His son *Eochaidh* was crowned on the Stone of Destiny, at which ceremony the accustomed aid of the Druids was dispensed with. This was the greatest blow against their power. As a matter of course, they conspired against Cormac. He had now, after a reign of twenty-three years, retired to a cottage in Meath, near the royal palace, where he was consulted by politicians, princes, and literary men, upon all matters and things interesting to them; "For," says the Gaelic Society of Dublin, "Cormac was transcendently pre-eminent above all others for his profound knowledge in the antiquity and jurisprudence of his country. The schools he endowed, the books he composed, and the laws he established, bear unquestionable testimony of his munificence, wisdom, and learning."

In that cottage he wrote his *Advice to Princes*, addressed to his son Carbre *Eochaidh*, an able work, that still exists in the possession of the O'Halloran family of Limerick. There he also revised the Psalter of Tara, enlarged by commentary on Ollamb Fodhla's treatise on law. The Druids, determined to crush his influence, preached against his heresy, and incited the people, and even the monarch, his son, against

him. They induced Eochaidh to issue a proclamation calling on all princes, ollamhs, and people, to come and worship Baal (the sun) on a certain day. This was a net to catch Cormac, but he regarded it not; he remained in his cottage; they complained to the king of the act of contumacy, upon which he advised them to bring the image representing the sun to the presence of Cormac, and call upon him to worship. The arch-Druid and four others accordingly carried the idol to the house of the king, whom they found engaged in prayer to the supreme God. On entering into Cormac's presence, they set up their idol on a tripod, and then fell down before it in worship. Cormac took little notice of their ceremonies. The arch-Druid soon arose, and questioned Cormac "why he refused to adore as his fathers did." He replied, that "the Deity whom he worshipped could, with a breath, extinguish the sun and stars, dry up the ocean, and sink the universe beneath its bed." The Druids felt deeply mortified at this reply, on receiving which they retired, vowing vengeance on the abdicated monarch.

On the evening ensuing this meeting, Cormac was choked by a fish-bone, at supper, and the Druids were greatly rejoiced thereat. Some writers have accused them of poisoning him. Thus died this extraordinary man, the first amongst the pagan Irish who intuitively perceived, through the profound medium of his philosophy, the existence of a Creator, in the extent, mechanism, and regularity, of his works. Posterity has designated him "Cormac the Lawgiver." In the sixth century, St. Colum Kille discovered the tomb of Cormac, at Cruachan, in the county Roscommon. The saint erected a church over the royal grave, the ruins of which are yet to be seen.

Dr. Warner further says of this great man, "King Cormac had convinced himself of the absurdities of idolatry upon principles of philosophic reason; and had he lived but a little longer, it is probable that paganism would have been extinct in Ireland before the introduction of Christianity, and that the original theology and patriarchal worship would have been restored."

Of the magnificent court which he erected on the eminence called *Tara Hill* there is not now a stone together. This far-famed hill is about sixteen miles from the city of Dublin. It was the theatre, for countless generations, of the deeds of the Milesian kings and senates. It is a spot consecrated, hallowed, in the memories of the Irish people. The fall of Tara is associated in their minds with the fall of their country — with its subjection to the stranger.



It was here, in 1798, that a desperate battle was fought between the United Irishmen and the British troops, in which the former were defeated. Upwards of two hundred of the United men who fell in the engagement were buried in one large grave on this eminence. And on this consecrated spot was held the monster meeting of August, 1843, at which the LIBERATOR, Daniel O'Connell, presided. That meeting will be memorable in Irish history throughout all ages. Upwards of a million of human beings gathered at the call of O'Connell, to petition for the restoration of their parliament. They were attended to the ground by the clergymen of their respective parishes! The holy sacrifice of the mass was offered up by these priests over the "Croppy's Grave," and the multitude knelt in prayer for the reception into the mansions of the Eternal of the souls of those who fell at that memorable battle; and then they proceeded to the passing of resolutions declaring that no other power, save the king, lords, and commons, of Ireland, had, or by right ought to have, any power to make laws to bind Ireland.

There did not occur at this meeting a single accident, insult, outrage, or quarrel of any kind; nor was there a single drunken person seen amongst the million that gathered there—a thing unparalleled in the whole history of mankind.

## TARA'S OLD GREEN.

BY T. MOONEY.



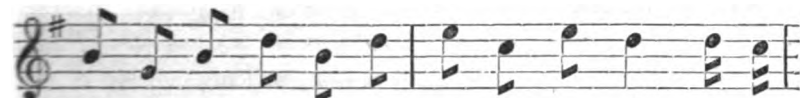
Did you hear of the meeting on Tara's old Green,\* Where



twelve hundred thousand were there to be seen, With their



lead-ers so brave, and their shamrocks so green? O' -



- Connell was there, and he spoke to them all; And he



stood on the ru - ins of Ta - ra's old hall. And he



called on the mil - lions to kneel on the sod,† Which

\* This was the greatest meeting ever held in Ireland, or, perhaps, in any other country. It took place on the 13th of August, 1843, on the hill of Tara, (distant fifteen miles from Dublin,) on the site of the palaces of the former kings of Ireland; and its object was to demand the restoration of the Irish parliament. The Irish papers make the number that assembled twelve hundred thousand, while the reporters of the English press fix the number at *eight hundred thousand*. But, admitting the middle number, of a *million*, as the most correct, it was the greatest meeting known to history. There did not take place at this meeting a single accident, insult, or disturbance, during that memorable day.

† In the insurrection of 1798, several hundred men fell on this hill. A great number were buried in one large grave on the side of it, which is called the "Croppie's Grave." On this mausoleum of patriotism the people knelt to pray, on the morning of that memorable meeting.

cov - ered the he - roes who fought for their God, Their  
coun - try, their free - dom, and shamrocks so green.

## 2.

The eyes of all Europe looked on in amaze  
On the fire of Liberty's beautiful blaze,  
That rose from the mountain where Patrick had been ; \*  
And the Saxon stood palsied in awe at the sight ;  
He said very little, just then, about fight,  
For he knew that the hearts of the valiant and brave  
Would never submit to the chains of the slave,  
In the land of Saint Patrick and shamrocks so green !

## 3.

And the harp of old Tara, half silent so long,  
Which breathed, neglected, its mournful song,  
Strikes the music of Liberty over the main,  
And proclaims the first gem of the earth and the sea  
Shall ever again be great, glorious, and free !  
For millions have vowed they are ready to bleed  
In defence of old Erin, and freedom of creed,  
Her parliament rights, and her shamrocks so green !

## 4.

Then hurrah for the men who assembled that day !  
To drive all the tyrant oppressors away  
From the hill where our parliament ever had been.  
And, hurrah for their friends, that live over the sea ! †  
Who are struggling so hard to set Ireland free !  
And may their exertions with triumph be crowned ;  
And the proud name of Erin be honored all round,  
As a nation of freemen and shamrocks so green.

\* St. Patrick preached the gospel on this hill to the pagan king Logaire, whom with all his court, he converted, in the year 434.

† The American repealers.

## 5.

And hurrah for O'Connell! who spoke to them all!  
 Who stood on the ruins of Tara's old hall,  
 When a million of patriots knelt on the green!  
 And they sent up a prayer, that's registered in heaven,  
 And the chains of their tyrants will shortly be riven;  
 And music shall echo the shouts of the free!  
 And the harps of old Tara sing, over the sea,  
 Long live the shillelahs, and shamrocks so green!

---

 NOTHING IN LIFE CAN SADDEN US.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in 6/8 time, written in treble clef. The melody is characterized by eighth-note patterns and triplet rhythms. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 6/8 time signature. The music concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The number 41 is printed below the first staff.

## TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.

WORDS BY FURLONG. MUSIC BY LOVER.

*Founded on the fact related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that, after his loss of sight, and the lapse of twenty years, he recognized his first love by the touch of her hand.*

TENDERLY, BUT NOT TOO SLOW.

1. "True love can ne'er for-get, Fond-ly as

when we met; Dear-est, I love thee yet,

My dar-ling one!" Thus sang a min-strel gray

His sweet, im-passioned lay, Down by the ocean's spray,

At rise of sun. But withered was the

minstrel's sight; Morn to him was dark as night;

Yet his heart was full of light, As he this lay be -

gun: . . . "True love can ne'er for-get,

Fond - ly as when we met; Dear - est, I



## 2.

“Long years are past and o’er  
 Since, from this fatal shore,  
 Cold hearts and cold winds bore  
 My love from me.”

Scarcely the minstrel spoke,  
 When, quick, with flashing stroke,  
 A boat’s light oar the silence broke  
 Over the sea.

Soon, upon her native strand,  
 Doth a lovely lady land;  
 While the minstrel’s love-taught hand  
 Did o’er his sweet harp run,  
 “True love can ne’er forget, &c.

## 3.

Where the minstrel sat alone,  
 There that lady fair hath gone;  
 Within his hand she placed her own:

The bard dropped on his knee;  
 From his lip soft blessings came;  
 He kissed her hand, with truest flame;  
 In trembling tones he named her name,  
 Though her he could not see.

But, O! the touch, the bard could tell,  
 Of that dear hand, remembered well.

Ah! by many a secret spell,  
 Can true love trace his own!  
 For true love can ne’er forget,  
 Fondly as when they met;  
 He loved his lady yet,  
 His darling one.

# LECTURE X.

FROM A. D. 279 TO 500.

## SECTION I.

**Reign of Carbre.** — **Leinster Militia.** — Their Constitution. — Qualifications. — Obligations. — Number. — Commanders. — Garrisons. — Discipline. — Names of the Legions. — Population of Ireland in that Age. — War with Denmark. — Triumph. — Civil Wars at Home. — Destruction of the Leinster Militia. — Origin of several Irish Families. — Niall of the Nine Hostages. — Irish Government in Caledonia. — Prowess of Niall in Caledonia. — Forces the Roman Wall. — Capture of Patricius. — Death of Niall. — Reign of Dathy. — Brilliant Victories over the Roman Legions. — Evacuation by the Romans of Britain and Gaul. — Position and Condition of Ireland at this Period. — Ireland the Athens of Europe. — Accounted for. — Proved by the Admissions of British Writers. — Opinions of Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Warner, Toland, Camden, Whitaker, Stillingfleet. — The pagan Worship of the ancient Irish. — Comparison with that of Rome and Greece in coeval Ages.

We have seen, in the preceding pages, the advance of arts, sciences, and literature, in Ireland, ere yet the meridian rays of the Christian religion had illumined her oak-covered hills. We are now approaching that epoch in her history, when her military glory and her Christian works shine in bright reflections on the page; and, if all the original spirit of our Milesian fathers be not killed within us by the unhealthy atmosphere of a selfish age, the trumpet-call of freedom in behalf of that suffering land shall be answered over the Atlantic by the proud impulses of our devoted hearts; and that country which was, in other ages, *the land of the free and the home of the brave*, shall, by the united efforts of her scattered children, be again restored to her rank amid the nations —

“Great, glorious, and free,  
The first flower of the earth,  
And first gem of the sea.”

Anno 279, we find *Carbre*, the son of Cormac, on the Irish throne, exhibiting in his government all the virtues of his father. He had the



history and antiquities of Ireland carefully revised, and some additions made to the national code of laws. About this time, a celebrated Irish hero, *Curausius*, had raised himself so high in the Roman emperor's confidence, that he was sent to Britain to govern as the lieutenant of Rome. Here he obtained the affections of the people, and finally assumed the purple, the symbol of imperial authority. Rome, becoming alarmed at this, sent forces to depose him. He applied to the Irish monarch for aid, which he obtained, and then successfully resisted Rome until his death, which, it is said, was effected by assassins.

It was in this age that the famous Leinster militia was broken up and dispersed. The history of that celebrated corps deserves a special place in our memory. On the ancient partition of Ireland between Heber and Heremon, the different orders of the people were also divided, and lands were assigned to the chiefs and princes, on the condition that each should support a stipulated number of armed troops, to attend the prince when called on. The land thus disposed of was called *fearan an cloidheamh*, or "sword land."

Here was the origin of military tenures in Europe.

These troops were divided into legions called *catha*. Each *catha* contained three thousand men; every thousand was commanded by a *fear comhlan mile*, or "the commander of one thousand," who had under him ten captains, twenty lieutenants, and forty sergeants. The captain was called *fear comhlan cead*, or "the commander of one hundred," and so on. The commander of the legion was named *faioseach an catha*, or "governor of the legion." To each legion was appointed a proper number of physicians and surgeons, and these were the most eminent of the different universities of the kingdom.

None were admitted into these legions but men of large stature, without any deformity of person; they must be versed in history and poetry; they must be perfect in the use of arms. Each soldier must be able to clear at once any wall as high as himself, and to run under the branch of a tree as low as his knee without relaxing his pace. He was bound singly not to fly from *nine* armed men. Those legions were the children of the state, and it required interest to become one of the body. Another condition was that, before enrolling, the parents and friends of each candidate were to swear not to revenge his death, if slain, but to leave it to the general. Such was the constitution and material of *Fion's* celebrated legion, the Leinster militia.

The force of the whole kingdom at this time was eighty-four thousand fighting men. Each provincial king had his seven legions, of three

thousand men to each legion ; besides this, the chief prince of *Tara* had his seven legions. The chief commander of each provincial army was called *righ thine*, or “king of the soldiery ;” and to him they swore fidelity and allegiance. The marshal was named *tuargna catha* ; and their pay was made out in clothes, money, and provisions, as had been established by the Irish monarch *Seadhna*, who reigned in Ireland seven centuries before the Christian era.

From November to May, they were quartered on the country, each house supplying a soldier with certain necessaries. In summer, they were obliged to support themselves by fishing and hunting. From May to November, they were ordered to the different *duns*, or *stations*, established to give proper notice should an enemy approach. There was one of these old *duns*, or garrison forts, in the Bay of Tralee, one at the mouth of the *Casin*, in the county of Kerry, also one at *Inis Catha*, or Scatterry, and some other places in the county Limerick. Rath Conan, in Limerick, still retains the name of its governor, to wit, the famous *Conan Maol* ; and many similar instances could be quoted. Such soldiers as were not on particular duty, or service, were employed in great hunting matches, where the chase preserved them in health and vigor, and supplied part of their wants.

The red deer was then numerous in the mountains of Ireland ; they were very large, fleet, and fierce. We have yet several glowing relations of those famous hunts about the romantic district in which the lakes of Killarney are situated ; and Killarney itself is immortalized in the books of travellers for its stag hunts, which are yet continued with great spirit by some of the old Milesians, whose patriotism and spirit not *all* the powers of England could subdue.

Neither ancient nor modern history can furnish a more complete and formidable military institution than this. Men arrived at the highest degree of military discipline previous to their reception into the army. Not only expert at annoying an enemy, but equally so in defending themselves, — not only animated to the fight by their natural courage, but raised higher by the swelling sounds of music, and animated into heroism by the songs of the bards, — a military body thus trained up must have been formidable ; and so indeed they were. Those legions were denominated after the services they performed against the common enemy, Rome. Thus the Irish forces kept up in Albion or Scotland were called *fine Albin*, or Albanian legions ; the legions in Gaul were called *fine Gaul*.

This constant exercise of the Irish military will explain very clearly

not only why they kept their own country free from foreign insult or domination, but why, also, they were enabled to pour their troops on the continent, and why, in the days of Cæsar, and of successive Roman generals, they led on the troops of Britain and Scotland.

By the military returns of this age we can estimate the population of Ireland at four millions and a half.

In this reign, the celebrated *Moghcorb* ruled over Munster: his mother was a princess of Denmark, called *Ilcrothach*, or the "All-lovely." The two brothers of this princess flew to Ireland, to look for aid from their nephew, to push the usurper of their father's throne from his unjustly-acquired eminence. Influenced by his mother, he prepared a large fleet, and, with a select body of troops taken out of the Munster and Leinster militia, he invaded Denmark. The Danes prepared to meet him. The battle was fierce, bloody, and well fought. The superior bravery and discipline of the Irish at length prevailed. The Danes were totally defeated. There fell, on the Danish side, the usurper of Denmark, his four sons, and four brothers, besides numbers of his commanders, and three thousand of his soldiers. *Moghcorb* caused his two uncles to be proclaimed joint kings of Denmark, exacted tribute from the Danes for the expenses of his war, and returned home crowned with glory. This brilliant achievement was the theme of the bards and antiquarians for many years.

The fame of *Moghcorb* naturally begot the enmity of other princes of his own country, which blew up at last, under one pretence or another, to open hostilities; and, unhappily, we are pained to read of those brilliant arms, which won such trophies abroad, turned by Irish heroes on each other. *Carbre*, the prince of Ulster, led on his forces towards Munster, the territory of *Moghcorb*. The contending armies met on the plains of Meath, near Tara. The Leinster and Connaught militia, since the days of Con, were enemies or rivals. The entire forces of both provinces appeared under arms that day, and, as neither knew fear or thought of retreating, it became a total carnage on both sides. Of Fion's troops not one escaped, but *Oisin*, the father of *Osgur*, and the *Clana Morni*, or Connaught troops, experienced the same dreadful fate. *Osgur*, the general, after performing prodigies of valor, fell by the sword of *Carbre*, the king of Ulster; and he, in return, met the same fate from the arm of the great *Moghcorb*. This battle was fought A. D. 295.

The only princes who survived this dreadful day were the hero *Moghcorb*, and *Aodth*, king of Connaught; and the latter, the

year after, raised a new army, engaged *Moghcorb* at *Spaltrach*, on the borders of Munster, in which action the gallant *Moghcorb* fell, anno 296. The Leinster militia were thus totally destroyed. *Osgur*, their general, was killed. *Osgur* was the son of *Oisin*, who lost his eyes in the battle; and *Oisin*, as I have said, was the son of *Fion M' Cumhall*. This band of heroes was totally extinguished by that misfortune. The Munster militia, which was revived by *Loghcorb*, continued to exist for many centuries after.

Anno 300, *Fiacha*, of Connaught, was called to the throne. From the son of this prince are the *Clanu Neill* and their tribe, in Connaught, descended. From his brother descended the three *Collas*, who were the progenitors of several noble families in Ireland. From the eldest, or *Colla-nas*, came the *M'Donnels*, both of Scotland and Ireland; the *M'Douel*, or *Doyles*, the *M'Rorys*, the Clan *Isithigh*, or *O'Sheehies*; the Clan *Chirrins*, or *O'Kerins*, *O'Gniefes*. From *Colla dha Crioch*, the second son, sprang the *M'Mahons* of *Orgial*; the *M'Quines* of *Fermanagh*, *O'Hanlan*, *M'Anaigh*, *M'Mamus*, *M'Egan*, *O'Kelly*, *O'Madin*, or *Madigan*, *O'Nealan*. Of the posterity of the third son there is no record.

These brothers had engaged in the local struggles of their country, which kept her in trouble and civil wars for better than half a century; during which the celebrated palace of *Amania*, the seat of the Ulster princes for eight centuries, — the home of bards and heroes for many an age, — was sacked and burned. Though it was never after habitable, its venerated ruins were discernible in the last century.

Several monarchs succeeded those princes, whose deeds were of the average character. But we light on the reign of *Eochaidh*, anno 359, to whom a son was born named *Niall*, afterwards surnamed "of the nine hostages." After a troublesome reign, *Eochaidh* died, and the choice of a successor produced great excitement. At length the vote of the estates of *Tara* fell upon the young *Niall*, who, though opposed with great vigor, even by the swords of his rivals, was at length triumphant. Some invasions and troubles arising in Scotland between the Irish settlements there and the Romans on the British side of the border, the monarch *Niall* went over with a large force. The troubles were subdued, the colonists submitted, and acknowledged that all Scotland, except that part north of the Friths of *Clyde* and *Forth*, was subject to the Irish monarch, to be governed by laws made by the parent power in Ireland. *Hume*, the historian of England, acknowledges this. He says, "In very ancient language, Scotland

means only the country north of the Friths of the Clyde and Forth. I shall not," he continues, "make a parade of literature to prove it, because I do not find that the Scots themselves dispute the point."

*Niall* settled the boundaries on this occasion, calling the entire of Caledonia *Scotia*, after the parent and governing country, Ireland. It ought to be remarked that Ireland was originally called *Scotia* in honor of *Scoto*, the mother of the Milesian princes *Heber* and *Heremon*.\*

Having thus settled all dissensions, *Niall*, at the solicitation of some Saxon tribes, agreed to help them to subdue the Roman power in Britain. And accordingly we find him prepare an immense army, including Irish, Picts, and Saxons, at the head of which he forced the celebrated Roman wall, attacked the Roman cities, and compelled them to pay tribute; after which he returned to Ireland in great triumph.

As the Romans had been oppressive to Saxon tribes in Gaul, a messenger from the latter appeared at the Irish court, to solicit the powerful aid of *NIALL* in coercing them; and here again our great *NIALL* showed himself a distinguished hero. He prepared an expedition against the Romans, who then held Gaul in subjection. He landed on the borders of Brittany, laid waste the Roman settlements, and came home loaded with spoils and treasure, together with several captives, amongst whom was the youth that became afterwards the apostle *St. Patrick*.

Much discussion has arisen among writers about the place of the saint's birth. The best authorities, and the most numerous, too, agree that he was a Gaulish captive, taken to Ireland by *Niall*. He might have been born in Wales, for his family came from Wales to Brittany; the *Book of Lecan* says his mother was a Frank, and that she was sister of *St. Martin*, bishop of *Tours*. One thing is admitted by all, namely, that he and his two sisters were taken as captives to Ireland by *Niall*, and sold as such, according to the custom of those days. This invasion and caption took place anno 388.

*Niall*, on his return to Ireland, found his kingdom suffering under troubles; which having settled, he prepared a great force to make a second descent on Gaul. To this end he summoned the leaders and chiefs of his people to *Tara*, and had present at the assembly deputies from *Scotia Minor*, who all unanimously resolved to support him in his enterprise against the Romans in Gaul; and with an immense force he entered that country, and, finding little resistance, marched through the provinces, and encamped on the banks of the *Loire*, where, however, in the midst of his triumphant career, he met his death by an arrow shot at him from an assassin. His army reëmbarked, taking with

\* It was also called *Erne*, *Hybernia*, and *Irland*.

them his dead body, which was interred in Ireland with great pomp. "He was called the *hero of the nine hostages*," says Hutchinson, "because he compelled nine nations to send him hostages. No monarch carried the glory of the Irish arms farther than Niall. He drove the Romans out of Caledonia, and pursued them to the banks of the Loire, in Gaul." These hostages were covered with golden fetters.

As the posterity of Niall of the Nine Hostages made a most distinguished figure in our history, and as, from his house, for almost six centuries, the monarchs of Ireland were chosen, with a single instance excepted, it is proper to say something of his posterity: *Niall* had eight sons, four of whom remained in Meath and its neighborhood; the others acquired possessions in the north of Ireland. The issue of these eight sons have been distinguished by the titles of Northern and Southern *Ai Nialls*. From the southern branch have descended *O'Sionach*, or Fox, lord of Taff; *Magaully*, *Mag. Caren*, *O'Braoin*, *O'Quin*, and *O'Daly*; also *O'Kindelan*. From these four southern brothers, whose territories lay in the very centre of Ireland, came the *O'Malochlins*, the *M'Geoghagans*, and the *O'Molloys*. Of the northern line, *Eogan*, or *Eon*, the fifth son, got the great tract of country known as *Tír Connal*, or *Tír Eon*; for the tract was formerly Connal's. Connal's tract goes yet by the name of *Tír Connel*, and the chiefs of this house assumed the name of *O'Donnell* from a celebrated ancestor so called.

Anno 420. On the death of *NIALL*, his nephew, *Dathy*, ascended the Irish throne. Several refugees from Roman persecution having fled from Gaul and Britain to Ireland, they besought him to render them assistance. At the head of a powerful army, he landed in North Britain, where he broke down the Roman wall, drove their forces before him out of Britain, passed with his victorious army over to Gaul, where he subdued the recruited legions of Rome throughout that kingdom, and chased them to the very foot of the Alps; at which point, unfortunately, he was killed by lightning.

This brilliant chapter in the history of the Milesian race took place in the year of Christianity 428. The Roman power was now completely extinguished in Britain. The successes of *Dathy* gave other nations courage to attack Rome in every direction, until, at length, her provinces broke away from her, one after the other. She broke up at the extremities, and fell, after she had persecuted mankind for seven hundred years. Even so will that great race, whose true Milesian blood still streams through millions upon millions of brave Irishmen, — even so will that brave blood, which exudes its aspiring and uncon-

querable spirit into every generation, — survive the fall and dispersion of the piratical aristocracy of England. And “when the future traveler from New Zealand shall visit London, and, standing upon the single remaining arch of its last bridge, view from that spot the ruins of St. Paul’s,” — the sacred island, which nourished that blood, for countless generations, with a miraculous vitality, shall herself be then “the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

It is necessary to keep in strong relief before the public eye that Ireland, even under the pagan system, was the school of Western Europe. Here were preserved, with a religious exactitude, the histories of contemporary nations, and also an elaborate history of Ireland, her laws, literature, science, &c. Here the Gauls, Franks, Britons, Welsh, the Picts, and the Germans, came to study. Three principal circumstances contributed to this — *First*, the nations of Europe were constantly agitated and disturbed by the depredations of the Romans, for better than seven hundred years, which drove the studious to Ireland, the only spot in Europe where their persons and properties were safe from outrage, — the only spot in Europe that preserved its independence of Roman sway. An evidence of this is singularly offered in the names of the several tracts of land yielded by the hospitable Irish to those refugees, which retain their names to this day. In the county Limerick, they have *Gall Baile*, or the “Gauls’ Town,” *Baile na Francoigh*, or the “Franks’ Town,” and so of other places. I have already shown that the persons and properties of the *ollamhs*, or doctors of learning, the *bards*, and *Druids*, were ever held most sacred by the contending factions in Ireland. It was deemed a sacrilege to assault, kill, or invade the property of any of them.

*Secondly*, the original settlers, under the sons of Milesius, brought with them the chief arts and sciences known in ancient Egypt, and the knowledge of manufactures, and of the arts of dyeing, and working metals, which were known in Tyre, then the queen city of the world. This is proved by various incontestable evidences, which I have already arrayed in the early pages of this book.

*Thirdly*, the equable and healthful climate of Ireland, its fruitful and luxuriant fields, its delicious air and water, the sweetness and richness of its provisions, its romantic recesses, time-honored by the study of the bards and Druids, — all these circumstances would conspire to attract the studious to its inviting bosom. And when, as admitted by St. Patrick himself, he found the Druids possessed of a thorough knowledge of all things then known to mankind, — when he found them well versed in

the languages, customs, arts, and histories, of the Eastern nations, and well acquainted with the features and dogmas of Christianity, — we can then estimate the true character of that people amongst whom St. Patrick appeared to preach the *Crucified*.

Here, in support of what I have now advanced, let me present again the testimony of the eminent historians of the present and past century.

Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, who was familiar with the past and present features of man's history; whose philosophic eye penetrated the recesses of nature and of science, and swept over creation's wide domain, subjecting all to his inquiry and comment; the advocate of civil and religious liberty; the companion of Henry Brougham, — he, the monarch of the Edinburgh Review, honored Scotland by his birth; honored England by his learning; honored literature by his genius; honored Ireland by the honesty of his testimony to her ancient greatness and learning; and he honored humanity by his moral worth. Stand forth, thou shining light of the present century, and tell the world what Ireland was in ages past! "The chronicles of Ireland," says he, "written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published, with the fullest evidences of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of many of their favorite legends by this authentic publication, are yet by it enabled to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient *than any other European nation* possesses, in its present spoken language. They have exchanged their legendary antiquity for historical fame. Indeed, no other nation possesses any monument of its literature, which goes back within several centuries of the beginning of those chronicles. Some of Dr. O'Connor's readers may hesitate to admit the degree of culture and prosperity he claims for his countrymen; *but no one, I think, can deny, after perusing his proofs, that the Irish were a lettered people while the Saxons were still immersed in darkness and ignorance.*" — Sir James Mackintosh, *History of England*, vol. i. chap. ii.

"Will it be any longer doubted, after this," says Warner, "whether the ancient Irish had any philosophy, literature, or arts, in their pagan state? Will any critic in this country [England] any longer confidently assert that the Irish had not the use of letters till after the arrival of St. Patrick, and the conversion of the island to Christianity? Ought we Englishmen not rather take shame to ourselves, that we have hitherto always treated that ancient gallant people with such illiberal contempt,



[and MARK!] *who had the start of the Britons, for many ages, in arts and sciences, in learning and laws?*"

Toland, in his *History of the British Druids*, says, "At this era, the Irish were *the most enlightened cultivators of letters in Europe; and so great was the respect in which their learning was held by the Saxons and North Britons, that the Druids of these countries, for ages, were initiated into their arts, knowledge, and mysteries, by the Irish Druids.*" Another Englishman, CAMDEN, says, "St. Patrick found the Irish Druids, who contended with him at Tara, *eminently versed in Grecian literature and astronomy.*" Again, Whitaker, another English historian, says, "*In the reign of the celebrated monarch NIAL, the arch-Druid of Ireland was acknowledged the sovereign pontiff of the order by the Druids and bards of Gaul, Britain, and Scotland.*" And Bishop STILLINGFLEET, another adverse authority, says, "*St. Patrick certainly brought no accession of literature to the Irish, as their Druids were then the most learned body of men in Europe, and stood unrivalled in the cultivation of letters.*"

"The simple statement of Tacitus," says Moore, "that, at the period when he wrote, [the first century,] the waters and harbors of Ireland were, through the means of commerce and of navigators, better known than those of Britain, opens such a retrospect at once into her foregone history, as, combined with similar glimpses in other writings of antiquity, renders credible her claims to early civilization, and goes far to justify some of the proud boasts of her annals." These are testimonies from writers the most of whom are not Irish! These are testimonies in favor of Ireland's former standing in arts, in laws, in arms, and in morals, which should cheer the exiled emigrant from that sacred island in his pilgrimage through countries where he is little known, and where his nation is studied only through the printing presses of her tyrants.

Such were Ireland and the Irish on the arrival of the apostle Patrick; and now we shall witness her embrace, without the sacrifice of a single drop of blood, the peaceful, bloodless doctrines of the Christian gospel; we shall see her become, in fact, a very nation of apostles and preachers of the gospel of Heaven; we shall see her open colleges and schools for the youth of all nations, where food and clothing, where education, and, what was then more valuable, where *books*, were given to the students free of charge — books that were valued at double their weight in gold. We shall see her missionaries go into Europe, — ay, through the length and breadth of Europe; we shall see them convert, instruct, and civilize, the Saxon, the Pict, the Gaul, the Belgian, the German,

the Italian. We shall see their country revered amongst the nations, and honored by the appellation of *insula sanctorum et doctorum*, (island of saints and doctors;) and when this is brought out before the people of this great republic, let the paltry Irishman, who forgets the sacred earth of his forefathers, be contemned by enlightened man, and be despised by chivalrous woman.

The religion practised generally by the Irish, down to this period, was *pagan Druidism*, which continued for seventeen hundred years the religion of the princes and people of Ireland. It is hard, at this distant period, to define exactly the nature of the Druid religion; the reader will please turn to page 136, and learn something of its nature.

It appears that the paganism of the ancient Irish was better calculated to generate good morals, than the paganism of Rome, or Greece, during coeval ages. We have seen the Leinster prince, Eochaidh, banished from his throne, some two centuries previous to this era, for having imposed on his father-in-law a tale that his first wife, daughter of the king, was dead, and fraudulently obtain the hand of his second daughter in marriage, his first being alive. We have seen another king in Ireland branded as "the Shameful," for the crime of incest. And we have seen the solemn and ceremonious nuptial rights strictly observed at the public festivities. We cannot find a single feature of polygamy mark the face of society in ancient Ireland. We have seen the care with which female honor was guarded; and pagan Ireland may proudly contrast herself, in morals, with the most refined nations of the ages which we are considering.

For, if we turn even to Greece, though they had there some confused ideas of a future state, yet Socrates was persecuted for publishing his belief in the existence of a supreme God. Not so *Cormac*, the king of Ireland, as we have seen in the last century. When he intuitively discovered the existence of a divine Creator, and renounced the paganism of the Druids, he was not persecuted. Although Greece has given to the world some splendid scholars, yet the morals and philosophy of that ancient people are questionable. Tytler, in his *Ancient History*, says, "The Greek philosophy, on the whole, affords little more than a picture of the imbecility and caprice of the human mind." Their religious notions were formed after various crotchets of the philosophers, who, to become conspicuous, combated with each other, destroying by one set of opinions the creations of another.

If we turn to Rome, we will find their religion consist of the worship of imaginary gods, to whom the most brutal and ridiculous sacrifices were

offered. Besides this, they observed a code of prognostication, founded on the manner of death of the animals offered up to their gods; thus, if the ox died easily from the first stroke, and bled profusely, then their battles were likely to be successful. If, on the contrary, he showed signs of a convulsive struggle; if the animal's heart was small; if any of the entrails fell from the priest's hands, — then the augurs and soothsayers would weigh all the circumstances, and order public affairs accordingly. A court of augurs or interpreters of dreams, omens, and other accidents, was established in Rome; and even the emperors were appointed presidents of this wise assembly, the emperor taking upon him to judge of things divine and human. A pretty system of philosophy, indeed, which sanctioned an emperor and a grave court sitting on the dreams of all the young and old ladies of Rome!

Yet Rome is amongst the studies of your youth, to the exclusion of Ireland.

There were many most disgusting ceremonies practised in Rome, but the state of morals was degrading in the extreme; it was a custom for married men to negotiate for what *we* would consider the dishonor of their wives. Even the great Cato was guilty of this degradation; and, although we have a Lucretia stabbing herself, in the presence of her husband and kindred, rather than survive her dishonor, we have a *Tullia* stabbing her own father, the king of Rome, to prepare the way for the usurpation of her husband, *Tarquinius*.

No such degrading, debasing features can be discovered in the morals or customs of the pagan Irish: on the contrary, public virtue, which grows only from the individual virtue of each unit of the community, was manifest in every act and custom of the ancient Irish. Such was Ireland before the meridian Sun of Christianity shed its refulgence over her verdant valleys.

We shall now pursue her eventful story during the brilliant ages that she was mistress of the world's literature, when Greece was almost forgotten, when Rome had crumbled beneath the weight of her own wickedness, when England was the theatre of contending barbarians — Saxon and native Britons:—and when Europe was trod alone by the barbarian Goth and Vandal, then was Ireland the seat of science, piety, and art.

## HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

BY MOORE.

*TENDERLY.*

1. Has sor-row thy young days sha-ded, As  
 clouds o'er the morn-ing fleet? Too  
 fast have those young days fa-ded, That  
 e-ven in sor-row were sweet. Does

Time, with his cold wings, with - er Each

feel - ing that once was dear? Come,

child of mis - for - tune, hith - er, — I'll

weep with thee tear for tear.

2.

Has love to that soul, so tender,  
 Been like our Lagenian mine,  
 Where sparkles of golden splendor  
 All over the surface shine?

But if, in pursuit, we go deeper,  
 Allured by the gleam that shone,  
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
 Like love, the bright ore is gone!

## 3.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,  
 That flitted from tree to tree,  
 With the talisman's glittering glory —  
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?  
 In branch after branch alighting,  
 The gem did she still display,  
 And, when nearest and most inviting,  
 Then waft the fair gem away?

## 4.

If thus the sweet hours have fled,  
 When Sorrow herself looked bright;  
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,  
 That led thee along so light;  
 If thus the unkind world wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear,  
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither, —  
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

---

 NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.

1. As beauteous as Flo-ra is charm-ing young

No - rah, The joy of my heart, and the

pride of Kil - dare; I ne'er can de - ceive her, for

sad - ly 'twould grieve her, To find that I

sighed for an - oth - er less fair.

Her heart with truth teeming; her eyes with smiles

beam - ing, What mor - tal could in - jure a

blos - som so rare, As No - rah, dear

No - rah, the pride of Kil - dare? As

No - rah, dear No - rah, the pride of Kil - dare?

## 2.

Where'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget thee, love,  
 Though beauties may smile, and try to ensnare;  
 Yet nothing shall ever thy heart from mine sever,  
 Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare!



## SECTION II.

**Dawn of Christianity in Ireland. — The first Missionaries. — Cathaldus. — The Feast of Easter. — Dima the Missionary. — Heber. — St. Albe. — Palladius. — Their Labors. — St. Patrick. — His Captivity and Servitude. — His Return to Gaul. — His long Studies as an Ecclesiastic. — Appointed Bishop of Ireland. — Origin of the Name Patrick. — Arrives in Ireland. — His Progress. — Appears at Tara. — Discusses Christianity before the King. — Doctrine of the Trinity. — The Shamrock. — Converts the Druids, the King, and his Court. — Leaves Tara. — Passes into Connaught. — Absence of venomous Reptiles in Ireland. — Arrives in Dublin. — Proceeds to Munster. — Baptism of the Prince. — Proceeds to Ulster. — Is attacked by an Assassin. — Preserved by Odran. — Attacked by a Brigand. — Repentance of the Brigand. — Attacked by a Pirate. — Success of the Apostle. — Great Number of Bishops and Priests appointed. — Conciliation of the Druids. — Erection of Armagh into an Archbishopric. — Retreats of the Pious. — Committee of Nine, to revise the Laws and History of Ireland. — Destruction of the Pœtry of the Bards. — The Trial by Twelve Men. — The Apostle revisits Rome — Returns to Ireland. — His Death. — His Sepulchre.**

THE renunciation, by King Cormac, of the Druid worship, and the proclamation of his belief in the existence of a God, a Creator of heaven and earth, prepared the way, in a considerable degree, for the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. The minds of the people were shaken by the philosophic reasons which Cormac published for his recantation of a worship which his progenitors had followed for so many ages. O'Halloran goes into a learned discussion to prove that Christianity was preached in Ireland at an earlier period than is commonly supposed.

The constant enmity between the Roman emperors and the Irish monarchs, which existed for the first four hundred years of the Christian era, prevented any kind of friendly intercourse between the two nations. The Christian doctrine first came, not immediately from Rome to Ireland, but from the churches of Asia. *Mansuetus*, an Irishman, the first bishop and patron of *Toul*, and canonized by *Leo the Ninth*, is said to have been a disciple of St. Peter. "To me," continues O'Halloran, "it would seem that *Mansuetus*, and the other Irish Christians, were rather the disciples of St. John the evangelist; and I ground my opinion on what the Venerable Bede relates, touching the famous controversy about the celebration of Easter. He tells us, that, in defence of the Irish time of celebrating this feast, in opposition to that of Rome, Coleman, the Irish bishop of Lindisfarn, among other reasons, declared, that 'he had re-

ceived it from his forefathers, who sent him to Northumberland as their bishop ; and it was the same custom which St. John, Christ's especially beloved disciple, with all the churches under him, observed.'”

In the reign of *Con*, in the second century, Ireland sent forth the famous St. Cathaldus, to preach the doctrine of Christ ; and he became bishop and patron of Tarentum, in Italy. In the next age, Christianity had taken root in the minds of many reflecting men of Ireland, and it is expressly said, in the *Catha Gabhra*, that the Irish general Fion went to Rome. In the succeeding age we read of an Irish bishop suffering martyrdom in Britain ; and it is evident, by the poem of *Torna Eigis*, chief bard to Niall the Grand, beginning with *Dail Catha idir Core*, that he himself was a Christian, and Colgan offers arguments to prove the great *Niall* one also.

As to the feast of Easter, the observance of which was a source of so much contest between the western and eastern churches, I think this the proper place to introduce the reasoning of O'Halloran and others on the subject. The Jews had their pascha, or passover, to commemorate their escaping unhurt on the night the destroying angel killed the first-born of man and beast throughout Egypt ; and the apostles, after the death of our Redeemer, judged that nothing could be more expressive of our deliverance from sin than the institution of a similar festival. The Jews were commanded to celebrate their passover on the fourteenth day of the moon of the first month, which corresponded with our March, this being the time of the vernal equinox, when the sun is in *Aries*, the days and nights of equal length, and the new year beginning to spring. The Jews had put our Lord to death, whilst they were celebrating the feast of the paschal lamb. And this circumstance determined the Christians to celebrate theirs at the same time.

St. Peter and St. Paul, after quitting Palestine, judged that the keeping this feast on the fourteenth day of the first moon, was rather adopting the Jewish than forming a new festival. They therefore transferred it to the Sunday after, unless that Sunday fell on the fourteenth ; but St. John, and the churches of Asia and Africa, adhered to the first institution. It was, however, a matter of mere discipline, in which Christians might differ without sin or schism. *St. Polycarp*, bishop of Smyrna, and an immediate disciple of St. John, came to Rome, anno 158, on purpose to confer with Pope *Anacetus* on the subject. The Asiatics, and all the churches deriving under them, continued their practice of celebrating Easter until the year 325, when the COUNCIL OF NICE issued a decree for observing this feast every where on the Sunday

immediately following the vernal equinox. After further discussion between the bishops of various nations, this decree was ultimately obeyed every where.

The missionaries of Christianity not only preached in the fourth century, but founded churches, and opened schools and colleges, in Ireland. The holy *Dima* founded a Christian school near Adare, in the county Limerick. *Heber* soon after founded another at *Beg line*, in Leinster, "where," Father Colgan says, "many persons flocked to be instructed in Christianity and letters." St. *Albe*, archbishop of Munster, St. *Kieran*, and St. *Declan*, all preceded St. Patrick, and founded churches in Ireland.

In the year 427, Pope Celestine, during the reign of *Logaire*, monarch of Ireland, sent Palladius, his bosom friend, with an ecclesiastical staff of twelve missionaries, to Ireland. These were directed by the pope to "proceed to the Scots believing in Christ," and *Palladius* was appointed their first bishop. Such is the account given of this first mission by the Venerable Bede, who was a saxon ecclesiastic, and monk of the same faith, and who wrote, in the seventh century, his histories in Latin, from which they were translated into old Saxon English by King Alfred.

The Irish were unwilling to acknowledge ecclesiastical obedience to Rome, a power whose arms they so bravely and successfully resisted in the field. They did not then perceive the distinction between the temporal power of the Roman emperors and the spiritual power of the chief bishop of the Christian church; and although, by the open renunciation of the Druidical system by King Cormac, pagan worship had received a deadly blow, and though Pelagius, and his disciple Celestus, who were both Irishmen, did much to disseminate their doctrines of Christianity, yet, before St. Patrick alone did the pagan system melt away. This all the historians admit; so that, without entering farther into the earlier efforts of the Christian missionaries to convert the Irish, I will at once proceed to the consideration of the mission of the great apostle Patrick.

We have seen, in the previous pages, that the Irish legions harassed the Roman power in Britain, and, that Niall the Grand, battled with them in that country, and through Gaul, where he took two hundred captives. These he carried to Ireland, and sold, for the period of seven years, according to the custom practised in those ages, in reference to captives taken in war. Amongst these captives were *Patrick*, then sixteen years of age, and his two sisters, *Lupida* and *Deverca*.

Historians differ about the birthplace of Patrick, O'Hallaran contending his parents were Welsh on the father's side, and Gaulish on the mother's side, whilst *Moore* contends for his Roman extraction. And although there have been written upwards of sixty separate biographies of this remarkable missionary, yet we are not truly certain whether to assign him a Welsh, a Gaulish, or Roman parentage; but, after all, the parentage of such a one matters not much, for he was born for mankind and for religion. All the historians agree as to the mode of his capture, his conversion, &c.

When brought to Ireland, the youth was sold to one *Milcho*, living in that part of the island known as Antrim, where he was appointed a shepherd. The mountain now known as *Sliobh Miss*, or the "Mountain of the Moon," was the place of his meditation and prayer. After his term of seven years of servitude ended, Patrick returned to the continent, and obtained entrance into the College of *Tours*, in which his uncle Martin was a teacher. In this place he studied for four years. This was in 397. After St. Martin's death, in four or five years, he set out for Rome; here he was admitted among the prebendaries of St. John of Lateran, anno 403: he was then thirty years of age. For some time he studied here. He afterwards visited several holy retreats in the islands of the Mediterranean, and attached himself to the barefooted order of St. Augustine. From these he went, in 418, to study with St. Germain at Auxerre. Here he prepared himself more especially for performing the important services to Christianity which subsequently crowned his life. Leaving St. Germain, he entered the monastery of the Isle of Lerius, where he continued for nine years in close study. After his leaving Lerius, he returned to Auxerre, to his beloved friend St. Germain. When the news of Palladius's death had reached them, St. Germain sent him to Rome with instructions upon the mission to Ireland. He was then, anno 430, thirty-eight years old.

It appears from his own Confessions, a book, the original of which, according to Colgan, is still extant in the library of St. Vast, in *Artois*, that when a youth, in servitude, among the hills of Ireland, he was fervent in his prayers to Heaven. "Every day I fed the flocks, and prayed frequently during the day; my love of God increased more and more, and my fear and faith in him were augmented, so that in one day I prayed almost a hundred times, and as often in the night. Whilst I tarried on the mountain and in the woods, I was roused to pray both in the snow, frost, and rain; neither did I feel any pain from it, nor lassitude, as I think, because my soul was then ardent." — *Usher*, c. 17, p. 830.

In another place, Usher quotes the account of visions which the holy man repeatedly saw, at several periods of his life. After having had his interviews with Pope Celestine, then the incumbent of the holy see, he hastened towards Ireland, together with twenty men, eminent for their wisdom and sanctity, appointed by the pontiff himself to assist him in the mission. In passing, he visited St. Germanus, his guardian and instructor: from him he received chalices and sacerdotal vestments, a quantity of books, and every other thing requisite for the ministry of the church.

His baptismal name was *Succath*: at the time of his ordination by St. Germain, it was changed to *Magonias*. After his consecration, and to add greater weight and dignity to his embassy, Pope Celestine conferred on him the order of the *patricii*. This was an institution of Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor of Rome. It was more honorable than the ancient Roman order of the *patricii*; for the *Christian* order of *patricii* ranked next to the emperors. Thus did the apostle Patrick return to the land of his captivity, bearing all the honors which temporal and spiritual authority could confer. When Ireland became thoroughly Christian, her people, in reverence towards their beloved apostle, called their male children *Patricius*, after him. The name was subsequently abbreviated to *Pat*, and corrupted into *Paddy*; but little do the great masses of vulgarity, who use the term *Pat*, or *Paddy*, as a medium of reproach or contempt towards the expatriated Irishman,—little do they know that it was a title of the highest honor which the Roman emperor could confer—a title which was rendered still more illustrious by the apostle, by whom it was interwoven in the fondest memories of the Irish—a name honored for fourteen hundred years by the descendants of the Milesians—a name that will go honored down to the remotest posterity, reminding other ages that a change was effected in the minds of an entire nation, by its bearer, without resorting to a single act of persecution. It was a title which the nobility of Europe, in succeeding generations, were proud to wear; for we find that the emperor Charlemagne, and other kings of France, assumed the title of *patricii*, in the eighth and ninth centuries, as one of the highest honors. The apostle retained the title *Patricius* during his life, by which title alone is he recognized by posterity.

There was a small ship placed at his disposal; he first landed upon Ireland at a place called *Crioch Cuallan*, on the eastern part of Leinster, called at present Wicklow. This took place anno 432,

during the reign of King Laogare, the grandson of O'Niall of the Nine Hostages. After preaching here for some time, and making a few converts, he returned to his ship, and steered towards Dublin, when he touched at an island called, after him, *Inis Phadruig*. Having rested here, he again put to sea, and steered along the coast to the north of Ireland, where he made port in the Bay of Dundrum, county Down.

The lords of the territory, having heard that pirates had landed on their coast, issued forth, with their followers, to drive them off, but, being struck with the sanctified appearance of the apostle and his followers, heard them preach, and became their converts. The apostle, being now near the residence of his old master, Milcho, undertook to find and preach to him the tidings of the Crucified. Milcho, too proud to receive instruction from one who had formerly been his slave, and hearing with indignation that his son and two daughters had embraced the Christian faith, in the excess of his rage, set fire to his house, and cast himself into the flames. St. Patrick was so affected at this, that he remained several hours without speaking, and shed tears.

After spending some time in this district, where he made many converts, he ordained some priests, and left behind him some of his own missionaries, whom he consecrated bishops. He then embarked for Meath.

He landed below Drogheda, where the Boyne falls into the sea, and left his little ship in care of Luman, his nephew, and a few sailors, with orders to wait for him for forty days, during which he would preach the gospel in the interior of the country. His intention was to go and celebrate the festival of Easter in the plains of Magh-Breagh, where the city of Tara was situated. He wished to be within reach of the court, at the time of the assembly, composed of the princes, Druids, and pagan priests, which was to be held that year by the monarch; well knowing that whatever impression he might produce at court would necessarily influence the provinces: with this view he armed himself with zeal to take advantage of so favorable an opportunity.

Our saint having met, on his way, with Sesghen, the lord of a territory in Meath, who invited him to partake of his hospitality, he entered his house, announcing the word of God, and baptized him with all his family. This lord had a son, to whom the holy bishop gave the name of Binen, or Benignus, at his baptism. The young convert became attached to the saint, accompanied him every where, and made so great a progress in piety and virtue, that he considered him worthy of being appointed to the see of Ardmach, which he surrendered to him. After

leaving the house of Sesgnen, the apostle proceeded towards Tara, and arrived, the day before Easter, at a place called Firta-Fir-Feic, now Slaine, on the left bank of the River Boyne, where he had a tent erected, to prepare for the ceremonies of the following day.

When the monarch convened, or held the religious festival, at Tara, it was customary to make a bonfire on the preceding day: it was prohibited to have one in any other place at the same time, in the territory of Breagh. Patrick, who despised so superstitious a practice, caused a large fire to be lighted before his tent, which was easily seen from Tara. The Druids, alarmed at this attempt, carried their complaints before the monarch, and said to him that, if he had not that fire immediately extinguished, he who had kindled it, and his successors, would hold the sovereignty of Ireland forever; which prophecy has been fulfilled in a spiritual light. The monarch sent an order to the stranger to appear before the assembly, the day following, in order to account for his conduct, and he forbade that any should rise through respect for him. Erc, son of Deogo, was the first who disobeyed the orders of the monarch: at the approach of the saint, that lord rose up, offered him his place, and, having listened attentively to the word of God, embraced Christianity, and was afterwards nominated bishop of Slaine, by the apostle. Patrick, always eager to do every thing that could tend to the salvation of mankind, presented himself, the day following, with two of his disciples, before the assembly, where he preached the faith of Jesus Christ, in presence of the monarch and all his nobles, with a freedom which was truly apostolical. Dubtach, arch-poet of Laogare, submitted to his preaching; and the talents which he had employed before his conversion, in celebrating the praises of the false gods, were afterwards turned to glorify the true God and his saints. Fiech, his disciple, followed his example, and afterwards became bishop of Sletty.

So convincing were the arguments of Patrick, that several Druids were converted; and then the monarch exclaimed, "It is better I should believe than die." The queen, the monarch, and their two daughters, were converted. It was on this occasion that St. Patrick, when told by the Druids that the doctrine of the Trinity was absurd, as three could not exist in one, stooped down, and, pulling a shamrock, which has three leaves on one stem, replied, "To prove the reality and possibility of the existence of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I have only to pluck up this humble plant, on which we have trodden, and convince you that truth can be attested by the simplest symbol of illustration." Such was the manner in which the mild but truly eloquent apostle of

Christianity introduced that change in the religion of Ireland, which softened and refined the manners of a chivalrous and warlike race into a nation of apostles and preachers of the Christian divinity.

The preaching of the apostle was here supported by many miracles, mentioned by the authors of his life. There never was, in reality, a circumstance in which signs were more necessary than in an assembly composed of the chiefs and learned men of the whole nation. St. Patrick, having completed his mission at the court of Tara, repaired to Tailton, where the military games were celebrated every year. He did not keep the talent which his Master endowed him with unemployed: he always sought large assemblies, in order to turn it to advantage. The season of those military exercises, which was the last fifteen days of July, and the first fifteen days of August, being near, he repaired to Tailton, where he preached the doctrine of Jesus Christ to Cairbre and Conall, brothers of Laogare, the monarch, with different success: the former continued obdurate and unchanged; the latter, having attended to his instructions, was baptized, and in gratitude he conferred land on the saint, upon which he built a church. He spent the rest of that year in the territories of Meath and Leinster, where a great number were converted, amongst others the two princesses Ethne and Fedeline, daughters of Laogare, with the Druids Mael and Caplait.

He then passed over to West Meath, where he was successful; for his fame now travelled before him. He tarried a while at Bresny, in the county Leitrim, the home of the O'Ruarks. Here he was hospitably entertained, and made many converts. It was in this place he destroyed the idol Crom Cruach, and on the spot founded a church. From thence he passed across the Shannon into Connaught. He there made many thousand converts, erected several churches, appointed many priests and bishops, and soon proceeded on to Sligo, where he founded several more churches. He next returned to the county Galway, and made many converts. At the approach of Lent, he withdrew to a high mountain, called Creagh Phadring, in the county of Mayo. Here he spent forty days in fasting and prayer. Some of the authors of his life say that he gathered here all the snakes and reptiles of the island, and drove them down into the sea. However this be, it is certain that the soil of Ireland is exempt from venomous reptiles. Solinus, who had written some centuries before the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland, makes mention of this exemption; and, after him, Isidore, bishop of Seville, in the seventh century, and Bede in the eighth, speak of it without assigning any cause. It appears that



Jocelin is the first who gave this account, in the twelfth century. The peculiarity may be supposed to proceed from the climate or the nature of the soil, rather than from any supernatural cause. It would require very many books to give a detailed account of the apostle's labors and successes through Ireland. What I have said, or may yet say about him, is the most meagre outline of his extraordinary mission.

Returning towards the east of Leinster, he crossed the River of Finglass, arrived at Bally-Ath-Cliath, "oppidum super crates," a city so called from the hurdles which were used either to secure the foundations of the houses, or to strengthen the roads on the marshy banks of the River Liffey, which waters it: this city has been since called *Dubh-Lin*, at present *Dublin*, from the black and muddy bottom of that river.

The high reputation for sanctity which St. Patrick had acquired, added to the number of miracles he wrought every where, having made him known and respected even by the pagans, the inhabitants of Dublin went out in crowds to meet him. These appearances were a happy omen of the faith they were about to receive from his lips. He baptized them all, with Alphin, son of Eochaidh, who was at that time their king: the ceremony was performed in a fountain near the city, called, since that time, the Fountain of St. Patrick, and became an object of devotion to the faithful for many centuries, till it was filled up and enclosed within a private dwelling in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The saint had a church built near this fountain, which afterwards became a cathedral, bearing his name.

Having established Christianity in Leinster on a solid basis, St. Patrick proceeded to Munster, where there were already some Christians, and a few churches founded by his precursors. He went directly towards Cashell, where King Aongus at that time resided. This prince, being informed of the sanctity and virtues of the holy apostle, came forth to meet him in the plain of Femyn, which is a territory that surrounds Cashell: he received him with every mark of distinction and respect, and brought him to his city in triumph, where he heard the word of God, and was converted to the faith, together with his whole court.

A singular fact is related of the Christian fortitude and patience of Aongus, during the ceremony of his baptism. The holy bishop having leaned on his pastoral staff, which was pointed with iron, it pierced the king's foot, who suffered the pain without complaining till the ceremony was ended. The apostle, hearing of the accident, asked him why he had not complained; the king answered respectfully that he thought it formed part of the ceremony. This circumstance was finely represented

on canvass by the celebrated Irish painter Barry, who was president of the Royal Academy of London in the last century. This prince was pious, and firmly attached to the religion he had embraced: out of a great number of children of both sexes, he devoted one half to the service of God, and always supported in his palace religious persons, who served as his council in religious affairs.

The four precursors of St. Patrick, namely, Ailbe, Declan, Kieran, and Ibar, having come to Cashell to see the saint, and to congratulate their king upon his conversion, assisted at the synod which that apostle had convoked. Some difference arose about the primacy, which those saints, who, like him, had received their mission from the holy see, would not acknowledge in St. Patrick. However, their charity stifled every sentiment opposed to the cause of Jesus Christ. They were confirmed, at that synod, in the possession of the churches they had founded. That of Imleach-Jobhuir, otherwise Emly, in Tipperary, founded by St. Ailbe, was made the metropolitan of the whole province: it was united to Cashell in the sixth century. That of Ardmore, in the territory of Desie, in the county of Waterford, was adjudged to St. Declan, by whom those people were converted: this church was afterwards annexed to Lismore. St. Kieran was confirmed in the see of Saigre. Lastly, Ibar was appointed bishop of Beg-Erin, that is, Little Ireland, an island on the coast of Wexford. Having settled, with the other bishops, the affairs of the church of Cashell, St. Patrick took leave of Aongus, and continued his mission through Muscraighe-Breogain, Aracliach, and Lumneach, as far as the River Shannon.

In the year 455, he left Munster, to return to the north of the island. In passing through Leinster, he preached the gospel in the district of Hy-Failge, which belonged to the descendants of Rossa-Failge, son of the monarch Cathoir-More.

Our saint spent six years in visiting the churches of Ulster, consoling and confirming the new Christians, and converting those who had persevered in idolatry; and, the better to watch over the churches in general, he resigned the see of Ardmach to St. Binen, or Benignus, his disciple and successor.

On one occasion a desperate chieftain, instigated by some of the Druids, waylaid the apostle, to take his life; but the extraordinary zeal of his charioteer, *Odran*, happily prevented the accomplishment of the dreadful design.

The assassin appeared; but *ODRAN*, the saint's driver, exchanged dress with his master, placed himself in the chariot, whilst the saint took

the horse's reins, and, when the murderous attack was made, he received the spear of the assassin, and thus preserved, for some years longer, to Christianity a valuable life, whilst we may confidently hope the immolation of the zealous man's body obtained the admission of his soul to the companionship of the blessed. The faithful *Odran* was the only martyr that Ireland offered at the shrine of Christianity, which is a boast that no other nation can make.

Upon another occasion, the captain of a band of robbers attacked him while visiting *Lecale*, the scene of his earliest labors; and the designs to rob him, and perhaps take his life, he baffled by the extraordinary address he summoned on the occasion. His persuasive and powerful rebuke had such an effect on the brigand, that he fell on his knees, implored the saint's forgiveness, and besought him to impose such a penance on him as the saint thought due to his iniquitous attempt. Patrick directed him to place himself in a curragh, or small boat, made of hurdles and leather, and put out to sea, clothed in a coarse garment, and, trusting to the waves and the winds, land on the first shore he touched, and there devote himself to the service of God. The command was faithfully obeyed, and *Maccaldus*, the brigand, landed on the Isle of Man, the island midway between Ireland, Scotland, and England. Here he found two Christian bishops, under whom he learned the doctrines of Christianity, and succeeded these very bishops, on their death, as chief bishop of that Island.

Whilst the apostle was engaged in a district on the coast of Munster, where he had been baptizing an immense number of persons, a pirate, from the coast of Wales or England, named *Coroticus*, landed and pillaged the inhabitants, having murdered some of those Christians, and carried off many of them, whom he sold as captives. Upon this occasion, the holy Patrick pronounced a fiat of excommunication against this pirate, which, together with his *Confessions*, are the only written documents in his own hand-writing that have come down to us. It is said this pirate destroyed himself shortly after through remorse.

No language that I could use would convey an idea of the labors, incessant zeal, and signal and miraculous successes, that attended the mission of St. Patrick. So great and signal, indeed, was this success, that, in a very few years, the princes and chief nobility of the kingdom became Christians. Not only this, but so great was their zeal, and so pure their intentions, that they did not deem it sufficient to devote a part of their riches, their flocks, and their corn to God, but bestowed also their sons on the church. Hence the amazing number of devout

recluses and holy bishops, of the purest blood of Ireland, whose pedigrees have been preserved with great care, many of whom passed over, from time to time, to Britain, Gaul, and to the continent, to establish the doctrine of Christianity by their precepts and their example.

It is recorded of Patrick that, during his mission in Ireland, he consecrated no less than three hundred and sixty bishops, and ordained three thousand priests, none of whom were received who had not given the clearest evidences of a holy and pious life. This number of bishops may, at this time of day, surprise some; but the saint, who mingled great tact and prudence with his zeal and piety, observing that, in Ireland, all titles, and stations, and public offices, connected either with the religion or police of the kingdom, belonged, by an hereditary tenure, to certain families, to which offices certain lands were annexed for their support, instructed and appointed the Druid priesthood, who derived an hereditary right to office and income, to the duties of the Christian religion. The chief Druid, or *Flamen*, enjoyed these incomes, and, to aid him, was appointed a coadjutor. These families were all conciliated towards the new order by this concession to their family dignities and incomes; and when we remember the length of his mission, being sixty odd years, the number of bishops he consecrated will cease to surprise us.

He saw four of the archbishops, that he himself consecrated in the head seat of Armagh, die one after the other, he being the first and the sixth archbishop. By the prudence, moderation, and good sense, of the apostle, was the whole kingdom brought to acknowledge the doctrine of Christ; and this wonderful reform was conducted with so much wisdom that it produced not the least disturbance, confusion, or confiscation. The Druids and their votaries were unmolested, and Christian bishops were appointed to succeed the Druid arch-*Flamens* from those families only whose hereditary titles were clear and admitted.

The university of Tara enjoyed, from the days of Ollamh Fodhla, the power of conferring precedences on the learned doctors. The apostle, having built a great university at his favorite residence of Armagh, resolved that it should be the chief of all the Christian seminaries. To this end he had influence enough with the king and assembly of the estates to obtain a legislative enactment transferring the power of granting doctors' degrees to Armagh, which rank it supported till the dissolution of the Irish monarchy. Holy abbots at that time, and for centuries after, erected their retreats in the most sequestered spots of

Ireland, that nothing might disturb their prayers and meditations. Scarce an island, or solitary spot of ground, in Ireland, that spiritual retreats were not already made in, and churches and abbeys erected, the remains of most of which are yet visible.

The apostle was also anxious to purify the laws and literature of Ireland, and for this purpose obtained a committee of nine from the assembly. Amongst these were the king and some other of the provincial princes. Here the saint was paramount, and with his own hand burned several hundred volumes of poetry and other works of the Druids. It is said the poetry was so fascinating, the apostle feared the reading of it would cause some to relapse into the Druid system again; and this disposition of Patrick was caught up and imitated by all the zealous Christians throughout Ireland, who revered Patrick so much that a universal destruction of the poetic works of the ancient Irish ensued, which, as admirers of literature, we cannot but deplore. In the course of this severe scrutiny, all the laws of Ireland were examined into; and here, amongst the *brehon* accumulations, was discovered that priceless feature in your jurisprudence of the present day, the "trial of the twelve men."

All disputes about *land* were submitted to the decision of twelve men; and here is the foundation of that palladium of human liberty, the trial by jury, which was in action, amongst other wise laws, in Ireland for centuries, and which was afterwards introduced by Alfred into the English constitution. As some persons, who have been accustomed to read little else than British history, entertain the idea that King Alfred *invented* the tribunal of trial by jury, I would ask such to read the preface to Leland's History of Ireland, and the able work of O'Halloran, in which has been shown that the apostle Patrick found, at this examination of the Irish laws, the *trial of the twelve men*, as part of their *breathe nheim*, or celestial judgments. He wisely retained that feature in their jurisprudence, and it was found in operation by Alfred when he received his education in Ireland; where, indeed, all the Saxon princes and priests came, in those ages, to be instructed in philosophy, law, literature, music, and religion.

No scholar or jurist will venture to say that the trial by the jury of twelve was known to the laws of any of the Greek islands. It cannot be found among the laws of the Twelve Tables of Rome, nor is it in the Pandects of Justinian—a work which imbodyed the entire laws of the Roman empire. No feature of trial by twelve men can be found in the institutions of the Visigoths, whose kings succeeded those of Rome

in Italy, and who introduced, through the south of Europe, a new code of jurisprudence; nor can it be traced in the laws of the Ostrogoths, who swarmed round the Baltic; nor, least of all, among the customs of the Saxons, the most ferocious and illiterate of the barbarians of ancient Europe.

We have the evidence of St. Patrick and his committee that the law of the twelve men was the *ancient custom of Ireland*; and when we know the other nations of Europe cannot produce a particle of evidence to support their envious claims to this transcendent legal honor, we shall feed our oppressed hearts with the remembrance of that glory which our forefathers have shed on us by their laws, their arms, their arts, and their sanctity; and, though the sacred trial by jury has been desecrated, in our days, by the judges of the Saxon, yet the hour of our vindication is only made the more certain by that desecration! Our freedom is settled by the negotiations of Heaven. Justice and intelligence will triumph at last.

The saint, having completed the conversion of Ireland, prepared to proceed to Rome, to report to his holiness the success which attended his labors. To this end, he sailed for Liverpool, where he preached and converted many hundreds. Liverpool was then but a fishing village. Here was erected a cross, to commemorate the event, which remains to this day a witness of the labors of the great apostle. From this he proceeded to the Isle of Man, where he placed *St. Germain*. From that he repaired to Rome, where, some of the historians say, he received the honorary title of the Roman order *patricius*, but which others contend he received ere he first landed in Ireland. On this second visit to Rome, he received the utmost degree of honor. He was appointed legate or chief of the clergy of Ireland. He returns to the loved scene of his labors, where he appointed thirty new chief bishops, and divided the kingdom into sees, deaneries, rectories, and parishes, over which he placed eminent ecclesiastics of learning and piety.

The sees, parishes, rectories, and deaneries, established by the apostle, remain the ecclesiastical boundaries of the English church in Ireland to this day. Towards the close of his life, he retired to Lough Derg, a favorite retreat in the county Donegal, where he spent the most part of its decline in pious meditation, presiding occasionally at great synods of the clergy.

After a long life of piety, usefulness, and fame, the saint sank to rest, at the age of one hundred and twenty-six, honored and revered by nations. He sank peacefully, the bright luminary of heaven in the dis-

tant west, blending his glory with the light of the gospel sun. No pomp heralded his coming; no mailed armies guarded his dying bed; the heralds of heaven bore him to the presence of his Creator.

He was buried in Downpatrick, in the north of Ireland; and in the same tomb were subsequently laid the remains of St. Bridget and St. Columb Kille. A splendid shrine was erected here for the saint, which was adorned with costly and precious jewels, and his staff was laid by his side.

The tomb of Patrick was visited by Cambrensis in 1174, and upon it he found the following Latin inscription:—

*“Hæ tres Duno, tumulo tumultantur in uno,  
Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba Pius.”*

“In Down three saints one grave do fill,  
Bridget, Patrick, and Columb Kille.”

Here his sainted bones rested, and here stood his shrine and the offerings of piety that adorned it, till, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the fanatics of that age scattered the sacred pile, and took away the sacred staff which the apostle carried when he performed the sacred offices of his ministry. May Heaven forgive them!

## PATRICK'S DAY.

WORDS BY T. MOONEY.

1. When Pat - rick first came to the isl - and, whose

fame Had shed a bright ha - lo o'er o - cean and

stream, He blessed all the mountains, the val - leys and

fountains, And drove out the vi - pers with scorn - ing ;



But Pat - rick neg - lected, Or nev - er ex - pected

That Ireland would ev - er a - gain be de - ject - ed,

Or with Sas - sa - nagh vi - pers or snakes be in - fected ;

But thought his own isl - and would e'er be pro - tected ;

By all oth - er na - tions for - ey - er re - spected ;

For E - rin's bright na - tion was freedom's own station,

When he first saw her hills in the morn - ing.

## 2.

But he must come again at the head of his men,  
 O'Connell and Matthew the van proudly leading,  
 And these vipers drive out, with shillelahs so stout,  
     From the island that Matthew's reforming;  
     And, should he not win,  
     We have millions of men,  
 That are ready to fight o'er the battle again,  
 With Saxon or Hessian, in valley and glen;  
 For Erin is foaming with deep agitation,  
 And vows she'll submit to no foreign dictation.  
**O! they NEVER AGAIN SHALL OPPRESS THAT BRAVE NATION,**  
 On Patrick's day in the morning.

## 3.

Come, now, raise a shout, and let freemen speak out,  
 For the hour is come for Erin's redeeming;  
 The times they are favoring, the enemy's wavering,  
     And Ireland's freedom is dawning.  
     O'er valley and hill,  
     By streamlet and rill,  
 The voice of young Liberty, echoing shrill,

Proclaims to the world the national will ;  
 And millions are swelling in high exultation,  
 For the Saxon is sinking in every nation,  
 While ERIN takes courage, makes ONE DECLARATION  
 OF FREEDOM on Patrick's morning!

## 4.

Then who is there here that refuses a cheer  
 To the land of MACDONOUGH\* and BARRY† now mourning ;  
 Or of JACKSON‡ so brave, that shed o'er the wave,  
 The rays of his splendor adorning ;  
 Of MONTGOMERY,§ too,  
 Who, to freedom so true,  
 Let his blood spill like water, winning freedom for you !  
 His race now for liberty fervently sue ;  
 And the nation that gave those heroes so brave  
 To Columbia, to battle on field and on wave,  
 Deserves her old station, as freedom's own nation,  
 On Patrick's day in the morning !

\* *Macdonough*, the hero of Lake Champlain, was the son of Irish parents, born on the passage to America.

† *Barry* was a Wexford man. He left his country as a ship-boy, at seventeen years of age, and became a captain of a merchantman trading to America. When the revolution broke out, he volunteered to fight at sea on the side of liberty ; was appointed to the command of the first vessel ever built by the republic, — the *Lexington*, of seventeen guns, — distinguished himself in many a well-fought action, and lived to receive the applauding thanks of Washington and liberated America.

‡ *Jackson*, like *Macdonough*, was born of Irish parents, on their passage to the Canadas. His deeds form a principal part of the history of the United States. His defence of New Orleans will last as long in the memories of mankind as the defence of Thermopylæ. "The Irish blood, which alone flows in my veins, will never cease, but with my life, to beat in unison with those who have at heart the establishment of Irish liberty." — *Letter to the Author, dated "Hermitage, May 23, 1842."*

§ *Montgomery*, an Irishman, brigadier-general of the American army, fell in the midst of a successful career, at the gates of Quebec. He had driven the English before him for several hundred miles, and fell here by a chain-shot, said to have been fired by a recreant from the American side, who had joined the British.

## O ERIN, MY COUNTRY!

1. O E-rin, my country! although thy harp slumbers, And  
 lies in ob - liv - ion in Ta - ra's old hall, With  
 scarce one kind hand to a - wa - ken its slumbers, Or  
 sound a lone dirge to the son of Fin - gal. The  
 tro - phies of warfare may hang there neg - lected, For  
 dead are the war - riors to whom they were known; But the  
 harp of old E - rin shall still be respect - ed, While there  
 lives but one bard to en - liv - en its tone!

## 2.

O Erin, my country! I love thy green bowers;  
 No music's to me like thy murmuring rills;  
 Thy shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,  
 And nought is more dear than thy daisy-clad hills.  
 Thy caves, whether used by the warriors or sages,  
 Are still sacred held in each Irishman's heart;  
 And thy ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of past ages,  
 Though mouldering in ruins, do grandeur impart.

## 3.

Britannia may vaunt of her lion and armor,  
 And glory when she her old wooden walls views;  
 Caledonia may boast of her pibroch and claymore,  
 And pride in her philibeg, kilt, and her hose;  
 But where is the nation can rival old Erin?  
 Or where is the country such heroes can boast?  
 In battle they're brave as the lion or tiger,  
 And bold as the eagle that flies round her coast.

## 4.

The breezes oft shake both the rose and the thistle,  
 While Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the vale;  
 In safety it rests while the stormy winds whistle,  
 And grows undisturbed 'midst the moss of the vale.  
 Then hail! fairest island in Neptune's old ocean!  
 Thou land of St. Patrick, my parents, agrah!  
 Cold, cold must the heart be, and void of emotion,  
 That loves not the music of "Erin go bragh!"

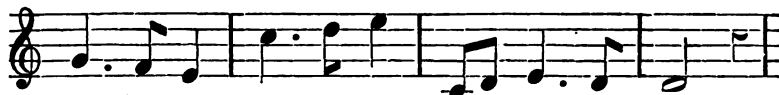
---

 TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

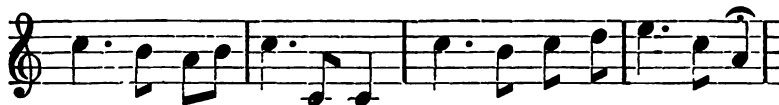
BY MOORE.



1. Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - writ - ten still;



Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.



Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as e - ven you require ;



But, O! each word I write Love turns to fire!

## 2.

Yet, let me keep the book ;  
 Oft shall my heart renew,  
 When on its leaves I look,  
 Dear thoughts of you.  
 Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;  
 Like you, too bright and fair  
 To let wild passion write  
 One wrong wish there.

## 3.

Haply, when from those eyes  
 Far, far away I roam,  
 Should calmer thoughts arise  
 Towards you and home,  
 Fancy may trace some line  
 Worthy those eyes to meet ;  
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine  
 Pure, calm, and sweet.

## 4.

And, as the records are  
 Which wandering seamen keep,  
 Led by the hidden star  
 Through winter's deep,  
 So may the words I write  
 Tell through what storms I stray ;  
 You still the unseen light  
 Guiding my way !

# LECTURE XI.

FROM A. D. 500 TO 800.

Glimpse at the Greeks and Romans.—State of Europe in the fifth Century.—The Saxons.—Alliance between the Irish and Saxons.—Saxons obtain a Footing in England.—Seize on the Government.—Battles between the Saxons and native Britons.—Treacherous Massacre committed by the Saxons.—Ancient Memento of the Deed.—Battles of the Saxons with the native Britons.—The Angles.—Origin of the Term “England.”—The Heptarchy.—Resumption of the Narrative.—Reign of Olliol.—National Assembly of Tara.—Trade Corporations.—Reign of Lughaidh.—Progress of Christianity.—St. Bridget.—Ornamented Writing in her Time.—Reign of Mortough.—Spirit of the Christian Ages.—The Monks.—Their Rules of Life.—College of Lismore.—Seized on at the Reformation.—Origin of the Societies of holy Men.—Their Establishment on the Continent by Irish Missionaries.—Christian Spirit of the Nation.—Colleges.—Zeal and Number of the Christian Missionaries.—Reflections on the Influence of religious Instruction.—Opinions of Sir James Mackintosh, Bede, and Camden.—Eminent Irish Missionaries.—Cataldus.—Sedulius.—Columb Kille.—His expulsion from Ireland.—Founds the Monastery of Huy.—Returns with a Delegation from Scotia Minor.—Proceedings of the Delegation.—His Death and Sepulchre.—Columbanus.—His Mission in France and Germany.—Gall.—Jonas.—Fiacre.—Aidan.—Irish Missionaries teach the Saxons.—Reluctance of the Scotch and English to acknowledge it.—Finian.—Colman.—Furseay.—Maildelphus.—Cuthbert.—Kilian.—Sedulius.—Donatus.—Virgilius.—He discovers the Sphericity of the Earth.—Clement.—Albanus.—Appointed by Charlemagne over his Colleges.—Dungal.—Appointed Manager of the Schools of Italy.—John Scotus.—His Reception by Charles the Bald of France.—Appointed by King Alfred to preside in the University of Oxford.—King Alfred educated in Ireland.—The English derived their Letters, Education, and Laws, from Ireland.

WE are now arrived at the close of the fifth century of the Christian era. Ireland had enjoyed, for the previous eighteen hundred years, an uninterrupted independence and a brilliant fame. She witnessed, during those succeeding centuries, the fall of Carthage, the rise and fall of Greece, the rise, career, and prostration of Rome. Carthage and Greece had fallen the victims of Roman aggrandizement; and Rome herself came down at last, the victim of her own tyranny and vice. About the year of Christianity 476, we find the vast empire broken up, and the Gothic kings seated on the thrones of the Cæsars. From that point back to the foundation of the imperial city by Romulus there passed twelve hundred and twenty years. For five hundred years after the erection of the city, there was no written history of Rome or its people. The history of Ireland was commenced by Ambergin, the Druid, thirteen hundred years before the Christian era, and eight or

nine hundred before that of the imperial mistress of the world was begun.

Ireland was a nation ere Rome had risen, and Ireland was in the zenith of her nationality when she fell. For four centuries, the Irish kept the arms of Rome fully employed in Britain, nor suffered one of their soldiers to touch her holy earth; and, in the end, her heroes, O'Niall and Dathy, drove her eagles before them through the provinces of Britain and France.

Glorious, glorious Erin! her antiquity and her history may be paraded against the grandeur of Rome and the refinement of Greece. The ferocity and bestiality of the former, and the slavery and imbecility of the latter, find no copyists amongst the Irish. Of Rome I have said much, of Greece little. We pardon much to Greece for her scholars; yet their knowledge consisted only of glimpses at the history of by-gone nations: in architecture and sculpture they were proficient, but they learned from Egypt; of manufactures, mechanics, or commerce, they knew little; in poetry, eloquence, and logic, they were masters; in music they were infants. Their republican forms of government were stained by the most odious tyranny. When Greece was freest, the slaves formed the actual majority of the inhabitants. To these the free citizens were rigorous bond-masters. The condition of the people under these governments was more servile and humiliating than any to be found under the most despotic monarchies. The contraction of debts was the source of bondage even between the free. Nor were the richer classes independent; they generally ranged into factions, supporting rival politicians, and were influenced by corruption. "The whole," says Tytler, "was a system of servility and debasement of spirit which left nothing that could furnish material for encomium to a real advocate for the dignity of human nature."

In the fifth century, Ireland, as we have seen, abjured the Druid worship, and yielded her intellect to the doctrines of the cross. Rome fell about this period, and the unbridled fury of the northern nations, just expanding from the chains of her broken power, swept like a tornado over Europe. All that was valuable in art or science was covered in the chaos of eternal night. Art, literature, writings, every thing, was buried in the graves which desolation peopled. For nearly a hundred years, this carnage and commotion continued. The Latin tongue, the language of Rome, and of some of her dependencies, was corrupted by the jargon of all the other nations. Its spelling and pronunciation were lost in the track of commotion. Many hundreds



fled from the theatre of contending armies to Ireland, the only spot in Europe that was found sacred to literature, — the sacred island, whose gallant sons esteemed the wise and protected the weak.

The Gothic chiefs, as I have said, were seated in the palaces of the Cæsars, and the Saxon tribes, about the same time, had made a firm footing in Britain. By the triumphant efforts of our Dathy, Gaul was delivered from the Roman yoke, and a prince of the ancient Gaulish line restored to the throne of that nation. He was the first free king of the ancient race who reigned in that country for four hundred years, or during the supremacy of the Romans. His name was *Clodian*; but, on his assumption of the government, he was called *Chevelu*, as he wore his hair in long curls — a privilege denied to any of the Gaulish people by their masters, for they were compelled by the Romans to cut their hair short, as a mark of their subjection and slavery.

In Britain, the Saxons began to be important, and, as about this time they first made a permanent footing in that country, a few digressional remarks on their history may be acceptable.

Notwithstanding that the power of Rome was thoroughly subdued in Britain by O’Niall and Dathy, there still remained some mean spirits in that country, who, a little before her complete fall, hankered after her honors, and titles, and appointments, — who lived, in fact, by aiding her in subjecting their own countrymen to her sway. We could hardly believe so badly of humanity, but that we see instances of a like degradation in too many Irishmen of the present day, who meanly live by aiding or countenancing England in her oppressive subjugation of their country. The Irish monarch *Loagaire*, observing these treacherous addictions in the chiefs of Britain, and seeing the temporary successes of the Roman *Actius* in Gaul, became alarmed lest a new invasion of Britain should be determined on. With the view of rendering his own dominions the more secure, he encouraged an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the Saxon tribes of Germany, the Picts, and himself, for their mutual protection against Rome, especially on British ground. The Irish monarch had had the address to induce the most national of the old Britons to invite the Saxons into their country, and to allot them lands to colonize and cultivate.

The Saxons thus got their first footing in England, and they, observing the effeminacy of the Britons, and the bias which many of them manifested towards the sway of their tottering masters, formed the design of seizing on the government. This seemed to be favored by the Irish princes, on account of the protection it would afford their own

territories ; and this accordance between the Irish and Saxons was increased on the defeat of Attila, in Gaul, by the Roman troops. Their immediate wisdom was manifest in this alliance, though, in after ages, it proved the cause of their own fall. They judged that, by keeping the Roman arms as far off as possible, they were best protecting themselves ; for, should she succeed in reconquering England, then the full force of her wrath would naturally be directed against Ireland, her unconquerable enemy in the west ; and on this very point *Tacitus* had given his opinion, three centuries before, to *Agricola*, as I have already quoted.

O'Halloran says, this accounts for, and explains, the constant predilection which the Irish then had for the Saxons ; the care they took to reform their rude manners ; to instruct them in the principles of Christianity, and in letters ; to ordain bishops and priests on purpose for the Saxon mission ; to found schools and seminaries for them in different parts of the kingdom ; all which the Venerable *Bede*, a Saxon born, fully proclaims by a variety of passages in his *Ecclesiastical History of Britain*.

When the Romans abandoned South Britain, the native Britons elected a king, whom they soon after dethroned. They proceeded to elect other kings, whom they successively dethrone or murder. At length, they fix on *Vortigern*, a prince of the *Dumnonii*, or inhabitants of Devon and Cornwall.

The first body of Saxons, at the invitation of *Vortigern*, landed, in the year 449, at the Isle of Thanet, in three galleys, from the north-west of Germany, under the leadership of two brothers, *Hengist* and *Horsa* ; they engaged in the service of *Vortigern*, and agreed to fight against his enemies for pay ; they were kindly received, and, in a short time, they sent for further reënforcements, which soon after arrived. In this second expedition there came *Danes* and *Angles*, and also the handsome *Rowena*, niece of *Hengist*, with whom the British prince became smitten, and to whom he was soon after wedded. This marriage brought about an alliance between the reigning prince and his hired auxiliaries, of a very close and apparently friendly character ; but the new-comers assuming more authority than the old inhabitants deemed legitimate or safe, the latter expressed aloud their dissatisfaction, and finally called for their dismissal from the service of their prince, and their return to their own country. The Saxons refused to accede to this, and the unfortunate Britons, who had but just got rid of one set of tyrants, had now to fight for existence against another.

A battle ensued between the Saxons and the native Britons in Kent, and, though the former had not the victory, yet *Hengist*, having, with his own hand, killed the brother of the prince, took upon himself the title of king of Kent. Two years after this, another great battle was fought between the Saxons and native Britons, in which the former were victorious, when *Hengist* ravaged the country in a merciless manner, and the unfortunate inhabitants fled for safety to the distant woods and mountains. The Britons then applied to the king of Brittany, in France, for succor. He sent them *Ambrosius*, at the head of ten thousand men; but, through the jealousy of the local chiefs of the old Britons, this force was rendered nugatory.

In 466, the war between the Saxons and Britons was again renewed. It was in this war that the celebrated Prince Arthur, of Cornwall, made his appearance at fourteen years of age. This war did not change the features of the struggle.

*Hengist*, the chief of the Saxons, now meditated the blackest and most atrocious deed that stains the page of history. Perhaps, in the whole annals of the collected perfidy of mankind, there is nothing so diabolical to be found.

On the first arrival of the Saxons in Britain, *Vortigern*, the British prince, fell in love with, and married, *Rowena*, the handsome niece of *Hengist*. By him she had a daughter, who, when grown to maturity, was given in marriage to *Vortimer*, the general-in-chief of the old Britons. *Hengist* entered into a conspiracy with *Rowena* to destroy this general, who was *her own son-in-law*, which she accomplished by administering poison to him at an entertainment. The conspiracy between this unnatural woman and her fiendish uncle extended afterwards to the destruction of *her own husband, and three hundred of the chiefs of the Britons, under the following circumstances*: *Hengist* gave a great entertainment, to which, under pretence of agreeing to certain amicable conditions for the peaceable settlement of the country, then under negotiation, Prince *Vortigern* and three hundred of his chiefs were invited, who were the heads of the noblest families in Britain. At the urgent suggestion of this wicked woman, her husband and his chiefs and captains accepted the invitation. In the midst of the banquet, the prince and his three hundred chiefs were surrounded by a host of armed Saxons, and all of them were foully butchered, one only escaping. This occurred on the *first of May, 476*, which was noted for ages after as the day of Saxon treachery; and, to mark the deed to the execration of all posterity, *Ambrosius* erected a cromleagh, in Wiltshire.

Such were the means by which the Saxons first obtained power in Britain; such were the means by which they preserved that power through succeeding ages; such were the means by which they obtained power and preserved it in *unfortunate Ireland*; and such the means by which they would have power every where.

*Hengist*, after the butchery of the prince and all his chiefs, was so detested and feared by the inhabitants of the country he had thus got possession of, that they fled from it, leaving tracts of land totally uninhabited. Other Saxon hordes were invited over, who, however, had to fight their way inch by inch to the possessions they sought. In 488, *Hengist* died, at the age of sixty-nine, thirty-nine years of which he reigned the king of Kent.

Other Saxon leaders appeared; and in those times the celebrated Prince Arthur defeated them in several battles; and at *Baden Hill*, near Bath, Arthur gained an important victory, where he killed, it is said, four hundred Saxons with his own hand.

In 542, a decisive battle was fought near *Camelford*, between Arthur, at the head of the old Britons, and the Saxons. In this battle, the valiant Arthur was killed; and, though the commander of the Saxons fell on the same field, the death of Arthur so discouraged the Britons, that a panic seized them, their hopes fell, and, with their brave commander, their cause sank forever. Arthur was buried in Glastonbury, at the age of ninety, seventy-six of which he was in the field, trying to rid his country of her oppressors.

Multitudes of the Angles now appeared, and landed on the eastern coast of Britain; and finally the Saxons and Angles became so numerous, that, in the year 585, they agreed to divide the kingdom into seven principalities, to be called *England*, over each of which a supreme king was appointed; and this was called the *Heptarchy*, which continued from this period to the year 827, when another organic change took place by the invasion of the Scandinavians, or Danes. The ancient inhabitants were driven among the barren mountains of Wales, which was called *Cambria*: they were ever, and are still, a distinct race from the Angles and Saxons — distinct in blood, customs, and language.

Anno 458 We now return to the direct history of the Milesian race, which I resume at the year 458. The estates of Tara had been called together to elect a successor to *Laogaire*, who, after reigning thirty years, was killed by lightning. *Oilioll Molt*, the son of the hero *Dathy*, was, by a plurality of voices, declared monarch. He

was a Christian prince, and so were almost all the princes and nobility of the kingdom at the time.

It was decreed, at that sitting, that the Christian bishops should fill those seats in the national assembly formerly occupied by the *Druid Flamens*, and that three bishops should always compose a part of the committee for inspecting the different provincial histories, instead of the *three arch-Druids*. This committee was more regularly appointed after St. Patrick's preaching than previously. It was composed of three bishops, three bards, and three antiquarians. The monarch, or his delegate, was the president of this commonwealth. All the records of the kingdom were subjected to the severest criticism and inquiry.

Besides the general assembly of Tara, there were the provincial assemblies regularly convened at Cruachan in Connaught, and Emania in Ulster, for the close inspection of trade, commerce, and the mechanic arts. These provincial assemblies met, by proclamation of the monarch, to make their reports on those matters so connected with the happiness of the people. Sixty of the best-informed were commissioned to disperse themselves into the chief cities and manufacturing towns, to see if the exclusive privileges granted to them were in any manner abused, or if any article was made so inferior as to defraud the purchaser, or damage the national character.

Such were the wise methods by which our great ancestors preserved their country free and happy, whilst other nations of Europe were reduced to the greatest distress and confusion, owing to the absence of sound legislation. How different are her affairs conducted in modern times! Though Scotland has her board of trade, established no earlier than 1715; though England has her board of trade, established no earlier than the reign of Elizabeth; though France, Belgium, Holland, and all the European nations, have their boards of trade, — Ireland alone had no board of trade since the "Union," until the humble individual who writes this record established one, under the auspices of the Very Reverend Dr. Flanagan, in 1840, based on the voluntary subscriptions of the citizens of Dublin. That board is still continued by the Liberator and the patriotic repealers of Ireland. It worked wonders in awaking attention to the neglected manufactures of Ireland, some fabrics of which, in beauty and durability, are not to be excelled in Europe.

Anno 478. In this year, *Lughaidh*, the son of Laogaire, became monarch of Ireland. His reign was one of troubles. Though the influence of Christianity softened the combatants, yet history is grieved to

record the shedding of much blood by rival factions. The Christian religion had now made great progress in Ireland. During St. Patrick's mission, upwards of seven hundred religious houses were built and consecrated. Besides these, the celebrated St. Bridget founded her famous monastery in Kildare, anno 480, for which she formed particular rules. She was the daughter of Dubhtach, a Leinster captain; was born 453; took the veil, at the age of thirteen, from the hands of *St. M'Caile*. She lived to seventy years of age; and, from the day of her vow to the day of her death, she was daily gaining in spiritual perfection. She was not only canonized after death, but declared perpetual patroness of Leinster. The fame of her sanctity spread over Europe, and at *Seville* in Spain, at *Lisbon*, at *Placentia* in Italy, at *Tours*, *Cologne*, and even in *London*, the Christians dedicated churches to her. Parents were anxious to give her name to their children; and every where her life was imitated by the pious virgins, who dedicated themselves to a retired communion with their Maker. She wrote several books on various subjects; amongst these, Rules for the Nuns of her own Foundation; a Poem to St. Patrick; also the Life of St. Patrick. She founded the convent, monastery, and the cathedral of Kildare, a round tower near which is yet standing.

On the right and left sides of the old cathedral of Kildare were placed monuments and statues of St. Bridget and St. Conlaith, highly finished, and ornamented with precious stones, gold, and silver. From the old descriptions of this cathedral, there is evidence of a very high excellence in the science of architecture. And Cambrensis, the unfriendly historian of Ireland, confesses to have examined, with astonishment, amongst other relics and curiosities of the church, a *Concordance* of the four Gospels, written for the use of St. Bridget, the margin of which was ornamented with mystic pictures, most wonderfully and animatingly finished; the writing, but particularly the capital letters, so highly ornamented, that, says he, "neither the pencil of Apelles, nor the chisel of a Lysippus, ever formed the like; in a word, they seem to have been formed by something more than a mortal hand."

Anno 503, *Mortough*, of the house of Niall, was chosen monarch of Ireland. He was an excellent Christian, and his queen, Sabina, led so exemplary a life as to be ranked amongst the saints of Ireland. Several kings succeeded each other in Ireland; but, as their reigns furnish nothing beyond the average course of events, I will pass them over.

In the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, the attention,

labors, and enthusiasm, of the nation, seem to have been exclusively directed to the erection of churches, monasteries, and colleges. In these monasteries large numbers of religious men assembled. They were governed by different local rules established by their founders. Prayer, labor, and the instruction of the ignorant, seem to have been their exclusive occupation. Their times for prayer were frequent both by night and by day. In all the monasteries, they rose twice or thrice in the night to pray and sing. In the daytime, they labored in their fields, having none but themselves to cultivate their lands and raise provisions. They returned frequently from their fields to their churches to offer prayer. Some of those pious men, better fitted with patience and knowledge than the others, were the teachers of youth. Instruction was universally communicated, free of charge, to the agricultural population surrounding those monasteries. In all probability, the youth, thus gratuitously taught, were grateful to their kind-hearted preceptors, and did them, in return, many generous offices in their building operations and harvest-work. A relationship of a most endearing nature grew up between the inhabitants of those peaceful tenements and the surrounding country, and a sanctified happiness seems to have pervaded the entire nation.

There were many of those societies whose rules were more rigid than the others; some permitted no woman to enter their gates; others lived altogether on herbs, and drank nought but water. There seemed to be an emulation between these several communities towards purity and holiness, which stamped on the people that character of sanctity which contemporary nations so much admired and applauded.

“Lismore is a holy city, into the half of which, there being an asylum, no woman dare enter; it was filled with cells and holy monasteries, and a number of holy men are always in it. The religious flow to it from every part of Ireland, England, and Britain, anxious to emigrate to Christ; and the city itself is situate on the southern bank of the river, formerly called *Nem*, lately called *Aben-Mor*, i. e., a great river in the district of Nandesus.” — *Allemand's Monastic History of Ireland*.

This famous seat of learning was celebrated, even in pagan times, for its literary fame. It is situated in the south of Ireland, on the banks of the River Blackwater, which runs into the Atlantic at Dungarven. Perhaps, through all creation, there is not a more lovely spot. It was a famous seat of literature long previous to the times of St. Patrick. It was here Cataldus studied and King Cormac was educated; here St.

Donat taught, and Cormac of Cashell was entombed. It was the sepulchre of sages and kings for many ages; and, when the cross was raised upon its time-honored towers, the pious of the European nations came thither to worship and be instructed. The College of Lismore educated more students, during the ages of its Christian fame, than have Oxford and Cambridge together, since their foundation.

Lismore, as a Christian university, was liberally endowed with lands for its maintenance. The produce of these lands was spent amongst the people that raised it, brightening their intellects and nourishing their persons. Education was offered to every body free of charge.

During the reformation, in the sixteenth century, Lismore and its lands were seized on by Queen Elizabeth, and given to Boyle, the ancestor of the present Duke of Devonshire. He was a soldier of fortune, who came to Ireland with nothing but his sword and a patent to rob from the virgin queen. The pious and learned inhabitants of Lismore were put to the sword; their lands and effects were seized; the light of education was extinguished, and the open hand of hospitality was closed forever. The "noble" proprietor and his successors became absentees. These lands were put into the hands of an agent. The rich produce, the herds, and flocks, and grain, and provisions, raised by the poor people who inhabit them, were thenceforward carried over to England to feed a race that despise them. The Duke of Devonshire is continually absent; he spends all this substance in the gayest parts of Europe, and his tenants are considered well off, if the able-bodied men get *sixpence a day for their labor*. The case of Lismore is the case of all Ireland.

Whether the institutions of holy brotherhoods of monks had their origin in Ireland or elsewhere, we have no very distinct means of ascertaining. It is certain that, on St. Patrick's arrival in the country, he found more than one society existing. The monks of *St. Ailbe*, and those of *St. Declan* and *St. Kievan*, were established in Ireland long before his time. Before the establishment of the two *great* societies by *St. Benedict* and *St. Augustine*, there were established in Ireland *thirteen distinct orders*, viz., those of *St. Ailbe*, *St. Declan*, *St. Kievan*, *St. Patrick*, *St. Columb*, *St. Carhach*, *St. Molua*, *St. Moctee*, *St. Colnan*, *St. Finian*, *St. Columbanus*, *St. Brendan*, and the order instituted by *St. Bridget* for females. All these orders differed one from the other, not only in their dress, tonsure, food, and retirement, but likewise in the names of those who had been their founders. The abbeys and monasteries connected with each order were dis-



tinct in name, possessions, and rules; and these rules were totally independent of those of any other brotherhood on the continent. Indeed, there are but a few faint records of the monkish orders in any part of the continent, till the times of St. Augustine and St. Benedict, the former of whom flourished in the fourth and the latter in the seventh century. These two societies endeavored to blend all the existing orders with their own. But it appears that one only of the thirteen Irish orders joined them at first, namely, that of Columbanus. In the course of time, however, the remainder became blended with one or other of these extensive orders.

Before this junction, the Irish missionaries had already established their orders in France and Germany. St. Columbanus and St. Gall had travelled from Ireland, in the close of the sixth century, through France, Italy, Switzerland, and many parts of Germany, and had built several monasteries and churches in all those countries, some of which exist to this day.

The order of monks, or holy brotherhoods, was thus introduced into some parts of Europe by Irish missionaries; and the rules and church music of Ireland were introduced at the same time. Whether any such orders existed in Europe previous to their first establishment in Ireland, we have no means of ascertaining. It is said, traditionally, there were some orders in the isles of the Mediterranean and in Alexandria; but there is no very distinct record of their existence.

The Germans of the present day honorably acknowledge their Christian and literary indebtedness to Ireland. In the present year, an address of sympathy has been drawn up by some of the heads of the German colleges, directed to Daniel O'Connell, in which ancient Ireland is thus spoken of:—

“It would, indeed, be divesting ourselves [the people of Germany] of all human sentiments, if we were not to entertain the deepest and sincerest sympathy for the ill-treated people of your isle, sighing under the yoke, and still reeking from the streams of shed blood. But want of sympathy on our part would, moreover, involve the blackest ingratitude. *We never can forget to look upon your beloved country as our mother in religion, that already, at the remotest periods of the Christian era, commiserated our people, and readily sent forth her spiritual sons to rescue our pagan ancestors from idolatry, at the sacrifice of her own property and blood, and to entail upon them the blessings of the Christian faith.* They thus have made us their, and their nation's, spiritual children, and laid up a store of merits for the people of Ireland,

which only base indifference and want of all good feeling could be unmindful of, and which just now presents itself the more vividly to our memory, *the more we behold the native land of those faithful apostles delivered over to undeserved misfortune by injustice.*— *German Address to Daniel O'Connell*, dated April, 1844.

This combined expression of sympathy and gratitude, from a people so enlightened as the Germans, is peculiarly cheering to the oppressed Irishman, and is animating beyond measure, at this moment, to the Irish exile.

So numerous were the literary and religious foundations established by those people, that the island, says the Abbé M'Geoghegan, "was called, by way of preëminence, from the number of saints it had produced, *Insula Sanctorum*, the 'Island of Saints.'" The number, indeed, was so great, that Colgan observed, not without reason, in the preface to his life of the Irish saints, that "what is at present said of them is scarcely credible."

"Besides, Ireland can, in comparison with the rest of Europe, boast of having been at that time a seminary of sanctity, whither the Christians of other nations came in crowds, to learn the practice of Christian virtue, and from whence a considerable number of saints went forth daily, and dispersed themselves throughout the different parts of Europe, where they founded famous abbeys, the monuments of which are still to be seen, so that Ireland might be called, in that golden age, '*in aureis illis seminata Fidei primordiis*,' the Thebaid of the west. It even appears, says Allemand, that, at that time, it was sufficient to be an Irishman, or to have been in Ireland, to be considered holy, and become the immediate founder of some abbey. Whilst the rest of Europe was a prey to the most dreadful catastrophes and astonishing revolutions, Divine Providence bestowed upon this peaceful island graces and blessings which strangers went thither to be partakers of."

A mere catalogue of the religious and literary institutions which they erected would fill a score of pages, that might not, after all, be so interesting to the general American reader as other matter presented in Irish history. It may be sufficient to say, that, in every district of five square miles in Ireland, institutions of this kind were established. In these were deposited all the books and literary remains of former ages. In the abbey of Fathan, near Inisowen, there was found a large book of chronology, filled with many historical passages concerning other nations, from which the antiquarian frequently quoted. Colgan said, that, in his time, there were still some fragments of it remaining, which had escaped the fury of the reformers of later ages.

In Armagh, Usher found those precious tomes of antiquity, which he wrought, with so much genius, to his own advantage and renown. Cashell, Tuam, St. Finbars, and other such pious depositories, yielded their rich literary and chronological treasures to the modern historian. The rich library of Lismore, seized on by Boyle, afforded his son, the Earl of Orrery, that immense store of knowledge of science and astronomy which shone out through him as original conceptions.

*St. Fachanus* founded an academy at Ross, in the county of Cork, which soon grew into a city, and which is ranked by *Ware* as one of the principal academies of this age. The university of Clonard, next to that of *Benchoir*, was greatly celebrated. In it, under *St. Finian*, were no less a number than three thousand scholars at one time; in that of Armagh, there were seven thousand.

The great *St. Bernard*, an Italian writer of the twelfth century, says that, "in the sixth century, under *St. Comhgill*, the monastery of Benchoire was a most noble one, containing *many thousand* monks, and itself the chief of many monasteries. So fruitful was it of holy men, and multiplying so greatly to the Lord, that *Luanus* alone, a subject of this house, founded no less than one hundred monasteries.

"This I mention," continues he, "that the reader may form an idea of the number of religious that existed in these days in Ireland."

The zeal and piety of these holy monks, he tells us, were not confined to Ireland, but, like an inundation, their saints spread piety and virtue over all Europe.

A list of the religious, literary, and scientific books, written in this age, has been furnished by the historians, but they form quite a catalogue. It is true that the majority of these works consist of the lives of saints, and are occupied with other pious subjects, and may not be highly appreciated by the *illuminati* of the present age. There are some, however, of the pious descendants of the great race of which those men were part, who appreciate their worth, and still would imitate their pious examples. One of the great objects these despised men ever had in view was, to improve the human heart, and call forth from its recesses charity, philanthropism, hospitality, and a thorough contempt of riches, — to subdue or root out that curse of the human mind, *covetousness*, a vice from which the majority of the troubles of families and of nations has proceeded. That besetting sin begins in infancy: the child, covetous of toys and coppers, grows to manhood, and becomes covetous of wealth. It is the business of religion to purge this and other deteriorating passions from the human mind.

But where religion forms not the good citizen, neither can the law. The purity and force of the law proceeds from that purity, integrity, and innate love of justice, which religion only can engender and preserve in the human heart. Without religion, the general is susceptible of *treachery*, the judge of *partiality*, the public magistrate of *bribery*, and the public officer of *peculation*.

The order of Heaven is equality, and a common participation, here and hereafter, in its blessings. Any serious deviation from this order produces misery in the community in which it arises. We all come into the world and go out of it on a perfect equality. The baby of the monarch or the president, and the baby of the humblest in society, are equally helpless, equally pleased or grieved by the self-same causes, and experience the self-same sensations of pleasure or pain. The differences that arise between us in after life proceed from a variety of subsequent circumstances, including the gifts of a sound, capacious mind, derived most frequently from a serene, religious, and healthy parentage, — or a mind of an opposite nature, derived from an opposite source. A mind derived from the former source, if instructed by the genius of *religion* and *charity*, expands into a most perfect human being.

Heaven points its finger of scorn at the accumulations of the covetous, and the tinsel dignity of the worldly great, by blessing poor and lowly parents with children who become *the very lords of intellect*.

When the mind expands without the governing power of religion, the worst kind of human passions grow and increase, and in proportion to the capacity with which the individual is endowed, so in that degree does he become more and more mischievous to mankind.

Sir James Mackintosh remarks, on the tendency of the old Irish writers to celebrate the most learned, virtuous, and pious of men, instead of the most warlike, "The vast collections of the lives of saints often throw light on public events, and open glimpses into the habits of men in those times. \* \* \* The whole force of this noble attempt to exalt human nature was at this period spent on the lives of saints — a sort of moral heroes, or demigods, without some acquaintance with whom it is hard to comprehend an age when the commemoration of the virtues then most venerated, as imbodied in those holy men, was the principal theme of the genius of Christendom."

The degree of eminence, in literature and science, to which the Irish nation attained, is hardly to be credited, and would not be admitted on the authority of their own historians, whose partiality for their country, or whose vanity, might be supposed to influence their descriptions.

But the united testimony of a crowd of foreign authors, ancient and modern, from Bede to *Monsieur Michelet*, supplies proofs that must remove all doubt about the facts.

“ Besides the number of monasteries that had been founded in Ireland, and which were peopled with saints and learned monks not inferior to the fathers of the deserts for the austerity of their lives and total abandonment of the world, Ireland *supplied all Europe*, during these ages, with swarms of zealous missionaries, who announced the name of Jesus Christ amongst some nations, and among others caused it to revive.” — *Bede*.

The English Camden remarks, “ The disciples of Patrick made so great a progress in Christianity, that, in the following age, Ireland was called the *Island of Saints*; and none could be more holy and learned than the Irish monks, both in their own country and Britain, who sent swarms of most holy men *into all Europe*. To them, Luxovium in Burgundy, Bohiense in Italy, Hornipolis in Franconia, St. Gallus in Helvetia, Malmesburia in Lindesfarn, and many other monasteries in Britain, owe their origin. The following saints were from Ireland: Celius Sedulius, (presbyter,) Columba, Columbanus, Colmanus, Aidanus, Gallus, Kilianus, Maidulphus, Brendanus, and many others, who were renowned for their sanctity and learning.”

The eminent Cataldus deserves the attention of the historian and the reader. Born in Ireland, he made his studies in the celebrated College of Lismore. Here, according to Usher, he was the delight of the foreign students, who flocked to that celebrated seat of literature for knowledge: “ A youth, endowed with a liberal discipline, soon attained to that excellence in instructions, that the Gauls, English, Teutones, Scotch, and other neighboring people, who came to Lismore, flocked to hear him.” Having performed the functions of bishop of Rathheny, in Ireland, some years, he undertook a voyage to Jerusalem, to visit the holy sepulchre, and, returning through Italy, he *reestablished* the Christian religion amongst the Tarentines, who had already abandoned it, and returned to the impious worship of idols. The inhabitants of Tarentum adopted him as their patron saint, and on his death erected a silver monument over his tomb. It is said by Usher and Ware, that he foretold the destruction of Naples. He preached in the fifth century. Usher concludes his notice of him in these remarkable words: “ Rejoice, O happy Ireland, for being the country of so fair an offspring; but thou, Tarentum, rejoice still more, which encloses (within a tomb) so great a treasure!”

Sedulius, a native of Hibernia, according to Usher, was a most eminent scholar, who travelled through Europe, studied and lectured at Rome, wrote several works in prose and verse, some of them theological, some historical, some biographical: he also wrote some hymns, which were adopted by the council of the church at Rome. The works of Sedulius were highly esteemed by the ancients; to which a council, composed of seventy bishops, assembled at Rome during the pontificate of Gelasius, bears a favorable testimony. "*We think highly,*" said the fathers of the council, "*of the paschal work, written in heroic verse, by the venerable Sedulius.*" Moore has the following, in reference to this learned man: "A far loftier flight of sacred song was at the same time [fifth century] ventured by an Irish writer abroad, the poet Sheil; in Irish, *Seidhuil*, Latinized *Sedulius*. Among other writings of acknowledged merit, he was the author of a spirited poem in iambics, upon the life of Christ. *From this poem the Catholic church has selected some of her most beautiful hymns.*" Sedulius wrote in 448, more than a century before the time of Pope St. Gregory. Hildephonsus, archbishop of Toledo, says of our author, that he was an evangelical poet, an eloquent orator, and a Catholic writer — "*bonus ille Sedulius, poeta evangelicus, orator facundus, scriptor Catholicus.*" Lastly, the church inserted "*A solis ortus cardine,*" and "*Hostis Herodes impie,*" (taken from the writings of Sedulius,) in the breviary of hymns, the first at the nativity of our Savior, and the last at the Epiphany, with the "*Salve, sancta parens, enixa puerpera Regem,*" which is used as an introit at the masses of the blessed Virgin.

St. Fridolinus, son of an Irish king, having embraced a monastic life, left his country, and travelled through several parts of Germany and France, about the end of the fifth century, and in the time of Clovis, first Christian king of the Franks; on which account he was called "*Fridolinus the traveller,*" by Judocus, Coccius, Possevin, and others. After preaching the gospel in different parts of Gaul, he withdrew for some time to the monastery of St. Hilary; at Poitiers, of which he was created superior. He afterwards founded several religious houses in Thuringia, Alsace, Strasburg, and on the frontiers of Switzerland; Colgan reckons eight, six of which were dedicated to St. Hilary, for whom this saint had a particular devotion. Lastly, he founded a monastery for females in an island in the Rhine, called Secking or Secane, where he was interred in 514. According to Baleus, he wrote some works of piety which have been lost. The Scotch writers claim this

great man for their country ; but M'Geoghegan, from whom I take the above, brings up a crowd of foreign authorities who confound the idea. One or two only of his foreign authors shall I here quote. "The convent of Secking was commenced by St. Fridolinus, who was son of a king of the Scots ; he was eminent for his studies in philosophy."—*Bruschius on German Monasteries*.—"Old historians are agreed in this, that Fridolinus was of royal descent, that he was born in Lower Scotia, which is called Ireland."—*Peter Canisius, Life of St. Fridolinus*.

St. Columb Kille was born in the beginning of the sixth century : he lived to the age of seventy-seven, thirty-three years of which were spent in North Britain, conducting the light of the gospel to the Picts and Scots. He was educated in Ireland, under *St. Fridian*, who became afterwards bishop of *Lucca*, in Italy. He acquired a complete knowledge of the learned languages and divinity, in the College of Clonard, where there were, at that time, three thousand students. After this, he became abbot of a monastery in Derry.

It was the law of the *Tara fies*, or parliament, that any man who should raise up the hand to strike, much less to kill, during its legislative deliberations, should be deemed guilty of death, out of the power of the monarch to pardon. In the year 549, there took place at Tara a fatal quarrel between *Cuornane M'Aodh* and another member of the great assembly, in which the latter was killed. As the crime was death, the offender flew to his friends *Daniel* and *Fergus*, princes of great power ; but they durst not harbor him, and advised him to go to their cousin, *St. Columba*, and, by imploring his protection, he might afford him an asylum in his monastery ; for, in those days, the criminal who became penitent, and remained within the walls of a monastery, was held harmless from the process or punishment of the law. *Cuornane*, accordingly, applied to *Columba*, and was admitted to his monastery in Derry. But a national outrage of this sort was not to go unpunished ; and *Dermod*, the king, had the offender dragged out of the monastery, and put to death, notwithstanding the prayers and protests of the brothers to the contrary.

*Columba* deemed the violation of his asylum the cause of God. High in blood, he could not brook this insult : he therefore applies to his relations, the northern *Clana Neill* ; and *Fergus* and *Domhnal*, at the head of a mighty army, are in the field, to vindicate the insulted abbot. A terrible battle is fought at *Cuildreimhne*, between the pro-

vincials and the chief monarch's army, in which the abbot's party gain the day. The vanquished party recruit their strength, and in turn make war upon the abbot.

He is requested by his bishop to abstain from all interference in such terrible affairs. Disregarding the admonition, a synod of the clergy is held, before which *Columba* is cited to appear. He submits to their decision in his regard, and their decision is, that he shall quit Ireland, and never see her again. To this he submits, with a truly repentant spirit. His public reprehension, and his penitentiary exile, do great honor to the clerical order and discipline of those days.

On his arrival in Albion, with a goodly number of brothers, he was kindly received by Conall, prince of the *Dal Rhida*, who bestowed on him the Isle of *Huy*, or *Hy*. Here he established his chief monastery; and from thence, with his followers, he entered the country of the Picts, and by his zeal, his preaching, his precept and example, converted the whole country.

In the year 574, when *Aodh* was monarch of Ireland, a special parliament was called in Tara, for the purpose of taking some decided steps to collect in the yearly tribute, due by Albania to the Irish crown; also, to enact some regulations as to colleges. At this great assembly the Albanians were represented, and amongst others, who came upon this memorable occasion, was Columba, attended by twenty bishops, forty priests, and fifty deacons. As part of the sentence imposed upon Columba, on quitting Ireland, was, that he should never more see the country, he complied literally with this penance, for he had his eyes bound up from the time of quitting Scotland to his return home.

He was received with great ceremony and respect in Ireland, and the grand assembly, in which mingled his voice and wisdom, abolished many abuses that existed in schools, and in other departments of state.

St. Columba composed several works in prose and verse; amongst others, a Rule for Monks, which still exists, the Life of St. Patrick, and a Hymn to St. Kieran. These I have already noticed in the section on music. There were many works of piety and prophecy written by this eminent man. He was entombed, at his death, amongst the great chiefs of Scotland, in the abbey of Hy, in 597; but part of his remains were removed, in the beginning of the ninth century, to the monastery of Down, where they were deposited with those of St. Patrick and St. Bridget, as already noticed.

Rich as have been the annals of Ireland in names of saintly renown, for none has she cherished, in all ages, a greater reverence than for her



great Columb Kille. That isle of the waves (Hy) with which his name is connected, and which, through his ministry, became the "Luminary of the Caledonia Regions, has far less reason," says Moore, "to boast of her tombs of kings, than of those heaps of votive pebbles, cast by pilgrims along the path which took them to the honored shrine of her saint. From this immemorial custom, the island was denominated *Iona*. There is a splendid copy of the Four Gospels, in the handwriting of Columb Kille, now deposited in Trinity College, Dublin. Usher, O'Flaherty, and other antiquarians, have authenticated it. It is indeed amongst the most precious relics of the early Christians. Speaking of *Iona*, Dr. Johnson writes: "We are now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonia regions. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer upon the ruins of *Iona*." — *Journey to the Western Islands*.

The eminent Columbanus performed a distinguished part in his time. He was a native of Leinster, in Ireland. In his youth he had been a diligent student of grammar and languages. Early in life, he was a perfect master of his own tongue, as well as those of Greece, Rome, Spain, and other nations. He wrote several commentaries on the Scriptures, Psalms, and other religious subjects, which were the chief topics of the scholars of the age. He studied under very eminent men in the Irish colleges, and finally placed himself under the instruction of the chief of the abbey of *Benchoir*, from whence he subsequently departed, with twelve disciples, to go to Britain, and from thence to Burgundy. In the latter country he was received by the king, Sigebert, with every possible mark of respect; for his fame had travelled before him. This prince offered him lands for a settlement in any part of his dominions. Columbanus fixed on Luxeu, in the desert, at the foot of the mountains of Vosge, where he founded a celebrated monastery, in which he established his order, and the *perpetual psalmody, by different choirs, who relieved each other day and night*. He was the first who established the monastic order among the French. The order of St. Columbanus was then considered the model of a retired life, and Luxeu as the centre of perfection. The number of persons, of every rank and condition, who wished to submit to the law of St. Columbanus, was so great, that, in order to lighten the burden on the house of Luxeu, he was obliged to found another at Fontaine, in the same country.

Columbanus had been, for nearly twenty years, at the head of the monastery of Luxeu, when he was expelled through the influence of

**Brunehaut.** This ambitious queen shared the government of Burgundy with her grandson Thierry the Second, who was king. Fearing that the marriage of this prince would diminish her authority, she endeavored to dissuade him from it, by procuring him illicit pleasures, which excited the zeal of St. Columbanus, who reproached him severely for the shameful life he led. The prince, who had a high opinion of the sanctity of St. Columbanus, heard him patiently; but the intrigues of Brunehaut, who had prejudiced all the nobles of the kingdom against him, forced him to yield to the storm, by leaving his monastery at Luxeu. Notwithstanding this, our saint was favorably received by Clothaire the Second, king of Suissons, to whom he foretold that in three years the French monarchy would be united in his person, which prophecy was afterwards accomplished.

St. Columbanus, having preached the word of God in several provinces in France, and confirmed his doctrine by miracles too numerous to be introduced here, went to Italy, where, with the approbation of Aigilulph, king of the Lombards, he founded the abbey of Bobbio, in Milan, over which he presided but one year, having died there on the 21st of November, 615, and was succeeded by a native of Burgundy, called Atala.

The Augustine monks affirm that St. Columbanus was of their order; but Reyner says that he was a Benedictine.

St. Columbanus wrote many works in Latin, which are quoted by Ware and others; namely, a book of commentaries on the Psalter; a work against the Arians, which Jonas calls "a work of flowery erudition;" and thirteen homilies.

"The writings of this eminent man," says Moore, "that have come down to us, display an extensive and varied acquaintance, not merely with ecclesiastical, but with classical literature. He was acquainted both with Greek and Hebrew, as well as Latin and that of his own country, [the English language did not then exist;] and when it is recollected that he did not leave Ireland till he was nearly fifty years of age, and that his life afterwards was one of constant activity and adventure, the conclusion is obvious, that all this knowledge of elegant literature must have been acquired in the schools of his own country. The various countries and places with which the name of this great saint is connected, have multiplied his lasting titles to fame. While Ireland boasts of his birth, France remembers him by her ancient abbeys of *Luxeuil* and *Fontaine*; and his fame in Italy still lives, not only in the cherished relics at *Bobbio*; in the coffin, the chalice, the holy staff of the founder;

and the strange sight of a Missal in the Irish language, in a foreign land, but in the every-day remembrance of his name, which lives in the beautiful town of *San Columbano*, in the territory of Lodi.”

St. Gall, who accompanied Columbanus, was born, of noble parents, in Ireland; was placed, at an early age, according to his life, written by Wallafridus Strabo, under the guidance of St. Columbanus, with whom he made considerable progress in the study of the Holy Scriptures, the liberal arts, grammar, and poetry, and in the practice of regular discipline. He passed through a variety of adventures and sufferings, in his efforts to spread the religion of the cross. He finally died near his holy cell, near which the monastery called after him was erected, and round which the populous town of St. Gall, in Switzerland, now stands. There are some manuscripts deposited in this celebrated abbey in the handwriting of St. Gall, and his preceptor, St. Columbanus. They are probably amongst the oldest in Europe.

The immediate companions and disciples of these two learned and holy men founded several abbeys in Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and France. I compress from M'Geoghegan, Moore, and O'Halloran, some particulars of a few only of the Irish missionaries of that age.

Dichuill (in Latin, *Dichullus* and *Deicola*) was half brother of St. Gall, and, like him, a disciple of St. Columbanus. He obtained permission to remain in Burgundy, where he founded, at a few leagues from Luxeu, the celebrated monastery of Lure, (in Latin, *Lutra*, or “*Lutrense monasterium*.”) Theodore, a monk of St. Campden, who had accompanied St. Gall from Ireland, of which he was a native, shared with him the labors of the apostleship. After the death of St. Gall, he founded two cells in Germany, one at Campden, or Campidana, the government of which he confided to his colleague Theodore, and the other at Fuessen, (in Latin, “*ad Fauces*,”) at the foot of the Alps. Those cells, having been richly endowed by King Pepin, became afterwards celebrated abbeys.

Among the disciples of St. Columbanus may be reckoned Jonas, abbot of Luxeu before the middle of the seventh century.

Jonas wrote, in Latin, the life of St. Columbanus, to which he had been an eye-witness; he also wrote the lives of Atala and Eustachius, both disciples and successors of St. Columbanus; the former at Bobbio, the latter at Luxeu.

Fiacre, born of noble parents in Ireland, being desirous of devoting himself to God in solitude, left his country, and went to France, accompanied by some disciples. He addressed himself to Faron, bishop of

**Meaux**, who received him with kindness, and gave him the forest of **Brodole**, which belonged to him, with permission to settle there.

*Bede* has the following passage in reference to **St. Fiacre** : —

“Ireland is dignified by the lustre of a new lamp ; that island glitters to the Meldi, by the presence of so great a light. The former sent **Fiacrius** ; **Meaux** received the ray which was sent. The joy of both is in common : the latter possesses a father, the former a son.” — *Bede's History of the Church*.

**St. Aidan** was a monk of the abbey of **Hy**, the members of which were Scots from Ireland, the Picts having given that island to **St. Columb Kille**, and to the Scotie monks who had preached the faith of **Jesus Christ** amongst them, as appears from *Bede*. From that abbey, therefore, were the twelve disciples who had accompanied this apostle to **Britain**, as is remarked in his life, besides some others who had afterwards followed him from Ireland. The connection, says *Moore*, of the venerable Irishman **St. Aidan** with the Anglo-Saxon King **Oswald**, singularly illustrates the mutual relations of their respective countries at this period. During the reign of his uncle **Edwin**, the young **Oswald** had lived an exile in Ireland ; and, having been instructed, while there, in the doctrines of Christianity, resolved, on his accession to the throne, to disseminate the same blessing among his subjects. With this view he applied to the elders of the Scots among whom he had himself been taught, desiring that they would furnish him with a bishop, through whose instruction and ministry the English nation, which he had been called upon to govern, might receive the Christian faith. In compliance with the royal desire, a monk of **Hy**, named *Aidan*, was sent, to whom, on his arrival, the king gave the small island of **Lindisfarn** as the seat of his see. This island has since been called the *Holy Isle* :

In the spiritual labors of the saint's mission the pious King **Oswald** took constantly a share, and “it was often,” says *Bede*, “a delightful spectacle to witness, that, when the bishop, who knew but imperfectly the English tongue, preached the truths of the gospel, the king himself, who had become master of the Scottish language during his long banishment in Ireland, acted as interpreter of the word of God to his commanders and ministers. From that time,” continues the same authority, “numbers of Scottish or Irish poured daily into **Britain**, preaching the faith, and administering baptism through all the provinces over which King **Oswald** reigned. In every direction churches were erected, to which the people flocked with joy to hear the word. Possessions were granted by royal bounty for the endowment of monasteries and schools,

and the English, old and young, were instructed by their Irish teachers." Though St. Augustine is reported the patron saint of England, arriving in that country, 597, with forty missionaries, to complete the conversion of England, yet, says O'Halloran, the honor of converting England should be by no means ascribed alone to him. Some of the Scottish writers, of latter times, will have it, that all these instructors came from *Scotland*, because the term "Scots" had been, a thousand years ago, applied to natives of Ireland and Albania indifferently. But how will they get rid of the great fact that their own nation owed its direct conversion and evangelical light to the apostolic labors of the Irish saint Colum Kille and his pious brethren?

We must own that it is hard upon wealthy, inflated people, like the English and Scotch of the present day, to acknowledge their great indebtedness, for literature, laws, religion, music, and letters, to so poor and so oppressed a people as the Irish — those Irish that are seen daily in the streets of Glasgow and of London, carrying hods and coal-bags on their shoulders. *It is hard*, it must be confessed, for the gold-lace gentry, that swarm round the Horse Guards, to acknowledge that *their* forefathers were educated by the forefathers of *these* abject serfs, who now, by the decree of fate, toil as their bond-slaves. Few of their writers can bring themselves to admit it; and even Dr. *Lingard*, the Catholic historian of England, exhibits his mean unwillingness to do poor Ireland justice. Speaking of this very circumstance, — St. Aidan's labors, and those who cooperated with him, — he describes them, with remarkable brevity, as "Scottish monks," without further comment, which Moore thus eloquently reproves: "It was hardly worthy of Dr. *Lingard's* character to follow so far the example of *Dempster*, and other such writers, as to call our eminent Irish missionaries at this period by the ambiguous name of Scottish monks, without, at the same time, informing his readers that these distinguished men were *Scots of Ireland*. The care with which the ecclesiastical historians of France and Italy have, in general, marked this distinction, is creditable alike to their fairness and their accuracy." Lloyd states that the auxiliaries of Aidan "came out of Ireland," and Cardinal *Fleury* calls them "*missionaires Irlandois*."

St. Finian, a native of Ireland, and a monk of the abbey of Hy, succeeded St. Aidan in the episcopal see of Lindisfarn, and in the mission of the kingdom of Northumberland. He caused to be built in the Isle of Lindisfarn, says *Bede*, a church suitable for an episcopal see, not of stone, but of oak, after the manner of the Scots; he labored perseveringly

for the conversion of souls; he *baptized Penda, king of the interior provinces, and Sigebert, king of the East Angles, with the lords of their retinue, and sent priests to instruct and baptize their subjects.*

St. Colman, a native also of Ireland, succeeded St. Finian in the bishopric of Lindisfarne. Those three prelates were celebrated for the sanctity and purity of their morals, their zeal for the propagation of the faith, and the exercise of every virtue; it can be affirmed that the Saxons of the northern provinces were indebted to them for the knowledge of the true God.

St. Fursey, having labored in the conversion of souls in Ireland for the space of twelve years, went, about the year 637, with some disciples, to England, where he was kindly received by Sigebert, king of the East Saxons: this saint, having rescued some of the Picts and Saxons, who had escaped the zeal of the preceding missionaries, from the superstitions of idolatry, and brought them to the worship of the true God, founded the abbey of Cnobersburgh, now Burgh Castle, in the county of Suffolk, on some land which the king had given him; he afterwards induced this pious prince to abdicate the throne, and become a monk.

Subsequently, St. Fursey availed himself of the offer of Clovis the Second of France, and settled at Latiniacum, (Lagny,) on the River Marne, six leagues from Paris, where he caused three chapels to be built, the first of which he dedicated to our Savior, the second to St. Peter, and the third was called, when he died, after his own name, through the devotion of the faithful. Being afterwards joined by several monks, his disciples, who had followed him from Ireland, — amongst others, *Æmilianus, Euloquius, Mombulus, &c.*, — and seconded by the liberality of the king and lords of the country, he founded a monastery which he himself governed.

So amazingly great were the number of the Irish saints in the Isles of Arau, for instance, that the writers were obliged to class their names thus: there were four *Colgans*, ten *Gobhans*, twelve *Dichulls*, twelve *Maidoes*, twelve *Adrands*, thirteen *Camans*, thirteen *Dimins*, fourteen *Brendens*, fourteen *Finians*, fourteen *Ronans*, fifteen *Conalls*, fifteen *Dermods*, fifteen *Lugads*, sixteen *Lassare*, seventeen *Serrani*, eighteen *Ermeni*, eighteen *Folbei*, eighteen *Cominei*, nineteen *Foilani*, nineteen *Sulani*, twenty *Kierani*, twenty *Ulinai*, twenty-two *Cilliani*, twenty-three *Aidi*, twenty-four *Columbae*, twenty-five *Senani*, twenty-eight *Aidani*, thirty *Cronans*, thirty-seven *Moluani*, forty-three *Lazreani*, thirty-four *Mochunni*, fifty-eight *Mochuani*, fifty-five *Fintani*, sixty *Cormacs*, and two hundred *Colemans*. Most of the above are Irish names Latinized.

Maildulphus, an Irish monk, and very learned man, went to England in 676. Of him the English *Camden* has the following notice:—

“Nor was it known by any other name, for a long time, than Ingleborn, till *Maildulphus, a certain Hibernian Scot, a man of the soundest erudition, and a peculiar sanctity of life,* being taken by the deliciousness of the grove, after his opening a school, and devoting himself, with his congregation, to a monastic life, built a monastery in it: from hence it began to be called by Maildulphus, instead of Ingleborne, by Bede, the ‘city of Maildulphus,’ and afterwards contracted into Malmesbury. *Among the disciples of Maildulphus, ALDELMUS, who had been appointed his successor,* was particularly noted; *for he was the first of the English people who wrote in Latin, and was the first who taught the English to compose Latin verse.*” — *Camden*, p. 176.

St. Cuthbert, son of an Irish prince, was born at Kenanuse, otherwise Kells, in Meath, and became a monk, and was summoned to Lindisfarn, by Eata, bishop of that see; from thence he went to an island called Farne, some leagues in the sea, where he lived as a hermit, till he was appointed bishop of Lindisfarn: with reluctance he accepted that dignity, but was constrained to yield to the solicitations of King Egfrid, and some bishops whom he had assembled in synod for that purpose.

St. Gertrude, having become, on the death of her mother Itte, abbess of Nivelles, in Brabant, sent to Rome for relics of the holy martyrs, and for books of piety; she also sent to Ireland for learned men, to expound the Holy Scriptures, and instruct the nuns in them, and to preach the word of God in the country around.

“Rome, at that time, took care to have the relics of the saints and holy books brought to her; she sent to Ireland for learned men to expound to herself and to her people the canticles of the holy law, which the Irish had almost by heart. The monastery of Vossuensis was built on the banks of the Sambre for receiving the saints Fullanus and Ultanus, brothers of St. Furseus.” — *Breviary of Paris*.

St. Kilian left Ireland, with two companions called Colonat and Totnan, the one a priest and the other a deacon. Being desirous to visit the church of Rome, he took his route through Flanders and Germany. On his arrival in Rome, having been presented to Pope Conon, the holy father found him to be possessed of so much wisdom, and so perfect in his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, that he ordained and appointed him to preach the gospel to the infidels of Franconia, where

having converted Duke Gosbert, and a great number of his subjects, he fixed his see at Wirtzburg, of which he was the first bishop, and was afterwards honored as a martyr.

“St. Kilianus, an Irish monk, preached in these times the evangelical doctrine to the eastern Franks, and is called their apostle.” — *Chronicles of Cardinal Bellarmini.*

“In a district of Austria, where stood a castle of New France, nay, a city, as, in the Teutonic dialect, Wirtzburg, situate near the River Meuse, signifies, the martyrdom of St. Kilianus, the first bishop of that city, and that of his two disciples, Colonatus, a presbyter, and Totnanus, a deacon, took place. They came from Ireland, the island of the Scots, and, after receiving the authority of the apostolical see, they preached the name of Christ to that city and district.” — *Martyrology of Notker.*

Gosbert, whilst he was a pagan, married Gielana, his brother's wife; but, being converted to Christianity, St. Kilian, like another John the Baptist, reproached him, with truly apostolical freedom, for this incestuous marriage, and advised him to separate from her; Gielana, exasperated at the holy prelate's reproof, caused him and his companions to be assassinated on the 8th of July, 689, the day on which they are honored by the church as martyrs.

Sedulius, surnamed *the younger*, to distinguish him from the great Sedulius, of whom we have spoken, in the fifth century, went from Ireland to Rome, where he assisted at a council held against illicit marriages, the 5th of April, 721, under the pontificate of Gregory the Second. He left to posterity compilations on the Gospel of St. Matthew, which are still to be seen in manuscript in some of the libraries in Paris. There are other manuscripts in existence attributed to him.

St. Donatus left Ireland with his companion Andrew, and, after travelling through France and Italy, settled in Etruria, now Tuscany, where he led the life of a hermit for some time, after which he was nominated bishop of Fiesole. He remained for a considerable time at the head of that church, and became celebrated for the brilliancy of his virtues. It is affirmed that the Dominicans at Rome have his life in manuscript; he wrote his travels, the office of his church, and commentaries on the Holy Scriptures; he gave also a description of Ireland in hexameter and pentameter verse, some fragments of which are quoted by Colgan. The following is a translation of his description of Ireland: —



"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,  
 By nature blessed, and SCOTIA is her name,  
 Enrolled in books; exhaustless in her store  
 Of veiny silver and of golden ore;  
 Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth,  
 With gems her waters,\* and her air with health;  
 Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow;  
 Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow;  
 Her waving furrows float with bended corn,  
 And arms and arts her envied sons adorn;  
 No poison there infects, no scaly snake  
 Creeps through the grass, or settles in the lake —  
 A nation worthy of its pious race,  
 In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace."

In the eighth century, the high scholastic reputation of the Irish, had become established throughout Europe. That mode of applying the learning and subtilty of the schools to the illustration of theology, which assumed, at a later period, a more systematic form, under the name of the scholastic philosophy, is allowed to have originated among the eminent divines whom the monasteries of Ireland in this century poured forth. Amongst the lights, that shed their brilliant rays, at this time, not only on their own country, but on Europe, was the eminent *Virgilius*, whose real name was Feargal. Arriving in France, anno 746, on the Christian mission, he attracted, by his preaching and writings, the notice of the monarch Pepin, the father of Charlemagne. He became an inmate of his princely residence on the Oise; from thence, after a stay of two years, he proceeded to Bavaria, bearing letters of introduction from the monarch to the duke of that province. A theological discussion grew up between Virgilius and Boniface, the great missionary of Germany, on the mode of administering baptism; and, though the pope (*Zachary*) decided in his favor, yet, the pride of Boniface having been wounded, he was not restrained from preferring charges of heresy against the Irish divine, alleging, among other things, that Virgilius taught *there was another world, and other men, under the earth.*

Virgilius had, by the lights of the astronomical and geographical studies of the Irish colleges, BECOME CONVINCED OF THE SPHERICITY

\* A writer in *The Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xviii., says, "I myself saw one pearl, found in the Lake of Killarney, bought for fifty shillings, that was valued at forty pounds. A miller took out a pearl, which he sold for ten pounds to one who sold it to the late Lady Glenanly for thirty pounds, with whom I saw it in a necklace. She refused eighty pounds for it from the late Duchess of Ormond."

OF THE EARTH, AND THE EXISTENCE OF ANTIPODES. The idea thus broached by the Irish ecclesiastic, creating a supposition that there was a world and a race whom Christ did not die to save, brought upon his head the suspicions of the holy see. An inquiry was ordered, from which there grew considerable excitement; but Virgilius found means to avert the condemnation of the holy fathers, by either qualifying or withdrawing his theory; for *as yet the most learned of the Latins had not mastered, to the same degree which the Irish had, the wonderful mechanism of the heavens.*

Fools have attempted, on this slight foundation, to raise a charge against the tyranny of Pope Zachary; but, as Moore observes, were it even certain that this pope was slow to believe in the existence of antipodes, he would at least have erred in good company, as already the poet Lucretius had pronounced this belief to be inconsistent with reason; and St. Augustine had denounced it as contrary to the Scriptures. *Let Ireland have the credit of having given birth and education to a man who comprehended and disclosed much of the mechanism of the heavens, and also the sphericity of the earth, eight hundred years before the sublime truths were understood and admitted by the learned of Europe.*

When Virgilius left Ireland, he was accompanied by a Greek bishop, named Dubda. Usher states that there was established a Greek college and church in Trim, which was called, in his time, the *Greek school*. The fame of her schools and churches had attracted several Greek ecclesiastics to Ireland, and it is a very remarkable fact that her own scholars were eminent and fluent masters of the Greek language in the fifth and sixth centuries.

The accession of Charlemagne to the throne of France was the commencement of a new era in European civilization. That extraordinary man not only took the field against the ambitious Mahometans, but struggled also most successfully against the prevailing ignorance of Europe. He encouraged, in the most comprehensive sense, the scholars of every nation, who flocked to his court as to the best market for the products of their intellect. Amongst the crowd of learned men which such temptation drew around him, the scholars of Ireland were distinguished. Conspicuous among the latter were the learned Irishmen *Clement* and *Albinus*. When the talents of these eminent men became known to the emperor, he assigned them distinguished positions. *Clement* was placed chief professor over the university of Paris, which he had just commenced, and *Albinus* was sent to found and preside

over a similar university in Pavia, which was to reënlighen Italy. The Italian historian *Denina*, remarking on the fallen state of Italy at this moment, when she was compelled to look to the north and the extreme west for instructors, adds, as a proof of her reduced condition, that Irish monks were placed by Charlemagne at the head of her schools. The following passage is comprehensive: "*Ma ben maggior maraviglia ci dovrà parere, che l'Italia non solamente allora abbia dovuto riconoscere da barbari boreali il rinnovamento della milizia, ma abbia da loro dovuto apprendere in quello stesso tempo le scienze più necessarie; e che bisognasse dagli ultimi confini d'occidente et del nord far venire in Italia i maestri ad insegnarci, non che altro, la lingua Latina. Carlomagno nel 781 avea preposto alle scuole d'Italia e di Francia DUE MONACHI IRELANDESI.*" — *Delle Rivoluzioni d'Italia*, lib. viii. cap. 12.

["But how much more marvellous must it appear that Italy, at that time, not only owed the reëstablishment of the militia to the northern barbarians, but had to learn of them the most necessary sciences, and was obliged to cause masters, from the uttermost confines of the west and north, to come to Italy to teach them **EVEN THE LATIN LANGUAGE.** Charlemagne, in 781, had PLACED IN THE SCHOOLS OF ITALY AND OF FRANCE TWO IRISH MONKS!"]

The Italian historian, in speaking of the northern barbarians, alluded to the military skill of the Goths; his reference to the teachers of the sciences and the Latin tongue clearly applies to Ireland, for the northern nations were unacquainted with the *Latin language*, and their knowledge of science was trifling.

In Selden's *Titles* there is preserved a copy of a diploma for a doctorship, at Rome, in physic and philosophy, in which, amongst other insignia of this office, a *biretrum* was placed on the candidate's head, and a ring on his finger. Now, the word *biretrum* is not Latin, but Irish; and the cardinal's cap is, to this day, known by no other name than *biretrum*; so that the ring and cap, placed on the finger and head of the higher ecclesiastics in the Catholic ordination, are insignia borrowed from Ireland; for they are the very insignia worn by our ancient doctors in different sciences; and, as the first universities of Europe were regulated and established by Irishmen, it is most easy to account for the transfer of the customs, honors, and degrees which existed in the colleges of their native land.

“In the latter part of this century,” says Moore, “we find another native of Ireland, named *Dungal*, honored, in like manner, by the patronage of the imperial chief of France. This learned Scot addressed a letter to Charlemagne on the two solar eclipses, which proves that he was well acquainted with all the ancients had written on the subject, while, both in his admission that two solar eclipses might take place within the year, and his doubt that such a rare incident had occurred in 810, he is equally correct. While on this topic, I may mention that the Irish historians have most accurately recorded the solar eclipse which happened in the month of May, 664 — an evidence at once of their historical accuracy, and of the authenticity of their writings.”

It was at this period that a great plague happened in England, which Bede alludes to most feelingly, wherein he acknowledges that his countrymen, both “noble and of lower rank, had retired to Ireland to pursue a course of studies, and to lead a stricter life;” and the historian adds the creditable fact, that the Irish most cheerfully received all these strangers, and supplied them **GRATUITOUSLY** with **FOOD**, with **BOOKS**, and **INSTRUCTION**; on which Ledwich remarks, “So zealous and disinterested a love of learning is unparalleled in the annals of the world.”

The very circumstance that Charlemagne, after he retired to a monastery, consulted Dungal, as one of the few European scholars worthy of being consulted on profound questions, proves the high estimation in which he had been held. The authors of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France* say, “*Ce qui paroît appuyé tant sur son nom, que L’HIBERNIE fournit alors plusieurs autres grands hommes à la France,*” — [“which appears grounded as much upon his name as upon HIBERNIA’S GIVING, AT THAT TIME, MANY OTHER GREAT MEN TO FRANCE.”]

We find *Dungal*, in some time after, placed over the great university of Pavia, and invested with the supreme management of the public schools established through Italy. How high was the position of the Irish scholar may be estimated from the first sentence of the capitular of Lothaire the First, in reference to education: “*Primum in papia conveniant ad Dungalum de mediolano, de laude de Bergamo, de Novaria,*” &c. No mention is made of any other professor — Dungal alone is made special in this law. Dungal bequeathed to the monastery of Bobbio, in honor of his great countryman, Columbanus, a valuable collection of books, “the greater part of which,” says Moore, “are now at Milan, having been removed to the Ambrosian library by Cardinal Frederic Borromeo.” Indeed, several of the French writers of the eighth and

ninth centuries bear testimony to the learning of the scholars of Ireland, as well as to that disinterested zeal which prompted them to travel from their native land through so many strange countries. "What shall I say of Ireland," exclaimed Eric of Auxerre, "who, despising the dangers of the deep, is migrating, with almost her whole train of philosophers, to our coasts?"

The French historian Mezeray mentions with astonishment the number of Irish who entered Gaul, to instruct the people. He highly extols their piety and learning, and proclaims the new face the country assumed by the very labor of their hands. Hear his own words: "It must be acknowledged that these crowds of holy men were highly useful to France, considered merely in a temporal light, — for, the long incursions of the barbarians having quite desolated the country, it was still, in many places, covered with woods and thickets, and the low grounds with marshes. And these pious, religious men, who devoted themselves to the service of God, not to a life of indolence, labored with their own hands to grub up, to reclaim, to till, to plant, and to build, — not so much for themselves, who lived with great frugality, but to feed and cherish the poor, — insomuch that uncultivated and frightful deserts soon became agreeable and fruitful dwellings; the heavens seemed to favor the soil, reclaimed and cultivated by hands so pure and disinterested." "*I shall say nothing,*" he adds, "*of their having preserved almost all that remains of the history of those times.*"

The frightful wastes of Italy and Germany were alike reclaimed by those missionaries, and instruction spread around, like a rich and plentiful banquet.

During the troubles occasioned by the Danish invasions of Ireland, about A. D. 800, many pious and learned ecclesiastics fled to France. Wherever they settled, they established houses of learning and hospitality, such as they were accustomed to in their own country. In the council of *Meaux*, in France, held in 845, amongst other acts, there passed, is the following: "That complaint shall be made to the king, of the ruin of hospitable houses, *but particularly of those of the Irish nation, founded by charitable natives of that country.*" And the ordinance goes on to describe the offensive acts of the intruders, against whom it was directed. It continues, "Not only have these intruders refused to receive or entertain such as present themselves for relief, but they have even ejected these religious persons, whose duty it was to relieve the sick, the distressed, and the stranger." This is extracted from Fleury's Ecclesiastical History of France.

They built their cells in woods and desert places, living on an antediluvian diet, and making it a part of their vows to reclaim and cultivate deserts, not for their own, but the emolument of the poor. From this it is that the old abbeys had around them so much land called "commons," or land free to all. This ground, originally waste, was claimed by no one, and was given for the use of the poor after the necessities of the abbeys were provided.

Many such facts are scattered through the civil and ecclesiastical histories of France. A vivid recollection of the services rendered to French literature by Irishmen, prompted the eminent historian, Monsieur Michelet, the chief of the historical section in the Archives du Royaume, in his able History of France, published 1840, speaking of the social condition of the Celtic tribes in ancient France, to exclaim, "A strange destiny that of the Celtic world! Of its two divisions, one, though the least unfortunate of the two, perishes, wastes away, or loses its language, its costume, and its distinctive character—I mean the Highlanders of Scotland, with the populations of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. These, forming the serious and the moral element of the race, seem to be dying away, and threaten to become extinct. The other part, full of life, multiplies and increases in spite of every thing—I speak of Ireland.

"Ireland! the eldest of the Celtic race, so far away from France, her sister, who is unable to defend her, except across the waves! the Isle of Saints! the Emerald of the Seas! all-fertile Ireland, whose men shoot up like blades of grass, and frighten England with the ominous sound that daily rings in her ears, 'There is a million more of them!' the land of poets, of men of daring thoughts—of John Scotus Erigena, of Berkeley, of Toland, of Moore, and of O'Connell! People of the brilliant word and the swift sword! people that in this, *the decrepitude of the world, still retain the gift of song!* Let England smile, if she will, when, in some obscure and wretched corner of her crowded cities, the Irish widow is heard raising the coronach over her husband's corpse. Weep on, unhappy Ireland! France, weep thou too! weep that thou seest in thy capital, *over the door of the House of Learning*, still open to the children of Ireland, *the harp* that in vain demands thine aid! Let us weep that we cannot give back to her the blood that she has spilt for us! But must we not speak our grief? Is it to be in vain that, within less than two centuries, four hundred thousand Irishmen have combated in our armies? And are we to witness the sufferings of Ireland without uttering a word?"

But the most extraordinary, perhaps, of all the scholars of Ireland, and the most distinguished certainly of the middle ages, was JOHN SCOTUS, who bore the distinctive title of *Erigena*. All the historians are loud in their praises of him. He was a very learned man indeed, — probably the most profoundly learned that appeared in Europe from the dawn of Christianity to his own time. Although he belonged to no ecclesiastical order, he studied much in solitude, and seems to have made every science and every art, by turns, the object of his investigation. It would seem, too, from his life, that the object of it was to gather the flowers of knowledge through the valleys of his native land, only to scatter them on those of other nations. We find him in France, about the year 845, enjoying not only the patronage, but the friendship of the monarch of that country, Charles the Bald, and employed by him to translate from the Greek the mystic treatises on theology ascribed to Dionysius of Alexandria — a book that effected a wonderful sensation in the literary world, not only by the original principles of the author, but from the profound conception and commentaries of the translator, who was the first lay Christian of Europe that dared to dive into the ocean of theology, bringing with him, through his course, the principles of philosophy — illustrating the truths of the one by the demonstrations of the other.

As this work was filled with metaphysical and obscure questions on the divine nature and attributes, Pope Nicholas the First wrote a letter to Charles, in which he observed, that John, one of the nation of the Scots, had translated into Latin the works of Denis the Areopagite, concerning the names of God, and the celestial hierarchy, which book should have been sent to him for his approval, particularly as John, though in other respects a man of profound learning, was suspected of an error of faith; he consequently begged of him to send the book and its author to Rome, or to expel him from the Paris university. The king, being desirous to keep in with the pope, without giving umbrage to John Erigena, advised him to return to his own country, in order to avoid the storm. In obedience to the king's desire, John returned to Ireland. According to Ware, he subsequently came to England at the solicitation of King Alfred, who employed him some time afterwards in reëstablishing the schools at Oxford. He adds, "Isaac Wake informs us, that the *Statutes of Alfred and Erigena*, a Gothic work, were preserved there in his time, as monuments of antiquity." Mr. Moore, without *producing any authority*, says John Erigena died in France; but when we have, against this assertion, Leland, the Eng-

lish antiquarian, Isaac Wake, Ware, and the Abbé M'Geoghegan, I must respectfully differ from him. Leland, who, during the reign of Henry the Eighth, spent several years examining the literary contents of the monasteries, takes care to distinguish the Irish John from a Saxon scholar of the same name, who distinguished himself, about the same time, in the court of Alfred. See Leland's Commentaries, cap. 115.

The reader, who has patiently perused the previous part of this book, who has weighed the unimpeachable authorities arrayed in favor of Ireland's claims to be the *school of Europe*, during the early and middle ages of Christianity, will not be surprised to read that King Alfred himself, like the rest of his Saxon countrymen, received his education in Ireland. There are Englishmen, and Scotchmen too, who will take up the Gospels and swear upon them that this is false. It is useless to quote the Venerable Bede, the Saxon writer of the seventh century, and various eminent men of that nation, down to Dr. Johnson, Warner, and Sir James Mackintosh, who honorably acknowledge it. Such sentiments as the following find little credence with those who contribute to keep Ireland in slavery. "This country [the Danes] pressed upon Ireland likewise with the like carnage. There were in it, at that time, many nobles and gentry from among the English, who, in the time of Bishops Finan and Colmanus, having withdrawn themselves thither, for either the sake of divine study or to lead more chaste lives,—some gave themselves up to a monastic life, and others attended in the monasteries to hear the professors. *All of them the Scots most freely admitted, and supplied them GRATIS with daily sustenance, with books, and masters.*" — *Bede's Church Hist.* b. 3, c. 27. Macpherson says, "In the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, religion and learning flourished in Ireland to such a degree, that it was commonly styled the mother country of saints, and reputed the kingdom of arts and sciences. *The Saxons and Angles sent thither many of their princes and princesses, to have the benefit of a pious and learned education. It ought likewise to be acknowledged that some of the most eminent teachers of North Britain received their instruction at the Irish seminaries of literature and religion.*" In fact there was a college dedicated, in Mayo, to the exclusive education of the Saxons: it was called *Maigh-Coan-Sasson*, or Mayo of the English. Bede says that, in the time of Adamnar, there were one hundred Saxon saints in that college. The Benedictine monks of St. Gall, in Switzerland, mention, in the ninth century, that they derived the principal part of their *books* from Ireland. "*Our Anglo-Saxons,*" says Camden, "*went, in those times, to Ireland as if to a fair, to*



*purchase knowledge ; and we often find, in our authors, that, if a person were absent, it was generally said of him, by way of a proverb, that he was sent to Ireland to receive his education ; it even appears that our ancestors, the ancient Anglo-Saxons, had learned the use of characters in Ireland ; and from the Irish, our ancient English ancestors appear to have RECEIVED THEIR METHOD OF FORMING LETTERS, AND OBVIOUSLY MADE USE OF THE SAME CHARACTERS WHICH THE IRISH NOW MAKE USE OF.*— Camden, British edition, p. 730. Camden wrote in the sixteenth century, and meant, of course, the old Irish character of the Irish language, *which, in fact, is, for the most part, substantially the self-same letter that all, who write the English in the present day, use in their manuscript characters.*

Notwithstanding all that we can prove, when we claim the honor of originating those jural and political institutions, which Alfred established in Britain, our claim is denied. Let those, then, who deny our claims, show where Alfred obtained his education. Is it likely he would be sent to the secondary or inferior schools of Europe, while those of Ireland, which stood at the head of all, were open ? M'Geoghegan says, " Alfred went also to Ireland to perfect himself in the study of philosophy and the sciences — *In Hibernia magno otio litteris imbutus omni philosophia composuerat animum.*" p. 198. Where, if not in Ireland, did he learn to play on the harp ? Where, if not in Ireland, did he find the *trial of the twelve men* ? Where, at that time, if not in Ireland, did he find an assembly legislating for the government of the people ? Where, if not in Ireland, did he observe the use of a national record, of legal maxims and public events, like the *Psalter of Tara*, of which the celebrated English Doomsday Book is evidently an imitation ? When they show us any other people than the Irish, who can, in those ages, claim these distinguished attributes of nationality, we may then listen patiently to their denial of Alfred's Irish education. But when I come to treat of his exploits against the Danes, I will adduce proof of this fact which no honest man can doubt.

## THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

BY MOORE.

1. Tho' the last glimpse of E - rin with

sor - row I see, Yet wher - ev - - -

- - er thou art shall seem E - rin to

me; In ex - ile thy bo - som shall

still be my home, And thine eyes . . .

make my cli - mate wher - ev - er we roam.

## 2.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold, rocky shore,  
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,  
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind  
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

## 3.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,  
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;  
Nor dread that thè cold-hearted Saxon will tear  
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.\*

\* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth, an act was passed respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears; or from wearing glibb *Coulin*s (long locks) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called *Cromin*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish youth is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers, by which the English were meant, or those who wore the shorn habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired. *Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*. Mr. Walker informs us, also, about the same period were some harsh measures taken against the Irish mins

## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

*mf* *mf* *mf*

Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, the gray dawn is

break - ing ; The horn of the hunt - er is

heard on the hill ; The lark from her

light wing the bright dew is sha - - king ;

Kath - leen Mavour - neen! what, slum - bering

still? O! hast thou for - got - ten how

soon we must sev - er? O! hast thou for -

- - got - ten this day we must part? It

may be for years, and it may be for -

*p*

- - ev-er! O! why art thou si - lent, thou

voice of my heart? It may be for

years, and it may be for - ev - er! Then

*mf*

why art thou si - lent, Kathleen Ma - vourneen?

*mf* *mf* *mf*

Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen, a - wake from thy

slum - bers ; The blue mountains glow in the

sun's gold - en light ; Ah ! where is the

*mf*  
spell that once hung on my numbers ! A -

- - rise in thy beau - ty, thou star of my

night ! A - rise in thy beau - ty, thou

star of my night. Ma - vour - neen, Ma -

- vour - neen, my sad tears are fall - ing, To

think that from E - rin and thee I must

part; It may be for years, and it

may be for - ev - er! Then why art thou



si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It

may be for years, and it may be for -

- - ev - er! Then why art thou si - lent,

Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen?

## THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

BY MOORE.

Slow.

1. The Harp, that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The

soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on

Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So

sleeps the pride of former days; So glo-ry's thrill is

o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise,  
 feel that throb no more.

## 2.

No more, to chiefs and ladies bright,  
 The Harp of Tara swells;  
 The chord, alone, that breaks at night,  
 Its tale of ruin tells.  
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,—  
 The only throb she gives  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still she lives.

*The following admirable song, from the Dublin Nation, may be sung to the tune,—which is the very ancient air of "MOLLY ASTHORE."*

Look down on Erin's verdant vales,—so rich, so gay, so green,—  
 And tell me, can a bosom throb, not loving Ocean's queen?  
 Look round on Erin's mossy moors, her meads and mountains high,  
 And tell me, does a dastard live, who'd not for Erin die?  
 No, no; in Erin lives not now a traitor to her cause,—  
 The thundering voice a NATION speaks, each traitor overawes!  
 A beaming light is burning bright, on mountain, rock, and sea;  
 And, by the mighty march of mind, our land will soon be free!  
 Then strike the Harp, old Erin's Harp, with fearless force and bold;  
 It breathes not for a timorous hand, nor for a heart that's cold;  
 It loves the open, generous soul,—the bold, the brave, the free;  
 But for the craven, crouching slave, it has no melody.  
 You're men!—as such should know your rights, and knowing should defend;  
 Who would be free, themselves must dare the tyrant's chain to rend;  
 O, fruitless is the grief that springs above a nation's fears;  
 One firm resolve of mighty men is worth a tide of tears.

## LECTURE XII.

FROM A. D. 800 TO 1016.

Close of the eighth Century. — Names of fifty-nine Kings of Ireland. — Invasions. — Glimpse of European Affairs. — The Franks. — The Building of Paris. — Charlemagne. — His Laws. — Mahomet. — The Venetians. — Trade and Commerce. — The Danes. — Their Invasions of France, Germany, England, Holland, and Ireland. — Turgesius, their Chief. — His Devastations. — Death of Niall. — Accession of Malachy. — His many Battles with the Danes. — Danes triumph. — Danish and English Oppression alike. — Atrocities of the Danes. — Designs of the Chief Turgesius. — Frustrated, and the Danes destroyed. — Re-establishment of the Kingdom. — Death of Malachy. — Accession of Hugh the Seventh. — Further Attempts of the Danes. — Plots to foment Dissensions. — Attacks of the Danes. — Renewal of the Wars. — Retreat of the Danes on Wales. — Effects of Peace in Ireland. — Reign of Niall the Fourth. — Renewed Dissensions. — Danes renew their Invasions. — Various Battles. — Victories of Cealachan. — Stratagem to destroy him. — Southern Expedition of Sea and Land Forces. — Sea Fight of Dundalk. — Glorious Conduct of the Irish. — Defeat of the Danes. — Reign of Congulash. — New Danish Invasions. — *Brién Boroimhe*. — Routs the Danes in various Battles. — Storms Limerick. — Settlement of Munster. — Hospitality and Magnificence of Brién. — A Virgin walks alone through Munster. — Malachy the Second. — The Collar of Gold. — Lough Neagh. — War between Malachy and Brién. — Brién comes to the Throne. — Solemn Coronation. — Assembly of the Estates of Tara. — Law relating to Surnames. — *O's* and *Mac's*. — English Titles. — Revival of Literature. — Irish Teachers sought after by King Alfred. — Glance at English Affairs. — King Alfred. — Introduces the Irish Laws. — Calls an Assembly of the Estates like that of Tara. — Death of King Alfred. — Danes reestablish their Power in England. — Dissensions in Ireland. — Danes take Advantage. — Again invade Ireland. — Preparations of Brién. — Clontarf. — Morning of the Battle. — Brién's Address to his Army. — His Son Murrough takes the Command. — The Battle. — Murrough waves the "Sunburst," and leads the decisive Charge. — Victory! — Murrough killed. — Death of Brién. — The Danes completely subdued. — Inglorious Attacks of the Prince of Ossory on the Munster Troops. — Bravery of the wounded Men.

A. D. 800. ANXIOUS to follow up the deeply-interesting sketch of our literary and Christian missionaries, who appeared from the time of

St. Patrick to the close of the eighth century, and to fix in the reader's mind a distinct image of their extraordinary labors, I avoided intruding upon his attention the civil or kingly affairs of the country during the three hundred years over which I have ranged from the reign of King Laogaire, in the middle of the fifth to the close of the eighth century.

The historians of those times have left us little material connected with kings. The genius of the educated, and the labors of the people, seem to have been exclusively directed to the spread of religion and literature over Europe. The kings who reigned, and the battles they fought, are passed over with unusual brevity. As these battles were generally fought between Irishmen on their native land, it is a matter of less consequence that the Christian historians of the middle ages should have given them so little of their space. I, for one, do not regret this; for it is with the utmost reluctance that I record for publication any of those senseless sanguinary battles fought by Irishmen against Irishmen on their common birthplace. I am occasionally compelled to record them, in obedience to the order and demands of history.

Not all the virtues of the Irish are sufficient to hide the stains which those wars with each other have left upon their fame, nor all their bravery sufficient to avert the frequent calamities of invasions and persecutions which those well-known divisions have for a thousand years invited. Their proneness to contend with each other is the most senseless, as well as the most mischievous and fatal, trait in their national character. They have latterly become somewhat sensible of this, and it is hoped that, under the wise and enlightened counsels of their present chief men, it will totally disappear. Let those among them who are most patriotic, suffer injury from their countrymen without retaliation; and let those who are most in the right be the most patient and forbearing, for the sake of UNION.

From the fifth year of the Christian era to the time of Laogaire, there reigned twenty-eight kings. From the accession of Laogaire, the first Christian monarch of Ireland, about 430, to that of *Aodh the Sixth*, in the close of the eighth century, there reigned thirty-one kings; that is, fifty-nine kings in eight hundred years, which give an average of thirteen and a half years to each reign. Some of these monarchs, for the sake of union, reigned two at one time. Some of them, also, retired to monasteries in the prime of manhood. If, according to Newton, an average kingly reign of *fifteen* years be an undoubted evidence of a high degree of civilization in a people, then

the average offered by TWO THOUSAND years of the Milesian dynasty in Ireland, which comes up to thirteen or fourteen years, as the duration of each king's reign, is an unerring index of national civilization.

The following are the names of the fifty-nine kings:— *Conaire, Lughaidh, Connor* and *Criomphion, Cairbre, Fiachadhion, Elim, Tuathal, Mal, Feidhlim, Cathoir More, Con, Conaire, Art, M'Con, Feargus, Cormac, Carbrie, Feacha* and *Colla*, joint kings, *Muiriedhach, Eochaidh, Criomphion, Niall, Dathy, Laogaire, Olioll, Luga, Murtough, Tuathal, Dermod, Feargus* and *Daniel*, joint kings, *Achy, Carbra Croman, Hugh, Hugh Slaine* and *Colman*, joint kings, *Naradnach, Clearach, Daniel, Claon* and *Ceallach*, joint kings, *Dermod* and *Bleathmac*, joint kings, *Fionachte, Loingseach, Congell, Fearghall, Togartach, Aodh Ollah, Daniel III, Niall II., Dunchaid, Niall III., Aodh.*

I will not go farther into the civil affairs of the last three centuries than to glance at one or two invasions, which the Northumbrian king, and, after him, the Picts, attempted on Ireland.

“In the year of the incarnation of our Lord 684,” says Bede, “*Æcgfrid*, king of the Northumbrians, having sent General Berte with an army to Ireland, plundered that unoffending people, (who had been always friendly and well-disposed towards the English,) without sparing either churches or monasteries; however, the Irish used all their efforts, and repelled force by force. Thus this attack of the Saxons was attended by no other result than the pillaging of some villages on the coasts of the island.”

M'Geoghegan says, “In the reign of Loingsheach, (anno 700,) the Britons and Saxons made an attempt upon Ireland; they laid waste the plain of Muirtheimne, at present the county of Louth; but they were repulsed by Loingsheach, and forced to abandon their enterprise. They were afterwards totally defeated by the Ulster troops, at Moigh-Cuillin, or Ire-Connaught, in the county of Galway. They again landed, for the sake of plunder, arrived during the reign of *Feargall*, (712,) in Ulster, where, after a bloody engagement fought at Cloch-Mionuire, they were entirely routed by the Dalriads and other tribes of Ulster.”

In the long and peaceful reign of Daniel, (Domhnall,) A. D. 743, the Picts made sudden incursions into Leinster. They were, however, totally defeated by the Leinster troops, in the district of Ossory, where their king and leader, Cabasach, was slain.

It may be well to turn aside here from our direct study of Irish history, for the purpose of glancing at the general state of Europe, at this era.

Among the most conspicuous of the European nations about this time was the empire of the Franks. The *Franks* were a German race, that rushed into Gaul on the breaking up of the Roman empire. They were *frecmen*, attached to the Roman republic, and took the name of *Franks*, or *French*, from that term. They began the city of Paris in the close of the fifth century. *Pepin* and his grandson *Le Bref* were their distinguished rulers. They were the guardians of the throne, or grand regents, and were called *mayors*; but their power in the field becoming considerable, *Le Bref* assumed the monarchy, and bequeathed it to his son, the celebrated Charlemagne. This great man added considerably to the dominion of the French; he attracted around him the ablest officers and the most learned men in Europe. Many eminent men from Ireland found, in his court, hearty encouragement, as already shown. He divided the kingdom into counties and provinces, after the Irish customs. Indeed, he adopted many of the laws of Ireland; amongst the rest, the law of *eric*, or *fine*, for crime. Charlemagne began a *Book of Maxims and Laws*, after the model of the *Psalter of Tara*, which was lost after his death, but found again in the fifteenth century. He drove the Lombards out of Italy, and gave the holy see a considerable inheritance; he met the Saracens in several battles, and confined their dominion to the east of Europe. His character was simple, but brilliant; his reign and government just and glorious. He died 814. Having divided the empire which he acquired, consisting of France, Germany, Italy, and some lesser territories, amongst his sons, they quarrelled after his death, and embroiled France in years of civil war. Germany, which was given entire to one of his sons, assumed a separate government from the rest of Europe. The revenues of a great part of Italy were placed by Charlemagne at the disposal of the holy see, in which state they have continued nearly ever since.

A large portion of the east of Europe, and of Asia and Africa, was subjected to the sway of a new conqueror, who mingled a new religious system with the prowess of his sword; this was Mahomet, a native of Mecca in Arabia, of mean extraction, but of great learning and acquirements. He flourished about the beginning of the seventh century. He pretended to the gifts of prophecy and revelations from Heaven. His countrymen, for infinite ages, had worshipped the sun and stars; but he taught the existence of a Supreme God, denying that Jesus Christ was divine, but admitting his doctrine to be good, and his mission,

like his own, that of a prophet. Mahomet had studied the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, and formed on their basis a testament of his own, which he called the *Koran*. It was beautifully written, in detached pieces, and during certain retreats to mountains and woods, to which he retired at intervals, after the manner of Moses, to commune with God. When any part of his doctrines was disputed, he generally retired, under pretence of laying the objections before the Most High, and, after a due interval of absence and communion, he returned with a further piece of the *Koran*, which either silenced or satisfied his adversaries. He pretended that these detached pieces were brought to him, in his retreats, by the angel Gabriel. Its florid composition, and its splendid Arabic language, imposed on the vulgar. The *Koran* was thus compiled as a rule of faith and morals, and whenever its inspired character was questioned, the prophet boldly defied his opponents to write one chapter like it.

Mahomet, though persecuted for his preaching, gained an extraordinary ascendancy over his followers. The persecutions which he and they encountered prompted them to combine for defence, and ultimately they became offensive. Mahomet finally assumed the title of king, with that of prophet, arrayed a numerous army, attacked and robbed all those who refused to believe his creed. The plunder which followed his conquests attracted vast armies to his standard. His religious tenets, embraced in *Islamism*, admitted the utmost libertinism to his followers; each man was allowed four wives, besides concubines, but was forbidden all intoxicating liquors under pain of death. He laid under his dominion an incalculable extent of territory in the East. He died at the age of sixty-three; and then, his armies ranging under his principles, their command was assumed by his father-in-law, *Abu Bekr*. The Christians opposed these armies in many very great battles, at one of which, Yermouth, in Syria, one hundred and fifty thousand Christian soldiers were slain. The Mahometans then conquered Egypt, Persia, Armenia, Mesopotamia, and the north of Africa. In the course of seventy years, this Mahometan, or *Saracen*, empire was extended from India to Siberia, and from Samarcand to the Atlantic. Their African soldiers, called Moors, vanquished the Visigoth kings who reigned in Spain and Portugal. They invaded Italy, and besieged Rome. Here they were met by the French forces under *Louis le Debonnaire*, and driven back towards their stronghold in Spain. After this they kept at a distance from the western Christian states. Spain was for a long period subject to their power, and the Christians of the Holy Land,



around Jerusalem, seem to have been the peculiar object of their vengeance. Their cruelties towards the Christians were shocking, and extended to such a degree, that the Christian kings of Europe, about the middle of the eleventh century, at the instigation of *Peter the Hermit*, raised a million of soldiers, at the head of whom they marched to the Holy Land, to avenge on the Saracens the outrages they had committed on their fellow-believers. These wars were called the "wars of the crusades," and they engaged, it may be said, the physical strength of the greater part of the world for more than a century. Millions of human beings fell victims on both sides; the flow of blood was at length temporarily stopped by the victorious Saracen, *Saladin*, who, after overthrowing an army of three hundred thousand Christian soldiers at the walls of Jerusalem, in 1187, proclaimed liberty of conscience to the Christians.

These wars were, however, again renewed, in the succeeding century, by several European kings, under pretence of protecting Christianity, but really to extend dominion. They were the cause of unprecedented carnage. The cross was hoisted again on the flag of the Christian warriors; the crescent on that of the Saracens. From the beginning to the close of those wars, upwards of *forty millions* of human beings were slain — a dreadful carnage. Yet Christianity might have had to contend for freedom to this day with the followers of Mahomet, had not this vigorous resistance been offered to their arms by the Christians; though, doubtless, the ambition of the Christian kings and knights led them to exceed the limits of their first design, which extended only to the protection of fellow-Christians.

Next in importance was the rise of the republic of Venice. The great monarchs of Christendom concerned themselves, for many centuries, only in the affairs of war. Trade and manufactures were left to be minded by the petty states and towns of Europe, which were not of consideration enough to be consulted in the great affairs of the world. Some of these came to grow rich and powerful, and some of the others became poor by war and luxury. The first amongst the states which grew into opulence and power, was the little republic of Venice. It held the mastery of the commerce of the world for better than a thousand years. This singular city was begun, in the fifth century, by a few fugitives from Rome, who settled upon one of the marshy islands at the head of the Adriatic Sea. Some say they fled from the cruelty of Attila the Hun; but I rather think they were persecuted Christians, for, soon after their settlement, they erected, on the Island of the Rialto,

a church to St. James, which was to be seen, in the sixteenth century, in the midst of the most opulent part of the city.

These refugees increased; they lived by fishing and hunting. There were seventy-two islands in the Adriatic cluster, which were ultimately covered with buildings, and connected with each other by four hundred and thirty bridges. The huts of the first settlers changed, in the course of time, to large palaces and warehouses; the fishing-boats, to ships of commerce; and the fishermen, into carriers between the east and the west. As they grew in opulence, they formed themselves into a republic. They elected, periodically, a chief man and a council for their government. Their chief was called a *doge*, and theirs was the model of modern republics.

The Venetian republic grew to be the greatest commercial power in the world. For several centuries they sustained that character. The crusaders employed their ships and merchants in their busy intercourse with the East, by which Venice acquired unbounded wealth and extensive connections. For better than two centuries, they were the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks and Tartars. They were the frontier power, and their colonies were the objects of Turkish ambition. Genuine freedom seemed to have abode with them for several centuries. They were the centre and distributors of literature, art, and science, in Europe, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. Their republican constitution sustained them independent for better than a thousand years, and only fell into decay by the vice and luxury of an overgrown aristocracy. Venice fell, under the repeated assaults of the Turks, in 1669. The war had continued for nearly half a century, during which forty thousand Christian soldiers, and one hundred and eighteen thousand Turks, were slain.

The nation next in importance, and more directly so to the Irish reader, is that Scandinavian irruption of men generally denominated "*Danes*." They issued from the north of Europe in inexhaustible numbers. Born to a cold and cheerless climate, and a sterile earth, they were ready to risk life, and incur any degree of hardship, for the luxuries of a southern soil. Aided by the great quantity of the best ship timber to be found upon their barren hills, they fitted out fleets, which were placed under resolute leaders, whom they denominated *sea kings*. The object of their first efforts was simply plunder. They usually put to sea in the summer, issuing from the basin of the Baltic in large fleets, plundering the European coasts on the Atlantic, and returning to their unapproachable fastnesses in the north. Encouraged by successes,

they proceeded into the very heart of Europe. In the time of Charles the Bald, (843,) they plundered many parts of France ; even in the reign of Charlemagne, they attempted the same thing, but were kept in check by the dread of his arms. But now, they sailed boldly up the Seine, plundered Rouen, while another fleet entered the Loire, and laid waste all the rich country washed by that river ; carrying away, together with rich spoils, men, women, and children, whom they sold into captivity. In 844, they appeared abroad in greater numbers ; attacked England, Ireland, France, Spain, and Germany ; they astonished and alarmed all Europe ; they entered the Elbe, plundered Hamburg, and penetrated far into Germany.

They were called Northmen, or *Normans*, by the French ; and these daring adventurers penetrated, at one time, under Eric, their king, as far as Paris. Its inhabitants fled, and the city was burnt. Their fleet, with little resistance, burnt Bourdeaux. To avert the destruction, Charles the Bald compounded with them for a large sum, and Charles the Gross yielded them a part of his Flemish dominion. This only tended to increase their confidence. Their leaders continued their attack until *Rollo*, one of their chiefs, compelled the king of France (anno 912) to surrender a large portion of the territory of Neustria, and to give him his daughter in marriage. This territory was formed into a new kingdom, called *Normandy*, of which Rouen was the capital.

In England, they were equally successful ; they entered the Thames, sailed up to London, sacked it, drove the Saxon kings from their stools, and laid the whole country under tribute. Their ravages in England were like those in France and Germany. They were of a plunderous character, observed none of the usual conditions of warfare ; gave no quarter, respected no age, sex, or condition ; they looked upon literature and books with the most savage enmity, making it their special duty to destroy every literary collection which they could seize. They appeared to affrighted Europe as a terrible scourge, which nothing could avert.

They visited Ireland about the close of the eighth century. They sailed up through her rivers, landed suddenly from their small craft, pillaged the people, murdered the clergy, destroyed the churches, burned the libraries, and returned quickly with their spoils to sea. This harassing warfare was kept up on the Irish for many years. It was in vain that the pillagers were met and defeated in pitched battles—in vain that thousands of their numbers were slain in countless engagements. They seemed to be nothing the less in numbers or ferocity. After a pillaging

and wasting war, or series of invasions, of half a century, during which many of the best commanders of Ireland, and unnumbered legions of her bravest men, were slain,—under which accumulated misfortunes, *Connor*, the monarch of Ireland, died of grief, in 821.

The Danish chief, *Turgesius*, now appeared in the north of Ireland, with a fleet of three hundred ships, filled with an overwhelming army. They landed in several harbors, and forced their way through the country; during which, they took Armagh, then the chief city of Ireland. Great was the joy of the Danes at its surrender, whilst the spirits of the Irish were depressed in an inverse ratio.

*Turgesius* having obtained the command of all those aliens, wherever dispersed, who had made a footing in Ireland before his arrival, availed himself, with great tact, of this additional power; for he aimed at the thorough conquest of the kingdom. His different detached parties were every where in action. Whilst he possessed himself of Drogheda, another of his party took Dublin. And now was the whole country one scene of ruin and desolation. Churches and monasteries, religious and laics, nobles and peasants, without discrimination, suffered the utmost cruelty of sword and fire. The wealthy cities and smiling villages, where, before, such scenes of splendor, hospitality, and piety, were exhibited, became now destitute of inhabitants, and the country, instead of being covered with flocks and corn, was covered with barbarians, who were a disgrace to humanity; and, superadded to all this, there existed a lamentable dissension between the provincial kings of Munster and Connaught. The Irish, divided among themselves, refusing to support each other when attacked, gave spirit to the Danes, who had therefore nothing to fear but from the military and people of the territory on which they descended.

*Turgesius* erected forts and warlike stations in all those places which he seized, and none of the old inhabitants could return to the fond habitations of their infancy without making a formal submission to him. He took care to invest the posts on the sea-coasts with armed battalions. In vain did the Irish oppose them manfully, and cut them off in regiments of eight hundred and a thousand at a time in the interior; as the Danes were continually increased by new adventurers on the sea-coasts, it appeared as if they grew out of the sea, so interminable did their numbers appear. The interior part of Ireland was yet free from their absolute power, and poured forth new men to defend those places nearest to them. *Turgesius*, in imitation of the Irish, built light barks to run into the interior of the country. He filled the Shannon, and other

rivers, and lakes, with myriads of armed men. Loch *Neagh* and Loch *Erne* were covered with small craft full of armed pirates, landing on every side, pillaging churches and villages, and putting to the sword defenceless women and children.

Anno 835. *Niall the Third*, who succeeded Connor as monarch of Ireland, was indefatigable, at this period, in reconciling jarring interests, and animating his brave countrymen to resistance. He was enabled to collect forces enough to give battle to the Danes in two signal engagements, in which he cut them to pieces. Encouraged by his successes in reconciling jarring interests, and uniting forces to resist the invader, the monarch now made a journey into Leinster, to rally the people of that province to their duty; but he lost his life, in crossing a river, through his own excessive humanity in endeavoring to save the life of one of his officers.

Anno 848. The Irish throne was now filled by the monarch Malachy. Imitating the policy of *Niall*, he called a council of the nation at Armagh, which had been retaken from the Danes. Here the estates of Connaught, Ulster, and Meath, assembled, with several of the bishops and clergy. It was then agreed to make a general and simultaneous attack on the Danes, in every direction. This resolve was carried into effect with great vigor. The monarch himself, at the head of a brave body of troops, cut to pieces a large army of Danes, consisting of some thousands, in Meath. The brave *Dalgais* cut to pieces several hundred of them at Ard Bracen; and the people of Tyr Connell gave a signal overthrow to a large body of them near *Eausrudth*. The same success attended the people of Loch Gobhair. The monarch *Malachy*, still following up his successes, gave them battle at Glass Glean, where seventeen hundred, together with Saxolb, their general, were left dead on the field.

But these transitory successes seemed not to diminish the number of the invaders. Having made a footing in England, they found ready auxiliaries in their countrymen who had settled there, and, without waiting for troops from their native homes around the Baltic, were enabled to replace the ranks of the dead almost immediately. Their hordes appeared on the Irish coast in still greater numbers, and county after county, and district after district, fell into their hands, after rivers of the bravest blood had been shed in their defence. The wills of the conquerors became law to the vanquished. At length, every district in the land, in which an Irish chieftain resided, was obliged to entertain a Danish chief, to whom he was to submit, and from whom he was to receive

orders for the government of his people ; for the Irish would receive no commands but directly from their own chiefs.

Although this preserved the appearance of freedom amongst the people, it at the same time riveted more completely their chains. Every town, besides its old magistrate, was superintended by a Danish captain, with his company ; every village had a sergeant, and in every farmhouse was billeted a Danish soldier. Nothing that the citizen or farmer possessed could he call his own. The cattle, the corn, the provisions, were at the disposal of the rapacious soldiery. The inhabitants dared not sit down to their meals until these banditti were first satisfied. Universities and schools were filled with soldiers ; churches and monasteries were destroyed, or, where suffered to stand, filled up with pagan priests. Some of the clergy and learned men escaped the sword, and quitted the country for France, or fled to the wildernesses, and there died of starvation and cold. Religion and letters were interdicted ; the nobility and gentry were forbidden the use of arms, and the ladies were prevented receiving the education proper for their state. Reading, and every kind of literary instruction, were forbidden to the common people.

This was not enough ; the master of every house in the land was obliged to pay annually to *Turgesius's* receivers *an ounce of gold* ; and this was exacted with such rigor and cruelty, that such as could not comply were to forfeit the loss of their nose, or become slaves. Hence this tax was called *nose money* ; and such were the terms only upon which these pillagers would cease in their work of extermination. As the best blood of the country had already saturated the soil in its defence, the exhausted inhabitants submitted for a while to this state of degradation.

We look back upon those days of Ireland's suffering with natural emotions of pity. Had we lived then, and escaped from the torture of the Dane to a free country, how resolutely we would turn round, and organize some power to free our countrymen from the yoke ! And yet Ireland is subject to a like tyranny at this moment, with a single exception — that of religious liberty. There is not a master of a house in Ireland that has not to pay more than an ounce of gold to the English task-master : whether in the shape of labor, or pork, or money, or meal, the humblest cotter in the land pays his ounce of gold to the Saxon.

In addition to this, there is not a village of Ireland that has not its sergeant of police, and its dozen or half-dozen policemen, with loaded rifles, ready, upon the slightest pretence, to shoot down the people. There is hardly a mail that comes from Ireland which does not

inform us of some murders committed by those policemen, or some detestable act of espionage. We know that all that the Irish farmer can raise is little enough to satisfy the landlord, the agent, middle man, tax man, and parson — all these being the machinery by which the Saxons pillage the Irish people. We also know that if the Irish farmer is seen to wear a good coat, or a good hat, on a Sunday, or his wife a new gown, a report is made to their task-masters by the police sergeant, and strait the rent is raised five or ten shillings an acre. The people of Ireland are forbidden to keep arms in their houses, unless each sword and gun shall be registered and branded, and a tax of forty shillings a year paid to the British. This tax, in fact, amounts to a total prohibition of the use of arms to the bulk of the people. They are forbidden to fish in their own waters; for the British, after having taken possession of all the lands, have, by the river laws, taken possession of all the fish in the waters also, and a poor Irish farmer that dares fish up a salmon or trout out of those *appropriated* waters becomes liable to a long imprisonment and a fine, which must be paid ere he can get free. Then there are the game laws, which have transferred the winged creation to the English as their exclusive property. The Irish farmers, who hold as tenants under lease, or at will, are not permitted to cut down a tree or a sapling, which may be growing on their lands, without the special permission of their task-masters.

In very few features of Danish tyranny does the tyranny of England differ, save in religious liberty; and even in *that* she exceeded the Danes in cruelty and in persecution, until compelled to relent by Tone, Keogh, Grattan, Macneven, O'Connell, and the united resolves of the Irish people. England, in the midst of the nineteenth century, is a more barbarous persecutor of the Irish nation, and of mankind in general, wherever she can send her pirate navies with a chance of impunity, than ever were the barbarians that issued from the north of Europe in the dark ages we are now considering; and the public opinion of civilized man must be brought to bear against this barbarian power, as it was brought against the Danish power, in the ninth and tenth centuries, when they were driven out of Ireland and England, and other parts of Europe, by one simultaneous effort of indignant man. The storm is gathering around England; and, no matter what appearances she may exhibit, we know she is rotten *within*, rotten *throughout*, and can be shaken to atoms by the thunder-voice of united millions.

The brutal invasions on female liberty and virtue which these barbarians (the Danes) at length began to practise, drove the people to madness.

All decency was sunk, and the virtuous daughters of Ireland were forcibly torn, by those monsters, from the parental shrine, or the nuptial sanctuary.

The chief Dane, *Turgesius*, had a palace built for himself in the same fort where *Malachy*, the Irish king, was permitted, as a sort of prisoner, to reside. Though the *Dane* arrogated supreme sway, yet he frequently condescended to visit *Malachy*, his brother king, who, through a constrained policy, was obliged to entertain the usurper. During these repeated visits, the unwelcome guest became aware of the beauty of one of King *Malachy's* daughters, and, in a compulsory way, demanded the lady for his dishonorable association. This was the deepest wound that was yet struck into the afflicted heart of the Irish monarch. It was not enough that his dominions were overrun by an unearthly swarm of monsters; it was not enough that his dignity was eclipsed and his crown removed from his venerable brow; it was not enough that he was held a vassal prisoner in his own palace, in the presence of his family and followers; but, to complete his humiliation, there comes this superadded misfortune,—he must resign his virtuous daughter to the unlawful power of the usurper.

The king endeavored to amuse the Danish chief by assuring him that there were several young ladies in his family or neighborhood who far surpassed his daughter in beauty; but the arrogant Dane, whose passions had hitherto been strangers to any refusal, declared his inflexible determination, in case the king refused, to take away the young princess by force. Though stung to the heart by the infamous resolution of the tyrant, *Malachy*, with consummate policy, disguised his indignation and resentment; and, instead of an affront, he affected to take it as an honor, and assured the Dane that he would positively send his daughter on the next evening, accompanied with fifteen of the most beautiful virgins that he could find amongst all his people, and if the princess still appeared to his eye the most attractive, then he consented that the Dane should possess her; but if fascinated by any of the other ladies, he then trusted to his *honor* to restore his daughter.

The lascivious Dane was not only satisfied, but extremely delighted with the proposal; he called together fifteen of the most daring and influential chiefs of his party, and communicated to them the intrigue, to each of whom he promised to sacrifice a beautiful virgin in his palace—an intimation received with uproarious delight.

*Malachy* planned an escape from this degradation, which, if unsuccessful, must have caused his death, and the complete destruction of



his family. His plan was this: He got together fifteen of the handsomest young men he could find in the neighborhood, amongst his friends and followers, on whose spirit and resolution he could depend, and, after communicating to them the secret of his purpose, and pledging them to execute it to his wish, he had them all attired in the most costly habiliments of a lady's wardrobe. Every one of them was, however, armed with a *dagger*, beneath his robe. The king then instructed them in the part they were to act, and promised that he and a good body-guard would be within call at the Dane's fort. Thus accoutred and disciplined, the princess and her companions went to the Dane's castle, where they no sooner arrived than they were conducted to an apartment, where the chief and his associates were preparing to receive them. The princess and her companions were inspired with very different feelings from those entertained by the Danish heroes. Amongst the trembling sensations of the moment, which must have pervaded their hearts, the love of country was predominant. They knew, if they missed the blow which they now meditated, that they and their country were sacrificed.

*The moment arrived!* Turgesius had looked over the faces and figures of all the visitors, and, having selected the princess from amongst all, proceeded to embrace her, when, she giving the signal, her companions plunged their daggers into the hearts of their respective partners; every one of the Danes, except the chief, was put to death: him they bound; and instantly, at a signal given, King Malachy, with his guards, broke into the fort, sword in hand, giving no quarter. The Danish officers and soldiers fell promiscuously in the carnage, and not one remained alive, or was suffered to escape with the tale. The revenge of the Irish being thus satisfied, Malachy had the tyrant bound in irons, and brought before himself and courtiers, upbraiding him with all the horrid crimes he had committed; he had him dragged along in his procession to grace the victory, and finally flung him, covered with irons, into Lough Neagh.

No sooner was this success over the Danish chiefs made known outside, but it spread quick as light over the island; and the news could not travel quicker than did the resolution of the Irish people to throw off the yoke which had so long enslaved them. As soon as the Danes found their chief taken prisoner, and many of their commanders killed, they in turn became panic-stricken and dispirited; and, as if the charm of their power lay in their leader, no sooner was he taken than their courage forsook them: so the same cause produced in the hearts of the

Irish such new courage and animation, like men awakened from a trance or a dream, they were amazed to find themselves the conquerors. Such of the Danish invaders as lived near the coast betook themselves to their ships, and quitted the island; others fled to the forts and fortified places; but every where they were pursued by their infuriate foes, whom revenge and freedom excited to extraordinary deeds of war.

Malachy now took the reins of government into his hands, and called the estates together. Had it not, perhaps, been for the affront offered to the honor of his daughter, he had longer acquiesced in the bondage of the Dane. He assembled the estates near the ancient seat of legislation, in Tara, and there submitted various measures for the future defence of the country and its prosperity.

In a short time, the country became cleared of hostile ships, and an armed Dane was not to be seen in the land. Liberty was proclaimed, the remnant of the clergy and literati came forth from the wildernesses, and many of those who fled to France returned; universities and colleges were again opened, and such works, books, and writings, as could be found, after the battles, or had escaped the Danish conflagrations, were carefully collected. The glory of Malachy, and the greatness of his exploits, were the themes of the senachies and bards, and the kingdom reëchoed the sounds of joy.

Many of the Danes had settled in the maritime towns and cities, who sued the Irish monarch for pardon, proposing to swear fidelity to his crown. Their petitions were taken into consideration by the estates, and a favorable construction placed upon their intentions. They were suffered to remain in those maritime towns, where they carried on traffic. A general amnesty passed, and the few Danes that remained became incorporated, *apparently*, in interest and sentiment, with the nation. The next care of Malachy was to send ambassadors to foreign princes, announcing the happy change. To Charles the Bald, of France, he sent rich presents, of gold ornaments, Irish horses, and wolf dogs, and was about to visit that prince in person, but was cut off by death.

Anno 864. Malachy was succeeded by Hugh the Seventh. Though the Danes, as a military people, were expelled the kingdom, yet the fertility of the soil, and beauty of the country, but more especially its immense wealth, stimulated them to pant for its repossession. To effect this by force they saw was impracticable. The following project was resorted to: Three brothers, *Amelanus*, *Sitaracus*, and

*Ivorus*, Danish commanders of ability, fitted out a considerable fleet, apparently freighted with merchandise, but in which large quantities of arms were concealed; and the better to deceive the vigilance of the Irish, they were divided into three squadrons. One squadron, commanded by *Ivorus*, sailed up the Shannon, to dispose of their goods at Limerick. He waited on *Lachtna*, king of North Munster, presented him with some curiosities, requested his permission to settle in his city, with his people, in the way of traffic, promising extraordinary taxes and duties to his government for this liberty. The Danish chiefs now laid themselves out to pay their court to the different princes, in whose territories they had got footing. They entered into their interests, soothed their passions, and spirited up chief against chief; and as we know how prone our countrymen are to be deceived, and cajoled by sweet language, we are not now surprised at the success of the wily Dane. They obtained permission, for the defence of their merchandise, to build castles, which they erected of extraordinary strength. By these means, and the accession of fresh forces, under the disguise of dealers and travellers, they became, in a short time, formidable again.

Such was the preparation made by the Danes for a reconquest of the country. At this time, their successes in England and Wales were considerable. It was their policy, when they lost one station, to abandon it with perfect composure, and retreat to such places as they still held, to collect their forces for a fresh onslaught. An opportunity soon offering to put their plans into operation, the Danish chief *Ame-lanus* attacked, with a considerable force, the governor of Meath. The war between the Danes and the natives was thus again renewed, with various successes on either side: it was carried into Ulster, where, again, the clergy, defenceless women, and children, were butchered; but the northern king gathered his forces, and met the Danes at Lough Foil, in the county Donegal, and routed them with great slaughter. The Ulster monarch followed up his conquests, and appeared before the gates of Dublin, which he surrounded, and then put the Danish garrison to the sword. The Danish chiefs and soldiers, from other quarters of Ireland, came to the aid of their countrymen; but in one decisive engagement, upwards of five thousand of them were slain. Soon after this, the remaining Danes collected their scattered forces, and got them over to Wales, to the assistance of their countrymen, *Hinuar* and *Hubba*, who were then hard pressed by the Welsh.

The histories of France and England sufficiently attest the fidelity with which the Danes, in their enterprising attempts on different nations,

supported each other: the scattered forces, driven from Ireland, enabled the invaders of Wales to effect its conquest; and then it was that Roger, the king of the Britons, fled to Ireland for refuge, and was there most honorably entertained by the Irish monarch.

During the remainder of this king's reign, there were no more attempts made by the Danes to disturb the tranquillity of the Irish nation. Again arts, sciences, and literature, began to bud forth, with the sudden freshness of a warm summer, after a long, ungenial winter.

But, in 888, the Danes again invaded Leinster, plundering the churches and monasteries, and retiring to their ships with great expedition. In five years farther on, we find them plundering the churches of Armagh. The historians of those times fill their pages with recitals of the occasional depredations, committed at various parts of the sea-coasts, by these pillagers.

Anno 916, Niall the Fourth came to the throne. The Danes, who by this time had become informed of the various dispositions of the chiefs towards each other,—their private causes of quarrel, &c.,—joined one party or the other in these deadly animosities, and kindled up the passions of the people and chiefs to civil wars. And when their dissensions had been increased to a fearful pitch, the Danes intimated to their countrymen, at home, the favorable opportunity for the reconquest of the country. Accordingly, Ulster was, in 917, invaded by a large Danish force; but they were bravely met by the Ulster prince, and defeated, with great slaughter. In the ensuing year, a tremendous force appeared, in the harbor of Dublin, commanded by the Danish chief *Godfrey*; and this fresh force, uniting with the one previously in the country, attacked Dublin, carried it by storm, and put thousands to the sword.

A great annual fair was usually held in Roscrea, which is nearly the centre of Ireland: merchants resorted to it not only from all parts of Ireland, but from foreign countries, to purchase cloth, serges, and flannels, which were then manufactured largely in the south and west of Ireland. The traffic of Ireland was, at this time, considerable. The Danes of Limerick and Galway had formed a plan to surprise the merchants and traders who attended this fair; and they arrived, in several small detachments, on the borders of the Shannon, to a point within a few hours' march of the meeting. By the watchtower fires, the forces of Roscrea were alarmed, and the Irish troops, merchants, assistants, and all, turned out and killed four thousand of the Danes.

The Irish chieftains of the south placed themselves under the leadership of *Cealachan*, and attacked the Danish forts wherever they

existed in that quarter, and routed the Danes totally out of the south of Ireland. *Cealachan* then prepared a great sea fleet, to sail round to Waterford, Dublin, and the northern ports, where the Danes still retained power. In this expedition they were eminently successful, especially in Armagh and the north of Ireland generally. *Sitric*, the Danish chief, who governed Dublin, seeing his power about to be annihilated, sent ambassadors to the young heroic *Cealachan*, proposing a peace, and offering his sister, with an immense marriage portion, to the young commander. In addition, he offered him ships, and a guaranty against the further incursions of his countrymen. These proposals had the effect of inducing young *Cealachan* to listen to the wily Dane, and, as the young lady was beautiful, it was thought the prince, on seeing her, would be so enamored as to consent to the terms required by the Dane; but more than this, the treacherous Dane was determined, the moment he got *Cealachan* in his power, to destroy him.

The wife of *Sitric* was an Irish princess, and felt a natural horror at the contemplated butchery: she therefore intimated to the young hero the trap that was laid for him; but he having arrived as far as *Kilmainham*, ere he was aware of the plot, he and his followers were surrounded, and all the young knights in his train butchered.

This act of baseness roused the men of the south, and tremendous retaliation ensued. *Cealachan* was sent prisoner to the north of Ireland, from whence he found means to communicate with his countrymen in Munster, and urged them to send an expedition by sea, which was considered in a parliament of Munster; and, in consequence, one hundred and twenty ships of war were fitted out, having on board slings, bows and arrows, spears, swords, &c., all well manned. These were furnished by the following chiefs: *O'Driscol*, *O'Cobhtach*, and *O'Flan*, armed and manned ten ships each. *Corchna Dubhnee*, of *Kerry*, the hereditary admiral of Munster, fitted out thirty vessels: *O'Connor Kerry* twenty ships: from *Corcomrudth* and *Burren*, in the county *Clare*, twenty ships, and from *Corcha Bhaison* twenty ships; in all, one hundred and twenty ships. There was sent by land an expedition of twelve thousand men, in complete armor, well appointed, the choice and flower of the Munster militia. The whole of this brave army was placed under *O'Keefe*; and his commanders of battalions were *O'Hara*, *O'Connor*, *O'Gara*, *O'Coghlin*, *O'Fennellon*. He arrived before *Armagh*, then in the possession of the Danes, which he attacked, with great bravery, sword in hand, and captured.

*Sitric*, the chief Dane, and his principal followers, withdrew to *Dundalk*,

where his ships lay. Thither O'Keeffe and his valiant army pursued him ; and, on their arrival, he was found embarked in his ships out in the bay. O'Keeffe sent a flag of truce to demand the prisoners, particularly *Cealachan* and *Dunchium* ; but *Sitric* sent, for answer, that the prisoners should not be restored till a fine was paid for every Dane that was killed in fifteen battles, in which the prince *Cealachan* commanded. At the same time, *Sitric* ordered the captive prince to be bound to his main-mast, in view of the Munster army on the shore. This insult was the more galling, as the Danish ships were out of their reach. What must their delight have been then, on beholding the Munster fleet in sight, and with their oars and sails filling up the bay !

When the Irish army beheld distinctly their own admiral's flag, they sent up a shout that rent the very skies. *O'Failbhe* drew up his ships in an extended line, so as to leave room enough to work and fight. The battle begins ; the Danes fight for existence. *O'Driscol*, *O'Cobhtach*, and *O'Flan*, lead the attack by showers of spears and arrows, large stones hurled from machines, &c. They approach nearer, grapple, and board the Danes. *O'Failbhe* grappled the Danish admiral, the rest of his squadron did the like to others, and all leaped into the enemy's ships.

Never was greater valor displayed than by both parties on this occasion. The Danish fleet was much better manned than the Irish, and this made the conflict long and dubious. *O'Failbhe*, at the head of a hardy band, rushes to the mast, cuts down the prince *Cealachan* ; they are successful, and the liberated prince performs prodigies. His liberation is shouted along the ships, and reëchoed from the anxious army on the shore. *O'Failbhe* was rushed on by *Sitric*, the Dane, and a band of desperate followers ; he fell pierced by twenty spears.

His death, for a moment, intimidated his crew ; for his head was immediately severed from his body by the Dane, and exhibited, in order to strike terror into the Irish sailors and warriors ; but *Fingal*, second in command, vowed revenge on *Sitric*. He animates his brave companions ; they catch the sacred flame, and bravely second their gallant commander. *Fingal* and *Sitric* at length closed on the deck, surrounded by Danes. *Fingal*, seeing his end certain, resolved to die gloriously. By a sudden effort, he grasped *Sitric* in his arms, and plunged with him into the fathomless deep. The like did *Connal* and *Leagha*, (ancestors of O'Connell and O'Loughlin,) who engaged with the ships commanded by *Tor* and *Magnus*, brothers to *Sitric* ; and, reduced to the same extremity with *Fingal*, like him they grasped those chiefs

in their arms, and, like him, plunged with them into eternity. O'Connor Kerry and his division met the same opposition. He attacked, hand to hand, the Danish commander, whose head he cut off; and, whilst he was exposing it to his men, he met the same fate from another Dane.

In short, such bravery and determination must conquer; and conquer it did, but not till nearly every Irish chief was killed, and every Dane also; and, of that numerous host of insolent invaders, who, in the morning, manifested such insulting airs, not a single Dane remained alive at night. The page of history does not furnish a braver action than this. The enemy's ships being taken or destroyed, *Cealachan* and *Dunchiun*, the long-imprisoned princes, landed, and the sight of them on shore, after the glories of the day, may be more easily imagined than described.

The spirit of *Cealachan* and his glorious companions from the south seemed to be caught by the northern men. O'Neill fitted out a fleet on Lough Neagh, with which he attacked the Danes, and killed twelve hundred men. In like manner, the Conaccians attacked them on Lough Orb, destroying vast numbers.

Anno 946. *Congalach*, of the Heremonian line, became monarch of Ireland. He also had to contend with the Danes for his monarchy, which he did with great bravery, killing four thousand near Dublin. Several more Danish legions appear at Dublin, land, and proceed to the interior of the country, where they are met, and are generally cut to pieces. *Godfrey*, the next Danish chief that made his appearance on the Irish soil, brought with him a larger alien force than ever before appeared in Ireland; but the Irish army met and attacked them at *Mun Brocan*, in Meath, where seven thousand of them were killed on the field of battle. This victory was dearly purchased, for the Irish lost the flower of their army that day, amongst whom were *Roderic O' Cannanan*, prince of Tyr Connell, and others of high name.

In the mean time, the Danes came over in their ships, in various fleets, and secretly landed, in small detachments, all round the island. In this extremity, the Munster hero, *Cealachan*, died, which caused much grief to the Irish. His posterity assumed the name of *O'Cealachan*, and preserved a considerable part of their hereditary property to the days of Cromwell. Without dwelling too minutely on the various battles which took place between the Danes and the Irish, we will come at once to the brilliant life and exploits of *Brien*, surnamed *Boroimhe*. *Brien* was a Munster prince, the son of *Cincidi*, the king of North Munster. He was born in the year 926, and commenced his reign in

Munster, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. The length of his reign was forty-nine years ; the first thirty-seven he was king of Munster, and the last *twelve* he was monarch of Ireland.

The Danes, who occupied the south, still held nearly all the islands in the Shannon, from Limerick to the sea. Brien prepared a fleet of ships and flat-bottomed boats, and, at the head of twelve hundred brave Dalgais, he landed at Innis Catha, or Scatterry Island, near the little seaport of Kilrush.

This is the celebrated island to which *St. Senanus* retired in the fifth century, where he founded no less than eleven churches for the use of his monks, the ruins of some of which are yet standing. This holy retreat was celebrated for five hundred years ; and amongst its rigid rules was one which prohibited any female landing on the island—a law which was strictly enforced from its foundation in the fifth century to the coming of the Danes, when they took possession of the churches and grounds, butchering the holy inhabitants. Brien's first attack was on the barbarians who had thus possessed themselves of a spot so sacred.

He killed eight hundred of their best men, took possession of the island, and repaired the churches. After their reconsecration, he offered a solemn thanksgiving to God for thus enabling him to overcome his enemies. From this spot he embarked forces which sailed up the Shannon, and were every where successful in driving out the Danes from the islands and forts they occupied along that river. In every place which he retook, he repaired the churches and colleges they had destroyed, restoring the clergy to their rank and possessions. These acts of bravery and respect offered to religion and letters won for Brien the greatest popularity.

Thousands flocked to his standard, and he was thus enabled to fit out a grand expedition against Limerick, which, by the wonderful increase of the Danes there, had nearly become a Danish city. On his approach, the Danes shut the gates, and offered battle ; but Brien's invincible army carried the city by storm, scaling the walls, and meeting the foe with spear and sword. The Danish magistrates he deposed, and set up the old magistrates of the people.

Having now thoroughly subdued the Danish power throughout Munster, his next care was to give vigor to the laws. The ruined schools and monasteries he rebuilt and repaired ; he also rebuilt all the royal houses and colleges through Munster, at his own expense. It was the custom then for every prince of the royal blood to support three royal houses in his dominion. Here hospitality was done in a truly princely



style. There were thirteen of those royal houses in Munster. The public roads were, during the last hundred and fifty years of strife, torn up or neglected. These *Brien* repaired. He summoned a *feis*, or parliament, in Cashell, where many excellent public acts were passed. The lands which had been unlawfully usurped by the Danes were restored to the proper owners, and such lands as could not be clearly claimed were given over to the state. The records of the kingdom were all here carefully examined, and new copies ordered to be multiplied by the seneachies. New houses of public hospitality were erected upon the lands forfeited to the king; and the Psalter of Cashell informs us that no less a number than eighteen hundred of such houses was established in Munster. The annual revenue of Brien was very considerable. It was agreed, in the presence of St. Patrick, five hundred years previously, in Tara, that the revenue of the king of Munster should consist of six thousand two hundred and forty oxen, six thousand cows, four thousand sheep, five thousand hogs, five thousand common cloaks, one hundred green cloaks, forty scarlet cloaks, four hundred and twenty tons of iron; and the annual revenue of the city of Limerick was three hundred and sixty-five tuns of claret, besides spices, cloths and silks. "This work now before me," says O'Halloran, "mentions the proportion which the different territories of Munster paid of this revenue." The maritime force of Munster consisted, at this time, of three hundred vessels of war; they were generally of forty to sixty tons each. The land force amounted to twenty-five thousand foot and five thousand horse.

Brien restored the country, particularly his own province of Munster, to such content, and so well ordered the local government, that not a single outrage was heard of. Brien got the surname of *Boroimhe* from the vast number of cows paid to him in tribute, *bo* being the Irish of cow, and *roimhe*, tax. It was at this period of his reign that a young and beautiful virgin undertook a journey alone from one side of the province of Munster to the other, carrying in her hand a wand, at the top of which was affixed a valuable diamond ring; and this singular feat she performed without receiving the least injury or molestation. On this incident has our countryman Moore written the beautiful song, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," which will be found in the musical pages.

Anno 980. We find the celebrated *Malachy the Second* installed monarch of Ireland. The Danes had, shortly after his accession, appeared with a considerable force on the plains of Meath, to give him battle; but here *Malachy* met them at the head of his brave troops,

and killed five thousand of them on the field. It was at this battle that Malachy encountered two celebrated Danish chieftains, Tomar and Carlus, one after the other, whom he killed on the spot, taking a COLLAR of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory.

Partly on this incident Moore has written one of his beautiful melodies, and partly on the fact related by Cambrensis in relation to Lough Neagh; namely, "It was an old tradition," said Cambrensis, "that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain in a valley, by whose sudden overflowing the country and whole region became submerged, and the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water." On these interesting reminiscences the expressive stanzas,

"Let Erin remember the days of old,"

have been founded. They will be found in the music pages.

Malachy pursued the Danes to the gates of Dublin, where they shut themselves up; but he scaled the walls, carried the city by storm, and planted on its walls the green standard of his country, instead of that of the invader. Here he found several noble prisoners, whom he liberated.

Ireland was now pretty well freed from the Danish power; but, unfortunately, the jealousies which grew up in the breast of Malachy towards the hero Brien were near subjecting the nation to the power of the Danes again. These jealousies ended in a bloody conflict between the armies of both, in which the Munster hero was victorious.

Brien was then, 1001, saluted and proclaimed monarch of all Ireland, Malachy offering him the crown and sword in submission. *Brien* now received hostages from Malachy as sureties for his peaceable behavior. He also demanded hostages from all the surrounding princes. He marched his army to Athlone, and there solemnly received the fealty of all Connaught. From thence he proceeded to Armagh, where he received the fealty of the northern princes, and in the cathedral of Armagh, received the holy communion from the hands of the bishop, *Marianus*, after which Brien made an offering of rich presents to the dignitaries of the church, and the support of the cathedral of St. Patrick, and declared his intention of being there interred at his death. He then returned to *Tara*, where, in the presence of the princes and chief nobility of the land, he was solemnly anointed and crowned by the archbishop of Cashell, and it was then announced to the people, that "Brien, the son of *Cincidi*, the son of Lorcan, and so on to Milesius,

was monarch of Ireland," which was confirmed by giving the *royal shout*—a practice still followed at the coronation of the kings of England, France, and other European countries.

After Brien's coronation, a national assembly was called in Tara, where many good and useful laws were enacted, which remained in force in the southern and western provinces of Ireland for many succeeding centuries, even after the English invasion. The national history, which, during the sway of Danish power, was suffered to drop, was again taken up and continued. A law was passed, by which, to avoid confusion, certain families were for the future to be distinguished by surnames; but these were not to be arbitrarily imposed. Each chief was to be called after some certain ancestor, whose particular virtues would always remind him of his origin. Accordingly, the successors of the great *Brien* assumed the prefix, or surname, of *O'Brien*, or the descendants of *Brien*. The issue of his brother Mahon were called *Mac Mahon*. The issue of Niall the Grand were called *O'Neill*. The adjuncts of *Mac* or *O*, importing the *son*, or *descendant*, were prefixed only to the issue of the *chiefs* of that name or clan. Thus *plain Brien*, though belonging to the clan, or name, yet did not belong to the family of the *chief*; *plain Carthy*, for instance, though indicating the Carthy clan, attached not the chieftain's distinction to the wearer which the prefix *Mac* conferred.

"Per Mac atque O tu veros cognoscis Hibernos,  
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest."

By Mac and O,  
You'll always know  
True Irishmen, they say;  
For if they lack  
Both O and Mac,  
No Irishmen are they.

Some of the descendants of the Irish chieftains yet retain their estates and original titles in Ireland; for instance, O'Donoghou of the Glens, in Killarney; O'Connor Don, of Roscommon; O'Gorman Mahon, of Clare.

These titles were always so much prized in Ireland, and held in such reverence by the people, that when, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the O'Brien of Clare had accepted the title of Earl of *Thomond* from Henry, the chiefs of his own blood set fire to his noble mansion at *Clan-road*, near Ennis, and would have consumed him in the flames, but for the timely interference of *M'Clanthy*, chief justice of Munster. John

O'Neill, in the reign of Elizabeth, returned the patent of Earl of Tyrone, which his father accepted from Henry the Eighth. He complained to the queen of the dishonor his father had affixed on the blood by accepting a mushroom title from his enemies. In short, the Irish chiefs regarded the English titles as degradations.

The assemblies which met in the ancient halls of legislation, under Brien's reign, produced such a code of equitable laws, and the king had them administered with such exactness, that the whole country assumed a new face; the cities, from a ruined state, became more ample and splendid; the churches, monasteries, and public hospitals, were repaired, or rebuilt, with additional majesty; piety, peace, and plenty, spread far and wide; learning every where resumed its position and influence, and the eminent doctors of learning educated in Ireland were again sought for by every nation of Europe to superintend their schools of literature, religion, and music, — particularly those of England, which had been suppressed by the Danes.

Here may be the place to introduce a glance at the progress of civilization in England at this period. Alfred, who was educated in Ireland, and was made thoroughly familiar with all the literature, laws, and customs, known and practised there, no sooner completed the deliverance of his country from the Danes, than he introduced among his subjects all the good laws of Ireland, amongst which were the trial by jury, the law of gavel, the assembly of estates, the division of the country, into counties or shires, the law of Eric, and the Brehon code.

Turner, in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, quotes from the History of Johna Tinmouth, in manuscripts in the Bodleian library, and the chronicler Higden, (all three English writers,) and gives his belief of their account of Alfred's place of education from almost childhood, thus: "If it be true, as these chroniclers intimate, that infirm health occasioned his father, in obedience to the superstition of the day, to send him to Modwenna, a religious lady in Ireland, celebrated in sanctity, such an expedition must, by its new scenes, have kept his curiosity alive, and have amplified his information." — *Turner's Anglo-Saxons*, b. ii. chap. viii.

The learned Usher has the following confirmatory paragraph: "Ut de Polydoro Virgilio, et Nicolao Harpsfeldio nihil dicam, qui nono post Christum seculo *Modvennam et oritham* floruisse volunt, illos secuti auctores, qui magnum Illium aluredum." — *De Brit. Eccles. Primord.*

The cure here said to have been performed on Alfred by Modwenna is mentioned, also, says Moore, by *Hanmer*. Thus we have six ENG-

LISH AUTHORITIES, together with the profound Irish scholar PRIMATE USHER, assenting to the fact that King Alfred the Great received his education, from the years of sickly childhood to ripe manhood, in Ireland.

*Alfred* had been defeated in many battles with the Danes, but his courage was invincible, and his spirit untiring. When the Danes thought he and his friends were completely routed, he got into their camp in the dress of a bard, and, lulling their apprehensions with the music of his harp, informed himself of their position, returned, collected his scattered friends, attacked them at the moment he knew they feasted and indulged in excess, and by this and other signal acts of valor and generalship, freed his country from their yoke. He fought fifty-six battles with that barbarian power, and at length cleared them from his kingdom.

Alfred turned the attention of the English to building small war vessels, after the manner of the Irish. He established a regular militia on the very principle of Fion M'Cumhall's, all of whom were well armed, and registered. He introduced building with stone and brick into England, and taught his countrymen the use of *cement*, previously unknown to them. He also introduced the order of knighthood, and created the first knight that was ever made in England; namely, his grandson Athelstan. He commenced the regular record of English history, customs, and laws, after the manner of the Psalters of Tara, Cashell, and Tuam; and that record which he commenced was, in other ages, continued by Edward the Confessor, and was called by him the *Doomsday Book*, from which William the Conqueror continued his national record. The body of laws which he then established in England were the same as those in use in Ireland for so many ages, and were totally different from the civil laws of Rome, compiled in the Pandects of Justinian, or those introduced into England by William, in the eleventh century. He obliged his nobility and chief men to bring up their children to the highest state of excellence in every sort of learning. To none would he give place or command that was not skilled in letters. This was the very law and practice of Ireland for ages. He introduced the practice of marking the hour of the day by the burning of a wax candle, sticking a nail or a needle into the candle, forming divisions which would denote the time passed, each mark denoting an hour. This practice was known in the monasteries of Ireland, where watching and prayers were regulated by these watch-lights. Alfred invented lanterns to enclose these lights and protect them from the wind.

He established first, in England, an annual assembly of the *estates*, i. e., bishops, priests, gentry, and artificers — exactly following, in this respect, the constitution of the Tara assembly. This was held in London. He followed the Irish practice, dividing England into shires, (counties,) and appointing over each a lieutenant for its government — a practice continued to this day. Alfred had an astonishing memory, and could recite in verse the whole history of Ireland and England to his own times. By his bravery he freed England from the Danes, and by his wisdom conferred on his countrymen that body of laws known as the British constitution. He built many churches, after the arched style of Ireland, endowed them largely, and was buried in Winchester. After Alfred's death, the Danes again ravaged England, and so subjugated were the English, that one Dane was considered equal to ten Englishmen. I utter this on the authority of Wade, the present living historian of England. The English passed again under the Danish yoke, and became subject to their kings. The monarch, *Svein*, was succeeded on that throne by *Knut*, *Harold* and *Horda Knut*, written by some, Canute, Harold, and Hardicanute.

But we must hasten to the grand concluding acts of the life of our brave Brien Boromhe. The Danes, encouraged by their great successes in England, after the death of Alfred, as there existed nothing in that quarter to give them apprehensions, now turned their longing eyes once more on Ireland.

It has ever been the peculiar misfortune of Ireland, that her proud chieftains were prone to quarrel with each other, and, by their dissensions, give well-founded hopes to the enemies of their country. In this instance, again, Ireland was not without her petty quarrel. It arose in a very silly way. The sister of *Maolmorda*, prince of Leinster, was married to the monarch *Brien*. The Leinster prince came to Brien to pay him the obedience due from a provincial prince to the monarch of Ireland. For this act of duty he was reproved by his sister, the queen of Brien. High in her fancied dignity of blood, she would not suffer her brother to bend before her husband. This brought on a coolness and dislike, and ended in strife, which Brien avoided by every reasonable effort.

Meantime the Danes make great use of this lucky dissension, and promise *Maolmorda* secret supplies of men and arms, to resist the authority of the monarch Brien. To the shame of Ireland, I record that he listened to the treacherous proposals. The Danes thereupon make great preparations, and land a powerful army at Dublin. They came from Sweden and Norway, and also from their settlements in

England. Never before was there so powerful an army landed on her shores. Joined to the numerous tribes of Danes already scattered through the country, together with the forces of the treacherous prince of Leinster it formed a seemingly invincible army. They landed, and garrisoned Dublin with sixteen or eighteen thousand men, besides the troops which remained in their ships, that lay in Clontarf Bay, about three miles from the city.

Brien, fully aware of all their movements, was not idle. He appeared before Dublin in the beginning of April, in the year 1014. His army amounted to fourteen thousand men, and he expected reënforcements under his son Donough, who had been occupied in chastising the treachery and insolence of the Leinster prince. He offered the Danes battle on Palm Sunday, which they declined; but on Good Friday they signified, by their dispositions, that they were about to attack.

Brien felt much grieved that a day so sacred to the Christian heart should have been chosen by the heathen invaders for the work of death. But fight he must; no alternative remained.

At the earliest dawn, prior to the fatal signal, the good and gallant monarch, accompanied by his son Murrough and his grandson Turlough, rode through the ranks, animating the troops. The aged hero carried in his hand a crucifix, reminding them of the day the invader chose to give them battle; the greater part of the army formed a circle round their venerated monarch. He then addressed them in the following short but powerful appeal, which has been translated from the Annals of Innisfallen: "Be not dismayed, my soldiers, because my son Donough is avenging our wrongs in Leinster; he will return victorious, and in the glory of his conquests you shall share. On your valor rest the hopes of your country to-day; and what surer grounds can they rest upon? Oppression now attempts to bend you down to servility: will you not burst its chains, and rise to the independence of Irish freemen? Your cause is one approved by Heaven: you seek not the oppression of others; you fight for your country and your sacred altars. It is a cause that claims a heavenly protection. In this day's battle, the interposition of that God who can give victory will be signally manifested in your favor. Let every heart, then, be the throne of confidence and courage. You know that the Danes are strangers to religion and humanity; they are inflamed with the desire of violating the fairest daughters of this land of beauty, and enriching themselves with the spoils of sacrilege and plunder. The barbarians have impiously fixed, for their struggle to enslave us, upon the very day on which the Redeemer

of the world was crucified: *victory they shall not have*. From such brave soldiers as you they can never wrest it; for you fight in defence of honor, liberty, and religion — in defence of the sacred temples of the Deity, and of your sisters, wives, and daughters. Such a holy cause must be the cause of God, who will deliver your enemies, this day, into your hands. Onward, then, for your country and your sacred altars!"

The courageous old man then held out his vigil crucifix in one hand, and waved his gold-hilted sword with the other, signifying that he was willing to die in support of Christianity and Ireland. The whole army heard this address, and were greatly animated. Brien was deeply affected, and was proceeding to take his station in the midst of them, as their general, when all the chiefs interposed, and implored him, on account of his age, (then eighty-eight,) to retire to his tent, and leave the command to his son, the valiant Murrough. With this request he unwillingly complied.

The Irish army then called on their chiefs to lead them to the fight; the intrepid Dalcassians, the body-guard of Brien, raised the *sunburst* standard of Fingal, — the *Gall-greana*, or "blazing sun," marked with the arms of the O'Brien, the hand and sword, bearing the inscription, "Victory or Death!"

The clash of battle commenced; every chief, and every soldier, of the Irish army, vied with each other in evincing a valor and heroism worthy of the fame of Ireland. The Danes, on the other hand, fought with a desperate resolution — an energy that required all the genius and valor of the Irish generals to oppose. Every man fought, under his respective ensigns, until felled by the spear or axe of his adversary, when his place was quickly supplied by another. Every foot of ground was contested. "I never," writes a spectator, in the *Chronicon Scotorum*, "beheld with my eyes, nor read in history, a sharper and bloodier fight than this."

Princes Murrough and Turlough, the son and grandson of Brien, fought like invincible beings: every where they darted on the foe, like the flashes of lightning. The Danish princes, *Carolus*, *Sitric*, and *Conmael*, fell by their swords; and so did forests of others. A band of one thousand of the Danish warriors were clad in tight armor, who proved the most formidable of the foe. The fight had raged from sunrise till long past meridian, when the valiant *Murrough*, resolving to conclude the gigantic fight, snatched the standard of Fingal, waved it high above their heads, exclaiming, "*Before the lapse of an hour, this*



*must float, either over the tents of the Danish camp, or over my dead body."*

The other chiefs catch the fire of his kindling heroism, and furiously precipitate themselves on the foe. No human force could resist the overwhelming charge. The Danes, thrown into confusion, fled on every side, pursued to their very ships by the victorious Irish.

*Murrough's* right arm became so swollen, by the violent exertion of wielding his sword all the day, that he could not raise it up, and knelt beside a brook, to bathe it. At that moment a straggling party of Danes, who were retreating from the field, accidentally came near, and one of them, *Anrud*, a chief, set upon him; but *Murrough*, though not able to raise his right arm, with a trip prostrated him on the earth, and with his left arm actually dragged his coat of mail over his head, placed the point of his sword on his body, and, leaning on it, drove it through into the earth; while *Murrough* was so stooped over his foe, the expiring Dane snatched a cimeter from *Murrough's* girdle, and plunged it into his heart. The Dane expired immediately, and the brave *Murrough* lingered till the ensuing day; he received all the rites and consolations of religion, ere his valiant spirit fled from earth.

Thus fell the Ajax of Clontarf. "According to the Munster Book of Battles," says a learned antiquarian, "Prince *Murrough* was buried in the west end of a chapel, in the cemetery at Kilmainham. Over his remains was placed a lofty stone cross, of granite, on which his name was engraven. About forty-five years ago, the cross fell from its pedestal. Under its base were found Danish coins and a fine sword, supposed to be that which the prince used at the battle of Clontarf. This sword hangs now in the apartments of the commander of the forces, at Kilmainham hospital."

Let us now look after the great "star of the field," *Brien*. *Corcoran*, one of his marshals, was the first to fly to the monarch's tent, with the intelligence of the brave *Murrough's* death. He found him kneeling before a crucifix; and, on hearing the sad news, he thought the victory was won by the Danes, and instantly said, "Do you and the other chiefs fly to Armagh, and communicate my will to the successor of St. Patrick. But as for me, I came here to conquer or to die, and the enemy shall not boast that I fell by inglorious wounds." At this instant, *Broder*, the Dane, with a small party, rushing, in their despair, towards the wood, near which *Brien's* tent was erected, resolved, in the madness of despair, to be avenged. The aged but heroic monarch, see-

ing them rush into his tent, seized his sword, and with one blow, cut off the legs of the first Dane that entered. *Broder*, entering next, struck *Brien* on the back of the head with his axe; but, in spite of the stunning wound, *Brien*, with all the rage of a dying warrior, by a fortunate stroke, cut off the head of *Broder*, and killed the third Dane that attacked him; *and then calmly resigned himself to death.*

Thus, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, in the midst of conquest, fell one of the bravest, wisest, most patriotic and religious, of Ireland's princes, whose reign exhibits the most splendid display of glory in the annals of his country. His career, long and splendid, irradiated his country's name with a halo of glory. Its rays may yet rekindle in us the fire of successful resistance to the cruel oppressors who now hold that country in bondage.

*Brien* commanded in twenty-nine pitched battles against the Danes, and the last fought by him extinguished their power in Ireland. He was entombed in St. Patrick's cathedral, in Armagh, according to his will. Some of the historians record that the remains of *Murrough* were taken to Armagh. The victory of Clontarf was dearly bought: seven thousand to ten thousand Irish fell that day, and upwards of fourteen thousand Danes, with every one of their principal officers.

In a few days after the battle of Clontarf, the surviving chiefs agreed to return home, each to his respective province. The Connacians set out for their home, and so did the Ulster men to theirs.

The Munster heroes, one half of whom were wounded, began their march towards their homesteads, under *Donough*, the son or grandson of *Brien*; but I am grieved to say, that passing through the territory of *Fitzpatrick*, of *Ossory*, that inglorious chieftain came to give them battle, owing to an old grudge which he entertained towards them. The wounded men, the remnant of *Brien's* brave army, to the number of eight hundred, addressed *Donough*, their leader, urging him to allow them to join their companions against the inglorious foe. "Let you, brave prince," said they, "cause a sufficient number of stakes to be cut down in yonder wood, and driven into the battle-ground, to which let us be tied, in such a manner as to have our hands and arms at liberty to wield our weapons; between every two of us, let a sound man be placed, and let us stand to conquer or to die with our brave comrades." The prince, moved to admiration at the glorious proposition, reluctantly complied, and the wounded men stopped their wounds with moss. Thus stationed, these heroes waited the attack of their foes. Perhaps, in the whole page of history, amongst the most valorous acts

of ancient or modern heroes, there is nothing to equal this brilliant exhibition. When the adverse forces made the first onslaught, and saw the condition and the bravery of the wounded heroes, they suddenly halted, and absolutely refused to repeat the charge. Such were the silent but eloquent appeals of those brave, wounded heroes, — thus upheld, in the battle, by stakes, — that the Prince of Ossory could not, or would not, reanimate his troops to a second attack.

Those heroes then passed with glory to their homes, the proud conquerors of their country's invaders and her internal foes. On this battle and that of Clontarf, Moore has founded the inspiring song — "Remember the glories of Brien the brave!" It will be found in the music of the next page, and its sentiment, I hope, will animate us in our struggle for our national parliament; for

"Enough of his glory remains on each sword,  
To light us to victory yet."

## REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN.

BY MOORE.

**BOLD.**

1. Re-mem-ber the glo-ries of Bri-en the  
brave,\* Tho' the days of the he-ro are  
o'er; Tho' lost to Mo-no-nia,† and  
cold in the grave, He re-turms to Kin-

\* Brien Boromhe, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster.

- ko - ra\* no more! That star of the

field, which so oft - en has poured its

beam on the bat - tle, is set; But e -

ESPRESS. LENTANDO.  
- nough of its glo - ry re - mains on each sword,

*p* TEMPO.  
To light us to vic - to - ry yet.

\* The palace of Brien.

## 2.

Mononia! when Nature embellished the tint  
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,  
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print  
 The footstep of Slavery there?  
 No, Freedom! whose smiles we shall never resign,  
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,  
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,  
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

## 3.

Forget not our wounded companions,\* who stood,  
 In the day of distress, by our side!  
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,  
 They stirred not, but conquered, and died!  
 The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,  
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:  
 O! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,  
 To find that they fell there in vain!

\* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favorite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops; never was such another sight exhibited."

## RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

BY MOORE.

IN MODERATE TIME.

1. Rich and rare were the gems she

wore,\* And a bright gold ring on her

wand she bore ; But, O! her

beau - ty was far be - yond Her

spark - ling gems, or snow - white wand ; But

\* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."

O! her beau - ty was far be - yond Her

spark - ling gems, and snow - white wand!

2.

“Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,  
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?  
Are Erin’s sons so good, or so cold,  
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?”

3.

“Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;  
No son of Erin will offer me harm:  
For, though they love woman, and golden store,  
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more!”

4.

On she went; and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the green isle;  
And blessed forever is she, who relied  
Upon Erin’s honor, and Erin’s pride!



## SING, WHACK! FOR THE EMERALD ISLE!

1. Of all na-tions un-der the sun, Dear  
 E-rin doth tru-ly ex-cel; For vir-tue, for  
 val-or and fun, 'Tis famous, the world sure can  
 tell. The boys are all fris-ky; the girls,  
 Sweet daughters of vir-tue they prove; The  
 for-mer ne'er dread a-ny per-ils; The  
 lat-ter are brim-ful of love. Then sing,  
 whack! for the Em-e-rald isle, Where shil-

le - lahs and sham - rocks a - bound; May  
 peace and pros - per - i - ty smile O'er the  
 land, and its na - tives all round.

## 2.

As for heroes, we have them in plenty,  
 From gallant old Brien Boromhe;  
 In battles, faith, upwards of twenty,  
 He leathered the Danes black and blue.  
 Invasion her sons could not sever;  
 Like lions they fought on the strand;  
 And may their descendants forever  
 Protect their own beautiful land.  
 Then sing, whack, &c.

## 3.

Our forefathers tell us, Saint Pat  
 Drove venom away from our shore;  
 The shamrock he blessed, and for that,  
 We'll steep it in whisky *no more*.  
 He told us, while time would remain,  
 Still merry should be the gay sod;  
 And bloom in the midst of the main,  
 With the footsteps of friendship be trod.  
 Then sing, whack, &c.

## LECTURE XIII.

### RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND ARCHITECTURE.

Review of the Danish Wars. — Reflections. — Lessons of History. — **RELIGION** of the first Irish Christians. — Derived from Rome. — Nature of the Poppedom. — Religion of Ireland and Rome alike. — Proofs. — Usher's Grandson. — The Councils of Fathers. — How the Scriptures were compiled. — When and by whom written. — Christian Religion established before the Scriptures were written. — Catholic Church Evidence for the Scriptures. — Councils of the early Fathers. — Safest Interpreters. — The Bible. — Who shall explain it? — Where is the true Version? — Effects of individual Judgment. — Clerical Interference in civil Affairs. — The Monks. — Abbots. — Christian Warriors. — The Pope's Connection with civil Affairs. — His present Authority defined. — Debate on the Point in the Irish Repeal Association. — Ecclesiastical Dissensions in Ireland. — Tithes first introduced. Discipline and Order restored. — **LITERATURE** of this Period. — Moore's Description. — Tigernach. — King Cormac. — His Wars. — Death and Will. — Reflections. — **ARCHITECTURE** at this Period. — **IRISH ARCHITECTURE**. — Mode of treating the Question. — Patriarchal Temples. — Ancient Caves. — Pyramids. — Round Towers. — Conical Huts. — Tents. — First Cities. — First Architects. — The Phœnicians and their Cities. — Testimony of Holy Writ. — Jewish Temples. — Chinese Architecture. — Etrurian Architecture. — The Arch. — Cement. — Grecian and Irish Architecture distinct in Principle. — Grecian Orders. — Roman Architecture. — Irish Architecture. — Style of the first Christian Churches. — The Goths. — The Architecture of Ireland. — The great Hall of Tara. — First Christian Churches of Ireland. — Antiquities neglected. — Origin of the pointed Arch. — Splendid Ruins. — Opinion of English Architects. — Great Antiquity of Ireland. — Beauty of its Architecture. — Cormac's Chapel. — Willis's Opinion. — Perspective View of the Interior of Cormac's Chapel. — Irish Style. — Art of staining Glass known to the Irish. — Their Sculptures. — Chieftains' Castles. — Standing Cathedrals. — Sectional View of Holy Cross Abbey. — Remarks. — What Nation originally possessed the Germ of this grand Architecture? — Buildings of the Ancient Britons. — Of the Anglo-Saxons. — Of the Picts. — Of the Welsh. — Of the Gauls and French. — Of the Italians. — Condition of Europe in the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth Centuries. — The Irish Monks the Architects of Europe. — First Monasteries erected in England. — Monasteries built on the Continent of Europe by Irish Monks. — Dr. Milner's Opinion. — Further English Evidences. — St. Peter's at Oxford modelled after Cormac's Chapel. — Salisbury Cathedral, after Holy Cross Abbey. — Did the pointed Style come from the East? — Character of Irish Architecture. — Origin of the Term "Gothic." — Variations in Style. — Revival of Architecture in Ireland. — Irish Architects of the present Day in England and America.

IN the preceding section I have given the great outline of the Danish wars in Ireland. Those wars were, with the exception of a few short intermissions, continued for two hundred and forty years. Seven or eight generations of Irishmen were born, and were cut off by the sword, and by death, from the commencement of those wars to their termination. During all this time, the Danes never established a *sovereignty* in Ireland. Their nearest approach to it was made during the leadership of Turgesius; and then the proud Dane reigned jointly only with Malachy, by a compromise, I admit, degrading to the latter.

Their years of sovereignty over a part of Ireland were few. They were never masters of the whole. While England yielded in despair to their dominion, and received from them a race of kings; while the French compromised for their independence, and yielded up to the invader, as the price of peace, a large portion of their territory, on which was founded the kingdom of Normandy, — Ireland gave, in every generation, a new race of heroes, who contended inch by inch for their freedom, and, falling, bequeathed the battle to their posterity. If, from the first Danish battle to the last, we subtract the years of peace from those of war, we shall find there were *two hundred years of fighting*. The old historians spread those battles on their canvass in life size. Were I to imitate them, the “Danish Invasions” would fill two volumes as large as this. The battles were of the most sanguinary character; the perseverance, desperation, and ferocity, of the Danes, were equalled only by the unconquerable spirit and bravery of the Irish. Whole legions, from three thousand to five thousand men each, were again and again cut off; yet new invaders appeared, in still greater numbers, as if borne to our shores by an ungovernable instinct. They came, were killed, and their places were supplied by others. I should estimate about twenty-five thousand Irishmen fell every year during the two hundred years of war. This estimate, which is moderate, would lead us to a result which cannot but astonish, — that *five millions of Irishmen* bled on the field, for the independence of their native land, during those two centuries. I am certain, from the returns given by the old histories, that double that number fell on the Danish side. I know not the wars, on the page of history, to liken these to, for duration and desperate valor, on both sides, save the Punic wars, between the Romans and Carthaginians, and those between the followers of Mahomet and the cross.

There can hardly be named a single church, castle, or other sacred building, that existed in Ireland before the Danish wars, which was not taken, pillaged, battered down, retaken, rebuilt, redestroyed, ten times

over during these terrible contests. The remorseless savages, impelled as much by the desire of plunder as by hatred of the cross, invaded the sanctuaries of piety and literature, scattered the shrines of the dead, desecrated the altars of sacrifice, burnt the valued libraries of the colleges, demolished the venerated evidences of architectural genius; and yet the Milesian race refused to yield their country up.

Six generations had fought and fell, and the seventh was found by the Danes as unconquerable as the first.

*Where, in the volume of history, is the parallel of that to be found? Not on the historic page of England! not on the historic page of France!*

LET THAT PROUD FACT BE ENGRAVED ON THE HEART OF EVERY IRISHMAN.

Let it be proclaimed at home; let it be trumpeted abroad; let it be related by mothers to their babes; let it be told by old men; let it be sung in ballads; let it be blown from the clarion; let it be sounded from every instrument that speaketh with strings — that, *though England submitted, and received a race of kings from the northern invaders — that, though France yielded them half her territory, IRELAND NEVER YIELDED THEM AN INCH — FOUGHT AGAINST THEM TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS, AND SUBDUED THEM AT LAST.*

Who will tell us that the present race of Irishmen are less brave, or less oppressed, than those who lived in the days of the Malachys and the Briens?

O Irishmen, bear in mind the wise axiom of one of your own writers, in the NATION:—

“History’s lessons, if you read ’em,  
Will impart this truth to thee —  
Knowledge is the price of freedom;  
Know yourselves, and you are free.”

The history of those wars will teach Irishmen *this* lesson, — whenever they yielded to the gratification of their personal resentments towards each other, — whenever they yielded to dissensions and quarrels amongst themselves, — *then* the Danes were encouraged to make new invasions, and, so long as this local strife continued, were victorious. But, whenever the Irish chiefs and provinces cordially united, their resistance of the invader was crowned with triumphant success.

This “lesson” is literally as applicable to their wars with the English as with the Danes, as will appear, unfortunately, too plain in the succeeding pages. Their battles with the English, though now carried

on by the tongue and pen, are yet as hot, and as pregnant of suffering, as ever. It would be a signal blessing to the Irish race, were they gifted with perception sufficiently capacious to measure the POWER of UNITY. Such unity can grow only from kindness to each other, mutual forbearance, a toleration of each other's opinions, and even faults and follies; an individual suppression of vanity, resentments, illegitimate ambition; a religious oblivion of all old family, personal, party, or county animosities; a thorough contempt for distinction, grounded on the possession of wealth merely, or family heritage; neither of which can make a man noble or pure, though either is sure to make him vain—a most dangerous foible among a people struggling to be free. *Vanity*, scattered through the ranks of the people, is worse than the shells of their enemies. *Ingratitude*, on the other hand, from the people to their servants, is full as mischievous. Therefore it is necessary that they be instructed and intelligent, either to recover their liberties, or to preserve them. *Vanity* and *cant*, the counterfeit of patriotism, will pass on an *ignorant* multitude for the genuine ore. Any movement for freedom, built on such machinery, will break down, and tend, at the conclusion, to strengthen tyranny. An intelligent community will detect the counterfeit from the genuine metal, and, whether the latter be found in the cottage or the castle, will prize it equally. Among *such* a people tyranny cannot live. This all history teaches.

The reader, after so long a study of war, will naturally feel desirous to learn the general state of religion, literature, architecture, arts, &c., at this period, in Ireland. I shall, in this section, devote a few pages to each topic; and first, on

#### RELIGION.

The first Christian missionaries that appeared in Ireland were, according to the strongest probabilities, disciples of St. John, who preached to the Eastern nations. Among these, history has recorded St. Mansuetus. The second and more numerous teachers proceeded directly from Rome, and bore the commission to preach from the then occupant of Peter's chair. In the earlier struggles of Christianity, during the first, second, and third centuries, the chief bishop of the Christians had no settled habitation. He was driven about from Rome to Jerusalem, from thence to Antioch, and from Antioch to Byzantium. Often was he sacrificed to the ferocity of the Romans; but his place was quickly filled by another, elected from among the ecclesiastics of the church. The pope might be crucified, but the chief of the Christian church still lived

in his appointed successor. The term *pope* itself is derived from *pater patrie*, "father of fathers," of which *papa* is an abbreviation, and from which "pope" has grown; and the elemental constitution of this *father* is not unlike that of the president of the United States.

The one is elected from among his fellows to fill the chair of the Christian republic, the other to fill the chair of the republic of the United States. The one is invested with supreme and sovereign power for the control and protection of the community; so is the other. The president is elected for a term of four years, the pope for the remainder of his life. The popes, being generally selected from the oldest men, have not reigned beyond an average term of seven years each. There have been two hundred and sixty popes in one thousand eight hundred years, which give about seven years to each. Ten presidents of the United States have governed in sixty-one years, which give an average of six years, nearly, to each. The pope is assisted by a council of bishops and cardinals, generally seventy-two in number, and, in difficult cases, by a council of the entire church — that is, representatives from the priesthood of every nation, called a **GENERAL COUNCIL**; the president, by the senate and congress. For a time, during the struggle of the revolution, the constitution and laws of that power which we *now* call the United States, were centred in the person of George Washington. The entire government and direction of the Christians, during seasons of persecution, were similarly deposited in the sole keeping of an individual bishop. As soon as the strife was over between the apostles of civil liberty and the agents and armies of tyranny, on this continent, *councils* of the various states of the Union were held, and certain regulations were established for the government and guidance of the newly-disenthralled community. The early Christians, as soon as the war of persecution was abated, and their own triumph established, called general councils for the regulation of their affairs, which consisted of the most discreet, learned, and zealous of their ecclesiastics. In the case of the Americans, *liberty*, with its attributes, — equity, law, protection, — was established in the minds of millions of men, before the *constitution* was written, or the laws agreed upon. Religion — the *Christian religion* — was established in the hearts of millions before the Gospels were written, or gathered into a *compiled* code. The earliest councils of the Christian church were those of Carthage and Nice, held in the close of the third and beginning of the fourth centuries. These councils, in condemning newly-started doctrines, agreed upon a united interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, old and new, expounded several difficult

points, and gave us a code of religious instructions and laws for our government.

The pope and his council of cardinals, for the time being, are intrusted with the administration of the Christian code of faith and morals, but cannot alter them in any essential. This, I take it, is the nature and extent of the president's authority. He may, according to the constitution, exercise his supreme power, even despotically, in carrying on the government, or in preventing an alteration of the laws; but to alter the laws himself would be treason to the community, and he dares not attempt it. Even so it is with the pope.

General councils of the church have had their majorities and minorities, on difficult and perplexing questions; but the articles of Christian faith remained undisturbed, though clerical discipline has experienced occasional alterations. The same may be said of the general practice of the American government; and, to carry on the parallel, I may add, that *patriarchs* are appointed by the pope to take charge of the ecclesiastical interests of *nations*, equalling in relative authority the governors of our American states.

I have made these preliminary remarks with a view of removing from between the reader and me a cloud of prejudice, (should it exist,) which may have been generated by long-continued abuse of the Catholic religion, within his hearing, or by the perusal of authors, of *counterfeit* talent, who rely for their success less upon their power to create than to destroy, and more upon their power to degrade humanity than to exalt it, — who would, to get a blow at the Catholic church, trample down humanity itself.

To return now to the direct question. St. Palladius and St. Patrick brought into Ireland the code of faith, ceremonials, and discipline, established by the first general councils of Christians that were held any where; viz., the councils of Carthage and Nice. And it was singular to find, as O'Halloran remarks, that the ceremonials and articles of faith of those Irish Christians who had been converted by the earlier missionaries, who came from the East, before any general council of the church had been held, coincided in all articles of faith, morals, and ceremonial, with those agreed upon at these first general councils of the Christian church. St. Patrick, having been the successful agent of the Lord in the conversion of all Ireland, was intrusted by the pope with the power of consecrating bishops. And on his second visit to Rome, he was intrusted, by the successor of Celestine, Pope *Hilarius*, with the power of holding a primacy and council in Ireland, where all matters of discipline, including the appointment of bishops, ordination of clergymen,



and the establishment of churches, colleges, and monasteries, were administered. This power was conceded to the bishop of Armagh as "primate of Ireland," until about the eleventh century. Appeals and references, in difficult matters, were *sometimes* made to the archbishop of Canterbury, as the *legatus natus* of the British islands.

It does not appear, during the five or six centuries which passed from St. Patrick's mission to the eleventh century, that there took place any very frequent interference of the pope, in the administration of the Irish church; though it was the constant practice of Irish ecclesiastics to proceed to Rome for instruction, edification, or appointment. Indeed, this practice was not confined to ecclesiastics; for the laity of the middle ages, of all countries, and especially of Ireland, faced to Rome, in their holy pilgrimages, it being the centre seat of Christianity. That able controversialist on the Catholic side, Dr. Milner, arrays, in his reply to Ledwich, a host of incidents, appointments, correspondences, references, appeals, that took place, from the fifth to the twelfth century, between the Irish clergy and the Roman see, which leave no doubt upon the mind, that the religion established by St. Patrick in Ireland, and that established in England by St. Austin, were, in faith, morals, and ceremonies, substantially the same with that practised in Rome during coeval ages.

In 629, there was a national ecclesiastical synod held in Ireland, in which the following clause was passed among their acts: "*That, on questions of peculiar moment or difficulty arising in Ireland, recourse should be had to the apostolic see.*" This canon was passed in accordance with the advice which St. Patrick had solemnly given to his clergy in Armagh, to apply, in all questions of difficulty, to the holy see, as he expressed it, *velut natos ad matrem* — "like children to a mother." See *St. Cummian's Ep. in Sylloge*, as quoted by the Very Reverend Dr. MILEY, of Dublin, in his late very able letters on this question. "This is," adds the doctor, "an epitome of what Primate Usher has said of St. Patrick." He gives, in his *Antiquities*, the vouchers for this, and much more. Yet that same archbishop, later in his life, under the influence of the anti-Catholic King James the First, and in view of the primacy of Ireland, wrote his "libel" on the "religion of the ancient Irish," which appeared to be so contradictory of his able work on her *antiquities*, written with the honesty of youth, that his grandson, the Rev. James Usher, having investigated the *pros* and *cons* of his learned relative, not only abjured the Protestant form of worship, in which he had been educated, and of which he was a distinguished and well-paid minister, but absolutely joined the Catholic church, in which he became an edifying

and zealous priest, and raised his able pen in defence of the creed which he had from conviction espoused.

In a letter, published a century ago, (quoted by Dr. MILEY,) addressed to some of the anti-Catholic writers of the day, he says, "When you attack the church of Rome, you never fail to assault her in some point or other in which she is impregnable. You accuse her of teaching idolatry, or impiety, &c. This, to be sure, gains you a temporary applause amongst your zealous partisans, and influences their hatred against Papists; but, in the mean time, the Papists themselves, being conscious of the falsehood of these charges, are confirmed in their religion, and serious Protestant seekers, (like myself,) discovering by degrees the same falsehood, are induced to go over to the Popish communion."

"Primate Usher," continues Dr. Miley, "details, in his Antiquities, how the faith was first founded in Britain, while yet a Roman province, by missionaries from the pope, A. D. 181. They return to give an account of their successes, just as St. Boniface and St. Patrick did.

\* 'Sic disposita regione,  
Doctores Romam repetunt, confirmat eorum,  
Dictus apostolicus factum,' &c. — GILDAS.

"The decrees of a council, consisting of six hundred bishops, who met at Arles in the year 314, were subscribed by the bishops of London and York, with other prelates of Britain; and in one of those decrees there is the clearest recognition of papal supremacy. That supremacy was still more emphatically asserted and enforced in the great-council of Sardica, A. D. 347; and Usher again tells us—indeed, he could not deny it—that there also some prelates of Britain assisted. In fine, the church of the Britons, or Welsh, as we now call them, used to be visited and reformed by the pope's legates even after the Saxon conquest; so that, of the subordination of the British church to the pope's, there can be no question whatever; and consequently, if it were only on this account alone, there *ought* to be none as to the similar subordination of the Irish church, because that between the British and Irish there was the most perfect accord and sympathy in religious views, is admitted on all hands."

The celebrated Irish father St. *Columbanus*, who in the sixth century established so many churches in Germany, writing to Pope Honorius the Fourth, proves, incontestably, that the Irish clergy adhered strictly to the see of Rome, in faith and practice. I make one extract: he begins, "*Pulcherrimo omnium Europæ ecclesiarum caviti—papæ prædulci*

— *pastorum pastori* — To the head most serene of all the churches of Europe — to the pope best beloved — to the pastor of pastors : — it is not as an alien that I write. I address you as a friend, as a follower, as a disciple ; wherefore my language shall be such as ought to be addressed to the pilot and mystic steersman of the spiritual ship, &c. Thus shall I presume, because we Irish are the disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul, stationed on the verge of the world. We are on that account more scrupulous in admitting nothing but what is apostolical. Amongst us, no heretic, feud, or schismatic, was ever met with ; but that faith which we first received from the successors of the apostles, we cling to, with a constancy that cannot be shaken," &c. — *Sacra Collectanea*, 1667.

And it is a remarkable fact, that, amid the incredible crowd of learned ecclesiastics which Ireland gave to the church in fourteen hundred years, not *one* of them ever *originated* a schism ! While other nations changed their creed oft and oft, Ireland remained as firm in her first faith as the rock Peter.

In 680, St. Wilfrid, archbishop of York, assisted at the first great Lateran council of one hundred and twenty-five bishops, under Pope Agatho, in which he bore testimony to the orthodoxy of the churches of Ireland, as well as those of Britain.

That philosophical controversialist, Dr. Milner, thus speaks, in another page : " It is objected, by Usher, that what is called St. Patrick's purgatory, was not instituted by the saint of that name. This I readily grant, for it was set on foot by an Abbot Patrick, several ages later, and was once suppressed by an order of the pope, in 1497. But if he argues from thence that St. Patrick and the early Christians did not believe in a middle state of souls after death, which may be assisted by the prayers of living Christians, he is guilty of an error both in reasoning and in fact. It will be seen in this saint's second council, that he forbids the holy sacrifice of the mass to be offered up for those persons, after their death, who had rendered themselves unworthy of having it offered up for them during their lifetime. It will not be disputed that the writings of Bede abound with testimonies in favor of prayers for the dead, of purgatory, &c., (see his *Ecclesiastical History*, chap. 22, vol. xi. chap. 19;) and it is a fact that he himself, when he came to die, earnestly desired that prayers and masses might be offered for him. (See Cuthbert's *Bede*, tom. iii.)

" It is said that St. Patrick condemned the worship of images. True, he condemned and extirpated the use of pagan idols ; but there is not the shadow of an argument to show that he deviated from the received doctrine and practice of the universal church, with respect to

the paying a proper reverence to the cross of Christ, his image, or the images and relics of the martyrs and saints, or with respect to the pious usage of desiring the saints to offer up prayers for us. Before St. Patrick arrived in Ireland, he saw the cross of Christ exalted upon the imperial standards of Constantine, and he left the great doctors of Christianity, *Chrysostom, Augustine, Prosper, and Leo*, bearing ample testimony to all these practices. He himself is recorded as bringing over relics into these islands, as Usher acknowledges St. Palladius did before him. We find that St. Patrick condemned certain criminals to twelve months' public penance for their sins—a mode of atonement then much practised by the church, but limited, in modern ages, to private acts of penance, consisting of prayer and fasting.

“With respect to our native historian and theologian, Venerable Bede, whom Usher appeals to, he describes St. Augustine of Canterbury preaching the gospel to King Ethelbert, with the cross for an ensign, and the figure of Christ for an emblem; he represents the same saint consecrating pagan temples with holy water and relics, and offering up homage to God by the sacrifice of the mass. With respect to images in particular, Venerable Bede proves that God did not interdict the total use of them, by his commanding the figures of cherubim and oxen to be placed in the temple: ‘for certainly,’ he adds, ‘if it is lawful to make twelve oxen of brass, to support the brazen sea, it cannot be amiss to paint the twelve apostles going to preach to all nations. We are told that the liturgy of St. Patrick differed from that of the Roman church. It is not, however, proved to have differed, in the smallest tittle, from that which was followed at Rome when St. Patrick received his mission; much less is it proved to have deviated in any point which is essential to the nature of the sacraments and sacrifice of the church in all ages and countries. That the Catholic liturgies of all times and countries have been essentially the same in this respect, is abundantly proved by divines and canonists. Nevertheless, it is to be proved that a certain latitude, in mere ceremonies and particular devotions, has always been allowed to great or national churches, under the regulation of their head pastors. St. Gregory permitted our apostle, St. Augustine, to adopt any usages of this nature for the infant church of the English, which he might choose to borrow from the French or other Catholic nations; and the court of Rome, at the present day, so far from requiring the orthodox Greeks, who have colleges there, to conform to her ritual in these unessential points, obliges them to adhere to their own. It appears that the mass was sometimes, in former ages, said by the Irish

clergy at night. So it was, in the same ages, and on the same occasions, — namely, on the eves of certain great festivals, — by the clergy of every other Catholic country. It is still said by us at midnight on Christmas night. In the mean time, we learn from Bede, that nine of the clock in the morning was the usual time of saying it. Bede and Cogitosus speak of ‘the sacrament of the Lord’s body and blood;’ whence it appears that the sacrament was in ancient times administered in both kinds. I answer, that the Catholics use the same language at the present day, though the laity receive the sacrament only under one kind; that the difference of receiving it under one or under both kinds, is a mere point of discipline, which may be, and has been, changed, as the circumstances of time and place required; and that, nevertheless, the present practice of the church, in communicating to the laity under the form of bread alone, was the practice of our infant English church, as appears from Bede himself. In the mean time, we are to observe that this illustrious doctor of the English church, at the beginning of the eighth century, expressly teaches, not only that the mass is a true sacrifice, in which Christ is truly and really present, but also that a true and proper change or transubstantiation of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ takes place in it. I will transcribe his words, and I defy the subtilty of the most ingenious controvertist to give them any other meaning than that which I have assigned.

“‘*Lavat nos (Christus) a peccatis nostris quotidie in sanguine suo, cum ejusdem beatæ passionis memoria ad altare replicatur, cum panis et vini creatura in sacramentum carnis et sanguinis ejus, ineffabili spiritus sanctificatione TRANSFERTUR: sicque corpus et sanguis illius non infidelium manibus ad perniciem ipsorum funditur, et occiditur, sed, fidelium ore, suam sumitur ad salutem.*’” Bed. Hom. in Epiph. tom. 7.

[“Christ washes us daily from our sins, in his blood, when the memory of his blessed passion is renewed at the altar, when the substance of bread and wine is changed into the sacrament of his body and blood by the ineffable sanctification of the Holy Ghost; and thus his body and blood is immolated and shed; not by the hands of infidels to their eternal ruin, but they are received by the faithful for their salvation.”]

As the doctrine of the eastern church is particularly implicated in the present controversy, I shall select, from among scores of other testimonies relating to it, a passage from the catechetical discourses of a holy father who was bishop of the primitive church of the fourth century: “The bread and wine of the eucharist, before the invocation of the adorable Trinity, were mere bread and wine; but that invocation having taken place, the bread becomes the body of Christ,

and the wine becomes the blood of Christ. Since, then, Christ thus declares concerning the bread, 'THIS IS MY BODY,' who can doubt any longer? And since he confirms what he said, and declares, 'THIS IS MY BLOOD,' who will dare to hesitate, and affirm that it is not his blood? He once changed water into wine, which resembles blood, at Cana in Galilee; and is he not worthy to be believed, when he says that he changes wine into blood?" &c. —*St. Cyril of Jerusalem. Catech. Mystagog. i.*—See also the Liturgy of St. Basil, and of St. Chrys. in Le Brun, &c.

I have been tempted to insert from Dr. Milner these few words of explanation of some of the doctrines of the Catholic church. We cannot account for the obstinacy with which the great bulk of the people of Ireland adhere to the Catholic faith, without remembering that it is the same which Patrick taught them fourteen hundred years ago. Patrick may have been wrong, and the councils of Christian fathers who assembled at CARTHAGE, and NICE, and CONSTANTINOPLE, in the third and fourth centuries, may have mistaken the meaning of the Scriptures, which they themselves had gathered and compiled, and from which point Christianity started, with the seal of a great council of learned teachers and profound believers, affixed in unity upon its brow. Logicians and subtle reasoners may go behind these early councils, or take their position on some spot several centuries this side of their deliberations. Yet I know not that they can present us with a better scheme for our salvation than that which those Christian fathers have left us.

When some persons tell me—and it is no unfrequent thing—that they do not see how any intelligent or enlightened man can believe in the absurd doctrines of the Catholic religion, I naturally feel a desire to learn which creed of all those who have separated from her is more consistent with the true ideas of reason and intelligence, or with the Testaments, Old and New. If Christ came to fulfil what had been foretold by the prophets,—if he confirmed the correctness and divine mission of these prophets,—he must have *left* prophets to carry on the administration of religion, as it had been carried on before his time. He did not, it appears, condemn what Moses had recorded, or the laws and commandments which he professed to have had from the direct revelations of God. On the contrary, he came, as he tells us, to confirm them in all their great particulars, and to leave behind him men, like Moses, who were specially instructed to preach and teach. Christ did not write any portion of the New Testament; he did not *write any thing* connected with his mission except once, and then it was with his finger, in the sand. Nearly all the apostles had written down what

they heard him say and saw him do, from their memories, some years after his death, in compliance with the wishes of congregations or individuals. The CHRISTIAN RELIGION, consisting of *baptism, sacrifice, and penance*, including the morals comprehended in the ten commandments, *was established before the New Testament was written.*

Ere the apostles separated, to preach to all nations, they agreed upon a *doctrine*, upon a united and common interpretation of Christ's mission and maxims; that doctrine is comprehended in the apostles' creed, which is found in every Catholic prayer-book. It was some twenty and fifty years after our Lord's death, that the books called the *Gospels*, with *others not preserved*, were written by the apostles and their immediate disciples. These were gathered before a council of Christian bishops and teachers at Carthage, in the fourth century, when an examination of them all took place, and a *selection* of the most concise and direct histories of our Redeemer's life and conversations was *made*. This selection was *then* compiled into that book which they called the New Testament, being the continuation and fulfilment of those revelations of God contained in the Old.

The apostles and their disciples did not write those books while in direct communication with each other, nor did they resort to any particular means to have them published to the Christians of countries distant from those in which they preached. St. Peter, who was the first POPE or chief of the Christians, by the appointment of the Redeemer, preached through India, Syria, Italy, and lastly, in Rome, where he was crucified, about twenty-seven years after our Lord's death. St. John wrote in Asia, having travelled much in the East. His writings were principally directed to prove the divinity of Christ.

St. Paul preached throughout Lesser Asia, Greece, and Spain. His Epistle to the Romans was intrusted to a lady, named Phebe. That to the Ephesians was sent to his disciple Theophilus. He was beheaded. St. Andrew preached in Scythia. He too was stoned on a cross; St. Thomas and Bartholomew, in Parthia and India. St. Matthew wrote a book of memorandums, of Christ's chief actions and words, at the particular request of the Christians of Palestine. St. Mark composed his at the request of those of Rome; St. Luke for the sole guidance of Theophilus, St. Paul's disciple. They all *taught* by word of mouth. We do not find that they wrote down their creed. They had no written document in common. The creed, the commandments, and the words of baptism, of sacrifice, and other ceremonials of the mass, they had, according to the custom of the time,

committed to their memory; for, in those ages, the teachers and lawgivers committed their lessons and laws to memory, and not generally to the scroll.

There were persons in every one of those countries, through which the apostles passed, who disputed the Christian doctrine. With such the apostles and their immediate disciples held discussions; and, in the absence of the apostles from the scenes of their labors; and, they were applied to by their converts for explanations. They then wrote "Epistles" or doctrinal letters, some of which we have included in the New Testament. The Gospels and Epistles are not complete treatises on the Christian religion; they are merely detached fragments, written to meet special objections, but not covering the whole ground of Christianity, which was given by *word*, and not by scroll. There is found no *creed* in any of the Gospels, no particular form of faith; the form had been established by word and by deed, at the council of Jerusalem, before the apostles separated. The religion of Jesus was formed without books — preached and spread without books: those apostles fixed their doctrines in the minds of men, and not on perishable scrolls. Millions of Christians, and thousands of priests and bishops, were converted and ordained, before even those sacred writings were gathered together, out of the different countries in which they were written, or from the hands of those to whom they were addressed.

In short, the "Catholic church," comprehending the countless millions who embraced the doctrines of the cross prior to the fourth century, together with their numerous learned teachers, who were educated men, — historians, mathematicians, astronomers, &c., — *was formed before the book called the New Testament was compiled.*

We have no authority *but* the Catholic church for believing that all these various books and epistles are the genuine emanations of those holy apostles and their disciples. It was only after several spurious writings were circulated — after several schismatical treatises had been written and published, in the third and fourth centuries — that a council of the fathers was held in Carthage, being the third general council of the church, in which many of the chief bishops of the Christian world were assembled, Pope Innocent presiding, to inspect those writings.

All the writings of the apostles and their immediate disciples, which could be gathered any where, were submitted to the consideration of this council. Learned men were appointed to translate them from the Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Phœnician, and other languages, into Latin. There were very many of the writings deemed either unfit or



unnecessary for retention in the Christian code. Amongst those rejected were the books written by *St. Barnabas*, one of the chosen twelve of Christ. *Four* books only were selected as *gospel* or *true* books, and two of these were written by Mark and Luke, who were *not of the twelve*, but the immediate disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul. Their books, however, had been confirmed by these latter apostles.

The Christian religion, then, was completely formed, preached, and established, before these books were written, and *centuries* before they were compiled. If I remain a Christian, I must be guided by the transmitted authority, wheresoever it lies, of those who formed and established that religion. If I receive Mark and Luke, why should I reject St. Clement, St. Augustine, St. Basil, St. Chrysostom? I prefer the Roman Catholic church to all others, because the great body of the fathers have adhered to the Roman see. I take their interpretation of these Gospels because their predecessors wrote and compiled them, and because *they* are the only evidence I have of their being at all the writings of the apostles. If I cannot find my way by *their* assistance, who will guide me? If I leave the Catholic church to better my chances of salvation, to whom shall I go? All of these sects outside of her pale, differ from one another, condemn one another.

In this difficulty, I shall be desired to read my Bible, and judge for myself. I have read my Bible, and I have judged for myself, and my judgment tells me that it is a book far beyond my comprehension; that, though there be many things plain enough, yet, again, many things are in it which require to be explained to me. To whom shall I go for this explanation? These books, it appears, were originally written in the Greek, Syriac, Chaldee, Phœnician, and Hebrew languages. There are many of the terms used, and customs noted, and things done, which cannot be understood, or reconciled to *our* senses, without we also study ancient history, and the very languages in which our Lord himself and the apostles spoke and wrote.

Who amongst us, without this knowledge, can interpret the Scriptures? It will be objected that there have been eminently learned men, who, having all these acquirements, have put an interpretation on the Scriptures different from that of the church of Rome. So there have; but, again, these learned men have differed from each other; have put — to speak moderately — a hundred different constructions upon the New Testament. On the other side, I find that the innumerable host of learned men who have appeared within the Catholic pale, have adhered to the one interpretation of the entire Scriptures, from the first council to the present time.

I find that many of the interpretations put on the Scriptures by the sects of the present day are not new ; that some of them were started fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago, and refuted by the church of that day ; for instance, Arius, a priest of Alexandria, preached against the divinity of Christ in A. D. 315. A council of three hundred and eighteen Christian bishops, held at *Nice*, in A. D. 319, condemned his opinions as heretical. In 360, the usurper of the holy see at Constantinople preached against the divinity of the third person in the trinity, the Holy Ghost, which was considered by an assembly of one hundred and fifty bishops, in a general council held in that city, in 381, in which the trinity was fully maintained, and the denial proclaimed heresy. In 311, the prerogative of "the church" was questioned by Donatus, but affirmed at three separate councils, namely, Rome, 313, Arles, 314, Carthage, 411. In 412, Pelagius, an English monk, preached at Rome, Carthage, and through Palestine, against the existence of original sin, and the necessity of God's grace to salvation. His doctrines were condemned in the council of Carthage, 416, and that of Milevand, 418. In 429, Nestorius preached against the unity of person in Jesus Christ. His doctrine was condemned in the general council of Ephesus, 431, which consisted of two hundred bishops. In 488, Eutyches, superior of a monastery in Constantinople, preached against the distinction of two natures in Jesus Christ — condemned by the general council of Chalcedon, 451, where three hundred and sixty bishops assembled. In 726, the Greek emperor Leo, like some of his successors, raised objections against the honors due to holy images. The objections were considered and condemned in the second general council of Nice, 787, where three hundred and seventy-seven bishops assembled. It does not appear that the MASS, the REAL PRESENCE, TRANSUBSTANTIATION, AURICULAR CONFESSION, PENANCE, the seven sacraments of baptism, confirmation, eucharist, penance, extreme unction, holy orders, and matrimony, were called in question by even the schismatics of those early ages, nor, except in the instance of Arius, until the times of Luther and Calvin, in the sixteenth century.

How, then, can I refuse to yield my belief to their decrees — to the doctrines of the Catholic church ? How can I be so absurd as to go out amongst those who I am not sure are learned, or guided by a Christian spirit ? But I have been told the Bible alone is enough, without any other assistance, to guide me to salvation. If this be so, I must be the judge of my own criminality, and I must acquit or condemn myself according as my self-love, my passions, or my ignorance, shall prompt. I shall make unto myself images of perfection in my own mind. By these I

will judge myself. Others, by the same rule, will form their separate images of right and wrong, vice and virtue. Each will form a code of laws of his own, and act on it. If each man will interpret those difficult Scriptures, is it likely that any two men will agree in understanding them alike? *Have they ever done so yet?* People may say, "If you pray to God, he will enlighten you with grace to enable you to understand every difficult passage." Only that this is said by many sincere persons, I would call it cant. To define it mildly, I must pronounce it delusion.

The Scriptures sometimes speak literally, and sometimes figuratively, of the Deity and his attributes—of angels—and in a mysterious style of prophecy. Then the peculiar idioms of the old languages, the parables, figures of allegory and hyperbole in which the divine will was symbolized, frequently puzzle, and make us wish for a clearer understanding, and desire aid to explain them. When we confront one text of the Scriptures with another, how puzzled we feel by their apparent contradiction of each other! and we cannot select the plainest and reject the rest. Either the whole Scriptures are necessary to be understood, or they are not. If a part only, then *who* is to decide on the part which we may put aside? or if we must, and cannot, understand all, then who is to explain to us that portion which is obscure? If each man's own sense is enough to direct him, then he may select passages favorable to his own personal addictions, whether of war, conquest, lust, murder, &c.; for texts are to be found to answer any of these purposes, in the Scriptures.

It is hard to understand the Scriptures. St. Augustine, in the fourth century, said, "There are more things in Scripture which I am ignorant of than those that I know;" and the Protestant Doctor Balguy said, in the last century, "Open your Bibles, take the first page that appears, in either Testament, and tell me, without disguise, is there nothing in it too hard for your understandings? If you find all before you *clear* and *easy*, you may thank God for giving you a privilege which he has denied to many thousands of sincere believers."—*Balguy's Discourse*, p. 133.

The sense of a text in Scripture may depend upon the choice of a single word in the translation, or its position in the sentence or sentences of which the text is formed, and even upon the punctuation. The denial of the divinity of Christ itself has been partly sustained by the division of one scriptural sentence into two, which was done by substituting a period for a comma, without changing a single letter of the original; for example, "*Surrexit non. Est hic;*" whereas the correct and true

reading and punctuation are, “*Surrexit, non est hic*,” “He is risen, he is not here.”

If I am to judge for myself, independent of the Catholic church, I must be able to compare my English translations of the Bible with the original Latin version, which is in possession of *that church alone*, and then I must take *that* on their authority as a correct translation from the Greek and Hebrew texts of the inspired writers, some of which *are lost*.

The text of Moses and the ancient prophets was destroyed with the temple and city of Jerusalem; and, though they were replaced by authentic copies, at the end of the Babylonish captivity, by the prophet *Ezra*, yet those also perished in the persecution of Antiochus, from which time we have no evidence of the genuineness of the Old Testament until it was supplied by Christ and his apostles. King Henry the Eighth condemned Tyndal's Translation of the Bible, as *crafty, false, and untrue*. The Bibles first published by Queen Elizabeth's bishops were found so incorrect by the bishops of James the First, that a new translation was deemed necessary, which, when made, produced a great deal of discussion between the learned Protestants of the day.

Which of all these translations shall I consult? and, then, if every man expounds the Scriptures for himself, what necessity is there for any clergymen? or any church? or any attendance at church? and, to pursue this idea, we shall soon find every man set up in his own mind an *image* of God, or an idol for his own private worship. He will also be disposed to form laws for his government in civil society out of his own head, and according to his own standard or image of justice. Is this right? The illustrious Fénelon has said, “It is better to live without any law than to have laws which all men are left to interpret according to their several opinions and interests.”

Is this right? I repeat. Am I safe in my own keeping, and under my own exclusive judgment? Shall I reject all advice? Shall I consult no one, except some person equally weak, or ignorant, or wicked, with myself? I cannot bear to think of it. There must be some one left on earth to guide me besides the careless printer, whose production, called a Bible, is now before me.

\* \* \* \* \*

These are some of the grounds for my adhesion to the Catholic church. I cannot say that I am enlightened, for I live in the midst of darkness, and grow more and more convinced, every day, of my own ignorance. The only object in the misty atmosphere around, which ap-

pears to my weak vision most distinct, is the connection of the existing Catholic church with the first Christians and the Redeemer himself.

While I thus give vent to my opinions on the doctrines of the Catholic faith, I am bound by the immutable laws of history to state that in Ireland, as well as on the European continent, many of the bishops and abbots, officiating as the ministers of that faith, imbued their sacred hands in the strife of battles, and absolutely commanded their legions in the tented field. There is, of course, nothing more foreign to the idea of the duties of a prelate, entertained by the Christian of the present day, than the command of warlike legions on the field of slaughter.

While I have no notion of attempting to defend this mixture of the warrior with the priest, I may, however, be permitted to account for it. The higher orders of the clergy, for many centuries after the general introduction of Christianity throughout Europe, were almost the sole managers of every thing. They performed all the offices of religion; administered the higher duties of the courts of jurisprudence; were chancellors and judges, legislators, lawgivers, historians, architects, mechanics, painters, poets, — premiers and counsellors of kings, diplomatists, ambassadors, secretaries of state: — above all, they were every where, through every country, the only teachers of youth, the chief possessors of knowledge, the sole writers of books.

These relations with society, it must be owned, were calculated to give them an immeasurable ascendancy. Nor did this state of things spring up all at once. It gradually grew from the labor, study, learning, and utility, of the great body of the monks and clergy, and, indeed, from the wants of society itself. They performed all these important offices for nations, because there was none other found so well fitted by varied acquirements for the trust. Princes, when young, were sent to pious and learned ecclesiastics to receive education. When at maturity, and they came to their hereditary seats of power, they frequently induced their learned and beloved preceptors to accompany them, to remain round their persons, to advise them in all matters of state, to accompany them in their journeys, and counsel them in their wars.

The **ABBOTS**, who were, by election for life, presidents of their commonwealths, in the monasteries, became, in the course of a few centuries, a most important power in the state. It has been said that those abbots were under the influence of the popes, and, by their directions, meddled largely in civil affairs. It was not generally so. The **ABBOTS** were independent and irresponsible governors of their own little kingdoms, in and about their monasteries; a few of them only were under what is called "priests' orders," and thence amenable to the holy

sec. The great majority were lay chiefs, of religious and learned corporations, governed only by their own laws, owing obedience to the chief houses of their own order. In the progress of time, many of these important trusts were forcibly and factiously seized by laymen, who assumed the barren title of *deacon* or *archdeacon*, which was then the name of a mere tyro in the ecclesiastical grades. Both the lay and ecclesiastical abbots exercised, through extensive ramifications, a very considerable influence over the Christian communities.

These monasteries became wealthy, from various sources. The monks, by their great industry, improved the lands granted to them by the princes and great ones, to perhaps a thousand times their original value. Wherever they settled, upon wastes or in forests, they devoted their labor and knowledge, after the worship of God, to agriculture, architecture, and literature. Towns and cities grew up around their monasteries; their lands, therefore, became miraculously enhanced in value. Their proprietary and ownership never died, nor were transferred. The little commonwealth was continued by new disciples, and newly-elected governors, from generation to generation. Their surplus lands were let, at easy rents, to an affectionate tenantry, whose children received a free education from their pious landlords. Between the people and these monks the most friendly relations existed. The poor and the sick were all taken care of by those pious men, and they were, we may well suppose, exceedingly popular.

The abbots, or presidents, of those corporate colleges, were, therefore, a very important class of men. In addition to the foregoing sources of their power, they were usually made trustees or guardians to young heirs of noble blood and great possessions, and they were not unfrequently related by blood themselves to the highest-born of the land. Occasions arose when some of them were called from the cloister to the throne, as heirs by blood to the dignity.

For several centuries, the European Christians were kept in continued wars, defending themselves from the Mahometans on the one side, and the northern marauders, called Danes, on the other.

Thousands upon thousands of the ecclesiastics of Europe, and particularly of Ireland, were butchered unresistingly, within their sacred habitations. It was not unnatural in men, attacked in their castles by those land pirates, to defend themselves as best they could. All these circumstances conspired to form that apparently incongruous character, the *militant priest*.

The vicissitudes of the clergy, in various parts of Europe, and the very

existence of the Christians, rendered it necessary for the popes to meddle largely in the civil affairs of kings. Indeed, it was impossible for them to be passive spectators of the butcheries of their clergy and spiritual flocks, by the Mahometans in the south, and the Danes in the west, of Europe. They therefore leagued with princes for protection; and princes, in turn, sought their assistance, in establishing their own authority amongst their subjects.

The popes, too, were frequently appointed, by contending petty princes, as the arbitrators of their disputes. This grew to a common practice; and at last the great monarchs of Europe endeavored anxiously, one against the other, to secure the interest of the see of Rome, as a protection; and it is admitted by the great writers of the present century, (see *Edinburgh Review*, No. 52,) that the temporal power obtained by the church, in the middle ages, conduced, by the check which it opposed to the encroachments of kings, to advance considerably the cause of civil and political liberty.

In the mean time, the Christian church spread its branches through unnumbered dominions. Its influence progressed with its principles, and it became, at last, a far more potent power on earth than the mightiest of the nations recorded on the page of time.

Although the popes have, for centuries past, ceased to interfere in the affairs of kings, their spiritual and moral influence, over nearly two hundred millions of Catholics, spread throughout the world, is as paramount as it ever was. But the Catholics every where perfectly understand the distinction between the spiritual obedience they owe the holy father, in matters of faith and Christian discipline, and the civil obedience they owe the king or chief magistrate under whom they live.

A very remarkable illustration of my argument has come to my hand since these remarks were penned; it is part of a debate in the *Dublin Repeal Association*, on the third of July, 1844. It appears that the British ministry, with all their affected contempt for the "power of the pope," have not disdained to importune the holy father to put forward in Ireland his moral power in their behalf. They contrived to get the Austrian minister, Prince Metternich, to second their designs at Rome; and an attempt was actually made to wheedle the pope into the issuing of a bull to the Irish Catholic clergy, which should command them to discountenance the repeal agitation.

His holiness has not issued any such rescript, and has so intimated to all the parties interested. Upon this important point, that faithful son

of Ireland, Henry Grattan, made the following observations in the Repeal Association:—

“ He (Mr. Grattan) would request, for the next day of meeting, the presence of his Protestant and Orange friends, in order to unfold to them some intelligence from Rome of a surprising character. He had lately been in the Eternal City, and had mingled in the society of the pope, and his cardinals and prelates, and he thought his duty to the Irish people, and especially to the Protestant portion of them, required him to disclose a shameful conspiracy which he had detected there, being a machination, on the part of individuals high in power in England, to induce his holiness to prohibit by his mandate the agitation of repeal. (‘Hear! hear!’) He would detail the particulars, if he lived, on the next day of meeting! (‘Hear!’ and loud cheers.) ”

Mr. Grattan’s authority is unquestionable on the fact he asserts, and his opportunities of accurate information are, for many reasons, more than those of ordinary persons. In alluding to the topic, Mr. O’Neil Daunt, a practical and theologically informed Catholic, said:—

“ He begged to express his satisfaction that his honorable friend had stated the fact that influential persons in England had used means to induce the pope to condemn the Repeal agitation. (‘Hear! hear!’) He spoke of the course with the deepest respect for his holiness, but he would just ask them this: Supposing that the pope were to enjoin them to desist from their struggle for repeal, was there one solitary Catholic in Ireland who would obey him? (Cries of ‘No, not one!’ and vehement cheering.) Not they, indeed. They knew too well the just limits of the spiritual jurisdiction of the pontiff, which he (Mr. Daunt) was quite certain his holiness never would exceed. The ministry might spare themselves the fruitless labor of negotiating with Rome upon a point respecting which, whatever Rome might promise, the Irish people could never be turned aside from their course. (Cheers.) ”

Now, recollect by whom these observations, totally disavowing the temporal authority of the pope, were uttered; to what assembly they were addressed, and how received by the multitude. The sentiment was uttered by a strict Catholic, Mr. O’Neil Daunt; it was addressed to an assembly which was, and which the speaker knew was, mostly composed of Catholics; and by that meeting, so constituted, the sentiment was received with unanimous shouts of assent and approbation. There was no preconcert here; the thing was momentary. The ebullition was natural, distinct, and powerful,—worth a thousand treatises on “the temporal and spiritual power of the pope.”

Returning to the state of religion, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, in Ireland, we are pained to find that struggles for the primacy of Armagh extended to irreverent lengths. The power of “PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND” was originally conferred on St. Patrick, by the holy see; which power descended, in episcopal succession, to the occupant of the primatical chair of Armagh. This see was therefore the object at



which the ambitious spirits of Ireland aimed. The power of the chair of Armagh radiated, as from the centre of authority, on all the affairs of Ireland, whether civil or ecclesiastical. The families of royal blood, who contended in the field with each other for supreme sway, courted this power, and intrigued for its alliance. This begot a series of struggles in the election of the primate, which produced broils of a most irreverent character; and it is recorded that one noble family, by its members, kept possession of the see for nearly two hundred years, and went so far as to force lay members into the sanctified chair of Patrick, who seized upon the rich revenues and possessions of the see, and appointed a bishop as "suffragan," to perform the clerical duties.

On the subject of church dues, Moore says, concerning this period, "There occurs more than once, in the records of this century, some mention of a law relating to ecclesiastical property, which, as much importance appears to have been attached to it, requires some passing notice. It would appear that the revenue arising from those dues, which had, ever since the time of St. Patrick, been paid to the church of Armagh, was, amidst the convulsions of this period, interrupted or withheld; and, in the year 824, we find the authority of the warlike *Feidhlim*, king of Munster, interposed in aid of *Artrigius*, archbishop of Armagh, for the collection of this tax. A law had been established, indeed, about the year 731, by the king of all Ireland and the king of Munster, in concert, to regulate the payment of the revenue of the primatial see; and it is manifestly this regulation we read of in the annals of the ninth century, as enforced under the name of the 'law of St. Patrick.'"

It does not appear that tithes were paid or demanded in Ireland till about the twelfth century, and in conformity to the decisions of the solemn chief synods, held under the direction of a legate from the holy see. Previous to this, the payments to the support of the church seemed to have been irregular. The institution of tithes, or *tents*, was for the purpose of securing uniformity in the Christian contributions to the church. In other parts of Europe, they were earlier established.

"Notwithstanding all these things," says Moore, [*who is severer on the Irish clergy and chieftains of this age than any foreign writer,*] "that there must still have been preserved among the people of this country — a people once so conspicuous throughout Europe for their piety — a strong and pervading religious feeling, however imbued with the general darkness of the times, and allowed to run wild for the want of culture and discipline, is sufficiently apparent on the very face of our native

annals, even in this dim and agitated period. The number of pious, and, according to the standard of their age, learned ecclesiastics, who are recorded, in the annals of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, as passing their whole lives in works of devotion and charity among the ruins of once flourishing monasteries, could not but cherish, in the popular mind, a fond remembrance of the early saints of the land, and keep alive, like the spark beneath the embers, some remains of the faith of better days."

It was not till the twelfth century that a reformation was effected in the ecclesiastical affairs of Ireland, — when, by the authority of the pope, backed by the deliberations and decisions of several synods of the Irish clergy, creating thus a strong public opinion, the lay intruders were removed from their ill-gotten powers, and the church was suffered to return to that austere discipline for which it was famed in the ages previous to the Danish invasions.

Drs. Lannigan, Carew, and Gahan, give copious details of the several synods of these times, and the ecclesiastical measures instituted to restore Christian observance and uniformity to the Irish church. Having devoted already so much remark and space to the affairs of religion, I fear to risk a further intrusion of the same matter on the reader, who is referred for full details to those elaborate and faithful chroniclers of Irish church history above mentioned; and I shall now proceed to the next great feature of the age, its

#### LITERATURE.

After the two hundred and forty years of war which Ireland had just then passed through; after the sacking and burning of the colleges, monasteries, and libraries, during the Danish persecutions; after more than two centuries of slaughter of all ages and degrees, — it cannot be expected that her literature could be any thing like what it had been from the fifth to the ninth century.

After the battle of Clontarf, and the total prostration of Danish power in Ireland, the members of the learned professions came forth from their hiding-places and retreats. An endeavor was made to restore the libraries; but, alas! it was a vain attempt. The majority of the books were destroyed; and Ireland, which had been once so rich in the possessions of those countless tomes of genius, so celebrated throughout Europe, — from the superabundance of which, the Benedictine monks on the Continent acknowledge to have frequently received copious supplies, — was now destitute of many records of her own history, and forced to seek

among the archives of foreign seminaries, the attested memorials of her past greatness. Only two or three of her numerous colleges escaped total destruction.

Her learned men now rallied on the scanty stock of manuscripts left them, and during the eleventh and beginning of the twelfth centuries,—say for a period of one hundred and seventy years,—applied themselves with so much industry to the work of restoration, that Ireland reassumed her scholastic station amid the nations,—again put forth her literary blossoms, and filled Europe anew with the aroma of her knowledge. I find so good a paper on this head in Moore, that I transcribe it entire, rather than write any thing of the same kind myself.

“The night of ignorance and barbarism, which had been so long gathering around the western world, is supposed, in the century we are now considering, [the tenth,] to have reached its utmost gloom. How far this comparative view is well founded may be a matter of question; but of the positive prevalence of darkness throughout this age there can exist no doubt. It is not, therefore, wonderful that even *Ireland, which had hitherto stood as a beacon of learning in the west*, should begin to share in the general obscuriation of the times, and, being acted upon by the same causes which had already uncivilized some of the fairest regions of Europe, should feel the fated tide of barbarism gaining fast upon her shores. The exceeding rapidity with which the chief schools and monasteries throughout the country, though so frequently ravaged and burnt by the Northmen, again arose from their ashes, and resounded afresh with the voice of instruction and prayer, seems hardly less than marvellous. Nor was this intrepid and persevering enthusiasm; in the cause of learning and holiness, confined to the natives of the country alone, but inspired also its visitors; as, but a few months after a desperate inroad of the Danish spoilers into Armagh, we are told of a youth of a royal house of the Albanian Scots, named Cadroe, repairing to the schools of that university for the completion of his education.

“Among the obituary notices scattered throughout the annals of this age, there occur the names of several divines who are described as learned and eminent, but of whom no further mention is to be found. Towards the middle of the century flourished Probus, or, as his Irish name, of the same import, is said to have been, Coenachair, whose *Life of St. Patrick*, still extant, is praised by a high authority on the subject of our ecclesiastical history, as ‘a very valuable work.’ That Probus was an Irishman, he has himself placed beyond doubt by several expressions which occur in his pages. Thus, when speaking of the saint

embarking from Britain for Ireland, he says, that 'he entered upon *our* sea; and the harbor first reached by the missionary, whom he styles '*our* most holy father,' is represented by him as 'one much celebrated among *us*.' Probus was chief lecturer of the school of Slane, and fell a victim there, as already has been related, during an attack upon the church of that place by the Danes.

"In the year 975, according to the annalist Tigernach, took place the death of Keneth O'Artegan, 'chief of the learned of Leath Cuinn.' A poem of this writer is still preserved, descriptive of the beauty of the celebrated hill of Tara, and moralizing mournfully over its history; nor should those who visit, in our days, that seat of long-extinguished royalty, feel any wonder on not discovering there some vestige of its grandeur, when told that, even in the time of this poet, not a trace of the original palace still remained; while the hill itself had become a desert, overgrown with grass and weeds.

"As thus, in the midst of the general darkness of the age, there were still preserved in Ireland some relics of the lore of better days, so, in the schools and religious establishments of the Continent, her sons still continued to retain all their former superiority, and, among the dwarf intellects of that time, towered as giants. In England, since the time of her great Alfred, both sacred and literary knowledge had sunk to so low an ebb, that at length no priest could be found capable of writing or translating a Latin letter. 'Very few churchmen were there,' says Alfred, 'on this side the Humber, who could understand their daily prayers in English, or translate any letter from the Latin. I think there were not many beyond the Humber; they were so few, that I, indeed, cannot recollect one single instance on the south of the Thames when I took the kingdom.'—See Turner, *Hist. Anglo-Sax.* book v. chap. i. 'A few years before the Norman conquest,' says Mr. Berington, on the authority of William of Malmesbury, 'the clergy could hardly stammer through the necessary service of the church, and he who knew the rules of grammar was viewed as a prodigy.' The Irish were, in this century, the means of restoring some taste for liberal studies. With that devotion to the cause of religion and instruction which had become, in this people, (as an author of those times expresses it,) a second nature, a number of Irishmen, described as conversant with every department of knowledge, secular as well as sacred, retired, some time before the year 940, to Glastonbury. This monastery had already been long distinguished as a favorite retreat of their countrymen; and, within its walls, so great was the reverence felt for their patron saint, says Usher, 'that, from an early

period, the establishment had been called 'Glastonbury of St. Patrick.' From the Irish who fixed themselves there in this century, the Abbé St. Dunstan chiefly received his education; and while he imbibed, as we are told, under their discipline, the very marrow of scriptural learning, they also instructed him in the sciences of arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, in all of which they were, it is intimated, more deeply skilled than in the refined niceties of classical literature. With a taste, too, highly characteristic of their country, they succeeded in awakening in their pupil so strong a love and talent for music, that it was in after life his frequent practice, when worn with business or study, to fly for refreshment to the soothing sounds of the harp.

"On the continent of Europe, in like manner, the fame of the Island of Saints continued to be upheld by the learning and piety of her sons; and in the course of this century, there flourished in France, as well as in Germany and the Netherlands, a number of eminent Irishmen, whose names belong not so much to the country which gave them birth, as to those which they benefited by the example and labors of their lives. Among the prelates present at a synod, held in the year 947, at Verdun, was an Irish bishop named Israel, whose character and accomplishments must have been of no ordinary stamp, as he had been one of the instructors of the great and learned Archbishop Bruno, the brother of the Emperor Otho.

"An Irish abbot of considerable celebrity, named Fingan, who had been honored with the notice and patronage of the dowager empress Adelhaid, the zealous relict of Otho the Great, was, through her interest, invested with the government of the abbey of Symphorian, at Metz, on the singular condition that he and his successors should receive no other than Irish monks into their establishment, as long as any such could be found; but, in case of a deficiency of monks from Ireland, should then be allowed to admit those of other nations. See the deed in Colgan, *Acta Sanctorum*.

"Another of these 'monasteries of the Scots,' as they were to a late period called, had been established about this time on an island in the Rhine, near Cologne, having for its first abbot an Irishman named Mimborin; and it is clearly to this establishment at Cologne that such frequent reference is made in the Annals of the Four Masters, and others.

"Of the attention early paid to the study of Greek in the native schools of the Irish, some notice has already been taken; and a proof of their continued attention to the cultivation of that language is to be

found in the interesting fact, that, in the diocese of St. Gerard, at Toul, where there had assembled at this time a number of Greek refugees, as well as of Irish, the church service, in which both nations joined, was performed in the language of the Greeks, and according to the Greek rite.

“ One of the few of our learned countrymen at this period, who have left behind them any literary remains, was an Irish bishop named Duncan, or Duncant, who taught in the monastery of St. Remigius, at Rheims, and wrote for the use of the students under his care a Commentary on the Nine Books of Martianus Capella, — an author whose claims to attention, such as they are, concern the musician rather than the scholar, — and also, Observations on the First Book of Pomponius Mela, *De Situ Terræ* ; both of which writings are still extant ; and the former is in the British Museum.

“ With respect to those Irish bishops we frequently read of, as connected with foreign religious establishments, and passing their whole lives abroad, it is right to explain, that there existed at this time a custom in Ireland of raising pious and exemplary monks to episcopal rank, without giving them any fixed sees. In addition to these there was also, as in the primitive times of the church, an order of Chorepiscopi, or country bishops, to whom the care of the rural districts was intrusted, with powers subordinate to those of the regular bishop in whose diocese they were situated. From these two classes of ministers were furnished, doubtless, the great majority of those *Episcopi Vagantes*, or ‘vague bishops,’ as they are called, of whom such numbers, principally Irish, were found on the Continent in the middle ages ; and whose assumed power of ordaining came at length to be so much abused, that, at more than one council, an effort was made to abate the custom by declaring all such ordinations to be null and void. Notwithstanding, however, such occasional laxity of discipline, it is admitted by one of the most liberal as well as most learned of theologians, that the bishops of this description from Ireland were of great service, as well to the Gallican as the Germanic church.

“ Of that class of humble but useful writers, the annalists, who merely narrate, says Cicero, without adorning the course of public affairs, Ireland produced, in this century, two of the most eminent, perhaps, in all Europe — *Marianus Scotus* and *Tigernach*. The latter of these writers, whose valuable annals have been so frequently referred to in these pages, is said to have been of the sept called the *Muireadhaigh*, or *Murrays*, in Connaught, and was abbot of *Clonmacnois*. His *Annals*,

which were brought down by him to the year of his death, 1088, are scarcely more valuable for the materials of history which their own pages furnish, than for the proofs they afford of still earlier records existing when they were written — records which, as appear from the dates of eclipses preserved by this chronicler, and which could not otherwise than by written memorials have reached him so accurately, must have extended as far back as the period when Christianity became the religion of the country.

“Another service conferred on the cause of Irish antiquities by this work, independently of its own intrinsic utility, arises from the number of metrical fragments we find scattered throughout its pages, cited from writings still more ancient, which were then evidently existing, though at present no other vestige of them remains. That Tigernach had access to some library or libraries, furnished with books of every description, is manifest from his numerous references; and the correctness of his citations from foreign authors, with whose works we *are* acquainted, may be taken as a surety for the genuineness of his extracts from the writings of our own native authors, now lost; thus affording an answer to those skeptical objectors, who, because there are extant so few Irish manuscripts of an earlier date than about the eleventh or tenth century, contend that our pretensions to a vernacular literature, in the centuries preceding that period, must be mere imposture or self-delusion.

“Marianus Scotus, the contemporary of Tigernach, and, as some suppose, a monk in the very monastery over which he presided, stands, as a chronographer, among the highest of his times. He wrote also Notes on the Epistles of St. Paul, a copy of which, transcribed by himself, is still extant in the imperial library of Vienna.

“It appears that by Marianus, as well as by his countryman Tigernach, who had never been out of Ireland, the error of the Dionysian cycle was clearly perceived; and to the former is even attributed the credit of having endeavored, however unsuccessfully, to correct it.

“Besides Marianus, there appeared, in this century, several other distinguished Irishmen on the Continent; among the foremost of whom may be mentioned St. Colman, whom Austria placed on the list of her patrons, and whose praise was celebrated in an ode by Stabius, the historiographer of the emperor Maximilian.

“Some curious historical poems by Flann and Gilla-Coeman, two metrical chronographers of this century, have furnished a subject for much learned comment to the pen of the reverend editor of the Irish Chronicles; who, in proof of the accuracy of Gilla-Coeman’s chrono-

logical computations, has shown that all the dates assigned by him to the great events of Scripture history coincide, to a wonderful degree, with those laid down by no less authorities than Scaliger, Petavius, and Sir Isaac Newton.

“Though somewhat anticipating, in point of time, it may save trouble to state, while touching on the subject, that the chronological list of the Irish kings, which had by Coeman been brought down to the time of St. Patrick, was, by another metrical chronographer, Gilla Moduda, who flourished about the middle of the twelfth century, continued to the death of Malachy the Second, in a poem consisting of a number of *rans*, or strophes, much in the manner of the metrical list of the Dalriadic kings, composed in Scotland, in the reign of Malcolm the Third.

“While thus not a few of the natives themselves continued to cultivate, even in those stormy times, most of the studies for which their country was once so famous, neither does it appear that the attractions and advantages, by which foreign students were formerly drawn to their schools, had altogether at this dark period ceased. An instance to the contrary, indeed, is afforded in the case of Sulgenus, afterwards bishop of St. David’s, who, ‘moved by the love,’ as we are told, ‘of study, set out, in imitation of his ancestors, to visit the land of the Irish, so wonderfully celebrated for learning.’ Having been driven back by a storm to his own country, it was not till after a long lapse of time that he again ventured on the voyage, when, reaching the country of the Scots in safety, he remained there tranquilly for more than ten years, studying constantly the Holy Scriptures, and storing his mind with the spiritual wealth which they contained. Such is the account given, in a poem written on the studious labors of Bishop Sulgenus in the schools of Ireland at this period; and Usher cites the poem as a proof that the study of letters had at this time revived in the country, and that Ireland, even in the eleventh century, was still ‘a storehouse of the most learned and holy men.’ ‘Revixisse tamen bonarum literarum studia, et seculo adhuc undecimo habitam fuisse Hiberniam (ut in Vita Florentii loquitur Franciscus Guillimannus) virorum *sanctissimorum doctissimorumque officinam.*’ Another conclusion which Usher draws from this poem is, that the name of Scots was still, in the eleventh century, applied, κατ’ ἐξοχην, to the Irish.” After this period, the name of *Ireland*, (after *Ir*, who came with the Milesians,) began to be generally applied to the island, while that of *Scotia* was more distinctly given to Caledonia.

I have purposely postponed a notice of *Cormac M’Cullinane*, bishop



of Cashell and king of Munster, to allow Moore's observations on the literature of those times, which I am obliged to abridge, to go to the reader uninterrupted. Moore does not, in my opinion, treat the bishopking of Munster fairly, and I therefore compile my account of him from other sources.

This extraordinary man, who has left behind him the best memorials of his science, taste, and knowledge, which any Irishman of remote ages had been fortunate enough to bequeath entire, was bishop of Cashell in the close of the ninth century. He wrote, amongst other works, the entire history of Ireland, from the earliest period to his own times, in a magnificent epic in blank verse. Having access to, he consulted the most authentic and learned works of his day. His church and his residence were comparatively safe from the Danish atrocities, for they were built on the "Rock of Cashell," a high, craggy, and, in those times, inaccessible fortress. His great work, together with that of *Tigernach*, and a few others, are the principal and the fullest manuscript histories of ancient Ireland that remain.

But it is not alone as an elegant historian, that this brilliant scholar shines, like a star of the first magnitude, from the dim, distant horizon of the past. He was, besides, a scientific and accomplished architect, devoting the revenues of his see, while yet a bishop, to works of taste and art. He erected on the Rock of Cashell that splendid specimen of pure Irish architecture, which has borne his name to us for a thousand years, and which attests at this day, by its admirable proportions, its scientific construction, and its tasteful richness, the science and skill of the classic architect, and the wonderful degree of perfection to which the art had, in his time, arrived in Ireland. It is admitted that "Cormac's Chapel" is the purest specimen of that style of architecture, erroneously called *Gothic*, that can be found in Europe, of so early a date as the ninth century.

In the neighboring pages I shall devote some remarks specially to the subject of Irish architecture, to which I refer the reader for this branch of Cormac's performances. The wars of Cormac, all unecclesiastical as they were, seem to have been forced upon him by two conspiring circumstances,—first, the refusal of the Leganians (Leinster men) to pay some tribute or subsidy demanded by the crown of Munster, and second, the fiery impetuosity of *Flaherty*, the abbot of Iniscathy, who may have been a layman, with feelings of high family resentments unsubdued. It is evident, from all the circumstances of those unhappy wars, that the untamable spirit of Flaherty was the direct cause of this

great man's troubles and sudden death, as we may gather from the history of the last of his battles.

A few days before the fatal battle of *Magh Abhe*, the bishop-king, according to the custom of the times, made his will, which, with much self-possession, he wrote in verse. To various ecclesiastics he bequeathed more or less of his personal effects, rare books, &c.; and then he singled out, from the young nobility of Munster, *Lorcan*, — the *four and fortieth* in descent from the great *Olioll Ollum*, — a layman, to whom he committed, in case of his fall in the approaching battle, the civil or kingly affairs of Munster. This is a circumstance of great weight, in proving to us that the good man himself felt the impropriety of one of his dignities, which appears to have been thrust upon him to silence contending claimants for the Munster crown, and to preserve the peace of the province.

When all these things were completely arranged, the army of Munster marched to the frontier plains of Leinster, to enforce their king's demands. The *abbot* of Iniscathy, clothed in steel as a field marshal, rode through and encouraged the troops; and Cormac, laying aside his sacerdotal robe, clad himself superbly in a similar costume, and waved his truncheon of command over his brilliant legions. Arrived at the confines, they found the king of Leinster with a numerous array ready to contest the claim. The "herald of Munster" was sent to the opposite army to demand tribute or declare war. During his absence, the warlike Abbot Flaherty galloped through the ranks, animating the troops for the coming struggle. His horse, affrighted by the glitter of spears, plunged, and flung the gallant marshal to the earth, depriving him nearly of life. This was deemed a most unpropitious omen by the troops: many of them, panic-stricken, fled from the field. The herald, having returned from the camp of the king of Leinster, brought propositions for peace, or at least for a suspension of hostilities until the harvest, then ready for the sickle, should be saved. This proposal was accompanied by many presents to the Munster chiefs, not the smallest of which was sent to the militant abbot.

This proposal seemed so reasonable, that King Cormac, who was from the beginning averse to the war, declared his readiness to accept it. At the council-board, however, the insatiable abbot of Iniscathy rose up in an indignant passion, charging the king with cowardice, even in presence of the Leinster herald. The barangue delivered by the abbot to the chiefs had the effect of causing them to decline the terms of peace. The king, mortified deeply by this unseemly conduct, retired

to his tent, humbled himself in prayer, and resigned himself to a seemingly uncontrollable fate. Having sent for his confessor, he added a codicil to his will, in case he fell, of which he had a lively presentiment, directing his body to be laid beneath the altar of his own cathedral.

The leaders of either army now drew up their troops in the order of battle. Fresh reënforcements arrived to the ranks of the Leinster men, sent by *Flan*, the then chief monarch of Ireland. By mutual consent, both armies moved to the plains of *Magh Albhe*, which, I believe, is in the Queen's county.

The Leinster army, with its allies, appeared to be five to one over those of Cormac. "Defeat" was written on his commander's brows; yet the militant abbot of Iniscathy scorned all proposals for compromise. At the first charge, the Munster men fell back, and were thrown into disorder: one of the chiefs, at this instant, ordered his men to fly from the ranks of the abbot, and let him fight it out. The battle was soon terminated. Great numbers of the flying Munster men were killed, and the author of all this mischief was taken prisoner by his triumphant foes. Cormac showed himself in the thickest of the fight, and thus confronted the insinuation of cowardice made by Iniscathy. The accounts tell us, he fell and broke his neck in the battle; and, though some of his infuriate enemies cut off his head, and carried it to the victor prince, that high-minded man reproved them with tears in his eyes, and, like Cæsar, on viewing the head of Pompey, kissed the clotted lips of his fallen but illustrious opponent.

The remains of the bishop-king were buried, according to his request, under the altar of his magnificent cathedral of Cashell. The following lines from his will are characteristic of the scholar, the divine, the architect, and the king: —

*"My PSALTER which preserves the earliest records  
And monuments of this my native country,  
Which are transcribed with great fidelity,  
I leave to Ronal Cashell, to be preserved  
To after times and ages yet to come."*

[He has also left a glossary of the Irish language, which is much esteemed by scholars.]

Catholic writers have condemned in the person of Cormac the mixture of the monarch and the divine. A man who could have shone in the utmost splendor, in *either* character, has been disparaged

by uniting both in his own person. Such writers have an admitted privilege, if they see grounds for it, to condemn in their own clergy any addictions towards military enterprise that may appear; but I will take on me to say, that it is not, at least, good taste in writers belonging to the "church of England," to do the same thing, seeing that, within our own memory, in these enlightened times, the Duke of York, while commander of the British forces, was solemnly installed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, "*Bishop of Osnaburgh*;" and remembering, too, that her present Majesty, Victoria the First, is at once head of the army, the navy, and the church of England.

The *Psalter* of Cashell was a collection, says the learned Irish scholar O'Reilly, of Irish records in prose and verse, transcribed from more ancient documents, such as the *Psalter of Tara*, &c. It contained also many original poems, some of them written by Cormac himself. This book was extant in Limerick in the year 1712, and indeed much later, for we find the learned Mr. O'Halloran, who wrote his history in that city, in quoting from it, says, "the *Psalter of Cashell*, now before me;" and this is further attested by a large folio, in manuscript, which was transcribed in the Irish language, from the great original. The original work, in the hand-writing of the illustrious author, is now, according to the assertion of the *Iberno-Celtic Society*, in the British Museum. In the time of Sir James Ware, this work was referred to, and held in high esteem; and *Astle*, the author of the *Origin of Writing*, says, "The oldest Irish manuscript which we have discovered is the *Psalter of Cashell*, written in the tenth century. In the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, says Ware, there is a manuscript history of Ireland by M'Geohegan, translated from an old book, which was compiled by Columb Kille, O'More, and others that were professed Irish chroniclers, which states that *Brien*, observing into what ignorance the kingdom was fallen, by the devastations and outrages of the Danes, having assembled all the nobility, bishops, and great men, at Cashel, caused all their history, from the time in which it had been left off, to be recorded in the *Psalter* there, *which they all signed*; copies of which were sent into every province for the use of each provincial king; and no credit was to be given to any other relations of public affairs, than what were contained in those chronicles."

I imagine the reader will thank me for inserting here part of an interesting letter, written from Maynooth, in Ireland, by the celebrated English divine, Dr. Milner, to one of his friends in England, bearing date June 29, 1807. *Milner's Letters from Ireland*.

“For who, sir, were the luminaries of the western world, when the sun of science had almost set upon it? Who were the instructors of nations during four whole centuries, but the Irish clergy? To them you are indebted for the preservation of the Bible, the fathers, and the classics; in short, of the very means by which you yourself have acquired all the literature you possess. In whatever part of this extensive island St. Patrick preached the gospel, he founded convents and schools of instruction, by means of which he enlightened and civilized the inhabitants at the same time that he converted them. These schools soon became so famous, that they were frequented by crowds of students from France, Flanders, and Germany, as well as from the different parts of Britain. Gildas, the most ancient of our British writers whose works are extant, studied for a long time at St. Patrick’s seminary of Armagh, as did, in the following century, St. Agilbert, a Frenchman, the second bishop of the West Saxons. Soon after this, namely, in the seventh century, we find great numbers of our countrymen, poor as well as rich, flocking to Ireland as to a general mart of literature, where the hospitable Scots, as the inhabitants were then called, with a generosity unknown in every other nation, not only instructed them gratis, but also fed them gratis. At length a residence in Ireland, like a residence now at a university, was considered as almost essential to establish a literary character. I cannot forbear quoting here the often-repeated lines which Camden extracted from the Life of St. Sulgenius, who flourished in the eighth century:—

‘Exemplo patrum, commotus amore legendi,  
Ivit ad Hibernos sophiâ mirabile claros.’

“Not content, however, with teaching the foreigners who came to them for instruction, the Irish clergy, in the seventh, eighth, and ninth, centuries, spread themselves over the greater part of Europe for the sake of converting and civilizing the remaining pagans in the northern parts of it, and of instructing the unlettered Christians, as was the case with most of them every where. St. Killian became the apostle of Franconia, St. Rumold of Brabant, St. Virgilius of Carinthia, St. Columban of the Swiss, St. Gallus of the Grisons, being all of them Irishmen; not to speak of St. Donatus, bishop of Fesuli, and St. Cataldus, bishop of Tarentum, who illuminated the church of Italy, nor of St. Fursy, St. Fiacre, St. Firmin, St. Rupert, &c., who illustrated the churches of France and Germany. In a word, there is hardly a diocese in the countries here mentioned which does not record the learning and sanc-

tity of several illustrious missionaries from Ireland who formerly served it. The most celebrated nurseries of learning in those ancient times, both in our own country and abroad, were all instituted by Irish scholars. It was the learned Irish bishop St. Aidan who instituted that of Lindisferne, which enlightened the northern and midland parts of England. It was the venerable monk Maidulph who opened the famous school of Malmesbury, from which sacred and profane literature, Greek as well as Latin, was diffused over the southern and western parts of it. St. Columb Kille founded the learned monastery of Iona, in the Western Isles; St. Columban, those of Luxieu and Bobbio; St. Gall, the celebrated one which bore his name amongst the Alps. In short, we are equally indebted to the Irish for the most renowned universities of modern times. Claudius Clemens was the first professor of the university of Paris, as Joannes Scotus was of the one at Ticinum, or Padua. Even our boasted university of Oxford is greatly, if not chiefly, indebted for its foundation to the last-mentioned acute and eloquent scholar, who first opened an academy for the instruction of English children upon the plan of the aforesaid foreign universities, and who excited the great Alfred to institute one equal to them in his own dominions. [*Usher Primord.*] The centuriators of Magdeburg make Joannes Scotus the first professor at Oxford; but he seems to have died a little before the schools were actually opened there. — N. B. It is agreed amongst the learned, and it is evident by comparison, that our ancient *English or Saxon characters* are borrowed from those of Ireland.

“True it is, the calamity which almost extinguished the flame of literature in England, — I mean the destruction of the monasteries by the Danes, — was productive of the same effect in Ireland. Nevertheless, it is easy to prove that the Irish clergy did not fall into total ignorance during the dark period which succeeded this storm; as, likewise, that they soon recovered a considerable degree of their former literary credit; and, in short, that there was an uninterrupted succession of men eminent for their learning and talents amongst them, even down to the second destruction of monasteries by the tyrant Henry the Eighth. Even under the cruel and almost uninterrupted persecution which they have endured till within these few years, they have contrived to acquire, not only professional, but also classical and ornamental literature. Several of them have studied the classics and sacred literature under hedges, for want of schools, and others have spread themselves over the continent of Europe, in order to acquire that knowledge

which their predecessors originally diffused throughout it. The success which they have generally met with in their studies has been equal to the ardor with which they have applied to them. Accordingly, sir, you will find, upon inquiry, that the Irish students in the foreign universities, down to the very period of the late revolution, carried off more than their due proportion of prizes and professorships by the sheer merit of superior talents and learning, and a much greater proportion than fell to the lot of *all other foreigners* in the countries in question put together."

Professor *Gorres*, of Munich, one of the most eminent philosophers of Europe, in the present day, has, in his profound discourse on mystic theology, beautifully expressed his admiration of Christian Ireland. Referring to the Gothic irruptions of the fifth century, he writes, "All not engaged in the combat took refuge in the ark of the church; which, amid the mighty swell of waters, floating hither and thither, guarded the treasures concealed within it; and while, amid the general tumult of the times, it secured a peaceful asylum to religious meditation, it continually promoted the contemplative as well as heroic martyrdom. Such an *asylum* was found from the middle of the fifth century, in the green *Emerald Isle*,—the ancient Erin,—whose secluded situation and watery boundaries, as they had once served to protect her from the disorders of the Roman empire, now sheltered her from the storms of the migration of nations. Thither, seeking protection with St. Patrick, the church had migrated, to take her winter-quarters, and had lavished all her blessings on the people, who had given her so hospitable a reception. Under her influence, the manners of the nation were rapidly refined; monasteries and schools flourished on all sides; and, as the former were distinguished for their austere discipline and ascetic piety, so the latter were conspicuous for their cultivation of science. While the flames of war were blazing around her, the Green Isle enjoyed the sweets of repose. When we look into the ecclesiastical life of this people, we are almost tempted to believe that some potent spirits had transported over the sea the cells of the valley of the Nile, with all their hermits; its monasteries, with all their inmates; and had settled them down in the Western Isle—an isle which, in the lapse of three centuries, gave eight hundred and fifty saints to the church, wove over to Christianity the north of Britain, and, soon after, a large portion of the yet pagan Germany; and, while it devoted the utmost attention to the sciences, cultivated, with especial care, the mystical contemplation in her religious communities, as well as in the saints whom they produced."

## IRISH ARCHITECTURE.

There is not one of the national attributes of Ireland, which her jealous rivals have endeavored more vehemently to snatch from her, and assume as their own, than her sublime style of architecture. Many and many a volume has been written to prove her ignorant, barbarous, superstitious, or savage, before the happy period of her political connection with Britain, from which alone, as some people will have it, she may date the commencement of her literature, civilization, religion, architecture, and constitutional government.

A writer, who, like myself, maintains the converse of all this, is put unceremoniously on his proofs, whilst those on the opposite side of the question seem to think they are not called upon for any; and, having it in their power to point to the admitted opulence of England for the last four hundred years, think *that* length of inheritance sufficient to build up a claim to *ages* of national greatness. Happily, there is a third nation growing up in the world, thoroughly impartial in its predilections, and sufficiently important in the commonwealth of mind, to be appealed to, — whose fiat, when finally pronounced through her historians and philosophers, will place the image of Ireland in its proper niche in the temple of intellectual fame. That country is AMERICA, — young America, — whose empire grows with each diurnal revolution of the earth. To her sons of intellect and enterprise I commit the claims of Ireland to a due station in the commonwealth of mind.

I propose now to show that Ireland originated nearly all the styles of architecture which were celebrated through Europe for so many ages as “Gothic.” In doing this, I will first sketch a few general outlines of the earliest architecture of the ancients; then show the nature of the varied erections of Ireland, from the dawn of Christianity to the fall of that country, in the twelfth century, which I shall sustain by dates and diagrams; and then I will trace the Irish missionaries and architects, introducing their circular and pointed architecture into Britain, France, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. I will name the churches they built and the dates of their erection, point to their style, and trace their origin to Ireland; and then I will ask the impartial reader for that verdict which I do not fear to hear pronounced.

If we go back to what may be termed the *second creation of man*, we shall find that the first act of Noah, after descending from the ark, was to build an altar. Abraham built altars at various times, and so did



Jacob. The latter is the first who set up a stone under the circumstances detailed in the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis. On awaking from his remarkable dream, he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place;" and he took the stone which he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil on the top of it; and he called the name of the place *Bethel*; and, dedicating it to the Deity, said, "And this stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house." In many other parts of the Old Testament we find stones or pillars set up as memorials of sacred engagements. Joshua said at the covenant of Shechem, "Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us, for it hath heard all the words of the Lord." We find Samuel, and others of the patriarchs of the Old Testament, frequently set up stones as marks of something solemn or sacred; and it is a remarkable circumstance, coinciding so wonderfully with the religious practices of the very first settlers in Ireland, that large stones were raised in secluded spots, as the centres round which they gathered to worship the Deity, those very stones being called by the Irish *Bothal*, or house of God, which has the same signification of the Hebrew *Bethel*. Moses erected twelve upright stones, because of the number of the tribes. The ancient Egyptian "worship stones," or "temples," were rude, unsquared, unchiseled, and of great size. These upright stones were sometimes crossed with others.

In those ages, men dwelt in caverns. Men first burrowed habitations into hills and rising slopes. These were the primeval houses of the great; and cool and very comfortable houses they were in warm countries. At this day, the inhabitants of New York, poor and rich, and those of some other American cities, live mostly in the basement story, or cellars, of their houses, being the coolest in summer, and the warmest in winter.

The generations immediately following Noah inhabited caverns. We find the remains of extensive towns, and almost cities, cut in the Nubian rocks, which run along the valley of the Nile. There are deserted cities still to be seen in the solid rocks in some parts of India. The excavations at Salcette, ten miles north of Bombay, must have employed in the cutting forty thousand men for forty years. The massive blocks of stone, which were cut out of the caverns in the valley of the Nile, were, in the beginning, raised into great, unshapen mounds, which became naturally memorials commemorative of the great work. Under these mounds the chief men were buried; and succeeding kings, finding

that the veneration of the people was called up towards these gigantic memorials, began to employ vast numbers of their vassals to erect those conical monuments, under which, at their death, they were to be entombed. The first pyramids erected were the smallest. Each succeeding Pharaoh excelled his predecessor in the size of his tomb; and hence the number and greatness of these stupendous monuments of a proud and powerful people.

The caves and caverns were, therefore, cut out before the pyramids were begun. The caves of Egypt, India, Greece, and Ireland, are nearly of equal age. There are no marks upon the face of Ireland so ancient, and so deservedly venerable, as her numerous caves and excavations. They proclaim, better than books, her high antiquity. What a splendid monument of primeval ages is the cavern of New Grange, near Drogheda! Why it is still called *New Grange*, I am sure I cannot tell. It is, *at the least*, three thousand five hundred years old. It might be proved older, but cannot be proved younger. It is of an age with the excavations of India, and was dug before many of the pyramids of Egypt were begun. There have been some other caves discovered in Ireland of less magnitude than New Grange, but all of nearly the same character, though not of equal extent. How many more of these ancient abodes there may be yet undiscovered in that country, no one can tell. New Grange was discovered by accident, about seventy or eighty years ago. There were many carved pillars found at the entrance; and we find from *Kholl*, who visited the cave, that paralleled curved lines, clearly Egyptian, are to be seen on the stone altar. It may have been the habitation of a tribe, — at once the fortress, abode, and place of worship, of a hardy band, into which neither cold nor heat, wild beast nor marauder, could enter; or it may have been the treasury or tomb of some mighty chief, some unsung Agamemnon. A laborious exploit it must have been, for it was arched with massive flat blocks, and ornamented within. How many cities have been built and swept clean from the earth since New Grange was hewed out and fashioned!

Of an age with the pyramids were the great temples found in the valley of the Nile, in Persia and India, also the round towers spread through the latter country, so nearly resembling those which are remaining in Ireland, and in China. In the latter, round towers are found in every market town. The first of the excavations, and of the rude stone

pillars, are four thousand years old ; the first of the pyramids, about three thousand seven hundred ; the first of the round towers, about three thousand five hundred years.

The conical hills through Bretagny, Britain, Scotland, and Ireland, are all of one family, were used for the same purpose, and are of a date exceeding three thousand five hundred years old, at least. The first stone pillars erected for religious purposes are of the same age.

The next stage in building was the *circular hut*, made of trees, branches, and clay. These were very simply constructed, in the midst of flat plains and forests, by the shepherd class, who lived in the interior of countries. A number of those huts were, for mutual protection, built together, surrounded by circular trenches, and otherwise fortified, with trees, stones, turf, &c., for the defence of cattle against wild beasts, or marauding tribes.

Those were the first *cities*.

Of an age with those were the tents and marquees, covered with the skins of beasts, these being the material not only of their tents, but of their boats, and sometimes of their clothes. Those characteristics apply to the early swarms of men who departed from the shores of the Euphrates and the Nile, east, north, and west, to repeople the earth. As I have shown in another place, those early movers were called *Celts*, or *Celte* ; and wheresoever they went, whether into India, China, America, or Europe, they brought with them the same first general notions of every thing, whether of heaven or of earth.

It is one of the great mystic attributes of the Deity, in reference to man, that, from the beginning, he has permitted him to range about from opinion to opinion, in respect to his own divine power, nature, and will. The first families that succeeded Noah and his children observed the general form of divine worship instituted by him. They assembled around great upright stones, to acknowledge their obedience to God, and reflect on their crimes.

A few ages only passed, when offshoots from those families scattered into distant lands, and adopted novelties in language, customs, and religion. It appears that they every where worshipped one supreme Spirit, though great diversity of opinion grew up as to the *nature* of that Spirit, his attributes, or identity. But all acknowledged there *was* a Supreme Being, and all worshipped that Being under some name or symbol.

Hence the universal enthusiasm with which men, in all countries and

ages, devoted life, wealth, power, every thing, to the erection of temples to this Supreme Being.

This induced study, invention, and improvement, in the art of building, which has grown to a science, and is called *architecture*. Endeavoring to be brief, I must cut off from the reader's view an extensive Eastern plain, covered with the most varied specimens of temple ruins, built in the course of unnumbered generations, exhibiting the various ideas of man under dissimilar influences. We would doubt the most creditable historian, who should relate to us that men performed such prodigies of labor as the pyramids, caverns, temples, and sphinxes of Egypt; the magnificent cities of Assyria, with their walls three hundred feet high, their hundred brass gates, and their streets fifteen miles long; the excavations in India, in which thousands upon thousands resided; the great wall of China, forming a road and boundary two thousand miles long, and other wonderful works;—did not many of the deeds themselves remain above the earth to speak for their architects.

I would come at once to the architectural labors of that great people, to whom all history, sacred and profane, yields the honor of establishing the *science* of architecture, as followed up and developed by the most civilized of the succeeding nations,—I mean the *Phœnicians*. Though I have, in my early pages on ancient architecture, proved the preëminence of the Phœnicians in this respect, yet I will here insert a few words extracted from the works of ELMES, who is considered by the most eminent architects of England a good authority.

“The Phœnicians are generally supposed to be those descendants of Noah who settled on the coast of Palestine, and are the same people who are called, in the Old Testament, the Canaanites, — a word signifying *merchants*, — and afterwards, by the Greeks, *Phœnicians*. *Sidon*, their capital, so often spoken of by Homer, was eclipsed by its own colony, *Tyre*. These primitive people occupied the coast of Asia eastward of Egypt, and extending from Arabia Deserta to the Mediterranean Sea. It is but a small territory, but its people have been greatly celebrated as the inventors of navigation, arithmetic, and writing. Inhabiting a barren soil, they applied themselves to commerce and the arts, and appear to have been distinguished for their excellence in *manufactures* and works of *taste*. Their first advanced posts, in the march of civilization, were the Isles of Cyprus and Rhodes; from thence successively into Greece, Sicily, Sardinia, and Italy; afterwards into

Gaul; and, always advancing, discovered the southern and western coasts of Spain, and onwards into the British isles.

Of their beautiful city TYRE, the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of Ezekiel give a grand and a poetical description, describing it as of "perfect beauty in the midst of the sea."

"Thy borders are in the midst of the seas. Thy builders have perfected thy beauty. They have made all thy *shipboards* of fir-trees of Sener. They have taken cedars from Lebanon to make *masts* for thee. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine *oars*. The company of the Ashurites have made thy *benches of ivory*. *Fine linen*, with brodered work from Egypt, was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy *sail*. Blue and purple, from the isles of Elishah, was that [the garments] which covered thee. The inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad were thy *mariners*. Thy wise men, O Tyrus, were thy *pilots*. The ancients of Gebal, and the wise men thereof, were thy *calkers*. All the ships of the sea, with their mariners, were in thee to occupy thy merchandise. Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches. With silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs," &c. &c.

The sacred text continues to describe the merchants of Javan, Tubal, Meshech, Togormach, Deden, Syria, Judah, Damascus, Dan, Arabia, Sheba, Asshur, Chilma,—which are the names of nations or kings, whose merchants traded in the city of Tyre, for horses, mules, oxen, horns, ivory, ebony, emeralds, purples, and embroidered work, fine linen, coral, agate, minnith, pannag, honey, oil, and balm, wine, white wool, bright iron, cassia, (mirrors,) and calamus, precious cloths for chariots, spices, precious stones, and gold, blue cloths, brodered work, chests of rich apparel bound with cords; all these, with "multitudes of rich wares," were sold in the fairs of Tyre.

The Phœnicians had several other cities, distinguished for their magnificence, wealth, manufactures, and extended commerce: among the principal were Joppa, Damascus, and Baalbec. The Egyptians would allow no other nation than the Phœnicians to trade with them. Hence the knowledge of Egypt was accessible only to the latter, and by them was communicated to their colonies.—*Elmes's Lectures on Architecture*, p. 112.

The Jews, by a residence of four hundred years in Egypt, anterior to the time of Moses, became acquainted with the arts and sciences then known in that country. After their deliverance, they led a wan-

dering life for forty years. They dedicated a temple to God, after the manner of the Egyptians, who worshipped visionary deities. Being necessary to carry it with them through the wilderness, they constructed it in the form of a spacious tent; this was called "the tabernacle;" it was one hundred and fifty cubits long by fifty wide, five cubits high, formed of wooden columns, with brass bases, and silver capitals, having curtains of tapestry suspended between them. These columns were sixty in number, twenty on each side, and ten on each end, which faced the east and west. The Jews used this temple for a length of time after the conquest of Palestine; but, under the reign of Solomon, constructed a permanent temple at Jerusalem, which, together with several palaces for King David and King Solomon, were built by *Tyrian artists and workmen*.

The architectural structures of the Chinese are very ancient, and have been, according to Sir William Chambers, modeled after tents and pavilions. From this arises its essential character—lightness; and its defect—weakness. The materials are wood, brick, and tiles; the latter are dried in the sun or burnt. They are regulated in their buildings by very strict municipal laws, which prescribe, with the greatest accuracy, even to feet and inches, how the *Lon*, or palace of the *prince*, of the first, second, or third order, of the imperial family, should be built; then, of a *grandee* of the empire; and lastly, of a *mandarin*. They also regulate the size, proportion, and style, of the buildings of second, third, or fourth rate cities and towns, through the empire. These laws are very ancient. The gradations in their buildings, lengths of the *terraces*, heights of the roofs, are marked distinctly; from the simple citizen to the man of letters, from the man of letters to the mandarin, from him to the prince, from the prince to the emperor. The common houses are mere huts of a single floor. The fronts of their houses, next the street, have no windows, and they hang a mat before their doors to prevent passers-by looking in. Their palaces are grand though somewhat fantastical. They have lofty towers, in the market towns, all through China, which are not unlike the round towers of Ireland. They are used for astronomical and atmospherical observations, or as sepulchral tombs. They are isolated, round, square, hexagonal, or octagonal, and built with several materials. They place "umbrellas" on their towers, which are in some degree related to the apex of the round tower of Ireland. They have also triumphal arches erected to innumerable distinguished men, and some women. Their canals exceed in extent any thing conceived by Europeans, and their great wall of two thousand miles' length, with its forty thousand towers, defies all imitation.

ETRURIA, (the present Italy,) lying on the north side of the Mediterranean Sea, a few days' sail from *Tyre*, was, as I have before shown, the most considerable of the Phœnician colonies. Its cities were built upon the same plans, its architects constructed on the same principles; its merchants were as rich, and its artists were as celebrated, as those of *Tyre*, *Sidon*, or *Damascus*. Of the former cities not a vestige remains: the chief memorial of their opulence and celebrity is to be found in holy writ. The remains of Etruria fill the tombs and caverns of ancient Italy, and establish the science, art, and opulence, of its Phœnician inhabitants.

The Etrurians, and, I presume, the Phœnicians, were the only nations amongst the ancients who understood the principles of architecture, according to our ideas of the science. The stone pyramids of Egypt are built without cement; the huge stones fitted together so closely that a knife could not be thrust between them. The brick-built pyramids are not so old as those erected of uncemented stones; and, in the temple of *Belus*, built of brick, by the Assyrians, we are informed that they used a sort of vegetable tar; from which we may conclude, they were then ignorant of the means of converting stones and earth into lime — a most important discovery, and, like most others, made by accident.

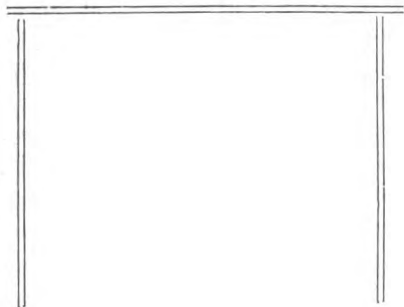
The *pillar* and *arch* were used, in their erections, by the Etruscans, and they have left behind an order or style of architecture which is called *Doric*, and sometimes *Tuscan*. There has been a long controversy between antiquarians, about the true fathers of the arch. One class contends that the Egyptians, and another, that the Etruscans originated it. It is maintained, by *Elmes*, that the Egyptians, in their early career, were ignorant of the principle of the arch, or they certainly would not have transported the roof of the temple of *Latona*, at *Butis*, from the Island of *Philoe*, a distance of nearly six hundred miles. It was the most enormous block of stone ever moved by human power. It contained above one hundred and forty-four thousand cubic feet, and weighed above twenty millions of pounds — *eight thousand seven hundred tons*.

The Etruscans have left specimens of very ancient methods of construction. To them has been attributed the invention of building with small pieces of stone joined together by calcareous cements, *because in their country are found the earliest examples of this method of construction*. — *Elmes's Lectures*, p. 281. — The ruins of Etruria, its arched

shores and gateways, composed of cemented stones, and far more ancient than those of Rome, (which rose upon its fall,) leave no doubt whatever that its inhabitants were acquainted with the principles and use of the arch. The largest entrance into the *Vola Terra* is a magnificent arch, called the *Gate of Hercules*, built by the Etrurians. They built several theatres, where the supposed actions of their deities in heaven were represented: the entertainment formed part of their religious worship. The capitol at Rome, the temple of Jupiter, and many other public buildings in that city, were built by the Etrurian architects.

From Etruria, as I have already incontestably proved, in my early pages, No. 132 to 146, marched forth *science* to the east and to the west. Its journey to Ireland, through the medium of Etrurian commerce, has also been *proved*, and its approach to the Isles of Hellas, (Greece,) though later, is as distinctly observable.

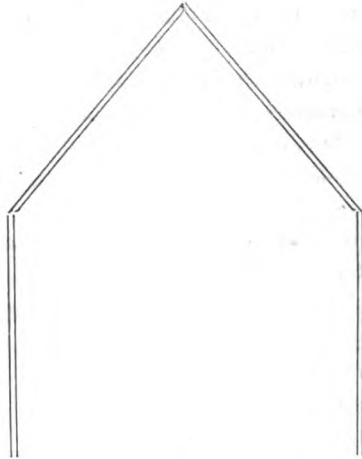
And this brings us to the development of the two great *principles* on which the various styles and orders of architecture have been raised. These two principles in architecture are called the *arched* and the *columnar*. Greece seems to have cultivated the columnar, and Ireland the arched style. In these opposite decisions the inhabitants were influenced by their respective climates. In Greece, and in the East generally, they have, or had, no rain. Their vegetation was nourished by dewy exhalations from the earth; therefore their flat roofs and their square style of architecture, as we may symbol in the following outline — two upright pillars and a cross-beam:



The architecture of Ireland was fashioned by the influence of the climate, — which is generally rainy. It will be found, by the ancient



ruins, to have been raised according to the principle symbolized in the following outline — two upright pillars and a pointed arch :



Keeping distinctly these two fundamental *principles* continually in view, we shall be able to trace the two great *styles* of architecture, **GRECIAN** and **IRISH**, through the labyrinth of styles, orders, and innumerable technicalities, with which science and caprice have invested them. The elegant superstructures called *Grecian* are raised in square or angular pieces, with vertical columns, and horizontal beams. Arched architecture is the opposite of this. It is raised by a series of arches, starting from columns, or clusters of columns, which sometimes are again intersected by other arches, in a transverse direction, forming beautiful groins, or quarter arches, admitting the most romantic and endlessly various embellishments. "Both styles," says Hazlitt, "are founded in the indestructible principles of human nature."

The Greeks improved the style which they adopted. They divided their improvements into stages, which they called after the persons by whom, or the cities in which, the improvements were made. The first was simple and unadorned, called the *Doric*: its column is fluted along the shaft, and terminates at the top by a capital, called a *tile*. The second was called *Ionic*, the column of which was generally fluted, taller, and more slender; the shaft placed upon a pedestal, and topped by a capital, with volutes as ornaments, in the form of the crooked horns of the ram.

The *Corinthian* was the third or last order of the Greeks, and did not appear until long after the other two had been in use. Its characteristics are *richness*, in all its carvings, flutings, and ornaments. The capital of the column is fashioned after a flower-basket, set on a tomb, surrounded by foliage. These orders are distinguishable from each other by the fashion of the column, with which all the accessories and appurtenances of the building must correspond.

The Greeks, like their masters, the Phœnicians, first used wood in their erections, then brick, stone, and lastly, marble. Occasionally, bronze pillars are found in their ruins. They never allowed more than three orders. The Romans admitted five. Nature, says *Elmes*, dictates but three, viz., *robust, chaste, elegant*. These the Greeks had imbodyed in the *Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian*. The Romans would have one *more* elegant than the elegant, and one *more* robust than the robust, — hence their *Tuscan* and *Composite*, — without any fixed law, depending merely upon taste or caprice.

The Greeks had splendid public temples, but miserable private dwellings. Statues and pictures filled their galleries; but they had no public bridges — not even over the stream which coursed through the far-famed Athens, through which the citizens were obliged to wade.

The Romans compounded an order from the vertical and horizontal style of the Greeks, and the arched style of the Etruscans. They jumbled both together with much tawdry ornament. "The architecture of Rome," says *Elmes*, "possesses, in its various superabundant ramifications, heaps of affectations and conceits, solely arising from the error of employing the orders, columns, pediments, and cornices, merely as *ornaments*, whereas the Greeks used them as principal and necessary parts. Their architecture gave to posterity the swollen composite; their sculpture, the exaggerated style of the gladiator." For the first six or seven hundred years of the Roman republic, they built their private dwellings, their great temples, and theatres, of wood. Those that remain, in stone, and marble, and brick, in such colossal ruins, were built from about fifty years before Christ to one hundred and fifty years after. When the Romans had reduced the Greeks completely under their rule, and carried home their learned men as captives, whom they compelled to instruct their youth, — then commenced the rise of what is called *Roman* architecture, massive, grand, irregular, extravagantly ornamented. The private dwellings of both Greek and Roman citizens were, however, miserable huts, of only one floor. The

pure Greek architecture, from the same period, declined, and never afterwards revived. Such as were afterwards erected in Greece, were of the compound Roman character.

The celebrated Roman writer Vitruvius has left behind a work on Roman architecture, in which he endeavors to establish a series of canons and a grammar. As it was the first work which specially treated of architecture as a science, it was considered, for a long time, a safe guide in erecting works of strength and grandeur; but other men have long since entered the field of architectural debate, and have analyzed the axioms of Vitruvius, condemned the most of them by the test of science and time, and returned back on the Greek school for the laws and models of *columnar* architecture. It must be confessed that no nation can vie with Greece in the construction of that class of erections denominated the elegant public buildings of a city; viz., theatres, palaces, senate-houses, and the like. Courts of justice, jails, and other grave works, have been built in the massive or Doric order; while the true order for churches, and all buildings devoted to religion, is the IRISH, alone, characterized by the circular or pointed arch, with pillars and buttresses, tapering upwards, with pyramidal or spire-like terminations. This style had been called *Gothic* for the first time in the sixteenth century, and by that style has been distinguished, though most improperly, to the present time. Although the Greeks were admitted as elegant in their style of architecture, yet Hoskings has the following remarks in reference to them: "Ignorance of the use of the arch, inferior carpentry, the absence of glass, and the ignorance of the use of chimneys, were disadvantages which the Greeks labored under, in the construction of their houses, that no degree of taste and elegance could completely countervail.

"Architecture," says Hoskings, page 16, "was already extinct among the Romans, when the seat of empire was transferred to Constantinople, by Constantine, about three hundred and seventy years after the birth of Christ. The change of religion, which then took place, led to the destruction of many of the noblest structures of Rome. The materials of her decaying temples were converted into the new churches; and these were built without any order or architectural principle whatever." The first Christian church erected by Justin, at Byzantium, [Constantinople,] called San Sophia, was built partly of columns brought from Rome, and in a compound style, in which no distinct order was prominent. This model, in compliment to the emperor, was that which nearly all the Christians around the seat of power followed in their erections; and

diose in Rome, Greece, Italy, and other places, where the new religion took root, followed, as near as they could, the same example.

Now, about *this* style all writers are agreed — all architects, all men of science and taste, — that it was utterly and absolutely absurd, un-architectural, barbarous.

During the Gothic irruptions over all Europe, in the two hundred years from the beginning of the fifth to the close of the sixth century, all science, art, and literature, were trampled under foot. The Latin language, as I have before remarked, was absolutely lost. Egypt had long previously become a vast ruin. Greece was, for centuries, reduced to bondage; and now, the mighty Rome herself, the mistress so long of all the world but *Ireland*, was, in turn, reduced to a shapeless ruin; her temples tumbled, her palaces inhabited by cattle, her theatres tenantless, and desolation weeping over the fanes of her greatness.

During this period of chaos and ignorance, all idea of architectural construction had vanished from the continent of Europe. We shall see in the case of architecture, as in those of literature and music, that in Ireland alone was its principle purely cultivated, so far, at least, as the *arched style*.

“To Ireland,” in the eloquent language of Professor Gorres, the German philosopher, — “To Ireland the affrighted spirit of truth had flown during the Gothic irruptions in Europe; and there made its abode in safety until Europe returned to repose, when those hospitable philosophers, who had given it an asylum, were called by Europe to restore its effulgent light over her bedarkened forests.”

I have already made the reader aware that Ireland kept pace, in knowledge, with her kindred race on the shores of the Mediterranean, until about the time of Julius Cæsar, fifty years before Christ. Cæsar’s wars in Gaul and Britain, and the occupation of those countries, broke up, for four centuries, all communication between Ireland and the continent of Europe.

Ireland improved her architecture during all this time. The progress of art is like that of the scarce-noticed fountain which silently glides along an humble watercourse. By degrees it becomes a brook, and increases to a rivulet. Capable now of utility, it rises into consequence, spreads on like a swelling river, and rolls majestically to the ocean, giving power to machinery, and employment, utility, and blessings to the people.

It was thus the *arched architecture* of Ireland stole onwards to importance; it was thus, as we shall see, that the arched principle was

conducted into Europe by those indefatigable Irish missionaries, who spread literature and Christianity over the western part of that continent, in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries.

I respectfully and earnestly solicit the patient attention of the reader to the proofs which I shall now lay before him in support of this proposition.

I am fully aware of the danger of entering on this profound question, and feel my incapability, wanting as I do that knowledge of the science, and of many of the technicalities which belong to it. There are general principles, however, which belong to nature, and are governed by its laws alone, with which I feel myself competent to deal; and there are, besides, historical *facts* on my side, which cannot be perverted or converted to the purposes of delusion in this enlightened age.

The English and Scotch writers, who have entered on this question, have claimed the merit of arched architecture for England or for Scotland, according as their partialities impelled them; others have given the honor to the Eastern nations, and some to the black Moors who overran Spain in the eighth century. To any and to every nation was the honor offered, but to the right owner, down-trodden Ireland; for, during the last seven hundred years,

“It was poverty to honor,  
Treason to love,  
And death to defend her.”

The ages of the caverns had passed away, the ages of the round towers, and square, vaulted castles, succeeded. See the engravings at pages 133 and 143. These latter gave place to the *arched* and *gable-roofed* buildings, which have prevailed in Ireland for better than two thousand years. It is historically true that the ancient Irish built their private and many of their public structures of oak, wattle, and clay, like the ancient Greeks and Romans. The round towers, and square, vaulted castles, that yet remain, cannot be less than two thousand five hundred to three thousand years old. There are comparatively few of those remaining. Very many of them have been swept from the earth by time, like the cities of *Tyre*, *Babylon*, *Nineveh*, *Carthage*, and others of coeval ages. The Druidical temples of Ireland were generally built in a masculine Doric style, to insure durability. The fragments of broken cornices and architraves, as well as the sculptured figures that enriched the friezes of those edifices, which are still to be seen in Ireland, afford an indu-

bitable proof of the perfection to which the pagan Irish carried the arts of sculpture and architecture. The palaces of Tara and Emania were immense piles, whose vaulted domes rested, to use the language of Dr. Harris, "on a forest of marble columns." These have perished beneath the hand of time, and also beneath the withering curse of the church. We are told that, in the sixth century, a chief of note committed murder on his antagonist in the national assembly of Tara, and fled, according to the custom of the time, for sanctuary, to a neighboring monastery. The king's guards pursued him thither, dragged him forth in defiance of the usage, and warning voice of the holy directors of the abbey, and carried him back to Tara, where he was punished with death.

The bishop and monks of this abbey then came in procession before the walls of Tara, and pronounced against it a curse; and from that day its opulence and authority ceased. No man ventured within its precincts. Its arched roofs and thickly-columned walls fell to decay by degrees, and, in the course of a few ages, the spot where it reared its ornamented head can alone be seen. The *feo*, or parliament, met in a place near to it, and the bards filled their songs with mournings for its fall.

Before Christianity was introduced into the island, the Druids were the architects. They built their places of worship of stone and cement, and in the very form of that *gable* represented by the outline, page 494. *Usher* tells us, and Father Colgan before him, that there were *eleven hundred stone churches in Ireland in St. Patrick's time*. These were all built on the round arch or pointed arch principle; and the church writers affirm that the Christian apostle converted, in all cases, the Druid temples into churches. Are we to doubt *Primate Usher*, who, as an antiquarian, stands coequal with Newton and Sir William Jones? There are a few, a very few, of the ruins of these primitive churches yet to be seen in Ireland.

The antiquarian is referred to the Island of Iniscathy, near the mouth of the River Shannon—described in the *Book of Ballimote*, as "the wonder of Ireland"—for material to ponder on. St. Senanus, in 490, built no fewer than eleven small churches of stone and cement on this celebrated spot, which, for countless generations before his time, had been the scene of Druid rites and worship; for here is also found, looking down upon those Christian ruins, one of the largest and most remarkable of the pagan round towers, which was built, at least, fifteen hundred years before the time of St. Senanus. It measures one hun-

dred and twenty feet high, and springs from a base twenty-two feet in circumference. Although scathed and rent by lightning, the original roof remains in the form of a conical cap, or *barred*, which, Walker says, the national architects and sculptors of Ireland regarded as a dress becoming even to angels.

The word *church*, thirteen hundred years ago, had a very different meaning from the import of the word at present. It was, then, a mere cell, hermitage, or sanctuary. Although, as it is recorded, eleven churches were built upon the island by St. Senanus, the remains of seven, only, are now to be traced. *The chief or cathedral church called St. Mary's, and one other, are in pointed style*, but possess no other attraction. The "seven churches," built by St. Kevin, in the county of Wicklow, on the gloomy rock of *Glendalough* — whose very name calls up an echo of the grandest antiquarian associations — about the same time, (the fifth century,) the ruins of which yet remain, are similar evidences in favor of the great proposition.

These ruins are *the oldest remaining in Europe of the pointed style*. There is no doubt whatever about their date or history. They are the indexes to the bed of that ancient current of architecture, which flowed on from century to century, expanding in dimensions, beauty, and magnificence.

I will quote an entire article on this topic from the *London Athenæum* of June, 1844.

"It is much to be regretted that the society, lately established in England, having for its object the preservation of British antiquities, did not extend its design over those of the sister island, which are daily becoming fewer and fewer in number. That the gold ornaments, which are so frequently found in various parts of Ireland, should be melted down for the sake of the very pure gold of which they are composed, is scarcely surprising; but that carved stones, and even immense Druidical remains, should be destroyed, is, indeed, greatly to be lamented. At one of the late meetings of the Royal Irish Academy, a communication was made of the intention of the proprietor of the estate at New Grange to destroy that most gigantic relic of Druidical times, which has justly been termed the *Irish pyramid*, merely because its vast size 'cumbereth the ground.' At Mellifont, a modern corn-mill of large size has been built out of the stones of the beautiful monastic buildings, some of which still adorn that charming spot. At Monasterboice, the churchyard of which contains one of the finest of the round

towers, are the ruins of two of the little ancient stone Irish churches, and three most elaborately carved stone crosses, eighteen or twenty feet high. The churchyard itself is overrun with weeds, the sanctity of the place being its only safeguard. At Clonmacnoise, where, some forty years ago, several hundred inscriptions in the ancient Irish character were to be seen upon the gravestones, scarcely a dozen (and they the least interesting) are now to be found; the large, flat stones, on which they were carved, forming excellent slabs for doorways, the copings of walls, &c.! It was the discovery of some of these carved stones in such a situation which had the effect of directing the attention of Mr. Petre (then an artist in search of the picturesque, but now one of the most enlightened and conscientious of the Irish antiquaries) to the study of antiquities; and it is upon the careful series of drawings made by him that future antiquarians must rely for very much of ancient architectural detail now destroyed. As to Glendalough, it is so much a holiday place for the Dubliners, that it is no wonder every thing portable has disappeared. Two or three of the seven churches are levelled to the ground; all the characteristic carvings described by Ledwich, and which were '*quite unique in Ireland*,' are gone. Some were removed and used as key-stones for the arches of Derrybawn bridge. Part of the churchyard has been cleared of its gravestones, and forms a famous place, where the villagers play at ball against the old walls of the church. The little church, called 'St. Kevin's Kitchen,' is given up to the sheep. The abbey church is choked up with trees and brambles, and, being a little out of the way, a very few of the carved stones still remain there, two of the most interesting of which I found used as coping-stones to the wall which surrounds it. *The connection between the ancient churches of Ireland and the north of England renders the preservation of the Irish antiquities especially interesting to the English antiquarian*; and it is with the hope of drawing attention to the destruction of those ancient Irish monuments that I have written these few lines. The Irish themselves are, unfortunately, so engrossed with political and religious controversies, that it can scarcely be hoped that, single-handed, they will be roused to the rescue even of *these evidences of their former national greatness*. Besides, a great obstacle exists against any interference with the religious antiquities of the country, from the strong feelings entertained by the people on the subject, although *practically*, as we have seen, of so little weight. Let us hope that the public attention directed to these objects will have a beneficial result, and insure a greater share of 'justice to Ireland;'



for will it be believed that the only establishment in Ireland for the propagation and diffusion of scientific and antiquarian knowledge — the Royal Irish Academy — receives annually the munificent sum of three hundred pounds from the government! And yet, notwithstanding this miserable pittance, the members of that society have made a step in the right direction, by the purchase of the late dean of St. Patrick's Irish Archæological Collection, of which a fine series of drawings is now being made at the expense of the academy, and of which they would, doubtless, allow copies to be made, so as to obtain a return of a portion of the expense to which they are now subjected. Small, moreover, as this collection is, it forms a striking contrast with our own *National Museum*, which, rich in foreign antiquities, is almost without a single object of native archæological interest, if we except the series of English and Anglo-Saxon coins and manuscripts."

St. Brendan erected a superb abbey in Ardford, in the sixth century. It was partially destroyed by fire in 1080, and rebuilt, together with a cathedral, on the *arched* principle. In the mouldering choir of the cathedral, is to be found an *alto rilievo*, exquisitely sculptured.

The great abbey and cathedral of Clanmacnoise, in the King's county, were built in 549. It is a magnificent ruin, attesting great knowledge in the design and construction. From two thousand to three thousand students were, for many ages, accommodated within its capacious walls. "The gray pinnacles," says Pepper, "and time-tinged turrets of these vast ruins, look out upon the majestic Shannon in awful sublimity." In Roscarbery, in the south of Ireland, are ruins of the sixth century, and near the spot are several great caves, divided into chambers, discovered in 1791.

The round tower of Roscrea, built in the early Druid ages, is eighty feet high, and fifteen feet in diameter, with two steps round it at the bottom. At fifteen feet from the ground is a window with a **REGULAR ARCH**, and at an equal height is another window with a **POINTED ARCH**. The ruins of the old church, built near it by St. Cronan in the sixth century, are all in the old pointed or gable style.

Emly, now a poor village, was the spot on which *St. Albe* erected his first cathedral, or bishop's church, in 501. It is fourteen miles west of Cashell, in the south of Ireland. In the close of the sixth century, a university was built here, which, until the city was plundered and burnt by the Danes, in the ninth century, afforded accommodation, as recorded by Colgan, for fifteen hundred students at a time. "Here,"

says Pepper, "is still, to be seen a wilderness of architectural ruins worthy the pen of a Byron or the pencil of a Rosa."

"The ancient *Damliag*, or *House of Stone*," says Moore, "erected by St. Kienan as early as the fifth century, some of the ruins of Glendalough, and parts of the small church of St. Donlach, near Dublin, present features of remote antiquity, and prove them to be of a much earlier date than the chapel of Cormac, at Cashell, (anno 880;) this latter structure being clearly a specimen of the more ornate stage of that old circular style of architecture, which, in the church of St. Donlach, is seen in its ruder and yet undecorated form. It may be remarked, as peculiar to these *ancient* Irish churches, that their *roofs* are of *stone bound by cement*, and that the crypts, instead of being subterranean, as in some of the ancient British churches, are situated aloft between the ceiling and the *angular roof* of stone."

The splendid cathedral, erected by St. Patrick, in Armagh, in the fifth century, as the chief church of Ireland, has been so often battered by invaders, and so often repaired by the native Irish in the fashion of the age in which the new alterations took place, that we cannot make any use of it as evidence. We are told by the church annalists, A. D. 638, that it was originally built of stone and cement in the cruciform shape, with many pillars and arches, having a square tower fifty feet high. Being the chief seat of power for many ages, it has suffered more alterations than almost any other edifice in Ireland. It was repaired about sixty or seventy years ago by the then Protestant primate Lord Rokeby, who not only restored the cathedral, but erected a splendid portico, in the old arch style, in conformity with the genius and style of the old building. To him Armagh is indebted for its reassuming the appearance of a city, which it may now be denominated — the most beautiful inland city of Ireland.

The magnificent abbey of St. Francis, near Sligo, erected in the seventh century, in that peculiar style of arch, and spirally carved column, which prevailed in Ireland in that age, yet remains, in its colossal ruins, the admiration of all travellers.\* There are forty arches of stone raised on massive, but well-carved columns, yet remaining, that support the long, arched roof of stone, which is in very good preservation.

But I feel myself going too far into this question, and must stop abruptly; for, indeed, there is much more to be said in support of my proposition, than I have said, or can find room to say in these pages. I will at once allow one of the most eminent of modern English architects (Mr. ELMES) to give his opinion on the point. Mr.

\* The erection of this vast building is by some erroneously attributed to Maurice Fitzgerald, lord justice of Ireland, A. D. 1252.

Elmes, as he says in the preface to his book, had prepared a course of lectures on ancient and modern architecture. Having spent many years of his life in the study of the art abroad and at home; having been enlightened by a high classical education; and feeling competent to come before the learned of England, to criticise the various styles and orders of the present and the past of their own nation, besides the prevailing and exploded styles of the polite nations of Europe, — he was well able to present the question, in all its bearings, to his countrymen.

He did so. He delivered two or three courses of these lectures, in London, in 1819. But he never had been in Ireland; had looked but slightly, if at all, into her history; nor can we blame him for this. The genius of every British government, that ruled for the last seven hundred years, has excluded Ireland from the study of youth, has tended to decry her old institutions, to deny her former fame, and to destroy every vestige of her history. "It was, till the time of James the First," says Mr. Webb, "an object of government to discover and destroy every literary remain of the Irish, in order the more fully to eradicate from their minds every trace of their ancient independence."

Mr. Elmes, like most young Englishmen, was taught, from the nursery to the village school, from the university to the parliament, to despise Ireland and the *Hirish*. He prepared his lectures on architecture, therefore, without as much as thinking of that country. But his antiquarian curiosity led him to Ireland. He saw and examined for himself, and confesses, honestly, that, after his visit to that country, he saw REASON TO ALTER A GREAT PART OF HIS BOOK.

But we will hear himself: —

"The following lectures were originally written for, and delivered at, the Surrey Institution, in the winter of 1819. They were, secondly, with *much alteration*, and, with *many additions made*, AFTER A TOUR THROUGH PARTS OF IRELAND, INTERESTING FOR ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES, delivered at the Russell Institution, in the winter of 1820. — *Preface to Elmes's Lectures on Architecture.*

"From tours," he says, "which I have recently made through some of the most interesting parts of Ireland for architectural antiquities, and from considerable investigation into its history, I conceive that country to have been peopled originally and directly from the East; the ancient architecture, the ancient religion and language of Ireland, and those of the inhabitants of Hindustan and other Oriental countries, coinciding in a wonderful manner.

"The pyramids of Egypt have narrow passages beneath. At Benares, in India, there are also long caves under the ground; and that at

New Grange, near Drogheda, in Ireland, is of the same character. I doubt not but that this interesting work is of as great antiquity as any in Europe, and was a burying-place for the ancient Irish. No one acquainted with the subject could avoid being struck with the likeness between one of the round towers of Ireland, at Kilkenny, measured by myself, and one of the ancient towers or pillars of India, near Allahabad.

“The first letter of the Irish alphabet is called *ailim*; that of the Hebrew, *aleph*; — the second, *b*, *beith*; Hebrew, *beth*; — *m* in Irish is *muin*; in Hebrew, *mem*; — *n* in Irish is *nuin*; in the latter, *nun*; — *r* is *ruis* in Irish; in Hebrew, *eus*; — *boodh* also is Irish; and *boodh*, or *boodha*, in Sanscrit; means the same unhewn upright stone of worship; — *beth* signifies, in Irish and Hebrew, a *house*; *coph*, a *curve*; *daleth* in Hebrew, and *durres* in Irish, a *door*.

“Mr. Lynch, the secretary to the Gaelic Society of Dublin, says, in his Grammar, that the names of the Irish letters are very ancient, and seem to have been derived from the language spoken by Noah, from which they were adopted by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Canaanites, or Phœnicians, and by these introduced into Greece and the south-west of Europe. This is also the opinion of Eupolemus, Eusebius, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and Bellarmine, with most of our modern philosophers.”

Mr. Elmes, after devoting some of his pages to the round towers and cromleaghs, and giving his conjectures, all of which must merge in Sir William Betham's profound and scientific examination, to which I have devoted some early pages, proceeds — “The architectural antiquities of Ireland present a fine unexplored field, to which, I trust, I may have leisure to turn more of my attention. There are ruins of between *thirty and forty abbeys of splendid architecture*. **THOSE OF JERPOINT, AND OF THE BLACK ABBEY IN THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY, ARE FINER THAN ANY I EVER WITNESSED IN ENGLAND, NOT EVEN EXCEPTING THE FAR-FAMED NETLEY ABBEY IN HAMPSHIRE.**”

“Then there are their mounts, their cairns, and their caves, their round towers, their ancient cathedrals, and the modern Baalbec — the deserted city of Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick: likewise the remains of the seven churches at Glendaloch, in the county of Wicklow, and the bed of St. Keivin, immortalized by the muse of the Irish melodist, together with their cromleaghs, which *rival* ANY in England.

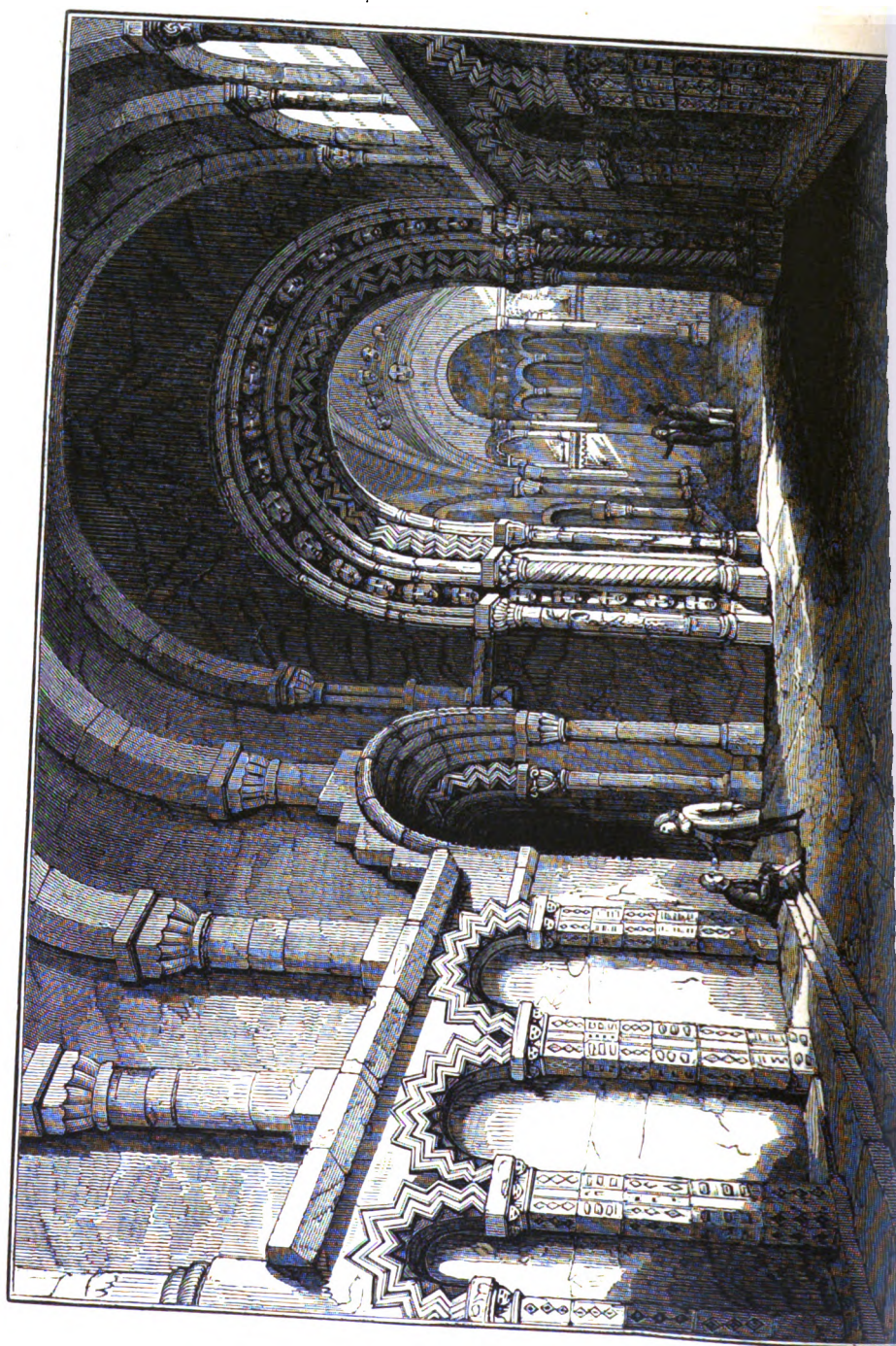
“A very singular specimen of ancient Irish architecture, which is CERTAINLY ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS FABRICS IN THESE KINGDOMS, MUST

be noticed—the stone-roofed chapel of the ancient King Cormac, at Cashell, who was, after the patriarchal mode, both king and bishop, and flourished about the year 900. It is a regular ecclesiastical edifice, divided into a nave and choir, the latter narrowing its breadth, and separated from the nave by a wide arch. Under the altar tradition reports the remains of St. Cormac to be deposited. There is a *striking resemblance between this chapel and the church of St. Peter, at Oxford, with Grimbault's crypts beneath it.*—Elmes's Lectures.—Now we know St. Peter's, at Oxford, was not built until the restoration of King Alfred, nearly a century after the erection of Cormac's Chapel. To this magnificent testimony I will add that of another Englishman of literary fame, Sir R. C. Hoare.

“The stone chapel of Cormac, at Cashell, is nowhere to be surpassed, and is itself a host, in point of remote and singular antiquity; and though her monastic architecture may fall short, both in design and execution, to those of the sister kingdoms, [the author meant, of course, the grand structures of England, built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries,] yet Ireland, in her *stone-roofed chapels*, round towers, and rich stone crosses, may justly boast of singularities unknown to either of them. Of the two crosses at Monasterboyce, they are by far the finest examples, and the richest, in their sculpture, of any I have ever seen.”—*Tour in Ireland.*

As this book is chiefly written with a view of making American citizens acquainted with Ireland, I shall now adduce the testimony of their own talented Willis: “The prominent association with the name of Ireland, to one who does not draw his ideas of the country from the *English* newspapers, is that of a prolific mother of orators, warriors, patriots, and poets. Out of sight of the froth that is thrown up from the angry caldron of political strife, and out of hearing of the bitter contentions of party spirit, the inhabitant of another country looks upon the small space occupied by Ireland, on the map of the world, with feelings of mingled wonder and admiration. The veil that obscures her past glory is withdrawn; the cloud that lowers over her social horizon melts away; and the distant observer, opening the volume of her mournful history, counts the long roll of her illustrious names, and reads in those pages of shame and sorrow—blotted by the best blood of her children—the true character of an enthusiastic people. An undying love of liberty, and an untamed and restless genius, make them turbulent, excitable, and vindictive, under real or imaginary wrongs; while the natural warmth and kindness of their disposition make us willing to forget the











faults which, under more favorable circumstances, would never have had existence. In a work like this, however, of a pictorial character, and intended for circulation among all parties, the great question at issue in Ireland can only be thus far adverted to; and in recording my own observations while travelling in the country, I feel convinced that, by avoiding the irritating topics of political and religious discussion, my readers will journey along with me more pleasantly through the wild and beautiful scenery of this *Western Eden*. Nor do I fear that we shall tire on the way for lack of objects worthy the attention of the antiquary and the poet, where *every valley boasts the remains of some old abbey or monastery* — the fast-decaying relics of the faded grandeur of the ancient Irish church; and where the romantic legends of an imaginative peasantry have peopled every hill-side with the fantastic and graceful creations of Fairy-land. Let me, then, in the language of Ireland's favorite bard, invite those who love Nature in her wild and simple attire, to follow me in my pilgrimage through those lovely scenes; for

‘Never did Ariel’s plume,  
At golden sunset, hover  
O’er such scenes of bloom  
As I will waft them over.’\*

And now let us gaze, with such emotions as our hearts may be capable of feeling, upon this miniature perspective sketch of the far-famed CORMAC'S CHAPEL, erected anno 880, the oldest specimen in Europe of *true arched architecture*.

I am tempted to insert here a stanza from Lord Byron's Address to Greece, in 1809, slightly paraphrased, which applies to Ireland as accurately as it applied to Greece; and may be conducive in waking up a spirit equally inimical to slavery with that called up by his lordship's inspiring muse: —

“*Erin*, how lovely, in thine age of woe,  
Land of heroes, sages, godlike men, art thou!  
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,  
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now.  
Thy shrines, thy temples, to thy surface bow,  
Commingle slowly with heroic earth,  
Broke with the share of every rustic plough;  
And nought remains save well-recorded worth,  
*And the proud spirit which thy race gives forth.*”

---

\* Scenes in Ireland.

This singularly-beautiful church is the most perfect specimen of the genuine arched style in Europe. This erection was not the consequence of any sudden light which broke in upon the nation. It could have grown only from hundreds upon hundreds of experiments and improvements, in Irish architecture, for several ages. Nor is it to be attributed to some happy design of KING CORMAC, the illustrious architect. Its varied excellences in construction; its well-poised stone roof, so scientifically balanced and cemented; its graceful arches and groins; the columns, so chaste and rich in shaft and capital; the carvings, so minute and varied,—proclaim that the numerous workmen employed were educated in a school devoted to the art. And let it be further borne in mind, that the columns of this edifice are not copied after those of either Greece or Rome. They appear to be a distinct order, peculiar to Ireland.

Mr. Elmes says that “want of knowledge in the workmen cannot be compensated for by any skill, art, or science, in the architect. Hence a nation must be liberal patrons of the art, and train up by practice, experiments, and scientific teaching, her artisans, ere she can hope to establish a national style, or a reputation for architecture.”

There does not appear in this entire church a single piece of wood. How well they understood the laws of gravity and equilibrium is attested by the enduring edifice itself, which has lived a thousand years, and promises to live for a thousand years to come. The arch of Cormac will live forever! To erect the *arched* architecture, requires a knowledge of what the French call *stereotomy*, and the nicest balancing, or equilibrium, and calculations of gravity. The principle of *construction* in the arch, as artists call it, is the very acme of architectural science. In this even Michael Angelo failed, in the erection of the cupola of St. Peter's. In latter years, there were discovered very serious fissures, which were repaired by the extraordinary skill of *Zabaglio*, who encircled the cupola with a stupendous iron chain, after the example of Sir Christopher Wren, at St. Paul's, London.

We find, about the age which succeeded that of Cormac, that the art of staining glass had arrived to a high degree of perfection. I will adduce one or two illustrations from Pepper's valuable Notes, and Brewer's Beauties of Ireland.

“The art of staining glass was carried to the highest point of perfection by our ancient artists, as the scanty but elegant specimens still to be seen in the cathedrals of Limerick, Kilkenny, Raphoe, Armagh, and several other of our antique ecclesiastic edifices, amply testify. In the infancy

of the art in Ireland, in the fourth century, the process of painting glass was very simple; it consisted in the mere arrangement of glass, tinged with different colors, in a symmetrical order, like the dyes delineated on a mosaic ceiling. Our churches were adorned with stained glass windows, exhibiting scriptural and martyrological history, and religious and clerical symbols, two centuries before the church of St. Mark, in Venice, was decorated with this species of embellishment. We are told by Bishop Burke, in the history of the Irish abbeys, that St. Kenan's Cathedral, built at Duleek,\* in the county of Meath, A. D. 489, was enlightened by stained glass windows, representing the sufferings of Christ. In the fifth and sixth centuries, the art made rapid strides to perfection; the painters became more spirited in design, and more skilful and exquisite in execution; but though they delineated figures enlightened with their shades, yet they could not fill up their contours with fine groupings, or graphic elegances of detail. When they were called upon to adorn palaces or churches, they had glass of every color of the rainbow prepared, out of which they cut the pieces they wanted to fill up the window frame or sash. But after a short time, they discovered a more improved method, of incorporating the colors in the glass itself, by heating it in a strong fire to the desired degree. We believe that the art is partially lost, for the modern attempts have neither the boldness of design nor the vivid freshness of coloring which our old abbeys and churches yet exhibit. The atrocious myrmidons of Cromwell, after the massacre at Drogheda, proceeded to the once magnificent abbey of Melefont, in the county of Louth, and, in the rage of the diabolical spirit of their fanaticism, broke and demolished the gorgeously stained glass windows, which even the ravaging Huns of Elizabeth had spared. On these windows, which were presented to the abbot by O'Rourke, prince of Breffeny, A. D. 1169, were beautifully painted, at full lengths, the twelve apostles, the four evangelists, and the prophets of the Old Testament. Harris has asserted that, if these windows were in existence in his day, 1763, they would be worth six thousand guineas." *Pepper*.

"The cathedral of St. Canice is an extensive and commanding pile, seated on a gentle eminence, whence are obtained fine views over the city, and along the winding banks of the River Nore. This church is of a cruciform shape, surmounted with a low tower. The length from east to west is two hundred and twenty-six feet, in the clear; and the breadth of the cross, from north to south, one hundred and twenty-three feet.

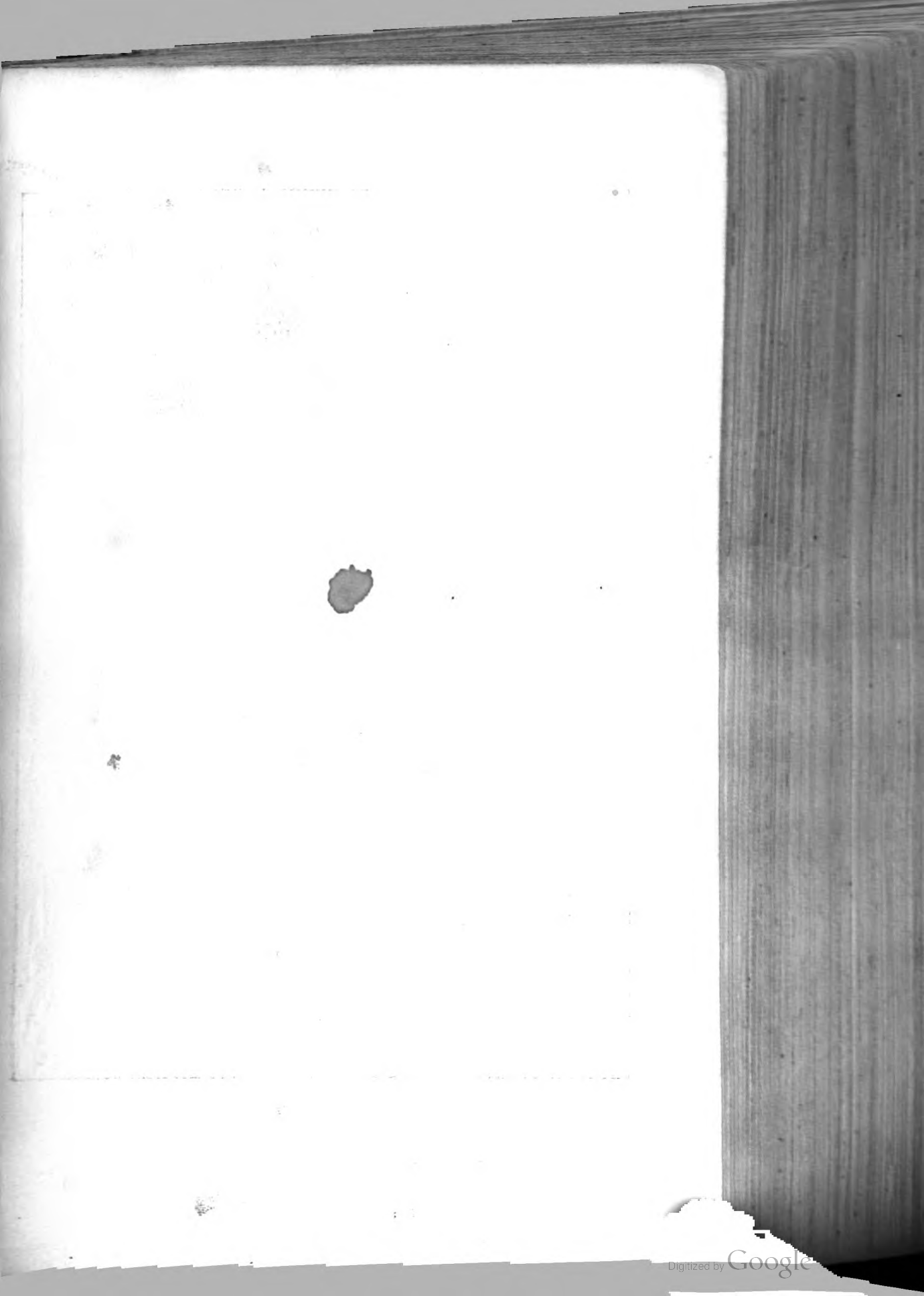
"The eastern part of the church, comprising the choir and chancel, is seventy-seven feet in length. The bishop's throne, the seats, and the

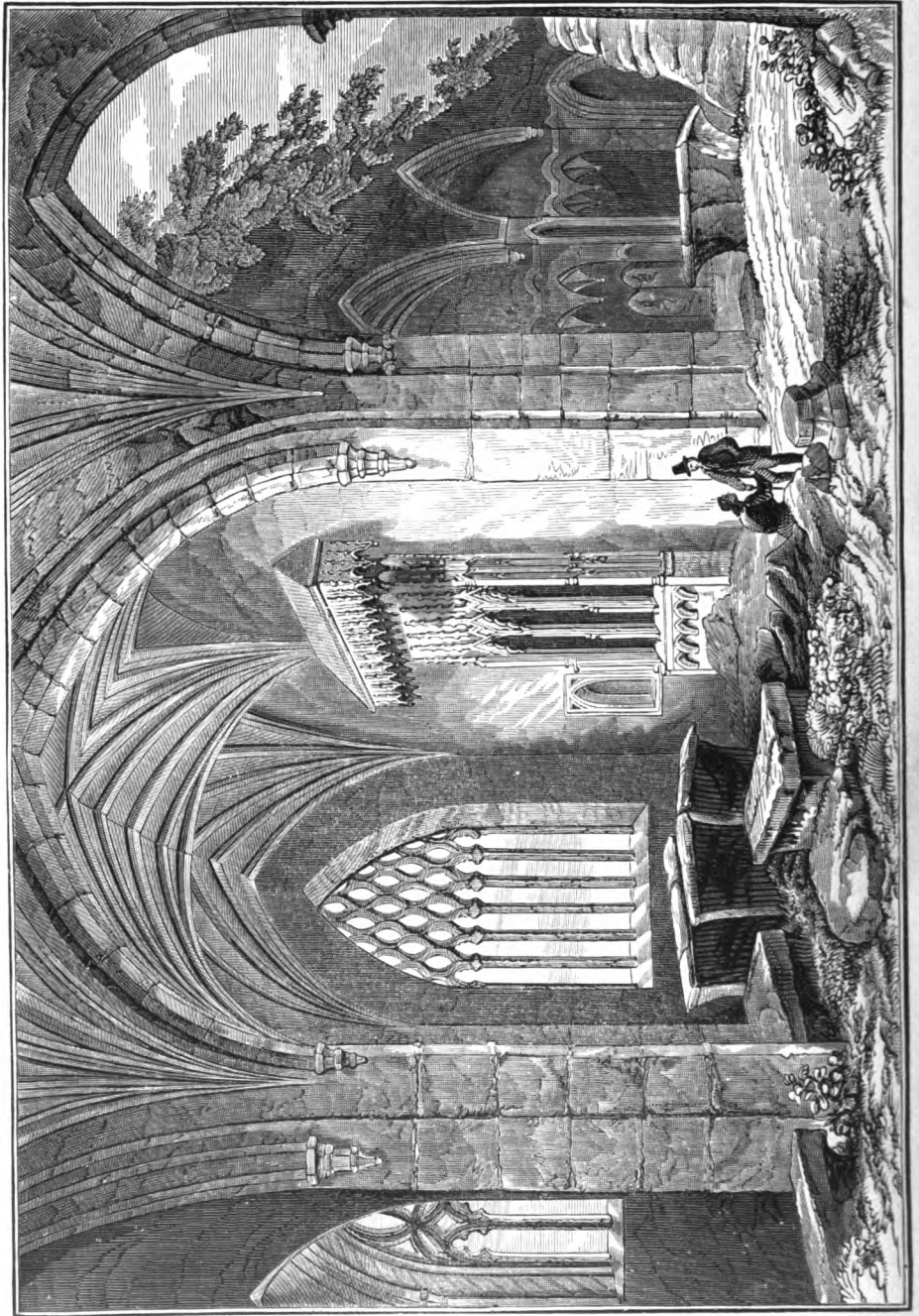
\* Stone House.

gallery, are of varnished oak ; the whole being conspicuous for a sedate simplicity. At the east end is a very lofty window, divided into three lights of the lancet form on the exterior, but each compartment finishing, internally, with a trefoil head. We are informed by Ware, that Bishop Ledred, soon after the year 1318, expended large sums in embellishing his cathedral, and particularly in filling the windows with stained glass. His liberality was eminently displayed in this eastern window, the paintings of which represented the history of Christ, from the birth to the ascension. Rinuncini, legate to the Catholics of Ireland during the troubles of the seventeenth century, is said to have offered seven hundred pounds for the glass of this window, which offer was declined ; but, unhappily, the glass was destroyed, in 1650, by the fanatics of that gloomy period. Some mutilated fragments were afterwards collected by Bishop Pococke, and placed in two ovals over the western door.

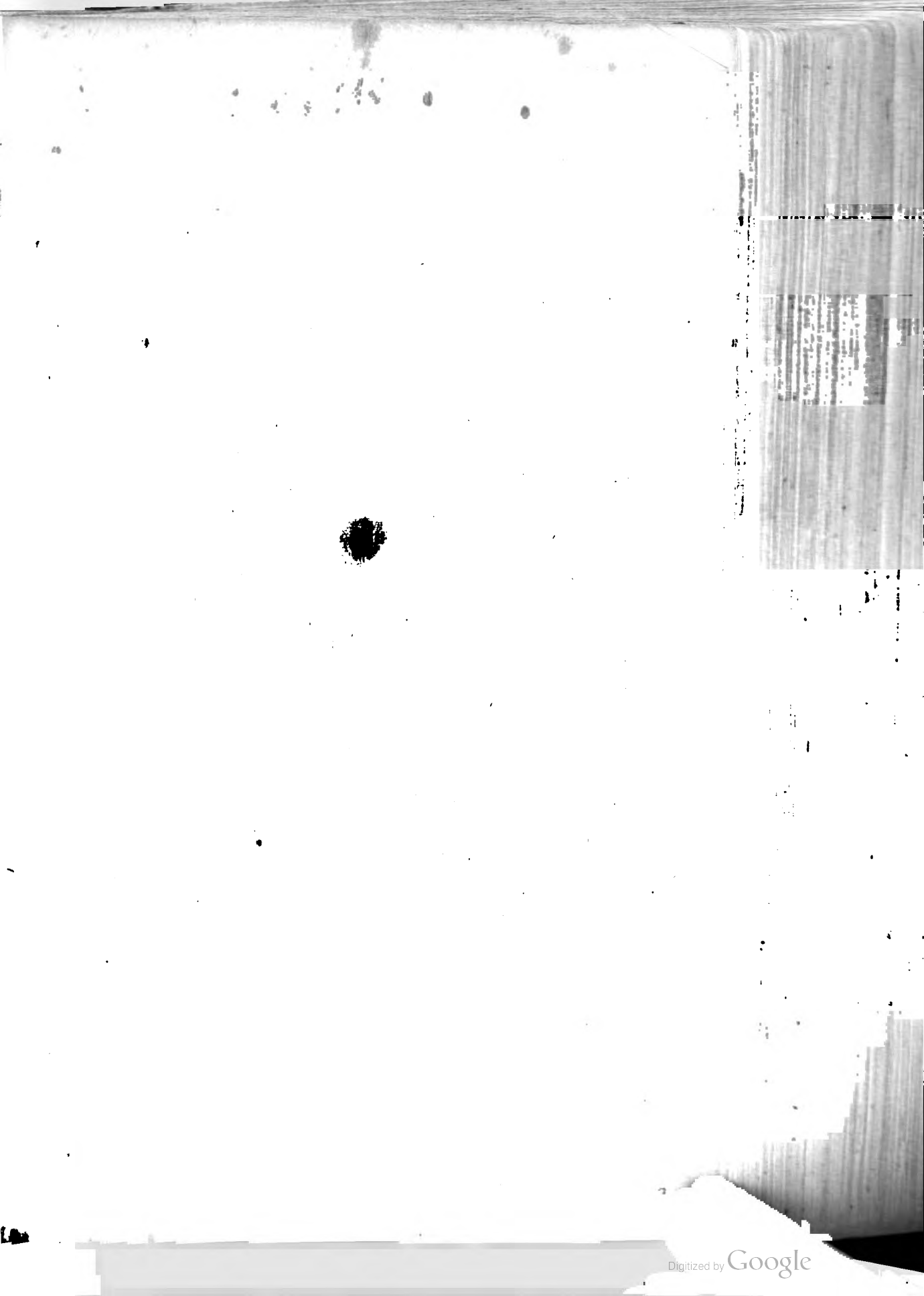
“The nave is divided from its side aisles by pointed arches, unornamented, and supported by pillars composed of black marble. The side aisles are lighted by pointed windows, and the body of the church by windows of quatrefoil shape, placed in a clerestory. In the side aisles, and between the pillars, are numerous altar-monuments. The long succession of these sepulchral memorials adds greatly to the impressive effect of this division of the structure ; and we have rarely seen the interior of an ecclesiastical building, which at the same time was so little indebted to architectural effort, and possessed so imperative a sway over the feelings.” — *Brewer's Beauties of Ireland*. — Killala Church, built 1160, by Daniel O'Brien, king of Limerick, a venerable pile, erected in the form of a cross — two hundred feet in length, and in every respect proportioned. The large, pointed, arched window, over the eastern portal, is elaborately enriched with sculptural mouldings and ornaments. The venerable ruin is in fine preservation, and is surrounded, like the temples of Thebes, with countless ruins that date back before its time several centuries. The stone cross of Tuam, a part of which still exists ; the statues of the twelve apostles, at the cathedral of Cashell ; the grand archway of Mellefont Abbey, and the beautiful tracery and enrichments of many other ruins in Ireland, remain yet as proofs that the ancient Irish artists carried sculpture to a perfection, in the tenth century, “which no nation in Europe,” says Pepper, “could then equal.”

Chieftains' castles lie about, in magnificent ruins, on every hill : to particularize them would fill many pages : they bear date of the eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. The principal cathedrals that still exist entire, which may be referred to as to the matured age of





HOLY CROSS ABBEY.







Irish architecture, are, besides Cormac's Chapel, built 880,—Christ's Church, Dublin, built 1038; St. Patrick's, Dublin, 1070; Holy Cross, 1110; and the cathedrals of Waterford, Limerick, and Cork, about 1104. The monastic ruins of Ardfert, in the county Kerry, are amongst the noblest in Ireland. We are told, by Colgan, that when St. Brandon taught there, in 935, it accommodated nine hundred students, six of whom were foreign princes; and at the far-famed abbey of *Benchoir*, there was room for three thousand.

The engraving now before the reader represents an accurate sectional view of the interior of Holy Cross Abbey, in the county of Limerick.\* This is a specimen of the *improved* or *pointed architecture*, which, in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, spread so rapidly over Europe, from *this* very model. Look upon it, reader, with an inquiring and a reverential eye. It is all, every particle, of pure cut stone. The abbey was begun about 1080, and finished 1110,—one hundred years before *this style* was introduced into continental Europe. Examine its proportions with the eye of science, and try—can any part of it be *improved*? You may *adorn* it,—you may heap ornament upon ornament on this splendid pile; but show where you can add one limb or feature to its architectural beauty.

All beauty in architecture, as laid down by the best authorities, must grow from utility; any limb, or part of a limb, put up merely for *ornament*, is false—is tawdry. You may ornament a buttress, a jamb, a column, a capital, an entablature, an arch, a ceiling, or a window; but when any of these great limbs are put up *as ornaments*, they become absurd and vulgar, contrary to good taste, and proclaim the architect incompetent. Look again, reader, upon that picture! The men who erected that pile are accounted *barbarous*. Be it so; the day of their vindication is coming.

\* Holy Cross Abbey, according to Dr. Milner, the learned English divine, was built in the beginning of the twelfth century, by Donald O'Brien, king of Limerick, to receive a piece of the identical cross on which the Savior was crucified. The cross was buried, in the reign of the emperor Adrian, under the temple of Venus, in Rome, and dug out by the empress St. Helena, and distributed among the Christians of the universe. The piece, about three inches long, which was brought to Ireland, was placed in a wooden case in the form of a cross, and deposited in the altar of this church after it was built; where it remained till the reign of Henry the Eighth, when, owing to the many sacrilegious acts perpetrated in that reign upon every shrine in which aught that was held sacred by the people was deposited, it was placed, for safety, in the custody of a member of the Kavanagh family, by whose descendants it is still preserved.

We shall now inquire into the state of architecture in Britain, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Italy, and France, during the early ages of Christianity. We shall try to discover which of those nations originally possessed the germ of that grand church architecture, which, in its advanced stages, filled the minds of the whole world with such admiration; — which so infatuated kings, queens, lords, and ladies, with its beauty, that lands, crowns, jewels, and all else that men and women hold dear, were yielded up to amplify and establish it.

The inhabitants of Britain, before Cæsar's invasion, 50 B. C., lived in caves and thickets. The caves were their winter habitations, and places of retreat in time of war. They were formed and rendered secure and warm by art, like those of the ancient Germans, as described by Tacitus, who wrote, "They are used to dig deep caves in the ground, and cover them with earth, where they lay up their provisions, and dwell in winter for the sake of warmth. Into those they retire also from their enemies, who plunder the open country, but cannot discover these subterranean recesses." — *Royal English Encyclopædia*.

Their summer houses consisted of a few stakes, wattles, and boughs of trees; and this was the custom in Britain down to the invasion of Cæsar. In fact, England and Germany, being the continental *interior* of the newly-discovered west of Europe, bore that relation to Ireland which the countries and inhabitants west of the Mississippi now bear to Massachusetts or New York. Nature and history both agree in assuring us that Ireland was the land first peopled, reclaimed, and adorned, by the eastern tribes who moved westward in search of land and adventure. It was the first land they met as they sailed from the Mediterranean. Hence it was the centre from which all intellectual light radiated on Western Europe.

The ancient Britons had no cities, according to our idea of a city. Their dwellings, consisting of circular huts, were scattered about the country, and generally situated at the skirt of some forest, or on the banks of some river; for they were governed in this matter more by the convenience of their cattle than their own. And these remarks will apply equally to Gaul as to Britain, and to Germany as to either. "In those early periods of our history," says Elmes, "which are before the Roman invasion, our ancestors appear to have had scarcely any other dwellings than thickets, dens, and caverns; and, according to Tacitus and Cæsar, could have been little better, in point of civilization, than many of the recently-discovered inhabitants of the South Seas.

The earliest style of *architecture*, practised in Britain, appears to have been similar to that which is still used in the smaller hamlets of England, called, by village architects, *wattle and dab*, being a daubing, or rude plastering, with clay, over the chinks and crevices of the wattled walls of their wicker-worked cabins, filling up the interstices with moss. The roofs were formed as they are at present, with boughs of trees, and thatched with straw, to protect the inmates from the weather. The form of the huts was conical, with a hole in the apex or top, to admit light and emit smoke. We can trace this simple style from the ancestors of the polished Greeks to the aboriginal Britons; and the villages of the Hottentots and Caffres exhibit it to this day. What the ancient Britons called a *town*, was merely an enclosure, by a sort of circular ditch and mound, of a tract of woody land; within which an assemblage of huts, of the above description, was erected, to protect themselves and cattle from the incursions of border tribes; for the inhabitants of the island were then divided into about forty contending tribes.

“*Stone huts*, in imitation of the ‘*wattle and dab*,’ were erected in the course of time, circular in their plan, and conical in their elevation, with circular apertures at the top; so that, what was a mansion among the ancient Britons, and served the noblest of our ancestors for withdrawing-rooms, boudoirs, parlors, &c., would make an excellent, though small-sized, *tile-kiln* of the present day.” — *Elmes’s Lectures*, 354. — When *Caractacus*, the old British chief and monarch, was taken captive, and sent in triumph to Rome, he exclaimed, as he gazed in wonder on their palaces, “How is it that a people having such houses can envy my humble cottage in Britain?” During the occupation of Britain by the Romans, we are told they built many towns and cities, besides the great wall to keep out the Picts and Irish. The latter monument is the principal remnant that remains of their erections. We are told the Roman wall was fortified with several hundred military towers, at short distances from each other, like those on the great wall of China. These were battered down by the hardy bands under *O’Neill* and *Dathy*, who drove the Roman eagles out of Britain. Their wooden towns have all perished. That immense pile of antiquity, Stonehenge, in Wiltshire, is not of Roman erection; the conjecture of the antiquarians is, that it is the remains of a colossal Druid temple, raised and destroyed anterior to the recollection of history or tradition. Neither Gildas nor Bede allude to it, though both lived within forty miles of it.

The Anglo-Saxons, who succeeded the Romans as conquerors in Britain, were the greatest enemies to architecture. They battered

down every town and castle which the Romans erected; and both "Saxon and Briton were again," say the chroniclers, "obliged to resort to dens, caves, and thickets, for shelter."

*This was the condition of England in the fifth and sixth centuries.*

"The truth is," say the English editors of *The Royal Encyclopædia*, — "The truth is, that the Anglo-Saxons, at their arrival in this island, [Britain,] were almost totally ignorant of those arts, and, like all the other nations of Germany, had been accustomed to live in wretched hovels built of wood or earth, or covered with straw or the branches of trees; nor did they much improve in the knowledge of architecture for two hundred years after their arrival, (A. D. 670.) *During that period, masonry was quite unknown and unpractised in this island, and the walls even of cathedral churches were built of wood.*"

"There does not seem to have been so much as one church of stone, nor any artists who could build one, *in all Scotland*, at the beginning of the *eighth century*; for Naitan, king of the Picts, in his famous letter to Ceolford, abbot of Weremouth, A. D. 710, earnestly entreats him to send him some masons to build a church of stone in his kingdom, which he promises to dedicate to the honor of the apostle Peter, to whom the abbey of Weremouth was dedicated; and we are told by *Bede*, who was then living in that abbey, that the reverend abbot granted this pious request, and sent masons according to his desire."

There are found, in Scotland, two or three circular stone buildings, in a state of complete ruin, which resemble large lime-kilns, with stories of windows up to the top, at which the walls nearly close together: these were evidently built in the age of the round towers by the first Milesian adventurers, or by some of the Firbolgs, or even earlier tribes, (from the valley of the Nile,) that preceded them.

The vitrified forts, to be found in the Highlands of Scotland, were evidently erected by the ancient Irish Dalriadians, who first peopled Scotland. It is nonsense to attribute them to the Romans, who were never suffered by their indomitable enemies to build any thing north of the great wall. The fact that the stones were fastened together by vitrification, viz., melted into one another by the action of fire, and not by mortar or cement, proves the degree of science which, in remote ages, prevailed in the parent country, Ireland.

"In other parts of this island, [Britain,] architecture was, as might naturally be imagined, in a still less flourishing state. It appears, indeed,

to have been almost entirely lost among the posterity of the ancient Britons, after they retired to the mountains of Wales. The chief palace of the king of Wales, where the nobility and wise men assembled for making laws, was called White Palace, because the walls of it were woven with white wands, which had the bark peeled off. Even the castles of Wales, at this period, [eighth and ninth centuries,] that were built for the security of the country, appear to have been constructed of the same materials; for the old laws required the king's vassals to come to the building of these castles with no other tools but an *axe*." — *Royal English Encyclopædia*.

If we open the early histories of France, we shall see nought but ignorance, wretchedness, and the grossest incivilization prevail in that country, from the third to the seventh century. The condition of wretchedness and ignorance to which the Roman emperors Diocletian and Maximilian had reduced the Gauls, in the third century, was not in the slightest degree alleviated by their next masters, the Franks, who rushed in upon them, in the sixth century, from the wild, uncivilized forests of Germany. The chiefs of these latter bands are described to us as "ferocious," and their serfs "slavish and ignorant."

In Italy, architecture was completely destroyed by the Goths, — savages from the north of Germany, — who sacked Rome, A. D. 412 to 460. Ignorance, brutality, revenge, destroyed nearly all the beautiful structures; and, in the succeeding two or three centuries, the Saracens destroyed all the Christian edifices, and even those of the ancient treasury of arts, — the beautiful Italian cities *Messina* and *Cuma*. Roman architecture, which flourished from Augustus to the time of Hadrian, declined about the third century; and, during four or five hundred years, the taste for building grew barbarously worse in that country. (*Whittington*, p. 3.) Nearly all the churches built by Constantine and the early Christians about and immediately following his time, have been pulled down and rebuilt. One old church, "St. Paul's," of the latter end of the fourth century, yet exists outside the walls of Rome; it is entirely walled; the windows are very small. Some others of the fifth century yet remain, described by Whittington as mean and without taste, but *not one of them is* in the pointed style. *Architecture continued in a depressed state* through Italy nearly five hundred years.

The Italians, long before the fall of Rome, gave up the study of architecture, or its prosecution, and must have long before forgotten how to erect arched stone roofs; for the old church of St. Peter's, at Rome,

was covered with gilt bronze tiles, roofed with wood, the timbers uncovered, and above them were laid layers of shingles. I do not deny but that the Italian Christians, in the fifth and sixth centuries, erected churches of a peculiar style, of mixed orders; but they clearly were *not* of that pointed and arched style which I claim for Ireland, and to establish which my general arguments are directed. I defy any man to point out one Italian church, or ruin, or even the authentic draught of one, of an age ranging between the first and the eighth centuries, which bears the germ of, or a resemblance to, *pointed architecture*.

Now, then, having cleared away all the rotten pretensions to pointed ARCHITECTURE set up for the ancient Saxons, Germans, French, Italians, Welsh, or Scotch, I shall, like a true workman, lay the foundation of our prior claim to that style wide and deep in the minds of the unprejudiced and the enlightened.

Every architect, every artist, every scholar, will at once admit that great public edifices, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical, and the richly-constructed palaces of princes and wealthy men, can alone come under the denomination of "architecture." In the erection of all such edifices, a knowledge of arithmetic, geometry, and mathematics,—of the laws of gravity and equilibrium,—of chemistry and the nature of metals,—is absolutely required, not only in the master-workman, *but in his men*; and this remark applies more especially to the erection of arched Irish architecture; in the whole of which, as we have shown, nothing but stone is used, even to the *window frames*, mullions, and diminutive intersections. The starting of those stone arches from side walls, and buttresses, and columns; the intersecting of them, again and again, with flying arches of the same solid material; the poising in the air hundreds of tons of stones, supporting one another by the nicest calculated powers of gravity and equilibrium,—poising and binding them together, that the shocks of a thousand years are not sufficient to disturb;—these are requirements which such semi-savage tribes as the inhabitants of the continent of Europe, in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, did not, it is *admitted*, possess. They could not write, and knew nothing of mathematical calculations. Men living in a semi-savage state are slow to bend the mind to study. Ages and ages pass over the heads of an ignorant race before they can be brought to the condition of learners, reasoners, thinkers, or calculators.

ARCHITECTURE could *not* have grown amongst the inhabitants of the west of Europe until they were first *educated*, because it is the result of a combination of learned acquirements. And now let us

look back upon those pages I have already devoted to the splendid labors of the Irish missionaries through every state of Western Europe, from the fifth to the ninth century, when swarms of educated monks went out of Ireland in every direction, carrying with them knowledge, piety, and industry, which they devoted, agreeably to the precepts of their religion, to the exaltation of their fellow-men.

Every architect and scholar knows that these monks were the workmen who built all the churches of Europe for five hundred years; they were the architects, the masons, the carpenters, the plumbers, the smiths, glass-makers, sculptors, painters. A great many societies of these holy men joined together for the purpose of erecting churches and bridges, from motives of pure charity to others, in obedience to a strong religious feeling: of course this is incredible to the great masses of vulgarity, who continue to call the monks "lazy," in defiance of the literary and scientific monuments they have left behind. But *scholars* know that the stone bridges and churches through Europe, which were erected before the tenth century, were *all* built by the hands, and under the direction, exclusively, of the monks; nay, more, there was not a single want of mankind, or a mode by which they could be benefited, that these calumniated men did not combine into associations to supply. Were youth to be educated, they were the teachers; were books to be written, or translated, or multiplied, they performed the work; were the poor to be relieved, they were the almoners; were the sick to be tended, they were the physicians and visitors; were widows and orphans to be provided for, the monks were their guardians; were travellers to be protected, guided, and entertained in the midst of wildernesses, and on the tops of mountains, the monks formed associations to perform this humane duty; were bridges to be erected over impassable fords and rivers, these men combined to build them—the noblest bridge in all Europe, that of Avignon, over the Rhine, was erected by the labor and collections of these charitable monks; were churches, monasteries, and schools, to be built, they formed into holy brotherhoods for the purpose. If this be not true, then the history of Europe is a huge lie! The society of Freemasons, for the building of bridges, roads, &c. &c., was first heard of in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and was established by one of those religious orders, though it has long since ceased to *build*.

Now, we shall trace the Irish monks, step after step, through Europe, erecting churches and forming religious congregations every where.



The first Christian edifice erected for divine worship, in England, was built by Irish architects at *Withern*, anno 603. "For the Anglo-Saxons," says Bede, "were partly converted to Christianity by Irish missionaries before the arrival of St. Austin, in 597." The same architects, who built *Withern*, were then employed to build old St. Paul's, in London, in 610, on the site of the temple of Diana. We have the authority of Turner, and other English historians, to say that St. Wilfrid, bishop of York, who built the church of Hexham, in 674, sent to Ireland for architects to construct it. In fact, as Dr. Johnson remarks, "Ireland was then the school of the west, in every art and science;" and to her taste and authority, in matters of style, the Saxons and Goths of England and Germany cheerfully deferred.

Dr. Milner, *an Englishman*, remarks, "*Can we suppose that the tutors of the English, French, and Germans, in the learned languages, the sciences, and music, as the Irish are known to have been during four centuries, were incapable to build plain round towers of stone?*" And the doctor might have added, the most finished temples of arched and pointed architecture. In the Island of Hy, (Iona,) St. Columbe Kille and his Irish monks built that famous monastery, from which the north of England was instructed in architecture, literature, and Christianity; for there were several monasteries erected in connection with the house of Hy, and after the same model. The style of that architecture, as noticed by the writer in the *London Athenæum*, whom I have quoted, is "directly connected with the architecture of Ireland." "The monastery of Lindisfarne was built," says the Royal English Encyclopædia, "by Irishmen, under *St. Finan*, in the beginning of the sixth century." It was built of split oak, but the *shape* was afterwards imitated in stone. The abbey of Malmesbury was founded and built by the Irish monk *Maildolphus*, in the seventh century. It is the oldest existing building in England of that style, and, according to the English Elmes, displays all the main features of arched architecture, which is now called Gothic. The English Turner, in his *History of Arts and Sciences*, says, "Aldhelm had continued his studies at Malmesbury, where Maildolphus, *an Irishman*, had founded a monastery."\* — Vol. II.

\* At this very monastery it was that the Irish missionaries first presented to the illiterate Saxons the rudiments of literature, science, architecture, and music, and even the very forms of the letters used in writing the English language to this day.

*Gallus*, an Irish monk, built the monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, in connection with which several other monasteries afterwards subsisted, about anno 630. *Dichuill*, an Irish monk, built the monastery of *Luttwa*, in France, and received grants of land from the French monarch Clotaire the Second, anno 650. The monastery *Centula*, in Ponthed, was built by Caidoc, to whom a splendid tomb was erected, on which was engraved, with golden letters, the following: "To whom Ireland gave birth, and the Gallic land a grave." St. *Fursa*, from Ireland, built the monastery of *Lagny*, near the River Marne, in France, anno 650. In *Brabant*, the brothers of St. Fursa, *Ultan* and *Foillan*, built a monastery about the same time, which was long called the Monastery of the Irish." St. *Fridolin* fixed himself and his monks on the then uninhabited island in the Rhine, called *Seckingen*, where he built a monastery, anno 590. The Prince *Dagobert*, of Strasburg, in the seventh century, who, like many of the German and Saxon princes, was educated in Ireland, brought with him several Irish monks, who built churches throughout his dominions. The Irish *Virgilius* raised the splendid *Basali* of Saltzburg, anno 750.

The great church of Europe, erected by Charlemagne, at *Aix-la-chapelle*, was built by Irish monks brought from the abbey of St. Gall; and the chief architect, feeling a deep veneration for the old round towers of his native country, erected one of the same kind, in connection with the church, in the very heart of Europe,—the only one, indeed, to be found throughout that continent.

The most distinguished specimen of old Gothic architecture, in Portugal, is the church of the convent of Batallia, which was constructed by AN IRISH ARCHITECT.—See *Hoskings*, in *Adams's and Black's Arts*, Edinburgh edition, page 21.

Here are proofs, and I have many more, that in Scotland, England, Germany, France, and Portugal, the Irish monks erected generally the first Christian churches and monasteries. The very forms of those churches, so closely modeled after the erections in their native land, wonderfully coincide. And when we add to all this the swarms of foreigners from every part of Europe, who came to Ireland, for four or five centuries, to be educated, and who returned to their own countries with vivid impressions of her architecture and science, we account for the spread of the Irish style of building in so rapid and general a manner throughout Europe.

"WHO, SIR," says the English Dr. Milner, "WERE THE LUMINARIES OF THE WESTERN WORLD WHEN THE SUN OF SCIENCE HAD ALMOST SET UPON IT? WHO WERE THE INSTRUCTORS OF NATIONS,

DURING FOUR WHOLE CENTURIES, BUT THE IRISH CLERGY? TO THEM YOU ARE INDEBTED FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE BIBLE, THE FATHERS, AND THE CLASSICS; IN SHORT, OF THE MEANS BY WHICH YOU YOURSELVES HAVE ACQUIRED WHATEVER LITERATURE YOU POSSESS."

"*Gildas*, the first British historian, studied for a long time, in the sixth century, at St. Patrick's Seminary, at Armagh, as did *Agilbert*, the French divine, in the succeeding century, who was the second bishop of the West Saxons. Soon after this, we find great numbers of our countrymen, poor as well as rich, flocking to Ireland as to a general mart of literature. At length, a residence in Ireland, like a residence now at a university, was considered as almost essential to establish a literary character.

"I cannot forbear quoting from Camden the lines which he extracted from the Life of St. Sulgenius, who flourished in the eighth century: —

'Exemplo patrum, commotus amore legendi,  
Ivit ad Hibernos, sophiâ mirabile claros.'\*"

Such, in fact, was the case, and, to come to the point, we CHALLENGE EUROPE TO SHOW SO OLD AND SUCH BEAUTIFUL specimens of the *arched* and *pointed* architecture, as we can show in these two churches I have adduced, namely, Cormac's Chapel, built 880, and Holy Cross, built 1110, and in others, which are falling to ruin.

"Stone buildings," says the Royal Encyclopædia, "were very rarely built in England in the *eighth and ninth ages*. When any such buildings were erected, they were the objects of much admiration," (*wonder*.)

"When Alfred the Great, towards the end of the ninth century, formed the design of rebuilding his ruined cities, churches, and monasteries, he was obliged to bring many of his artificers from foreign countries." The church of St. Peter's, at Oxford, built by him, is so evidently a copy from Cormac's Chapel, of Cashell, that we need but point the artist's eye to the form and features of both, to ascertain from whence Alfred, who was educated in Ireland, drew his architects, artisans, and models.

"It was not till after the Norman conquest that the English began to build generally with stone arches. *Stowe* relates that *Mauritius*, bishop of London, about the eleventh century, began the foundation of the new church of St. Paul upon arches of stone — a manner of work unknown to the English."

\* Letters of Dr. Milner from Ireland; Letter I. 1808.

In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, all London was built of wood, and covered with reeds and thatch; and there is still, or was, not long ago, the remnant of one of these preserved for its singular antiquity, and converted into a tavern, called the "Thatched-house Tavern." The old "*Bow Church*" of London, built 1077, was so called because it was built upon the new principles of arches of stone, and was, therefore, called *St. Mary-le-bow*. And Stradford Bridge, the first stone arched bridge built in England, was, from the same circumstance, called *Stradford-le-bow*. See *Stowe's Survey*.

After the Norman conquest, William and his son Rufus, to occupy the minds of the people, began in every direction the building of grand churches, in the pointed style.

A short time before Murchard O'Brien's death, William Rufus sent to request he would allow him to cut timber in the Irish forests. "The fair green, or commune," says Hanmer, "now called Ostmon-town Green, was all wood; and hee that diggith, at this day, to any depth, shall finde the ground full of great rootes. From thence, anno 1098, King William Rufus, by license of Murchard, had that frame which made up the roofo of Westminster Hall, where no *English spider webbeth or breedeth to this day*." — *Chronicle of England*.

Salisbury Cathedral is the first complete erection in the pointed arched style that was built in England, finished in 1258, evidently after the style of *Holy Cross*, in Ireland, which was built one hundred and fifty years previously.

Painted glass was not introduced into England until about the year 1250, nor generally till 1400, though it was common in Ireland four hundred years before. The windows of the cathedrals then began to be enlarged, divided into several lights by stone mullions, running into ramifications above, which were filled with painted representations, on the glass, of saints, martyrs, kings, which made, says an old writer, "a most glorious history."

It will not do to tell us, that this arched and pointed architecture, was introduced to Europe by the crusaders or the knights templars. They had it in Ireland in the ninth and tenth centuries, whereas the crusaders did not return from the East till the *twelfth*; nor were the knights templars established until 1148; and the first church they built was their own, at Paris, 1222, which was paid for by their treasurer.

Nor can this style be credited to the Saracens, as some have very unlearnedly done; for ELMES and others tell us that the oldest specimens of this style, of Saracen origin, which can be referred to, are the walls

of Alexandria, built in 878 by the Caliph Montatowakkel. There are some buildings, in the East, of the twelfth century, erected by the Sultan *Saladin*, (whose real name was Joseph.) The Moorish buildings in this style are few and poor, and the dates of their erection uncertain. There are no buildings of this character to be found in the East of a date any thing so early as those to be found in Ireland. If there be, let them be pointed out, and proof of their age be given.

After the conquest of Constantinople by the Mahometans, in the fifteenth century, every mosque was constructed in imitation of the Christian churches, to which they added adornments of their own, consisting of slender, lofty minarets, diversified in style and ornament by each succeeding sultan. Wherever the army of the Mahometans triumph, they convert the Christian churches into mosques for their own use. This was the case in Portugal and Spain. It is undeniable that in Asia Minor, Syria, Arabia, Persia, and on to India, the pointed arch may be seen occasionally. But they are modern erections.

The Irish cannot claim the honor of originating the *arch* and *column*, which were in use in Phœnicia and Egypt before Ireland was probably inhabited; but, as he who improves an invention is, to a certain extent, to be deemed an inventor himself, so the Irish, having brought the arch and column to the highest degree of architectural development, consistent with real beauty, and as no other nation can show claims, equaling theirs, to that honor, so they must be deemed the originators of that style which, from the eighth to the fourteenth century, was adopted by all Europe, and carried to such extraordinary degrees of refinement.

If the structures of Ireland were not as colossal as those of her neighbors, it should be remembered that they built them from their own resources, and by their own labor. The palaces of pagan Rome were built by the captives she dragged thither from all countries, and by the plunder of defenceless and unoffending nations. Most of the great temples of Europe were raised by leaning on communities distant from the place of their erection; but Ireland never built her temples by the pillage of any nation. Her churches and temples are comparatively small; but, then, how beautiful they are! They were built to worship in them the true God. Their aspect, as they look down upon us in placid grandeur, is sublime. Every aisle, every column, arch and porch, every window, proclaim them houses of prayer. A New Zealander, or Hottentot, if brought into one of these ruins, would pronounce it a house of the "Great Spirit."

The Grecian was the style for state or revelry, the IRISH for prayer. The elements of the Irish are spires, pinnacles, lofty arched and pointed windows, and *elevation*, as opposed to the square, angular, flat, and *horizontal* style of the Greeks.

"It is difficult," says the Royal English Encyclopædia, "for the noblest Grecian temple to convey half so many impressions on the mind as a cathedral does, of the best Gothic [Irish] character—a proof of skill in the architects and priests who erected them. The latter exhausted their knowledge of the passions in composing edifices whose pomp, mechanism, vaults, tombs, painted windows, and perspectives, infused such sensations of exalted devotion. We must have taste to be sensible of the beauties of Grecian architecture. We only want passions to feel and appreciate those of Gothic, [Irish.] In St. Peter's or St. Paul's, we are convinced they were built by great princes. In the cathedrals of Gothic [Irish] construction, we think not of the builders, but of religion."

In truth, Ireland, before her fall in the twelfth century, brought this arched and pointed style to the highest desirable point of perfection, uniting in itself the three great essentials in architecture, *strength*, *grace*, and *richness*.

During the reigns of the first three Henrys of England, the angles of the arch were formed very acute, and the arch, if it could be so called, was hardly discernible. During the reigns of the first three Edwards, the arch was formed by an equilateral triangle, running from the points where the arch sprang, to its key-stone. During the period from Henry the Sixth to Henry the Eighth, the arch of the roofs and windows was brought down again to Cormac's standard. Dr. Wharton described three changes in style, as *stages* in this style of architecture, viz., the *simple*, the *ornamental*, and the *florid*.

In the sixteenth century, during the reign of Elizabeth, when the leaders of the reformation had seized upon the temples, colleges, and monasteries, of Ireland and England, and the *lands* attached to them, — when they would cry down the former occupants of these venerable dwellings, and when, indeed, they blew up many of them from the foundation with gunpowder, — then the Irish *style* of building was cried down. Sir William Wotton wrote against it. He called it *Gothic*, which word meant, in England, any thing ruffianly or savage. Sir Christopher Wren, the English architect of the seven teenth century, called this style "a gross concameration of heavy,

melancholy, and monkish piles." How intellectual this man was! It was he who frowned upon Westminster Abbey, St. Stephen's Chapel, York Minster, and Salisbury Cathedral, and who, when he attempted to imitate this style, made so many blunders. See his works in this line, and those of Inigo Jones, in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, the steeple at Warwick, King's Bench in Westminster, &c.

Italian architects were about this time encouraged to come into England, to construct ecclesiastical buildings upon *new* principles. There was no *new* principle in architecture, but there were some *compounds* which prevailed in parts of the continent, especially in Venice and Rome. These compounds were classed in five orders by the Romans, and revived by Palladio, the Italian writer, about the sixteenth century, and were introduced into England by Inigo Jones soon after. The style of architecture changed in England with each new class of religious reformers. The Roundheads knocked down the erections of Elizabeth and Charles. These were again scouted at the restoration of Charles the Second, and from that period to the time of George the First, all was a blank in English architecture.

In Ireland, during that long period of tears and blood, — a period which stains the blackest annals of humanity, — no progress was made in architecture; no progress, alas! in any thing but the works of confiscation and blood. Her venerable piles were battered down by the cannon of Elizabeth and Cromwell. But towards the middle of the eighteenth century, Ireland began again to put forth her architectural skill. Her classic soil, studded over by the mouldering ruins of her greatness, afforded her men of genius schools and models for the design and construction of piles of modern beauty. From the very day that Molyneux emitted the spark of nationality in his celebrated "Inquiry," (even *one* man can rouse and elevate a nation,) the architectural genius of Ireland budded forth anew. In 1727, the Parliament-House of Ireland was commenced. It was completed in 1787, and is esteemed the most perfect and beautiful Ionic structure in Europe. The architects were Irish, and so were the workmen.\* The Dublin Custom-House was commenced in 1787. This is considered the most beautiful public building in the British empire. It is raised in a very grand Doric style, surmounted by a magnificent dome, and the interior groined with arches. It covers two Irish acres. The Four Courts, the Royal Exchange, and the Rotunda, are all, in their way, unequalled in the British

\* A front view of this noble structure will be found at the end of this lecture.

dominions. They were Irishmen who designed and erected all but one of those splendid monuments of genius and freedom. These national structures grew up in Ireland under the sunshine of her native parliament. The old ones, that smile on us with the wisdom of a thousand years, grew up under her kings. They are *all* the growth of a NATION, the symbols of a NATION, and the trumpets which call the lifeless into action for their restoration to NATIONAL purposes.

The Irish architects of the present day are not inferior to their countrymen of any age, as evidenced by the living artists now *at the head of the profession* in Ireland, England, and America.

As I have made no claim, in this entire work, in behalf of my countrymen, without having substantial grounds for it, so, when I allege that Irishmen are at the head of the profession of architects in England and America, I mean to prove it. When, about five years ago, the Parliament House of England was burned to the ground, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to superintend the erection of a new one; designs and specifications were advertised for by that committee; *three hundred* designs and plans were sent them by as many aspirants for the honor. These plans came from architects of every European nation. To the honor of Ireland, the preference was given to the plan of MR. BARRY, a native of the south of Ireland; and the execution of the work was accordingly placed under his superintendence.

The most beautiful piece of architecture on the surface of America is the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans. This has been admitted by hundreds of thousands of the natives of this country. It was erected, in 1837, by a joint stock company, at a cost of nine hundred thousand dollars; and its architect, who is still living, is an excellent Irishman, MR. GALLIER, (*Gallagher*;) of New Orleans. The *White House*, at Washington, was erected by an Irish architect, MR. HOBAN, father of the learned and eloquent lawyer; J. Hoban, Esquire, of that city. And here, in Boston, I find the granite front of the Exchange has been elegantly sculptured by another of my countrymen, named Barry.

I have seen the brilliant monuments of their genius in many of the railroads and canals of Pennsylvania and New York. The invention of MR. JOHN DOUGHERTY, for taking boats, full of merchandise and passengers, out of the canal, carrying them over the Alleghany Mountains, and lodging them safely in the Western Canal, is surely one of the greatest inventions of modern times. The stupendous works between Philadelphia and Pottsville, and the magnificent locks at Lockport,



on the Erie Canal, erected under the scientific superintendence of Irishmen, are evidence that the unextinguishable genius of Ireland has been transmitted, in the buoyant blood of her children, to the present generation, and cause me to exclaim, in the language of one of her brightest sons in exile, John Augustus Shea, —

“Well may ye exult o’er the tyrannous slaves  
Who, crushing your freedom, would rob ye of fame;  
Would curse the fair sunlight that blesses your waves,  
And deny ye, ’mid nations, the right of a name.

“Look down with contempt on their impotent hate!  
Show the world that beholds ye, that, even in chains,  
Far more of the genius that maketh men great,  
With *you*, than with *them* in their *glory*, remains.

“When the Saxon, degraded and trampled, lay down,  
And trembled to every foeman that came,\*  
The universe rang with your lofty renown,  
And Fancy stood mute in the light of your fame.

“Disdaining the barriers, — fetters and fire,  
And malice and prejudice, — all that could bind,  
With what strength does Hibernia still upward aspire,  
*Supreme in the proud competition of mind!*

“Day by day do thy great ones go down to the grave,  
But thy genius expires not; but soars like the morn,  
When it rises, pavilioned in light, from the wave,  
As glorious as though but that moment ’twere born.

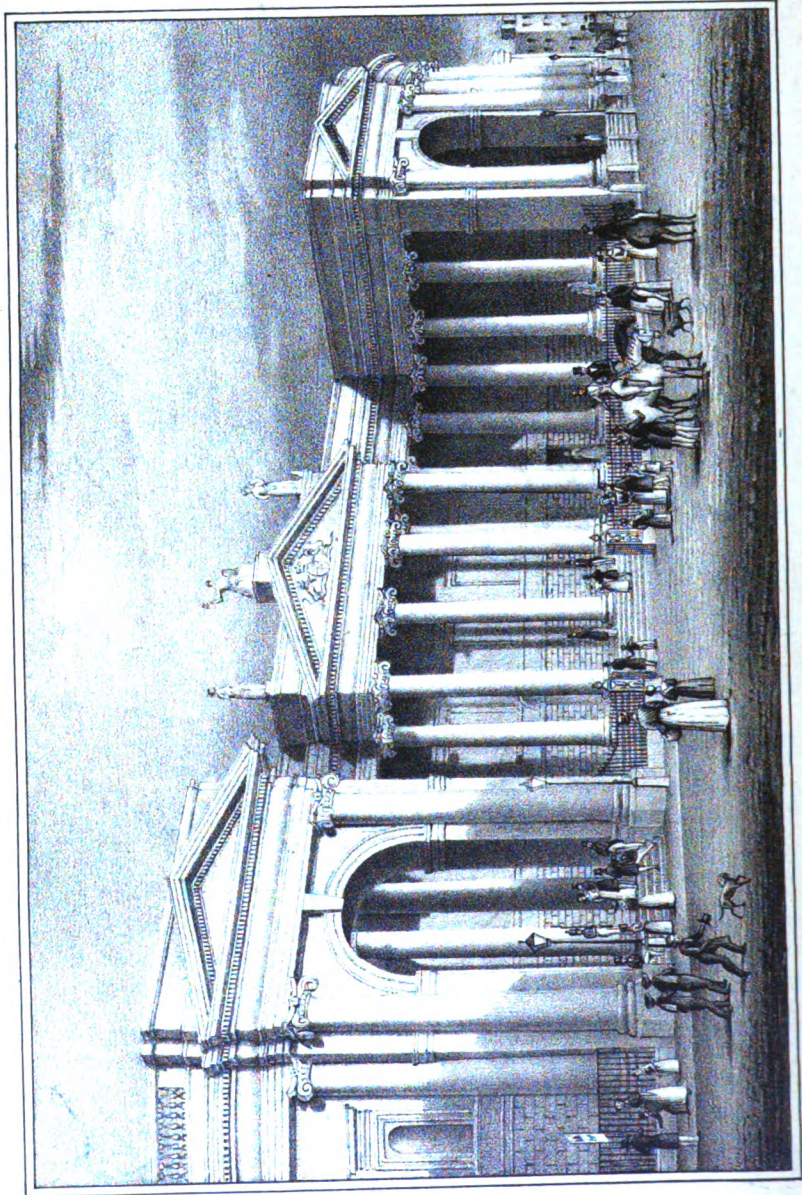
“Where, where through the universe, varied and vast,  
Can empire, or kingdom, or nation, present  
Such genius as even in bondage thou hast,  
Which brightened, like sunlight, wherever it went?

“By reedy Eurotas no braver e’er trod,  
When Greece, ’gainst all Persia, stood up in her pride,  
And Pallas awoke in each bosom a god,  
Than at Liberty’s summons can rise at thy side.

“Nor e’er did Castalia’s fountain of song  
More soul-stirring rapture of melody pour,  
Than beareth the spirit of Erin along  
In the music and light of the genius of MOORE.

\* Nec fuit inventus quispiam qui hostibus obviaret. — *Matthew of Westminster.*





TURKISH PARLIAMENT HOUSE. (SOUTH PORTICO.)

And Painting and Sculpture live, breathe, at thy will;  
And the Drama, which, in its history unrolled,  
Which reaches our hearts with its fervent soul,  
The Priest of his House, the people, in his power.

And doth it not breathe the pulse and the blood  
Of an Irishman's heart, to his native land,  
To the GARDENS, the BAY, the BARRAGE, and the FOUNTAIN,  
The IMPROVED, the OLD, the NEW, the OLD, the NEW?

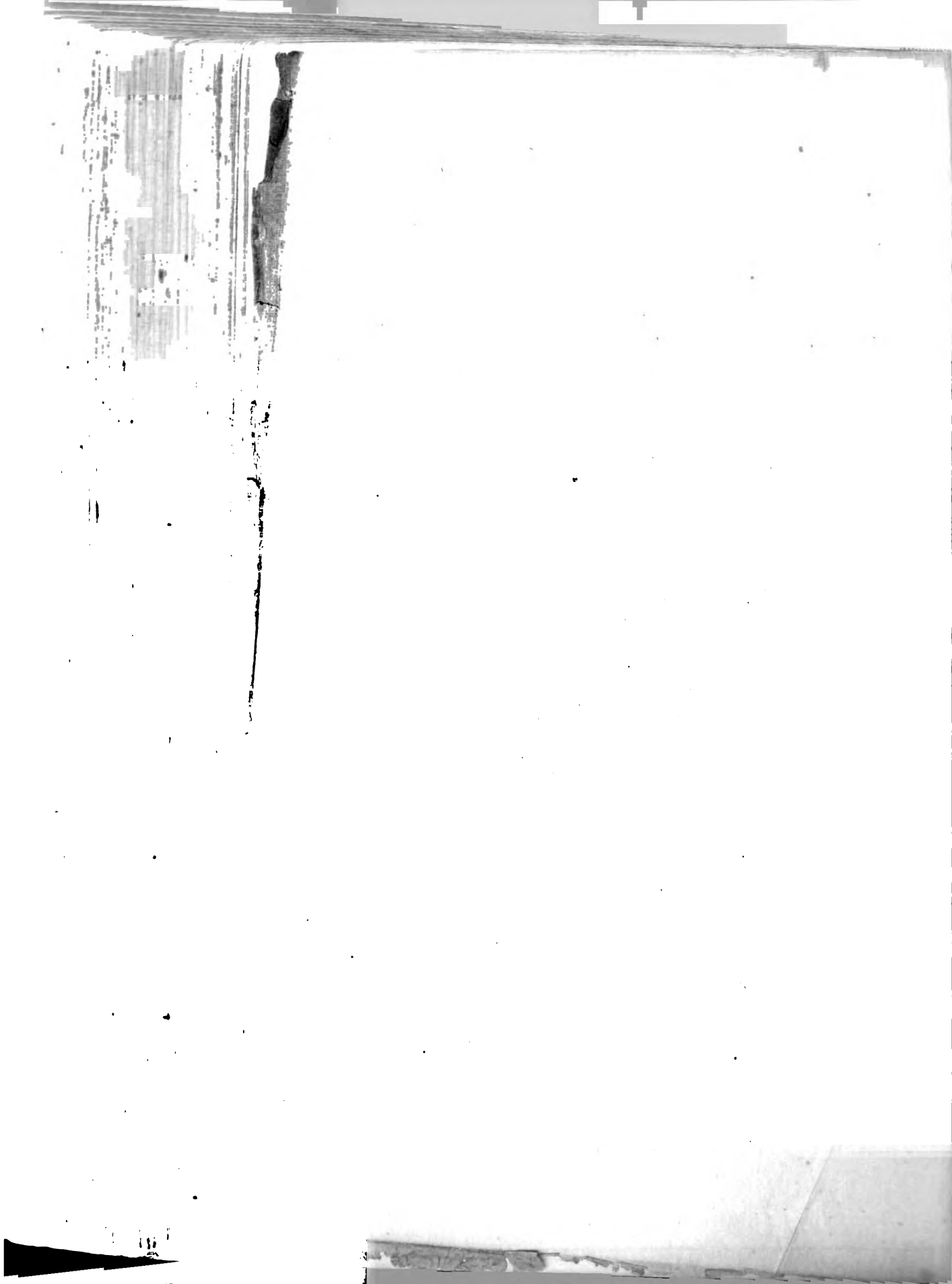
In party, in peace, in war, in joy, and  
In sorrow, in grief, in pain, shall live on,  
The noblest and truest, the best and the grand,  
Which the world has ever seen round her glory are gone.

There's a shouting, a singing, a joy and a strain  
The children and the old, the young and the gay,  
And what may we hope, or what may we fear,  
Which do treasure round the old, the young, the gay?

For who can look over the world, and see  
And see his glad eyes, and his heart, and his soul,  
Which are struggling to rise, and to rise, and to rise,  
Which are struggling to rise, and to rise, and to rise?

Be ye not led that the old, the young, the gay,  
Which are struggling to rise, and to rise, and to rise,  
Which are struggling to rise, and to rise, and to rise,  
Which are struggling to rise, and to rise, and to rise?

Then, then, will we see the old, the young, the gay,  
Which are struggling to rise, and to rise, and to rise,  
Which are struggling to rise, and to rise, and to rise,  
Which are struggling to rise, and to rise, and to rise?



“And Painting and Sculpture live, breathe, at thy will;  
And the Drama, which mankind’s dark history unscrolls,  
Which readeth our hearts with mysterious skill;  
The Priest of her Universe Temple, is KNOWLES.

“And doth it not quicken the pulse and the blood  
Of an Irishman’s heart, to remember the day  
When GRATTAN, BURKE, SHERIDAN, CURRAN, and FLOOD,  
In supremacy shone — a refulgent array?

“In poetry, eloquence, learning, our land  
Retaineth her empire, and these shall live on,  
Like the nature-built ramparts that circle her strand,  
When the whirlwinds that sweep round her glory are gone.

There’s a cheering vitality o’er and within  
Her children and her, that defieth decay;  
And what may we hope not from that which has been,  
Which no treasure could buy, and no Judas betray?

“But who can look over the billows’ bright foam,  
And cast his glad eyes on that cluster of men  
Who are struggling to give back to Erin a home, —  
A dwelling for orators, jurists, — again; —

“But must feel that the days of her glory return,  
Revived by O’CONNELL, O’BRIEN, O’NEILL;  
O, cold is the heart that won’t vividly burn,  
In patriot flame, for the cause of REPEAL.

“Then, Erin, exult o’er the tyrannous slaves  
Who, crushing your freedom, would rob you of fame;  
Would curse the fair sunlight that blesses your waves,  
And deny ye, ’mid nations, the right of a name.”

## LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

BY MOORE.

GRAND AND SPIRITED.

1. Let E - rin re - mem - ber the days of old,

Ere her faith - less sons be - trayed her; When

Mal - a - chy wore the col - lar of gold,\* Which he

won from her proud in - va - der. When her

\* "This brought on an encounter between Malachy, the monarch of Ireland, in the tenth century, and the Danes, in which Malachy defeated two of their cham-

kings, with stand - ard of green un - furled, Led the

Red - Branch knights to dan - ger; Ere the

em -erald gem of the west - ern world

Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.

## 2.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,\*  
When the clear, cold eve's declining,

pions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, — taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory." — *Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 9.

\* It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water.



He sees the round towers of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining!  
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;  
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time  
For the long-faded glories they cover!

---

YOUGHALL HARBOR.



## THE LAMENTATION OF CONNAUGHT.

(GAIR NA CONACTNAC.)

Musical score for "The Lamentation of Connaught" (Gair na Conactnac.). The score is written in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and common time (C). The tempo is marked "Largo." The piece begins with a series of sixteenth-note runs. The first staff includes a fermata over a measure. The second staff features trills (tr) over two measures. The third staff contains several triplet markings (3). The fourth staff continues with triplet markings. The fifth staff also features triplet markings. The sixth staff continues with triplet markings. The seventh staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.

## THE YOUTH WITH THE FAIR FLOWING LOCKS.

(CAIL FIONN, OR COULIN.)

Musical score for 'The Youth with the Fair Flowing Locks' (Cail Fionn, or Coulin). The score is written in treble clef, 3/4 time, and G major. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 3/4. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with several trills (tr) and grace notes (7) indicated above the notes. The second staff continues the melody, ending with a double bar line and repeat dots. The third and fourth staves continue the piece, with the fourth staff also ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## THE HUMORS OF LEINSTER.

(SPECA GAILLINAC.)

Musical score for 'The Humors of Leinster' (Specá Gaillínac). The score is written in treble clef, 3/4 time, and G major. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 3/4. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a triplet of eighth notes indicated by a '3' below the notes. The second and third staves continue the melody, with the third staff ending with a double bar line and repeat dots.

JACKSON'S DELIGHT.

Musical score for 'JACKSON'S DELIGHT' in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of four staves. The first staff is the melody, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third and fourth staves are accompaniment parts. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

ROKEBY, OR CAPTAIN WYAKE.

Musical score for 'ROKEBY, OR CAPTAIN WYAKE' in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of four staves. The first staff is the melody, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics and includes the word 'FINE.' above the final measure. The third and fourth staves are accompaniment parts. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

## THE YOUTH WITH THE FAIR FLOWING LOCKS.

(CAIL FIONN, OR COULIN.)



## THE HUMORS OF LEINSTER.

(SPECIA GAILLINAC.)



JACKSON'S DELIGHT.

Musical score for 'JACKSON'S DELIGHT'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in eighth notes. The second staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The third and fourth staves provide accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns. The fourth staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

ROKEBY, OR CAPTAIN WYAKE.

Musical score for 'ROKEBY, OR CAPTAIN WYAKE'. It consists of four staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in eighth notes. The second staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots, with the word 'FINE.' written above the staff. The third and fourth staves provide accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns. The fourth staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.



## WOOD'S LAMENTATION.

BY CAROLAN.

Seven staves of musical notation in treble clef, key of D major (one sharp), and common time (C). The piece features a melody with various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The notation includes a key signature change to D major in the third measure of the third staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## EILEEN A ROON.



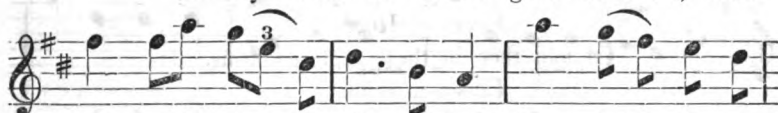
1. Blind to all else but thee, Ei - leen a Roon;



My eyes on - ly ache to see Ei - leen a



Roon; My ears ban - quet on thy praise,  
My dove of all the grove thou art; With -



Pride and pleas - ure of my days! Source of all my  
- out thee sickness wastes my heart; Who can a - lone the



hap - pi - ness! Ei - leen a Roon!  
cure im - part? Ei - leen a Roon!

## 2.

Break not, for king or throne,  
Eileen a Roon,  
The vows that made thee mine alone,  
Eileen a Roon!  
Venus of my every vow!  
Brightest star on heaven's brow!  
My Helen, without stain, art thou,  
Eileen a Roon!  
My rose, my lily, both confessed;  
My treasure, all I wish, possessed,



The hearted secret of my breast,  
Eileen a Roon!

## 3.

With thee, o'er seas I'd sport my way,  
Eileen a Roon!  
Never, never from thee stray,  
Eileen a Roon!  
I'd wander o'er thy honeyed lip;  
With love tales charm thee on the deep;  
Then lull thee on my breast to sleep,  
Eileen a Roon!  
To valleys green I'd stray with thee;  
By murmuring rill, and whispering tree;  
The birds will our wild minstrels be,  
Eileen a Roon!

## 4.

With more than human passion warms,  
Eileen a Roon,  
I'd fold thee in these raptured arms,  
Eileen a Roon!  
Press thee, kiss thy bosom's snow;  
Round thee all my fondness throw,  
Joys that only lovers know,  
Eileen a Roon!  
Heaven beams in all thine eye,  
Spotless star of modesty!  
Ere I deceive thee, may I die,  
Eileen a Roon!

## 5.

A hundred thousand welcomes,\*  
Eileen a Roon!  
A hundred thousand welcomes,  
Eileen a Roon!  
O! welcome, evermore,  
With welcomes yet in store,  
Till life and love are o'er,  
Eileen a Roon!

\* *Ceathe Miela Failthe*, which means a hundred thousand welcomes, is a frequent phrase of hospitality used in Ireland.

## FÁG AN BEALAC.\*

By C. G. Duffey, of the "Nation."

**ALLEGRO.**

1. "Hope no more for fa-ther-land; All its ranks are

thinned or broken;" Long a base and coward band

**Cres.** Re-creant words like these have spoken; But we preach a

\* *Fág an Bealac!* "Clear the road!" or, as it is vulgarly spelt, *Faugh a Ballagh*, was the cry which the clans of Connaught and Munster used in battle. The regiments raised in the South and West took their old shout with them to the Continent. The 87th, or Royal Irish Fusiliers, from their use of it, went generally by the name of "*The Faugh a Bollagh Boys.*" "Nothing," says Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*,—"nothing so startled the French soldiery as the wild yell with which the Irish regiments sprang to the charge." And never was that haughty and intolerant shout raised in battle, but a charge, swift as thought and fatal as flame, came with it, like a rushing incarnation of *Fág an Bealac!*

land a - wo - ken! Father - land is true and tried,

As your fears are false and hollow; Slaves and dastards,

stand a - side! Knaves and traitors, *Fåg an bea-lac!*

*ff*  
Knaves and trai-tors, *Fåg an bea-lac!*

2.

Know, ye suffering brethren ours,  
 Might is strong, but Right is stronger;  
 Saxon wiles, or Saxon powers,  
 Can enslave our land no longer  
 Than your own dissensions wrong her;

Be ye one in might and mind ;  
 Quit the mire where cravens wallow ;  
 And your foes shall flee like wind  
 From your fearless *Fág an bealac!*

## 3.

Thus the mighty multitude  
 Speak, in accents hoarse with sorrow :—  
 “ We are fallen, but unsubdued ;  
 Show us whence we hope may borrow,  
 And we'll fight your fight to-morrow !  
 Be but cautious, true, and brave,  
 Where ye lead us we will follow ;  
 Hill and valley, rock and wave,  
 Shall echo back our *Fág an bealac.*

## 4.

“ Fling our sun-burst to the wind,  
 Studded o'er with names of glory ;  
 Worth, and wit, and might, and mind,  
 Poet young, and patriot hoary,  
 Long shall make it shine in story.  
 Close your ranks — the moment's come —  
*Now*, ye men of Ireland, follow !  
 Friends of freedom, charge them home !  
 Foes of freedom, *Fág an bealac!*”

## TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

BY MOORE.

WITH MELANCHOLY FEELING.



1. Take hence the bowl; though beam - ing

Bright - ly as bowl e'er shone,

O! it but sets me dream - ing Of

days, of nights, now gone.

There, in its clear re - flec - tion, As

in a wiz - ard's glass,

Lost hopes and dead af - fec - tion, Like

shades be - fore me pass.

## 2.

Each cup I drain brings hither  
Some friend who once sat by ;  
Bright lips, too bright to wither ;  
Warm hearts, too warm to die !  
Till, as the dream comes o'er me,  
Of those long-vanished years,  
Then, then the cup before me  
Seems turning all to tears !

## ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

BY MOORE.

1. Farewell, farewell to thee, Ar - a - by's daughter;

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff.

Thus warbled a pe - ri be - neath the dark sea; No

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

pearl ev - er lay under Oman's green wa - ter, More

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

pure in its shell than thy spir - it in thee. A -

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

*p*

- round thee shall glis-ten the love-li-est amber That

ev-er the sor-row-ing sea-bird has wept, With

ma-ny a shell in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber We

pe-ris of o-cean by moon-light have slept.

2.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero, forget thee,  
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start;  
 Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,  
 Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart!  
 Around thee shall glisten, &c.



## LECTURE XIV.

FROM A. D. 1016 TO 1509.

**Resumption of the Narrative. — Reign of Malachy II. — Of Donough O'Brien. — Of Turlogh O'Brien. — Names of seventeen Irish Kings who reigned in four hundred Years. — Condition of England. — Englishmen bought as Slaves. — Edward the Confessor. — William of Normandy, "the Conqueror," enslaves the English. — Abolishes the Saxon Language. — Origin of Barons. — State of Wales and Scotland. — Affairs of Ireland. — King Turlogh O'Connor. — The ancient Manufactures of Ireland. — Manufacturing in Europe. — Roderick O'Connor crowned Monarch of Ireland. — Dermot M'Murrough. — O'Ruark of Breffny. — Deposition of M'Murrough. — He flies to England. — Proposals to Henry II. and Strongbow: invites an Invasion of his Country. — Invaders routed by the Irish King. — Their Treachery. — Further Invasions. — Battle of Wexford. — Progress of the Invaders. — Their Compromise with the King. — Strongbow lands. — Captures Waterford. — Invaders march on Dublin. — Alarm of the Irish. — Cause of Ireland's Weakness. — Strongbow recalled by Henry II. — Arrival of Henry II. — Conference at Cashell. — The Pope's Bull. — Submission of some Chiefs. — Henry returns to England. — Henry's Character. — The forged Bulls. — M'Murrough's Death. — Death of O'Ruark. — Poem of John Quincy Adams on this Invasion. — Reflections on this Invasion. — Henry's Treaty with the King of Ireland. — Henry II. did not conquer Ireland. — First Lord Deputy sent to Ireland. — Prince John. — Abdication of Roderick. — Death of Henry II. — King John. — Magna Charta. — Confusion of Tongues. — An Irish Champion. — Henry III. and Edward I. of England. — Wales annexed to England. — Wallace and Bruce of Scotland. — Inventions of this Age. — Bruce invited to Ireland. — Failure of the Enterprise. — Reign of Edward III. of England. — Penal Laws against the Irish. — "Irish Absentees." — Ineffectual Efforts to conquer Ireland. — The Wars of York and Lancaster. — The O'Byrnes of Wicklow. — English pay Tribute to the Irish Chiefs. — Charge of Ignorance against the Irish refuted. — Donald O'Neill's Letter to the Pope. — Letter of the Duke of York. — Fall of Richard III. — Henry VII. — State of Ireland at this Time. — Poyning's Law. — Duties performed by the Clergy.**

We shall now resume the general history of Ireland at the epoch of the battle of Clontarf, anno 1016.

The Danes were effectually crushed in spirit by that memorable battle. No further attempts of any consequence were made by them upon Ireland. Their daring, adventurous leaders, having established themselves as masters over England, and over a considerable territory of

France, called *Normandy*, seemed to be content with those extensive domains, and to have given up all farther hopes of conquering a country, in which, during two hundred and forty years, so many millions of their choicest soldiers had been slain.

On the death of the illustrious Brien Boromhe, and of his heroic son Murrough, with others of his children, on the field of Clontarf, the crown of Ireland was resumed by Malachi the Second.

The country gradually glided into a state of apathetic indifference to political rights, disturbed only by the ambitious efforts of the three great houses to possess the monarchy. These houses were long known as the southern O'Briens, the northern Hy Nials, and the Connaught Hybrunes, whose contentions with each other generated those commotions that rendered their country an easy prey, in the twelfth century, to another set of invaders, still more cruel, still more treacherous, than the Danes.

The eight years of Malachi's reign were devoted to arts of peace and works of improvement. At his death, the chief government of Ireland was assumed by the reigning prince of Munster, Donough O'Brien, otherwise Donat, or Denis, son of Brien Boromhe. A portion only of the nation obeyed him. His reign was, however, peaceful. The princes of the other provinces were satisfied with governing their own subjects, without disputing with him the supreme authority; but, being suspected of having been accessory to the death of Thadeus, his eldest brother, he was dethroned by the nobles of the kingdom, and reduced to the rank of a private individual, which induced him to undertake a pilgrimage to Rome, according to the habit of those ancient times. Here he spent the remainder of his life in St. Stephen's monastery, and died at the age of eighty-eight years, having presented the crown and harp of his father to the pope. After his abdication, the crown of Ireland was preserved by *Dermod*, as the regent, or protector, for the young *Turlogh O'Brien*, grandson of the illustrious Brien of Clontarf. Dermod had to assume sovereign sway, to raise armies, to fight battles for his ward, which history informs us he did most valiantly.

At length, in the year 1072, *Turlogh O'Brien* was installed on the throne of Tara as monarch of Ireland. He was a prince of considerable abilities, courage, and piety, and approached to, or closely imitated the virtues of his illustrious grandsire.

He, at his death, was succeeded by his son MURTAGH, who died 1101, having previously retired to a monastic life.

From the reign of Aodh the Fourth, in the eighth century, to that of

Roderick O'Connor, in the twelfth, there reigned seventeen kings in a space of about four hundred years, which gave an average reign of near thirty years to each. They were as follows: *Connor, Nial III., Malachi I., Hugh VI., Flan, Nial IV., Congalach, Malachi II., Brien Boroimhe, Donough O'Brien, Dermod*, the regent, *Turlogh O'Brien, Moriarthach O'Brien, Donhald Magloughlin, Turlogh O'Connor, Moriarthach Magloughlin*, and *Roderick O'Connor*.

The reigns of some of these latter kings were, in every respect, what a Christian people could admire; and there are many records existing of letters which had frequently been sent by the archbishops of Canterbury to Turlogh O'Brien, of a highly laudatory character.

It is necessary that we now take a hasty glance at the political and social condition of England about this period, that we may the better understand the roots of those organic changes which shortly after took place in both kingdoms.

From the period of the Saxon butchery, in 476, to the Danish invasion of England, in the beginning of the ninth century, the government of England was divided into eight principalities, between the Saxon princes, which they called the *heptarchy*. A separate king reigned over the ancient Britons, who inhabited the Welsh mountains. Scotland, on the north, had its independent king.

The ravages of the Danes, and their final conquest of England, in the ninth century, broke up the frame of the Saxon government. The whole nation became subject to the Danes, who ingrafted themselves on the soil, and married into the older Saxon families, and thus became, as it were, by sufferance, the rulers of England.

Alfred, during the latter part of his life, totally hunted them from his soil; but, after his death, they returned, and, under *Canute* and other Danish chieftains, England was brought again under the subjection of the Danish rulers.

At this time, the English Saxons were bought and sold as slaves by their conquerors. The price of a slave was quadruple that of an ox. Slaves and cattle formed the living money; they passed current in the payment of debts, and also in the purchase of property and commodities. — See *Wade's Recent History of England*.

In the year 1042, on the death of Hardicanute, without issue, the crown of England, by will, came to the hands of the celebrated *Edward*, a monk, called *the Confessor*, who was brother of one of the

previous Saxon princes. By the accession of this monk, the Saxon line was restored in England.

EDWARD was a religious, learned monk, who, though thus being unexpectedly called from his cloister to govern a nation, displayed great wisdom, talents, and fitness for the trust.

Having been educated in Normandy, he preferred the Normans to the highest posts of honor and command. He gathered together the old Saxon laws and customs, which they had derived principally from Ireland. These, together with the Psalter, or Doomsday Book, commenced by Alfred, after the model of the Psalter of *Tara*, he had carefully transcribed in the Latin language, which compilation contains the great landmarks of the British constitution. It is that work to which constitutional lawyers are prone to refer, for precedents of social regulations. He built many churches in England, amongst others, Westminster Abbey, demolished by Henry the Third, but since rebuilt. He reigned twenty-three years; and at his death, 1066, the crown of England was claimed by Harold, son of the Danish *Earl Godwin*.

This claim was contested by *Tosti*, assisted by Harold's brother, who met Harold with their respective forces on the plains near Stamford bridge, when a great carnage took place, the field being whitened, for fifty years after, by the bones of the slain. At this battle, Harold was victorious; but, in four days after it was fought, William, duke of Normandy, landed on the Sussex coast, with a powerful army. *Harold* at the time was seated at a banquet, in York, surrounded by his thanes, when news was brought of the arrival of a formidable competitor for the crown. They met at the celebrated field of Hastings, where *Harold's* forces were cut to pieces, himself slain, and William proclaimed king.

This took place on the 3d of October, 1066. That great victory, and the final triumph of William of Normandy, has been called the *Norman conquest*, by which England came under the rule of a new dynasty.

William claimed the crown of England, under the pretence of a promise of it made to him by Edward the Confessor, which claim he supported and established in the field. William the Conqueror proved a terrible scourge to England. He carried fire and sword into every part, and spared neither age nor sex, young nor old. Several risings were attempted in the course of his reign, but these he suppressed with great cruelty. He affected to hold England as a tributary province to Nor-

mandy; and yet the man who got all this power was the illegitimate son of Robert, duke of Normandy, by the daughter of a tanner.

Speaking of his irruption into the north of England, *William*, the *Abbot of Malmesbury*, writing sixty years after the conquest, says, "From York to Durham, not an inhabited village remained; fire, slaughter, and desolation, made it a vast wilderness, which it continues to this day."

William introduced the curfew law into England, which compelled the nation to put out their fires and candles at eight o'clock every night.

"It would be difficult to find in history," says an English writer, "a revolution more destructive, or attended with a more complete subjection of the ancient inhabitants. Contumely was added to oppression, and the unfortunate natives were universally reduced to such a state of servility, meanness, and poverty, *that, for ages, the English name became a term of reproach!*"\* And several generations passed away before one single family of Saxon pedigree was raised to any honor, or could attain the rank of baron, in the state.

The English language was abolished in the court of the king, and in those of law, and the French language substituted; at length, William would suffer the youth of the nation to be instructed in no other than the French tongue. The English language was proclaimed and cried down by public and private act, in the same manner that the good Queen Bess tried to extinguish the Irish language, in the sixteenth century, which, however, has outlived her persecutions, and will outlive the power and dynasty of her tyrant successors. The pleadings in the law courts, from this time to the time of Edward the Third, anno 1340, and the acts of Parliament, were all written in the French language. Those Saxons, who wished to curry favor at court, helped to run down their native tongue, and bring it into contempt. Even so is it with some of the Irish at present, in reference to the language and customs of their native land.

"We'd think no slaves lived in the ancient reign,  
Did not some plain examples still remain."

The organic changes effected by this tyrant are beyond my limited space to even compress into a short recital. He demolished churches in every part of England, taking possession of their lands, which he appropriated to his hungry followers — a practice afterwards followed by his descendant, the rival monster, Henry the Eighth. He disarmed the

\* Wade.

English militia, and broke them up; he took possession of all the lands of England, which he divided into baronies, reserving fourteen hundred manors and estates to himself; the remainder he conveyed to about seven hundred of his followers, whom he honored by the title of *barons*.

The baronies were again let out to knights, or vassals, who paid the baron the same submission in peace or war which the baron paid to the king. The whole kingdom was put into the hands of about seven hundred chief tenants, and sixty thousand "knights' fees." None of the natives were admitted into the first class, but were glad to be admitted into the second, and be the willing vassal of some Norman master. The military of the kingdom was maintained by each of those chiefs as the first charge on their lands; and this is the origin of primogeniture in England, by which all the lands of that country were held after the conquest.

A curious piece of antique embroidered tapestry is yet preserved in the cathedral of *Bayeux*, in France. It is a piece of linen, four hundred and twenty feet long, and two feet wide, on which is worked the principal figures and most striking scenes of the Norman conquest; it was worked by women, chosen by Matilda, the conqueror's wife; and it accurately describes the dress of the heroes of that age. None of them wore stockings, and all wore wooden shoes. Wooden shoes were then worn by the greatest of the European princes.

About this time, the celebrated *Macbeth*, the hero of Shakspeare's tragedy, murdered Duncan, the king of Scotland, and usurped the crown. He was deposed by Malcolm, aided by Seward, earl of Northumberland. About the same period, Griffith ap Cynan, who was educated in Ireland, reigned king of the Welsh.

In this age began that remarkable movement, known as the "crusades," to which I have elsewhere alluded.

Such was the general state of Europe, of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, at the important epoch in Irish history which we are approaching.

We have now arrived at the year 1150, and we find Turlogh O'Connor, of the Connaught line, monarch of Meath, and the west and south of Ireland. From the events of his reign, the historians have drawn of this prince a high character. He was not only a great general, but a profound and accomplished politician; he protected trade, manufactures, letters, and religion; he had a strong passion for architecture, and built many great churches, castles, and bridges; he rebuilt

several causeys, and repaired and made many roads; he threw two spacious bridges across the River Shannon, one at Athlone, the other at Achochtha; he also established a new mint, and had money coined at *Cluon Macknoise*, — repaired the cathedral of Tuam, founded there a great priory; he punished crime severely; even his own son was loaded with irons for twelve months for some unstated crime; he founded and endowed several universities throughout Ireland; and left great wealth, by his will, to the churches and colleges.

About this time also were held several ecclesiastical synods in Ireland; the proceedings of which are more interesting to the priesthood than to the general reader, as they related to mere matters of discipline; they will be found detailed at copious length in Lannigan, Carew, or Gahan's Ecclesiastical Histories.

It may be proper here to take a glance at the manufacturing powers of Ireland and Europe about this period.

I have already shown that the people of Ireland manufactured the materials furnished by their mines, forests, flocks, and herds, into every necessary for their own use. I have adduced the holding of several fairs throughout Ireland, at which woollens, serges, flannels, and other textile fabrics, were brought forward for sale. I have shown the immense quantities of *iron* which were paid as revenue to their various kings: their gold and silver articles of ornament and use were of the highest finish, and display the proficiency of the workmen even to this day. We have heard of the beautiful colors imparted to their manufactures by the use of the marine insect called *buccani purpura*. This was known in Ireland five hundred years before the Christian era. We have seen that they manufactured silk for their chieftains' dresses, which are frequently described by the bards with remarkable precision. Amongst the articles of dress is noted the *silken shirt*.

In looking back upon those ages, if we see more attention given to the polite arts than to trade and manufactures, we must attribute this bias in the public mind to the universal spirit of chivalry which pervaded, in those times, every nation of Europe. It was then deemed mean to trade or traffic in articles of manufacture; such was then the prevalent feeling of Europe.

The celebrated *De Witt*, of Holland, writing of those ages, says, "Before this period, [*the tenth century*,] there were no merchants in all Europe, excepting a few in the republics of Italy, who traded with the Indian caravans of the Levant; or possibly there might have been found some merchants elsewhere, though but in few places, that carried

on an inland trade, so that each nation, to the northward and eastward, was forced to sow, build, and weave for itself; wherefore, in case of a superfluity of their people, they were compelled, by force of arms, (for want of provisions, and to prevent the effects of bad seasons, or hunger,) to conquer more land. Such circumstances produced the irruptions of the Celtæ, Cimbri, Scythians, Goths, Vandals, Huns, Franks, Burgundians, Normans, &c., who, till about the year 1000, were in their greatest strength; all which people, and, in a word, all that spoke Dutch or German, exchanged their superfluities, not for money, but, as it is related, thus — viz., two hens for a goose, two geese for a hog, three lambs for a sheep, three calves for a cow, so much oats for barley, so much barley for wheat, &c.; so that, excepting for eatables, there was neither barter nor traffic. The Flemings, lying nearest to France, were the first that began to earn their living by weaving, and sold the same in that fruitful land, where the inhabitants were not only able to feed themselves, but also, by the superfluous growth of their country, would put themselves into good apparel; which Baldwin, the count of Flanders, considered, about the year 960, considerably improved by establishing yearly fairs in several places without laying on any toll."

Such were the commerce and traffic of Europe in those ages. I have shown that Ireland had her great annual fairs ever since the days of Cormac, in the third century, and probably since the first settlement of the country by the Phœnicians; for it was, as I have shown under the head of "Architecture," the practice of the citizens of Tyre to hold frequently those great fairs, in which woollen cloth, serges, flannels, silks, and linens, were sold, also gold and silver ornaments, &c. Those "fairs" continue in Ireland to the present day. Fairs were not established generally in Europe until the ninth century. Somewhat later than the tenth century, the Flemings likewise supplied Germany with their draperies, and, later still, the countries more northerly.

England had no foreign commerce for many centuries after this period. The great bulk of her foreign trade was, for two hundred years, engrossed by the German merchants, who kept, in London, the celebrated Steelyard; and these Germans conducted all their traffic also in their own shipping. The British had not then either merchants or shipping, until the inhabitants of the cinque ports, lying opposite to France and Flanders, began, by degrees, to build ships of their own. About the middle of the fourteenth century, the English began to build ships, which Edward the Third very much encouraged. The great monarchs of Christendom concerned themselves, for many centuries,



only in the trade of war, and left the business of traffic altogether to smaller states.

I shall now, having given the reader a glance at the general state of Europe, come back to the affairs of Ireland, which country, at this time, was far ahead of the continental nations of Europe, in arts, sciences, letters, laws, religion, traffic.

In the year 1166, Roderick O'Connor, son to Turloch the Great, assumed the title, and was saluted monarch of Ireland. He marched through the several provinces of the kingdom, and received the hostages and formal submission of its chiefs. And now took place that incident in our history that led to all the misfortunes which Ireland has endured from that day to the present.

Dermot M'Murrough O'Kavenagh, king of Leinster, nursed a passion for *Deargorville*, daughter of the king of Meath, and, though she was subsequently married to O'Ruark, prince of *Breffny*, or West Meath, yet their mutual affection was not extinguished by the separation consequent thereon. At length an opportunity offered which brought matters to a crisis. It was the practice, in those ages, for princes to go on long journeys to holy retreats in the performance of religious pilgrimages. O'Ruark had gone to Lough Dherg, a religious retreat in the north of Ireland, which was consecrated by St. Patrick, and which was frequented, for several centuries, by greater numbers than even the holy see itself. In the absence of *O'Ruark*, M'Murrough, the Leinster prince, carried off *Deargorville* to his own castle of Ferns, in Leinster. On the injured husband's return, his feelings, and those of his friends, were worked up to a high pitch of anger. His first act was to complain to the monarch Roderick. This he did in the following letter, translated by O'Halloran: —

“ *O'Ruark to Roderick the Monarch, health.*

“ Though I am sensible, most illustrious prince, that human adversities should be always supported with firmness and equanimity, and that a virtuous man ought not to distress or afflict himself on account of the levity, or inconstancy, of an imprudent female, yet, as this most horrible crime (of which I am fully satisfied) must have reached your ears before the receipt of my letters, and as it is a crime hitherto so unheard-of, as far as I can recollect, as never to be attempted against any king of Ireland, — severity impels me to seek justice, whilst charity admonishes me to forgive the injury. If you consider only the *dishonor*,

— *that*, I confess, is mine alone; if you reflect on the cause, it is common to us both; for what confidence can we place in our subjects, who are bound unto us by royal authority, if this lascivious destroyer of chastity shall escape unpunished after the commission of so flagitious a crime? The outrages of princes, so publicly and notoriously committed, if not corrected, become precedents of pernicious example to the people; in a word, you are thoroughly convinced of my affection and attachment to you; you behold me wounded with the shafts of fortune, and sorely distressed with the greatest afflictions: it only remains for me to request, as I am entirely devoted to you, that you will not only with your counsels assist, but with your arms revenge, these injuries, which torment and distract me. This, when you will, and as you will, I not only demand, but *require*, at your hands. Farewell!

“O’RUARK.”

Mr. Moore thinks that the outrage upon O’Ruark took place ten years before Roderick O’Connor came to the throne, and that Magloughlin, the monarch at that time, refused to take up his quarrel. Be that as it may, all the historians agree that Roderick O’Connor, in consequence of this appeal from O’Ruark, immediately called a national council, at which it was decreed that M’Murrough, for various crimes and enormities, was unworthy to reign longer over Leinster. An army was fitted out, and the command of it given to O’Ruark. He marched to the territories of M’Murrough, who made some feeble resistance; but, his friends and followers every where abandoning him, he sought safety in flight, and embarked, with about sixty followers, for Bristol. The unfortunate lady, the cause of all this war, flew to St. Bridget’s nunnery, in Kildare, where she passed the rest of her life in penitence.

The territories of *M’Murrough* were divided between the princes of *Ossory* and *Murcha*. The royal army returned, and proceeded to quell some rising in the north: that army amounted, we are told, to thirty-nine thousand foot and fourteen thousand horse.

King Roderick, who accompanied the expedition, returned to Tara, held a parliament there, and also the fair of Taltean, which lasted for a month, and which was surrounded with unusual splendor.

But while the Irish nation were thus enjoying the blessings of peace, they little suspected that a plot was hatching to disturb their tranquillity, and destroy their independence.

The exiled *M’Murrough*, after remaining some time in Bristol, repaired to Normandy, in the north of France, where Henry the Second,

king of England, then was sojourning. Henry was the fourth Norman king of England, after William the Conqueror. Between him and the Conqueror, there were William the Second, called *Rufus*, on account of his red hair, Henry the First, and Stephen.

*M'Murrough* sought assistance from the English monarch to regain his lost dominion. Henry the Second gave him a favorable reception, heard his tale, but excused himself from, at present, engaging in his cause. *M'Murrough* requested, at least, his permission to raise such volunteers amongst his subjects as he could procure. To this *Henry* consented, and issued in his favor the following proclamation, addressed to all his subjects of England, Wales, and Normandy:—

“Whereas Dermot, king of Leinster, most wrongfully, (as he informeth,) banished out of his own country, hath craved our aid, therefore, forasmuch as we have received him into our protection, grace, and favor, whoever, within our realms, subject unto our command, will aid and help him, whom we have embraced as our trusty friend, for the recovery of his land, let him be assured of our grace and favor.”

*M'Murrough*, by sound of trumpet, had this proclamation frequently read in Bristol and some adjoining cities. He offered great rewards to such as would enlist under his banners; but his progress was not encouraging. He then passed over to Wales, and applied to Richard, Earl of Strigul, commonly called *Strongbow*. He made considerable offers of lands in Ireland to the Welsh Norman chieftain, also offered him his daughter *Eva* in marriage, and the reversion of his kingdom, on his death, if, by his means and those of his friends, he should be restored to his dominions. This treaty was accepted by *Strongbow*, signed and sworn to on both sides, and *M'Murrough* bound himself by oath, to give him, at a proper time, his daughter *Eva* in marriage; but the exiled prince had not the power, by the Irish constitution, to will his kingdom to alien blood, or to any chief, contrary to the will of his people.

Two other Welsh chieftains, *Robert Fitzstephen* and *Maurice Fitzgerald*, entered into the project: one of these was promised the town of *Wexford*. With such forces as he could collect, *M'Murrough* landed suddenly on the Irish coast, and seized on a portion of his old territories. *O'Ruark*, his mortal enemy, had notice of this, and was soon in arms to expel him, with the approbation of the monarch, *Roderick O'Connor*.

*M'Murrough* then had recourse to negotiation. He made the most abject submission to King *Roderick*, and besought him to interpose his

good offices to appease the vengeance of O'Ruark, whom he confessed he had greatly injured ; and as the unhappy lady had long become a penitent sister of the holy nuns of Kildare, he begged for the enjoyment of a portion or pittance of his former patrimony.

His appeal, which was made through an eloquent ecclesiastic, was heard favorably, (unfortunately for Ireland.) He was allowed a large breadth of the lands of Wexford ; he delivered up seven hostages to the monarch, and presented O'Ruark with one hundred ounces of pure gold. Thus every thing appeared settled ; but alas for Ireland, that gave birth to such a traitor as *M'Murrough* !

Having now artfully gained a settlement and reëstablishment in his native country, forgetful of his oaths, or hostages, to the Irish monarch, he turned his whole energies and cunning to the base object of binding that native country in the toils of the stranger. He sent his private secretary, O'Regan, to Wales, to remind his friends of their promises and engagements, and to say that he was ready to receive them with open arms. He directed him to send over small squadrons, so as not to alarm his enemies, and to be ready to land a considerable force in the spring. O'Regan was directed to get as many recruits, for the enterprise, as he could, and make the most flattering promises of land and wealth to the adventurers.

*M'Murrough* was busy and incessant throughout that winter, and increased his partisans and followers without letting them know his deep intent ; and, by appointment with his Welsh associates, there landed, in May, 1169, in five small vessels from Wales, Fitzstephen, Fitzgerald, Barry, Hervey, and some other chiefs, together with about thirty knights, sixty esquires, and three hundred archers, with Maurice Prendergast at the head of ten knights and two hundred archers, forming not more than seven hundred foreigners altogether. On their arrival, on the 11th May, 1169, they despatched a letter to *M'Murrough*, announcing their presence in the country. He immediately sent his son, at the head of five hundred horse, to meet them ; he followed himself, at the head of two thousand infantry ; and they soon concerted a plan of military operations. Wexford being nearest them, they resolved to attack it first, which they did with great fury. Fitzstephen and Barry led on the troops to the assault ; they soon filled the ditches, and reared their ladders against the walls ; but the Irish, regardless of their shining armor, in which all the adventurers were incased, hurled them from the walls with great slaughter ; and, after the loss of many gallant knights and soldiers, the invaders sounded a retreat.

This repulse greatly dispirited them ; and Fitzstephen, fearing that his followers would fly to their ships and return, had them burnt before their eyes, that no mode of escape might lie open, and to convince them that death or victory was the only choice before them. For three successive days did they renew the attack, but with no better success.

At length the bishop and clergy of Wexford, in order to save the effusion of Christian blood, — both the invaders and invaded were of one faith then, — offered their mediation to bring about terms of peace. This was listened to, and the result was, the citizens returned in their allegiance to *M'Murrough*, putting hostages into his hands for this agreement. But they little thought he had conveyed over, by a sort of mortgage, the city and liberties of Wexford to the strangers. No sooner did he get possession of the town, than he resigned his authority and rights over it to Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald.

This triumph, obtained by stratagem, over Wexford, raised the name of *M'Murrough*, and exaggerated the numbers of his foreign auxiliaries. Numbers of his countrymen flocked to his standard, thinking they were supporting their chief and prince, and, without a single additional soldier from England, he invaded the territories of the neighboring chiefs, and subdued and plundered them.

All this took place in Wexford without exciting any alarm throughout the other provinces of Ireland. It was, unfortunately, too much the practice, in those days, for provincial princes to make war upon each other, and retaliate, on each side, by spoils and hostages, without calling for the interference of any other power. The progress of this handful of adventurers, in support of the efforts of one of their own princes, to recover his territories, excited too little jealousy, and it seems not more than the ordinary curiosity consequent upon border warfare.

*M'Murrough*, however, refusing to pay his annual tribute to Roderick, the monarch, the latter felt justly alarmed at such manifestation of independence, which he truly attributed to the presence and advice of the strangers. He thereupon called a council of the estates, when it was resolved that *M'Murrough* should dismiss the strangers from his dominion, compensating them for their services, and the king, Roderick, undertook to provide them with ships, to take them back to their own country ; but as Fitzstephen had been taken out of jail, and the majority of those adventurers were outlaws and runaways from the justice of their own country, the offer was not at all palatable, though any other terms, short of quitting Ireland, would have been gladly accepted. They

counselled M'Murrough, therefore, not to yield. But the Irish monarch, at the head of twenty thousand men, marched into Leinster, and would have exterminated the invaders, but for, unluckily again, the interference of the clergy, who were authorized by the wily M'Murrough to offer a complete submission to Roderick, on the part of himself, and to dismiss all the foreigners, with proper rewards for their trouble. And this agreement, being accepted, was ratified by the oath of *M'Murrough*, before the great altar of the church of *St. Maidog*, at Ferns. The undertaking was joined in, besides, by several of the clergy, to increase the solemnity and guaranty of the contract.

In this year, Maidog, third son to Owen Gwinneth, of North Wales, by an Irish lady, born in Clochran, in Connaught, and who was much addicted to maritime affairs, fitted out some ships to explore towards the north, but was driven to the American coast, where, according to *Stow* and *Clin*, he landed at New Spain, now Florida. He returned to Ireland, and fitted out a second expedition; but of this last no accounts ever were received. It is said that a portion of this small colony penetrated into Mexico, and founded tribes in that extraordinary and fertile region.

To return: *M'Murrough* kept up an active correspondence with Strongbow; and, finally, that chief, at the head of a considerable force, landed at Waterford, in 1170, where being joined by *M'Murrough*, they soon attacked the city, but were bravely repulsed. Next day they returned to the assault, but were again unsuccessful. *Raymond Le Gros*, one of the foreigners, hit upon an unthought-of expedient for entering the town: observing a projecting house, built on the city walls, one side of which rested on a few wooden piles, — these he pulled from under the house, when it tumbled; and thus, (in the night,) opening a pass, the besiegers rushed in, and fell upon the inhabitants, sword in hand, committing the greatest carnage and the most atrocious acts of cruelty, sparing neither age nor sex. The city, by this stratagem, fell into their hands, and its vast wealth became their spoil.

The fiendish *M'Murrough* then sent for his daughter to the castle of Ferns, and had her married on the spot, in the midst of the shocking carnage, to Strongbow. *M'Murrough* and his allies, now having Waterford and Wexford at their command, — in the harbors of which they kept ships, to secure a retreat, — looked to more extensive conquest, and prepared a considerable force to move on Dublin. They provided their army with every necessary for the march on Dublin, of which the monarch, Roderick, was apprized, and to frustrate which he had all the roads guarded. *M'Murrough* and his associates got to Dublin by un-

frequented paths, over the wild mountains of Glendelough, in the County Wicklow, and thus evaded the royal army, arriving before Dublin ere the king was aware that they had begun to move.

They called on the citizens to surrender, but this was obstinately refused; and here again the interference of the clergy, who wished to avoid the shedding of human blood, was the cause of the loss of this important garrison to the Irish.

St. Lawrence O'Toole, the archbishop of Dublin, one of the most learned men of Europe at this period, proposed a negotiation between the besieged and besiegers. A deputation of the citizens, with that most venerable prelate at their head, met *M' Murrough* and *Strongbow* at their camp; but, during this negotiation, *Raymond Le Gros* and *Miles Cogan* were examining the city walls, and, having found the weakest and least defended part, they returned to their camp, and, ere yet the negotiation ended, rushed, at the head of one thousand picked men, to those weak points of the city, which they entered with great fury, sword in hand, and butchered old and young, male and female, committing the most revolting acts of violation on the ladies, in presence of their dying husbands, brothers, and relatives. Pillage and slaughter were the order of the hour, in the midst of which *M' Murrough* and *Strongbow* entered the city in triumph, and *Cogan*, for this treacherous and unsoldierlike act, was installed governor of Dublin.

The twenty-first of September, 1170, was the day of this dreadful massacre. The treachery, perfidy, and cruelty, of those new invaders, astonished and terrified the whole nation. The Irish princes, when they fought with each other, appointed the time and place of battle; and when the conflict was over, the victors were excessive in their kindness to the vanquished, treaties of peace and oaths were kept religiously, property was not violated, nor the sacred shrine of female honor invaded. But these miscreants introduced a new system of warfare; they exhibited nought but savage treachery, blood-thirstiness, and beastly ferocity.

When these misfortunes had fallen on the Irish people, they were greatly grieved and subdued in spirit, and, wondering one to another at the change in their fortunes, held a solemn meeting of the clergy and chief men at Armagh, to consider their present condition, and such parts of their conduct as might be deemed most offensive by the Almighty, who had evidently sent these invaders as a scourge. It appeared, at that meeting, that it was the custom of Englishmen to expose their children for sale, and the Irish speculators of the day bought and sold them from

one to another, like any other articles of merchandise. The synod of Armagh, therefore, entered into a most solemn vow to discontinue forever this traffic in their fellow-creatures. All the English, in bondage in Ireland, were thereupon set at liberty.—See *Cambrensis* and Dr. *Warner*.

Upon this crisis in the fate of Ireland, the Abbé M'Geoghegan makes the following comment: "The reign of Roderick O'Connor is memorable for a revolution, which forms an epoch fatal to Ireland. An invasion of the English, which, in its beginning, would not have alarmed even the petty republic of Ragusa, became, from its having been neglected at first, so serious, that the liberty of a powerful nation became its victim, and a monarchy which had lasted for more than two thousand years was overthrown.

"Politicians endeavor to account for the fall of empires. By some it is ascribed to the weakness of those rulers who introduce a bad system in the administration of their laws, and by some to exterior causes; while others, with more reason, assign it to the will of the Supreme Being, who has drawn all things out of nothing, who governs all, and sets bounds to the duration of all created objects. Besides this, however, I think we may examine the connection that exists between natural and secondary causes, which are the instruments made use of by the Divinity.

"With respect to Ireland, the source of her destruction can be discovered within her own bosom. This kingdom was, from the settlement of the Milesians in the island, governed by one king, till the reign of Eocha the Ninth, who erected the four provinces into as many kingdoms, independent of each other, some time before the Christian era: they were, however, dependent on the monarch, as those electors and princes are who hold their states of the emperor of Germany. This was the first blow which the constitution of Ireland received. It suffered again, in the first century, by the revolt of the plebeians, and the massacre of the princes and nobles of the country by these barbarians, who seized upon the government. Towards the end of the second century, a war also, which Modha-Nuagat, king of Munster, carried on against Con, the monarch, (the result of which was the division of the island between the contending parties,) produced new disasters to the kingdom.

"Notwithstanding these convulsions in the state, and the violent attacks of the Normans, during two centuries, the Irish monarchy still maintained itself till the reign of Malachi the Second, in the beginning of the eleventh century, when the sceptre, which had been for six or



seven hundred years hereditary in the same family, passed into other hands. Factions increased in proportion to the number of claimants to the crown, and the government was, in consequence, rendered weak and enfeebled.

“The fall of monarchies seldom occurs suddenly. The change takes place by degrees, and from a chain of events which imperceptibly undermine the constitution of the state, (as sickness enervates the body,) till it requires but a slight shock or stroke to complete their destruction. The Irish monarchy received this fatal blow, in the twelfth century, through the debauchery and boundless ambition of one of its princes.”

While Strongbow was carrying on his conquests, King Henry the Second became alarmed lest he might assume a sovereignty in Ireland independent of his royal power. He therefore issued a proclamation, forbidding any of his subjects, on pain of death and forfeiture of their lands, to give further aid to Strongbow. This seriously paralysed the invader, for many of his troops returned affrighted to England. At this nick of time the Irish had it completely in their power to prostrate the forces of the invader; but fate ruled it otherwise. Instead of uniting to drive off the common enemy, they wasted their energies in fighting with each other, chieftain against chieftain, about some petty privilege or tribute. Strongbow, in the mean time, sent his brother-in-law, Raymond Le Gros, to King Henry, who was then in Normandy, to formally surrender all the lands he had acquired in Ireland to his majesty, and assure him of the speedy conquest of the whole kingdom, if only a moderate army, under the command of his majesty in person, were to land in the country. It appears the king refused to listen to the suggestion, and returned a most discouraging answer to Strongbow; whereupon that daring chief now resolved to act for himself.

In the mean time, St. Lawrence O'Toole, the archbishop of Dublin, proved himself a pure patriot. Seeing an opportunity so favorable for the utter extermination of the invaders of his country, he flew from province to province, endeavoring to unite the chiefs and princes; but their foolish animosities between each other prevailed. They refused to unite under Roderick O'Connor, who appeared not to have had the confidence of the northern province. Besides, the insignificance of the Anglo-Norman force in Ireland, and the reported refusal of Henry the Second to abet his countrymen, tended to spread a dangerous security. At length, however, the Irish chiefs were roused and rallied, so far as to surround Dublin with a considerable force, under the command of King Roderick O'Connor. But, instead of proceeding to capture the city,

they foolishly lay two months around it, listening to negotiations from the wily intruders, when at length the English, in a state of madness and despair, rushed out at night, and, though only a handful, so terrorized the unprepared Irish, that they fled: the king, being at the time in a bath, had barely an opportunity to escape.

Strongbow, having now established his power over Leinster, repaired in person to the presence of Henry the Second, and the result was the formal invasion of Ireland by that monarch, with a force of four thousand five hundred men, brought to Ireland in four hundred small ships. They landed near Waterford, on St. Luke's day, 18th October, 1171. At that very moment a fierce war was raging, in the heart of Ulster, between the native chieftains, the forces of any of whom would have been sufficient to defeat the king of England.

*Strongbow* formally gave up to King Henry, Waterford, Wexford, and Dublin, which, together with the imposing presence of the king, and his glittering retinue of armed knights, on their shores, paralyzed the courage of the southern chiefs very materially. But that which more than any thing else intimidated them, was the report, industriously circulated previous to Henry's arrival, that Pope *Adrian* had conferred the sovereignty of Ireland on the English monarch.

It was the custom of princes in those days, for the greater security of their dominions, to make them over to the head of the Christian church, and receive them back as ecclesiastical grants; for so sacred were the possessions of the church then regarded, that none were found throughout the Christian world so bold as to invade them.

It was pretended by King Henry, that *Adrian the Fourth* had made over the whole of Ireland to him. He lost no time, therefore, on his arrival, in inviting the clergy of the south and the west to a grand conference, at the ancient seat of legislation, in Cashell. The pretended bull of *Adrian*, who had then been dead eighteen years, was produced. It set forth the anxieties of the holy see to have virtue and religion cultivated in Ireland, and the chief pastors obedient and submissive to the sovereign pontiff; and the better to insure this object, the clergy and people of Ireland were called upon to receive Henry the Second of England as their king. A second bull, confirming the foregoing, purporting to be from *Alexander the Third*, was also read; and though this one also has since been proved a forgery, yet it had an astounding effect on the assembly.

Each man looked at his neighbor, not knowing what decision to make. The ecclesiastics were seized with panic and indecision. Some

of the clergy inclined to the admonitions of the pope, and submitted to Henry, whilst others went their ways to their respective provinces as much in grief as in anger. Some of the secondary chiefs of the south gave up their territories to Henry, receiving the same back, to hold as his vassals; and as this act of submission appeared not humiliating, owing to the acquiescence of many of the clergy in the ordinance of the see of Rome, Henry obtained the adherence of seven counties without striking a blow.

In this famous synod, some unimportant alterations were made in reference to church affairs, which embraced only the better payment of tithes, and the relief of the church lands from the quarterly tributes demanded by chiefs, together with some regulations about marriages. These things were sanctioned by Henry the more heartily, for he was crafty, and lost no opportunity of gaining the clergy to his interests. It is also alleged by English writers, that Henry, at this first convention, gave the *benefit* of English laws to the Irish. If so, the Irish were so unconscious of *the benefit*, that, outside of the English pale, they never as much as adopted one of them; and, still more, the English within the pale could not be prevented, even by the most rigorous laws of England, adopting the Irish laws, language, customs, and even the Milesian names.

To whatsoever extent the English writers may claim a sovereignty over Ireland by the submission to Henry of *some* of the southern princes, and even that of the paltry Roderick of Connaught, they must admit that the great north and north-west of the country never, even formally, submitted to this newly-assumed power, and that, for two hundred and fifty years from this period, it gradually melted away, until, as we shall prove, the power of England in Ireland was represented by forty horsemen and eighty archers on foot.

Henry was soon called back to England, to answer the charge of having procured the assassination of Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, afterwards canonized as St. Thomas of Canterbury, which there is no doubt but he did cause, promote, and had accomplished.

The Abbé M'Geoghegan, in proving those bulls forgeries, asks, "Is it likely any pope would select such a monster as Henry the Second to effect a reformation of a nation's morals?" and then draws the character of Henry from Cambrensis, and other historians, thus:—

"The bull of Alexander the Third must appear a paradox to all those who strictly investigate the morals of Henry, and his behavior to

the court of Rome. A bad Christian makes a bad apostle. What was Henry the Second? A man who, in private life, forgot the essential duties of religion, and frequently those of nature; a superstitious man, who, under the veil of religion, joined the most holy practices to the most flagrant vices; regardless of his word, when, to promote his own interest, he broke the most solemn treaties with the king of France; he considered principle as nothing, when the sacrifice of it promised to produce him a benefit. It is well known, that, without any scruple, he married Eleanor of Aquitaine, so famous for her debaucheries, and branded by her divorce from Louis the Seventh. He ungratefully confined this very woman in chains, though she had brought him one fourth of France as her marriage portion. He was a bad father, quarrelled with all his children, and became engaged in wars on every side. As a king, he tyrannized over his nobles, and took pleasure in confounding all their privileges; like his predecessors, he was the sworn enemy of the popes; he attacked their rights, persecuted their adherents, sent back their legates with contempt, encroached upon the privileges and immunities of the church, and gloried in supporting the most unjust usurpers of them; which led to the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Again, his debaucheries are admitted by every historian. No one is ignorant that he went so far as to seduce the young Alix, who had been betrothed to his son Richard, and that all the misfortunes which filled the latter part of his life with affliction, were caused by this passion, as obstinate as it was criminal and base. Behold the apostle, the reformer, whom the holy see would have chosen to convert Ireland! The witnesses, we here bring forth, are not to be suspected. Cambrensis himself, whose opinions I have elsewhere refuted, is the first to acknowledge the irregularities of Henry the Second."

"The pope refused either to see or hear the ambassadors, whom Henry had sent to exculpate himself from the murder of Thomas of Canterbury; but the Roman court cried out, 'Desist, desist,' as if it were impious for the pope to hear the name of Henry, who had sent them. By the general advice of the council, the pope dispensed with expressly mentioning the name of the king, and the country beyond the sea." — *Hoveden*, p. 526.

"These bulls have, in fact, all the appearance of forgery. They are not to be met with in any collection. It appears, also, that Henry the Second considered them so insufficient to strengthen his dominion in Ireland, that he solicited Pope Lucius the Third, who succeeded

Alexander, to confirm them ; but that pope was too just to authorize his usurpation, and paid no regard to a considerable sum of money which the king sent to him."

Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, has given it as his opinion, that these bulls were forgeries.

The Irish princes did not act, unfortunately, that independent part which became men who lived in this crisis of their country's affairs. Divided among themselves, and submissive to the ordinances of the church, while we revere their feelings as Christians, we cannot but deplore their conduct and tame submission as freemen. That this was the true cause of Ireland's unaccountable toleration of the invaders on her soil may be gathered from the letter, written by the great O'Neill, king of Ulster, in 1330, and presented to John the Twenty-second, pope of Rome, in the name of the Irish nation, which I have published at length towards the conclusion of this lecture. "During the course of so many ages, our sovereigns preserved the independency of their country," says O'Neill: "attacked more than once by foreign powers, they wanted neither force nor courage to repel the bold invaders ; but that which they dared to do against force, *they could not attempt to do against the simple decree of one of your predecessors, ADRIAN.*"

Such were the causes of the subjection of a portion of Ireland to English jurisdiction.

Those who followed Henry the Second to Ireland were the descendants of the Norman conquerors, who were again the progeny of the Danish barbarians that settled in France, and founded the kingdom of Normandy. Neither their association with the French, nor with the Anglo-Saxons since their arrival in England, tended to diminish their ferocity. During the century that preceded the invasion of Ireland, they were continually under arms, either to crush the rebellious Saxons, battle with the Scots, or subjugate the Welsh. And these are the people who, Cambrensis says, introduced civilization into Ireland.

The infamous *M' Murrough*, or *Dermot*, as he is sometimes called, died in the midst of the desolations he had called down upon his country. This execrable wretch died a shocking spectacle ; his body was covered with a hideous leprosy, and he expired in the greatest misery, without friends, pity, or spiritual comfort.

Previous to Henry's arrival, I should have told that the valiant O'Ruark, at the head of his own knights, made one more brave effort to free his native land. He attacked Dublin sword in hand, and, having drawn Miles Cogan, the governor, and his garrison, outside of the

fortifications, a bloody battle was fought between them, which produced no other effect than the loss of many lives. The son of O'Ruark, having signalized himself by his valor in the thick of the battle, was mortally wounded, with several of his followers, who sold their lives dearly to the English, of whom also a great number fell on the field of battle.

Subsequently a conference was held between O'Ruark and De Lacy to make a peace, which was proposed by the English, and, while the negotiation was proceeding on the hill of Tara, between both leaders, who left their armies in the valleys, and ascended with their interpreters to the hill, seven English knights went up its side, tilting in jest, — they soon fell upon O'Ruark; and, in the presence of both armies, the valiant hero was stabbed to the heart, upon which his followers were rushed upon, at the moment of panic, and cut to pieces or dispersed.

It cannot but gratify every Irishman, in America and Ireland, to learn that the philosopher, statesman, and *littérateur* of America, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, has written a beautiful poem, founded on the unfortunate affairs in the history of Ireland, brought on by the traitor Dermot. I take leave to insert a dozen stanzas selected at random, and to notice that, in his able preface, Mr. Adams justly reproves the moral veracity of *Hume*, who painted Henry the Second as a hero:—

“So much for Hume's philosophy, teaching by the example of Henry the Second. If there be, in the annals of the human race, a transaction of deeper and more melancholy depravity than the conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second, it has not fallen under my notice. It would seem as if it could not be accomplished but by a complication of the most odious crimes, public and private.”—

“Among those kings, there rose, from time to time,  
 One braver or more skilful than the rest,  
 With brighter parts, and genius more sublime,  
 Who bore among them all a loftier crest:  
 His power, while in the vigor of his prime,  
 O'er the whole island was at once impressed;  
 And at the time precise of which I sing,  
 Roderick O'Connor was fair Erin's king.

“And then the people were, as they are now,  
 A careless, thoughtless, brave, kind-hearted race,  
 With boiling bosom, and with dauntless brow,  
 With shrewdest humor, and with laughing face;

Their women, purer than the virgin's vow,  
 Blooming in beauty, and adorned with grace;  
 But some exceptions, I must own, were there,  
 As in all ages may be found elsewhere.

"Christians they had been from St. Patrick's day;  
 Their priests for learning had been long renowned;  
 Though not accustomed Peter's pence to pay,  
 Nor tithes unto the pontiff triple-crowned.  
 Music they loved; they loved the minstrel's lay;  
 Their hearts were tuned to harmony of sound;  
*As if from heaven's most hallowed notes it stole,*  
*The harp of Erin searched the inmost soul."*

\* \* \* \* \*

ON DERMOT'S PRESENTING HIS DAUGHTER TO STRONGBOW, THE  
 INVADER.

"And Dermot promised him fair Eva's hand;  
 And thus his country and his daughter sold:  
 O! who can read the record of that land,  
 And mark her miseries, with bosom cold?  
 If it must boil to see before us stand  
 A wretch who barter liberty for gold,  
 To see one, with what anguish must it swell,  
 At once himself, his child, his country sell?"

\* \* \* \* \*

ON THE FIRST SKIRMISHES WITH THE INVADERS.

"But let not Erin suffer in your mind;  
 If her brave children once were known to flee,—  
 Consult Columbia's annals, you shall find  
 The same with those who sought to make her free.  
 In sooth, militia-men you cannot bind  
 To serve for six months when engaged for three;—  
 Whence you may come to this conclusion just,  
 On raw militia not too much to trust."

\* \* \* \* \*

HENRY'S MOCK SYNOD.

"At Cashell now a synod was convened  
 Of all the holy prelates of the land;  
 And not a sin or frailty could be gleaned,  
 But stood exposed before that sacred band.  
 No crime was sheltered, not a vice was screened,

Of all that called for the reforming hand;  
And what the sins were, would the reader learn,  
From the proposed reforms he shall discern.

“First, wedlock never must be solemnized,  
Of kin within canonical degrees;  
And children must *in public* be baptized,  
And taught to know at least the church’s fees;  
And lands and tenements should be devised  
To wives and children as the sire should please;  
The dead in churchyards only buried be;  
And all the church’s lands from taxes free.

“THIS was the searching process of reform,  
A precious model for all after times;  
THIS was to justify invasion’s storm,  
And Strongbow’s robberies and Dermot’s crimes.  
One vice suppressed will sometimes breed a swarm,  
As has been witnessed since, in other climes;  
But when, O when, did Conquest ever dare  
Unveil her Gorgon face, with snakes so rare?”

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE DEATH OF DERMOT.

“And to his wildered senses, Erin’s saints  
Appear with lighted torches in their hands,  
Applying scorpion scourges till he faints,  
And then reviving him with blazing brands;  
While o’er his head a frowning Fury paints,  
In letters which he reads and understands,  
‘Expect no mercy from thy Maker’s hand!  
THOU HADST NO MERCY ON THY NATIVE LAND.’

“And to the shades the indignant spirit fled,  
And THUS was Erin’s conquest first achieved;  
THUS Albion’s monarch first became her head;  
And now her freedom shall be soon retrieved,  
For (mark the Muse — if rightly she has read,  
Let this her voice prophetic be believed,)  
Soon, soon shall dawn the day, as dawn it must,  
When Erin’s sceptre shall be Erin’s trust.”

I have shown that the English first obtained a footing by stratagem and treachery, coupled with the baseness of Dermot, than whom Ireland, nor no other country, ever gave birth to a greater villain. I have



shown that these foreigners, on the approach of Roderick, the Irish monarch, at the head of an Irish army many times more than sufficient to exterminate them, swore, on the altar of Wexford, to quit the country forthwith, — instead of which, when their lives were spared, they invited over more adventurers. I have shown that the forged bull of Pópe *Adrian*, who was an Englishman, conferred on Henry the Second the government of Ireland, and that such was the deference paid by the clergy, and the great body of the people of Ireland, to this mandate of the holy see, that it neutralized that resistance which the Irish would otherwise have offered to the handful of invaders, who landed in the train of the English king. But Henry never exercised any authority over any part of Ireland, save the seven counties on the eastern coast, known for many centuries as the *English Pale*, which diminished at length to four counties, at which limit it was found on the accession of Henry the Eighth. An agreement was finally made between Roderick, king of Connaught, and Henry the Second, that Roderick should remain king of the *Irish*, who were to be governed as usual by Irish laws, and that the English settlers within the *Pale* should be subject to English laws, and to the English king. This is recorded by the learned Irish historian, *Gratianus Lucius*, (Lynch.) He says, “*Catholicus O’Dubhthy* returned from England, with peace agreed to, on these conditions with the king of England, — that Roderick should be *king of the Irish*, and that the provinces should be governed by their kings as usual, subject to chiefry to Roderick, he paying tribute to Henry, at the rate of one hide for every ten oxen killed in his territory.”

English writers are prone to construe this peace, entered into with the English monarch, as a *submission*; but such it never was. Neither the laws of England, nor the mandates of the king of England, ever penetrated farther into Ireland, for four hundred years after this period, than the semicircle I have described as the *Pale*. How, then, can the English claim power in Ireland, by virtue of *this pretended conquest*? Let it be well remembered, that the laws and authority of England were acknowledged only amongst the English settlers of the *Pale* for that long period. The *Pale*, be it also noted, did not extend to the one eighth of the kingdom.

Certain it is that the English, by marriage with the old Irish families in the interior, by intrigue, by border battles and acts of treachery, obtained some property and power, in the long course of four hundred years, in different parts of Ireland. But this property

and this power they held and exercised as IRISH PRINCES, subject to the old Irish laws and customs, to which they every where gave a preference, not only because they were in their nature very equitable and very just, but because the common people revered these old laws as celestial judgments, and the new comers were too crafty to alarm the people by introducing any English laws, at variance with the received notions of justice, which time had consecrated in the minds of the nation.

That Henry the Second did not conquer Ireland, as is affected by some, we have the authority of Sir *John Davies*, the English attorney-general of King James the First of England. He says, "Henry departed out of Ireland without striking one blow, or building one castle, or planting one garrison among the Irish, neither left behind him one true subject more than those he found there at his first coming over, which were only the English adventurers spoken of before, who had gained some port towns in Leinster and Munster, and possessed some scopes of land thereunto adjoining." And this is that conquest of King Henry the Second, so much spoken of by so many writers.

And Plowden, another English historian, remarks on this pretended conquest as follows:—

"Notwithstanding the nominal or pretended conquest of the whole kingdom of Ireland by Henry the Second, and the grant and confirmation thereof by the Popes Adrian and Alexander, the truth is, that the English power and authority, during the reign of Henry the Second, was confined, and *it so continued* for above four hundred years, to a certain district afterwards called the *Pale*. This district comprised the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and *Uricl*, with the seaport cities of Waterford, Cork, and Limerick, and the lands *immediately* surrounding them. Over the other parts of the kingdom, which were *without* the *Pale*, comprising twenty-seven counties, neither Henry the Second, nor *any* of his successors, until the reign of James the First, either had, or even pretended to claim, more than a naked, or nominal and empty title; insomuch, that Sir John Davies says, that England never sent over either numbers of men, or quantities of treasure, sufficient to defend the small territory of the *Pale*, much less to reduce that which was lost.

"Accordingly," continues Plowden, "the English adventurers governed their district by their own model. The native chiefs, owning by far the greatest part of Ireland, acted independently of the English government, made war and peace, entered into

leagues and treaties, not only amongst each other, but with foreign powers, and punished malefactors by their own laws, customs, and constitutions."

Having shown by what foul means the inhabitants of England first obtained power in Ireland, I must inform the reader that it is my intention to pass rapidly over the affairs of the English colony in Ireland for a period of three hundred years. Their story is told by their own historians, who were the hired traducers of the "Irish enemy;" and as safely might the present history of Ireland be taken from the London Times, as from Cambrensis, Cox, Leland, Carte, and other such writers, from whom Mr. Moore principally draws his miserable History.

Few manuscript accounts of those black times, written by the Irish themselves, have come to our hands. The chiefs kept their bards, who wrote the family registers, till the period of the reformation, when all the family observances, with law and justice, were swamped in one common gulf.

For three centuries, the government and affairs of the English colony in Ireland were so totally distinct from the Irish nation which surrounded that colony on every side, and it was kept so exclusively English by enactments, interests, prejudices, and the commands of the master government in England, that its affairs are of no more interest to the *Irishman* of the present day, than those of France, Norway, or any other nation of Europe.

During all this time, the Irish princes, in three fourths of Ireland, were perfectly independent of England, and of each other. The only change wrought by the English invasion in their general condition, was merely the abolition of a supreme monarch in the country. We have many, very many instances of the English within the *Pale* submitting to pay tribute to the Irish princes, who reigned outside it, and *vice versa*. I have no desire to swell my book to inconvenient dimensions with the unpleasant history of those border battles, attended sometimes with unusual barbarity on both sides, and in which the quarrels of the English with each other are as conspicuous as those of the Irish. Let some other pen indulge in the disagreeable work. I care not either to read about them, or write about them.

There are certain general outlines, however, that, to preserve the necessary connection of history, I am bound to sketch, which I shall contract as much as I possibly can.

In some time after Henry the Second's return to England, he

assembled a council at Oxford, Anno Domini 1177, and there conferred upon his son John the title of "Lord of Ireland." William Fitzaldelm was the first English deputy appointed to rule Ireland, who was sent, in 1178, by Henry the Second; and from that appointment to the present, the entire history of the lord lieutenants of Ireland is nearly the same throughout — pervaded with jobbing, favoritism, treachery, alternately towards English and Irish, seeking whom among the Irish they may safely rob, seeking whom among their own they may, with the greatest personal eclat, promote.

On the young Prince John's arrival in Ireland, his petulant and supercilious manner towards the Irish, drove into rebellion many of those who were won or coaxed into obedience by his father. Prince John lost nearly his entire army in his conflicts with the natives; and here again, had they been but unanimous, and submitted to one brave man, they might have reëstablished the independence of their country; but fate seemed to work against them! Prince John was soon recalled, and all the powers of government placed in the hands of De Courcy.

De Courcy entered Connaught in great force, but was met there by the combined arms of Limerick and Connaught, and quickly put to flight. He subsequently sallied into the north, and, with only a handful of picked and well-armed men, defeated the unprepared natives, and seized upon a wide territory.

The Irish now began to feel the pulsations of men; and, had they placed Donald O'Brien at their head, there is not the slightest doubt but they would have driven every invader out of their kingdom; but the northern chieftains wasted their strength in petty battles, instead of uniting to free the land from the common foe.

Geraldus Cambrensis, who wrote the first lying history of Ireland, attempted, in the presence of Maurice, archbishop of Cashell, to disparage the Irish clergy, by charging on them, amongst other things, that, from the days of St. Patrick, they had not a single martyr amongst them: — "True," said Maurice, "but there are those now amongst us who have made martyrs in their own country, and who have been accustomed to make martyrs. From henceforth Ireland will have her martyrs in abundance!"

Roderick O'Connor, who had, for some time, retired from the throne to a monastery, saw, from his retreat, his kingdom of Connaught torn to pieces by his sons. On every side were to be seen either the battles of chieftains or the advancing armies of the invaders.

Henry the Second died in Normandy, 1189, cursing his children, all of whom attempted in turn to have him murdered.

At King Henry's death, he was succeeded by his son Richard, and, on his death, by *John*, from whom the charter of liberty, known as *Magna Charta*, was wrung by the *barons* and clergy on the field of Runnymede. This Great Charter was not so much an introduction of any new law as it was a recognition of the old customs, observed and in force before the conquest — customs, be it observed, the majority of which had their origin in Ireland, and were transplanted by Alfred, in the tenth century, to England.

Magna Charta — the birthright of Englishmen — ordains that all freemen shall be allowed to go out of the kingdom and return to it at pleasure; one weight and one measure shall be established throughout the entire kingdom; courts of justice shall be stationary, and not ambulatory, with the king. (Previous to this, the king went his rounds, administering justice in person, and by assistants.) Circuits were to be held regularly every year; and justice no longer to be sold, refused, or delayed; merchants allowed to transact all business without being exposed to tolls and impositions; no freeman to be taken, or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his free tenement or liberties, or outlawed, or banished, or any wise hurt or injured, unless by the legal judgment of his peers and the law of the land. Lastly, there was a stipulation in favor of the villains, a sort of slave or serf class, attached to the great man's estate. This class, though the most numerous of all, were not before this deemed worthy of legislative notice. It was ordained that they should not be deprived by a fine of their carts, and their ploughs, and implements of industry.

This Great Charter was ratified four times by Henry the Third; twice by Edward the First; fifteen times by Edward the Third; seven times by Richard the Second; six times by Henry the Fourth; and once by Henry the Fifth: but was trampled under foot by Henry the Eighth; revived by Queen Mary; subverted again by Elizabeth; and has never since been fairly allowed to operate in England or Ireland. Lord Castlereagh's Six Acts, and Alphabet Smith's mode of packing a jury, have completely subverted it in our days.

In these times, the language in common use in England was, — in the church and professions, *Latin*; at court, *French*; and among the common people, *old Saxon*. It was usual to have public documents and addresses published and read in three different languages. For

three or four centuries, great confusion of tongues prevailed in England. In Ireland, the language of the great body of the people remained Irish, and in ecclesiastical offices, Latin. The language of the English Pale, amongst the gentry class, was Latin, with a little French; but the majority of the English spoke the Irish language in common affairs. The English language had yet no regular existence; and finally it was compounded, by the action of time, into that dialect which exists at this day, of French, Latin, old Saxon, and Irish, called the "English language."

It is recorded that, in this reign, a French champion came over to England to fight any one who should assert that Philip, king of France, had done wrong to King John. Great was the consternation of the courtiers of John at this threat, for, in those days, matters of the highest import were submitted to personal combat; and such was the renown of the French champion, that none in England dared to face him. At length it was suggested to the king, that there was an Irish chief, of great bodily strength and personal bravery, confined in the Tower, as a state prisoner, who was taken in the late Irish wars. This brave captive was offered his freedom on condition of encountering the French bravo. On the day fixed for the encounter, the Frenchman was not forthcoming; he had stolen off to Spain, not daring for shame to return to France. The English monarch wished for some exhibition of his champion's strength, before the assembled thousands who came to witness the encounter. Upon this, there was a post, or trunk of a tree, set in the earth, and on it was fixed a steel helmet. At the first blow of his sword, the Irish champion cut the helmet in two; and at the second blow, buried his sword so deeply in the tree, that seven of the strongest of the by-standers could not draw it out; it was removed only by himself. This fact is related by *Wade*, in his *Recent History of England*. King John, having partly conquered Scotland, made another descent on Ireland, with a great army. On this occasion, he received homage from eleven Irish chiefs, or lords, but was obliged to return to England, where he soon after died.

Henry the Third came to the throne of England, but his wars with the Welsh occupied his attention and forces; and it is a little remarkable that, even thus early in the career of England, the king's chief force, in his movement on Wales, was made up of Irish conscripts, which he compelled into his ranks. We find also, in this reign, divisions growing up between the English chiefs in Ireland. The Irish now assumed

more courage, and reconquered from the invaders a considerable portion of their lost territory.

*Edward the First* came to the English throne 1272. In 1300, he held the first assembly in England called a parliament, a shadow of which was soon after held in the English colony in Ireland. Amongst the very first acts of this shadow was the institution of a tax on the estates of Irish absentees for the maintenance of the king's army.

It seems that, in the parliament held in Kilkenny, 1309, the murder of an Irishman was declared a crime not punishable by law, nor the violation of chastity, if on an Irish woman, a crime. See the cases referred to by Lynch, in Moore, 324. In 1317, on petition to the king, a parliament was ordained to be holden in Dublin every year.

Several battles were fought, during this reign, between the Irish and the invaders, during which the natives gained considerable advantages, having captured one lord lieutenant and killed another; which successes, if only followed up with unity, would have completely reëstablished Ireland in her independence.

In this reign, the ancient and independent kingdom of Wales was annexed to the crown of England. The celebrated *Llewellyn*, the last Welsh king, having fallen in the field of battle, his forces fled. But the crafty Edward, having offered terms of peace to the Welsh, invited a grand convocation of all their bards, who were collected together with great industry, by a certain day, when the king had them surrounded, and barbarously butchered. By this means he put it out of the power of the Welsh leaders to reanimate their countrymen by the songs and music of their favorite bards, for there was hardly one left alive in all Wales. The same king marched into Scotland, took *Baliol*, the king, and several of the nobility, prisoners, and carried to London the celebrated Stone of Destiny, which had been sent over from Ireland with *Feergus*, the Irish prince, eight hundred years previously. On this celebrated stone, as I have already noticed at length, were the kings of Ireland crowned for many ages. It has remained in Westminster Abbey since that time. On it is engraved, in Irish lines, —

“Or Fate's deceived, and Heaven decrees in vain,  
Or where they find this stone the Scots shall reign.”

It was in this reign that the celebrated *Wallace*, of Scotland, rose against the English power. His brave followers were defeated, and ten thousand of them slain in one engagement. He was himself taken

prisoner, and executed. But he was succeeded by the celebrated *Robert Bruce*, who defeated the English in several battles. When King Edward summoned the Irish to aid him in his wars against the valiant Bruce, *not one of them, thank God, responded*. It is a shining ray upon their fame! Finally, the king of England suddenly dying, Scotland reassumed her kingly powers.

About this time, clocks were first used in England. Coal was discovered in Newcastle. The use of the magnetic needle, which had been lost to the world from the time of the Phœnicians, was now rediscovered. About the same year, the use of spectacles was introduced by a monk of Pisa. Matthew Paris, the celebrated historian of England, died; he was a Benedictine monk. Tin was now first discovered in Germany: before that time, none was heard of out of England.

At the same time, gunpowder was invented by a monk of Cologne; and in the course of fifteen years from its invention, viz., 1346, cannon were first used by *Edward the Third*, with great effect, at the battle of Cressy, in France.

In the troubled reign of Edward the Second, about 1315, the Irish, taking courage, and observing the success of the Scots, resolved on doing something worthy of their former fame.

After the glorious battle of Bannockburn, Bruce was invited by the Irish to be their king: in this instance, the common lineage, language, customs, and laws, of both people were dwelt on as a ground for their friendship. Bruce sent his brother *Edward* to Ireland, who was evidently an inferior commander. He landed in the north, 1315, with six thousand men, and, being joined by vast numbers of the Irish, suddenly overran the whole of Ulster, and approached Dublin. Robert Bruce himself soon after joined him, and both armies marched through the country towards Limerick, but evidently with no other intent than laying waste and burning every thing in their way. Edward, in the course of three years, encountered the English in eighteen battles in Ireland, in every one of which he had been victorious; but was killed in a battle, solely by the desperate valor of one John Mampus, who rushed in among the Scots and Irish, and stabbed Bruce to the heart; and though Mampus was instantly killed, the Scots were routed. Upon this occasion, the Connaught chiefs came boldly forward, giving the English battle: however, ten thousand Irish were killed on the field, together with Bruce, and the very flower of the Irish chiefs; insomuch that hardly one of the O'Connor name was left alive; after which Robert Bruce returned to Scotland. This effort, though



not successful, had the effect of driving the English into their fortified towns; and we are told by *Ware* and others that the English king's laws were not, for a long time after this, obeyed twenty miles from the city of Dublin.

During the first and second Edward's time, the power of the English in Ireland had considerably declined from what it was in the time of Henry the Second, or King John.

The Pale was now (in the time of Edward the Third) parcelled out among nine lords, who exercised the functions of kings over their own people. King Edward sent over his mandate to establish the English laws throughout all Ireland, but the great men interposed, and baffled his intention. To show how small was the power of some of these English earls, it is enough to record, that, when Edward the Third wrote to the Earl of Kildare, to assist him at the siege of Calais, the earl went promptly, bringing to his majesty's assistance *thirty* men at arms, and *forty hobbillers*, for which the earl received the honor of knighthood from the king.

During Edward's reign, (who seemed disposed to do all that an English monarch could do to distribute justice amongst the Irish,) an ordinance was passed giving the Irish parliament full cognizance over the courts of law in Ireland, and putting an *end to appeals to the English courts* — a most important measure.

The ancestors of the present Clanrickard and Lord Mayo were Englishmen. The De Burghs, or *Burkes*, who obtained territory in the west of Ireland, to ingratiate themselves with the Irish, not only assumed their dress, language, and habits, but absolutely assumed the distinction *Mac*. The first called himself *M'William Eighth*, and the second *M'William Oughter*. This example was followed by many. The Birminghams took the name of M'Yoris; Dexecester, that of M'Jordan; Nangle, or De Angulo, that of M'Costelloe. Like changes took place among some branches of the Fitzgeralds, in Munster. The chief of the house of Lixnaw was called M'Maurice; another was known by the name of M'Gibbon. These are at present called Fitzmaurice and Fitzgibbon, the articles *Mac* and *Fitz* being of the same signification, namely, *son of such a one*.\* The Butlers of Dunboyne took the name of M'Pheris; the Condons of Waterford were called M'Maioge; and in the same way many others. It appears that the new colonies, which were sent, under different reigns, from England to Ireland, were always careful to sow discord between the *new and old Irish, who gener-*

\* It must be noted that *Fitz* originally implied a *bastard* son.

ally *lived in harmony with each other*. This unity became a source of uneasiness to the English, and gave rise to the celebrated statute of Kilkenny, above alluded to, which is still preserved, in French, in the library of Lambeth. By this law, the English by descent, who had settled in Ireland, were prohibited, under the penalties of high treason, from having any intercourse with the ancient Irish, — to form alliances with them by marriage, to speak their language, to imitate their mode of dress, to adopt their names, to confer livings on them, or admit them into monasteries or religious houses, &c. This law was revived afterwards, and confirmed in a parliament held at Drogheda, under Henry the Seventh; and from thenceforward there were “English rebels” to the king of England’s authority, and *Irish enemies*.

The Lansdowne, Desmond, and Leinster families have trailed down to us from *Raymond Le Gros*, who was the most daring commander that followed Strongbow into Ireland.

The ancient patrimony of the O’Connells, one of the territories obtained by the ancestors of the Earl of Desmond, was that of *O’Konayl*, now called the barony of *Connelloe*, in the county of Limerick. This tract, amounting to one hundred thousand acres, was ceded to the Desmonds, by the native chieftain, in exchange for other tracts received from them in the counties of Clare and Kerry, where branches of the O’Connell family continue to the present day, the chief of whom is Daniel O’Connell, the Liberator. By a petition from the great lords and clergy to the king, dated in this reign, it appears that the Irish had conquered back more than one third of the lands previously seized by the English; in consequence of which his liege English subjects were *in want of provisions*.

In Edward the Third’s reign, many noble widows, who drew large incomes from Ireland, were compelled to contribute, as “absentees,” to the king’s exchequer, and for the protection of their estates in Ireland. At the memorable parliament, called by his son, the Duke of Clarence, at Kilkenny, in 1367, the celebrated penal laws were passed against the Irish, “that intermarriages with the natives, or any connection with them, in the way of fostering or gossipred, should be considered and punished as high treason; that any man, of English race, assuming an Irish name, or using the Irish language, apparel, or customs, should forfeit all his lands and tenements; that to adopt or submit to the *Brehon* law was treason; that the English should not permit the Irish to pasture or graze upon their lands, nor admit them to any ecclesias-

tical benefices or religious houses, nor entertain their minstrels, rhymers, or news-tellers." Thus, while all the lower classes of Irish were prohibited from pasturage within English limits, all the better ranks were excluded from the great road to wealth and honor, the church,—*all* put under the ban of exclusion, as unworthy to live with their fellow-men.

At the parliament of the Little Pale, held in Trim, in the reign of Edward the Fourth, 1465, it was enacted that all persons suspected of *going* or *coming* to rob, by day or by night, having no man dressed in English apparel in their company, might be seized by any liegeman or subject of the king of England, and be put to death. A premium was offered to those who would bring in the heads of all such to the town of Trim, where such heads were affixed on stakes; and a fine of twopence on every ploughland in the county, levied by statute to recompense the captor. Thus was there, in fact, a price set on the head of every Irishman; and the English of the Pale, supported by the power of their countrymen in England, were, by these means, encouraged, taught, and incited to acts of the most cruel depredation upon such defenceless natives as fell in their way.

On this head Plowden, quoting Sir John Davies, says, "Imagination can scarcely devise an extreme of antipathy, hatred, and revenge, to which this code of aggravation was not calculated to provoke both nations. Wherever the English lords obtained a footing by petty conquest, they quartered their soldiers on the inhabitants." "And when the husbandman had labored all the year, the soldiers," says Sir John Davies, "did consume, in one night, all the fruits of his labor, which produced two notorious effects—first, it made the land waste, and next it made the people idle; lastly, it did force and necessarily make the Irish a crafty people."

Yet, notwithstanding all this harshness, so generally had the Irish reconquered their hereditary lands from the invaders, that, in this reign, not more than *four* counties in thirty-two remained under the authority of the crown of England. Many of the English petitioned the king to be relieved from paying soccage on lands long since captured back from them by the Irish. The entire revenue raised by the king of England, in Ireland, did not equal ten thousand pounds a year.

On the death of this prince, the crown of England fell to *Richard the Second*, anno 1377.

In 1379, in consequence of a petition from Ireland, an act was passed

in the English parliament against *Irish absentees*. It was ordained that all who possessed lands, rents, or offices, in that kingdom, should forthwith repair thither, and become residents, for the purpose of watching and defending the same, otherwise forfeit two thirds of their income towards the defence of the country. Some exceptions were made in favor of persons temporarily absent on business, — in the universities, or in the service of the king. But, even *from those*, one-third of their income was deducted.

Such was the opposition of the Irish to the English invaders, during the whole of this reign, that, upon the opening of *every* English parliament, the king found it necessary to apply for money and men, to “carry on the war in Ireland,” though at this time the invaders had been two centuries in the country.

Richard himself embarked for Ireland, with thirty-five thousand men, determined to reduce the entire country. Several of the Irish chieftains did him homage; and, upon his proposal to knight them, they declined that honor, answering they had been knighted since they were seven years of age, when lances had been put into their hands, with which they tilted against shields.

The king being suddenly recalled by the bishops to quell some disturbances at home, the Irish chiefs again invaded the Pale, and killed the lord lieutenant in battle. In five years after this, King Richard reëntered Ireland with *all the forces he could collect throughout his dominions from sea to sea*. Impressments for the fleet were every where made; large sums were levied; even the bishops and clergy of England gave their thousand pounds apiece to the king's fund for the conquest of Ireland. The king's forces, on this occasion, are estimated variously from forty to fifty thousand men. On his approach, some of the Irish chieftains again submitted; but *M'Murrough*, the hereditary prince of Leinster, as if anxious to retrieve the fallen honor of his house, retired to his woods, and, with only three thousand brave men, bade defiance to the king of England and all his forces. The royal army surrounded the woods, but *M'Murrough* refused to come out, while every effort to dislodge him was attended with certain loss to the king's troops. At length his majesty prepared to cut his way into the woods; but this did not better his chances, for, at each new step, his men and officers fell in small parties by the hands of the Irish, who are described by the chroniclers as nimble and active. A message was at length sent to this noble chieftain by King Richard, to ascertain what terms he demanded as the

price of his submission to England; to which he replied, "Not all the gold in the world would tempt me into submission." King Richard's army being now in want of provisions, his majesty was obliged to return to Dublin, the Irish hanging all the way upon his rear, and cutting off hundreds of his dispirited followers.

Albemarle now arrived from England with reënforcements, and the king determined to return upon M'Murrough, and exterminate him and all his followers; however, the celebrated Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster, had organized a rebellion in England, and was in the field with great numbers of knights and bowmen, to usurp the crown of England. This called Richard hastily back from Ireland, according to Davies and Froissart, with little advantage, and without realizing any. Although he had expended enormous sums in conveying his army to Ireland, he did not add a pound to his revenue, nor extend the frontiers of his English province one acre. The courts of law were still confined within the boundaries of the colony, where they had been acknowledged before his arrival in Ireland. His crown, however, was now on the head of his rival, who was elected by the parliament king of England, by the title of Henry the Fourth, A. D. 1395; and *Ireland remained still unconquered.*

Now began the wars of the White and Red Roses in England, between the two great houses of York and Lancaster. During these wars, the colony of the English invaders, in Ireland, was governed by some wretched deputy, who called around him, in Dublin Castle, his little parliament of English lords, magnates, bishops, and judges, and made such regulations for their own small territory of four counties as they judged best. As an evidence of the *high* state of civilization of the members of this parliament, it is recorded that Bartholomew Vernon, and three other Englishmen, members of that body, attacked the sheriff of Meath, in the house, while it was sitting, and murdered him, and, though imprisoned, were ultimately pardoned by the king.

These were a sample of the men who came to civilize the "wild Irish."

The chief, M'Murrough, in 1407, after remaining a long time quiet, was vanquished in a noble battle, in which, for several hours of the day, the Irish maintained a decided ascendancy in the field.

In 1408, the statutes of Kilkenny and Dublin were confirmed in a parliament, held in Dublin, when the clauses against *absentees* were strictly enforced.

The O'Byrnes of Wicklow were the most troublesome chieftains which the English invaders encountered in this reign, and it proves, better than all the histories ever written by scoundrels, either English or Irish, that the latter remained at this time unconquered, even within sight of the walls of Dublin. In the following year, (1409,) say the annals, "A parliament was held at Dublin by the acting lord lieutenant of Ireland, (viz., Thomas Butler, prior of Kilmainham,) who, having *imprudently ventured*, with about fifteen hundred infantry, to invade the O'Byrnes country, one half of his followers deserted to the enemy, and he narrowly escaped a serious and disgraceful defeat." It is probable his defeat was most serious, for he did not, during the remainder of his administration, renew the attack on the O'Byrnes. When we remember that the "O'Byrnes country" is located in the valley of the Wicklow Mountains, and plainly within view of the citizens of Dublin, we may then judge of the actual extent of British conquest, in Ireland, in the year 1410, two hundred and forty years after the landing of the first invaders.

At this time, the Pale was so hemmed in on every side, that leave was given, by the lord lieutenant, to any of the English lords, to make such terms of peace with the Irish enemy as they could, and to marry or trade with them, or let pastures to them; and finally things went so severe with the English, that they compromised with the Irish chiefs on their borders for peace by *paying them tribute as their vassals*, which was called the *black rent*. And in an address delivered about the same time by the speaker of the English house of commons, we find it openly admitted "that the greater part of the lordship of Ireland had, at this time, been conquered by the natives." — See *Lingard*.

*Henry the Fifth* arrived at the English throne anno 1416. He won victories in France, by a band of Irishmen, who were prisoners, and whom he compelled to fight, in his foreign armies, at the siege of Rouen, which they captured, and at Pontoise, where, owing to their bravery, the king's enemies were scattered. — See *Monstrelet's Account of the English Invasions of France*.

Various were the battles of the Lord Lieutenant Talbot, at this time, against the neighboring chiefs, M'Murrough, O'Dempsey, O'Moore, M'Mahon. The clergy, we are told, educated in *English* principles, prayed and offered masses for the success of the English arms, and even intercession was made with the pope to induce him to excommu-

nicate those Irish chiefs who refused to submit, with which, however, he does not seem to have complied. Irish law students, at the King's Inns, London, though born of English parents, were refused admission; Irish candidates for the priesthood, if *Irish*, were positively refused admission to the colleges, or ordination, and all this, be it never forgotten, when the religion of the two nations was alike; and it must be confessed that the influence of the kings of England became very potent at the court of Rome, for it appears the powers of the church were put forth, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, in behalf of the domination of Britain. It was in consequence of this, that the celebrated protest of the Irish to the pope was drawn up by Donald O'Neill, and signed by several leading chiefs, in 1315, which I shall present immediately.

In this reign, the great Earl of Desmond was attainted, at a parliament held in Drogheda, for having suffered some of his family to marry with the native Irish, and for such other anti-English practices was condemned and *beheaded*. At the same place and time, it was declared that any statute passed in England was binding on Ireland.

At this period, (1468,) so weakened was the English power in Ireland, that a few of the chief lords formed the military Society of St. George, with a view to their protection against the Irish; and this force, (the entire army of England in Ireland,) amounted to no more than two hundred men! Yet so madly infatuated were the native princes in their hostility to each other, that they never even thought of asserting the independence of their country, and seemed to have forgotten that they had any other enemies in it but each other.

About this time, an English heiress fell in love with and married the Irish chief, Art M'Murrough. It had a wonderful effect in superinducing marriages between the races, and in fact it began to be plain to England that the descendants of the first invaders were now become, by fosterage and marriage, and by imbibing the indomitable spirit of the nation, more Irish than the Irish themselves. It was in this reign, at the parliament held at Trim, that the famous enactment against Irish beards was passed, viz., 1447, — "Any man who does not keep his upper lip shaved may be treated as an Irish enemy." The clause was, it seems, repealed in the second year of Charles the First. It was to this act O'Connell so humorously alluded when he charged *Sibthorpe*, who is noted for his abuse of the Irish, with being himself a mere Irishman. *Sibthorpe* could not master his passion, when the member for Ireland coolly took up the statute-book, and pointed his attention to this enactment, which, on being read by the clerk, convulsed the house with laughter.

In 1483, the *Irish revenue* of the English invaders was reduced to so low an ebb, that a force of eighty archers, and forty horsemen called *spears*, constituted the entire military establishment of the English in Ireland; and, lest the sum of six hundred pounds, annually required for the maintenance of this small troop, might prove oppressive to the colonists, it was provided, should the *Pale* not be able to pay it, the sum was to be sent thither from England. In fact, the English paid tribute to the surrounding Irish chiefs as vassals to conquerors. Cox gives a list of these payments, which he calls scandalous, and of the districts which contributed their portions. The barony of Lecale paid O'Neill, of Clanneboy, twenty pounds a year; the county of Uriel, forty pounds to O'Neill; the county of Meath, sixty pounds to O'Connor; the county of Kildare, twenty pounds to O'Connor; the exchequer paid eighty marks a year to M'Murrough; the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, forty pounds to O'Carroll; the county of Limerick, forty pounds to O'Brien; and, lastly, the county of Cork paid forty pounds to M'Carty, of Muskerry.

It is perfectly well known to those who have looked into the general run of English writers upon Ireland, that there is a pervading effort eternally manifested by them, to make the Irish of the three centuries before the reformation, and, indeed, for all time previously, appear illiterate, lawless, semi-barbarous, &c. We can readily believe they were "*lawless*," seeing with what inextinguishable resolution every succeeding generation of Irishmen resisted the sway of England; and *barbarous*, from the frequent lessons taught them by their invaders, from the massacre of Dublin, pending a treaty, in 1170, by Cogan and Strongbow, to the massacre on the Rath of the Curragh of Kildare, 1798, under General Duff,—the number, perfidy, *treachery*, and *atrociousness* of which are unparalleled in the whole history of mankind,—making humanity shudder for its name.

Their literary reputation, during the three or four centuries preceding the reformation, has been assailed; and—grieved I am to write it—*Moore*, their own Moore, is amongst the assailants! But, even with the aid of Moore, the calumniators of Ireland shall not have a victory.

We can readily imagine that men, whose houses had been eternally in danger of being fired, whose property and ease were continually invaded, whose lives were in perpetual danger from a nation of relentless and pillaging neighbors during several centuries, could have but trifling time for study. Yet, looking at them under all these disadvantageous circumstances, we cannot but feel surprised at their literary



acquirements, which, of course, must be considered relatively to the state of learning in other countries about the same ages.

That Ireland was the teacher of Europe for five hundred years after the fall of Rome, there are plenty of evidences placed on record in the previous pages of this book. On the irruption of the Danes in the ninth and tenth centuries, the studies of Europe, including Ireland herself, were disturbed, the libraries of Europe were destroyed, and the minds of the learned distracted. The wars of the crusades, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, called off the flower of Europe from the pursuit of knowledge to that of military glory. And the invasions of Ireland by England, and of France by the same power, together with the long and bloody civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, brought England, France, and Ireland, into a retrograde movement as respects the acquisition of knowledge. Scotland and Wales were no better. And those five nations were, generation after generation, gradually casting away the knowledge bequeathed by their forefathers.

There were many of the chief officers of cities in England and France who could not write even their own names. *Seals* were, therefore, cut, to affix the city or corporate authority to public documents.

When Charles the Fifth of France, about 1350, founded the Royal Library of Paris, he placed in it his entire stock of books, which numbered only *one hundred and twenty volumes*. During the reign of Elizabeth, literature was at a low ebb in England. Very few females could either read or write. Even the two daughters of the great *littérateur* of the age, William Shakspeare, *could not write*, — so says Sir Richard Phillips, their own countryman.

. But, to shorten this controversy, we will place before the public two state letters of the fourteenth age, written both by princes, the first of Ireland, the second of England, and they will speak for themselves as to the literary powers and cultivation of their respective writers. The first, from Donald O'Neill, is a compact history of Ireland, to his own times, written, with equal brevity, beauty, and power, to his holiness John the Twenty-second, pope of Rome, which letter will be found in the *Scotic chronicle of John of Fordun*, vol. iii. p. 908, *et seq.*

“To our most holy father, John, by the grace of God, sovereign pontiff, we, his faithful children in Christ Jesus, Donald O'Neill, king of Ulster, and lawful heir to the throne of Ireland, the nobles and great men, with all the people of this kingdom, recommend and humbly cast ourselves at his feet, &c.

“The calumnies and false representations which have been heaped upon us by the English are too well known throughout the world not to have reached the ears of your holiness. We are persuaded, most holy father, that your intentions are most pure and upright; but, from not knowing the Irish except through the misrepresentation of their enemies, your holiness might be induced to look upon as truths those falsehoods which have been circulated, and to form an opinion contrary to what we merit, which would be to us a great misfortune. It is, therefore, to save our country against such imputations, that we have come to the resolution of giving to your holiness, in this letter, a faithful description, and a true and precise idea, of the real state at present of our monarchy, if this term can be still applied to the sad remains of a kingdom which has groaned so long beneath the tyranny of the kings of England, and that of their ministers and barons, — some of whom, though born in our island, continue to exercise over us the same extortions, rapine, and cruelties, as their ancestors before them have committed. We shall advance nothing but the truth, and we humbly hope that, attentive to its voice, your holiness will not delay to express your disapprobation against the authors of those crimes and outrages which shall be revealed. The country in which we live was uninhabited until the three sons of a Spanish prince, named Milesius, — according to others, Micelius, — landed in it with a fleet of thirty ships. They came here from Cantabria, a city on the Ebro, from which river they called the country to which Providence guided them, Ibernica, where they founded a monarchy that embraced the entire of the island. Their descendants, who never sullied the purity of their blood by a foreign alliance, have furnished one hundred and thirty kings, who, during the space of two thousand five hundred years and upwards, have successively filled the throne of Ireland till the time of King Legarius, from whom he, who has the honor of affirming these facts, is descended in a direct line. It was under the reign of this prince, in the year 435, that our patron and chief apostle, St. Patrick, was sent to us by Pope Celestinus, one of your predecessors; and since the conversion of the kingdom through the preaching of that great saint, we have had, till 1170, an uninterrupted succession of sixty-one kings, descended from the purest blood of Milesius, who, well instructed in the duties of their religion, and faithful to their God, have proved themselves fathers of their people, and have shown by their conduct that, although they depended, in a spiritual light, upon the holy apostolical see of Rome, they never acknowledged any temporal master upon earth. It is to those Milesian princes, and

not to the English or any other foreigners, that the church of Ireland is indebted for those lands, possessions, and high privileges, with which the pious liberality of our monarchs enriched it, and of which it has been almost stripped, through the sacrilegious cupidity of the English.

“ During the course of so many centuries, our sovereigns, jealous of their independence, preserved it unimpaired. Attacked more than once by foreign powers, they were never wanting in either courage or strength to repel the invaders, and secure their inheritance from insult. But that which they effected against force, they failed to accomplish in opposition to the will of the sovereign pontiff. His holiness Pope Adrian, to whose other great qualities we bear testimony, was by birth an Englishman, but still more in heart and disposition. The national prejudices he had early imbibed, blinded him to such a degree, that, on a most false and unjust statement, he determined to transfer the sovereignty of our country to Henry, king of England, under whom, and, perhaps, by whom, St. Thomas of Canterbury had been murdered for his zeal in defending the interests of the church. Instead of punishing this prince as his crime merited, and depriving him of his own territories, the complaisant pontiff has torn ours from us to gratify his countryman, Henry the Second; and, without pretext or offence on our part, or any apparent motive on his own, has stripped us, by the most flagrant injustice, of the rights of our crown, and left us a prey to men, or rather to monsters, who are unparalleled in cruelty. *More cunning than foxes, and more ravenous than wolves, they surprise and devour us*; and if sometimes we escape their fury, it is only to drag on, in the most disgraceful slavery, the wretched remains of a life more intolerable to us than death itself. When, in virtue of the donation which has been mentioned, the English appeared for the first time in this country, they exhibited every mark of zeal and piety; and, excelling as they did in every species of hypocrisy, they neglected nothing to supplant and undermine us imperceptibly.

“ Emboldened from their first successes, they soon removed the mask; and, without any right but that of power, they obliged us, by open force, to give up to them our houses and our lands, and to seek shelter, like wild beasts, upon the mountains, in woods, marshes, and caves. Even there, we have not been secure against their fury; they even envy us those dreary and terrible abodes; they are incessant and unremitting in their pursuits after us, endeavoring to chase us from among them; they lay claim to every place in which they can discover us, with unwarranted audacity and injustice; they allege that the whole kingdom

belongs to them of right, and that an Irishman has no longer a right to remain in his own country. From these causes arise the implacable hatred and dreadful animosity of the English and the Irish towards each other; that continued hostility, those bloody retaliations and innumerable massacres, in which, from the invasion of the English to the present time, more than fifty thousand lives have been lost on both sides, besides those who have fallen victims to hunger, to despair, and the rigors of captivity. Hence, also, spring all the pillaging, robbery, treachery, treason, and other disorders, which it is impossible for us to allay in the state of anarchy under which at present we live — an anarchy fatal not only to the state, but likewise to the church of Ireland, whose members are now, more than ever, exposed to the danger of losing the blessings of eternity, after being first deprived of those of this world. Behold, most holy father, a brief description of all that has reference to our origin, and the miserable condition to which your predecessor has brought us. We shall now inform your holiness of the manner in which we have been treated by the kings of England. The permission of entering this kingdom was granted by the holy see to Henry the Second and his successors, only on certain conditions, which were clearly expressed in the bull which was given them. According to the tenor of it, Henry engaged to increase the church revenues in Ireland; to maintain it in all its rights and privileges; to labor, by enacting good laws, in reforming the morals of the people, eradicating vice, and encouraging virtue; and, finally, to pay to the successors of St. Peter an annual tribute of one penny for each house. Such were the conditions of the bull. But the kings of England and their perfidious ministers, so far from observing them, have uniformly contrived to violate them in every way, and to act in direct opposition to them. First, as to the church lands, — instead of extending their boundaries, they have contracted, curtailed, and invaded them so generally and to such a degree, that some of our cathedrals have been deprived, by open force, of more than one half of their revenues. The persons of the clergy have been as little respected as their property. On every side, we behold bishops and prelates summoned, arrested, and imprisoned by the commissioners of the king of England; and so great is the oppression exercised over them, that they dare not give information of it to your holiness. However, as they are so dastardly as to conceal their misfortunes and those of the church, they do not merit that we should speak in their behalf.

“We once had our laws and institutions; the Irish were remarkable for their candor and simplicity; but the English have undertaken to

reform us, and have been unfortunately but too successful. Instead of being, like our ancestors, simple and candid, we have become, through our intercourse with the English, and the contagion of their example, artful and designing as themselves. Our *laws were written, and formed a body of right, according to which our country was governed.* However, with the exception of one alone, which they could not wrest from us, they have deprived us of those salutary laws, and have given us instead a code of their own making. Great God! such laws! If inhumanity and injustice were leagued together, none could have been devised more deadly and fatal to the Irish. The following will give your holiness some idea of their new code. They are the fundamental rules of English jurisdiction established in this kingdom:—

“1. Every man, who is not Irish, may, for any kind of crime, go to law with any Irishman, whilst neither layman nor ecclesiastic, who is Irish, (prelates excepted,) can, under any cause or provocation, resort to any legal measures against his English opponent.

“2. If an Englishman kill an Irishman perfidiously and falsely, as frequently occurs, of whatsoever rank or condition the Irishman may be, noble or plebeian, innocent or guilty, clergyman or layman, secular or regular, were he even a bishop, the crime is not punishable before an English tribunal; but, on the contrary, the more the sufferer has been distinguished among his countrymen, either for his virtue or his rank, the more the assassin is extolled and rewarded by the English, and that not only by the vulgar, but by the monks, bishops, and, what is more incredible, by the very magistrates, whose duty it is to punish and repress crime.

“3. If any Irishwoman whosoever, whether noble or plebeian, marry an Englishman, on the death of her husband she becomes deprived, from her being Irish, of a third of the property and possessions which he owned.

“4. If an Irishman fall beneath the blow of an Englishman, the latter can prevent the vanquished from making any testamentary deposition, and may likewise take possession of all his wealth. What can be more unjustifiable than a law which deprives the church of its rights, and reduces men, who had been free from time immemorial, to the rank of slaves?

“5. The same tribunal, with the coöperation and connivance of some English bishops, at which the Archbishop of Armagh presided, a man who was but little esteemed for his conduct, and still less for his learning, made the following regulations at Kilkenny, which are not less

absurd in their import than in their form. The court, say they, after deliberating together, prohibits all religious communities, in that part of Ireland of which the English are in peaceful possession, to admit any into them but a native of England, under a penalty of being treated by the king of England as having contemned his orders, and by the founders and administrators of the said communities as disobedient and refractory to the present regulation. This regulation was little needed; before, as well as since its enactment, the English Dominicans, Franciscans, Benedictines, regular canons, and all the other communities of their countrymen, observed the spirit of it but too faithfully. In the choice of their inmates, they have evinced a partiality the more shameful, as the houses for Benedictines and canons, where the Irish are now denied admittance, were intended by their founders to be asylums open to people of every nation indiscriminately. Vice was to be eradicated from amongst us, and the seeds of virtue sown. Our reformers have acted diametrically the opposite character; they have deprived us of our virtues, and have implanted their vices amongst us, &c. &c. &c.

“DONALD O'NEILL.”

This letter bears date 1315.

The sovereign pontiff, moved by the remonstrances of O'Neill, addressed a letter, quoted by Petrus Lombardus, p. 260, to Edward the Third, king of England, exhorting that prince to check the disorders and cruelty that were practised upon the Irish; but it did not avail.

We shall now present the letter of the Duke of York, Earl of March, and heir apparent to the crown of England, (in the reign of Henry the Sixth,) who was at the time lord lieutenant of Ireland, 1455.

The following copy is taken from Campion's history, in the Mazarin library in Paris, where it can be verified.

“Right worshipful, and, with all my heart, entirely beloved brother: I commend mee unto you as heartily as I can.

“Ande like it you to wit, that sith I wrote last unto the king, our sovereign lord his highnes, the Irish enemy, that is to say, M'Geoghegan, and with him three or foure Irish captaines, associate with a great fellowship of English rebels, notwithstanding that they were within the king our sovereigne lord his power, of great malice, and against all truth, have maligned against their legiance, and vengeably have brent a great town of my inheritance, in Meth, called Ramore, and other villages thereabouts, and murdered and burnt both men, women, and children, without mercy, the which enemies be yet assembled in woods and

forts, wayting to doe the hurt and grievance to the king's subjects, that they can thinke or imagine for which cause I write at this time to the king's highnes, and beseech his good grace for to hasten my payment for this land, according to his letters of warrant, now late directed unto the treasurer of England to the intent I may wage men in sufficient number, for to resist the malice of the same enemys, and punish them in such wyse, that other, which would do the same, for lack of resistance in time, may take example, for, doubtlesse, but if my payment be had, in all haste, for to have men of war in defence and safeguard of this lande, my power cannot stretch to keepe it in the king's obeysance, and very necessity will compell me to come into England, to live there upon my poore livelode, for I had lever be dead, than any inconvenience should fall thereunto in my default, for it shall never be chronicled, nor remain in scripture, by the grace of God, that Ireland was lost by my negligence; and, therefore, I beseech you, right worshipful brother, that you will hold to your hands instantly, that my payment may be had at this time, in eschuing all inconveniences, for I have example in other places, more pity it is to dread shame, and for to acquite my truth unto the king's highnes, as my dutie is, and this I pray and exhort you, good brother, to shew unto his good grace, and that you will be so good, that this language may be enacted at this present parliament for my excuse in time to come, and that you will be good to my servant Roger Roe, the bearer hereof, &c.

“Written at Divelin, the 15th Juin.

“Your faithful true brother,

“RICHARD YORK.”

I, for one, am content to allow an enlightened community to pronounce judgment on the literary merits of these authentic letters, the production of equals in English and Irish society.

After the decisive battle of Bosworth Field, in which the celebrated Richard the Third was slain, the crown, having been found in the field, was carried to the victorious Earl of Richmond, who was crowned on the battle-ground as *Henry the Seventh*. This successful prince, having married the heiress of the house of York, united on the throne the heads of the contending parties.

On the fall of Richard, the Plantagenet line became extinct. The Plantagenet family had enjoyed the crown of England for three hundred years. It now passed into the family of Tudor. In the previous fifty years, — from 1400 to 1450, — the Irish made wonderful ad-

vances towards the extinction of the English interest in Ireland. *Leland*, a writer on the English side, thus describes the relative bearings of the English and Irish power, in the beginning of the fifteenth century: "The Irish, in despite of transient, occasional, and inadequate attempts to subdue them, gradually advanced in power, and enlarged their borders. Although the English lords, by the statutes of their little parliament, prohibited the English settlers from trading with the native Irish, yet their most flourishing settlements and richest towns were so totally environed by the old natives, that the English could trade with none other, and were reduced by the legal restraints of their parliament to the danger of being utterly impoverished. The power of the ancient natives was every day extending and increasing: *what could not be effected by military operations*, was, on various occasions, [continues this writer, on the side of England,] *attempted by treaties and stipulations; and here the superior power of the enemy* [meaning the Irish] *dictated the terms.*" The English settlers on the border were driven to defend themselves from the incursions of the neighboring Irish, by bribes and pensions. "It doth not appear certain," continues this author, "at what precise time this dishonorable concession was first made; but, from the public records, the commencement of it was not much later than the present period," (viz., during the reign of Henry the Fifth of England, anno 1400.) "An annual stipend, afterwards well known by the name of *black rent*, was paid to the powerful Irish chieftains by the English settlers, to purchase their protection, whose pride was thus gratified by the recognition of their ancient sovereignty. The English subjects were still, by this time, reduced to a mortifying situation. The old native Irish considered the whole race as aliens and intruders—those, at least, who would not consent to adopt their language and manners." And by the 9th of Henry the Sixth, 1430, we find the limits of the English Pale set forth in the following words. It goes on, after a long preamble, to record, "that the enemies and rebels (the Irish) had conquered and put under their obeysance and tribute in the parts of Munster, and well nigh all the counties of Limerick, Tipperary, Kilkenny, and Wexford; and in the nether parts, well nigh all the counties of Limerick, Tipperary, Kilkenny, and Wexford; and well nigh all the counties of Carlow, Kildare, Meath, and Uriel; so that there is left unconquered and out of tribute little more than the *county of Dublin.*"

Such is the testimony of that memorable act of parliament to the great fact, that Ireland, up to this period, was *unconquered by England.*



It is to us of the present day astonishing—incomprehensible—that the Irish chieftains of that period did not combine together, and free themselves and their country totally from British power. They were, it seems, contented, in the distant quarters of the island, to rule their petty septs, to maintain their state and consequence against their neighbors, and to enjoy the honor and advantage of trifling victories. Some of them, indeed, united in the most cordial affection with the old English families, who had joined them in marriage and family interests. Had the Irish people been then led by a *Brien Boroinke*, or an O’Ruark, they would have instantly destroyed the English power in Ireland.

The reign of Henry the Seventh passed away without disturbing materially this general state of things. The Anglo-Irish having joined, either on the one side or the other, in the English civil wars, they were drawn off in great numbers, and appeared in arms against each other in England. From this also grew two parties among the native Irish,—called the *York* and *Lancaster* party,—and their animosities continued to be kept up between the great houses of Butler and Geraldine for many generations. *Crom-a-boo!* was the senseless war-cry of the Geraldines, or the *Kildare* family; and *Butler-a-boo!* that of the Butler or Ormond family;—and so of others. At length the king sent Sir Edward Poyning, with a thousand men, to settle the affairs, and to curb the aristocracy, of the Pale. He introduced the famous act, in Drogheda, called *Poyning’s Law*, which forbade the holding any parliament in Ireland without the king of England’s authority, or the proposing any law without its receiving his previous assent and that of his privy council. This was the law which Grattan succeeded in repealing in 1782. In the removal of several penal clauses against the Irish, passed at Kilkenny, that against speaking the Irish language was not renewed, for nearly all the English in Ireland had for a long time spoken in that tongue, and had dropped the use of their own; a thing, as remarked by Spenser, unprecedented in the case of a conquered country.

The higher clergy, in those days, exercised much power in the temporal affairs of society, both in England and Ireland. The office of lord chancellor had been filled by a dignitary of the church since the time of King Alfred, which was discontinued on the fall of Cardinal Wolsey, whose place was supplied by Sir Thomas More. Medicine was practised by the clergy, particularly the monks; and as they superintended all the public schools and universities, administered to all who were needy, wrote all the books then in use in schools and libraries,

besides being lords of one fifth of England, and nearly of a like proportion of Ireland, in right of their establishments, they possessed unbounded influence. They were, however, good, indulgent landlords, and the rents paid to them were all spent amongst the people.

This year [1492] was remarkable for the voyage of Christopher Columbus, and his discovery of the new world, which Seneca seems to have predicted in his *Medea*: "Ages will arise in after years, when the ocean will loose her chains, and the great globe will open; when the sea will develop new orbs, and that Thule will not be the extreme region of the earth." Henry the Seventh, to whom Columbus first applied, neglected, it appears, both his own interest and glory, by refusing the offer which this great man made to him, in his projected voyage, and which Ferdinand of Castile contrived to turn to his own advantage. It was a discovery which gave a new impetus to the energies of the old world, and its effects are yet only in an infant state.

## THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

BY MOORE.



1. The val - ley lay smi - ling be - fore me, Where  
 late - ly I left her be - hind; Yet I trembled, and  
 something hung o'er me, That saddened the joy of my  
 mind. I looked for the lamp, which she  
 told me Should shine when her pil - grim re -  
 - - turned; But, though darkness be - gan to en -  
 - fold me, No lamp from the bat - tle - ments burned.

2.

I flew to her chamber — 'twas lonely  
 As if the loved tenant lay dead;  
 Ah! would it were death, and death only —  
 But, no! the false young one had fled!

And there hung the lute that could soften  
 My very worst pains into bliss ;  
 While the hand that had waked it so often  
 Now throbb'd to my proud rival's kiss.

## 3.

There *was* a time, falsest of women,  
 When Breffni's good sword would have sought  
 That man through a million of foemen,  
 Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought!*  
 While now — O degenerate daughter  
 Of Erin! how fallen is thy fame!  
 And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,  
 Thy country shall weep for thy shame.

## 4.

Already the curse is upon her,  
 And strangers her valleys profane;  
 They come to divide, to dishonor;  
 And tyrants they long will remain.  
 But, onward! the green banner bearing!  
 Go! flesh every brand to the hilt!  
 On *our* side is Virtue and Erin!  
 On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt!

## CALLIEN DHAS CRUITHAN A BO.\*

(THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.)

*To be sung to the foregoing air.*

## 1.

One morning, when Sol was adorning  
 The dew-painted, fragrant rose,

\* Tradition informs us that this very ancient and very beautiful song grew out of the following historical incidents. Keating, (vol. i. page 125,) in conjunction with other authors, fully authenticates the following relation: We have undoubted authority to believe that Eithne Ollmhdd, daughter of O'Dowling, the son of

The larks sang their tunes melodious,  
 And flowers sweet odors disclosed ;  
 It was near to the foot of a mountain,  
 Where cataracts rapidly flow,  
 I saw that fair artist of nature,  
 Called Callien dhas Cruithan a bo.

2.

The nightingale vied with the siren ;  
 The linnet she sang in each spray ;  
 The dove, with the sweetest allurements,  
 And lambs round the sweet one did play ;  
 While Cupid sat there in his chariot,  
 Well armed with quiver and bow,  
 To wound all the hearts that came near to  
 This Callien dhas Cruithan a bo!

Eanaheadh, was mother to Carbre Liffenhair, the son of Cormac, the son of Art, the son of Cou of the Hundred Fights. This lady was fostered and educated by Buicoidh Boughach, a wealthy herdsman that lived in Leinster. Cormac, in one of his hunting excursions, became suddenly captivated with the lovely Eithne, a virgin of rare beauty, whom he by chance caught a glimpse of in passing through the lands of her foster-father, while she was employed milking a cow in company with her foster-sister and some domestics. The king inquired into the lineage of the lady, declared his passion, and ultimately made her his wife. This historical tradition is given to me by a learned and talented Irishman, as the origin of this beautiful air, which was composed, on the king's marriage, by his favorite bard. The two stanzas above given are, possibly, not the original words which were wedded to this air. I have heard a better version of this old song; and when I can possess myself of the words, it is likely I shall substitute them.

---

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

BY MOORE.



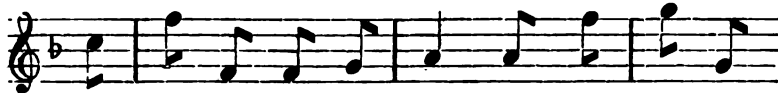
1. The time I've lost in woo - ing, In



watching and pur - su - ing The light that lies In



woman's eyes, Has been my heart's un - do - ing.



Though wis - dom oft has sought me, I scorned the



lore she brought me; My on - ly books Were woman's



looks, And fol - ly's all they've taught me.

## 2.

On her smile, when beauty granted,  
 I hung with gaze enchanted,  
     Like him, the sprite  
     Whom maids by night  
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.  
 Like him, too, beauty won me;  
 But while her eyes were on me,  
     If once their ray  
     Was turned away,  
 O! winds could not outrun me!

## REMEMBER THEE! YES.

BY MOORE.

1. Re - mem - ber thee! yes, while there's life in this  
heart, It shall nev er for - get thee, all  
lorn as thou art; More dear in thy sor - row, thy  
gloom, and thy showers, Than the rest of the  
world in their sun - ni - est hours. Wert thou  
all that I wish thee, great, glo - rious, and free, First  
flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,  
I might hail thee with proud - er, with



hap - pi - er brow; But, O! could I  
love thee more deep - ly than now?

2.

No; thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,  
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,—  
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,  
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!  
Wert thou all that I wish thee, &c.

## KITTY OF COLERAINE.





## LECTURE XV.

FROM A. D. 1509 TO 1560.

Henry the Eighth. — Cardinal Wolsey. — Queen Catharine. — Anne Boleyn. — Henry breaks with the Pope. — Bishop Cranmer. — Sir Thomas More. — Bishop Fisher. — The subservient Parliament. — The Monasteries. — Their public Utility. — Opinion of the Quarterly Review. — King Henry's Design on the Monasteries. — Thomas Cromwell. — His Commissions. — Cobbett's Opinion of them. — Seizure of three hundred and seventy-six Monasteries. — Distributed among the Pliant. — Further Confiscations. — Executions. — Invasion of the Shrines of the Dead. — Chaos in Laws, Morals, and Religion. — Catholics and Protestants burnt on the same Pile. — Monasteries legalized again in England. — Ireland under Henry. — The Kildare Family. — Beginning of the Reformation in Ireland. — Dissents and Opposition of the Clergy. — Persecution commenced. — Parliament of the Pale. — Confiscations of Irish Monasteries. — Bribery of the Irish Gentry. — King Henry's fifth Wife, Catharine Howard. — Execution of Cromwell. — Execution of the Queen. — Henry marries a sixth Wife. — His Death. — Reading of the Bible first suppressed by him. — Accession of Edward the Sixth. — Further Changes in Religion. — Insurrection in England. — Execution of Somerset. — Death of King Edward. — Intrigues of Northumberland. — Queen Mary proclaimed. — Rebellion. — Grand Entry of Mary into London. — Restoration of the Laws, and of the Catholic Religion. — Pliancy of Parliament. — Marriage of the Queen to Philip of Spain. — The Parliament restore the Catholic Religion. — Why call Mary "Bloody"? — Ireland a Refuge for the Persecuted. — Massacre of Mullaghmast.

Anno 1509. WE are now about to enter on the eventful era of the reformation. This event is associated, in our minds, with the reign of King Henry the Eighth of England. As Ireland may date the beginning of her most grievous sufferings and sorrows from King Henry's time, every one will excuse me for going a little into the history of a cause which produced throughout Europe, as well as Ireland, such important changes.

It is not my vocation, nor have I capacity or acquirements, to enter the arena of theological controversy. I do not intend to treat this question in a sectarian spirit. Religion is a matter that lies between each man and his Creator. If, as I shall, for nearly the remainder of this work, be obliged to allude to the unfortunate differences in religion which this great change generated in Britain and Ireland, I hope to do

a most unpleasant duty without violence to the feelings of any. I shall not, if I can discover it, speak in a sectarian tone. In recounting the changes in the religious economy of the English government, I shall refer to them only in as far as they operated on the *political and social economy* of Ireland.

At the very threshold of this inquiry, I ask the kind forbearance and charitable interpretation of my readers, of every shade of opinion, while I unfold to them the incredible sufferings which Ireland has endured, in the name of religion, from the time of Henry the Eighth to the present hour.

King Henry the Eighth, of England, was the second son of Henry the Seventh, with whose reign I concluded my previous lecture. He was educated for the church; but Arthur, his eldest brother, dying at the age of fourteen, Henry became thereby the heir of the British crown; which, on the death of his father, [1509,] he assumed, while yet only eighteen years of age. He was handsome, accomplished, proud, and well educated. Immediately after coming to the throne, he married Catharine, the daughter of Philip, king of Spain. She was about three or four years older than himself. This lady had been nominally married, according to the custom of those times, to the king's brother, who, as I have just mentioned, died at the age of fourteen, and the marriage was therefore never consummated. But the lady's father took care to have a dispensation, or a *nullification* of that nominal marriage effected, by the pope, before the second marriage, with Henry the Eighth, was solemnized. The marriage with Henry therefore took place, with the full approbation of all the church authorities of England, Spain, and Rome.

King Henry had several children by his virtuous queen, one only of whom lived, namely, the princess *Mary*, afterwards queen of England. They lived happily and lovingly together for fourteen years, the queen proving herself, through all that time, a most virtuous and affectionate wife. The religion of England, Ireland, and all Europe, was then one and the same. It was Catholic, and in communion with the see of Rome.

The movement against the pope and the Catholic religion, which was begun in Europe by *Luther*, *Zuingle*, and *Calvin*, gave a new occupation to men's thoughts throughout the Christian world. In truth, this religious revolution, which had its beginning in the bosom of an offended monk, now mixed or attracted all elements into its vortex, in several of the continental kingdoms, opposition to the pope, opposition to princes, desire of the riches contained in the monasteries, impatience of ecclesi-

astical discipline, and doubtless the remembrance and existence of many petty acts of overstrained authority committed by prelates of the church, whose pride neither the monitions of the Christian tenets, the interests of religion, nor the fears of punishment, could restrain.

We find that, in many parts of Europe, mobs were excited to madness against the old church dignitaries. Churches and monasteries were broken up, and the rich contents distributed amongst the ringleaders. In the midst of this half-ecclesiastical, half-civil commotion, princes lost their diadems and principalities, which were seized upon by leaders who presented a new code of religion in one hand, and a new code of civil laws in the other.

Henry the Eighth distinguished himself amongst the theologians of Europe by the composition and publication of a book against *these reformers*. It was entitled the "Assertion of the Seven Sacraments," which he dedicated to Pope Leo the Tenth; and, in return, received from that distinguished father of the church the title *defender of the faith*, which was conferred on him in a special bull, signed by twenty-seven cardinals and bishops.

Such was Henry the Eighth at the commencement of the reformation in Germany. There is another distinguished person, to whom the reader must be introduced at this stage of the great drama. This is the celebrated *Cardinal Wolsey*. I know not if the whole history of the church offers to our view so proud a prelate. Originally of very humble parentage, he was educated for the church, and raised into importance by a train of fortunate circumstances. Having been selected by Henry the Seventh to go upon some mission of negotiation to the court of the Emperor Maximilian, he performed it so well and so quickly, that he won the approbation of the monarch, and was promoted to the deanery of Lincoln; and he subsequently made him his almoner, which office he held on the accession of Henry the Eighth, whose favor he secured so well that he was appointed a member of his council, and successively bishop of Tournay, Lincoln, archbishop of York, and lastly, cardinal and legate, chancellor of England, and bishop of Winchester. He was abbot of the convent of St. Alban's, and possessed likewise the revenues of the episcopal sees of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford, with several priories and other benefices. So great was the splendor to which he attained, that he kept an almost incredible number of officers and servants in his household; and when sent by the king as an ambassador to the court of France, he brought with him, in his train, twelve hundred horses, eighty chariots, sixty mules, and other parts of his retinue in

proportion. Splendor cannot be supported without wealth, and Wolsey was insatiable in the pursuit of it. Man generally possesses many passions; but one usually preponderates, in which the others seem to centre. The cardinal's ruling passion was ambition. He aspired to nothing less than the papal chair, for which object he sought to obtain the friendship and influence of Charles the Fifth. This emperor, who looked upon him as necessary to aid him in carrying his plans into effect, began to display much regard towards him by a frequent correspondence, and in the letters which he wrote, he signed himself, "*Charles, your son and relation.*"

Such, condensed from the Abbé M'Geoghegan, is a glimpse at this celebrated man. It is not a little remarkable that the proud, unprincipled cardinal — for unprincipled he was — first set the example, in England, of suppressing monasteries. Wishing to do some signal thing, that would carry his name to remote posterity, he prevailed on the king to suppress forty monasteries, the revenues of which he assumed for the purpose of establishing and supporting two grand colleges, the one at Oxford, the other at Ipswich — an example which King Henry soon after followed, upon a more extended scale, though with somewhat less worthy motives actuating him.

When Henry had been about fourteen years married, he began to give vent to certain doubts, which troubled his conscience, as to the religious regularity of his marriage with Queen Catharine. These he communicated to Cardinal Wolsey, who, according to the authority of the Abbé M'Geoghegan, rather encouraged than subdued. Besides all this there was another impulse strongly working in favor of those doubts; namely, a secret love for the beautiful *Anne Boleyn*, a maid of honor to his queen. These doubts at last broke openly out, and the king separated from the queen. An appeal was made by him to the pope, complaining that his marriage was unlawful, and requesting a trial, with a view to a divorce. The pope granted this trial, which was commenced before English commissioners, the legate from the holy see presiding. Queen Catharine refused to appear before this tribunal, inasmuch as it was composed of Englishmen, under the influence of the king; and she, being a Spaniard, demanded a trial before the pope and cardinals. On this occasion the queen made a most eloquent appeal to the feelings of all present, in which she set forth her virtue, fidelity, and conjugal rights, and concluded by challenging her husband to say aught against her character since their union. The king said, "that he had no complaints to advance against her, that he was satisfied with her con-

duct, and that her virtue could not be sufficiently admired. He declared, likewise, that he would continue willingly to live with her if his conscience would permit him." The entire assembly, we are told, melted into tears. It broke up without doing any thing; but the royal pair did not come together again.

Time rolled on without bringing things to an issue. The divorce question was frequently debated without any thing being concluded on. The king, therefore, sent for the two cardinals, in order that they might induce the queen to leave the matter to his own decision. They immediately repaired to her, and found her working with her female attendants. When she heard Wolsey addressing her, and continuing to speak, "I see clearly," said she, "that you have come here to debate on matters which surpass my capacity." Then, showing a skein of silk which hung upon her neck, "Behold," she continued, "what I am capable of, and what is my sole occupation." Wolsey entreated her, through kindness for the king, not to await the result of a lawsuit, the issue of which could not be favorable to her. "I do not know," replied the queen, "who has advised the king to act as he is now doing. I confess, cardinal, that it is you whom I blame for it. Our parents, who were wise princes, had our marriage previously investigated, and obtained from the pope a dispensation for it, of which I hold the original. The king and I have lived for almost eighteen years together, during which no censure has been cast upon us. Your pride, however, I cannot approve of; your debaucheries, your tyranny, and insolence, I have spoken of. Through the influence of my nephew, the emperor, you have failed in being appointed pope, which is the source of all my misfortunes; since, in order to be revenged, you have not been content with kindling a war throughout all Europe, but have been likewise the secret spring and cause of all my misfortunes. Every thing that I suffer, cardinal, from this disgrace, is known to God, who will be your judge and mine." Wolsey wished to reply, but she would not hear him. Campeggio she treated with politeness, but protested that she never would acknowledge either one or the other as her judge, and would continue in the line of conduct she had adopted.

Some two or three years were now spent in negotiation between the courts of England and Rome. The question was discussed in the colleges of England, France, and Italy. Books were written pro and con, and the crafty king sent ambassadors to Rome, to tamper with the cardinals. He began, in the mean time, to manifest openly his partiality for Anne Boleyn. Having consented to submit the marriage to the college

of cardinals, under an erroneous supposition that he had gained many of them to his side, he was greatly mortified in finding that the entire college, with one exception, gave their votes confirmatory of the marriage. The pope acquiesced; and, after vainly trying to persuade Henry into an acquiescence, sent his ultimatum to the king, requesting him to take back his wife, and put away Anne Boleyn.

Henry had already, as it would appear, made up his mind to break with the pope, should the decision be against him; and it having been promulgated adversely, he kept his intention no longer a secret. In the mean time, having conceived a dislike for Cardinal Wolsey, he suddenly dismissed that powerful prelate from his various offices, and actually placed him under arrest. He advanced Sir Thomas More in his stead to the office of lord chancellor, who was the first layman that ever held that office in England. The celebrated Thomas Cranmer, a theological professor of Oxford, having written a book in favor of the divorce, was promoted to the archbishopric of Canterbury, in the place of Wolsey.

The king now influenced his parliament to pass an act declaring the power of the pope, in spiritual or temporal matters, at an end in his dominions. By his promise of rich rewards to the members of this parliament, he moulded them into most pliable courtiers. Any bill he wanted was carried through with rapidity. The archbishop, too, was equally willing to aid the king in all his important changes. The queen was soon divorced, in a court held by archbishop Cranmer. Anne Boleyn was married as quickly. Queen Catharine, in the course of a couple of years, died universally regretted. By Anne Boleyn he had a daughter, who was afterwards Queen Elizabeth.

The king now passed an act, through his parliament, making himself supreme head of the church, in all matters, throughout his dominions. He had another act passed, rendering it treason to his person, and punishable with *death*, to *deny* his supremacy. Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and many other most pious men, refused to take this oath. Their *refusal to admit* was deemed tantamount to a *denial*. For this they were both sent to prison. After remaining there some months, they were brought to the block and beheaded. Sir Thomas More was greatly regretted. He met his fate with a tranquil mind. As the executioner was about to lift the fatal axe, this remarkable man coolly removed his beard out of the way, observing that *it* had not offended his highness, the king. Thus died, says Sir James Mackintosh, one of the best men that was born in England for a thousand years. Bishop Fisher

was also beheaded for the same offence. Several abbots, who refused to admit the supremacy of the king, were hanged and quartered.

The king, having suspected the virtue of his new queen, had her arrested, tried, and ordered for execution in a few days after.

Having borrowed large sums from his subjects, which he had no means of paying, he had a bill brought through the parliament, to exempt him from paying any of this money. There was no limit to his personal expenses. On his accession to the throne, he found eighteen hundred thousand pounds in the treasury, accumulated by the late king; this large sum he had long since squandered in dissipation. After Anne Boleyn's death, he married the Lady Jane Seymour, by whom he had a son, who was afterwards Edward the Sixth of England. The lady died in childbirth, and the infant was extracted by the Cæsarean operation.

The next great political step of Henry was to have a bill carried through the house of commons, giving to his *proclamations* the force of an act of parliament. By this bold stroke he assumed, in his own person, the powers of the state; abolished *Magna Charta*, and reduced every authority in the kingdom, civil and ecclesiastical, beneath his unrestrained will. Persons suspected of treason, or those who refused to acknowledge the king's supremacy, were condemned and executed by his warrant. At first, the *forms* of a trial took place; but these were quickly laid aside, and the king's warrant was alone substituted for all other forms.

England was now reduced to a condition of the most abject slavery. *Hume* describes it thus: "The English, in that age, were so *thoroughly subdued*, that, like Eastern slaves, they were inclined to admire even those acts of violence and tyranny which were exercised on themselves, and at their own expense."

Henry, having reduced the people to this slave-like dread, proceeded next to seize on the rich monasteries. There were about seven hundred of these throughout England, and an equal number throughout Ireland. I have frequently described their nature and character in these pages, and especially at page 467, to which the reader is referred. These religious corporations were very wealthy. Their libraries were well stored with books, most of which were ornamented with silver clasps, hinges, and the like; for the monks spent much of their time composing and transcribing those books. Princes, lords, and other great ones of the world, usually bequeathed, on their death-beds, to the monasteries, some important gift, to be administered in acts of charity or education. And although the monks were supported by the income of these estab-

ishments, yet the poor and the illiterate were also benefited maternally. Putting aside all question about a future state, the historian and the philosopher must admit, that those institutions were of great utility to the people of England and of Ireland, where, in the midst of so dense a population, the hand of charity is ever required, either to minister to the needy, the sick, or the illiterate.

On the score of science, they were admirable academies. There are hardly any of the great inventions which we value at present, that were not discovered by these misrepresented men. The earth's sphericity, antipodes, and the general astronomical balance, were discovered, in the eighth century, by an Irish monk, and its diurnal revolutions by an Italian Jesuit, in the sixteenth. Gunpowder was first compounded by a monk; and the best treatise on gunnery was written by a Jesuit. Architecture, painting, music, and mathematics, owe their preservation to the monks. Society felt no want which those good men did not associate to supply.

The Protestant Bishop Tanner, as quoted by William Cobbett, in his *History of the Reformation*, describes the monasteries thus: "They were schools of learning and education, for every convent had one person or more appointed for this purpose; and all the neighbors, that desired it, might have their children taught grammar and church music, &c., without any expense to them. In the punneries, young women were taught to work, and read English, and sometimes Latin also; so that not only the lower rank of people, who could not pay for their learning, were educated, but most of the noblemen's and gentlemen's daughters were educated in those places. Thirdly, all the monasteries were, in effect, great hospitals; and were, most of them, obliged to relieve many poor people every day. They were likewise free houses of entertainment for almost all travellers. They were likewise of considerable advantage to the places where they had their sites, and estates, by creating a great resort thither, by obtaining grants of fairs and markets, freeing the people from the oppressions of the ambitious chiefs and barons, and lastly by *letting their lands at easy rates*."

"And, finally, the abbeys, and churches attached, were great ornaments to the country, and employed a great many workmen in building and repairing, which contributed much to improve the taste for, and the style of, our architecture."

The monasteries were constructed throughout Europe on those principles of utility. There was no nation in which the standard of the cross was planted, but the monastic institutions grew up around it.



*Mallet*, in his *History of the Swiss*, speaking of those calumniated men, says, "The monks softened, by their instructions, the ferocious manners of the people, and opposed their credit to the tyranny of the nobility, who knew no other occupation than war, and grievously oppressed their neighbors. On this account the government of monks was preferred to theirs — the people sought them for judges. It was a usual saying, that it was better to be governed by the bishop's crosier than the monarch's sceptre."

Drake, in his *Literary Hours*, says, "The monks of Cassins were distinguished not only for their knowledge of sciences, but their attention to polite learning, and an acquaintance with the classics. Their learned abbot, *Desiderius*, collected the best Greek and Roman authors. The fraternity not only composed learned treatises on music, logic, astronomy, architecture, &c., but employed a portion of their time in transcribing *Tacitus*, and other ancient authors."

In the *English Quarterly Review*, December, 1811, there is the following testimony to the same purport: "The world has never been so indebted to any other body of men as to the illustrious order of Benedictine monks. A community of pious men, devoted to literature and to the useful arts, as well as to religion, seems, in the days that are past, like a green oasis amid the desert: like stars upon a moonless night, they shine upon us with a tranquil ray. If ever there was a man who could truly be called *venerable*, it was he to whom the appellation is constantly prefixed — the Venerable BEDE — whose life was passed in instructing his own generation, and preparing records for posterity. In those days," continues the *Review*, "the church offered the only asylum from the evils to which every country was exposed. Amidst continued wars, the church enjoyed peace. It was regarded as a sacred realm by men who, though they hated one another, believed and feared God through the same form of religion. Abused as it was by the worldly-minded and ambitious, and disgraced by the artifices of the designing and the follies of the fanatic, it afforded a shelter to those who were better than the world in their youth, or weary of it in their age. The wise, as well as the timid and gentle, fled to this Goshen of God, which enjoyed its own light and calm, amidst darkness and storms."

Such were the monasteries, which had grown up, like the oaks of the forest, for a thousand years, increasing, as they grew, in strength and majesty.

There were about twenty to five-and-twenty of these institutions in each county in England and Ireland. To obtain the concurrence of

parliament, in his designs on this property, the king promised some of these possessions to the members, as the reward for their subserviency. But even this failed to make them sufficiently pliable to his will.

In order to begin the confiscations, the king put on the forms of law, and appointed a commission to visit and inquire into the practices and properties of all the monasteries of the kingdom. At the head of this commission he placed THOMAS CROMWELL, who was son of a blacksmith, and who had been brought up as a messenger in the household of Cardinal Wolsey. The commissioners sent forward their agents to every monastic institution in the kingdom: the kingdom was divided into districts for this purpose, and two deputies were appointed to visit each district. Their object was to obtain grounds of accusation against the monks and nuns.

These deputies are described by William Cobbett, [from whose able work on the reformation I have condensed most of the foregoing remarks,] in the following words: "When we consider the object, and what was the character of the man to whom the work was committed, we may easily imagine what sort of men these deputies were. They were, in fact, fit to be the subalterns of such a chief. They were some of the very worst men in all England—men of notoriously infamous characters; men who had been convicted of heinous crimes, some of whom had actually been *branded* for crime. These men wrote in their 'reports,' not what *was*, but what their merciless employers wanted them to write.

"The monks and nuns, who had never dreamed of the *possibility* of such proceedings; who had never entertained the idea that *Magna Charta*, and all the laws of the land, could be set aside in a moment; and whose recluse and peaceful lives rendered them wholly unfit to cope with crafty, desperate villany,—fell before these ruffians as chickens fall before the kite. The *reports* made by these villains met with no contradiction. The accused parties had no means of making a defence. There was no court for them to appear in. They dared not, even if they had the means, offer a defence or make a complaint; for they had seen the horrible consequences—the burnings, the rippings up, of all those of their brethren who had ventured to whisper their dissent from any dogma or decree of the tyrant. The monks and nuns, and the multitudes that depended on them for support, were to be at once stripped of this great mass of property, without any other ground than the reports of those men, sent, as the malignant *Hume* confesses, for the express purpose of finding a pretence for the breaking up of the

monasteries, and the king's taking to himself property that had never belonged to him or his predecessors."

Such is Cobbett's opinion of this great confiscation. The youth of the present day are taught, from Hume's History of England, to believe the very worst things of the monastic institutions. The reports of these visitors, whom Cobbett designates "branded ruffians," were taken by Hume, and the rest of the party historians of England, as the grounds and data of their attacks on the characters of the pious inmates; and the unaccountable hatred entertained against the Catholics, on account of their religious belief, (for which no man is accountable to another,) by many persons generally ignorant of their principles and history, is, in great part, to be attributed to the reports of those ruffian inquisitors, whose falsehood was superinduced by their well-founded expectation of sharing in the plunder.

Upon the reports thus obtained, an act of parliament was passed in March, 1536, for the confiscation of three hundred and seventy-six monasteries, and for granting their estates, real and personal, to the king and his heirs. He took plate, jewels, gold and silver ornaments, as well as the lands and houses, cattle and crops. This act of naked plunder, corrupt as his parliament was, could not be carried through the house of commons.

Spelman, in his History of Sacrilege, — who was also a Protestant historian, — says, speaking of the confiscation bill, "The bill stuck long in the lower house, and could get no passage, when the king commanded the commons to attend him in the forenoon, in his gallery, where he let them wait till late in the afternoon; and then, coming out of his chamber, walking a turn or two amongst them, and looking angrily on them, first on one side and then on the other, at last said he, '*I hear that my bill will not pass; but I will have it pass, or I will have some of your heads.*' And without other rhetoric, he returned to his chamber. Enough was said: the bill passed, and all was given him as he desired."

It was thus that Henry carried this important measure, and it may be added that thus he carried every thing. The reports of the visitors and inquisitors *were not believed by the parliament*, for they refused to legislate on them, until individually threatened with execution.

The act of confiscation was passed in the year 1536, and in its preamble is contained the reasons for its enactments. It includes, in a schedule, all the smaller monasteries, amounting to three hundred and seventy-six; and it gives as reasons, that these lesser monasteries were corrupt, carnal, and sinful, and directs the inmates to go to the larger

monasteries, "*where,*" (as the act recites,) "*thanks be to God, religion is right well kept and observed.*"

I shall show, by and by, how easy he found an excuse for laying hands on these also. Before this time, there never was such a word known or understood, in England or Ireland, as *pauper*; but after this time, pauperism and poverty, and poor rates, and a standing army, and a national debt, and deadly animosities, and religious hate and exasperations, and finally, the suppression of the people's liberties, ensued.

As soon as Henry was in possession of the three hundred and seventy-six estates, he began to assign them away to his followers, for the king soon found he could not keep all to himself; and before four years passed over, he found himself without a single particle of the property he had thus seized: it was all divided amongst his scrambling followers.

When the king complained to Cromwell of their rapacity, he used these memorable words: "By our lady, the cormorants, when they have got the garbage, will devour the dish." Cromwell reminded him that there was much more yet to come. "Tut," said the king, "my whole realm would not stanch their maws." But this difficulty he soon got over. I have just quoted a paragraph from the preamble of the act, 27th Henry, called the *confiscation act*, in which, in that very bill, he puts on the record that, "in the great and solemn monasteries, (*thanks be to God,*) religion is right well kept and observed." This is the very language of the act; and to our understandings it would seem a work of some difficulty to find any reason, in the course of four years, for turning on the larger and more solemn establishments, especially when we may well suppose they were strictly on their guard to give no cause for censure. But we shall see this done, and that quickly. An act was brought into the parliament, which conferred on the king and his assigns *all* monasteries, *all* hospitals, and *all* colleges, within his dominions. The people here and there flew to insurrection; but they were butchered, — they were hewed down, even as the butcher despatches ox after ox, in the slaughter-house.

SEVENTY-TWO THOUSAND PERSONS WERE THUS SLAUGHTERED, IN THE COURSE OF EIGHT OR TEN YEARS, UNDER PENAL ENACTMENTS, WHICH NEVER, TILL THEN, WERE KNOWN TO THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

No language can describe the horrors of this dreadful change. Monks and nuns, bishops and priests, were executed on the slightest suspicion of murmuring dissent.

But—still more revolting—the shrines of the most illustrious dead were invaded, for sake of the mere wealth which had been imbedded in them by their friends or admirers. The tomb and shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Austin, and of Alfred the Great, were amongst the most sacred objects desecrated by sacrilegious hands, and the interred dust scattered to the winds. Many of the old and beautiful abbeys were battered down or blown up with gunpowder. The vast libraries, that took ages to accumulate, were taken out and burned at their doors, which all must admit was a loss that never can be repaired.

Of course, those who so acted did all in their power to blacken the characters of the trustees of this vast property. "*Lazy monks,*" and "*monkish ignorance,*" were phrases coined and squeezed into the English language, to generate a prejudice in the minds of youth towards the old occupants of the monasteries. If those who seized upon all this property had, when they turned out the monks, placed in their stead commissioners or officers under the eye of government, to administer the trusts according to the wills of the various founders, then there would be something to color the charge of impropriety against the monks. But *not one of the duties* ever performed towards society by the monks has been ever performed by those who got their lands, from that day to the present.

I will here quote one other extract from William Cobbett, on this terrible change: "The whole country presented the appearance of a land recently invaded by barbarians. *Nothing has ever yet come to supply the place of what was then destroyed.* This is the view for us to take of the matter. It is not a matter of mere *religion*, but a matter of rights, liberties, real wealth, happiness, and national greatness. If all these have been strengthened," continues this great English writer, "or augmented by the change, even then we must not approve of the horrible *means*. But if they have *all* been weakened or lessened by that reformation, what an outrageous abuse of words it is to call the event by that *name*. And if I do not prove, clear as the daylight, that before the reformation England was greater, more *moral*, more wealthy, and more *happy*, than she has ever been *since*; if I do not make this appear as clearly as any fact was ever made to appear, I will be contented to be called a vain pretender for the rest of my life." That able Protestant writer then proceeds to show the alteration for the worse, which this change produced in the condition of the people; to which work the reader, who wishes to be more fully informed on this subject, is referred.

It is a curious fact in the history of erratic man, that, within the past year, namely, about June, 1843, a leading lord of the British parliament

deplored the loss of those charitable religious and literary corporations to England, showed the incredible ignorance that every where prevailed, and sighed for the reëstablishment of monasteries throughout England, to assist in the restoration of morals and literature. The house of commons patiently listened to the noble lord's address, and consented, on his motion, to *repeal the statute of mortmain*, which was passed at the reformation, and which forbade the existence of any religious corporation in England. Nunneries and monasteries are again growing up in London, and throughout England, under the authority of parliament. Thus, then, the calumiated monks are at length vindicated, in that very chamber, where, three hundred years ago, they were sentenced to destruction and infamy.

It is now time to look at King Henry's government in Ireland.

For the first twenty-five years of his reign, he left the entire management of Ireland to his deputies and the little parliament of the Pale. Things were carried on pretty much as they had been for the three centuries before his time. During the early part of King Henry's reign, the Earl of Kildare, the king's deputy, and the Earl of Surry, who succeeded him, were continually engaged in strife with the Irish chiefs. Various were the successes and reverses of the opposed parties. Many great men, both on the English and Irish side, fell. The chief O'Neill, at this time the hereditary king or prince of Ulster, advanced to the very confines of the British territory in Meath, with ten thousand foot and four thousand horse, and offered battle to the English deputy; which, however, he thought it prudent to decline. Henry the Eighth subsequently sent O'Neill a collar of gold, and commanded Surry to invite him to court.

By an extract from the proceedings of the privy council at Dublin, 1534, it appears that "neither the English order, tongue, nor habit, was used, nor the king's laws obeyed, above twenty miles in compass;" and the council declared it to be their opinion that, unless the laws be duly executed, the "little place which is now obedient, will be reduced to the same condition as the remainder of the kingdom."—*State Papers*, 63.—*Instructions to John Allen*.—The Irish chiefs, however, in every direction, indulged their animosities towards each other, and seemed to forget the presence of a common enemy in the country; against whom had they heartily united, he would not have existed in Ireland twenty-four hours.

Soon after this, the English brought into Ireland three pieces of cannon, which, being an engine of warfare then new to the Irish, terrified them exceedingly in those parts of the country where it was used.

Although the Earl of Kildare, as lord lieutenant, and after him his son Gerald, had carried fire and sword throughout Ireland, in obedience to the king's command, yet the enemies of this earl, consisting of the Ormonds, the Ossorys, Lord Chancellor Allen, and others, sent an embassy to King Henry, representing his actions in a treasonable light; upon which Kildare was ordered to England, where, on his arrival, the king had him shut up in prison. His son, Thomas Fitzgerald, to whom he gave the sword of state during his absence, hearing what had befallen his father, and suspecting, moreover, that his father would be executed, threw up the sword of state, and declared open war against the king. This declaration he supported with all his might, having gathered considerable forces. His chief opposition, however, consisted in the enemies of his family amongst the Anglo-Irish of the Pale. His father had persecuted the old Irish too vehemently to allow many of them to join the young earl. Yet some few of the Irish chieftains did flock to his standard, and he undoubtedly made considerable advances towards shaking off the power of England. Having fortified his castle of Maynooth, and several other strongholds, he went into Connaught to collect additional forces; but the governor of his castle, after withstanding a siege for ten days, treacherously offered to surrender it, expecting to make his fortune by the base act. It deserves to be recorded that the English general, on receiving the castle, paid the traitor the sum agreed upon for surrendering it, but had him shot for betraying so good a master in his absence; which proper treatment I hope will be a lasting lesson to all future traitors.

After a great many skirmishes and battles, and a harassing warfare, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald proposed terms of peace to *Grey*, the English deputy. This was gladly accepted, and the young earl was received at court and pardoned. But King Henry requested him to be sent to England, and under the assurance of safety from the lord deputy, who proposed to accompany him, he consented to risk his life in the hands of the King. On his arrival in London, he found his father had died in prison, into which he was himself committed. In the beginning of the year 1536, five uncles of the young earl, who had been under arms, surrendered on condition of pardon, and, being invited by the deputy to his house, were arrested at dinner, and were likewise sent to London, where, shortly after their arrival, they and their distinguished nephew were treacherously executed. It is not a little remarkable that this deputy, *Grey*, was subsequently beheaded by Henry, his master.

There was still a youth of the Fitzgerald race left — young Gerald,

thirteen years of age, who was secreted by various relatives, and sent to France, whither he was pursued by the agents of King Henry. He found means to escape from Paris to Flanders, from thence to Rome, where he received protection from the pope, and was finally restored to his possessions by Edward the Sixth, which was again confirmed by Queen Mary, who restored him to his titles and honors.

We find that, in these times, the English absent from their Irish estates were deemed so injurious to the interests of the Pale, that several of their estates were confiscated to the crown, upon this ground. Amongst the estates so confiscated were those of the Duke of Norfolk, Lords Berkley, Waterford, Shrewsbury, Ormond, together with those of several abbots, who resided in England. A further act against the Irish language was now passed, and no clerk in orders was permitted to officiate, who could not speak the English language fluently.

It was in one of the little parliaments, held about this time, that the power to vote for members of it was restricted to those who had an interest of *forty shillings per annum from land*.

When Henry had pretty well established his supremacy, in spiritual matters, throughout England, he sent over to Ireland Bishop Brown, who had preached much in London in favor of his views. With him were coupled some others, as commissioners, to introduce the principles of the new worship, which, after all, did not differ much from that of the old Catholic faith, for the *mass and sacraments* were not yet abolished.

On their arrival in Dublin, Bishop Brown summoned a convocation of the clergy, to whom he proposed the oath of supremacy; but no sooner had the commissioners opened their business, than *Cromer*, archbishop and primate of Armagh, an Englishman by birth, openly and boldly declared against an attempt, in his opinion, so impious. This declaration was followed by other clerical members of the parliament. The primate retired from the council to his diocese, where he summoned his clergy, and addressed them in strong and pathetic language against the threatened inroad upon their religion. The clergy were every where aroused to oppose the change, and nowhere did Henry meet with sympathy or encouragement. His commissioners were treated with contempt and ridicule, and his chief *vicar*, Thomas Cromwell, on account of the meanness of his birth, was the object of popular scorn. From disdain and contempt for the commissioners, the people changed to open hostility, and threatened the life of Archbishop Brown. The deputy, Grey, the trusty and well-beloved of Henry, sallied into the



diocese of Armagh, with an army of pillagers, for the purpose of striking terror into the hearts of the clergy. He entered Lecale and the Ardes, in the county of Down, against a nobleman of English extraction, called Savage, to whom Cox and others give the appellation of "a degenerate Englishman." He took the castle of Dundrum, belonging to Magennis, with several other fortified places, and laid all that country waste. He next laid his sacrilegious hands on the cathedral church of Down, which he burned, destroyed the monuments of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbe Kill, and committed several other sacrilegious acts. He then made war against images, which were destroyed every where, at this time, particularly those that were most revered by the faithful. The celebrated statue of the blessed Virgin at Trim was burned, as also the crucifix of the abbey of Ballybogan, and St. Patrick's crosier,\* which had been removed, by order of William Fitzadelm, in the twelfth century, from Armagh to Dublin, to be deposited in the cathedral church of the blessed Trinity. In many other parts of the kingdom, the example of the English was in this instance followed; and it must be admitted that all the wars in Ireland, from that period to the present, have been wars on account of religion.

Bishop Brown suggested to King Henry the calling of a parliament in Dublin, by which acts of compulsion, confiscations, pains, and penalties, might be *speedily passed into law*, and, by force and terror, produce that change in men's opinions which simple reason and logic failed to effect.

The religious persecutions, instituted by Henry towards his Irish subjects, began now to unite both English and Irish; and Archbishop Brown, in a letter to Cromwell, describes the slender power his "highness" now had in Ireland, by reason, he adds, that "the English by descent, and the ancient Irish, were beginning to forget their national animosities;" and notwithstanding that the little parliament of the Pale passed several laws in conformity with his highness's wishes, the same could not be enforced twenty miles from the castle of Dublin.

A parliament was summoned in Dublin by Grey, the king's lieutenant of the Pale. The parliament was made up by summoning together

\* "Providence," says the Abbé M'Geoghegan, "has preserved a crosier to posterity, which St. Patrick had used at the baptism of Aongus, king of Cashel, the holy apostle having left it with O'Kearney of Cashel, to be used by the bishops of that church on days of ceremony, whose descendants have preserved it, with veneration, to the present time. This venerable monument of Christian antiquity is still in possession of Brien O'Kearney of Fethard, in the county of Tipperary, the chief of the ancient family of that name."

such persons as he judged would be pliant to the king's will. So limited, at this time, was the power and jurisdiction of the parliament of the Pale, that the master of the rolls wrote to the king, stating that his laws were not obeyed twenty miles from the capital. Before this little parliament, not of more jurisdiction than a town corporation, were the important propositions of Henry submitted. They were nothing more than transcripts of the acts passed in Westminster. The members of this assembly were promised possessions when the Irish monasteries came into the king's hands. They had seen the number of commoners that were raised to the possession of large estates, which belonged to the English monasteries; and they each of them naturally calculated on like results from the approaching change in religion in Ireland. Accordingly king Henry the Eighth was, by their first act, declared supreme head of the church of Ireland. All appeals to Rome in spiritual causes, and all connection with Rome, were forbidden by the next act. The English law, making it penal to slander the king for these innovations, was next passed. Another act transferred to the king all first fruits, the abbeys, hospitals, priories, and colleges; another renounced the authority of the bishop of Rome, and made it criminal in any one to acknowledge it; another required all officers of every kind and degree, within the king's authority, to swear that the king was the lawful head of the church, and every person who should *refuse* was deemed guilty of *high treason against the king, and, of course, forfeited his life.*

Then followed acts for the suppression of monasteries, and vesting them in the crown; and now commenced the work of blood in Ireland, which has been streaming from men's hearts from that day to the present.

Previous to this time, the religion of the whole people of Ireland, — English or Irish, — whether within or without the Pale, was Catholic. For a long time, there was no one professed the new form of worship in Ireland, except Bishop Brown and the commissioners sent over by Henry, together with some members of the parliament. From this parliament, the clergy were excluded by special act passed on the first day of its sitting. I should have said, that it was the long-observed practice of this little parliament to summon two clergymen from every ecclesiastical district; but as, on the first parliament which met in Dublin, to consider Henry's proposals, these clerical members strenuously opposed them, therefore, from the commencement of *this*, the second sitting on this business, the clergy were ejected.

Seeing the slaughter committed in England, the Irish abbots were

frightened into submission; many of them surrendered the abbeys and properties under their management to the king, receiving pensions for life.

The open intention of Henry's parliament, not at all disguised, to effect a forcible change in the religion of the nation, and to take possession of the monasteries, roused the people to a sense of their danger. The chiefs of the old Irish, and the chiefs of the old English settlers, now united most cordially in their opposition to Henry's authority; and, had they persevered, there is no doubt but they could have shaken off the power of England altogether. But Henry, observing this, changed his tactics, and, instead of acts of coercion, showered presents, titles, honors, and emoluments, of one sort and another, upon all the Irish chiefs he could influence.

The kings of England never before this time assumed any other title over Ireland than *lords* of Ireland. This venal little parliament enacted that his highness the king, and his heirs, should in future be denominated *kings* of Ireland. But these enactments were treated with scorn by the nation, and on the death of King Henry, many of the chief men, whom he had cajoled into the color of obedience, relapsed into their former state of independence.

To return to Henry: After Jane Seymour's death, the king was nearly two years seeking another wife; few were willing to trust their lives to him. In 1539, he found a mate in *Anne*, the sister of the Duke of Cleves. When about seven months married, he obtained a divorce from *her*. There was no fault alleged against her, no crime hinted; the husband did not like his wife, — *that was all*, — and this reason was alleged as the ground of divorce. His pliant archbishop, *Cranmer*, who had divorced him from two wives already, was called upon to annul this marriage with Anne of Cleves. The husband and wife were, by the archbishop's potent breath, made single again.

But the king had another young and handsome wife in his view, namely, *Catharine Howard*, niece of the Duke of Norfolk, whom he immediately married.

The Duke of Norfolk, (now raised to power,) and several of the old nobility, hated Thomas Cromwell, who was the chief instrument, in the hands of King Henry, in all the important changes he made. He had been placed above all the nobility; and, besides this, he had got about *thirty* of the estates belonging to the monasteries. "His palace," says Cobbett, "was gorged with the fruits of the sacking." He was barbarous beyond conception to the poor monks and nuns, whom he had butchered

with the business coolness of an ordinary butcher in his slaughter-house. He stood by, in Canterbury, and superintended the scattering of the dust of St. Thomas a Becket. He it was that directed the scattering of the ashes and tomb of *Alfred the Great*, who was the greatest Englishman that *ever lived*. His own hour had now arrived. The property he had acquired was too valuable to be suffered to remain in his hands. On the morning of the 10th of June, 1540, he was all powerful. In the evening of the same day, he was in *prison* as a *traitor*. He lay in prison only a few days, when he was brought to the block. It is true he protested his innocence; but so did thousands of monks and nuns protest to him their innocence. He was not more innocent than they were, yet they were executed. Although Burnet, or Fox, has denominated this *Cromwell* the valiant soldier of the reformation, yet he fawned and cringed to his royal master like a very dastard. In one of his letters to the king, he "*besought his majesty to suffer him to kiss his balmy hand once, that the fragrance thereof might make him fit for heaven!*" In another letter to the king, he says, "Most gracious prince, I cry for *mercy, mercy, mercy!*" But his gracious master disregarded all these fawning words, and he was brought to suffer that very death, which he himself, when in power, had awarded and inflicted on so many thousands.

During the succeeding seven years, King Henry was beset with vexations. He discovered, or pretended to discover, that his new wife was unfaithful. Her, also, *he sent to the block without ceremony*, simply by his warrant, *together with scores of her relatives*. He raged and foamed like a wild monster; passed still more stringent laws, and, for the last time, took another wife. She was a *widow*, and she very narrowly escaped the fate of the others.

For some years before his death, he became so unwieldy from gluttony and enjoyment, that he could not be moved about but by mechanical loungers; but he still retained all the blood-thirsty addictions of his previous life. His principal business for the remainder of it was ordering accusations, executions, and confiscations.

When he was on his death-bed, every one was afraid to intimate his danger to him, lest death to the intimated should be the consequence. He died before he was aware that his end approached, leaving more than one death-warrant unsigned at the time. And Howard, the Duke of Norfolk, who was ordered for execution on the very morning the king died, escaped with his life in consequence.

Thus died King Henry the Eighth of England.

Ere I close the reign of this King, I shall put on my record an extract from a state paper, published in O'Connell's Memoir, (page 77, Casserly's edition.) "The document," says the illustrious author, "is to be found in the second volume of the state papers, lately published under the authority of a commission from the crown, containing state papers of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and appears to be a representation made to that monarch of the state of Ireland, with a plan for its reformation:" — "And fyrst of all, to make his Grace understande, that there byn more than sixty countrys called regyons, in Ireland, inhabyted with the king's enemies: some region as big as a shire, some more, some less unto a little; some as big as half a shire, and some a little less; where reigneth more than sixty chief captains, whereof some calleth themselves kings: some king's peers, in their language, some princes, some dukes, some archdukes, that liveth only by the sword, and obeyeth to no other temporal person, but only to himself that is strong. And every of the said captains maketh war and peace for himself, and holdeth by sworde and hath imperial jurisdiction within his rome, and obeyeth to no other person, English or Irish, except only to such persons as may subdue him by the sworde. Also, there is more than thirty great captains of the *English* noble folk, that followeth the same Irish order, and keepeth the same rule, and every of them maketh war and peace for himself, without any license of the king, or of any other temporal person, save to him that is the strongest, and of such that may subdue them by the sword."

Next, as to the counties that had thrown off the English authority, we have this passage: "Here followeth the names of the counties that obey not the king's laws, and have neither justice, neither sheriffs, under the king:—

The County of Waterford,  
 The County of Corke,  
 The County of Kilkenny,  
 The County of Lymeryk,  
 The County of Kerry,  
 The County of Conaught, [the province of Connaught,]  
 The County of Wolster, [the province of Ulster,]  
 The County of Carlagh, [Carlow,]  
 The County of Uryell, [Monaghan,]  
 The County of Meathe, [Westmeath,]  
 Halfe the County of Dublin,

Halfe the County of Kildare,  
Halfe the County of Wexford.

“ All the English folke of the said counties, of Irish habit, of Irish language, and of Irish conditions, except the cities and the walled towns.

“ Here followeth the names of the counties subject unto the king’s laws : —

Halfe the County of Uryell,  
Halfe the County of Meathe,  
Halfe the County of Dublin,  
“ Halfe the County of Kildare,  
Halfe the County of Wexford.

“ All the common people of the said halfe counties, that obeyeth the king’s laws, for the most part be of Irish birth, of Irish habit, and of Irish language.”

“ It will be seen, from another extract from the same paper, how completely the independence of the Irish chieftains was recognized by all the English constituted authorities.

“ Followeth the names of the English territories *that bear tribute to the wylde Irish*. The barony of Liechahill, in the county of Wolster, [Ulster,] to the captain of Clanhuboy, payeth yearly 40 £ ; or else to O’Neyll, whether of them be strongest.

“ The county of the Uryell [Monaghan] payeth yearly to the great O’Neyll 40 £.

“ The county of Meathe payeth yearly to O’Connor 300 £. The county of Kildare payeth yearly to the said O’Connor 20 £.

“ The king’s exchequer payeth yearly to M’Morough eighty marks. The county of Wexford payeth yearly to M’Morough and to Arte O’Boy 40 £.

“ The county of Kilkenny and the county of Tipperary pay yearly to O’Carroll 40 £. The county of Limerick payeth yearly to O’Brien Arraghe, in English money, 40 £. The county of Corke to Cormac M’Teyge, 40 £.

“ Also there is no folke daily subject to the king’s laws, but half the county of Uryell, half the county of Meathe, half the county of Dublin, and half the county of Kildare.”

It is usual with historians to sum up the character of the kings and heroes whose actions they recount. I have not, generally, attempted this, and in the instance of Henry the Eighth, I wish to avoid it altogether. Some persons have regarded him as an apostle of a great principle; others think differently. I have placed a few only of the materials of his life before the reader. As I claim the liberty to enjoy my own opinions, I willingly concede the same to the reader, who is welcome to form what opinion he pleases of Henry the Eighth.

I wish, however, to state one more fact about this memorable reformer. We hear a great deal said every day about reading the Bible, and not reading the Bible. Who will believe it? — Henry the Eighth was the first person we read of who forbade to the common people the reading of the Scriptures. As head of the reformed church, he issued, under the authority of parliament, *in the 34th of his reign*, the 8th chapter, a prohibition against Tyndall's version of the Scriptures, which was ordered to be destroyed, as "*crafty, false, and untrue*;" secondly, the Bible, by this act, was forbidden to be read to others in public; thirdly, the permission of reading it to private families was confined to persons of the rank of lords and gentlemen; fourthly, the liberty of reading it personally, *and in secret*, was limited to men who were householders, and to females of noble or gentle birth. Prior to this, the king issued a proclamation, prohibiting the public reading of the Scriptures in churches, and forbidding any one to expound them who had not received a regular license from the accustomed authorities for that purpose. Before his time, there never was any restriction imposed on reading the Scriptures.

On the death of Henry the Eighth, his son, Edward the Sixth, was advanced to the throne. As he was then but ten years of age, Lord Hertford was appointed lord protector. The young king, with his protector and Archbishop Cranmer, now made a further change in the national religion. The mass was abolished, and the clergy were permitted to have wives.

Many persons came into England, who preached a still greater change. These were called "new lights;" and they were as bitterly opposed and persecuted by Bishop Cranmer as were the Catholics. Bishop Cranmer, who, during the reign of Henry the Eighth, had condemned people to the stake for not believing in *transubstantiation*, was now ready to condemn them for *believing* in it.

*Luther* found in Germany others who went much farther from the

old worship than himself. Many of these German sectarians came to England, and openly preached against the existence of gospel ministers at all. Some were for the Common Prayer Book, others for abolishing it. And now began that diversity of opinion, in England, which, without reference to a future state, produced a great deal of bitterness and animosity amongst the people — which yet exists ; and truth compels me to add, that that bitterness has extended to a large portion of the population of this country, though the clear interest of people, both in this life and in view of the next, is to treat one another with the utmost kindness and charity.

The preachers of the various new opinions disclaimed altogether the necessity of good works in the Christian system of duties and worship. And all historians agree that vices of all sorts were never so great or so prevalent before in England. The protector, who was now Duke of *Somerset*, pulled down several churches and bishops' mansions in London ; with the materials of which he erected for himself a palace that goes by the name of "Somerset House" to this day ; in which, appropriately enough, the commissioners for the national debt have their offices.

The further changes introduced by *Somerset* in the religion of the nation, produced a violent insurrection throughout some parts of England. German troops were introduced into England, at the head of whom, Lord Russell marched and defeated the revolters, hanging and butchering many clergymen and other leaders of the resistance. The present Lord John Russell is the descendant of that lord, and is the owner of many of the monastic estates then taken from the church.

*Somerset*, having at length excited the envy of his rivals by the enormous wealth he acquired, was out-intrigued by the Earl of Warwick, and was condemned and executed, by the order of his own nephew, the young King Edward, who wept bitterly on being compelled to sign the death-warrant ; so that he, at whose instigation many priests and pious men were executed, in turn fell a victim to the bloody system he had encouraged.

We have heard and read much of Queen Mary of England, whom the English historians distinguish by the special epithet "bloody." Why she, beyond others of that age, can *alone* be accounted bloody, and sent down to posterity with that brand upon her memory, can be accounted for only that she was a Catholic. I am now coming into her reign, and shall examine its chief events with impartiality.



Edward the Sixth was a sickly boy, and his protector foresaw he could not live long. Northumberland, therefore, got him privately to make a *will*, bequeathing the crown to Lady Jane Grey, the daughter of the Duke of Suffolk. Henry had already bequeathed the crown to *Mary*, and, in case of no issue from her, then to *Elizabeth*. The young king, however, was prevailed on to break that will, and set aside his two sisters. Edward soon died; and, to carry this project into immediate effect, his death was concealed for three days. Northumberland invited the two princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, to London, to be near the dying prince. His object was to have them arrested and sent to the Tower, soon after which they were to be tried for refusing to conform to the new worship, and would, of course, be executed. Both Mary and Elizabeth were still Catholics.

Bishop *Cranmer* was deep in this plot. But one of the conspirators, Lord *Arundel*, sent a private message to the Princess Mary, to warn her of her danger, and intimating that the young king was dead.

The proclamation in behalf of Lady Jane Grey was prepared; but the judges of Westminster Hall refused to sign it. Bishop *Cranmer's* was the first signature to the illegal proclamation; for which, and for other treasonable acts towards Queen Mary, the said *Cranmer* was subsequently condemned to death, and burnt, as a *traitor*, by order of the queen and her council.

Lady Jane Grey was declared queen of England. Northumberland, in the mean time, effected a marriage between her and his son. The conspirators against Mary had the army, navy, and reformers, all ready to support this violation of the succession. She, however, repaired, on horseback, attended only by a few persons, to Suffolk, where she had herself proclaimed sovereign, and from thence issued her commands, to the council in London, to proclaim her queen. This threw them into the utmost confusion, for they had but the day before proclaimed Lady Jane Grey as queen; and it shows us what a courageous woman Mary must have been, thus to brave death in the enforcement of her just rights. They sent her a most insolent answer, but she heeded it not.

The old nobility and gentry, tired of *Cranmer* and the protector, flocked round her standard, and in a few days, she saw herself surrounded by thirty thousand volunteers, who agreed to fight in her behalf without pay.

The celebrated *Ridley*, a bishop of the new faith, preached against her, in London, and the Duke of Northumberland marched against

her at the head of a large army; his forces melted away as he proceeded, and he sent to London for a further reëinforcement. But the news of Mary's success paralyzed the Londoners, and those very men who, a few days before, shouted for Lady Jane, now came forward and formally acknowledged Mary as their lawful queen. *Northumberland*, who had helped along this plot, now seeing himself deserted, turned round, and was the first to offer his subjection and flattery to Queen Mary, which she spurned as became a woman of her spirit; and in a few hours after, she had him arrested for treason to her crown, and for appearing in arms against her authority. This very *Northumberland*, when brought to the block for *treason* to the queen, made a confession in favor of the old faith, and attributed all the blood and misery of the preceding thirty years to the change effected in their form of worship. This, Dr. Heylyn, a good English authority, and others, testify.

During the short reign of the infant Edward, which occupied only seven years, the form of the new worship was changed *three* times. And those who adhered to the old worship, or, who went beyond *the letter of the new*, were punished with the utmost severity.

Anno 1553. Queen Mary arrived in London in July of this year. As she approached the city, the crowds to applaud and welcome her increased on every side. Amongst the rest was her cautious and crafty sister, Elizabeth, who joined in the triumphal entry, riding, by the side of her sister, into London, amidst the greatest enthusiasm of the people. The thoroughfares through which they passed were strewed with flowers. The houses were lined, and the very tops of them thronged, with human beings. Queen Mary, who had ever been a steadfast Catholic, was now crowned according to the ritual of that church. The joy of the people, it is admitted on all hands, was unbounded.

Her first act was to restore the currency to its proper standard, which was debased in the preceding reigns; her second to pay off the debts due by the crown; and, for this purpose, she reduced her own expenses to the very lowest standard. The new forms of worship, which had obtained a footing the previous three years, were all reversed; the old altars were restored; the married clergy were dispensed with; and, in short, the Catholic religion was restored in England. The bishops ordained by *Cranmer* were removed, and Catholic bishops placed in their stead. *Cranmer* himself was imprisoned on a charge of treason; and that parliament, which voted so pliantly all that was

asked of them by the preceding kings, now voted right round the other way.

They brought in a bill, repealing the act of divorce between Henry and Catharine of Arragon, the mother of the present queen. They declared that marriage lawful, which a few years previously they had declared the contrary; and they declared Cranmer, by name, the cause of that divorce, and all the subsequent troubles that befell England.

But now comes the most curious part of this curious history. The queen was anxious to restore the pope's supremacy in England, and to remove from her own shoulders the oppressive weight of "head of the church," assumed by her father. But to do this was, she saw, impossible, without effecting a compromise. Every leading lord or commoner in her dominion had got some of the church property, and, without a civil war, she could not compel them to give it up. The compromise, then, was based on the principle that all the holders of the church property should possess it forever.

This parliament, then, having made a firm bargain to hold all the property, an act was quickly carried through both branches, in which these very men declared "that they had been guilty of a most horrible defection from the *true church*;" professed their sincere repentance for their past transgressions, and declared their resolution to repeal all laws enacted in prejudice of the pope's authority. After this, the pope sends a legate to England; and who should HE be, but that very Cardinal Pole, whose mother was butchered, though seventy years of age, by Henry the Eighth?

The queen married Philip, prince of Spain, in July, 1554. In November, the members of the parliament petitioned the king and queen to intercede with the pope, and obtain for them forgiveness. Cardinal Pole was received at Dover by two thousand of the nobility and gentry, on horseback. The next day, the queen being seated on the throne, having the king on her left, and the pope's legate (Cardinal Pole) on her right, — the members of *both houses appeared, with Bishop Gardiner at their head*. He, on their part, besought the king's and queen's interposition with his eminence, and asked forgiveness. Cardinal Pole pronounced a long discourse; at the end of which, he blessed them, and forgave them, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, — the members making the hall resound with cries of "Amen!"

Thus was England made Catholic again, by that very law, and by the very men that had made her Protestant in the last two reigns.

We have been made familiar, in our school days, with the name of "Bloody Mary," and the Smithfield fires. But why she deserved the appellation of *bloody*, any more than her father Henry, or her sister Elizabeth, I cannot make out. They were all bloody; and although they shed blood under pretence of upholding the Christian religion, the genius and spirit of Christianity wept over their terrible deeds. The total number of persons put to death by Henry the Eighth, for religious and political opinions, was seventy-two thousand. The total number put to death by Queen Mary was two hundred and seventy-six. The total number put to death by Elizabeth, in England and Ireland, exceeded a MILLION of human beings.

Now, upon what ground Queen Mary could be singled out as more *bloody* than her father and sister, is incomprehensible. But, on the accession of Elizabeth, the celebrated Fox was employed to write a history of those who suffered death in the reign of Mary; and, curious enough, some of the "martyrs" included in Fox's book were alive in his time, and confronted him to his face. *Bishops Cranmer and Ridley* were executed for *treason* against Mary's crown; as were indeed very many of the two hundred and seventy-six that were executed in her reign. But Fox gave her a bad name, to frighten people from the Catholic faith, to which Queen Mary and her husband, Philip, were zealously attached. In Ireland, not one suffered death, for religion's sake, during her reign; and it is quite certain, that seventy Protestant families, who fled from Bristol, under an apprehension that she was about to retaliate on the persecutors of her mother, were kindly and hospitably received by the Catholics of Dublin, who provided for them houses of entertainment and shelter. Nor was this the only instance of Ireland's hospitality to the persecuted: when the Huguenots were driven out of France, in a subsequent reign, many of them repaired to Ireland for shelter, and found it.

From Parnell's Historical Apology, — quoted in O'Connell's Memoir. "Though the religious feelings of the Irish Catholics, and their feelings as men, had been treated with very little ceremony during two preceding reigns, they made a wise and moderate use of their ascendancy. They ENTERTAINED NO RESENTMENT FOR THE PAST, THEY LAID NO PLANS FOR FUTURE DOMINATION. Even Leland allows that the only instance of popish zeal was annulling grants that Archbishop Brown had made, to the injury of the see of Dublin. The assertors of the reformation, during the preceding reigns, were every way unmolested — such

was the general spirit of toleration that MANY ENGLISH FAMILIES, FRIENDS TO THE REFORMATION, TOOK REFUGE IN IRELAND, AND THERE ENJOYED THEIR OPINIONS AND WORSHIP WITHOUT MOLESTATION."

The Irish Protestants, vexed that they could not prove a single instance of bigotry against the Catholics, in this their hour of trial, invented a tale, as palpably false as it is childish, of an *intended* persecution, (but a persecution by the English government, *not* by the Irish Catholics.) And so much does bigotry pervert all candor and taste, that even the Earl of Cork, Archbishop Usher, and Dr. Leland, were not ashamed to support the silly story of Dean Cole and the knave of clubs!

How ought those perverse and superficial men to blush, who have said that the Irish Roman Catholics must be bigots and rebels from the very nature of their religion, and who have advanced this falsehood in the very teeth of fact, and contrary to the most distinct evidence of history! The Irish Roman Catholics bigots? **THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLICS ARE THE ONLY SECT THAT EVER RESUMED POWER WITHOUT EXERCISING VENGEANCE!**

Show a brighter instance, if you can, in the whole page of history. Was this the conduct of Knox or Calvin? or of the brutal council of Edward the Sixth, who signed its bloody warrants with tears? *Has this been the conduct of Irish Protestants?* Taylor, the Protestant author of the Civil Wars, says, p. 169: — "It is but justice to this maligned body, the Catholics, to add that, on **THREE OCCASIONS** of their obtaining the upper hand, they never injured a single person, in life or limb, for professing a religion different from their own. They had suffered persecution and had learned mercy — as they showed in the reign of Mary; in the wars of 1641 to 1648; and during the brief triumph of James the Second."

And, in looking back upon the early history of Ireland, we find recorded by O'Halloran, that, on the fall of Rome, "the confusion and distresses in Britain and Gaul caused numbers of people from these and other countries of Europe to flee to Ireland, as to the only country where peace, subordination, and hospitality, *then* existed. The Irish received these strangers with their accustomed benevolence, assigning them lands and houses to live in and occupy. These places yet retain the names of the different people on whom they were then bestowed. For instance, in the county of Limerick they have *Gall-baile*, or the Gauls' town, *Baile na Francoigh*, or the Franks' town; and scarcely is there a county of the kingdom in which there is not some place named after

the persecuted tribes who, in those days, fled to Ireland for an asylum. These are found in districts in every direction, and are called after the different people who fled to its hospitable valleys; as "the British, the Saxon, Gaulish, or Franktown."

Yet let justice be done Mary, "though the heavens fall." She was a zealous religionist, a conscientious woman, even to restoring every particle of the church property she had been bequeathed by the king, her father, and by Edward, her brother. As to LATIMER, RIDLEY, and CRANMER,—who changed from whole Catholics to half Protestants, under Henry the Eighth, to whole Protestants under Edward the Sixth, and offered to change back again and be Catholics under *Mary*,—their deaths never could be ranked amongst the deaths of martyrs. *Cranmer* made *six recantations* of the errors of the Protestant faith, in the reign of *Mary*; but all did not save him, for he had plotted against the queen's crown, and had been guilty of too many butcheries to be pardoned.

Mary died of dropsy, when only six years on the throne. No issue came from her marriage with Philip, who, on her death, returned to Spain, where his father, Charles the Fifth, resigned him a part of the Spanish empire, then the greatest in the world, and soon after retired to a monastery.

During the most brilliant part of Queen *Mary's* reign, in England, she confiscated, in Ireland, the immense tract of country owned, for twelve hundred years, by the O'Mores, O'Connors, and O'Dempseys, of Leinster, which tracts were changed, in name, into the "King's and Queen's counties." It was during the battles between the queen's deputy and the chiefs of these clans, that the horrible butchery of MULLAGHMAST took place; where three hundred chiefs, who had been invited to a peaceful conference, were surrounded and basely butchered, by orders of the Earl of Essex.

O'Connell thus alluded to this tragedy at the dinner, given in September, 1843, on the very spot where the butchery took place:—"It is not by accident that to-night we are on the Rath of Mullaghmast; it was deliberate design; and yet it is curious what a spot we are assembled on. I anticipated it, and I now rejoice in it. Where my voice is sounding, and you are quiet hearers attentively listening, there were once raised the yells of despair, the groans of approaching death, the agony of wounds inflicted on the perishing and the unarmed. On this very spot they fell beneath the swords of the Saxon, who used them

securely, and delightedly grinding their victims to death. Here the Saxon triumphed, here he raised a shout of victory over his unarmed prey. Upon this very spot three hundred able men perished, who, confiding in Saxon promises, came to a conference of the queen's subjects, and in the merriment of the banquet they were slaughtered. There never returned home but one. Their wives were widowed, and their children were orphans; in their homesteads the shriek of despair; the father and the husband steeped in their own blood, their wives and mothers wept over them in vain. O, Saxon cruelty, how it does delight my heart to think you dare not attempt such a feat again!"

## THE RATH OF MULLAGHMAST.

[By the Writers of the "Nation." Air from Carolan.—"Eveleen's Bower."]

1. O'er the Rath of Mullagh - mast, On the sol - emn

mid - night blast, What bleed - ing spec - tres passed,

With their gashed breasts bare! Hast thou heard the

fit - ful wail, That o'er - loads the sul - len gale,



When the wan - ing moon shines pale O'er the

INSTRUMENT.

curs'd ground there?

## 2.

While cup and song abound,  
 The triple lines surround  
 The closed and guarded mound,  
     In the night's dark noon!  
 Alas! too brave O'More!  
 Ere the revelry was o'er,  
 They have spilled thy young heart's gore;  
     Snatched from love too soon!

## 3.

At the feast, unarmed all,  
 Priest, bard, and chieftain fall  
 In the treacherous Saxon's hall,  
     O'er the bright wine bowl!  
 And now, nightly, round the board,  
 With unsheathed and reeking sword,  
 Strides the cruel felon lord,  
     Of the blood-stained soul!

## 4.

Since that hour, the clouds that passed  
 O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,

One drop have never cast  
 On the gore-dyed sod!  
 For the shower of crimson rain,  
 That o'erflowed that fatal plain,  
 Cries aloud, and not in vain,  
 To the most high God!

5.

Though the Saxon snake unfold  
 At thy feet his scales of gold,  
 And vow thee love untold,  
 Trust him not, green land!  
 Touch not with gloveless clasp  
 A coiled and deadly asp,  
 But with strong and guarded grasp,  
 In your steel-clad hand!

6.

Then raise the cry to Heaven;  
 Let the tyrant's chains be riven,  
 And freedom now be given  
 To our own green land!  
 And ever, Graunia Waile,  
 Let your power so prevail,  
 As to guard your children's weal  
 By their own right hand!

---

 FAIR MARGARET.


## LECTURE XVI.

FROM A. D. 1560 TO 1603.

Mary, Queen of Scotland. — Elizabeth's Jealousy. — Mary Stuart's Misfortunes. — Arrives in Scotland. — Darnley. — Rizzio. — Bothwell. — Rebellion. — Mary put into Prison. — Escapes to Elizabeth, who reconsigns her to Prison. — Her Condemnation and Murder. — Laws against the Poor. — Penal Laws against Catholics. — The English Inquisition. — Sufferings of the Catholics. — Catholics petition the Queen. — Sends the Bearer of the Petition to Prison. — Invents Tortures. — The Rack. — Cruelties of Elizabeth. — Her Character by Wade. — Extends the Reformation to Ireland. — Opposition of the Parliament of the English Pale. — Bribery. — Invasions from England. — Nature of the Irish Clans. — Tendency to Disunion. — Elizabeth's Agents crafty. — Swarms of English Adventurers invade Ireland. — Noble Resistance of the Irish. — Sketch of the FIFTEEN YEARS' WAR. — O'Neill, Prince of Ulster. — Battle of Derry. — Defeat of the English. — Fall of O'Neill. — His Successor. — Cosby's Massacre. — Foreign Aid from the Pope. — Bravery of Fitzmaurice. — Success of Desmond against the Invaders. — The Invaders defeated by O'Byrne. — Surrender of the Spanish Garrison. — Treacherous Massacre. — Fall of Desmond. — Foreign Seminaries. — Dreadful Cruelties. — Confiscations on a grand Scale. — The great Hugh O'Neill. — The Spanish Armada. — The gallant O'Ruark. — Trinity College. — Battle of the Ford of the Biscuits. — The War in Connaught. — O'Neill takes the Field. — His Preparations. — Negotiation opened by the Invaders. — Several Battles. — Defeat of the Invaders. — Invaders offer Terms of Peace to O'Neill. — Declined. — Battle of Armagh. — Defeat of the Invaders. — Rising of Leinster. — Confusion in England. — Further Invasions. — Battle of Binburb. — Defeat of the Invaders. — Their Negotiations for Peace. — Battle of Beal-an-a-Buidh. — Defeat of the Invaders. — Munster League. — Confederacy of Leinster. — Of Connaught. — Great Army of Invaders land. — The Earl of Essex. — The Battle of the Pass of the Plumes. — The War in the North. — Battle of Corslieve. — Defeat of the Invaders. — Essex seeks a Conference with O'Neill. — O'Neill marches through Ireland. — The gallant O'Moore. — Mount Joy sent to Ireland. — His Cruelty. — Reverses of the Irish. — Spanish Aid. — Fall of Desmond. — The War in the South. — Aid from Ulster. — Surrender of Kinsale. — The War in Ulster. — War in Munster. — Siege of Dunboy. — Aid from Spain. — Great Battle of Dunboy. — Fall of Dunboy. — Retreat of O'Sullivan Bearre. — Triumph of O'Neill, and Peace. — Death of Queen Elizabeth. — Her Poor Law.

I now come into the reign of Queen Elizabeth. She was the daughter of Henry the Eighth, by Anne Boleyn. Elizabeth, during the reign of her brother, Edward the Sixth, was a Protestant; and,

during the reign of Queen Mary, was a most rigid Catholic. At the time of her sister's death, she went publicly to mass, and had a chapel and confessor in her own house. Queen Mary, on her death-bed, required of her sister a frank avowal of her opinions on religion. Elizabeth, in answer, prayed God, that the earth might open and swallow her, if she were not a true Roman Catholic. Her accession having been in the usual way notified to foreign powers, she sent an ambassador specially to the pope, who, however, refused to recognize her, on the ground that Elizabeth was born out of wedlock. This was sufficient to alarm and inflame her against the holy see. She had, also, *another* great cause of apprehension about her quiet enjoyment of the throne of England; which was the real and legitimate title to that throne, and to that of Scotland, of the beautiful but unfortunate Mary, "queen of Scots."

MARY STUART was the daughter of James the Fifth, king of Scotland, by a French princess, sister of the celebrated Duke of Guise. Mary Stuart's father died when she was only eight days old; so that she became the reigning queen of Scotland while in the cradle. She was the grand niece of Henry the Eighth. Queen Mary being dead, and Elizabeth having been bastardized, both by acts of Henry's and Mary's parliaments,—in addition to which, not being recognized by France, Spain, or by Rome,—Mary Stuart had, therefore, strong claims and most likely chances to sit on the throne of England.

A regency having been established in Scotland, the infant queen was taken by her powerful uncle, the Duke of Guise, to be educated in France—of which he was then a prime minister. The French, in order to secure Scotland to their interest against England, got Mary betrothed to Francis, son of Henry the Second *king of France*; and, at seventeen years of age, the young queen of Scotland was married to the young French prince, who was but fifteen years of age. This took place in 1558, the very year that Elizabeth ascended the throne of England. In a few months after, the old king of France died, and, by this death, Mary Stuart was elevated, with her husband, to the throne of France. Thus she was queen of France and of Scotland, in fact, and the legitimate heiress to the throne of England; besides all, she was the most beautiful woman in Europe.

Elizabeth's natural pride found in all these circumstances materials enough for excitement and alarm. Rejected by the pope as illegitimate, her advisers hinted to her to fall back on the Protestant feelings of such as favored the career of Henry, her father, and Edward,

her brother. She seized, and acted on, this suggestion with vigor. Besides this, there was still another consideration which would weigh with the English — Mary Stuart was now queen of France ; if Elizabeth died before *her*, or died without issue, then England had become a province of France. The bare idea of this — the remote apprehension of the thing — was quite sufficient to stir up the national feelings of the English nation. The nation had no choice but one — either to uphold Elizabeth, or to become a great province of France. To the latter they would not submit, and, therefore, they decided in favor of Elizabeth, and the setting aside of Mary.

Before I come to the direct acts of Elizabeth, in reference to Ireland, I will trace very rapidly the career and fate of the beautiful but unfortunate queen of the Scots.

As I have already said, Mary was married to the young prince of France, whose father died in a few months after they were united. She was thus placed on the throne of France, with her husband, surrounded by all that earth could offer in the way of splendor, power, human admiration, and popular applause. But these enjoyments were to be of short duration. Her husband, FRANCIS THE SECOND, died seventeen months after his accession ; and, as the laws of France forbid the occupancy of the throne by a woman, Mary was suddenly obliged to retire from that horizon which her presence illumined for so short a period. She was still a queen — queen of the Scottish nation ; and to that nation she was advised by her friends to return, and assume its government. On her arrival in Scotland, she found all in factious confusion. Her long absence had encouraged rival chieftains to array the country in hostile clans ; besides which, the doctrines of the reformation were vigorously preached by JOHN KNOX, who had been a monk.

Mary, who had been bred a Catholic, and who was deified in the court of France, found her situation in Scotland truly miserable. Besides all this, the agents of Elizabeth were set to work to stir up factions against her ; and, through the agency of her *money*, became more truly the rulers of Scotland than Mary. About three years after her return to Scotland, she married Henry Stuart, Earl of Darnley, her cousin. Darnley was a Protestant, Mary a Catholic ; they soon differed and separated.

Darnley soon after became jealous of the queen's private secretary, *Rizzio* ; and with a band of assassins, rushed into her presence while

seated at supper with the ladies of her court. Rizzio was in attendance. They seized and stabbed him at her feet.

Darnley was himself blown up by gunpowder, in about a year after, in a house where he slept, near Edinburgh. This is placed at the door of the Earl of Bothwell. Soon after this, Mary gave birth to a son, who was afterwards James the First of England.

The Earl of Bothwell shortly after, with a band of horsemen, seized the queen, as she was returning from a visit to her child. He carried her, by force, to his castle of Dunbar, where she was partly compelled to promise to marry him. This extorted promise she complied with in the most solemn manner, in a few days after, before all the authorities of Scotland.

Whitaker, an English historian, acquits Mary of all participation in the crime of Darnley's death; so, also, does William Cobbett. But, be this correct or not, a part of her subjects rebelled against her, headed by the Earl of Murray, her natural brother. The queen's forces were defeated; Bothwell, her husband, fled to Denmark; she was put into prison by her own subjects, and her infant son was crowned, at thirteen months old, King of Scotland, Murray assuming the regency.

Mary now saw herself dethroned and in prison. Queen Elizabeth, privately gloating over her fall, affected to feel pity for her situation, and actually invited her to her court at Windsor. In an evil hour, Mary listened to these seductive invitations; and no sooner did she arrive within the authority of Queen Elizabeth, than she was arrested and put into prison, where she remained for nineteen years. Her prison was changed three times; but out of confinement she never after got. Elizabeth had her tried several times upon various charges, which Whitaker and other historians pronounce to be forged. The ministers of Elizabeth suggested to have her despatched by poison. She was at length tried, on some trumped-up charge of treason, and found guilty by a court composed of Elizabeth's friends. Her death-warrant was signed, and remained for four months unexecuted. In the mean time, the emissaries of the queen tried every means in their power to despatch the queen of Scots by poison. Execution was at length done on her, without allowing her the benefit of a clergyman of her own communion, and the hypocrite Elizabeth affected great horror on hearing of her death, and actually imprisoned her secretary, Davison, for putting her own wishes and orders into execution.

On this act towards Queen Mary, *Whitaker*, an English protestant divine, has made the following remarks: —

“The legal murder of Mary of Scotland took place on the 8th February, 1587, — a day of everlasting infamy to the memory of the English queen, who had no sensibilities of tenderness, and no sentiments of generosity, who looked not forward to the awful verdict of history, and who shuddered not at the infinitely more awful doom of God. I blush, as an *Englishman*, to think that this was done by an English queen, and one whose name *I was taught* to lisp, in my infancy, as the honor of her sex and the glory of our isle.”

The people of England sided, however, with Elizabeth, from the moment that a suspicion, as to the intentions of Spain to invade England, took root.

On the destruction of the abbeys and monasteries, under Henry the Eighth, the artisans who had been usually employed in decorating and repairing them, and the poor who were ever received and fed in their hospitable halls, now wandered about in large bands. The queen established martial law about London, and actually chid her agents and commissioners for their tardiness, in hanging up, without *trial*, those whom they might choose to denominate idlers and vagabonds. The poor were then branded in the flesh with red-hot irons, if found begging.

Before I present a view of the tyranny practised by this woman in Ireland, we must have a glance at some more of her acts in England.

Penal laws were introduced into the parliament, which imposed fines and punishments on all those who refused to acknowledge Queen Elizabeth the spiritual head of the English church. These laws were not only directed against the Catholics, but against those dissenters who went farther than the Protestants of Elizabeth's laws. Among these were the great body of dissenters of Scotland, who had been influenced by the preaching of John Knox.

Queen Elizabeth, though having thrown off the power of Rome, and established her form of church service, was intolerant enough to look with great jealousy on the levelling of clerical distinctions in Scotland, and stickled as firmly for a church establishment of bishops, &c., as any of her Catholic predecessors. Her persecutions, therefore, were levelled at those who, she thought, believed too much, as against those who, she thought, believed too little; and, to shorten the tale, she brought in several penal laws, imposing fines on all who did not attend and practise the form of public service which she had arranged. The Catholics were the objects of the most bitter persecution; but they

did not suffer alone; they suffered the most, however, in retaliation for the pope's refusing to acknowledge her legitimacy.

Queen Elizabeth established an inquisition, — that is, she appointed a commission composed of certain bishops and others, whose power extended over the whole kingdom, and over all ranks and degrees of the people. They were empowered to have an absolute control over the opinions of all men, and to punish all men according to their discretion. They might proceed legally, if they chose, in the obtaining of evidence against parties; but they had power given them to employ *imprisonment*, the *rack*, or *torture* of any sort, to effect a conformity in religious opinion, if their suspicions alighted on any man, no matter whether it referred to his politics or religion; and though they had no evidence, not even hearsay, these commissioners might administer an oath to him, by which he was bound to reveal his thoughts — to accuse himself, his friend, his brother, or father, upon pain of death.

These subaltern tyrants inflicted what fines they pleased; they put forth whatever new articles of faith they pleased; they exercised, in the name of the queen, an absolute control over the *bodies*, *minds*, and *properties*, of all her subjects. It was a terrible tyranny in its nature, and terribly did they exercise it.

William Cobbett — who was an Englishman, a Protestant, and who, in his younger days, had *written* against the Catholic church — thus speaks of this tyrannical commission: “When one looks at the deeds of this tyrant; when one sees what abject slavery she had reduced the nation to; when one views this commission, composed of greedy, rapacious monsters, let into the full swing of unbridled tyranny over every man, woman, and child, in the kingdom, — one feels humbled at the name of England, that tolerated it even a day. It is impossible for us not to reflect with shame on what we have so long been saying against the *Spanish inquisition*, which, *from its first establishment to the present hour*, has not committed so much cruelty as this ferocious tyrant committed in any *one* year of the forty-three years she ruled England.”

It is hardly necessary to attempt to describe the sufferings that the Catholics had to endure during this murderous reign. No tongue, no pen, is adequate to the task. To hear mass, to harbor a priest, to admit the supremacy of the pope, to deny this woman's spiritual supremacy, and many other things which an honorable Catholic could scarcely avoid, consigned him to the scaffold. Not only were men punished for not confessing that the new religion *was the true one*, — not only for continuing to practise the religion in which they had been born and bred, —



but were actually punished for not going to the new assemblages, and there performing what they must, if they were sincere, necessarily deem an act of apostacy.

No new priest of the Catholic faith was suffered to be made or educated in England, on *pain of death*. It was *death* for a priest to come into England from abroad; *death* to harbor him; *death* for him to perform his functions in her dominions; *death* even to confess to him.

Those who refused to go to her churches were fined twenty-five pounds per month, of the money of those times, which equals two hundred and fifty pounds of the money of the present day. This was a fine, or tax, inflicted for the luxury of keeping a conscience, equal to seventeen thousand dollars a year of American money.

No Catholic, or reputed Catholic, had a moment's security or peace. At all hours, but generally in the night-time, the agents of the queen entered his house by breaking it open; rushed in different directions into the rooms; broke open closets, chests, drawers, rummaged beds and pockets, every where, for crosses, vestments, prayer or mass books, or any thing appertaining to the Catholic worship, or that could afford suspicion that a priest frequented the house. As to the poorer portion of the Catholics, those who were not able to pay these heavy fines, they were whipped publicly; they were branded with red-hot irons in the forehead or ears; and none durst let them in or harbor them.

At last, the Catholics entertained a hope that, by declaring their loyalty as subjects to her throne, they might be able to mitigate the rigor of her oppressive rule. An able and dutiful address was drawn up; but the question then came, who would present it. All trembled at the danger of presenting even an humble petition. At last, Richard Shelley, of Sussex, undertook the dangerous duty. The humane answer of this tender woman to the petition was, the imprisonment for life of Mr. Shelley.

But this was nothing to other acts resorted to by her, to produce a change in the opinions of her people. She employed the rack and torture to extort information. — See Cobbett, article *Elizabeth*.

There were many kinds of torture invented by this cruel woman; but her favorite engine was the rack; which we must examine as presented to us by the English historian, Dr. Lingard: —

“The RACK was a large, open frame of oak, raised three feet from the ground. The prisoner was stretched on his back, on the floor, under this square frame; his wrists and ankles were attached, by cords, to two rollers at the ends of the frame; these were tightened by draw-

ing the cords in opposite directions, by levers, till the body rose from the floor to a level with the frame. *Questions were then put to the unfortunate victim; and, if the answers did not prove satisfactory, the sufferer was stretched more and more, till the bones started from their sockets.*"

Such was the way this "glory of England" changed the religious opinions of her people! Such was the reign of Good Queen Bess in England! But O, horror of horrors! what was it in Ireland? The Genius of History grieves while she records her diabolical acts, and the Spirit of Religion shrieks to find that such deeds were perpetrated in *her name.*

I may be told that this dangerous ground should be avoided; that persons may take offence at my thus laying bare the acts of one whom many persons, in their youth, had been taught to look upon as a bold, chivalrous woman, — a heroine of the English nation. My answer is, that the histories of England, written within the last three hundred years, have been composed of about equal parts of truth and falsehood; that Ireland has been blackened by the writers who praised this woman, and it is necessary to the cause of truth to unveil her whom they adore, and vindicate the nation which they would blacken. This woman persecuted Ireland more than any monarch of England that ever lived. She planted there, through every acre of its surface, the seeds of religious and political strife, and turned a fair garden into a great slaughter-yard. She sent in, amongst the pious and hospitable people of that country, a swarm of pillagers, pirates, plunderers! who butchered young and old, clergy and laity, male and female; mothers with their infants at their breasts, — the innocent babes seized and spitted on the points of spears by her terrible agents.

Let those who approve of the acts of this monster feel dissatisfied with me. The historian, after all, is the true avenger. Shall I, armed as I am with the sword of justice, prove a venal, corrupt officer? What would honest men say of me, were I base enough to pander to power or to falsehood? Let those who recoil with horror from association with the perpetrators of such butcheries and such robberies, join with us in redeeming Ireland from the state of slavery to which Elizabeth and her successors have reduced that great and noble country.

Ere I touch upon her treatment of Ireland, let me put on record a summing up of her character, written by the impartial WADE, her own countryman, who has brought the history of England down to our time: "Her amiability and morality must be at once given up. She had no

feminine graces. Like her person, her mind, passions, and even accomplishments, were masculine. The execution of the unfortunate Scottish queen, though deemed necessary by her ministers, is an ineffaceable blot on her memory. Amongst the legislative and judicial machinery she used, her absoluteness was ever the guiding principle.

"First was the Court of *Star Chamber*, [mark that!] whose members held their places during the pleasure of the crown, and might fine, imprison, and punish corporally, by whipping, branding, slitting the nostrils and ears. The queen, if present, was sole judge; and the jurisdiction of the court extended to all sorts of offences, contempts, and disorders, that lay out of the reach of the common law.

"The Court of High Commission was a still more arbitrary jurisdiction. Its vengeance was directed against heresy, *which was defined as a difference of opinion on religion and morals with the queen.*

"Martial law was first introduced by her. In suspicious times, the jails were full of prisoners, who were thrown into dungeons, loaded with irons, and frequently tortured to extract confessions. Not unfrequently, in the agony of their tortures, the unhappy sufferers wrongly accused others or themselves. Against these enormities the subject had no redress; neither judge nor jury dared to acquit *when the crown was bent on a conviction.* The queen, by special warrants, claimed the right to interfere to stop the course of justice. There are many records of special warrants granted by the queen to save malefactors from death; these warrants were neither to be canvassed, disputed, nor examined."

There is the immortal picture of Elizabeth, drawn by her countryman, Wade, a living historian.

Talk of English glory, English bravery, English liberty, after that! Talk and boast of a nation that submitted, for forty-three years, to such a monster! I may be told that Ireland, too, submitted to her will. *I deny it!* The Irish opposed their hearts' blood to her terrible edicts; they died in the gory field, rather than submit to such tyranny; they purified their nation, by rivers of their blood, from the stain of submitting to such a monster; they parted with all that was dear to them in this life, and offered their dead bodies, in the field of battle, as evidences of their determination not to submit to her tyranny, her morals, or her laws; AND, AFTER FIGHTING AND BEATING HER ARMIES FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, COMPELLED HER TO SUE FOR PEACE AT LAST.

I am sick of listening to the cant of "British power," "British honor," and "British freedom." These terms may pass in the court and presence of Queen Victoria; but I and my countrymen, and our fathers, have

suffered too much by it, to allow that cant to have sway in this free country, where truth has a dwelling-place, and where justice is enthroned in the hearts of the people.

The gauze and tinsel that conceal the deformed features of the British government must be torn away; her brow must be branded with the term "*perfidy*;" her government must be denounced abroad, and subdued at home; we will array the public opinion of the civilized world against her; and that Ireland, which she persecuted for centuries, must, at last, be vindicated and disenthralled.

Let us now follow Elizabeth's government into Ireland. She had directions sent to Lord Sussex to have a parliament of the *Little Pale* summoned from ten counties around the metropolis. Previous to this, the little parliament was composed of no more than members of *six* counties. There were thirty-two counties in Ireland; and previous to this period, say 1560, the power of the English Pale went not outside of these six counties; the rest of the nation was governed by their old provincial princes, and their old Brehon or *Brehave* laws. The religion of the whole people, as well in the Pale as without, was Roman Catholic.

Elizabeth, then, commenced a reformation of the religious opinions of the people of Ireland; and her first step was to have the little parliament of the Pale summoned. On their assembling, several acts were proposed by her deputy, — one of which required that all her people should renounce the errors of their former religion, disconnect themselves from the court of Rome, acknowledge her as spiritual head of the church, adopt the prayers and religious ceremonies which she had prepared, and, lastly, conform to her system of religious belief and practice. But the parliament rejected these propositions. Sussex found it necessary to dissolve the parliament. He then repaired to England, to give the queen, in person, an account of the reception her laws had met with.

In a few years after, she had another parliament, assembled at Dublin, of men whom she had previously tampered with and moulded to her wishes. Numbers of Englishmen were sent over, and returned to the parliament for places they had never set foot in. Sir Edmond Butler, and many more of the old English settlers, protested against this corrupt act. Four days were spent in debates, at the very threshold of her new legislation; the honest portion of the members declared against receiving any bill, or passing any law, in so illegal an assembly. Great confusion prevailed between the members of this parliament; and, finally, Barnwell and Butler — the Grattan and Flood of the day — opposed

this party, pronounced it a base faction, and determined to resist its doings.

But Elizabeth let the storm of their virtuous indignation pass by: she relied upon the pliancy to be obtained by bribery, which she administered with an unsparing hand. Independently of this, she hinted at the confiscations which were to follow, — the rich prizes she had in store for those who were willing to pander to her will. Soon the scene changed; a majority of the parliament became subservient to her will; the whole machinery of tyranny, which she had constructed in England, was sent by her into Ireland, and adopted, without discussion, by this parliament. The church property was every where seized; the leading men, who opposed her will, were imprisoned and executed. A scheme of extermination was commenced: the lands of all the old Irish chieftains were seized, by acts of this little parliament, and parcelled out to English adventurers, ere the owners were aware of it. Chief after chief fell victims to her vengeance, and district after district was parcelled out to the swarms of pillagers which now appeared to pour into Ireland, as if a change had been effected in the very laws of nature.

A mania for pillage and rapine seized the people of England, which was fostered by this unprincipled woman. Fleets, armies, myriads of them flocked over to unfortunate Ireland, to seize on the lands and possessions of the old inhabitants.

It would take more than all the pages of this book to hold the details of those butcheries and robberies. In some places subjection was obtained by compromise, in others by treachery, and most generally by wars of local extermination. For the previous four hundred years the battles between the English and Irish were generally confined to the English deputy and some five or six thousand men, on one side, and some distinguished Irish chieftain, at the head of his mountain clan, on the other. These wars generally terminated favorably to the Irish; for the utmost the English could obtain by their battles was an armistice or compromise of some sort.

The Irish clans, under the *name* of their respective princes, never died. It was in vain that the chieftain of the day, when captured by the English, was beheaded, and his head placed upon a spike. There was anon "another Richmond in the field." These clans were regulated by a singularly republican law. The property of the clan or tribe was owned almost in common. On the death of any member, all the property belonging to him was cast into the common lot, and redistrib-

uted amongst his family. When the chief of the clan died, either in his bed or on the field, his place was supplied, by election, from the best of his family. Those chiefs acknowledged obedience to provincial kings, and these again to the chief monarch of the kingdom. The chiefs, who were called *tanists* or *thanes*, were able soldiers, well calculated, in bodily strength and courage, to defend their country.

The great evil of their political system was its tendency to create ambitious rivalry among themselves. Had only the one fourth of the chiefs of Ireland united against the common enemy, at *any period* of the three hundred and eighty years from the invasion of Henry the Second to the time of Elizabeth, their country could have been rid of them in a single campaign. But the very nature of the chieftain's power forbade this union. Ever bound, by the increasing number of his tribe, to extend their territory, and by his natural ambition to extend his own sway, his neighbor clans, east, west, north, and south, were viewed with as much jealousy by him and his, as the common enemy of their race, the Anglo-Normans.

This erroneous political and social principle, ever acting at all points of the kingdom, gave the crafty invader great advantages, and *this was ever the secret source of English domination in Ireland.*

The agents of Elizabeth pursued, by her direction, a crafty course. They did not disclose their objects of general confiscation and extermination. They engaged in the warfare of the chiefs and clans against each other. In some places they warred openly, and vanquished and cut down whole districts, parcelling out the lands of the slain amongst the swarms of English adventurers who now came into the country. On the breaking up of the monasteries in England, and the consequent withdrawal of employment and relief which had been previously afforded to the people by the industrious and considerate monks, the towns of England became thronged with idle, starving people, who gladly enlisted in any enterprise which promised them a change from their present condition. Already had a scale of booty been laid down and offered to all those who should volunteer into the queen's army for the conquest of Ireland. To a footman one hundred and twenty acres, and to a horseman two hundred acres, of the lands of Ireland, were proposed to be given, which were to be held in fee from the queen, or from some of her favorites, on payment of a penny or twopence per annum, per acre, by the fortunate soldier.

It does not surprise us to be told that the half of the inhabitants of England and Scotland were in motion for the pillage and butchery of

the unfortunate people of Ireland. To heighten the materials of strife, the sacred name of *religion* was introduced between the combatants. The whole system of the penal laws of England, against those who adhered to the Catholic religion, was transferred to Ireland. Those who refused to conform to the queen's standard of worship were fined so heavily, that their estates were soon consumed. These estates, whether owned by persons of English or Irish extraction, were confiscated to the queen, and given to her new favorites, for distribution among their followers.

Religion was only used as a *pretence*, to seize on all the property of the nation; and, more absurdly monstrous, the Irish people really did not know what the form of faith was which the queen proposed for their adoption. England had just then changed her religion five times in the course of thirty years. They were Catholics in 1529; immediately after they became schismatics, and formed a religion, no part of which they understood; in Edward's reign, the doctrines of Zwingle prevailed; under Mary, the Catholic religion was restored; and on the accession of Elizabeth, another was established, composed, with some alterations, of the tenets of Luther and Calvin, to which was given the name of the English church. Such was the undefined worship which the Irish were called upon to adopt, or forfeit liberty, property, and life.

Although it is not my purpose to enter into the detail of the great contest which now began between *Protestant* England and *Catholic* Ireland, yet a notice of the chief actions of men who nobly struggled, in that age, for homes and altars, is due to their memories; and I condense a few particulars from the voluminous Abbé M'Geoghegan:

#### THE FIFTEEN YEARS' WAR.

O'Neill's power engrossed much of the attention of the English government at this time. The queen despatched Knolls to Ireland to concert measures with the deputy to reduce that nobleman, either by kindness or by force. She even offered to him the titles of Earl of Tyrone and Baron of Dungannon. O'Neill received the proposal with a haughtiness expressive of his contempt for English titles of honor, which he looked upon as beneath the name of O'Neill. The commissioners who were intrusted with the negotiation, received from him the following reply: 'If Elizabeth, your mistress, be queen of England, I am O'Neill, king of Ulster; I never made peace with her without having been previously solicited to it by her. I am not ambitious of the abject title of earl; both my family and birth raise me

above it. I will not yield precedence to any one ; my ancestors have been kings of Ulster. I have gained that kingdom by my sword, and by the sword I will preserve it.' He then spoke contemptuously of M'Carty More, who had just accepted the title of earl.

The English government, finding O'Neill fixed in his determination, thought necessary to use force against him. For this purpose, Colonel Randolph was despatched, at the head of seven hundred men, to Derry, a small town in the northern extremity of Tyrone. They took possession of the town, and converted the ancient church of St. Columbe into a magazine for powder and warlike stores ; the priests and monks being driven out, and other sacrileges committed in the churches.

O'Neill saw plainly that it was against his interest to suffer an enemy to establish a garrison so near, and always in readiness to attack him. He marched, therefore, to Derry, without loss of time, with two thousand five hundred infantry, and three hundred cavalry, and posted himself within two miles of the town. They soon came to an engagement, and, during or subsequent to the battle, the powder magazine took fire, and the town and fort of Derry were blown up, by which nearly seven hundred Englishmen, and Randolph, their chief, met a miserable end.

Discord still prevailed between O'Neill and O'Donnell. The latter was supported by the English, whose aim was to weaken O'Neill, as his power was an obstacle to the reformation, which they wished to introduce into Ireland, and to the conquest of the country, which was not yet complete. These two princes fought many battles with unequal success. O'Neill, at length, having collected all his forces, gained, over the queen's troops that were sent to assist O'Donnell, the celebrated victory of the red Sagums, called, in the Irish language, '*Cah na gassogues Deargs.*' In this battle, four hundred English soldiers were killed, besides several officers who had lately arrived from England.

The great exploits of O'Neill were not sufficient to save him from ruin. He was brave, and his vassals well disciplined ; but they fought better in the field than in their attacks on towns, or in defending them. The English deputy was more frequently victorious by stratagem than by force of arms ; he was in possession of fortifications and garrisons, from which he made occasional incursions on the lands of O'Neill, and was artful enough to foment discord between that prince and his neighbors. He detached Maguire, of Fermanagh, a powerful nobleman of the country, from his interest, and always supported O'Donnell against him ; so that O'Neill, finding himself hemmed in on all sides, and his forces weakened, was reduced to the sad alternative of



seeking safety among his enemies. He had twice defeated the Scotch; in the first battle, he had killed their chief, James M'Donnel, and in the second, Surly Boy M'Donnel, brother of the latter, was taken prisoner. Still his misfortunes forced him to have recourse to those whom he had beaten. He restored Surly Boy to his liberty, and set out for Northern Clanneboy, where the Scotch, to the number of six hundred, were encamped, under the command of Alexander M'Donnel, A. D. 1567. O'Neill appeared with a few attendants in the camp, where he was received with apparent politeness; but the Scotch, either through revenge for the injuries they had received from him, or hoping to obtain a considerable reward from the English government, stabbed him, with all his followers, and sent his head to the deputy, who exposed it upon a pole on the castle of Dublin.

An account of the expenses of this war against O'Neill was sent to the queen; according to which it amounted to one hundred and forty-seven thousand four hundred and seven pounds sterling, besides the taxes raised on the country. Her majesty also lost about three thousand five hundred men of her own troops, who were killed by the Ulster prince and his allies, with several of the Irish and Scotch, who had taken up arms against him.

Turlough Lynogh O'Neill, who had been acknowledged chief of that illustrious name, continued to support the cause of his country. The noblemen of Ulster and Scotland made frequent alliances, about that time. O'Neill married the Earl of Argyle's aunt, and kept Scotch troops in his pay. This prince was planning an expedition against the English province, but was prevented from carrying it into execution. His life being endangered by a musket-shot he received either by accident or by design, the Scotch began to desert him, and the tribe was about to appoint another chief. Having, however, recovered, while preparing to accomplish his first project against the English, the deputy despatched two commissioners, Judge Dowdal and the Dean of Armagh, on the part of the queen, to his camp at Dungannon; and a treaty was entered into between them in January, which was ratified by the deputy in the month of March following.

Thomas Smith, an Englishman, and counsellor to the queen, finding that his countrymen were making rapid fortunes in Ireland, at the expense of the old inhabitants, and wishing to have a share in the spoils, asked permission from his royal mistress to send over his son to found an English colony at Ardes, in Ulster. The queen having given her consent, young Smith was equipped for the enterprise. One Chatter-

ton being appointed his governor, with a suitable retinue, they sailed for Ireland; but, on approaching the place of his destination, unfortunately for Smith, he met Brien M'Art O'Neill, to whom Ardes belonged, ready to receive him. The pretended Lord of Ardes was killed in a skirmish, and his troops dispersed by Brien M'Art.

Francis Cosby, being appointed governor of Leix, ruled that country as a true tyrant. His son Alexander equalled him in cruelty, and wreaked his vengeance on inoffensive Catholics for the hard treatment he had received from O'Morra, [O'Moore.] Having convened a meeting of the principal inhabitants in the castle of Mollach, under pretence of the public welfare, he had them all murdered by assassins posted there for the purpose, violating thereby all honor and public faith. One hundred and eighty men of the family of O'Morra, with many others, were put to death upon this occasion. This cruel and bloody tyrant took such delight in putting Catholics to the torture, that he hanged men, women, and children, by dozens, from an elm-tree that grew before his door, at Stradbally, where he resided. He subsequently lost his life at the battle of Glendaloch.

Fitzmaurice, one of the southern chieftains, made his way to Rome, to solicit money and military assistance from the pope, for the protection of the Catholics. His holiness advanced him a considerable sum, and raised two thousand volunteers, who were to assemble in Portugal. About the half of this force did assemble under *Stukely*, a foreigner, at Lisbon; but, on his arrival, this treacherous leader, with his whole force, joined the king of Portugal, in his wars on Africa. When Fitzmaurice arrived with the remainder of the force, amounting to seven or eight hundred, great was his mortification to find what had occurred. However, he embarked his little army in six small vessels, and arrived safe, bringing arms for four thousand men, with suitable ammunition. He got into the harbor of Smerwick, in the county of Kerry, in July, 1579. Here he threw up some fortifications, and called around him the neighboring chiefs. They soon drove the English out of Tralee, put their chiefs to the sword, and then prepared to march towards Connaught.

Previous to the march of the grand army, Fitzmaurice, with a few men, went into the friendly parts of Connaught, with the view of conciliating the chiefs; but, on his way, he was attacked by Theobald Burke, of Castle Connel, who, from a desire to please Elizabeth, sacrificed religion and country. Finding it impossible to avoid an engagement, Fitzmaurice resolved to conquer or die. Being wounded in the

breast by a musket-ball, and roused to a last effort, he cleared a passage through the enemy, and cut off the head of Burke with a single blow. The brothers of that captain fell also, and their entire force was routed. The victory, however, proved a dear one to Fitzmaurice. His wound being mortal, he died in six hours after the action.

Sir John Desmond took the command of the Catholic army, according to the will of Fitzmaurice; and now the English deputy penetrated into Munster, in order to extinguish the rebellion. Sir John Desmond posted himself near a forest called Blackwood; whither the English deputy sent a strong detachment, under Captains Herbert and Price, with orders to force his camp. On the appearance of the English, both armies drew up in order of battle; the first shock was favorable to the English, but they were afterwards cut to pieces by a body of men which Desmond had concealed in the wood, and which, attacking them in flank, soon destroyed them. A great number was killed, and amongst them Herbert and Price.

The loss of this battle caused great affliction to the English deputy, but he was relieved by the arrival of six hundred English, under Captains Bourcheir, Carew, and Dowdal, sent by the queen to Waterford, to reënforce the army. Sir John Perrot arrived in Cork, with six vessels, to protect the coast. Being joined by this reënforcement, the deputy went on another equally unsuccessful expedition to Connello. Having fallen sick from excess of fatigue, he sent for Malby, the governor of Connaught, to command the troops, and withdrew to Waterford.

Various now were the successes and reverses of the brave Desmond. During all these changes, the English army was continually increasing, whilst the gold and promises of Elizabeth were daily winning off the supporters of her brave opponent. Every mean act of treachery towards Desmond, committed by any of his degraded countrymen, was rewarded with magnificent grants of land and titles. Those of his followers, who were caught, obtained no quarter from the English. It was death to correspond with him.

In the mean time a new deputy, named *Grey*, was sent to Ireland, who, like most of the English deputies on their first arrival, set out through the country with a view to whip it into subjection by a few shots. This braggadocio marched to the Wicklow Mountains, where the Irish, under the chieftain O'Byrne, were posted. *Grey* collected for this expedition all the troops of Leinster; but at the memorable wood of Glendaloch he was, after a long and obstinate battle, defeated by the

**Irish.** A dreadful carnage was made of the English troops, and the deputy and his staff flew for safety to Dublin. At this battle, *Cosby*, who took such delight in hanging Catholics, fell an unmourned victim of his own cruelty.

The deputy now collected the remnant of his forces, and, with the supplies from England, proceeded to the south, where the Spaniards, under Desmond, were still unconquered. He laid siege, by sea and land, to the garrison of *Smerwick*, which bravely held out several weeks. At length, a flag of truce was sent to the garrison. Deputies were appointed to treat. Some confusion occurred between the interpreters and the Spanish commander. Large terms were offered to the garrison, who, being many days without provisions, clamored for a capitulation: it was at length accepted, and as soon as these poor fellows, numbering six hundred, laid down their arms, they were instantly butchered by their honorable enemy. It is from this event that *fides Greiæ*, or 'the faith of Grey,' became a phrase expressive of perfidy.

John Desmond, brother of the hero Desmond, was shortly after, when nearly alone, waylaid by the English, while about to cross the River Blackwater. He was wounded in the heroic conflict with his captors, and died on his way to Cork, whither they carried his body, having sent his head to Dublin, where it was placed on the castle; and his body was tied to a gibbet, at the gates of Cork, where it remained three years, till it was carried into the sea by the wind.

We have now come to the last year of the life of Desmond, A. D. 1583. Finding himself unassisted by the Spaniards, and deserted by his adherents, he became a fugitive through the country. On arriving in the county of Kerry, with a few followers, he took refuge in a small house in the middle of a wood, called Gleam-a-Ginkie, four miles from Tralee, where he was subsisted by whatever Goffred M'Sweeny, who was faithfully attached to him, could procure by hunting. Being surprised at length by his enemies, his head was cut off, and sent to Cork, whence it was brought soon after to England, fastened on a pole, and exposed to public view on the bridge of London.

Thus perished the hopes of Ireland in the south; for the smaller chieftains now fell an easy prey before the accumulated troops from England.

Persecution, which had somewhat abated during the war, began anew with increased severity after the death of the Earl of Desmond

and the other defenders of the Catholic cause. It was enough to be an Irishman to be persecuted, and a Catholic to be crucified. Their neighbors, the English Catholics, were not exempt from the persecution. In order to form a rampart against perversion, establishments were founded in the Catholic countries for the education of youth whose parents had not renounced the religion of their ancestors. These were called *seminaries*. The number of Irish Catholics who emigrated for the purpose of receiving education may be judged of from the number of seminaries established in other countries for their special reception, from the time of Elizabeth to 1793, viz. : at Paris there were two — *College des Lombards*, *Community Rue Chaul-vert*, and one at each of the following places: *Nantz*, *Bourdeaux*, *Douay*, *Toulouse*, *Lisle*, *Louvaine*, *Antwerp*, *Salamanca*, *Rome*, *Lisbon*.

These establishments did not fail to attract the attention of the English court ; they were considered as very dangerous to the government, and opposed to the reformation of the church. In order to remedy this, an edict was published, commanding all who had children, wards, or relations, in foreign countries, to send, within ten days, their names to the judge of the district, *to recall them within four months, and present them, immediately on their return, to the said judge*. By the same edict, it was prohibited to send them money ; and every one was strictly forbidden to receive these seminarians, or Jesuits, into his house, or to support, nourish, or relieve them in any manner, under pain of being considered rebels, and punished according to the laws. In consequence of this proclamation, several priests, Jesuits, and monks, suffered martyrdom with Christian fortitude, amongst whom were the two celebrated Jesuits, Personius and Campianus.

I take from O'Connell's *Memoir* the following compact descriptions of the invader's cruelty : — " What arms were unable to achieve, was brought about by the most horrible and persevering cruelties. The Irish, who could not be subdued by *force*, were compelled to yield to *famine*. The harvests were burnt, year after year, as soon as they became ripe. The cattle were taken away and slaughtered ; provisions of every kind were destroyed. The country was devastated ; the population perished for want of food. Then came famine and pestilence, the irresistible arms used by England to obtain dominion.

" It is horrible to think that this mode of subjugation was suggested, in detail, by the poet Spenser — a man who, though affected by the quaintness of his time, was endowed with the most poetic genius. He

had his plan for the pacification of Ireland. It was no other than that of creating *famine and insuring pestilence!* And he encouraged the repetition of these diabolical means by his own evidence of their efficacy. He recommended, indeed, that twenty days should be given to the Irish to come in and submit, after the expiration of which time they were to be shown no mercy. But let me quote his own words: 'The end will (I assure mee) bee very short, and much sooner than it can be in so greate a trouble as it seemeth hoped for; altho there should none of them fall by the sword, nor be slaine by the soldiour, yet, thus being kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad, by hard restraint, THEY WOULD QUIETLY CONSUME THEMSELVES, AND DEVOUR ONE ANOTHER.' — *Spenser's Ireland*, p. 165. \*

"These counsels of Spenser were carried into effect. Take the following specimens from Hollinshead's description of the progress of the English army in the south, during the contest with Desmond, who was, in fact, forced into rebellion: 'As they went, they drove the whole country before them into the Ventry, and by that means they preyed and took all the cattle in the country, to the number of eight thousand kine, besides horses, garrons, sheep, and goats; *and all such people as met, they did without mercy put to the sword.* By these means, the whole country having no cattle nor kine left, they were driven to such extremities that, for want of victuals, they were either to die and perish for famine, or to die under the sword.' — *Hollinshead*, VI. 427.

"The soldiers likewise, in the camp, were so hot upon the spur, and so eager upon the vile rebels, that day, they spared neither man, woman, nor child, but ALL was committed to the sword.' — *Hollinshead*, VI. 430.

"I give the next quotation to show how trivial it was considered to slaughter four hundred unarmed people in a single day — it was thought an insufficient day's service: 'The next daie following, being the twelwe of March, the lord justice and the earle divided their armie into two severall companies, by two ensignes and three together, the lord justice taking the one side of Sleughlogher; and so *they searched the woods, burned the town, and killed that daie about foure hundred men, and returned that night with all the cattle which they found that day.* And the said lords being *not satisfied* with his daie's service, they did likewise the next daie divide themselves, spoiled and consumed the whole countrie until it was night.' — *Hollinshead*, VI. 430.

"This is but a specimen of the mode in which the war was carried on. I give a few more instances, and I could multiply them by hundreds ·

‘He divided his companies into foure parts, and they entered into foure severall places of the wood at one instant, and by that means they scoured the wood throughout, *in killing as manie as they tooke*, but the residue fled into the mountains.’ — *Hollinshead*, VI. 452.

“‘There were some of the Irish taken prisoners that offered great ransomes, but presently, upon their bringing to the campe, they *were hanged*.’ — *Pacata Hibernia*, 421.

“Here are some specimens of the way in which they were working out Spenser’s plan: ‘By reason of the continuall persecuting of the rebels, who could have no breath nor rest to relieve themselves, but were alwaies by one garrison or other hurt and pursued; and by reason the harvest was taken from them, their cattells, in great numbers, preied from them, and the whole countrie spoiled and preied, the poor people, who lived only on their labors, and fed by their milch coves, were so distressed, that they would follow after their goods which were taken from them, *and offer themselves, their wives, and children*, rather to be slaine by the armie, than to suffer the famine wherewith they were now pinched.’ — *Hollinshead*, VI. 433.

“Again, take the following from Sir George Carew: ‘The president having received certaine information, that the Munster fugitives were harboured in those parts, *having before burnt all the houses and corne*, and taken great preyes, Owny, Onubrian, and Kilquig, a strong and fast country, not faire from Limerick, diverted his forces, East Clanwilliam and Muskery Guirke, where Pierce Lacy had lately become succoured; and, harrassing the country, **KILLED ALL MANKIND THAT WERE FOUND THEREIN**, for a terrour to those who should give releefe to runagate traitors. Thence, wee came into Arleaghe Woods, where wee did the like, *not leaving behind us man or beast*, corn or cattle, except such as had been conveyed into castles.’ IT WAS THOUGHT NO ILL POLICY TO MAKE THE IRISH DRAW BLOOD UPON ONE ANOTHER, WHEREBY THEIR PRIVATE QUARRELS MIGHT ADVANCE THE PUBLIC INTEREST. — *Pacata Hibernia*, 189.” — O’CONNELL’S MEMOIR, p. 86, Casserly’s edition.

I cannot intrude upon limited space the many similar specimens which are to be found in O’Connell’s Memoir.

“O’Hurle, archbishop of Cashel, falling into the hands of Sir William Drury, in the year 1579, was first tortured by his legs being immersed in jack-boots filled with quick lime, water, &c., until they were burnt to the bone, in order to force him to take the oath of supremacy; and he was then, with other circumstances of barbarity, executed on the

gallows. As this martyr was dying, he told his persecutor, *Drury*, that he should meet him before the tribunal of Christ within ten days; and it came to pass that *Drury* died within that time, suffering the most excruciating pains. According to *Bourke's Hibernia Dominicana*, IT WAS A USUAL THING TO BEAT WITH STONES THE SHORN HEADS OF THEIR CLERGY TILL THEIR BRAINS GUSHED OUT; many were stretched upon the rack or pressed under weights; others had their bowels torn open, which they were obliged to support with their hands." — *Milner's Letters*.

Queen Elizabeth, in her instructions to *Carew*, 1598, on his going over to carry her exterminating schemes into operation, authorized her officers to "put *suspected* Irish to the *rack*, and to *torture* them when they should find it *convenient*."

Numberless instances occur where the English soldiers fell in with sick and wounded men on the Irish side, attended by their wives, sisters, or mothers, every one of whom, including women and children, were put to death! The southern province became totally depopulated, except within the cities, exhibiting a hideous scene of famine and desolation. In some parts of Munster, after *Desmond's* death, after the entire suppression of his revolt, great companies of Irishmen, with their women and children, were often forced into castles and other houses, which were then set on fire, and, if any of them attempted to escape from the flames, they were shot or stabbed by the soldiers who guarded them. It was a diversion to these inhuman monsters to take up infants on the point of their spears, and whirl them about in their agony, apologizing for their cruelty by saying, that, if they suffered them to live to grow up, they would become Popish rebels; *many of their women were found hanging on trees, with their children at their breasts, strangled with the mothers' hair!* And *Hollinshead* proceeds in the horrible detail to show that the unfortunate people were so reduced by starvation, that they took up dead bodies out of the graves, and ate of them; and, lastly, did kill and devour one another, as distressed and starving mariners have been known to do at sea; and in the entire country, from *Smerwicke*, in the south, to *Waterford*, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, not a human being or beast was to be met with, nor yet a blade of corn, or other fruit of the earth!

Confiscation now commenced on a grand scale. The estates of *Desmond*, and all the others lately found in opposition to the invaders, were parcelled out. Circulars were sent into England, to all the nobility, inviting their youngest sons to come and settle in Ireland,



on certain conditions, one of which was, that they should hold these lands from the crown, at threepence per acre, in the counties of Limerick, Connelloe, and Kerry, and twopence per acre in the counties of Cork and Waterford; and that *no Irishman should be suffered to reside on them.*

The south having been pretty generally subdued, and an expedition of two thousand Scotchmen, who came to aid the Irish, having been secretly intercepted and destroyed, Elizabeth now turned her attention to the north of Ireland, which had been purposely left unmolested by the crafty queen, until the subjection of the south could be established. She loaded the great Hugh O'Neill with honors, invited him to court, and begged him to accept the title of Tyrone, which was despised and refused by his father, and which he affected to accept with a deep sense of the honor. But O'Neill was a wise and an able man; he had been of the illustrious house of the *Hy Nialls*, who were monarchs of Ireland on St. Patrick's arrival, and who continued its chief monarchs till the eleventh century, when the succession was broken up by the Munster house, in the person of Brien Boromhe. O'Neill incurred the queen's displeasure by harboring some of the scattered Spanish armada. And here may be a proper place to insert a short account of that celebrated attempt to relieve the Catholics of both England and Ireland.

Philip, king of Spain, finding negotiations unavailing, turned his thoughts to war, and determined to make a descent upon England. For this purpose, he equipped the most formidable fleet that had been ever known, from whence it was called the *invincible armada*. This fleet consisted of one hundred and thirty vessels, of various sizes, having on board nineteen thousand two hundred and ninety troops, eight thousand and fifty sailors, two thousand and eighty men from the galleys, and two thousand six hundred and thirty pieces of cannon. The Prince of Parma, governor of the Low Countries, received orders to hold himself in readiness, with the fifty thousand men he commanded, and to have boats of a crooked form, and deep in the centre, (each of which was to contain thirty horses,) constructed. With these boats, he intended to convey his army to the mouth of the Thames, at the time of the intended arrival of the fleet from Spain.

On the other hand, all the measures necessary to oppose the designs of the Spaniards were adopted by the queen of England. Admiral Lord Charles Howard, and Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Drake, had orders to repair on board the fleet at Plymouth. Lord Henry Seymour, at

the head of forty English and Dutch ships, was appointed to guard the coasts of the Low Countries, to prevent the Prince of Parma from sailing. The land forces were stationed along the southern coast, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, who established his head-quarters at Tilbury, near the mouth of the Thames. The ports on every side were fortified and strongly garrisoned.

Matters being thus prepared on both sides, the Spanish fleet, commanded by the Duke of Medina, and Jean Martin Recalde, vice-admiral, sailed from the Tagus on the 20th May. Soon after sailing, the fleet was dispersed in a violent gale. Having, however, collected the vessels again with difficulty, they appeared, in July, on the coast of England. The English fleet, stationed at Plymouth, set sail immediately, and, in the course of six days, three battles were fought with unequal success. The Spaniards, hoping to receive assistance from the Prince of Parma, cast anchor opposite Calais. The Spanish admiral despatched a courier to the prince, with orders to join the fleet with his troops, and, in the mean time, to send him some cannon balls, of which he was in extreme need. This the prince could not accomplish.

The expedition was fatal to the Spaniards, but the English, according to their national characteristic, boast too highly of their success. The Spanish fleet was, in the beginning, shattered by a violent storm, and, on the coast of Britain, it was disappointed of the succors that were expected from the Low Countries, with which hope the expedition had been principally undertaken. In their battles with the English, the Spaniards were in want of ammunition; their fleet, too, consisted of large ships, hard to be managed, without frigates or small vessels, so necessary in an engagement. The advantage was entirely in favor of the English.

All hopes of succeeding on the shores of England being destroyed, the Spanish admiral sailed for Spain, through the Orkneys. When coasting round the north of Ireland, his fleet was wrecked, whereby he lost more men and ships than in his battles with the English. The disappointment evinced by Philip, when informed of this circumstance, and of the defeat of his fleet, was mildly expressed in these words: "I sent them to fight against men, not with the elements."

The gallant O'Ruark, of Breffny, for having treated some of those Spaniards hospitably, and for refusing to give them up to the English governor, was brought to England, condemned by the council, and beheaded. Scandal has whispered that the queen, falling in love with

his fine person, kept him in her palace for some time, ere, like other of her favorites, she sent him to the block.

Elizabeth, about this time, revived the Dublin University. In a debate, which took place in the month of July, 1844, in the British parliament, Mr. Wyse, the member for Waterford, gave the following account of this university, which was uncontradicted by any member:—

“It was said, indeed, that the Dublin University was necessarily a Protestant university. It was generally supposed to have been founded by Elizabeth, but that was merely a revival. A university was founded at an early period, in 1312, by John Elyard, bishop of Dublin, who obtained a bull from the pope, to confirm the foundation. It was afterwards richly endowed by several persons. In 1475, the university was revived in the capital, and a fresh bull issued to renew the foundation, owing to the exertions of the Dominican friars. This university was long supported by those who resorted there. But in Elizabeth’s time, the establishment was for the education of youth, without any interference with their religion. From the commons’ journals of Ireland, it appeared that continual interference was made with the establishment; and the preservation of its library was, ultimately, entirely owing to the exertions of a Catholic missionary. Catholics were at length excluded in 1703, not from education there, certainly, but from the fellowships; and so it had continued down to the present time. No doubt, as regarded the professorships, a few were filled by Catholics. One of those was the professorship of foreign languages. Now, what were the funds of this college? He could not speak positively, but he understood the landed property, belonging to the university, to be not less than two hundred and thirty-one thousand acres in extent.”

*O’Donnel*, and two other northern princes, who had been in close confinement, in Dublin Castle, for seven years, found means to escape.\* *O’Donnel*, who was next in rank to *O’Neill*, now raised the standard of revolt against England. Assisted by *Maguire*, the Lord of *Fermanagh*, they raised a resolute force, with which they attacked the English, and all those who aided them, in every direction: for a while their success was astonishing, extending into *Connaught*, and through other parts of the country, and alarming very seriously the queen’s deputy.

The Earl of *Kildare*, and *O’Byrne*, of *Wicklow*, raised the standard of revolt in *Leinster*, which they overran; but, having received advantageous terms of peace from the queen, they relapsed again into inactivity. *O’Donnell* and *Maguire* made a gallant stand against a large force of the English invaders, on the banks of the *River Farna*, near *Inniskilling*.

\* They got out through the sewer which led from the tower to the *River Poddle*.

Both armies passed the night in firing on each other. At break of day, the English general, having discovered a ford, made his army cross the river, and marched towards the enemy in battle array. The battle began at eleven in the morning, and lasted till night, with great slaughter on both sides; but the English were at length completely routed, by the superior skill of the Irish generals, and the bravery of the soldiers under their command. Those who escaped the carnage endeavored to repass the river; but, being pursued by the Irish, several were drowned in the endeavor to escape. According even to Camden, the loss of the English was immense; which avowal, from Englishmen, is worthy of remark. The place where the battle was fought was called *Vadum Biscoctorum Panum*, or the Ford of Biscuits; the confusion of the English being so great, that they were obliged to throw the biscuit which had been intended for the garrison of Inniskillen into the river. This garrison, having now lost all hopes of succor, from the defeat of their countrymen, opened the gates to O'Donnel, who restored it to Maguire, to whom it belonged.

After the reduction of Inniskillen, O'Donnel marched to Connaught, to revenge the tyranny which had been practised in that province by Bingham, the governor. He carried terror wherever he passed, putting every English Protestant, from the age of fifteen to sixty, who could not speak Irish, to the sword. O'Donnel afterwards entered Annaly, and burned the district of Longford, which belonged to the O'Ferrals. It had been usurped by an English Protestant, named Brown; so that the English in Connaught, who escaped the sword of the conqueror, being deprived of all they had amassed, except those who were under the protection of the garrisons and fortresses, were obliged to return to England, highly indignant with those who had induced them to seek their fortunes in Ireland.

Theobald Burke, a powerful lord of Connaught, of the house of M'William, was deprived, about this time, by the English, of the estates of his ancestors, and confined in a dungeon at Athlone. Being rescued from his captivity, he had recourse to O'Donnel, who gave him a body of men, to assist him in recovering his patrimony. Burke thereon returned to his province, laid siege to Bealike, one of his fortresses, which was in possession of the English, and defeated George Bingham and other chiefs, who were advancing, at the head of an English army, to the relief of the besieged.

Such was the state of affairs in Ulster. War was raging between the principal nobles of the province and the English force. Disturbances also began to break out in the provinces of Leinster and Connaught.

HUGH O'NEILL, Earl of Tyrone, had acted his part ably. He had spent seven years in organizing his forces, and in providing provisions, and all sorts of warlike stores. He always appeared to act in the queen's interests: still the English distrusted him, while the Irish blamed his inactivity. During his occasional sojourns in England, he made himself master of their tactics, which he combined with those of Ireland, and was thus enabled to discipline the germ of the best military force that ever appeared in Ireland. *In order to avoid giving the English any alarm, it was his practice to disband his men as soon as they became perfectly disciplined, and to call around him a new set from the fields, who were, in turn, disbanded, to make way for other sets in like succession, whom it was his delight and amusement to instruct. In this way, he formed a peasant army of about five or six thousand men, who gave to other parts of Ireland, during the war, a race of commanders which all the power of England, as will be seen in the following pages, could not subdue.*

He only waited a favorable moment to avow himself; and this year (A. D. 1595) he renounced the title of *earl*, assumed the *O'Neill*, removed the mask, and declared against the queen. He was afterwards nominated commander-in-chief of the Irish league, which consisted of several branches of the O'Neills, Maguires, M'Mahons, Magennis, M'Donnels, O'Cahans, O'Flannagans, and many other powerful nobles of the province, with their vassals. O'Donnell, on his side, commanded the Tyrconnel troops. These princes sometimes acted separately, but always for the good of the common cause, which was that of their religion and their country. This was the most powerful opposition which the Irish had yet made since the first English invasion.

The frequent victories which the Catholics of Ireland gained over the English alarmed the court of England. The queen was so afflicted by these disasters, that she determined to put an end to them by subduing the Catholics. For this purpose, she sent for the old troops who were serving in the Netherlands against Philip II., and despatched three thousand of them over to Ireland, under the orders of Sir John Norris, with the title of captain-general. This diversion was highly favorable to Spain.

Norris, having landed with his forces in Ireland, was joined by the deputy, and the troops under his command, in all amounting to about ten thousand men. The deputy requested that Baskerville should have

the command of this reënforcement; but the court thought proper to confer it on Norris, as being more experienced. He had already served in Ireland, as governor of Munster; and, having afterwards commanded the English army, in Brittany and the Low Countries, against the king of Spain, he was considered to be the ablest captain in England, and capable of opposing Tyrone. He was so fully persuaded of this himself, that, in taking leave of the queen, he said he would reduce O'Neill to obey her majesty, or force him to leave Ireland. *He did not, however, accomplish his promise.*

O'Neill, having heard that Norris was marching towards Ulster, collected his forces, and began hostilities, by taking a fort called Portmor, on the Blackwater, near the district of Tyrone, where there was an English garrison, the fortifications of which he destroyed. He then marched to lay siege to Monaghan. In the mean time, in order to vindicate his conduct, O'Neill wrote letters, in the form of manifestoes, to the Earl of Ormond, Wallop, and Russel the deputy, declaring to them that it was not his wish to make war, but to live in peace with the queen, provided he and his followers were allowed to profess the religion of their ancestors, on which condition he was ready to lay down his arms. He wrote in the same terms to the queen and Captain Norris; but the two last letters were intercepted and suppressed by Marshal Bagnal, who, though O'Neill's brother-in-law, was his avowed enemy. However, instead of receiving favorable answers to his letters, he was proclaimed a rebel and a traitor to his country, with O'Donnel, O'Rourke, Maguire, and M'Mahon.

The English government, after some little time, was still desirous of treating with O'Neill and the other Catholic confederates; for which purpose they agreed upon a truce of two months, from the 27th of October till the beginning of January. In the mean time, the Castle of Monaghan surrendered to the besiegers, commanded by Conn, (son of O'Neill,) O'Donnel, and M'Mahon. The truce ended on the 1st of January. On the 8th, the government sent a commission to Sir Robert Gardiner and Sir Henry Wallop, with full power to conclude a treaty with the Catholics of Ulster. The commissioners repaired to Dundalk; but the Irish, through distrust of the English, refused to meet them, so that they were obliged to hold the conference in a plain, in presence of the two armies. The Catholics demanded three things to be granted — first, a general liberty of conscience; second, a full pardon for the past; and lastly, the entire removal of the English garrisons, their sheriffs, and other officers of

justice, from the province, except the towns of Newry and Carrickfergus. The English commissioners not approving of these articles, the conference ended without coming to any decision, except that of renewing the truce till the 1st of April.

At the expiration of this, Russel, the deputy, and General Norris, led their army to Dundalk. The jealousy between these two noblemen about the command, was the cause of much disunion. The deputy left Dundalk, with his army, to possess himself of Armagh; but O'Neill, accompanied by Maguire, O'Caahan, the O'Hanlons, and other nobles, and their men, met him on his march. The action began at Killcluona, with great fury on both sides; but the English were forced to *retreat to Newry, leaving six hundred men dead on the field of battle.* O'Neill's loss did not exceed two hundred men.

The ill success of the deputy, in Ulster, made him quit the province, and return to Dublin. He gave up his command of the troops to Norris. The Catholics of Leinster were in arms; Fiach, son of Hugh, chief of the O'Byrnes, of Wicklow, and Donald Spaniagh, or the Spaniard, chief of the Cavenaghs, having united their forces, ravaged the whole country, from Dublin to Wexford. The O'Connors acted in the same manner in Offaly. Connaught was disturbed, and the inhabitants, being joined by a body of Scotch, carried terror wherever they marched. The deputy led his army to this province, and besieged Lomage Castle, belonging to O'Madden. He summoned the garrison to surrender, but was answered by the besieged, that, were his army composed of deputies, they would hold out to the last. However, as it was not fortified, he made himself master of it, the besieged having lost about forty-six men.

The deputy left the affairs of Ulster to Norris, who marched towards Monaghan, in which there had been a garrison, since it was abandoned by the Irish. O'Neill, on receiving intelligence of the march of Norris, intercepted him at Cluoin Tiburuid, in a plain at a short distance from Monaghan. Both armies were divided by a rivulet. The English general endeavored to force his passage, but was twice repulsed by the Irish fusileers; he had a horse killed under him, and he, with his brother, Thomas Norris, was wounded; after which the action of an individual decided the victory. An officer, called Segrave, belonging to the army of Norris, and a native of the county of Meath, led on a detachment of cavalry to attack the quarter where O'Neill fought. In the midst of the engagement, Segrave forced his way to the chief, and engaged him in single combat. The two heroes, having broken two

lances each, fell. At this moment, O'Neill, attacking his adversary with his sword, slew him, and, by his success, completed the defeat of the English, who left *seven hundred men dead upon the field of battle*. The loss of the Irish was inconsiderable. The day following, Norris, wishing to return to the charge, was repulsed with some loss at Bealach-Finnis. Monaghan surrendered to the Irish, and the garrison marched out with the honors of war.

Whilst O'Neill was supporting the cause of his country so gloriously in Ulster, O'Donnel marched to the relief of the Irish in Connaught. Young George Bingham occupied the Castle of Sligo, at that time, with a garrison of two hundred men, both English and Irish. The Irish belonging to the garrison attacked the English, slew Bingham, and gave up the castle to O'Donnel, who appointed Burke to the government of it. About the same time, the castle of Ballinot, in the same county, (Sligo,) was torn from the elder Bingham by Tumultach and Cahal M'Donagh, to whom it belonged. After the taking of these two places, the affairs of the English in Connaught were in a very unpromising state. The army of O'Donnel kept them in check.

As the queen and her council were particularly desirous of making peace with O'Neill, commissioners were frequently appointed to propose terms to him. General Norris and Geoffroy Fenton, secretary of state, were appointed to make overtures in 1596. They repaired to Dundalk, where they had an interview with O'Neill. He had not confidence enough in the English to treat with them; besides, the principal condition he required was a freedom of religion, so that this conference was not more successful than the preceding ones. Sir Edward Moor was soon afterwards intrusted to carry the queen's pardon to O'Neill, which he pre-emptorily refused.

Three small vessels, laden with powder, arrived about this time from Spain, for O'Donnel. They brought two hundred men also, and promises of more efficient aid. O'Neill wrote letters on the common cause to Fiach, chief of the O'Byrnes, and other noblemen of Leinster, his allies, to which he received favorable answers. He kept up a correspondence also with the best disposed characters in Munster, by means of the clan Shyhyes, whom he sent thither for that purpose, with confidential letters from himself.

His letters to many of the lords of Leinster had the desired effect. Fiach O'Byrne renewed hostilities, by taking the fort of Balli-ne-cor, the fortifications of which he destroyed. The O'Morras, O'Connors, O'Tooles, Cavenaghs, and Butlers, took up arms likewise, and demanded



the restoration of their confiscated estates. The deputy marched against O'Byrne; the Butlers were pursued by the Earl of Ormond, who, after renouncing his religion, persecuted his relatives; the O'Morras and O'Connors were exposed to the attacks of Sir Anthony St-Leger. Connaught was in as great a ferment as Leinster; Richard Bingham, governor of that province, having taken up arms against the Burkes and O'Rourkes.

The king of Spain was aware that Elizabeth had made frequent proposals of peace to O'Neill, O'Donnell, and the other Irish lords. His Catholic majesty sent an agent to encourage these princes to persevere, and to renew the promises he had already made to them. In the mean time, the English took Armagh by surprise, and placed a garrison in it. O'Neill beheld, with sorrow, this holy city, that was founded by St. Patrick, profaned by the invaders, to whom nothing was sacred. The garrison was strong, and protected by the army, which was encamped near it, under General Norris. O'Neill, not deeming it prudent to undertake a siege, brought Norris to an engagement near the church of Killoter. The English, being confident in their strength, were eager to engage, but were vigorously repulsed and put to flight by O'Neill's forces, who pursued them as far as Armagh, and killed several of their men. After this, Norris left five hundred troops in the garrison, under the command of Francis Stafford, and withdrew, with the remainder of his army, towards Dundalk. O'Neill, being master of the field, was enabled to intercept the provisions that were intended for Armagh, so that famine was the consequence. This was succeeded by a plague, which carried off their men in great numbers. The English of Dundalk, hearing of the sad condition of their garrison in Armagh, sent a supply of provisions, under an escort of three companies of infantry and a troop of horse. O'Neill surprised the convoy, and put the troops that were guarding it to the sword. His penetrating mind guided him in turning every thing to advantage. He now bethought of a stratagem in which he was most successful; he got some of his men, both foot and horse, to assume the uniform of the English who were killed, and ordered them to retreat with English banners towards a ruined monastery that was within a gun-shot of Armagh. The prince pursued these supposed English, with the rest of his troops, within view of the garrison; both parties began a discharge of their musketry, loaded only with powder; whereupon the men, as instructed, fell on every side, without sustaining any injury. This sham battle soon drew the attention of the garrison of Armagh; Stafford, the commander, gave orders that half of the gar-

riſon ſhould take up arms, and advance rapidly to the field of battle, to the relief of their ſuppoſed countrymen. The Engliſh found not only O'Neill's troops, but thoſe to whoſe ſuccor they came, drawn up in order of battle, and ready to charge them, whiſt Conn, ſon of O'Neill, who lay in ambuſh with ſome infantry in the neighboring monaſtery, attacked them in the rear. The Engliſh, being now between two fires, were cut to pieces, within view of the gariſon. Stafford, who was in Armagh, finding himſelf outgeneraled, ſubmitted to O'Neill, who *permitted him to join, with the reſt of the gariſon, the Engliſh army at Dundalk.* Upon a ſubſequent occaſion, this ſame place was taken by the Engliſh, and retaken by *O'Neill*, who, with *unprecedented* magnanimity, ſent, on both occaſions, the Engliſh gariſons back to their general.

O'Donnel, accompanied by the M'Sweeneys, O'Dogherty, the brave Maguire, O'Rourke, M'William, O'Kelly, M'Dermot, O'Connor Roe, and O'Dowd, entered Connaught with their troops. He was alſo joined by Murrough M'Sweeney, at the head of three hundred men, whom he aſſiſted in a petty war with the Engliſh, during two years, in Munſter. Clifford, who was appointed the new governor of Connaught, had not yet arrived. General Norris was weary of ſerving in Ulſter, where, inſtead of gathering freſh laurels, he was loſing thoſe which he had gained in foreign countries. Being deſirous of trying his fortune in other parts, he undertook an expedition, againſt O'Donnel, into Connaught, either to make terms with him, or reduce him by force. For this purpoſe, he repaired to Athlone, where he was joined by the Earls of Thuomond and Clanrickard, and others. He alſo received a reënforcement from England, which increaſed his army to ten thouſand men. Norris knew that O'Donnel was in the neighborhood of Ballinroab, near Lake Maſk, at the head of five hundred men; and, having ſet out upon his march, he ſoon found himſelf in view of the enemy, from whom he was divided by a ſmall river. The night was ſpent in firing, and, at break of day, Norris demanded a conference with O'Donnel, in which peace was propoſed between the general of the queen and the Irifh chiefs. The terms offered to O'Donnel were advantageous, but were not accepted. The conference laſted for ſome days, during which both armies kept up hoſtilities, and fought in detached bodies, without coming to a general engagement. Theobald the Naval, having attacked the right wing of the Irifh army, at the head of a heavy detachment, was repulſed with the loſs of three hundred men. The negotiation laſted for a month between the Prince of Tyrconnel and Norris, without any thing being ſettled upon. The latter ſuffered heavy loſſes, both in ſkir-

mishing and by the desertion of some nobles who joined the standard of the Catholics. After being harassed in his retreat by the troops of O'Donnel, he lost several of his men, and was *forced to quit the province* in disgrace.

The deputy undertook an expedition, in May, into the county of Wicklow, where he surprised and killed Fiach M'Hugh, chief of the illustrious tribe of the O'Byrnes, and the champion of the Catholic cause in Leinster. Fiach left two sons, Felim and Raymond, who inherited his bravery and zeal for country. Felim left the command to his brother, and went to visit O'Neill in Ulster, to ask him for assistance. The Prince of Tyrone expressed great friendship for the young nobleman, and, having condoled with him on the death of his father, gave him about three hundred and fifty men, under the command of Brian Riach O'Morra, a nobleman of Leinster. On returning with this reënforcement, Felim fought some skirmishes with the English, and took possession of his father's patrimony, which had been seized upon by the foreigners. After this expedition, Brian O'Morra marched with the same troops towards Loughgarne, (Wexford,) pillaged all the English he met with on his march, and cut a large body of them to pieces, besides four hundred Irish auxiliaries.

The young chief of *O'Morra* gave battle to St. Leger, who, after an obstinate resistance, was forced to retreat, *leaving five hundred men dead on the field.*

Some step was now necessary to be taken, in order to restore the English power in Ireland. The queen recalled Russel, the deputy, and appointed Lord Burrough to succeed him. He first exercised his power over General Norris, whom he sent back to his office of governor, in Munster, forbidding him to leave it without his permission. Norris was too proud to brook this insult; he had been already disgraced by O'Neill, who had deprived him of the high military reputation he had acquired abroad, and at length died, loaded with ignominy.

Burrough was haughty; he commanded for a long time, in Holland, against Philip the Second, whereby he became expert in the art of war. A truce was made by this deputy, for one month, with O'Donnel, O'Neill, and other Irish chiefs, and terms of peace were offered to them, but in vain. The month being expired, the English general marched to Ulster, at the head of a powerful army. Besides the troops which served under Russel and Norris, a large reënforcement was sent to him from England.

The Anglo-Irish of Meath were zealous to signalize themselves in the

cause of Elizabeth. They assembled at Mullingar, to the number of a thousand men, under the command of Barnewall, Baron of Trimlestown, and marched after the deputy. In their route, however, they met with a signal defeat.

Richard Tirrell served at that time in the army of O'Neill. His talents peculiarly fitted him to command a flying camp. From the rapidity of his expeditions, and capability of sustaining fatigue, he had already become formidable to the English, and his memory is still respected by the true Irish.

O'Neill saw, with calm reflection, the preparations that were in progress against him; the march of the deputy was known to him; he therefore prepared to oppose him, and to cause a diversion. Captain Tirrell was despatched, at the head of four hundred infantry, with orders to act in either Meath or Leinster, according to emergencies. Tirrell marched through the whole of Meath without meeting an enemy, and, having reached Fertullagh, he encamped in order to give his army some repose. The troops which had been assembled at Mullingar, as has been already observed, being apprized of Tirrell's march, determined to take him by surprise. The baron, who commanded them, looked upon this expedition as unworthy of himself, on account of the small number of the enemy he had to fight, and, therefore, commissioned his son to undertake it, thinking it a good opportunity for him to signalize himself. At the dawn of day, Tirrell received information, through his spies, that the enemy were in full march to surprise him. Without losing a moment, he put himself in a state of defence, but made a feint of flying before them as they approached; by which movement he gained a defile covered with trees; which has been since called *Tirrell's Pass*. He then detached half of his little army, and posted them in a hollow adjoining the road, giving the command to his lieutenant, O'Connor, a brave and intrepid man, like himself. He then, in order to influence his enemy to pursue him, marched on with his division. While the English were passing the ambuscade, O'Connor sallied forth with his troops, and caused the drums and fifes to play Captain Tirrell's march. This was the signal agreed upon for an attack. The English army, having got between two fires, were cut to pieces; and so general was the slaughter, that one or two only escaped, through a neighboring bog, to carry the news to Mullingar, from whence the army had set out three days before. Tirrell had sufficient generosity to spare the life of the young nobleman who commanded his enemy, but brought him a prisoner to O'Neill. During the action, O'Connor's hand became so

swollen, that it became necessary to cut off the handle of his sword with a file, before it could be disengaged.

Burrough, the deputy, having reached Ulster with all his forces, his first step was to take possession of Armagh and Portmor, which O'Neill had abandoned after destroying the fortifications. The English general, being afraid to proceed farther, repaired to Portmor, where he left a garrison of five hundred men, and drew off the remainder of his army. He boasted highly of this act of prowess, proclaiming every where that he held the key of Ulster, which he could enter at his pleasure. This boast was truly characteristic of his countrymen, who considered the most trifling advantage a complete victory. It was carefully circulated in foreign countries, where it was reported that the Irish had lost all their towns, and that they were obliged to escape into the woods and inaccessible places. A similar falsehood had been already published at Brussels, on the supposed reduction of O'Neill, the folly of which we shall discover in the sequel.

The deputy was on his way to Dublin, when he learned that Tirrell was besieging Portmor; so he immediately returned, collected his forces, and crossed the Blackwater, but was prevented from advancing by O'Neill, who divided his army, and formed two camps, sufficiently near to assist each other. The command of the first division he gave to his brothers, Cormac and Art O'Neill, and M'Mahon, at Droum-Fluich, on the road to Beaun-Bhoruib, at present BENBURB, on the left bank of the river. The prince himself commanded the second camp at Tobuir-Masain, and was assisted by James M'Donnel, Prince of the Glynn. The deputy endeavored, in spite of O'Neill's position, to force a passage; but O'Neill's two divisions having united, they made a desperate attack. In the onset, Burrough was mortally wounded, and was carried to Newry, where he died in a few days. This battle was renewed several times. The Earl of Kildare, on whom the command of the English army devolved, after Burrough's retreat, suffered the same fate; having been wounded, and twice thrown from his horse, his two foster brothers were killed in endeavoring to put him again on horseback: he fled from the field of battle, and died of his wounds a few days after. The carnage was dreadful; numbers of the English lay dead upon the field; many were drowned in the river, and very many wounded. The persons of note who fell upon the English side, besides the deputy and the Earl of Kildare, were Francis Waghan, the deputy's brother-in-law, Thomas Walen, and Turner.

Clifford, governor of Connaught, received orders to march with his

troops to the relief of the deputy in Ulster. He accordingly set out at the head of seven hundred men, but, having the misfortune to meet with O'Donnel, he was completely defeated. Clifford lost several men of rank on this occasion, amongst whom was the Baron of Ineschete.

The queen saw her forces greatly diminished in Ireland by the frequent advantages gained over them by the confederates, and could not find persons qualified to succeed Burrough and Norris. She, however, nominated provisional magistrates and officers for the administration of affairs. Sir Thomas Norris, president of Munster, was appointed lord justice; but his grief for the death of his brother caused him to resign in a month. The government then received an account of the state of affairs from the council, who informed them that the war was a general revolt of the Irish, with an intent to shake off the English yoke. Thomas Duff Butler, Earl of Ormond, accepted the commission of lieutenant-general. Ambition being the guide of this nobleman's acts, he was drawn into a faction that was opposed to his country; but he never enjoyed the reputation of being a great captain. Among other instructions which the Earl of Ormond received from the court of England, he was enjoined to endeavor to bring about a peace with O'Neill; for which purpose, a truce for two months was agreed upon. They met at Dundalk, and O'Neill proposed the terms; the first and principal one being the free exercise of the Catholic religion throughout the kingdom. The other conditions proposed by this prince, regarded the grievances of the Irish, and the reparation of the injustice which was practised towards them. These overtures were submitted to the English council, and acceded to in every thing, except the free exercise of religion; whereon the truce was broken off, and hostilities resumed.

About the end of the summer, 1598, O'Neill collected all his troops, and laid siege to the Fort of Blackwater, called also *Portmor*. At the same time, he sent fifteen hundred chosen men to assist his ally, O'Moore, of Leix, who was then besieging Maryborough, where there was an English garrison. These movements produced a diversion, and compelled the Earl of Ormond to divide his forces. He first despatched three thousand men against O'Morra. Five thousand men were then sent against O'Neill, of Ulster, commanded by Bagnal, the marshal. Brian Riach O'Morra defeated the three thousand English that were sent against him; fifteen hundred, besides the commander, being slain, and Maryborough was taken. O'Morra died, in a few days after, from his wounds, and the command devolved upon Owen O'Morra.

During these transactions in Leinster, Marshal Bagnal, having the command of the army in Ulster, repaired to Newry, which was a general place of meeting for the English. O'Neill was then encamped with his army at Mollach-Ban, on the road to Armagh, and, wishing to cut off all communication between that place and the enemy, he sent his brother Cormac, with a body of five hundred men, to defend the passes. Bagnal was considered an able general: he knew that O'Neill was waiting to give him battle, on his march to Armagh, which city he wished to relieve; but he deceived the prince. He marched circuitously from Newry to Armagh, and supplied the garrison with provisions, in spite of the brave resistance of Cormac O'Neill, who maintained his ground for some time, but was at length forced to yield to superior numbers. Flushed at this trifling advantage, Bagnal determined to take O'Neill's camp by surprise; and, setting out by night, he put the enemy's advance-guard to the sword. *They then surrounded O'Neill's tent, who had escaped in his shirt, with some of his attendants*; but some servants, that were left to guard it and the baggage, were killed. As soon as day appeared, O'Neill collected the forces that were near him, and, having forced the English to abandon their booty, he then put them to flight. Both sides lost some men in this action.

The English were masters of some towns in Ulster, which were favorable for their depredations, and afforded them a secure retreat; the principal of them were Newry, Dundrum, and Carrickfergus. Sir John Chichester, the English governor, marched, about the same time, at the head of five hundred infantry and a troop of horse, to plunder the neighborhood. Coming up, at Alfracha, with James M'Donnel, Prince of Antrim, who had with him about four hundred foot and sixty horse, to oppose these robbers, they came to an engagement which was fatal to the English. Their captain having fallen, they were cut to pieces, so that scarcely one remained to bring the intelligence to Carrickfergus. About the same time, the Baron of Trimlestown made some inroads on Monaghan, with the Anglo-Irish of Meath, and a few English troops, but was defeated by the M'Mahons.

The vanity and bad faith of the English will not suffer them to admit the victories the Irish armies gained over them. Their historians either pass them over in silence, or obscure them, so that the advantage may appear to be in favor of their countrymen. Invectives are poured out against a generous people, who fought for their religion and their freedom, and the epithets of traitor, rebel, and barbarian, are heaped upon the Irish for not calmly yielding to a hateful yoke. An

Englishman must be well beaten before he will admit it. A brilliant victory was gained, this year, over those foreigners, by O'Neill. The truth of this is not questioned even by the English themselves, since they acknowledge that it was the bloodiest defeat they met with since their arrival in the island.

O'Neill endeavored to bring the English marshal to an engagement, and, being joined by O'Donnel, Maguire, the general of the cavalry, and other noblemen of the province, he laid siege to Portmor, having in this a double object in view; first, to reduce the place by famine, by cutting off the supplies; and, secondly, to compel the English to fight, by forcing them to relieve it. The hopes of O'Neill were equalled by his success. In the beginning of August, Bagnal marched with the flower of his army to the relief of Portmor, and, when arrived within a mile of Ardmagh, he met with O'Neill, at a place called *Beal-an-a-buidh*, between two plains, bordered by a bog on one side, and on the other by a thick wood. The battle commenced, and the slaughter was terrible. *Marshal Bagnal, with twenty-four of his principal officers, and two thousand of his army, was killed upon the spot; and the remainder of his forces put to flight.* The loss of the English was heightened by an accident that happened in the beginning of the action, in the quarter where the reserve forces lay. The powder magazine having taken fire, five hundred men, who were guarding the baggage, were blown up. The spoils that were wrested from them also were very considerable; twelve thousand pieces of gold, their warlike stores, thirty-four stand of colors, all their instruments of war, all their artillery, and provisions of every kind, fell into the hands of the Irish. The English who had the good fortune to escape, took the road to Ardmagh. Several were slain in the pursuit, and both horsemen, and about fifteen hundred foot soldiers, sought safety in the churches of that city. This victory cost O'Neill about two hundred men killed and six hundred wounded, and was followed by the surrender of Portmor. (On this battle, one of the poets of the "Nation" has written a good song, which will be found in the "Spirit of the Nation.")

These brilliant campaigns of O'Neill, and of the other princes and noblemen of Ulster, had opposite influences on the English and Irish people; the alarm of the former was great, while the joy of the latter was universal. They looked upon O'Neill as the liberator of his country. Many of the chiefs ranged under his command, and sought his protection.



The queen's officers sent letters to her majesty, complaining of the sad state of things in Ireland, and saying that, so far from being able to maintain an offensive war in that country, *they could not defend themselves* against the enemy without speedy assistance, and more powerful resources than *any* that had been *previously sent*. The queen was averse to abandoning the cause of her English province in Ireland. She attached heavy blame to the Earl of Ormond for not having gone in person against O'Neill; and commanded Bingham, who had been lately removed from the government of Connaught for his cruelty, to repair to Ireland, and succeed Bagnal in the office of marshal. Two thousand foot, and a hundred horse, were, at the same time, despatched thither, under the orders of Sir Samuel Bagnal. These troops landed at Wexford, and were harassed in their march to Dublin by the Irish, who killed a great number of them. Bingham arrived in Dublin with great difficulty, where he soon after died.

The example of the men of Ulster roused the fallen courage of the Irish in other provinces of Ireland, particularly in Munster, where the bravery of the celebrated Earl of Desmond was still fresh among his illustrious allies. This feeling it was necessary to encourage; and to effect that object, Sir Peter de Lacy, a powerful nobleman in the county of Limerick, wrote to Owen or Owny M'Rory-Ogue O'Morra, who had an army on foot, and invited him, in the name of the Irish Catholics in Munster, to come to their relief. O'Morra, having consulted with O'Neill, undertook the expedition. He committed the government of Leix to his brother Edmond, and, at the head of eight hundred infantry and some horsemen, set out on his march for Munster. Raymond Burke, Baron of Leitrim, and his brother William, as also Dermot O'Connor and his brothers Cairbre and Conn, with Richard Tirrell, of Fertullagh, accompanied O'Morra in this expedition. He frightened the Earl of Ormond, and passed triumphantly on through the country.

The success of O'Morra (O'Moore) produced an almost universal rising of the noblemen in Munster against the queen.

The chief men that formed a league against the queen were Fitzmaurice, Baron of Lixnaw; William Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry and Lord of Kafinnin; Edmond Fitzgerald, Knight of the Glinn; Sir Edmond Fitzgerald, called the *white knight*, with many other branches of that celebrated house; Dermot and Donogh M'Carty, rival candidates for the principality of Alla; Daniel, son of M'Carty More; Patrick Condon; O'Donohoe More, of Onachte; O'Donoghoe, of the Glinn; Roche, Viscount Fermoy; Richard Butler, Viscount of Mont-

garret, who had married the daughter of O'Neill; and Thomas Butler, Baron of Cahir. The same disposition animated the several tribes of the O'Sullivans, the O'Driscols, the O'Donnevans, and the O'Mahonys, of Carbury, who signalized themselves in the common cause of their country. The confederates appointed for their leader James, son of Thomas Fitzgerald, surnamed the Red, and acknowledged him as Earl of Desmond, and leader of the confederates in that province, where the memory of the Earls of Desmond was still dear and respected.

Religion was not the sole cause of the above alliance. The tyranny of the English governors, and the intolerable insolence of the adventurers who had been sent to occupy the estates of Desmond and other noblemen, contributed greatly to the undertaking. These adventurers became the first victims to the rage of the confederates. They were driven from their ill-gained possessions, and their castles razed to the ground. Finding themselves now unprotected by the governor, Norris, who was scarcely able to defend himself, they fled to Waterford, and embarked for their own country.

By this great stroke, the adventurers, who had lately come over from England into Munster and Connaught, were completely driven back to their native country.

Norris, who shut himself up in Cork, and remained inactive while the war was blazing in the province, to the command of which he had been appointed, felt heavily the shame of it; and, in order to screen his character, he formed the resolution of attacking the Irish. For this purpose, all his forces, amounting to two thousand five hundred men, were mustered by him in Cork; and he marched upon Kilmallock. Norris effected his object concerning the garrison of Kilmallock, but was attacked, on his return, at Ard-Scieth, by the Earl of Desmond. It was rather a disordered retreat than a battle. The above chiefs pursued him the entire day for eight miles of his march. Many fell in the several skirmishes; but the heaviest loss was sustained by the fugitives, who, being favored by the night, were at length fortunate enough to get back into Kilmallock.

Norris undertook a second expedition, which had no better success than the first; he marched, with two thousand four hundred foot and three hundred horse, against Lord Roche, Viscount Fermoy. At first, the viscount abandoned Baile Androhid, a place not fortified, and withdrew to Bailean Caislean, which was stronger. Norris at length sent away some of his baggage by night, and took the route for Cork.

He was pursued by the Irish, who killed two hundred of his men at Mainister-na-Mona.

Some months after the expedition of Norris, Thomas Burke sought to be admitted into the confederate army. For this purpose, he applied to Raymond Burke, Baron of Leitrim, and to his brother William; and they appointed him to the command of two hundred men. With this little band, Thomas wished to surprise some places belonging to the English in Muskerry. He met with General Norris at Killtill, at the head of twelve hundred men. To avoid fighting was impossible; and, notwithstanding the disproportion of their numbers, he acted intrepidly, and by one bold stroke decided the affair. A young man, named John Burke, having forced his way into the ranks, struck Norris with his lance, and disabled him; and the English army, seeing their leader fall, dispersed. The English general was brought to Mallow, where he died, in fifteen days, of his wounds.

A. D. 1599. O'Neill beheld with pleasure the league that was formed in Munster, and the advantages already gained over the English. This prince, desirous of strengthening the alliance which he had made with his confederates, granted their demands for assistance, by sending them his brother Conn O'Neill, at the head of three thousand men, well provided with arms and ammunition. The English lay in ambush to dispute his passage, but Conn escaped their snares, by opening his way, sword in hand, through the enemy. *After leaving two thousand of them dead upon the field of battle*, he continued his march to Munster, where he acquired a high reputation for his military exploits.

The state of affairs at this time in Ireland, says Camden, was deplorable, the rebellion having become general through the kingdom. The sway of the English in Ulster was confined to a few strong fortresses. The greater part of the nobility in Munster were up in arms against them. The O'Morras, the O'Connors, the O'Byrnes, the O'Tooles, the Cavanaghs, the Eustaces, and other chiefs of Leinster, with the O'Molloys, the M'Geoghegans, and the Tirrells, of Meath, were leagued to accomplish their freedom. The O'Rorkes, and some branches of the Burkes, besides some other chiefs in Connaught, took up arms for the same cause, so that Elizabeth saw herself, by this general revolt, on the eve of losing all her authority in Ireland. She had no person in that country capable of governing it. Marshal Bagnal was killed; Richard Bingham, who had been sent by the court to succeed that general, died on his arrival in Dublin; Norris, who governed Munster. and St. Leger, the president of Leix, perished by

the sword of the Catholics. The Earl of Ormond commanded the army : his name, however, only, and not his capability, was suited to his zeal in the cause of his mistress. In this position of her affairs, the queen consulted with her council on the choice of a man capable of remedying the disasters that she suffered in Ireland. Her majesty, and most of her counsellors, cast their eyes on Charles Blunt, Lord Baron Mountjoy. But Robert d'Evereux, Earl of Essex, whose ambition knew no bounds, was at length appointed lord lieutenant, and with privileges more extensive than those of any of his predecessors. Her majesty invested him with the prerogative of pardoning any crime, even that of high treason ; besides the power of appointing to offices of trust ; of removing those who enjoyed them without a patent ; of suspending others from exercising them ; also of making military laws and carrying them into execution ; of conferring in fief, according to his pleasure, the confiscated estates of the Catholics, reserving a moderate and yearly revenue from them for the crown ; and, in absence of the high admiral of England, he had the command of the fleet, and the privilege of applying the money in the exchequer to any purposes, without being accountable for it. A powerful and well-provided army was given to him ; it consisted of seventeen thousand foot and thirteen hundred horse,—the most powerful force that had, up to that period, ever been sent to Ireland.

All matters being arranged, the Earl of Essex, accompanied by three young noblemen, who wished to be partakers of his glory in the expedition, set out from London for Ireland, at the end of March, amidst the acclamations of the people. The fleet having sailed, they were overtaken and dispersed by a violent storm, by which many lives were lost. Notwithstanding this misfortune, he landed, on the 15th of April, in Dublin, where he took the usual oath, and received the sword of justice as lord lieutenant.

The principal instructions given to Essex were, first, not to confer the honor of knighthood on any but subjects of acknowledged merit ; secondly, to block up O'Neill with *all* his forces, by placing strong garrisons in the forts of Loughfoyle and Ballyshannon. He had scarcely landed in Ireland, when his creatures began to publish in foreign countries false accounts of his wonderful exploits ; at one time, that his arrival had filled the confederate Catholics with terror, causing them to conceal themselves in woods, and other inaccessible places ; at another, that almost every one of them was accepting the offers of pardon held out by him. The falsehood of these vain boastings was, however, proved by the ill success of his expedition.

The first act of the jurisdiction of Essex in Ireland was to publish a proclamation in the queen's name, excluding the ancient Irish, her majesty's inveterate enemies, from all hopes of pardon. The Anglo-Irish were promised pardon and religious toleration. The holy sacrifice of the mass was celebrated in private families, and the other sacraments administered with more freedom; his policy even induced him to set at liberty some priests who had been confined in dungeons, and to confer the grade of knights of the golden spur on some Catholics, with whose opinions he was acquainted.

After making some regulations respecting the civil administration, Essex turned his thoughts to the campaign, but did not follow the plan that was laid down for him in London. Instead of marching with all his forces against O'Neill and the confederates in Ulster, according to his instructions, he divided them by giving three thousand foot and five hundred horse to Henry Harrington, to watch the movements of the O'Morras, the O'Byrnes, and other confederates of Leinster, and sent three thousand more to Clifford, governor of Connaught, to keep the nobles of that province in check. These detachments reduced considerably his combined forces. Accompanied by three hundred gentlemen, who volunteered in London to accompany him, he set out from Dublin, on the 20th of May, with the remainder of his army, and marched towards Munster. In passing through Leinster, the rear-guard of the English was severely handled in a defile, by Owen O'Morra, at the head of five hundred men, who killed several officers and privates. The place where they fought was called, after this, *Bearna-na-Gleti*, which signifies the Pass of the Plumes, on account of the quantity of them which the English lost in it.

This check did not prevent Essex from continuing his march into Munster. He laid siege to the castle of Cahir, situate on the River Suire. The confederate Irish had in it but a garrison of seven or eight soldiers, without artillery, so that they were unable to maintain a siege against the army of Essex.

Essex had the castle of Cahir repaired, and, leaving a strong garrison in it, with cannon and ammunition, he marched to the relief of Askeaton. His army received a considerable reënforcement by the junction of some national troops, under the Earls of Thomond and Clanrickard, M'Pieris Baron, and Henry Norris. On his way back from Askeaton, he was pursued by Daniel M'Carty More and the Earl of Desmond, at the head of two thousand five hundred men. These chiefs having attacked his rear-guard, at a place called *Baile-en-Finitere*, the action was very bloody: it lasted from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon. A

great number of the English were killed, and Henry Norris, one of their leaders, was found among the slain. The loss on the side of the Irish was not so great. After this battle, Essex encamped for a few days at Cruomui, to refresh his troops; he then marched to Waterford, and was pursued and harassed during six days by the Irish army.

General Harrington, in the mean time, received a heavy check in the principality of Leix. This general, who was appointed to restore peace to that district, having surrounded the troops of O'Morra, flattered himself that he would be able to reduce them with little loss to himself; but the bravery of the Irish snatched the victory from him. He lost in this engagement twelve hundred men, with all their officers, and, among the rest, Adam Loftus, son of the Protestant archbishop of Dublin, who was found among the slain. The remainder of the army was put to flight.

Ware, Cox, and others, mistake the circumstances of this victory, or confound them with a similar one gained over Harrington by the O'Byrnes, in the glens of the county of Wicklow; after which, the viceroy, to punish the want of courage among the English, had them decimated. They, however, are all agreed that the English were defeated by the Irish. Christopher Blanche was sent over at this time to Ireland as lord marshal. Wishing to distinguish himself by some brilliant achievement, he marched to Offaly, where his army was defeated by the O'Connors, with the loss of five hundred horse, and he himself escaped with difficulty, having had a leg broken in the action. In the mean time, the Earl of Essex confined himself to the city of Cork. He was deeply affected by the ill success of his arms, which is ingenuously acknowledged in his letter to the English council; it was intercepted by the Irish, and contains the following words: "I am confined in Cork, where there is an abundance of warlike stores; but still I have been unsuccessful; my undertakings have been attended with misfortune. I do not know to what this can be attributed, except to an evil star that has led me here." Finding the forces diminished, he left Munster, without performing one deed worthy of his reputation. Towards the end of July, he returned with the wrecks of his army to Dublin, where he learned that James Butler, brother to the baron, had retaken the castle of Cahir, and put the English garrison to the sword.

Essex now turned his thoughts to Ulster; but, as his march to Munster had greatly diminished his numbers, he wrote to the queen, in conjunction with the council, to ask for fresh reinforcements. At the same time, he sent for Clifford, governor of Connaught, to march with

the troops under him towards the frontiers of Ulster, in order to create a diversion. In compliance, Clifford assembled his army at Athlone, on the Shannon; their destination being Belick, on the River Erne. Clifford sent orders to Theobald Burke, surnamed the Naval, to have cannon, and every thing necessary for the execution of his plans, brought by sea from Galway to Sligo, while he would lead the army by land. In the mean time, O'Connor Sligo, who supported the queen's cause against his country, scoured the county of Sligo with a body of cavalry, to force the inhabitants to abandon O'Donnel, whose cause they had espoused from a spirit of patriotism and religion, and to favor the designs of Clifford; but, meeting with some of O'Donnel's army, they were compelled to take refuge in Killmuiny, at a short distance from Sligo, where they were besieged by O'Donnel.

Clifford, being aware of the danger in which O'Connor was of falling into the power of the enemy, reviewed all his troops. His army amounted to two thousand five hundred infantry, both English and their Irish auxiliaries, and a few squadrons of cavalry. The principal chiefs of the auxiliary Irish, were O'Connor Don, Prince of Magherry Connaught, Melmor M'Sweeney, Prince of Tueth, (who, through some displeasure, had abandoned O'Donnel, and gone over to the English,) and Richard Burke, son of the Earl of Clanrickard and Baron of Dunkillin. Matters being thus arranged, Clifford set out from Athlone, by forced marches for Boyle. O'Donnel purposed to oppose the enemy. He put a strong garrison of four hundred infantry under the command of M'Sweeney Fanid and M'William Burke, into Sligo, and left two hundred cavalry to hold on the blockade of Killmuiny; after which, he marched with O'Dogharty, Prince of Inisowen, and the remainder of the army, to Corslieve Mountain, where Clifford had to pass into the county of Sligo. Tirconnel possessed himself of the defiles of this mountain, and had trees cut down to obstruct Clifford's passage; he then encamped with his army in an adjoining plain.

In the mean time, Theobald Burke appeared with his little fleet before Sligo, but dared not to enter. He thought prudent to await the arrival of Clifford's army. This governor being arrived at Boyle, he left his cavalry under the command of Sir Markham Griffin, since, in passing the defiles of Corslieve, they could not act. On the eve of Lady-day, O'Donnel was apprized of the movement of the English army. O'Donnel then sent Owen M'Sweeney, with Giolla and Tulli O'Gallagher, at the head of six hundred infantry, to stop the enemy, while he himself was preparing to attack them, in order of battle. The

engagement commenced at eleven o'clock in the morning, and continued for some time with equal success, till O'Rorke appeared at the head of a body of infantry, and turned the scale of victory. The terror of the English was so great, that they threw their arms on the ground and fled. The rout now became general; the Irish troops pursued the fugitives for three miles; Markham, who continued at Boyle with the cavalry, came out to the relief of the English: he attacked and killed some of those who were engaged in the pursuit; but O'Rorke, coming up, drove him back, and, though badly wounded, he got into Boyle. The English lost in this battle fourteen hundred men in killed, with Clifford, the governor of Connaught, and Henry Ratcliffe, a young English nobleman, who were found among the slain. One hundred and forty of the Irish army were killed and wounded. After this defeat of the English, a great booty was found; and the conquerors became masters of a vast quantity of arms, colors, cannon, dress, and other warlike apparatus.

O'Neill, who was on his march to the assistance of O'Donnel, arrived too late, by two days, to share in the glory of this victory. The news of the defeat of the English, and the death of Clifford, being spread, Burke the Naval set sail immediately from Sligo to return to Galway. O'Connor surrendered to O'Donnel, who put him into the possession of his demesne at Sligo, on his promising to assist thereafter against the English. English writers acknowledge that their countrymen were defeated in the Curlew Mountains, by the Irish, whom they style rebels, commanded by O'Rorke. They have candor enough also to allow that Clifford, Ratcliffe, and others, were killed in this action, but they strive to smooth the disaster, by giving mutilated accounts of it. "Though the rebels," says Camden, "were superior in numbers, still they were repulsed by the English; but for the want of powder, the English were put to the rout."

The Earl of Essex was greatly disconcerted by the defeat of Clifford's army. He waited with anxiety for the arrival of a reënforcement from England; a thousand foot soldiers at length arrived in Dublin, in September, and all the forces then marched for the frontiers of Ulster. As soon as O'Neill heard of the movement of the viceroy, he put his own army in motion, and proceeded to the town of Louth, where he encamped on the banks of a small river which separated the two armies. The English, says Peter Lombard, seeing the Irish so well prepared and eager to engage, were so panic-struck, (according



to the words of some who were present,) that they were covered with shame, and afraid to hold up their heads.

The viceroy immediately despatched a herald to O'Neill, to declare to him, that he had not come as an enemy into his province; on the contrary, that he came to offer him terms of peace, or at least a truce, and that he would send commissioners for that purpose, if he would accede to his doing so. The Prince of Tyrone having agreed to the proposal, two knights and a counsellor of state were despatched for that purpose by the Earl of Essex. These commissioners being admitted to an audience with O'Neill, they explained to him the purport of their mission. The prince replied, that he would not agree to the terms.

This reply being communicated to the viceroy, the earl despatched a second herald to the prince, and proposed to meet him at a short distance from their respective armies. The prince accepted the proposal of meeting him, but not apart from his army. Essex, who was eager for an interview on any terms, gave up his stipulation; he sent away the greater part of his army to Drogheda, and proceeded towards the camp of O'Neill, accompanied by a few nobles and a small number of horsemen. The two chiefs, having met, went down the river, where they might confer together. The conference lasted for some hours; the viceroy looked for a truce till the month of May. O'Neill answered, that his honor, which was pledged not only to foreign princes, but to the grandees of his own nation, would not allow him to accede to it. Essex reminded O'Neill of the ancient friendship that subsisted between the earl, his father, and him, and, consequently, that he ought to feel some sympathy towards the humbled position of his son. The heart of O'Neill could not resist any longer the repeated solicitations of Essex, and the prince consented to a truce of six weeks, on condition that each should be at liberty to break off by giving a notice of fourteen days. The truce being thus settled on, the two noblemen passed a few hours in social enjoyment.

Essex, pleased with his negotiations with O'Neill, took leave of that prince, and returned to Dublin, where he received a letter from the queen, dated the 14th of September. Her majesty reproached him and the council with maladministration, and a contempt for her commands. This reproach was mortifying to Essex; he was recalled and disgraced. The history of the tragic end of that nobleman is sufficiently known; it will suffice to observe, that, though one of Elizabeth's chief favorites, he was beheaded soon afterwards.

After Essex had left Ulster, a Spanish captain arrived in that province with two ships laden with warlike stores, which his Catholic majesty had sent to O'Neill. He received the officer, and asked why the king had omitted so long to send the succors which he had promised, and why he did not send all at the same time. The officer answered, that his majesty intended it, but that the report of peace having been made between O'Neill and Queen Elizabeth, was the cause; and added, that the king of Spain sent him for the express purpose (with these two ships) of bringing him an account of how affairs stood in Ireland. This reply did not satisfy O'Neill; however, he concealed his disappointment with his accustomed prudence.

Philip the Second, king of Spain, having died, Philip the Third succeeded; and, interested in following the plans of his brother, in regard to the war in Ireland, he sent over two legates, with a crown of phoenix feathers to the Prince of Ulster, with twenty-two thousand pieces of gold, and several kegs of silver for payment of the troops.

Encouraged even by this moderate assistance, and hoping for greater from the Spaniards, O'Neill resumed hostilities, after a notice of fourteen days, in pursuance of the truce made with Essex. A. D. 1600. Having provided for the security of the principality of Tyrone, he marched through the whole of Leinster, at the head of seven thousand men, towards Cork, where he encamped, and consulted with the Earl of Desmond, Florence M'Carty Reagh, and other chiefs of the province, about the means of supporting the war. He sent deputies to those whose sincerity he doubted, to solicit them to join in the confederacy against "the enemies of God, their religion, and their country." As a stronger inducement, he sent them an authentic copy of the sentence of excommunication which Pius the Fifth had pronounced against the queen of England and her adherents. Several were brought over by the reasoning of O'Neill, particularly Finian M'Carty. Others, influenced by a different policy, though strongly attached to the Catholic faith, replied, that a subject of such moment ought to be suspended for a while, as the opinion of the see of Rome was not well known.

Prince O'Neill, who deemed their policy injurious, expressed his displeasure at the replies of these noblemen. Some of them he treated with severity, and devastated their lands, in order to deprive the enemy of subsistence; others he compelled to give hostages for their future conduct.

During O'Neill's stay in Munster, the queen's troops kept within

garrisons and strong places, not *daring to take the field*, so that the time passed over without hostilities, except an affair between Hugh Maguire, prince of Fermanagh, who commanded O'Neill's cavalry, and St. Leger, president of Munster, in which both noblemen fell. Maguire, attended only by Edmond M'Caffry, his standard-bearer, Niall O'Durinn, and a priest, left the camp one day, either to take an airing or to reconnoitre the country. Having advanced too far, he met with St. Leger, at the head of sixty cavalry; notwithstanding this difference in numbers, Maguire, putting spurs to his horse, forced his way through the enemy to their commander, who shot him through the body. Though Maguire's wound was mortal, he determined to be revenged; struck St. Leger such a blow with his lance that he cleft his head through the helmet, and then opened a passage for himself, sword in hand. Both generals died of their wounds a few days after, greatly regretted by their respective corps.

The Prince O'Neill, before he left Munster, took the necessary measures for the defence of the province and the security of the confederates. He placed some veteran troops among them, and, returning through Leinster, he left a reënforcement with O'Morra of Leix. Before this, he passed in view of Ormond, who commanded the English army, but without bringing them to a battle. He arrived safe in Ulster, having honorably fulfilled the designs he had in view.

Charles Blunt, Baron of Mountjoy, was appointed viceroy, and Sir George Carew was named president of Munster, by the queen. These two noblemen repaired to Dublin, about the end of February, and soon proceeded to Kilkenny, where they visited the Earl of Ormond. Ormond had promised to meet Owen, son of Rory O'Morra, on the borders of Idough, and the president promised to accompany him with his attendants. All arrived, according to appointment, at the place of meeting. The troops of both parties were at a distance, when the conference began between Ormond and O'Morra, which lasted for an hour without any thing being concluded. O'Morra had a Jesuit with him named Archer, who was zealously opposed to the reformation, with whom Ormond began a controversy on the score of religion, in the course of which he called the Jesuit a traitor; saying that, under a semblance of religion, he was seducing her majesty's subjects from their allegiance; after which he proceeded to abuse the pope and church of Rome. O'Morra, no longer able to bear with language so indecent, and so foreign to the subject before them, seized the earl, dragged him from his horse, and made him prisoner. The president and Thomond,

with his other friends who were at hand, being alarmed, ran to his assistance and commenced fighting. Some of the English were killed, several wounded, and more made prisoners; while the president and Thomond took to flight, and owed their safety only to the swiftness of their horses. Thomond was wounded in the back with a pike, as he complained in a letter to the council of England, wherein the circumstances of his misfortune in this affray are described. As soon as the two noblemen had got out of danger, they talked of revenge; their drums and trumpets were ordered to rally the troops and renew the fight; but the terror of the English was so great, that none but Captains Harvey, Browne, Comerford, and some servants, had the courage to move forward; and, consequently, they had no alternative but to submit to their misfortune. They then returned to Kilkenny, where they found the Countess of Ormond inconsolable for her husband's capture.

The deputy was in Dublin when he heard of this unhappy occurrence, and likewise that the sons of Montgarret and several other noblemen of the Butlers were up in arms.

The O'Connors Faly, too, laid siege, at this time, to the castle of Crouchan, which was situated in the principality of Offaly. Thomas Moor, a knight of the golden spur, and Giffard, both Englishmen, commanded the garrison. The besiegers, having no artillery, scaled the walls with a hundred foot soldiers, and, having entered, put the garrison, which consisted of Englishmen, to the sword, and became masters of the fortress.

The Irish of Ulster were still in possession of that province, with the exception of a few forts, which the English kept and garrisoned. The deputy was commanded to reduce this province; but a want of energy in his operations excited the suspicions of the court. It was, therefore, deliberated in council whether he should be recalled, and another deputy appointed, or whether supplies should be sent to continue the war against O'Neill and his allies more vigorously, if he should refuse to make peace. The latter plan was adopted, and a fresh reënforcement of troops was ordered to Ireland. In consequence of this, the deputy wrote to O'Neill, in April, proposing terms of peace, in the name of the queen and council, which, so far as related to religion, and the reparation of the injuries that the Irish Catholics had sustained, appeared reasonable. The Prince of Ulster, however, knew too well the disposition of the English, to place any confidence in their promises; he knew that nothing but the inability of acting otherwise would influence them to keep faith with him; and, besides, he expected daily the

assistance that had been promised to him by the King of Spain,\* so that he rejected the overtures of the deputy.

Mountjoy felt the necessity of removing the suspicions which were entertained against him by the court; and, finding the Prince of Ulster deaf to the proposals he had made, he saw that his only resource to redeem his honor lay in force. He, therefore, collected his troops, to attack him by sea and land; and in the month of March, a fleet of sixty-seven ships, under Sir Henry Dockwra, was ordered to take possession of a lake in the north of Ireland, called *Loughfoyle*, to cause, in that quarter, a diversion favorable to the expedition of his forces by land. Five thousand infantry and three hundred horse were on board this fleet, well provided with ammunition and warlike stores. The English commander, also, had constructed, on the borders of *Loughfoyle*, four forts, from whence he made frequent incursions on the lands of O'Dogharty, and other noblemen.

O'Neill, when informed of the movements of the English, assembled a council of the chief men of the province, to adopt measures against the enemy. It was determined, that Prince O'Donnel should oppose the attempts of the garrisons on *Loughfoyle*, while O'Neill himself would march against the deputy. A detachment of the Irish army having met a party of the English, who were guarding their baggage, attacked and killed a great number of them, and became masters of considerable booty. The deputy, alarmed at this event, returned immediately to Dublin, where he remained for some time.

The Earl of Ormond was still a prisoner with O'Morra. His countess applied with eagerness for his liberation; for which purpose, she addressed letters to the queen, and to the Prince of Ulster: she reminded the latter of the friendship that subsisted between him and the earl, and begged that, in consideration of the services he had rendered him, he would procure him his freedom. O'Neill paid regard to the entreaties of the countess, and procured her husband's liberty, on condition that he would no longer act against his religion or his country, and that he should give hostages for his fidelity.

Mountjoy, who remained in Dublin since his last expedition to Ulster, proceeded to Kilkenny, to visit the Earl of Ormond after his liberation. He then marched at the head of some troops into *Leix*, and brought laborers with him to cut down the corn before it was ripe, in order to deprive the inhabitants of subsistence for the next winter, and thereby prolong the war. The inhabitants of *Leix* ran to arms, and attacked both the reapers and the troops who were guarding them; the

lord deputy was dismounted, and his horse killed under him, so that he saved himself with difficulty, on foot, through a neighboring bog. The advantages to the Irish from this victory were not equal to the heavy loss that they sustained by the death of Owen O'Morra, killed in the action, who was the soul of the confederacy of Leinster.

O'Donnel, who was appointed to watch the motions of the garrisons on Loughfoyle, pursued several detachments from those places, and killed a great many of them. The forts were also surrounded by O'Neill's army. In the month of August, this prince surprised fifteen hundred of their men, who were foraging, and put the whole of them to the sword; but the English being masters by sea, and the Irish having no fleet to oppose them, their losses were quickly repaired by fresh arrivals of men and arms from England.

The successes of the English in Munster were more rapid, in consequence of the divisions that prevailed in that province. A kingdom divided must fall. Some of their chiefs had already embraced the reformed religion through interest and an ambition to please Elizabeth; the rest continued attached to the Roman church. Among the latter, however, were some political temporizers, who would run no risk, and whose principle was to accommodate themselves to the times. The English government omitted nothing to excite disunion; they strove to reduce the Irish to the most abject wretchedness, *by destroying their flocks, and the crops necessary for their support*; and also by drawing out of Ireland all its gold and silver, and sending from England, in lieu of it, a new copper coin, which would not pass in any other country, and which soon lost its value there.

While Carew was employed in holding a council in Cork, to deliberate on the affairs of the province, several skirmishes took place between the Irish and the court party. Meeting with difficulties in the conquest of Munster, he had to resort to stratagem to supply the want of force. In order to gain over to him some of the confederates, and thus diminish the number of his enemies, he prepared an expedition against Limerick, threatening to give up to his soldiers the property of the Catholics on his march. This he effected by great cunning, energy, and stratagem, burning and destroying every thing in his way from Cork to Limerick.

The gold of the English was now showered in bribes on all those who were rotten and base enough to give up their trusts. Under its influence some important places were basely surrendered. One of the O'Neill's, and another of the O'Donnel's, surrendered two important

posts, which, as naturally may be supposed, produced great dismay among the Irish. Still the redoubled energy of the *O'Donnel* and the *O'Neill* subdued even rebels, and overawed the invaders.

Mountjoy marched, in July, at the head of his forces, towards the frontiers of Ulster; but this expedition was equally unsuccessful as the former. He advanced towards Armagh and Portmor, the garrisons of which he relieved, but was deterred from proceeding farther, as he dreaded O'Neill, who was strongly intrenched, which caused him to return to Dublin.

The deputy set out again from Dublin, in the month of August. He marched first to Naas, in order to join Oliver Lambert, who commanded a body of troops at Philipstown, in Offally. The two commanders, having united their forces, carried fire and sword every where as they passed, so that every step in their march was marked with cruelty, tyranny, and a devastation of the provisions of the people.

Wishing to create a diversion in favor of his friends at Loughfoyle, Mountjoy marched, in October, for Ulster, at the head of six thousand fighting men. He did not proceed far into the province, when he met with the O'Neill. The two armies continued in sight of each other for fifteen days without attempting any thing, after which two battles were fought — one near Dundalk, and the other in the neighborhood of Carlingford. *These proved fatal to the English; they lost upwards of four thousand men; the deputy was dangerously wounded, and carried to Newry to be cured.* It was now that the English government set a price upon the head of O'Neill. A proclamation was issued, offering a reward of two thousand pounds sterling to any one who would deliver him up alive, or one thousand pounds for his head.

Carew, the president, who was still in Limerick, marched with his troops, in the month of June, into the district of Connillo, where he made himself master, after several unimportant skirmishes, of many important fortresses, burning and destroying the growing grain, or burning that which had been newly harvested, insomuch that in a few weeks there was very little food left, and thousands upon thousands perished by famine.

The invaders, by these means, procured the ignoble submission of many of the most influential chiefs of the south. The Earl of Desmond, however, who was the soul of the southern Irish, harassed the invaders in many a well-fought skirmish. His army was now reduced to six hundred infantry and a few cavalry, so that he could not openly attack the invaders, who were five times his number. Endeavoring to

enter the wood of Arlogh, he lost two hundred of these in a well-fought action ; but he finally entered. From this spot, he retreated towards the north. Many places now surrendered, which had held out for years against the invaders, and the south again came fully under their dominion.

The deputy Mountjoy marched, in the month of December, into the county of Wicklow, to chastise the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, who made frequent attacks upon the lands near Dublin. Having attempted, in vain, to get Felim, son of Fiach, into his power, he carried away with him, as prisoners, his wife and eldest son ; after which, he laid the whole country waste, burning the houses and their haggards as he passed along. He put garrisons into Tullow and Wicklow ; then marched to Monastereven, and afterwards visited Trim, Mullingar, Athlone, and Drogheda ; from which place he set out for Dublin, on the 26th of April, after distributing the troops among the different garrisons.

Gold and titles, in the greatest profusion, were now bestowed by the queen on the deserters from the Catholic to the Protestant faith, while those who refused to conform were deprived of their lands, liberties, titles, and life.

The forces of the Irish were continually diminished by their frequent battles, and by their having no succors sent them from abroad, while those of the English were receiving constant reënforcements from their own country.

The Irish had, to the close of this campaign, made the most noble exertions in defence of their religion and country. They had to contend, not only against the English, but also against domestic enemies, without any hope of assistance, so that the country was devastated and exhausted of men and provisions, particularly Munster, which had been for a long time the theatre of the war. Most of the noblemen in that province were obliged to submit to their enemies. Florence M'Carty, seeing the necessity of yielding to the times, followed the example of the rest. Their submission, however, was but a sort of truce, while waiting for the arrival of the Spaniards.

Anno 1601. Don Martin Lerda was sent to Ireland by the king of Spain, in the beginning of this year. He brought two vessels laden with arms, ammunition, and money. This small succor, which seemed to give omen of greater, was sent to O'Neill ; and his Catholic majesty sent word to this prince, that he would immediately furnish him with troops, and every thing necessary to carry on the war. The vessels being



arrived in the Bay of Kilibegs, near Donegal, O'Neill divided the resources he received with the confederates, particularly with those of Munster. A gleam of hope seemed to revive the fallen spirits of the Catholics. They met, and deliberated together; and the Earl of Clanrickard, who was at that time the only nobleman in Connaught attached to the queen's cause, began to espouse the interest of the confederates.

The invaders heard of this with great consternation, and sent to the queen, demanding additional supplies of men and money. The queen wrote to her deputy, authorizing him to grant to the entire south of Ireland a general amnesty. Deputy Mountjoy, however, seemed to disregard these suggestions, and, entering on a northern tour of destruction, destroyed more and more of the country, and exasperated the people to the highest pitch.

The deputy left Dublin, in May, for Drogheda, proceeded to Dundalk, and on the 8th of June passed through Moyri, where he had a fort built, which he garrisoned. Having left his camp at Fagher, on the 14th, he passed through Newry, and on the 15th entered Iveagh, the country of the Magennis. While Sir Richard Morrison was taking the city of Down, the deputy entered Dundrum, which was given up to him by Felim M'Evir, to whom it belonged. This nobleman having made his submission, his example was followed by M'Cartane of Dufferin, and M'Rory of Killiwarlin. The deputy, having ended his tour through Iveagh, where he took some castles without meeting any resistance, returned to Newry, from whence he sent orders to Sir Henry Danvers, commander of Mount Norris, to seize upon the abbey of Armagh, and put an English garrison into it; but Danvers failed in the attempt. He was repulsed by the garrison, and forced to abandon his enterprise.

On hearing of Danvers's ill success in his expedition against Armagh, the deputy marched towards Mount Norris, where he was joined by the garrison. Having abandoned the neighborhood of Newry, he then marched his army towards Armagh. On the 13th of July, he arrived on the banks of the Blackwater, which he crossed the day following, unopposed by O'Neill, who had his army posted in a wood near the river. It was his design to avoid an engagement, and remain on the defensive, till the succors which he expected from Spain should arrive. On the 16th of the same month, the deputy sent Sir Christopher St. Laurence's regiment to the castle of Benburb, where it was attacked by the advanced guard of O'Neill; they fought briskly for

three hours, within view of the English camp, though St. Laurence, having received fresh assistance from that quarter, was superior in force. O'Neill got the worst of this battle, and retreated. At this time, the deputy issued a proclamation from the queen, that her majesty would not grant any terms to O'Neill, and that whosoever would take him alive, should receive two thousand pounds reward, or one thousand for his head.

The great Desmond, having lost his entire army, was taken by Fitzgibbon, in a cavern, and given up to the English, who sent him to the Tower of London, where, after seven years' imprisonment, he died.

The deputy crossed the Blackwater in August, and proceeded towards Dungannon; but the frequent skirmishes he had to maintain against the troops of O'Neill, forced him to direct his march towards Armagh. Danvers was ordered, with three hundred men, to burn a village that lay in their march, but was driven back by O'Neill's troops, and pursued to the English camp, in spite of the succors that were sent to him. Some days after this, the Irish advanced with a design of attacking the enemy in their camp; but the deputy, being apprized of it, placed four hundred men in ambush, who, falling on them in flank, killed several of them, and amongst the number, Peter Lacy, Lord of Bruff, in the county of Limerick.

Such was the state of things about the end of August, 1601. Munster had no longer any leaders after the imprisonment of Florence M'Carty and James Fitzthomas, who were the centre of their union. The people of Leinster were broken down; Connaught was unable to attempt any thing, and the only resources of the country lay in O'Neill and O'Donnel, whose forces were too few to stand against the English and the unfaithful sons of Ireland. In a word, the country was exhausted of men and means, from having sustained, for many years, the burden of a war, while waiting for assistance that came too late.

Reports were spread at this time, that a Spanish fleet, with troops for Ireland, was at sea; which becoming known to the council of England, reënforcements were immediately ordered for Ireland. Philip the Third, king of Spain, was eager to perform the promises that were held out to the princes O'Neill and O'Donnel. For this object, he assembled what troops were necessary for the expedition, and gave the command of them to Don Juan del Aquila, a man well experienced in war. As soon as the fleet had got into the open sea, it was *dispersed and separated by a violent storm*. One part of it, consisting of seven ships, laden principally with artillery and other warlike stores and provis-

ions, was forced, with the vice-admiral, Don Pedro de Zubiaur, to take shelter in the port of Corunna, in Galicia. The other portion, with Don Juan and two thousand five hundred infantry, (a small force for so great an enterprise,) arrived with difficulty in the harbor of Kinsale, on the 23d of September. As soon as the Spaniards had landed, Captain William Saxeys, who commanded the English troops, withdrew to Cork. The inhabitants of Kinsale immediately after opened their gates to Don Juan, who entered and took possession of the town.

Don Juan was not secure at Kinsale, where he was, in fact, in need of every thing: so he wrote to Spain, by the fleet that was returning, and gave an account to the king, his master, of his voyage, and of the supplies he wanted. The Spanish general found none (except O'Sullivan) among the Catholics of Munster inclined to assist him. Some had been imprisoned, others gave hostages as a guaranty for their loyalty, and others opposed the cause of their country, so that there was none but O'Sullivan, Prince of Bearre and Bantry, who could make any attempt in favor of the Spaniards. The deputy waited in Cork for the return of the officers who had been sent to Leinster, Connaught, and the garrisons in Ulster, to collect the government forces, which amounted to about seven thousand six hundred men, comprising those of Munster. The English general marched with his army towards Kinsale, having changed his camp two or three times. The months of October and November were spent in skirmishing, the Spaniards making frequent sallies, and the English driving them back; the latter, if we can credit their historians, being always successful. The account, however, of a contemporary writer (Peter Lombard) is different. According to him, the Spaniards fought valiantly, during the day, in defending their walls, and by night they sallied forth, killing the sentinels and advanced guards of the English, and carrying off their cannon; by which means, continues he, the loss of the English always exceeded that of the Spaniards. Even could we suppose that the English had the advantage, the great disproportion in numbers between the besieged and besiegers would tend to lessen their boasted advantages considerably. The English appeared before Kinsale with seven thousand six hundred men; their army was increased, soon after, to eight thousand, a reënforcement having been brought from England by the loyal Earl of Thomond. The English artillery was numerous, and skilfully worked; their camp abounded with provisions; Captain Button guarded the mouth of the harbor till the arrival of an English squadron of ten vessels, under Admiral Richard Levison, who were incessantly pouring broadsides on the town, while

the army attacked it by land ; and still the siege of Kinsale lasted from the 17th of October to the 9th of January following.

Vice-Admiral Don Pedro Zubiaur, who was forced by a storm to touch, with his seven ships, at Corunna, in Galicia, arrived on the coast of Ireland, December 3d. This officer entered a harbor called *Cuan-an-caislan*, (in English, *Castle Haven*,) in Carbry, about twenty miles from Kinsale, where they were kindly received by five brothers of the O'Driscols, to whom the country belonged, and who gave him up one of their castles.

The news of the Spaniards having arrived at Castle Haven being spread, the deputy commanded Admiral Levison to engage them. Without losing a moment, he sailed with six ships and some troops on board. Having reached Castle Haven, he found the Spanish vessels unguarded by their crews, who were sleeping, and fatigued after a long voyage. The Spaniards, being roused by the cannon of the English, which began to play upon their ships and upon the castle, returned, though in a confused manner, the fire with their artillery, and supported an engagement during two days, in which the English lost five hundred and seventy-five men.

The English admiral, not succeeding to his wishes in his attack upon their vessels, was about to land his troops, and attack the Spaniards who were on shore ; but from this he was deterred by seeing them reënforced, by the Prince of Bearre, with five hundred men, all ready to oppose him. He immediately sailed from Castle Haven for Kinsale, where he vainly boasted of having been successful in his expedition. Many of the surrounding nobility took up arms to join the Spaniards ; the principal among whom were Finin O'Driscol and several others of the same name ; the M'Cartys of Carbry ; Donnal O'Sullivan Bearre ; the eldest son of O'Sullivan More ; Donnal M'Carty, son of the Earl of Glancar, and other branches of the M'Cartys of Desmond ; the O'Donavans and O'Mahonys of Carbry ; John O'Connor Kierry ; the Knight of Kerry, and others.

During the expedition of Levison at Castle Haven, a Scotch vessel entered the harbor of Kinsale. This ship was separated at sea from the Spanish fleet, and had eighty Spanish soldiers on board. The commander *informed* Vice-Admiral Preston, and *treacherously surrendered to him his cargo*.

The princes of Ulster did not forget their promises to Don Juan del Aquila. They used every exertion to march to the relief of Kinsale. The distance was about eighty leagues, and the roads very bad from

the continual rains. O'Donnel marched first with his army, amounting to two thousand six hundred infantry and four hundred cavalry.

The news of O'Donnel's march alarmed the English. The lord deputy summoned a council to deliberate on measures for intercepting this prince's communication with Munster; and the president, Carew, was appointed to this trust. He set out, accordingly, with four thousand five hundred infantry and five hundred cavalry, and advanced towards Ormond, where O'Donnel was to pass. After a march of a few days, he stopped at Ardmall, to the north of Cashel. O'Donnel had already entered the county of Tipperary, through Ikerin, the country of the O'Meaghers, and encamped at Holy-Cross, not far from Ardmall, where the president was stationed. The Prince of Tirconnel wished to avoid fighting, and, to deceive the enemy, he lighted a number of fires in the camp, and began his march before day. He took his route through Slieve Phelim, along the side of the Shannon, and got into the county of Limerick, through the defiles of the Abbey of Owney, and from thence to the districts of the O'Moel Ryans, and reached the Castle of Crome, which was twelve miles farther on; so that, on a calculation, he marched, in one day, thirty-two miles — a very arduous exploit for an army followed by their baggage. The president, being informed of O'Donnel's movement, marched with his forces the same day, and crossed the country as far as the Abbey of Owney, for the purpose of intercepting him; but, understanding that he had passed the defiles of Connillo, he gave up the pursuit, and returned to the camp at Kinsale, taking a shorter route, in order to be before O'Donnel, to prevent any communication between him and the Spanish garrison.

Prince O'Neill set out from Tyrone, in the month of November, at the head of about three thousand men, to assist the Spaniards. O'Neill, on his march through the county of Meath, met some opposition from the Anglo-Irish; Darcy, the Lord of Plattin, being killed in the skirmish. He continued his march, however, and on the 8th of December he arrived in the county of Cork, within a few leagues of the English camp. O'Donnel was expecting him in the district of Kinel Meaky, and these two princes encamped together, on the 21st, between Cork and Kinsale, within a league of the English army.

The united forces of O'Neill and O'Donnel amounted to six thousand Irish, besides three hundred Spaniards, who had come from Castle Haven, under the command of O'Sullivan of Bearre and Don Alphonso de la Campo. Their object was not to attack the English, who were fifteen or sixteen thousand strong, a disproportion in numbers far too

great. Some skirmishing battles were now fought, which it would be tedious to relate.

The English, having nothing more to fear from the Irish army, returned to their camp before Kinsale, and made great rejoicings for their victory. The noise of their firing induced Don Juan to march a part of the garrison to assist (as he thought) the reënforcement he was expecting, and which he imagined was engaged with the English. Seeing his error, however, he marched back into the town. It is worthy of remark, that the Spanish commander of Kinsale, whether from his having a knowledge of an action being fought near the town, or not, did not lead out his troops, as had been previously agreed upon between him and O'Neill. But a concerted action between the Spaniards in the garrison and the Irish having failed, whereby O'Neill lost twelve hundred men, he judged it most prudent to retire to Ulster.

Whilst the English were vigorously pushing forward the siege of Kinsale, Hugh O'Donnel, after giving the command of his troops to his brother Roderick, embarked for Spain with Redmond Burke, Hugh Mustian, and others. Don Juan, not finding himself equal to hold out any longer, sent, on the last day of December, a letter, by his drum-major, offering to capitulate, which proposal was accepted by the English general, who immediately despatched Sir William Godolphin to treat with the Spanish commander upon the articles of surrender, the principal of which were, that Don Juan should give up to the deputy every place which he was in possession of in the province of Munster, viz., Kinsale, Castle Haven, Baltimore, Bearhaven, and Dunboy, and that the deputy should furnish transport vessels to convey Don Juan to Spain, together with his forces, arms, ammunition, artillery, money, &c., and with colors flying. This capitulation was signed on one part by Don Juan, and on the other by the deputy, the president of Munster, the Earls of Thomond and Clanriccard, Richard Wingfield, Robert Gardiner, George Bouchier, and Richard Levison.

The surrender of Kinsale had different effects on the Irish and the English. The latter were disgusted with the siege; independently of the inclemency of the season, it being the month of January, they had provision for only six days; their treasury was exhausted, their warlike stores worn out, and their artillery not fit for effecting a breach. Nearly half of the English army, which, in the beginning of the siege, amounted to sixteen thousand men, had fallen, either by the sword of the enemy or disease. The English fleet in the bay had suffered as much as the army on land. The deputy, therefore, having consulted

with his council, considered the capitulation proposed by the Spanish general as the only means of saving the remainder of his army, and avoiding the disgrace of raising a siege, which had been already so fatal to him.

On the other hand, the possession of Kinsale was of the first importance to the cause of Ireland; the garrison under Dón Juan amounted to two thousand five hundred men, well provided with ammunition and provisions, and supported by the garrisons of Baltimore, Castle Haven, and Bearhaven, so that, from the state of the English, he might have held out till the arrival of succors from Spain, which would also have given time to O'Neill and the other Irish princes to assemble in the spring. The surrender, therefore, of Kinsale and its dependencies, by shutting out all foreign aid, would necessarily injure the cause they wished to defend. O'Sullivan Bearre, apprehensive of these consequences, took possession of the Castle of Dunboy, which belonged to him, but which he had given up as a garrison for the Spaniards on their arrival in the country. Being determined, therefore, that this fortress should not be surrendered to the enemy, he got Thomas Fitzmaurice, Lord of Lixnaw, Donnal M'Carthy, Captain Richard Tirrell, and William Burke, with some troops, into the castle by night, and took possession of the gates, without committing any hostility towards the Spaniards. He immediately despatched Dermot O'Driscoll to the king of Spain, entreating of his majesty to be convinced that his motives were honorable in the taking of Dunboy, and complained *vehemently*, in his letter, of the capitulation which Don Juan had entered into with the English, calling it *wretched, execrable, and inhuman*.

O'Donnel, who had sailed for Spain after the battle of Kinsale, was received, on his arrival at Corunna, in Galicia, with every mark of distinction, by the Count de Caracena. O'Donnel, having recovered from his fatigues, took leave of his host, who presented him with a thousand ducats. He then continued his route, and, having arrived at court, was received by the king and all his courtiers. His majesty gave the necessary orders for an expedition to Ireland, and the troops intended for it began to march towards Corunna.

Don Juan de Aquila, the Spanish general, was still in Ireland; he sailed, however, with the remainder of his forces, from Kinsale for Spain, on the 16th of March, with a fair wind. On arriving at Corunna, being suspected of having acted dishonorably in Ireland, he was arrested by order of the king, and confined to his own house, where he soon afterwards died of grief. The suspicions formed against Don Juan were

founded on the facility with which he surrendered to the English Kinsale, and the other towns in which the Spaniards were ; also on the friendliness of a correspondence which he kept up with the deputy and Carew, and the reciprocal presents that were made between them ; and finally upon his having furnished passports to the English, who went from Ireland to Spain, under pretence of trading, but who, in reality, were spies, that brought home an account of all that was passing in Spain, relative to the affairs of Ireland ; on proof of which, an English officer, called Walter Edney, was arrested at Corunna. He had freighted a vessel at Cork for Spain, and was provided with a letter of introduction and presents from the deputy to Don Juan ; but, the latter having already fallen into disgrace, the deputy's plan was defeated ; the Count de Caracena profited by the presents that were sent, and his letters, passports, and papers, were forwarded to the Spanish court.

Pope Clement the Eighth wrote a letter at this time to Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, complimenting him on the confederacy which he had established among the Irish princes, for the defence of the Catholic religion.

The English deputy, having ended his campaign in Munster, set out for Dublin, appointing Sir Richard Percy counsellor for that province.

The English troops in Ireland, A. D. 1602, amounted, notwithstanding their losses in the late campaign, to seventeen thousand infantry, and a thousand five hundred cavalry. The deputy, after having reviewed them, put them into convenient garrisons till the next campaign.

In the beginning of June, the deputy assembled his forces, and marched into Ulster, where he got a bridge built over the Blackwater, with a fort, which he called Charlemont, after his own name, and in which he placed *Captain Caulfield*, [the ancestor of the present Earl of Charlemont,] with a garrison of a hundred and fifty men. He sent the regiment of Sir Richard Morrison to make themselves masters of Dunganon ; but the inhabitants of the place, on the approach of the English, set fire to it, and reduced it to ashes, together with the beautiful Castle of Tyrone. The deputy repaired thither with the remainder of his army, where he was joined by Dockwra.

The Prince of Ulster withdrew to Castle Roe, on the River Bann. The English laid the whole country waste, as far as Inniskillen ; they made themselves masters of Magherlowny Isle, where O'Neill had a magazine ; and took another island, in which they found three pieces of English cannon. Dockwra, who commanded a garrison at Ony, received orders to harass O'Neill in Dungeven, in Araghty Cahan ;



while Chichester, who led the troops from the garrison of Carrickfergus, brought the regiment of Morrison to occupy Toome, and the deputy himself guarded the road to Killeto; but in spite of these plans, and the great superiority of the enemy, O'Neill, with six hundred foot and sixty horse, marched from Castle Roe, and reached Lough Earne unmolested. Being incapable of resisting the enemy openly, he remained on the defensive; for which purpose he chose an inaccessible spot, called Gleannchonkein, near Lough Earne, where he intrenched himself in a manner that left him nothing to fear. The deputy, hearing of this, contented himself with ravaging the surrounding country, and with breaking, at Talloghoge, the stone which was used as the inauguration seat of the O'Neills.

The lord deputy, satisfied with his exploits in the north, repaired to Newry on the 11th September, whence he set out for Dublin, leaving Ulster to the care of Dockwra, Danvers, and Chichester. Chichester executed his commission with such cruelty, through Ulster, that a famine was the consequence. Cox says, "Children were seen to feed upon the flesh of their mothers, who died of hunger," and adds that "the famine in Jerusalem was not more severe than what the rebels suffered on this occasion."

Notwithstanding that Don Juan del Aquila surrendered to the English the towns which he held in Munster, the inhabitants did not give up their arms, holding still the hope of receiving new succors from Spain. Those English authors who never let pass any opportunity of inspiring their readers with contempt for a people that wish to escape from their tyranny, have filled their writings with such injurious and insulting statements as should destroy, in the mind of the discerning and impartial reader, all respect for them. Their language on this occasion is as follows: "The rebels spread themselves every where, particularly through the districts of Carbury, Bearre, Desmond, and Kerry. No place escapes them; they have become desperate from their crimes; they look upon themselves as children of perdition, and unworthy of her majesty's pardon." These are phrases in accordance with the imperious character of the English, who imagine that the world should obey them. The Irish, whom they thus describe as rebels and children of perdition, did not seek the clemency of Elizabeth; they, on the contrary, took up arms to defend their country against her tyranny and usurpation.

Daniel O'Sullivan, Prince of Bearre, became chief of the Irish league in Munster, after the surrender of Kinsale, and the retreat of the princes of Ulster. This prince, illustrious for his virtue and his valor, was in

possession of Dunboy, and omitted nothing to put that fortress into a state of defence. The nobles who espoused with him the common cause, were Daniel M'Carty, son of the Earl of Clancar; Daniel, son of O'Sullivan More; Cornelius and Dermod O'Driscoll; Dermod O'Sullivan; Dermod, Donagh, and Florence M'Carty, of the family of M'Carty Riagh; M'Sweeney; Donagh O'Driscoll, and his brothers. The Prince of Bearre was also joined by O'Connor Kerry, M'Maurice, Baron of Lixnaw, the Knight of Kerry, the Knight of Glynn, John Fitzgerald, (brother of the earl,) James Butler, (brother to the Baron of Cahir,) William Burke, Captains Richard M'Geoghegan and Richard Tirrell. The former was appointed to command the fortress of Dunboy, the latter to lead the army of observation.

This confederacy caused great alarm to the English. The president, Carew, ordered her majesty's troops to assemble at Cork; and the old and modern Irish, who were loyal to the court party, were also commanded to meet. These auxiliaries and the English troops amounted to more than four thousand men. In March, a detachment of two thousand five hundred infantry and fifty cavalry was sent under the command of the Earl of Thomond, who was commanded by the deputy to scour the countries of Carbury, Bearre, and Bantry; to burn all the corn, to take away the cattle, and commit every species of hostility upon the rebellious inhabitants, but to spare those who surrendered. Thomond, being unable to act against Dunboy, in consequence of Captain Tirrell's light troops having possession of the mountains of Bearre, took post temporarily with Captain Flower, in an island called Fuidi or Whiddy, in the Bay of Bantry.

The lord president determined to besiege Dunboy, and set out, the 23d of April, from Cork, with more than five thousand men, besides the body of troops that was under Wilmot, in the county of Kerry. The English assert that the garrison consisted of one hundred and forty chosen men. By their valiant defence of Dunboy, they have well merited the name and character of heroes.

The president proceeded with caution, and, before he began the siege of Dunboy, resolved to secure the places in his rear. The Irish had left some soldiers in the Castle of Dunmanus, whom it was deemed prudent for this purpose to dislodge.

Richard M'Geoghegan, commander of the Castle of Dunboy, is represented by an English writer as having had an interview, on the great island where the English troops were then posted, with the Earl of Thomond. After speaking on the subject in a mysterious manner, he

has this passage: "But of this I am sure, that the earl's meeting with him was not without the president's knowledge and allowance; all the eloquence and artifice which the earl could use, however, availed nothing, for M'Geoghegan was resolved to persevere in his conduct."

The president was in the habit of resorting to dishonorable means for seducing those whom he had to fear most amongst his enemies. He met, among the Irish themselves, agents obsequious to his wishes. He had already sent, through Owen O'Sullivan, a pressing letter to the cannoniers of Dunboy. These were three in number, two Spaniards and an Italian, whom O'Sullivan Bearre, when he became master of the castle, took into his pay. The deputy proposed to reward them liberally if they would spike the cannon and break the carriages when the siege should have commenced; but they proved themselves honorable to their trust, and incapable of being influenced by his bribes.

The president, having failed in the overtures made to the governor of Dunboy, sent his troops from the great to the lesser island, which was within about a hundred paces of Bearre, a position that afforded him the opportunity of viewing more closely the movements of the enemy.

A vessel was sent, in the mean time, by the court of Spain, to Kilmockillock, near Ardea, to discover if the Castle of Dunboy still held out. There were some passengers on board; among whom was a friar named James Nelanus, and Owen M'Eggan, who was appointed by the pope bishop of Ross and apostolical vicar of Ireland. This friar brought from the king of Spain twelve thousand pounds, to the chiefs of the confederacy, and some warlike stores, assuring them of further succor, which was coming. He was sent by the Spanish court to assure the Irish that the reënforcements intended for Ireland would be speedily forwarded, and that two thousand troops had already assembled at Corunna for that purpose. The confederates, trusting to the promises given them, formed the resolution of supporting the siege of Dunboy against the English, and forwarded despatches to the king of Spain, to assure his majesty of their determination. Brien O'Kelly, and Donogh, son of Mahon O'Brien, sailed on the 15th of June, 1603, for Spain, with these despatches of the confederates. After this, O'Sullivan Bearre sent part of the ammunition that had come from Spain to strengthen the garrison of Dunboy.

The deputy knew how important it would be to reduce the Castle of Dunboy. It was the only place of moment which the Irish of Munster still retained; it served them as an arsenal and a depot, and secured the means of holding a communication with Spain. He marched,

therefore, to within a mile of Dunboy, where his army encamped. Accompanied by Wilmot, and a corps of infantry, he proceeded to reconnoitre the castle, and to seek a platform on which to erect a battery; but the musketry of the castle forced him and his attendants to return to their camp.

The English general, anxious to shelter his troops, and to make the artillery advance against the castle, caused a trench to be opened. The work was frequently interrupted by the besieged, who continually sallied out, and kept up a constant fire from the castle. The English at length established their trench within a hundred and forty paces of the place. A battery of five pieces of cannon was then raised, which played upon the castle, whilst two falconets, placed on a point of land, destroyed the outworks. The president, in the mean time, sent a hundred and sixty men to attack Dorsie's Island. There was a small fort in it belonging to the Irish, and garrisoned by forty men. After a vigorous defence from the besieged, the English made themselves masters of this fort, and found in it a few barrels of powder, three pieces of cannon, and some warlike stores. Four of the besieged were killed in the action, two were wounded, and the rest made prisoners. These latter were executed immediately afterwards, though they had surrendered. The cruelty of the English was not confined to the defenders of the castle; they massacred, without distinction, all the inhabitants of the island. A mother and the infant on her breast were murdered; the children were barbarously stabbed, and raised, half dead, on pikes, for a spectacle; others were tied hand and foot, and thrown from the top of lofty rocks into the sea. This is but a faint description of the cruelties exercised by the English upon the inhabitants of Ireland — a specimen of the way in which they reformed the morals of the people.

The English battery played incessantly upon the Castle of Dunboy. Part of it had already fallen; and, the besiegers supposing that the breach was effected, an attack was ordered. They were repulsed, however, with vigor; several were killed on both sides, and the English were forced to retire. The fire from the battery was still kept up, by which a part of the vault fell in, and drew those that surrounded it into the ruins. The besiegers entered in crowds upon the breach, and renewed the battle, but, as before, without success; they were driven off with heavy loss, and hurled from the top of the breach. A third attack was equally unsuccessful as the two first; *for, after gaining the hall of the castle, the English were forced to abandon it.* It will be admitted that the garrison of Dunboy, which consisted of *but one hundred and*

*forty-three fighting men*, must have been considerably weakened from the continued assaults of the enemy. It might, indeed, be supposed that they would easily have been crushed by the overwhelming force of five thousand men, with a powerful artillery; and, though the efforts of the brave Captain Tirrell, with his flying camp, frequently alarmed the English, they were not sufficient to save the garrison from the unhappy fate that awaited them.

The president, Carew, seeing the obstinate and determined defence the Castle of Dunboy maintained, ordered a fourth attack, better planned than the preceding ones. For this purpose, a body of fresh troops was chosen, taken by lot from the regiment of the lord president. This body was to be supported by the remainder of the same regiment, and that of the Earl of Thomond; while those of Percy and Wilmot had orders to hold themselves in readiness to march, both to protect the camp, and to act with the others if necessary. The English artillery continued to play upon the castle from five in the morning until nine, when a turret of the castle, in which there was a falconet which greatly annoyed the English battery, was seen to fall. However, the firing was kept up still against one of the fronts of the castle till one in the afternoon, when, the breach being effected, and the plan of assault fixed upon, the detachment which was to begin the attack advanced. The Irish disputed the entrance by the breach for a long time, but were at length forced to yield to the overwhelming numbers of the English, who planted their standards on one of the turrets. *Roused by despair, the besieged renewed the battle, and fought with desperation until night, sometimes in the vaults of the castle, sometimes in the great hall, the cellars, and on the stairs, so that blood flowed in every quarter: several of the besieged fell during the attack, amongst whom was M'Geoghegan, their commander*, whose valor equalled the greatness of his mind and station. The castle was not yet in the possession of the English; they returned to the assault the day following, and, pretending a desire to spare the further effusion of blood, terms were proposed to the besieged. The few belonging to the garrison, who escaped the preceding day, having lost their chief, and being unequal to defend the castle, accepted the proposed conditions of having their lives spared. Richard M'Geoghegan, the commander, however, although mortally wounded, would not listen to any terms; and, seeing the English enter in crowds, he rose up, though already struggling with death, and, snatching a lighted match, made an effort to fire a barrel of powder which was placed near him; his intention being to blow up both himself and the enemy, rather

than surrender. He was prevented, however, by a Captain Power, in whose arms he was basely and inhumanly stabbed by the English soldiers. M'Geoghegan knew that no confidence could be placed in any treaty with the English, and preferred to die fighting, rather than surrender to men in whose honor he could repose no trust. "*The whole number of the ward consisted of one hundred and forty-three chosen fighting men, being the best of all their forces, of the which no man escaped, but were either slain, executed, or buried in the ruins.*" This garrison was not composed of mere mercenary soldiers, taken by lot, but of men of honor and principle, who willingly laid down their lives in defence of their religion and country: the English themselves admit *that so obstinate and resolved a defence hath not been seen within this kingdom.* They were worthy to have been citizens of ancient Sparta, from the mode in which they sacrificed themselves for the good of their country; and, if their example has not been followed by others, it will be at least a subject of reproach and self-confusion to those of their countrymen who took up arms against them. The siege of Dunboy lasted for fifteen days.

The Spanish army which was intended for the expedition to Ireland amounted to fourteen thousand men. They had assembled at Corunna, and were ready to sail, when intelligence was received of the fall of Dunboy; on which the Spanish court sent orders to the Count de Caracena, governor of Corunna, to countermand, for the present, the sailing of the troops. The queen of England had her emissaries in Spain, who informed her of all that had occurred. She therefore ordered her fleets that were cruising on the coasts of Spain to be revictualled, and to continue to watch the motions of the Spaniards till the end of September; she also sent two thousand more troops to Ireland, to reënforce the president's army in Munster.

The fall of Dunboy did not prevent the Prince of Bearre from still acting a brave and noble part. Dermod O'Driscoll having returned from Spain, Cornelius, son of O'Driscoll More, was sent in his stead to solicit speedy assistance. In the mean time, the prince and Captain Tirrell marched with a thousand men into Muskerry, and made themselves masters of Carraig-na-Chori, Duin Dearaire, and Macrumpe, where they placed a garrison.

O'Donnel continued still in Spain, where he was actively employed at court, in behalf of his country. He wrote at this time the following letter, dated Corunna, to O'Connor Kerry: "The doctor and Dermod O'Driscoll will give you an account of every thing that is passing here.

The king sends you money and stores. Believe me, that his majesty will omit no opportunity to gain Ireland, were it to cost him even the greatest part of his kingdom. Endeavor to secure this monarch's good opinion by your services. I beg that you will inform me of the news in Ireland, and against whom the queen's forces are now employed."

Soon after this, news arrived of the death of the great O'Donnel, in Spain.

If the submission of M'Carty of Muskerry was fatal to the Irish cause in Munster, the news of the death of this great man was still more disastrous. The confederates of Munster, upon receiving the sad news, saw themselves deprived of all hope on the side of Spain; their courage was broken down; Daniel M'Carty, the Knight of Kerry, Daniel, son of O'Sullivan More, and others, sought to be reconciled to the English government. Captain Tirrell led his troops into Connaught, which raised the courage of the English, five thousand of whom were collected, and the command given to Wilmot, with the title of *governor of Bearre*. He accordingly led the army to that part of the province, where he published a proclamation in the queen's name, promising pardon to all who would abandon O'Sullivan Bearre's standard. This prince was now forsaken by his allies; and his Connaught troops having left him, with their commander, Thomas Burke, to return to their province, he deemed it more prudent to follow them with the few that remained, than yield to an inhuman enemy.

On the last day of December, O'Sullivan Bearre, with O'Connor Kerry, and a few other noblemen, having joined his troops with those of Connaught, the whole amounting to scarcely four hundred men, set out upon their march, intending to take refuge with Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Though his shortest route would have been through Leinster, still, that province being in the power of the English, who had their garrisons in every quarter, he determined to gain the Shannon, in order to reach O'Rourke, Prince of Brefsny, through Connaught. The badness of the roads and scarcity of provisions were not the only difficulties the Prince of Bearre had to encounter. He was continually obliged to fight his way with the enemy. We read nothing in history which more resembles the expedition of young Cyrus and the ten thousand Greeks, than this retreat of O'Sullivan Bearre.

The prince, having overcome the difficulties of a long and painful march, arrived, on the 7th of January, in the forest of Brosnach, above Limerick, near the Shannon, where he encamped with his little army. He here convened a council of war, to deliberate on the means of

crossing the river; in which it was decided that a number of boats, made of osier and the branches of trees, should be constructed for the troops; while, in order to prevent them from sinking, they were covered with skins of horses, provided for the purpose. These boats were used by the ancient Irish, and were called *currags*. The boats being completed, they were brought during the night to Portlaughan, on the banks of the Shannon, opposite to Portumna, and commenced crossing the river. O'Maily, who went by the first, was upset with ten soldiers, but the rest reached the opposite shore in safety. On reviewing his men, O'Sullivan found them reduced to two hundred. He marched, however, through Galway to Mainech, the country of the O'Kellys, where he had to contend with fresh enemies. Having met Captain Malby, an Englishman, Sir Thomas Burke, brother to the Earl of Clanriccard, and other chiefs, near Aughrim, at the head of a body of troops superior in number to his own, a battle began between them with equal animosity; but Malby, the English general, having been killed, victory declared in favor of the Irish. O'Sullivan continued his march to Brefny, where he was honorably received by O'Rourke.

The inhuman butcheries of the English throughout Munster raised a new confederacy against them, led on by M'Carthy, which, after a few ineffectual efforts, melted away.

This struggle of the inhabitants of Carbry was the last during this reign that was made, in the province of Munster, in favor of religion and liberty. It was too weak to have succeeded. The M'Cartys, having failed, solicited pardon from the president, through Captain Taaffe, and obtained it. Fitzmaurice, with a body of light troops, defended himself for a long time, in Slieve-Luachra, against the English; and was afterwards so fortunate as to redeem his property and title of Baron of Lixnaw, by his surrender. Thus ended the war in Munster.

Returning to O'Sullivan: He was not the only unfortunate prince who sought safety with O'Rourke. On his arrival there, he met the son of William Burke, chief of the noble family of the M'Williams of Connaught, and Maguire, Prince of Fermanagh. The same fate having brought O'Sullivan Bearre and Maguire together, they determined to have recourse to O'Neill, and induce him to renew the war against the English. Having, therefore, taken leave of the Prince of Brefny, they set out, attended by Captain Tirrell and a few cohorts of armed men, and, notwithstanding the severity of the season and the badness of the roads, they proceeded as far as the banks of Lake Erne. They were then obliged to force the several posts belonging to the English, in



which they were successful. Maguire afterwards got possession of his principality of Fermanagh.

Whilst the Princes of Bearre and Fermanagh continued victorious on the banks of Lake Erne, Lord Mountjoy, the deputy, received intelligence, from England, of the queen's approaching dissolution. The deputy was alarmed; he knew the instability of human affairs, particularly among a haughty and seditious people like the English; and, apprehending a change of government, he wished particularly to put an end to the war in Ireland. O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, was the great obstacle to a general peace; he still kept up his troops, and continued on the defensive for some time, expecting foreign aid; the deputy, therefore, considered it of importance to gain him over, and made, through his friends, proposals to him. The terms were flattering; a general amnesty was offered to him, and to his allies, with the free exercise of their religion, and the peaceful enjoyment of their estates, on condition that they would lay down their arms. O'Neill and his friends, having accepted the terms that were offered, entered again into the possession of their inheritances, and enjoyed them for some years in peace.

A celebrated patent of Queen Elizabeth, addressed to Rory O'Donnell, Prince of Tirconnel, is stated to have been granted about this time; from the tenor of it, it appears to have been given by the advice of the lord deputy Mountjoy, and the council of Ireland. It was written in the Latin tongue, and in Gothic characters. In this patent, the queen offers to O'Donnell, and a great many noblemen, proprietors of estates which were held under that prince, a general amnesty and forgiveness of their crimes. After the different branches of the O'Donnells, the chief noblemen, who are named in the act, are, the O'Boyles, the O'Caahans, the O'Kellys, the O'Galtowes, the O'Crinanes, the O'Carwels, the M'Nenys, the O'Kennidies, the O'Mulrenins, the O'Rowartys, the O'Tiernans, the O'Creanes, the O'Dwyers, the O'Kierans, the O'Moyleganes, the O'Ruddies, the M'Awardes, the O'Dunneganes, the O'Meallanes, the O'Murrys, the O'Dogharty, the O'Miaghans, the O'Clerys, the M'Glaghlins, the O'Sheridans, the O'Cassidys, the O'Cashedians, and many others. This patent, (says the Abbé M'Geoghegan,) which is in my possession, is dated Dublin, 26th February, about a month before the death of the queen; it is sealed with the great seal of England, and signed Philip.

*Thus then, the great O'Neill, with a handful of well-disciplined soldiers, WITHSTOOD THE POWER OF ENGLAND IN THE FIELD FOR*

FIFTEEN YEARS, and compelled them at last to grant him peace, the sovereignty of his principality, and perfect freedom for his religion.

Queen Elizabeth died on the 24th of March, anno sixteen hundred and three. She lived sixty-nine years six months, and reigned forty-four years four months. Symptoms of rage, insanity, and heavy affliction, preceded her death.

Robert Naughton, an English writer, gives, in his *Regalia Fragmenta*, a true picture of Elizabeth, and ascribes her last afflictions to the ill success of her arms in Ireland. This Englishman was created Sir Robert Naughton, secretary of state, and master of the court of wardens, under James the First. He lived about the period of her reign, and was deeply conversant in political secrets.

“The war in Ireland, which,” he says, “may be styled the distemper of the reign of Elizabeth, having continued to the end of her life, proved such an expenditure as affected and disorganized the health and constitution of the princess, for, in her last days, she became sorrowful, melancholy, and depressed. Her arms, which had been accustomed to conquer, meeting with opposition from the Irish, and the success of the war for so long a time becoming not only doubtful but unfortunate, afflicted her to distraction.

“It may be imagined that England was at the time equal to undertake and maintain by her resources the war against the Irish. If we take a close view of the state of things at the period, and the number of troops in Ireland, as also the defeat at Black Water, (Benburb,) and the expenditure attending the attempts of the Earl of Essex, the reduction of Kinsale, under General Mountjoy, and of a short time subsequently, we shall discover, that, in horse and foot, the troops amounted to twenty thousand men, independently of the naval armaments connected with them. The queen was obliged to keep up a constant and powerful fleet, to watch the coasts of Spain, and blockade its harbors, in order to prevent the succors, which were intended for Ireland, from being forwarded. The expenses, therefore, attending the wars of Elizabeth against the Irish, amounted, at least, to three hundred thousand pounds sterling a year, for fifteen years, which was not half her expenditure in other quarters — an expense which could not be longer supported without the aid of the public. The frequent letters of the queen, and the constant requests to General Mountjoy to disband the forces as speedily as possible, furnish an irrefragable proof to what an extremity this princess saw herself reduced.”

Irishmen of the present day! read the admission of this English

secretary of state, and learn from it that England put forth her whole power against Ireland during this FIFTEEN YEARS' WAR, and failed in subduing the valiant men of that generation. Ireland has broken the heart of many a British king, and queen, and minister, and deputy. The last deputy, De Grey, has just returned (July, 1844) from his futile though outrageous administration of government in Ireland; and Sir Robert Peel feels and admits Ireland to be his sole difficulty. Queen Victoria has no other trouble on earth but Ireland; and thus we are, at the end of two hundred and forty years from Elizabeth's attempts, as unconquered as *she found us* after four hundred years of previous war with her ancestors.

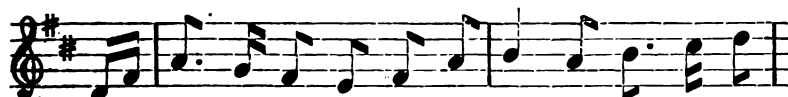
Amongst some of the last enactments passed by Queen Elizabeth was her celebrated poor law act, entitled "The Forty-third of Elizabeth." This act gave to the poor a right of maintenance in the land; it was rendered necessary by the countless swarms of poor and idle people, which appeared in England after the breaking up of the monasteries. Elizabeth tried all that coercion and cruelty could effect to punish and banish poverty, but its source lay in the uprooting of the whole social system, which took place since King Henry's first seizure of the church property. The poor laws of Elizabeth, for many years, afforded the people some protection against starvation; but within the last twenty years, they have been so altered in their essential powers, that it is degrading in the extreme to accept of relief under the conditions imposed, which reduces the *poor* to the degraded condition of *convicted criminals* ere they can taste one morsel of food provided by public charity. These degrading laws have been introduced into Ireland in latter years, but they have failed to afford any substantial benefit to the poor, whilst to the middle classes they prove a heavy and galling burden.

# HURRAH FOR THE STRIPES! HURRAH FOR THE STARS!

BY T. MOONEY.



1. Hur - rah for O' - Con - nell! Hur - rah for M'Hale!



Hur - rah for O' - Higgins! a true man of bravery!



Hurrah for O' - Bri - en! Hur - rah for O' - Neill! For



they are the fel - lows to lead us from slavery;



And, should they de - sire, We're rea - dy to fire! Our



long - tom ri - fles with punc - tu - al - i - ty!



With pow - der and steel We'll bat - ter down Peel, And



give back to E - rin her na - tion - al - i - ty.

Then high for the stripes! Hur-rah for the stars! Hur-  
 - rah for this land of true hos - pi - tal - i - ty!  
 Hurrah for the Bal - ti - more clip - pers and tars! They'll  
 help us to win back our na - tion - al - i - ty!

## 2.

Should Victoria go over  
 From Bristol or Dover,  
 They'll meet her with friendship, without formality;  
 And, ere she goes back,  
 They'll teach her the knack  
 Of treating her friends with more hospitality.  
 It's true she looks shy  
 On her neighbors that's nigh,  
 And wanders abroad for fun and frivolity;  
 But she'll shortly find out,  
 From within and without,  
 That Erin must have her old nationality.  
 Then high for the stripes, &c.

## 3.

'Tis said that John Bull  
 Has an obdurate skull,  
 And is sadly deficient of learning or modesty;  
 But, with heaven's own *blessin*,  
 We'll teach him a lesson  
 In morals, and laws, and political honesty.

Let no hero quail,  
And no lady fail,  
To pay up her dues to the Boston society;  
Let us all come together,  
In good or bad weather,  
In virtue, in valor, and pure sobriety.  
Then high for the stripes, &c.

## 4.

And who is afraid  
Of what has been said  
By the queen or her ministers in hostility? \*  
They often talk big,  
When they mount the big wig,  
And put on the airs of royal gentility;  
But Pat, like a block,  
Or immovable rock,  
Stands firm erect for civil equality;  
He don't care a curse  
For their army or purse,  
For he's now wide awake to their wicked rascality.  
Then high for the stripes, &c.

## 5.

And we'll meet on some day,  
Just in our own way,  
North, east, south, and west, in cordiality;  
From the isle of our birth,  
To the ends of the earth,  
Her children shall strike for her nationality;  
Then shall be unfurl'd,  
Throughout the whole world,  
The standard of Erin, in brilliant vitality;  
The sunburst of gold,  
On green, as of old,  
With the harp, the marks of our nationality!  
Then high for the stripes, &c.

\* The queen's speech denouncing repeal.

6.

Then hurrah for the ladies,  
 That's willing to aid us  
 With music and money, in true generosity!  
 May angels for e'er  
 Preserve in their care  
 The hearts that throb for our nationality;  
 And O, may they never  
 From Erin dis sever  
 Their patriot love for her civil equality;  
 May they urge on our cause,  
 With their smiles and applause,  
 And help us to win back our nationality.  
 Then high for the stripes! &c.

---

 WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?


## THE GATHERING OF LEINSTER.

[By the writers of the "Nation."]

1. O serf! with thy fet - ters o'er - la - den, Why  
 crouch you in das - tard - ly wo? Why weep o'er thy  
 chains, like a maid - en, Nor strike for thy manhood a  
 blow? Not thus would our fa - thers be -  
 - moan us; When tyr - an - ny raised the lash, then  
 They prac - tised the "*Lex Ta - li - o - nis*" Of  
 Feid - lim, and lashed it a - gain.

2.

For *this* did they humble the Roman?  
 And was it, pale Helots, in vain  
 That Malachy trampled the foeman,  
 And Brien uprooted the Dane?



Ye kings of our isle's olden story,  
 Bright spirits of demi-god men!  
 We swear, by the graves of your glory,  
 To strike like your children again.

## 3.

Though beside us no more in the trial  
 The swords of our forefathers wave,  
 The multiplied soul of O'Nial  
 Has flashed through our patriots brave.  
 By each rock where our proud heroes slumber,  
 Each grove where the gray Druid sung,  
 No foreigner's chain shall encumber  
 The race from such ancestors sprung.

## 4.

Ye swords of the kingly Temora,  
 Exalt the bright green of your sod;  
 The hue of the mantle of Flora;  
 The Emerald banner of God!  
 Leave, reaper, the fruits of thy labor;  
 Spare, hunter, the prostrated game,  
 Till the ploughshare is wrought to a sabre  
 To carve out this plague-spot of shame.

## 5.

Rush down from the mountain fortalice;  
 From banquet, and bridal, and bier;  
 From ruin of cloister, and palace;  
 Arise, with the torch and the spear!  
 By the ties and the hopes that we cherish,  
 The loves and the shrines we adore,  
 High Heaven may doom us to perish—  
 But, *never to slavery more!*

SOLDIER'S JOY.

Musical score for 'SOLDIER'S JOY' in common time (C). The score consists of four staves. The first two staves are the melody, and the last two are the accompaniment. The melody begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

---

ELLA ROSENBERG.

Musical score for 'ELLA ROSENBERG' in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score consists of four staves. The first two staves are the melody, and the last two are the accompaniment. The melody begins with a treble clef and a 6/8 time signature. The accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The number 90 is printed below the first staff of the accompaniment.

## LECTURE XVII.

FROM A. D. 1603 TO 1691.

James the First. — New Confiscations. — Gunpowder Plot. — Guy Fawkes. — London Monument. — Persecution of the Irish Catholics. — The Puritans. — Plot against the O'Neills and O'Donnells. — Seizure of Ulster. — Mode adopted. — Parliament of James the First. — Charles the First. — The "Fifty-one Graces." — Perfidy of the King. — Beginning of the Scotch War. — The Presbyterian Worship. — "Irish Rebellion of 1641." — First Outrages on the Catholics. — Strafford. — Plot to exterminate the Catholics. — Catholic Confederation. — English Evidences. — Order to kill all the Papists. — Indiscriminate Massacre. — Resistance of the Catholics. — The King sends Commissions to the Catholics. — Temporary Peace. — The King's Dispute with the Parliament. — John Hampden. — Oliver Cromwell. — King Charles taken Prisoner. — His Trial and Death. — Government of Thirty-nine. — New Reformation. — New Sects. — Fanaticism. — War renewed against the Irish. — Second Battle of Benburb. — No quarter for the Irish. — Cromwell invades Ireland. — Massacre at Drogheda. — Blasphemous Letter of Cromwell. — Massacre at Wexford. — Cromwell repulsed at Dunganon. — Repulsed at Clonmel. — Heroism of a Catholic Bishop. — Cromwell baffled. — Returns to England. — Ireton commands. — O'Connell's Sketch of Cromwell. — Shocking Cruelties. — Immense Confiscations. — Cromwell assumes the Throne. — Calls Parliaments. — His Death. — Recall of Charles the Second. — Change in the Religion of the State. — "Act of Settlement." — Lenity of the Catholics. — Ingratitude of the King. — Calumnious Pamphlets. — Vacillation of the King in Religion. — His Death. — James the Second. — Discharges from Prison Catholics and Quakers. — Proclaims Liberty of Conscience. — The High Church Party oppose him. — Trial of the Seven Bishops. — The Irish Parliament. — Intrigue against King James. — Invasion of William. — Flight of James. — Affairs in Ireland. — A grand Irish Army raised. — Return of James to Ireland. — Siege of Derry. — James's Defeat in Derry. — His Imbecility. — The Battle of the Boyne. — Flight of James. — Defeat of the Irish. — Siege of Athlone. — Defeat of the English. — Siege of Limerick. — Heroic Defence. — Exploit of Sarsfield. — Assault on Limerick. — Heroic Conduct of the Women. — Defeat of the Invaders. — King James's bad Management. — Ginckle marches into Kerry. — Bravery of the Irish. — The Summer of 1691. — Movements of both Armies. — Second Siege of Athlone. — Brave Defence. — Heroic Action of twenty Irishmen. — St. Ruth's Joy. — Fourth Attack on Athlone. — St. Ruth refuses Aid to the Town. — Sarsfield indignant. — The Town lost. — Retreat on Aughrim. — Preparations for Battle. — Action begun. — The Tide of Battle. — The Irish so far victorious. — Joy of St. Ruth. — Disastrous Mistake. — St. Ruth killed. — Change in the Fortune of the Day. — Irish retreat on Limerick. — Remarks on the Battle. — Sarsfield now Chief in

Command. — Second Siege of Limerick. — Proposal of Peace from Ginckle. — Accepted. — The Treaty of Limerick. — Irish Commanders in this War: O'Neill, O'Reilly, O'Callaghan, Magennis, M'Mahon, O'Gara, Grace, O'Connell, O'Higgins. — List of Officers killed and wounded — Burke, O'Brien, Dillon, O'Regan, and several other Officers. — Future Dispositions. — Irishmen in foreign Service. — Sarsfield.

ON the death of Queen Elizabeth, the crown of England descended on the head of James the Sixth of Scotland, anno 1603. He was the son of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots; and the crowns of both nations uniting in him, he was, by law, king of England and Scotland.

James was a pedant — a learned but not an instructed prince. In religion, he was a rigid Presbyterian. The Duke of Sully said he was the wisest fool in Europe. Wade says, "He was weak, mean, and pusillanimous; the strong feature of his character was *insincerity*."

On his accession to the throne, he promised toleration to all religions; but he soon gave indications that he would not adhere to that promise. He brought with him from Scotland many political adventurers, who, under *pretence* of making a further and a purer reformation in religion, began a new persecution, and a further series of confiscations.

In the latter end of Elizabeth's reign, she relaxed somewhat in extracting fines from the Catholic gentry, who refused to conform to her worship. These fines fell into arrear; but the agents of James hunted them up and levied on such estates as had fallen into debt to the crown. A new reformation then commenced; the estates of the non-believers were all forfeited, and divided amongst the hungry followers of the king; and then came the conspiracy, called the *gunpowder plot*; this was concerted by William Catesby, a gentleman of family, and by Guy Fawkes, a soldier of fortune, by Percy, a relative of the Northumberland family, and by ten others.

The parliament of James was to meet on the 5th of November, 1605; previous to which, two hogsheads and thirty-two barrels of gunpowder were secreted in the cellar of the parliament-house. It is said that this was a Popish plot; it is true some of the conspirators were Catholics, but it should be remembered there were still some Catholic peers in this very parliament. It was a plot originating in deep resentment, and deadly resolve, as the event proved, to destroy by one effort a set of men who had trampled on the law, and seized upon a large mass of property, under cover of its outraged authority. Some one of the conspirators, however, in obedience to a compunctious visiting, intimated to *Lord Monteagle* a hint to stay away from the parliament on the

appointed day. He communicated his suspicions to others; the alarm spread; the cellar was searched, and the powder there discovered. A watch was then set; and long before daybreak, Guy Fawkes was apprehended entering the cellar, carrying a dark lantern, dressed and booted as for a journey, and three matches were found in his pocket.

Fawkes boldly avowed his object before the privy council, and added that *he* was prepared to be blown up in company with the tyrants, rather than not rid his country of their oppression. Fawkes and the others concerned were executed; amongst the sufferers was Elizabeth's great favorite, Sir Walter Raleigh.

It was on this occasion, that the celebrated anthem of England, "God save the King," was composed and sung in the churches of London.

The courtiers of James turned this plot into capital; they swore it was a *Popish plot*, instigated by the court of Rome; and shortly after this, the great fire of London taking place, they built the celebrated monument, to commemorate the preservation of a portion of the city, the partial destruction of which they ascribed to the Papists.

Alexander Pope has branded the monument with the immortal character of *liar*, which will go down to posterity a long way farther than the monument itself—

"— London's column, pointing to the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts its head, and lies."

On the accession of James to the throne, he had it circulated in Ireland, that he was tolerant and favorable to the Catholic religion. It is said he wrote a letter to Pope Clement the Eighth, assuring his holiness that it was his majesty's intention to become a Roman Catholic. In one of the works which he has left behind him, he says, "For myself, if that were yet the question, I would with all my heart give my consent that the bishop of Rome should have the first seat."

The hopes thus held out to the Irish nation induced them to think that they could again exercise their religion unmolested; but in this they were deceived. James's deputy, Lord Mountjoy, marched a force into the south of Ireland, and wherever he could discover a cross, or any building which indicated that the Catholic worship was there celebrated, he had that building seized and put into the possession of some of his followers.

In the reign of Elizabeth, a code of penal laws had been smuggled into the Irish parliament. They lay dead, however, for some

years; they were now revived, and all men were called on to *conform* to the state religion, and appear on Sundays in the state churches. The members of the corporation of Dublin were Catholic, and all of them, but one, refused to attend; that one was Alderman Archer: the remainder were fined in various heavy sums of three hundred to five hundred pounds each.

The old families took alarm, petitioned and remonstrated against this act, and the gentleman who carried the petition before the privy council, namely, Sir Patrick Barnwell, was *imprisoned*.

The most rigid persecution was instituted against Catholics; yet, notwithstanding all the persecutions that took place, and, moreover, during the persecutions of Henry the Eighth, Edward, and Elizabeth, not more than *sixty* of the Irish people embraced the new worship, though the population was two millions before the reign of Elizabeth.

James himself was neither a Protestant nor a Catholic. He disliked the Puritans; and, like all the Stuarts, was ever ready to sacrifice his friend to the fear of his enemy. At this time, the Puritan party had acquired an ascendancy in the political affairs of Ireland, and very many of the reformed clergy were inclined to their doctrines; the most eminent of those was the celebrated historian, USHER, archbishop of Armagh, who, by his management, contrived to have the whole doctrine of *Calvin* received as the public belief of the church of Ireland, and ratified by *Chichester*, the king's lieutenant.

After this came the great plot for entirely subduing such parts of Ireland as had yet held out against the authority of England. Finding it compactly told by M'Geoghegan, I adopt his account.

“Cecil, the prime minister of James, a man of considerable talents, but of deformed person, together with some others connected with the government, acting on the weak king's fears, incensed him against the Catholics of Ireland. The instrument which Cecil chose to effect his wicked purpose was Christopher St. Laurence, baron of Howth, generally called the *one-eyed*, who received instructions to invite to a secret conference the leaders of the Catholics, in order to entrap them. The Earls of Tyrone, Tirconnel, baron of Delvin, and some other Catholics of distinction, appeared at this mysterious meeting; St. Laurence made them swear not to divulge what he would communicate to them for their own safety. He then said, that he had information, through a channel which admitted of no doubt, that the court of England was determined to eradicate the Catholic religion out of Ireland, and force them to become Protestants; that he himself, from a concern for their safety, advised them to defend themselves against the threat, until positive assurances would be obtained, that no change would be attempted against their religion. The noblemen present, however, struck with alarm, unanimously replied, that nothing would shake their loyalty to the prince,

in whose royal word they reposed every trust, he being their legitimate sovereign.

"These protestations of loyalty were not sufficient to protect them against St. Laurence; he accused them to the king, as capable of forming secret designs against his majesty and the state, though destitute of means to attempt any thing, having neither troops on foot nor a hope of receiving succors from Spain. Tyrone and others were summoned before the council. The Catholics declared that the accusation was a calumny; but, seeing themselves confronted by St. Laurence, they acknowledged that they attended the meeting much less for the purpose of entering into any plot against the king, than to hear what this treacherous man, who had brought them together, intended to propose; whose infamy they had unanimously condemned on sufficient causes, of which the present is an illustration. Having been severally examined, and only one witness produced against them, the council did not think prudent to put them under an arrest, but ordered them to appear on the day following. During this short interval, some false friends, who were of the council, advised them underhand to consult their own safety, stating that one more witness only, who might be easily suborned, was necessary to convict them. The perfidious advice was but too readily followed by the Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnel, who quitted Dublin. Upon this, they were proclaimed rebels, and not only their individual estates, but six whole counties in the province of Ulster, were confiscated for the benefit of the crown, without examination or trial. These counties were divided between several English and Scotch Protestants, under such regulations as were obviously intended to produce ruin both to the Irish people and their religion. Besides the pecuniary fines that were inflicted, and the other penalties that were enacted against Catholics, it was specifically inserted in the patents, that no portion of these lands should be sold, transferred, or farmed, except to and by Protestants exclusively. St. Laurence himself, who had hitherto affected a tendency in favor of the Catholic religion, declared himself a Protestant, and by doing so became a partaker of the spoils.

"This iniquitous proceeding being ended, Hugh O'Neill, earl of Tyrone, Rory O'Donnel, earl of Tirconnel, Maguire of Fermanagh, and some other noblemen, crossed over into France. The English ambassador of that court demanded of Henry the Fourth, that these fugitives should be sent back to the king his master. The French king, however, generously replied, that it was beneath the dignity of a monarch to arrest a stranger who seeks to save himself by flight: upon this, the earls took their departure for Flanders, where they were received with distinction by the archduke and archduchess, viz., Albert and Elizabeth, who governed the Low Countries. Thence they proceeded to Rome, where his Catholic majesty provided abundantly for their support, by pensions proportioned to their rank."

The young and gallant O'Dougherty, chief of the Inishowen district, seeing his countrymen doomed thus to extermination, took up arms in their defence; he raised what forces he could, and took some of the English garrisons in his neighborhood, exhibiting great bravery in the various assaults; he kept up a desultory warfare for a few months, in expectation of aid from some of the friendly powers of the continent,

with whom the great Hugh O'Neill was then in negotiation. O'Dougherty, having all the courage, but wanting the skill and caution of the great O'Neill, was, after five months' fighting with twice his numbers, killed while leading a charge in battle.

The hopes of Ireland from the north were now totally subdued ; the heroic leaders were all exiled or killed ; the successes of the English in Leinster had left that province destitute of a single military leader.

The whole province of Ulster was soon cleared of its old inhabitants by the sword. King James parcelled out the province to several companies of Londoners, who sent over from Scotland and from England, but principally from Scotland, a new race to plant it.

He contrived to confiscate a great portion of the lands of Leinster and Munster ; but ere he forced his way to Connaught, death carried him off. The extermination of nearly a million of the Irish, in the reign of Elizabeth, by sword and by famine, left the country an easy prey to James. The form of inquiry into titles of estates was gone into ; but juries which refused to find a title in the crown were imprisoned and fined.

To show the shameless means resorted to by James's followers, I quote from Leland : —

“ It was an age of project and adventure ; men's minds were particularly possessed with a passion for new discoveries, and planting of countries. They who were too poor, or too spiritless, to engage in distant adventures, courted fortune in Ireland. Under pretence of improving the king's revenue, they obtained commissions of inquiry into defective titles ; discoverers were every where busily employed in finding out flaws in men's titles to their estates ; the old pipe rolls, and the patent rolls in London, were searched to ascertain the original grants ; and, as all the Irish descents came by *gavelkind*, no registry or patent was ever so much as thought of by the Irish landowners. He who could not establish his right by a patent from the crown was dispossessed. The most iniquitous practices of hardened cruelty, of vile perjury, and scandalous subornation, were employed to despoil the fair and unoffending proprietor of his inheritance.”

In O'Connell's Memoir of Saxon atrocity, which substantially begins at the reign of James the First, I find many things which I would transcribe had I room. As the LIBERATOR's book is in the hands of almost every body, I refer the reader to its incontrovertible pages, for a narrative of well-attested English cruelty and treachery, such as disfigure no other page of human history.

Sir John Davies, the English lawyer, sent over by James the First, to act as attorney-general in Ireland, has borne evidence to the iniquity of the English invaders of Ireland, from the times of Henry the



Second, 1172, to his own time, 1610. It appears that Henry the Second marked out the whole of Ireland as confiscated from the original inhabitants to himself; that they were deprived of all property in the land of their fathers, an exception being made in favor of five families only, who were called, in pleading, persons of the five bloods, — "*de quinque sanguinibus*,"—namely, the O'Nials of Ulster, O'Melachlins of Meath, the O'Connors of Connaught, the O'Briens of Thomond, and the M'Murroughs of Leinster. Henry granted, it seems, some special charter to the citizens of Waterford, many of whom were Danes, on condition of remaining loyal to him.

It had been considered lawful, up to this time, for any Englishman to rob, despoil, or kill an Irishman, or ravish an Irishwoman; and, if brought to trial, it was enough to plead, as a defence, that the person robbed, despoiled, ravished, or murdered, was an Irishman or Irishwoman, not of the five bloods specially excepted, as above. This was the law, the justice, and the policy of the invaders for more than four hundred years. See *O'Connell's Memoir*, Casserly's edition, pp. 42, 43, &c. And, although in James's time, at the recommendation of Sir John Davies, a seeming effort was made to extend one law to all throughout Ireland, we shall see the good intent effectually frustrated by the evergrowing antipathy, jealousy, or covetousness, of the English adventurers.

In this reign, the first general parliament, since the English invasion and the fall of Tara, was held in Ireland. To fill this parliament with Englishmen, King James created, in one day, forty boroughs, on each of which he conferred the right of electing two members, which right lay in the votes of thirteen only of the burgesses, whose chief qualification was the public profession of the Protestant faith. Sir John Davies was the speaker of this house. From such an assembly, it may readily be supposed, the Irish, who still adhered more fixedly than ever to the Catholic faith, experienced the excruciating torture of a burning stream of injustice, rendered the more galling by its emission under the forms of law.

Charles the First, son of James the First, succeeded to the throne of England, anno 1625. He, like his father, began his reign with promises of toleration. In religion, he was an Episcopalian, and endeavored to force Episcopacy on the Scots, which attempt they resisted successfully in the field, and compelled him to relinquish. To the Catholics of Ireland he was insincere.

In 1628, Lord Faulkland, his deputy in Ireland, advised the

Catholics to send agents to England, to make a tender of their services and pecuniary support to the king, with a view to be relieved from the fines imposed on those who refused to conform to the new worship. The Catholics, therefore, sent over their agents with an offer of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, then deemed a considerable sum: the king accepted the money, granting letters of grace towards them, which insured them freedom of their religion, the trial of all disputes and claims by respectable juries, the enjoyment of their properties undisturbed, and a limitation of the title of the crown to their lands, promising likewise to have these rights confirmed by parliament: to these conditions were given the name "*king's graces.*"

The king took the first two instalments, amounting to one hundred thousand pounds, but never called the parliament to sanction the royal promise; and thus he cheated them, in a most shameful manner, out of their money.

These "graces" consisted of fifty-one articles; and, if honestly adhered to by the English parliament, the Catholics would, under all the circumstances, have been safe in the exercise of their religious worship, and secure in the enjoyment of their properties.

The Liberator, in his able memoir, has the following passage on the "graces:" —

"Thus the Irish, and especially the Catholic Irish, in order to obtain the confirmation of their titles to their own estates against an objection in its very nature frivolous and unjust, had, in 1628, agreed to pay, and actually did pay, one hundred and twenty thousand pounds to the king; and, in 1634, the parliament I have spoken of, composed of Catholics and Protestants, granted supplies doubling in amount the expectation of the lord deputy, who gave thereon the most emphatic promise that the graces should be immediately conceded.

"Is it credible that, all this time, this very lord deputy had determined these concessions should *not* be granted? that the people's money should be obtained under a false pretence, and no value given? that the plighted honor — the honor of Protestant England — should be pledged to Catholic Ireland, and should be pledged only to exhibit another instance of shameless knavery, another most disgraceful breach of public faith? Why, in its own nature, it *is* incredible; **YET IT IS LITERALLY TRUE**, as may be seen from Strafford's, the deputy's, letters, and the king's reply; first, the passage from the deputy's letter, addressed to Secretary Coke: —

"Both houses have, during this sitting, likewise extremely pressed for the graces, especially the law existing in England, for threescore years' possession to conclude the rights of the crown; and, in the lower house, none so earnest as Fingal and Ranalagh, urging his majesty's promise at every turn. The commons have named a committee to attend the chancellor. \* \* \* \* So as consider-

ing that many of these graces are by no means to pass into laws, and not foreseeing what inconvenience might fall upon his majesty, if these pressures were suffered to go on too far, I consulted these two judges, and Sir George Radcliffe, how we might incline the board to *give them the negative answer, and take it off the king*, which, on Thursday last, I effected, being, in good faith, very excellently assisted at the table by them all three, so as now we are resolved not only privately to transmit our humble advices upon every article of the graces, but on Tuesday next, to call this committee of the commons before us, and plainly tell them, that we may not, with faith to our master, give way to transmitting of this law of three-score years, or *any other of the graces* prejudicial to the crown; nay, most humbly beseech his majesty they may not be introduced to the prejudices of his royal rights, and clearly represent unto the king, *that he is not bound, either in justice, honor, or conscience, to grant them*; and so, putting in ourselves mean betwixt them and his majesty's *pretended engagements*, take the hard part wholly from his majesty, and bear it ourselves as well as we may.' — *Stafford*, 279, 280.

"It may be supposed, that Charles was no party to this villanous duplicity. Alas, alas for poor human nature! and alas for royal nature, too! Pause and read his reply: the king thus writes to Stafford: —

"Wentworth, before I answer any of your particular letters to me, I must tell you, that your last public despatch has given me a great deal of contentment, and especially for keeping off the envy (odium) of a necessary negative from me of those unreasonable graces that people expected from me.' — *Stafford's State Letters*, Vol. I. p. 321.

"Both these men lost their heads upon the scaffold. Stafford was a consummate political villain; Charles was spoiled by his education and his advisers; but Ireland suffered, without any compensation, from the deliberate villany of the one and the regal treachery of the other." — *O'Connell's Memoir*, p. 179, Casserly's edition.

As for Stafford's grand scheme for confiscating the entire province of Connaught, by the establishment of juries to inquire into the king's title to all the lands in the country, beginning with the county Roscommon, and his barefaced mode of bribing judges and jurors, or fining, imprisoning, branding with hot irons, such jurors as refused to find for the king, I refer the reader to his letters, quoted at copious length in *O'Connell's Memoir*, p. 187.

To the people of England, King Charles the First proved a vacillating, absolute king, attempting to tax them by the force of his will alone, almost scorning the sanction of parliament. The house of commons containing many Puritan members, these opposed the king in any endeavor of his to establish Episcopacy. They held constant communication with the Presbyterians of Scotland. A book of common prayer, composed by the king and council, for Scotland, was ordered to be read in the churches of Edinburgh, by his majesty's command. The Dean of Edinburgh, in his surplice, undertook this

duty, but was assaulted by some person who flung a stool at him ; a mob was gathered, and the life of the dean was threatened. Immediately the Scots entered into the memorable compact, called the *Covenant*, which they compelled all people to subscribe. Archbishop Spottiswood, and several other archbishops, fled to England. The Scots formed themselves into four *tables*, as they termed it, to regulate their affairs ; all their political concerns were managed at their *devotions*, which imparted an extraordinary share of frenzy to their proceedings. The Marquis of Hamilton came from England, by the king's commands, to dissolve their convention ; but they continued to sit, in defiance, and appointed a Mrs. MITCHELSON to preside over their deliberations, who affirmed that God spoke through her mouth. This mixture of fanaticism and national spirit gathered into an immense, infuriate storm ; and although Charles sent twenty thousand men against the Scots, he was, after some hard-fought battles, and many defections from his standard, compelled to grant them the most unlimited terms. The Presbyterian worship was then established as the national worship of Scotland, and has remained so, with some modification, to the present time.

Passing over many of the events of this reign in Ireland, I come rapidly to what is called the "rebellion and massacre of 1641." The Catholics tried, by grants to the king, and by declarations of loyalty, to obtain liberty to enjoy their religious worship in peace. Hitherto, since the reign of Elizabeth, they paid a fine of twelve pence per week each, for refusing to attend the English church service. Twelve pence of those days were equal to three or four times the amount in the money of the present ; from which, we may form an opinion of the extent of their sacrifices ; and yet Lord Wentworth (Earl of Strafford) says of this fine, "As a matter of revenue, it should be continued ; but," adds he, "if it be held to, for *that which it was intended*, which was, *to bring the Irish to a conformity in religion*, it would come to nothing, and would prove a covering narrower than a man could wrap himself in."

Such is the opinion, put on record, as to the inflexible adherence of the Irish to their religious opinions, by the very best authority ; namely, the chief persecutor in the trying ordeal.

Charles, who at first appeared disposed to favor the free worship of the Roman Catholics, receded all at once from this position, through the intimidation of the Puritans, and from the meanness of his own nature. When he had got upwards of one hundred thousand pounds from the Catholics, he dropped his lenient tenderness for their consciences. Soon the system of terrorism recommenced. The Archbishop of Dublin and

the chief magistrate of the city, at the head of a file of musketeers, entered the Catholic chapel of Cook Street, on St. Stephen's day, whilst the congregation were at their devotion. They seized the priest in his vestments at the altar, hewed down the crucifix, and carried off all the sacred vessels and ornaments. After the first shock, occasioned by this unexpected act of violence, was abated, several of the congregation pursued the assailants with stones, and rescued their clergyman.

The representation of this incident to the English council produced an order for seizing fifteen religious houses for the king's use. The most rigorous execution of the penal laws was now every where put into operation; and the king gave an order that the army should be paid out of fines levied upon the Catholics who refused to attend the new worship. He commended the wisdom and energy of his Irish council, and directed them to "go on, till the work was fully done, as well in the city as in other places of the kingdom, leaving to their discretion *when*, and *where*, to carry a *soft* or *HARDER* hand!"—See *Carte's Ormond*.

Lord Strafford, who had been a member of the opposition, in the English house of commons, suddenly became a courtier, and won the confidence of the king so far as to be appointed the lord deputy of Ireland, where, on his arrival, he exceeded even the king's cruelty and dissimulation. He revived the court of inquiry into titles, which had been some time laid aside, and confiscated the entire province of Connaught. He did this by empanelling juries in each county, the members of which were heavily taxed, if they refused to find a title to the lands in the crown. The jurors who did not so find, were fined four thousand pounds each, and kept in prison till they paid it; four shillings in the pound were allowed to the chief justice and chancellor, upon all the annual value of the estates seized. Such a system of tyranny was likely to be effective; and county after county of the province of Connaught was thus vested in the king.

For nine years this wicked nobleman thus fleeced and persecuted the people of Ireland, endeavoring by every art to exterminate them. At length he was suspected and envied by his former party in the English house of commons, who had him impeached, tried, and beheaded. He defended himself with great eloquence; but he had proceeded too far in enforcing Episcopacy on the Irish Puritans, which was his real sin in the eyes of the parliament of England. He expected, all through, that the king would pardon him; yet the king signed his death-warrant by commission. The night before his execution, he offered twenty-

two thousand pounds to the keeper of the Tower to suffer him to escape; but all could not save him.

Returning to the system of plunder and persecution fomented by this wicked man,—it produced the utmost ferocity, thirst for plunder, and intolerance, on the side of the Protestant Puritans, and a deadly animosity and a desire of vengeance in the minds of the Catholics.

Several Catholic priests were at this time put to death for merely exercising the functions prescribed by their church. Thomas Ballaker, Thomas Holland, Paul Heath, Francis Bell, Henry Morse, Morgan Philip Powel, Martin Woodcock, — Reading, and — Whitaker, were executed in England, under this charge, between the years 1641 and 1646: many priests were also hanged in Ireland, and some of these upon the lord deputy's warrant, as related by Strafford, in his defence, that it was the common practice for the lord deputies of Ireland to have men hanged upon their simple warrant, taking on themselves the responsibility. — See *Rushworth's Collections*, viii. p. 649.

“Some time before the rebellion broke out,” says Carte, “it was confidently reported that Sir John Clotworthy, who well knew the designs of the faction that governed the house of commons in England, had declared there, in a speech, that the conversion of the Papists in Ireland *was only to be effected by the Bible in one hand, and the sword in the other*. And Mr. Pym gave out that they would not leave a priest in Ireland. To the like effect Sir William Parsons, out of a strange weakness, or detestable policy, positively asserted, before so many witnesses, at a public entertainment, *that, within a twelvemonth, no Catholic should be seen in Ireland*. He had sense enough to know the consequences that would naturally arise from such a declaration, which he would hardly have ventured to make so openly, if it had not been agreeable to the politics and measures of the English faction, whose party he espoused, and whose directions were the general rule of his conduct.” — *Carte's Ormond*, vol i. p. 235, (English authority.) — And so it turned out to be; for it was afterwards a common thing for the English soldiers to kill the pregnant women, and take out the young children from their wombs, and sport them on the tops of their spears!

To see their lands and ancestral halls taken from themselves, and handed over to strangers; to see their priests hanged, or hunted, and the exercise of their worship broken in upon by hardened, unfeeling ruffians; to see their women and children thus butchered; to find the king deceiving them whilst he took large sums of their money, — was quite enough to drive men to madness.

It becoming quite manifest to the Irish Catholics that a deep plot was hatching for their destruction, several of the heads of that body confederated for their mutual protection. Their alarm was increased by the discovery of a certain petition to parliament, which was secretly got up by the Puritans of Ireland, and had received many thousand signatures. This petition prayed that the Irish Papists should be obliged either to turn Protestants or quit the kingdom, and that those who would not submit to that law should be hanged at their own doors. The following Irish chiefs then resolved on seizing on the Castle of Dublin, and establishing, by a vigorous and well-concerted stroke, the independence of their country—Sir Phelim O'Neill of Tyrone, Rory O'Morra of Ballina, in the county Kildare, Maguire, lord of Enniskillen, M'Mahon of Monaghan, Philip O'Reilly, the chief of Cavan, and several other noblemen of Ulster and Connaught. The attack on the castle was fixed for the 23d of October, 1641. Lords Maguire and M'Mahon were appointed to head the attack; but one *Connolly*, Maguire's servant, gave information of it to the justices the day previous, when the leaders were seized. Maguire and M'Mahon were hanged at Tyburn. *Connolly*, who embraced the Protestant religion, was rewarded with large possessions, in the north-west of Ireland, as the wages of his perfidy.

Justices Borlaise and Parsons, who inwardly delighted at the idea of a general revolt, having in view the prospect of considerable confiscation, now despatched troops into every district of Ireland, to put down the threatened or partial revolt. Sir Phelim O'Neill had captured some English castles in the north, and O'Reilly of Cavan had seized upon Drogheda and some garrisons in its neighborhood. The English soldiery received orders to spare neither man, woman, nor child. Massacres were committed by them in Santry, Clontarf, and Bullock, near Dublin. The garrison of Carrickfergus massacred three thousand men, women, and children, near that place. Similar cruelties were practised by Lord Broghill in the counties of Cork and Waterford—by Coote in the county of Wicklow, where, to use the expression of Coote himself, "not a child, were it but a hand high, was left alive." Yet the Catholics, who, driven to madness by this inhuman cruelty, retaliated on their pursuers, are charged with massacring the Protestants in cold blood.

We have long been accustomed to hear the massacre of 1641 given as a Popish butchery.

But what does impartial history say?

Dr. Anderson, in his *Royal Genealogies*, has the following passage : —

“The native Irish being well informed, as they thought, that they now [1641] must either turn Protestant, or depart the kingdom, or be hanged at their own doors, they betook to arms in their own defence; especially in the province of Ulster, where the six counties had been forfeited.”

The English Lord Clarendon says, —

“About the beginning of November, 1641, the English and Scotch forces, in Carrickfergus, murdered, in one night, all the inhabitants of the Island of *Gee*, to the number of three thousand men, women, and children, all innocent persons; in a time when *none* of the Catholics of that country were in arms or rebellion.”

He adds the note, —

“This was the *first massacre committed in Ireland on either side.*”

The same noble author, further on, speaking of Munster, has the following : —

“In Decey’s county, the neighboring English garrisons of the county of Cork, after burning and pillaging all that county, they murdered above three hundred persons, men, women, and children, before *any rebellion began in Munster.* And the same party led one hundred laborers prisoners to Caperquin, who, *being tied in couples, were cast into the river, and made sport to see them drowned.*”

He continues thus : —

“Observe that *this county is not charged with any murder committed on Protestants.*”

Sir William Petty, an English Protestant, and secretary to Cromwell, assures us that, after the most minute inquiry, he finds the computed numbers killed on both sides, in battle and by massacre, did not exceed thirty-six thousand; and it appears there were more Irish Catholics killed than of the opposite religion.

Other evidences might be given of provocations for what followed; but these two are samples of all. That the motives and objects of these exterminators were plunder, is now admitted: to drive the unfortunate people to revolt, in order that their lands might be seized, was their aim. After Strafford’s death, the chief government of Ireland was lodged in the hands of the joint deputies, *Parsons* and *Borlaise*. Dr. Leland, an historian on the English side, speaking of these men’s acts, says, —

“Whatever were the professions of the chief governors, the only danger they really apprehended was that of a too speedy suppression of the rebellion. Extensive forfeitures were their favorite object, and that of their friends.”

CARTE, the English historian, says, —

“They privately wrote to the Earl of Leicester not to accept of any overtures



from the northern rebels, because the cost of supplies from England would be amply compensated by the estates of the actors in the rebellion. And after Parsons's disgrace, [*says Carte,*] he owed to Clanrickard, that the English parliament's pamphlets were received in preference to the king's orders, as oracles, its commands obeyed as *laws*, and *extirpation preached as gospel.*"

Such were the predispositions of the governors of Ireland, and their followers, previous to the explosion and massacre of 1641. That was an upheaving of the whole elements of society, a bursting up of the most wicked and exasperated passions of man. *Leland* says that the favorite object, both of the Irish government and English parliament, was *the utter extermination of ALL* the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland, even to the last human being! He is a Protestant historian. Their estates were already marked out and allotted to the conquerors, so that they and their families were consigned to irretrievable ruin.

On the 23d February, 1641, an order was issued from the council chamber of Dublin Castle, to kill every human being *supposed* to be a rebel, or who gave heritance to a supposed rebel. This dreadful order was literally carried into effect; and the justices declare, says *Leland*, (book 5,) "that the soldiers slew all persons promiscuously, not sparing the women or children." The *Ormond Letters* supply the following passage: —

"Sir William Parsons hath, by late letters, advised the governor to the burning of corn, and to *put man, woman, and child to the sword*, and Sir Adam Loftus hath written in *the same strain.*" — *Ormond's Letters*, ii. 350.

The *Liberator* gives the following terrific page: —

"Here is a specimen of a massacre of prisoners in the streets of Dublin, who were taken at the battle of Rathmines. It is Lord Ormond who speaks. The army, [Catholic,] I am sure, was not eight thousand effective men, and of them it is certain there were not above six hundred killed; and the most of them that were killed were butchered after they had laid down their arms, and had been almost an hour prisoners, and divers of them murdered before they were brought within the works of Dublin." — *Ormond*, ii. 396.

"Their friars and priests were knocked on the head, promiscuously, with the others who were in arms." — *Whitelocke*, 412.

Again: —

"Sir Theophilus Jones had taken a castle, put some men to the sword, and *thirteen priests.*" — *Whitelocke*, 527. "Monroe put sixty men, eighteen women, and two priests, to death in Newry." — *Leland*, iii. 203.

Castlehaven and Clarendon give details of thousands of women, and children, and old men, who hid themselves in furze, which was set fire to, and the people in it burnt; whoever tried to escape was shot.

The flame of revolt now broke forth from the north, west, and south; the Catholics revenged themselves every where on the Protestants, whom they now regarded as their new enemies. The old English, inside the Pale, as well as the old Irish outside, were driven, by terrible persecution, to join this hatred of the new comers; and, it is grievous to state, some eight hundred and fifty families, and five thousand men, of the new settlers, were massacred by the Catholics. Some of the historians magnify this; but Dr. Warner, who took every possible pains to ascertain the truth, states this number as the result of his inquiry.

The king, becoming shocked at the rivers of blood, now let flowing from both sides, sent commissioners to Ireland to treat for a cessation of hostilities. But the lords justices in Dublin, and particularly *Ormond*, frustrated every such attempt. Plunder, plunder, plunder, was their object, though they swam to it through rivers of human blood.

The confederated Catholic lords, both of the English Pale and of old Irish blood, now assembled in Kilkenny, under a regular organization, and, having formed a supreme council, assumed the government of Ireland, for the protection of their religion, lives, and fortunes. The presence of clergymen at this assembly imparted to it a greater solemnity. The four provinces were represented by Thomas Preston, of the house of Gormanstown, for Leinster; Barry, of Barrymore, for Munster; Burke, of the house of Clanrickard, for Connaught; and by Owen Roe O'Neill for Ulster. At this Catholic national council, laws, admitted by their enemies to be most equitable, were enacted. The grand council consisted of six delegates from each province, and they adopted and used a common seal; ambassadors were sent from this council to foreign potentates, to negotiate for aid, and, although unprovided with arms, in less than two years they conquered back a great proportion of the lands which they lost in the last reign.

At length, by the king's repeated commands, a cessation of hostilities between the Catholics and new settlers was agreed to. The king's commissioners appeared at the Catholic council, in Kilkenny, with full powers to settle all things to their satisfaction. The king suddenly became most anxious to conciliate the Catholics, and attach them to his interest, and commanded *Ormond*, his lord lieutenant, to conclude a peace with them, whatever it cost. Here are the king's words: "*I command you to conclude a peace with the Irish, cost what it may.*" In another — "*I absolutely command you, without reply, to execute the directions I sent you on the 27th February last, which were, to make peace even without the council.*" *The treaty for peace* was signed at Kil-

kenny, by the Catholic confederates on the one hand, and by the king's commissioners on the other. But scarcely was it signed, when it was formally rejected by the northern army, who, though in the king's service, were under the influence of the Puritan party in the English parliament. An apprehension that I might weary my readers forbids me to quote here the monstrous, the incredible cruelties practised by the English government in Ireland, under the administration of Ormond, by their officer, Sir Charles Coote. The terrible doings of this monster may be seen in O'Connell's Memoir, pp. 200 to 206, &c., Casserly's edition.

It is worth our attention to inquire into the origin of that dispute, between Charles the First and the Puritan parliament, which ended in his execution. The king, having entered into war with Spain and France, fitted out a considerable fleet, and, to defray the expense, laid a tax on his subjects by the instrumentality of a simple proclamation. Mr. Chambers, a citizen of London, disputed the legality of this tax. The opinions of the twelve judges were demanded by the king; the judges sanctioned the demand; but Mr. Hampden, a gentleman of Buckinghamshire, also disputed and refused to pay the tax. The case was carried before the judges, where it was ably argued, when Hampden was cast, and ordered to pay twenty shillings, the sum originally levied. This, however, was still refused.

Shortly after this, the king went to Scotland, and while there, discovered that a secret correspondence was going on between the Scots, Puritans, and some members of the house of commons. Five of these he ordered to be apprehended, and their papers to be seized. The parliament then passed a vote, declaring the inviolability of the persons of its members, and that whoever would seize on their persons or papers should stand on his defence. Next day, the king, with five hundred armed men, went into the parliament-house to arrest the five members, and, not seeing them, exclaimed, "The birds are flown."

The excitement outside now rose to a high pitch; the sheriffs of London, with an armed multitude, carried the five obnoxious members to their seats. *Hampden*, on landing from his barge, was conducted to his seat by four thousand horsemen.

The king then retired to his country residence, Hampton Court, and from that to Windsor, from whence he sent pardons for the five members; but these were rejected by the parliament. Both houses petition the king to surrender the forts, the Tower, and other places of strength, into their hands. This was refused, and the parliament levy militia, appoint

commanders, organize a revolution, placing the chief command in the hands of Oliver Cromwell, meet the king's party in several engagements, and finally defeat him.

It is not a little extraordinary that Cromwell and some others, who were about leaving England, on the breaking out of the civil war, were seized at Plymouth, and detained by the king. At the celebrated battle of *Naseby*, that very *Cromwell's* right wing defeated the king's army, took possession of all his ammunition, his majesty himself escaping by the merest chance.

The Scots now invite Charles to come over the border, — assuring him that they will preserve him from his enemies. The king intrusts himself to their confidence, and is basely betrayed by them into the hands of the parliamentary leaders, and given up for two hundred thousand pounds paid them by parliament.

Although the army and parliament, or rather the Presbyterians and Independents, fell out, they subsequently agreed to impeach the king; seventy commissioners were appointed to try him; at the head, as president, was the celebrated *Bradshaw*.

They assembled in Westminster Hall. Bradshaw sat in a seat of crimson velvet; the others ranged themselves on either side, on benches covered with scarlet; at the feet of the president sat the clerks; on a table were the sword and mace, and directly opposite stood a chair for the king; when brought into court, and after hearing the charge read, he declined to answer, and refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the tribunal; whereupon the president recorded the "contempt and default of the prisoner." In four days after, the court met and adjudged Charles guilty of the charges, and sentenced him to death. On the 30th of January, 1649, he walked under guard from St. James's to White-Hall, where he was led through the banqueting room to the scaffold; here his head was severed from his body, and then given to his servants.

The death of the king was soon followed by the abolition of the house of lords, when the powers of the three estates of the realm merged in the house of commons. A new council, consisting of thirty-nine persons, took on them the whole functions of the executive. The crown lands, bishops' lands, the estates and revenues of the deans and chapters, were again seized by the new powers; in fact, a new reformation was effected by the parliamentarians; the *mass book* was abolished by Elizabeth; now, the *church book*, established by her authority, was abolished, and a *directory* substituted by the parliament.

The persons who obtained priory, abbey, and church lands and

tithes, in the preceding reign, for the support of the reformed church, were all ejected now. "And it was remarkable," says William Cobbett, "how loudly those persons exclaimed, 'Sacrilège, sacrilège!' against the new comers, whose own title to that property was founded upon no better authority."

As the Catholic bishops were shut out of parliament in the last reign, so the Protestant bishops were now excluded. Prelacy was denounced; to renounce prelacy and the liturgy were the only terms upon which the parochial clergy were allowed to retain their benefices.

Upon the ruins of the Episcopal church, two sects rose into importance — the "Presbyterians" and "Independents." The Presbyterians were for throwing off the authority of bishops, the religious ceremonies still observed; and the liturgies and form of prayer lately established. The Independents carried the change still farther; they were for the entire abolition of ecclesiastical government; they disdained creeds, abolished ceremonies of every kind, and contended for the sufficiency of individual judgment in matters of religion. Oliver Cromwell, Sir Harry Vane, and other leaders, belonged to this class.

The superior activity and energy of the Independents, their influence in the army, and the exclusion of their rivals — the Presbyterians — from parliament, gave them great power. The commonwealth became an oligarchy in the hands of about one hundred persons, supported by a standing army of forty-five thousand men. This oligarchy was supported by the sword. Cromwell soon obtained the mastery in the army by flattering the religious fanaticism of the soldiers, and encouraging in it principles of a levelling character. Many of the common soldiers claimed the right to interpret the Scriptures and preach the gospel. One of these fanatics went into the church of Walton-upon-Thames, while the congregation were at divine service, carrying in his hand a lantern and five candles, also a Bible: he said he had a message to them from God, and, if they did not listen, they would be all damned: he put out one light, as a mark of the abolition of the Sabbath; the second, as the abolition of tithes and church dues; the third, as a mark of the abolition of all ministers; the fourth, of all magistrates; and the fifth he applied to setting fire to a *Bible*, declaring that *that* also was abolished.

Such were the new chief governors of England. And now we cast our eyes again on Ireland. The Kilkenny confederates had made nearly a general reconquest of Ireland from the English; only two chief garrisons remained in possession of the British, namely, Dublin and Londonderry. The parliamentarians had taken ten

thousand Scotchmen into their pay : these were sent into Ireland, under Major-General Monroe, rather to watch the movements of the Irish than to reduce them entirely. This force was augmented, by the Scotch and English settlers in the country, to nineteen thousand men.

I take from M'Geoghegan the following graphic narrative of the second battle of Benburb :—

“ Monroe landed in Ireland in May. He marched to Carrickfergus, and seized on the castles of Newry and Carlingford, where he placed garrisons. The English commanders represented to him that the opportunity was favorable for continuing the conquest, and reducing the whole province ; but he refused to cross the River Bann, in which refusal he followed the directions of his masters. Having condemned sixty men, eighteen women, and two priests, to death, in Newry, he returned to Carrickfergus, and on his march laid waste the lands of Lord Iveagh and Maccartan. He carried away four thousand head of cattle, and other property ; the English forces expected a share in the booty, but the Scotch seized on all during the night ; and the English, seeing themselves deceived, mutinied, and would no longer join the Scotch in their robberies.

“ Owen Roe O'Neill was commander of the Irish in Ulster. He agreed with the pope's nuncio, regarding the peace of 1646, and the motives which influenced that minister to oppose it. In the spring of this year, he travelled to Kilkenny, to consult with that prelate on the state of religion and the country ; and, having received the succors he expected, he returned to Ulster.

“ This general collected his forces in the month of May, amounting to about five thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry, with which body he marched towards Armagh. Monroe led his army, consisting of six thousand infantry and eight hundred horse, Scotch and English, and encamped within ten miles of the same place. Being informed that O'Neill was on his march, with a design of taking the city by surprise, the Scotch general decamped on the 4th of June, and, advancing towards the city, arrived at midnight, with a view of attacking O'Neill. Being informed that O'Neill was encamped at *Benburb*, Monroe marched the next day to attack him ; but, though superior in numbers to O'Neill, he sent orders to his brother, George Monroe, who commanded a force at Coleraine, to come and join him at Glaslough, near Benburb. O'Neill, having information of the time he was to pass, immediately despatched Colonels Bernard, M'Mahon, and Patrick M'Nenay, with their regiments, to meet him and prevent a junction with General Monroe. These two officers performed their trust to the satisfaction of their commander. They cut the enemy, commanded by young Monroe, to pieces, and returned next day to Benburb, where they shared with O'Neill the honor of the victory they had gained over the Scotch and English. O'Neill was favorably posted between two hills, his rear being enclosed by a wood, and his right extending itself along the Blackwater. Being apprized that Monroe was at Glaslough, O'Neill moved his cavalry to a height, from whence he viewed the Scotch army on the opposite banks of the river. In the mean while, the Scotch crossed the river, where it was fordable, near Kinard, and were marching to Benburb. O'Neill sent Colonel Richard O'Ferral to occupy a defile through which the enemy had to pass ; but their cannon prevented him from keeping it, and he was forced to retire, which he did in good order.

“The two armies began to prepare for battle. O’Neill kept the enemy employed for a while with light skirmishing and musketry, while waiting for the sun, which annoyed his troops during the day, to go down. He was expecting also the arrival of a detachment, which he sent the preceding evening against some of the enemy at Coleraine. When Monroe saw this force arrive, he thought that they were coming to join himself from the same place, but found his mistake on seeing them enter O’Neill’s camp. O’Neill now commanded his men to advance within reach of the pike, and to begin with close fighting. His orders in this were most valiantly executed. The English regiment, commanded by Lord Blaney, after a vigorous defence, was cut to pieces; and the Scotch cavalry being broken by those of O’Neill, the rout became general. There was but the one regiment of Sir James Montgomery that retired in a body, the remainder of the army that escaped being thrown into the greatest disorder. Colonel Conway, who had two horses killed under him, accompanied by Captain Burke and about forty horsemen, reached Newry. Lord Montgomery was taken prisoner, besides twenty-one officers, and about a hundred and fifty soldiers; *three thousand two hundred and forty-three of the enemy fell on the field of battle*, and several were killed the day following in the pursuit. The loss on the side of O’Neill amounted to about seventy men killed and two hundred wounded. The whole of the Scotch artillery, arms, tents, baggage, and thirty-two stand of colors, were taken. The booty was immense; it consisted of fifteen hundred draught horses, and provisions of every kind for two months. General Monroe saved himself with difficulty on horseback, and fled without either hat or wig. After this defeat, he burned Dundrum, and abandoned Portdown, Clare, Galway, Downpatrick, and other strong places. The consternation of his army was so great that numbers fled to Scotland for safety.

“The victory gained by General O’Neill seemed to portend the complete conquest of Ulster. His respect, however, for the orders of the nuncio lost to him the fruits of his success. His excellency wrote to him in June, complimenting him on the victory he had gained, and beseeching him to march into Leinster, to the support of those who opposed the peace. The messenger found O’Neill at Tenrage, ready to fall upon the Scotch. However, in obedience to the nuncio’s request, he assembled a council of war, when it was decided to march directly to Kilkenny, in conformity to which decision he issued his commands.”

The monarchy and house of lords being some time overthrown in England, the government of Ireland became an object of dispute to all parties in England. The Presbyterians were for conferring it on Waller; the Independents were inclined towards Lambert; but, after some debating, they all finally agreed that Oliver Cromwell was fittest for that important trust. For some time previous, a war of extermination had been declared against the Irish Catholics.

On the 24th October, 1644, the English House of Commons passed the following among other resolutions: —

“The lords and commons, assembled in the parliament of England, do declare, that no quarter shall be given to any Irishman, or to any Papist born in Ireland,

which shall be taken in hostility against the parliament, either upon sea or within the kingdom or dominion of Wales; and, therefore, do order that the lord-general, the lord-admiral, and all other officers and commanders, both by sea and land, shall except all Irishmen, and all Papists born in Ireland, out of all capitulations hereafter to be made with the enemy, and shall, upon the taking of every such Irishman, and Papist born in Ireland, as aforesaid, *forthwith put every such person to death.*"

Cromwell, like some of the reformers who went before him, knew the inflexibility of the Irish character in matters of religion. For the purpose of reducing them to obedience to the new powers in England, and under pretence of effecting a *further* reform of religion, he landed in Dublin, with about twelve thousand of his choicest troops well armed, bringing an extensive park of artillery, and twenty thousand pounds in money. His army was composed almost entirely of religious fanatics; they were denominated *levellers* in England; and they saw before them in Ireland a rich prospect of plunder.

In the latter part of Charles's career, he caressed the Catholics of Ireland, and induced them to believe that he was persecuted for countenancing the free exercise of their religion. This caused them to espouse his quarrel, and to furnish soldiers and money to the royal army. The Catholics were, therefore, now marked by Cromwell and his levellers as their victims; their private resolve was, *no quarter to the Papists*, and this they put into execution to the letter.

Cromwell acted, on his arrival, as lord lieutenant of Ireland, in the name of the parliament of England. No parliament was called or suffered to be held in Ireland for thirty years after this; the city of Dublin submitted, but the provinces prepared for resistance, in the name of "Charles the Second," son of the decapitated king.

To Drogheda Cromwell first marched. The town was defended only by four or five thousand men, who bravely prepared to resist the usurper. He appeared before it with ten thousand men, summoned it to surrender, and, on refusal, thundered with his cannon at the strong walls for two days, until he made a breach: the word for assault was then given; his men were twice repulsed with great slaughter; the garrison behaved with the utmost bravery. Cromwell, seeing that all depended upon his success at this point, with the bravery of a Napoleon, drew his sword, and, rallying his desponding soldiers, entered the breach with great fury, and, breaking through the first resistance, promised quarter to all those who should submit: this quarter was continued as long as resistance appeared in any part of the town. A submission was thus temporarily procured; and no sooner



were the arms of the brave defenders given up, than, says Leland, "Cromwell, with an infernal calmness and deliberation, resolved, by one effectual execution, to terrify the whole Irish party; he issued his fatal orders that the garrison should be put to the sword. Some of his soldiers with reluctance butchered their prisoners; the governor and all his gallant comrades, numbering three thousand men, were butchered in cold blood. A number of ecclesiastics were found within the walls, and these seemed to be the more immediate objects of his vengeance; he ordered his soldiers to plunge their weapons into the helpless men's bodies. *For five days, this butchery continued*; thirty persons only, out of the whole garrison and citizens, remained unslaughtered, and these were transported as slaves to Barbadoes."

Cromwell sent to the parliament, on this occasion, a blasphemous despatch; it is worthy of perpetuation: —

"Sir, — It has PLEASED GOD to *bless* our endeavors at Drogheda; after battering, we stormed it. The enemy were about three thousand strong in the town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives, and those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. This hath been a marvellous great mercy. *I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom, indeed, the honor belongs.* For instruments, they were very inconsiderable to the work throughout.

"O. CROMWELL."

Upon which the parliament of England resolved, 2d October, 1649: —

"For this important success of the parliament's forces in Ireland, the house appointed a thanksgiving day, to be held on the 1st November ensuing throughout the nation; and further, a letter of thanks was voted to be sent to Cromwell, lord lieutenant of Ireland, in which notice was to be taken that the house did *approve of the execution done at Drogheda*, as an act both of *justice* to them, and *mercy* to others, who may be warned by it." — *Parliamentary History*, vol. iii. p. 1334.

How can any Englishman feel surprised at the natural hatred which Irishmen entertain towards his country? Let every honest Englishman, who blushes for this horrible resolution of the English commons, join those patriotic men in England, Ireland, and America, who are trying peaceably to get justice done to Ireland. By such a course alone can that well-grounded hatred ever be removed.

Cromwell spread terror and consternation far and wide: he despatched part of his army to the north, and repaired himself to the south. Wexford he took easily, by the treachery of one Stafford, and, as in Drogheda, butchered the inhabitants, numbering five thousand.

Dr. Lingard, describing this massacre, says, "No distinction was made between the defenceless inhabitant and the armed soldier; nor could *the shrieks of three hundred females, who had gathered round the great cross*, preserve them from the swords of those ruthless barbarians."

He next proceeded to *Duncannon*; but he was met here by a brave and unexpected resistance from *Wogan*, the governor, who made a sally which destroyed many of the besiegers, and obliged them to retire.

At Clonmel, he met with still greater resistance from *Hugh O'Neill*, who commanded only twelve to fourteen hundred of the provincials, and who yet made such a resistance, that, in the first assault, two thousand of the besiegers were killed. He was, therefore, content to surround and starve the city rather than storm it. Lord Ormond sent some assistance to the fort, but they were intercepted by the besiegers, and scattered or taken prisoners.

Amongst the prisoners taken at Ross, by Cromwell's forces, was a Catholic bishop, who had been active in preaching up resistance to the invader. He could expect no forgiveness, yet forgiveness was promised him, if he would use his great influence in inducing his friends in Clonmel to surrender; he was taken before the town, but the gallant captive, unshaken by the fear of death, when he came within sight of his countrymen, implored them to maintain their post resolutely against the enemies of their country and their religion, and be ready, as he was, to die in their defence; and then instantly resigned himself to execution.

Such a deed is worthy of a Spartan or a Roman fame, and ought to bring crimson to the cheeks of those Irishmen who refuse to stir hand or foot for the liberties of their country.

After a brave resistance of two months, during which Cromwell lay around the town with twenty thousand men, many thousands of whom were destroyed by repeated sallies, the garrison, having exhausted their ammunition, secretly withdrew to Waterford, evacuating the town; and those who remained obtained most advantageous terms from the usurper, under an impression that he had got hold of the garrison, which, on finding how he was baffled, sorely vexed him, for he had lain before the town all that time, unable to proceed farther in his conquest southward.

He had already taken several thousands of the poor, defenceless peasantry, and shipped them as slaves to the West India colonies, when he was called back to England, to oppose Prince Charles, (son of Charles the First,) who had left the Hague, by invitation of some leading royalists of Scotland, and proceeded from the

continent, in a small convoy, under the command of the Baron Von Tromp. Arriving safe in Scotland, the young prince, though a Protestant, was compelled to swear to the covenant of the Scottish Presbyterians, and had already made considerable headway.

On Cromwell's hasty return to England, he left the army in Ireland, under *Ireton*, who was his duplicate, in cruelty at least.

I cannot even touch one tenth of the terrible events of this cruel usurper's career.

One chief cause of the submission of Ireland to Cromwell was the death of O'Neill, and the treachery of Lord Inchiquin, who commanded, for the Irish confederation, nearly all the strong posts of Munster, and whose surrender of these posts, and accession to the enemy, was a severe blow to the cause of Ireland.

Limerick was obtained by the treachery of one or two within, and the garrison and citizens put to the sword. Galway and several other towns ultimately fell into the hands of the parliament. Lastly, Cromwell, having obtained several victories over the troops of Prince Charles, in Scotland, and compelled him to fly, was enabled to send fresh forces to Ireland, which were poured in in such masses, that they became inconvenient to each other.

I will introduce here a powerful summing up of Cromwell's atrocities, from O'Connell's Memoir: —

“Cromwell gorged himself with human blood; he committed the most hideous slaughters, deliberate, cold-blooded, persevering; he stained the annals of the English people with guilt of a blacker dye than has stained any other nation on earth; and, after all, for what? *What* did he gain by it? Some four or five years of precarious power! and, if his loathsome corpse was interred in a royal grave, it was so only to have his bones thence transferred to a gibbet! Was it for *this* that he deliberately slaughtered thousands of men, women, and children? female loveliness, and the innocent and beautiful boy — aged but seven years — of Colonel Washington? The natural result of the promiscuous slaughter of the unarmed peasantry, wherever the English soldiers could lay hold on them, was, as a matter of course, an appalling famine; the ploughman was killed in the half-ploughed field; the laborer met his death at the spade; the haymaker was himself mowed down; a universal famine covered the land. An eye-witness, employed in hunting to death the Irish, has left the description which follows: ‘About the years 1652 and 1653, the plague and famine had so swept away whole countries, that a man might travel twenty or thirty miles, and not see a living creature, either man, beast, or bird, they being either all dead or had quit those desolate places. Our soldiers would tell stories of the place where they saw a smoke, it was so rare to see either smoke by day, or fire or candle by night; and, when we did meet with two or three poor cabins, none but very aged men, with women and children, were to be seen, and those, like the prophet, might have

complained, We are become as a bottle in the smoke; our skin is black, like an oven, because of the terrible famine, &c. &c.'—*Colonel Laurence's Ireland*, pp. 86, 87."

Cromwell now instituted trials of all those who assisted the "rebellious" of the last ten years. But so many had been killed, so many of the original movers were butchered, or had fled to Spain and France, that only two hundred suffered death: thousands upon thousands had forfeited their estates, and escaped to the continent.

We see, from Broudin and Lingard, that Cromwell sent away one hundred thousand Irish to foreign countries; they were principally the flower of the Irish armies. Several thousand young girls and women were seized, and sent to the West India and American colonies, under pretence of making them English and *Christian!* These unhappy exiles perished in hundreds and thousands; many thousands were crowded beyond the Shannon into Connaught, to live as best they could, or to die of hunger from excessive numbers. The rest of Ireland was then coolly divided amongst the soldiers of Oliver, he reserving to himself the whole county Tipperary for a demesne. An edict was at the same time issued from Dublin Castle, signed by Fleetwood, Ludlow, and Jones, commanding that every Romish priest found in Ireland was deemed guilty of rebellion, and sentenced to be hanged till half dead—*then to have his head taken off, and his body cut in quarters, his bowels taken out and burnt, and his head fixed upon a pole in some public place*; five pounds were offered for the head of a priest, which was the sum given for the head of a wolf.

The Liberator quotes an extract, from a rare tract published the year after Cromwell's death, which, after describing the horrid deaths of about twenty-four of the most illustrious Irish commanders, concludes thus:—

"What shall I yet say? Time would fail me to narrate the martyrdoms of chiefs, nobles, prelates, priests, friars, citizens, and others, of the Irish Catholics, whose purple gore has stained the scaffolds almost without end, who, by faith, conquered kingdoms, and wrought justice, of whom some had trials in mockeries and stripes, moreover, also, in chains and prisons; others were stoned, cut asunder, racked, or put to death with the sword; others have wandered over the world in hunger, thirst, cold, and nakedness,—being in want, distressed, afflicted,—wandering in deserts, in mountains, in dens, and in caves of the earth."

It was after having read these things in O'Connell's Memoir, that the patriot, Robert Tyler, exclaimed, at Philadelphia, in reply to Brougham, "*Thank God, I am not an Englishman!*"

The lands of Ireland were now parcelled into small allotments, among

Cromwell's army. This rule applied to every part of Ireland save Connaught, which was appropriated by the English parliament, in a general treaty with the Irish, for their reception; all beyond the Shannon was appropriated for their use; and the rest of Ireland was divided amongst the adventurers of the previous reigns and the present. This took place anno 1654; but the parliament found it impossible to force all the Irish from their homes, without encountering another war, to which Cromwell was now averse.

At length, having influenced a majority of the English parliament to his interest, Cromwell had himself proclaimed lord protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland; he sent his son Henry to Ireland, who suddenly changed the system of government to comparative mildness. Meditating now the seizure of the crown of England, and the establishment of himself as monarch, he soon found an opportunity to carry his ambitious views fully into effect. Having secured the army, and generated distrust of the parliament in the minds of the people, he boldly took a file of musketeers to the house of commons, and bid them "disperse—they had sat long enough"! To one, he said, he was a drunkard; to another, a cheat; and finally directed his officer to "carry off that shining bauble," pointing to the mace. In short, having turned them all out, he locked up the doors, and coolly put the keys of the parliament-house in his pocket.

He soon called another parliament, but quickly dissolved it; called a second, and dissolved that; a third, and a fourth, and found them all untractable. He assembled and dissolved his parliaments as he would his courts martial. His government was a naked despotism, depending entirely on the soldiery for support. No parliament had been suffered to assemble in Ireland for many years; that country was given up to the management of his son. His internal government was distinguished by watchfulness and energy; by means of his spies, he frustrated every effort of his enemies; but death put a period to his career, after a stormy existence. He reigned as lord protector four years, but was military dictator for ten or twelve.

Although his son, Richard Cromwell, was proclaimed hereditary protector, yet his authority was soon overthrown; and the young Prince Charles, having now a considerable party in England, Scotland, and Ireland, had himself recalled to the throne of England; which event is denominated, in English history, the "*restoration*."

Charles the First, when beheaded, left three children—two of

whom successively became monarchs of England, as *Charles the Second*, and *James the Second*; the first now filled the throne.

Anno 1660. On the arrival of Charles to power, he was beset by intrigues. The various parties into which the three kingdoms were split, contended for favor. The king introduced Episcopacy again, as the religion of the nation, admitted bishops to the house of lords, and also some Catholic peers to the same assembly, and drove the Presbyterians and Independents from all offices of trust and power. The Presbyterian clergy, especially, were driven from their livings.

This was the state of things in England. The condition of Ireland was miserable in the extreme: the people had continued fighting for the royal cause three years longer than any other part of the British empire; subject, for the previous hundred years, to the subduing influences of the sword and of famine; driven from their homes into wilds and fastnesses; and their houses and lands occupied by a new race, who seemed bent on their extermination. It was thus the unfortunate wrecks of the native Irish were penned up like hunted beasts in the wilds of Connaught. When Charles the Second came to the throne, before he even landed in England, commissioners were sent to induce him to exclude the Catholics of Ireland from parliament, and to confirm Cromwell's soldiers in their holdings: this he promised, and, though the Irish Catholics were the first to declare for his restoration, he, like a true Stuart, when he reached the goal of his ambition, became the bitterest enemy they had in all his dominions.

The very men, *Coote* and *Broughill*, who most opposed the Stuart cause, under Cromwell, — these, who hunted the old native Irish like wolves, were the two men whom Charles now placed as chief rulers over Ireland. The clamors that beset him, about the lands and spoils of Ireland, were such as baffle all description. The English were all for sweeping confiscations; and the king was too much dependent on his English supporters to refuse them any thing they asked in Ireland. An act of "settlement" was, therefore, brought into parliament, which confiscated from the Catholic Irish EIGHT MILLIONS OF ACRES OF THE BEST LAND OF THE KINGDOM.

As for the mock "Court of Claims," established by him in Dublin, one sentence will describe it. Before one thousand of the Catholic proprietors had preferred their claims to be restored to their possessions, — which claims, being resisted by the most barefaced perjury, were generally rejected, — Clarendon, his lord lieutenant, *dissolved the court, though there were yet SEVEN THOUSAND CLAIMS REMAINING UNHEARD.*

The old Catholic families met, and appointed agents to proceed to England, to remonstrate against this sweeping and cruel confiscation; but they were neither heeded, nor even treated civilly, by Charles or his ministers.

The Catholics were charged with the murder of fifty thousand Protestants, since 1641; and, though *the Catholics dared their accusers to a solemn investigation of the origin of the spilling of blood*, and the greatest sufferers thereby, no inquiry ever took place. It is proved, by Protestant historians, in numberless instances, where Catholic generals saved the lives of Protestants during this sanguinary war. O'Connell quotes three English historians to this effect: —

“But,” he says, “with what proud and glowing gratulation do I turn to the conduct of the Irish Catholics during the civil war! I collect from Protestant historians; for on this subject I shall scarcely use one other: ‘Multitudinous facts of lenity, forbearance, and mercy—the horrors of war mitigated by the multiplied exercise of the tenderest humanity.’ What a glorious contrast! a contrast rendered more striking when we bear in mind, that all this time the English Protestants were committing the horrid cruelties I have been citing. We find preserved by *Carte* (English and Protestant) the following fact: ‘The Irish made proclamation, on pain of death, that no Scotsman should be molested in body, goods, or lands.’ p. 178. The next admission is from *Temple*: ‘It was resolved by the Irish party *not to kill any*, but where of necessity they should be forced thereunto by opposition.’—*Temple's History of the Rebellion*, 65.—Even Leland himself—the anti-Irish, the anti-Catholic Leland—has the same admission: ‘In the beginning of the insurrection, it was determined by the Irish, that the enterprise should be conducted in every quarter with as little bloodshed as possible.’—Book 5, c. 3.”

See *O'Connell's Memoir*, for further evidences.

The doom of Ireland was, however, now sealed, and her choicest spirits were driven into exile, and, for the first time, sought employment in the armies of Spain and France; in which service, as we shall see hereafter, they distinguished themselves by bravery, ability, and genius. All the old inhabitants became victims, in some way or other, to the reformation.

“That spirit was broken which never would bend.”

The ingratitude of Charles the Second to the Catholic Irish ought to cause them to hate forever the name and race. This king, who had twice owed his life to *Catholic priests*; who had, in *fifty-two instances*, held his life at the mercy of Catholics, and, when Cromwell's bloodhounds hunted him through Scotland, had been concealed, and then guided in safety past his enemies, by one of those Catholics, a poor man, who could have had a great reward for giving him up,—this

very king — profligate in manners, mean and corrupt in principles — has placed upon the page of history the most memorable instances of baseness and ingratitude that ever it received.

Derrick, in his entertaining letters, relates the following anecdote — one instance in a thousand of the ingratitude of that most heartless and profligate member of a worthless race : —

“The conduct of Charles the Second, on his restoration, is notorious; he confirmed the grant made to Oliver’s soldiers, while his most loyal subjects were betrayed and abandoned to misery. Among these unhappy sufferers, no man’s case was more deplorable than that of Lord Viscount Fermoy, the head of the Roches, a numerous and loyal clan in the county of Cork. This nobleman, refusing to compromise with the usurper, abandoned a very fine estate, and in 1652 went abroad, and entered into the Spanish service. When Charles was at Brussels, Fermoy, being a colonel of a regiment, assigned to the king almost all his pay, reserving a mere trifle for the maintenance of himself and family. This generosity having ruined him, he was obliged to sell his regiment to pay his debts; and after the restoration, coming to London with a wife and six children, the king, though pressed by the Duke of Ormond and Lord Clanricarde, far from restoring him to his honors and estate, refused to hear of him; and had it not been for the benevolence of these two illustrious noblemen, this unhappy lord and his family must have starved.” — *Virtue’s Scenes in Ireland.*

On another occasion, Colonel Costello, who had sacrificed his entire fortune in the king’s service, thus addressed the ungrateful monarch in reply to his customary cant of condolence: “Please your majesty, I ask no compensation for my services and losses in your *majesty’s cause*; I see that to your friends, and to my countrymen in particular, you give nothing, and that it is your enemies alone who receive favor and reward. For ten years’ service, for many wounds, and for the total loss of my estates, I ask nothing; but in the ardor of youth, and in the belief that I was asserting the sacred cause of liberty, I fought for one year in *favor* of the usurper, and against your majesty: *give me back such portion of my estates as that year’s service entitles me to!*”

During the reigns of James the First, Elizabeth, and Cromwell, pamphlets, defaming the Irish, were constantly issuing from the press of England. These pamphlets were issued in periods of strife, for the purpose of palliating, before the more humane portion of the people of England, the atrocities of their agents and armies in Ireland. For sixty years these pamphlets continued to be issued in England: not one of them but contained wilful, detailed falsehoods; even *John Milton* blotted his pages with enormous calumnies on the Catholics, and retained vigor enough to abuse the Irish Presbyterians in his old age. Throughout the last century, the English historians copied into their books the wretched



effusions of these party pamphleteers. The English acts of parliament, through every preamble and clause, contained calumny and abuse of the Irish. And from these lying pamphlets, and lying acts of parliament, has the history of England, relating to this period, been compiled. Those things were encouraged, for it was comfortable to them to hear ill names applied to a race they had robbed and slaughtered. Those calumnies were worked into the histories of England. Falsehoods, once brought into life, take ages to die. English conversation, literature, public documents, all convey a disparaging account of the resources, military achievements, and abilities, of the Irish. Of course, this is done to discourage all attempts of the Irish people to recover their independence; but the fifteen years' war with the English Puritans was as well sustained by the Irish, though not with equal success, as the war against Elizabeth.

I will not consume valuable space by dwelling on the events of Charles the Second's reign. At one period, he swore to the covenant of the Scotch Presbyterians; again he sold himself to Louis the Fourteenth of France, and promised that king to restore the Catholic religion. On obtaining power by this very means, he became the greatest persecutor of the Catholics. Towards the close of his reign, he relaxed somewhat towards the Catholics, and admitted them to the corporations, magistracy, and the free exercise of their religion. During all his reign, plots and conspiracies against his power succeeded each other, in which Russell, Sidney, Oates, Rathbone, and others, were the chief, but unsuccessful actors: his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, who was principally bred to the sea, professed himself a Roman Catholic; and an immense outcry was got up against the pope and Catholics. It seemed to be the bugbear cry of the age, and was industriously propagated, for mere political purposes.

On the appointment of the notorious Ormond to the lord lieutenancy of Ireland, an outcry against popery was got up there. *A plot* was said to be hatched by *Titus Oates*, which had for its object the murder of all the Protestants, the overthrow of the monarchy, and the resumption of the forfeited estates; that the Jesuits were at the bottom of it, and that they instigated the burning of London, and were now meditating the burning of all the ships in the harbors of England and Ireland; that Ormond himself was to be the first victim, &c. The supposed Irish leaders in this plot were *Peter Talbot*, the Catholic archbishop of Dublin, who had latterly distinguished himself by the grandeur with which he celebrated the Catholic worship, Lord Mountgarrett, and others.

Terror seized the whole nation, and the whisperings of reason were drowned in the hurricane of indignation that immediately broke out. At first, men walked the streets as if their steps were dogged by assassins, and turned a corner as if death lay in wait to seize them. Some Protestants really imagined they were doomed to death by the pope and his agents. At length indignation succeeded terror, and nothing but blood would satisfy the public appetite.

Oates, who now offered himself as an informer to government, received from them the greatest encouragement, and a pension of twelve hundred pounds a year. There were many marked out for destruction; and as Oates, in his own person, proved that a Protestant witness against the Catholics was a good speculation, there were many who now contended for the honor and profit of disclosing the names of conspirators to the government. The names of many persons who had no existence were given in — amongst these a “Colonel Peppard,” who was never before or since heard of. The Catholic priests were held accountable for the acts of their people, and imprisoned on suspicion. Catholics were driven from every office they filled, and a sudden and general persecution commenced, during which several great men fled from England and Ireland, among them the Duke of York. Numbers of criminals, who were confined in the jails, now offered to become informers. Upon the evidence of three of those loathsome wretches, Archbishop Plunkett, the Catholic primate of Ireland, was apprehended, and, contrary to the laws of the realm, sent over to England to be tried, where he was found guilty and condemned to death, though some difficulty was experienced in accomplishing his destruction, even by a Protestant jury. He was hanged in Tyburn; and *Burnet*, the Protestant historian, says of him, “He was a wise and sober man, fond of living quietly and in due subjection to the government, without engaging in intrigues of state; he had nothing to say in his defence but to deny all; so he was condemned, and suffered very decently, expressing himself in many particulars as became a bishop.” — *Burnet*, vol. i. p. 230. At last, after a number of lives had been taken, the people awoke from their frenzy, and found they had been made the dupes of faction.

In this reign, the celebrated George Fox founded the society of Quakers. He was imprisoned and persecuted by Charles and his ministry: so were the Scotch Presbyterians, and the Irish Catholics.

Charles died on the 6th of February, 1685, in the midst of political troubles, and was succeeded by his brother, the celebrated JAMES THE SECOND. On the king's accession to the throne, he released from

prison several thousand Catholics, who were kept on fines for not attending Protestant worship; he also discharged twelve hundred Quakers, who were imprisoned for a like offence. His clemency and justice were applauded by the whole nation. King James publicly professed his Catholic principles, and, very shortly after his coronation, PUBLISHED A DECLARATION, ALLOWING LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE TO ALL HIS SUBJECTS. He dispensed with all penal laws and tests. Even the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, on entering office, were abolished. The Catholics, Presbyterians, Quakers, and all other religionists, were thus made eligible to all offices in the state. Perfect freedom of conscience was universally established.

Addresses of thanks for this liberty were daily presented to him, by dissenters, Presbyterians, Quakers, Catholics, all of whom made the highest professions of loyalty and gratitude. The Quakers, without compromising their principles, left their hats in the privy chamber, ere they entered the king's presence.

The Catholics of Ireland had resumed their position in the state. Many of the Irish chiefs returned to their castles and estates, and had turned the Cromwellians out. The Catholic Earl of Tyrconnel was made lord lieutenant of Ireland; a parliament was called in Dublin, which was composed two thirds of Catholic members, one third Protestant; and it is admitted this parliament passed a series of excellent laws for the promotion of trade and manufactures, and not one law of a penal or persecuting character. Ireland began again to assume the features of civilization and prosperity. The following are a few of the principal acts passed by that parliament, which, however, were afterwards expunged from the statute-books of England:—

An act declaring that the parliament of England cannot bind Ireland. — Against writs of errors for removing suits out of the Irish courts to the courts of England.

An act for repealing the acts of settlement. An act for taking off all incapacities of the natives of this kingdom.

AN ACT FOR LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE, and repealing such acts and clauses in any act of parliament which are inconsistent with the same.

An act for the encouragement of strangers to inhabit and plant in the kingdom of Ireland.

An act for investing in his majesty the goods of absentees.

An act for the advance and improvement of trade, and for the encouragement and increase of shipping and navigation.

These acts are evidence of the liberal spirit of the Irish Catholics,

when in possession of supreme power, and ought to go far in removing from the minds of all reasoning men any apprehensions about the future exercise of power by that calumniated body of Christians.

But this liberal conduct begot in the hearts of the Episcopal party a fiery animosity, which soon displayed itself. The vice-chancellor of the University of Cambridge opposed the king's tolerant wishes, by rejecting one Francis, a monk, from the fellowship of that college. The king issued a mandate to this college, and to that of the College of St. Mary Magdalene, at Oxford, directing them to admit Catholics to study, and to degrees. The colleges refused to obey the king; and thus was the religious quarrel again opened by the intolerance of the High Church Protestant party in England.

At this time, a political conspiracy against the king of France begot a religious persecution of the Protestants in that country, many of whom were killed. Some of them fled to England and Ireland. Those were called the French Huguenots, and the whole of this massacre grew from a *political plot*, for the particulars of which, see Cobbett's History of the Reformation. King James, by an order in council, ordered a collection to be taken through all the churches, for the relief of those persecuted French Protestants, *when sixty-three thousand pounds sterling were made up for their use*. They were also kindly and hospitably received in Ireland, and were the means of reviving the silk manufacture in that country. The La Touchés, the wealthy bankers of that city, are descendants of some of those Huguenots. About the same time, a rebellion broke out in England, headed by Monmouth, the professed object of which was the reëstablishment of the Protestant ascendancy. It was suppressed. Monmouth was executed, with accompanying circumstances of horror. *Judge Jeffries*, who was as bloody-minded as any judge that ever sat, under the authority of England, condemned hundreds to death for aiding in this rebellion, upon slender evidence. This begot in the hearts of many men a well-founded hatred of the king and his government.

The king, adhering to his resolution of declaring conscience free, issued a further declaration to a like effect, which he commanded all bishops, deacons, presbyteries, elders, and religious teachers, of every denomination, to read amongst their congregations, on three successive Sundays. This very fair and liberal declaration was refused to be read by the Protestant archbishop of Canterbury and six other bishops, which refusal created considerable excitement. The bishops petition the king, in which they deny his power to grant such liberty; *though they had*,

*by the oath of SUPREMACY, sworn the kings of England to be chiefs in religious matters.*

The bishops were then imprisoned by the king, (a very foolish act,) and tried for contempt, by a jury, who, after great debate and a long stay in the jury-box, brought in a verdict "not guilty." This verdict was received with applause by some persons in the court, and reaching the king's army, who were stationed near London, a cheer was also raised by the soldiers, which the king hearing, while at dinner in the neighborhood, he asked an attendant what the cheer was given for, and received for answer, "Nothing, my liege, but the acquittal of the bishops." "Call you that *nothing*?" rejoined the king.

Several earls and lords of the Protestant party, highly incensed at the favor shown to the Catholics, entered into a confederation to change the succession: these sent deputies and an address to William, Prince of Orange, inviting him over, and offering him their support on his arrival. This address was confided to the celebrated Bishop *Burnet*, who afterwards wrote a history of his times. *Burnet*, with much plausibility, painted to William the dazzling prospects of possessing the crown of England, and actually enticed him to the enterprise, though it was to dethrone James, his own father-in-law.

The prince at length, after many disappointments, landed at Torbay, on the 5th November, 1688, with only seven hundred men; and, but few persons joining his standard, he made preparations to return. He seemed disheartened for want of success, and continued for a week to remain close to his ships, for the purpose of returning, threatening, at the same time, to publish the names of all those who had invited him over, as a reward for their treachery and cowardice. By degrees, accessions came dropping in. Lord Colchester deserted from King James's army, with a few men under his command; Lord Cornby was the next; and so, after the examples of only two or three of this sort, hundreds, and then thousands, flocked to his standard. Meantime his main army arrived from Holland, which amounted to fourteen thousand men. He then marched, with all his forces, towards London. The king met him, with thirty thousand men, at Salisbury; but, instead of fighting, his principal officers joined the invaders. The king now fled to London, from whence he subsequently retired to France. James was betrayed by his secretary, the Duke of Sunderland, who, the better to effect his treachery, affected to become a Catholic, but gave the king's secrets to the Protestant confederation all the time. Louis the Fourteenth offered to send James thirty thousand men; but this Sunderland strongly opposed,

on the ground that it would shake the loyalty and confidence of the English people in the king. William entered London in the midst of burning Catholic chapels and desecrated altars.

James reigned only three and a half years; all his relations deserted him at the very crisis of his fate. Even his daughter Anne, wife of the Prince of Denmark, with her husband, fled, in the night, from his palace to the Prince of Orange's camp, which made the wretched monarch exclaim, "God help me; my very children have forsaken me." And now it will be necessary to follow the fortunes of his cause to Ireland.

The declarations of freedom of conscience in England, had been likewise made and published, and carried into effect in Ireland, by his command. A parliament was called, to which Catholics were invited with Protestants; and a spirit of emulation, enterprise, and public virtue, seemed for a short period to take the place of the demon of discord and rapine. All religions were tolerated, and the Catholics were admitted to places of trust, to the corporations, and to the command of the army. Good feeling and conciliation were the order of the day; but the High Church party, and others, who had been put in possession of the old Catholic property, feared much that, should this state of things continue, some of that property would be put back to its original owners. It is to be noted here that the English house of lords debated as to whether they should support King James after his flight. The vote was taken on the following question: "whether James had *broken* the *original compact*, and thereby made the throne *vacant*." *Negatived* by a *majority* of two; which proves that one branch of the British legislature had agreed with the Irish people in sentiment.

Sir Jonah Barrington puts the case of the Irish people, at this period, in the following terse and pithy style: —

"James, a monarch *de jure* and *de facto*, expelled from one portion of his empire, threw himself for protection upon the loyalty and faith of *another*; and Ireland did not shrink from affording that protection. She defended her *legitimate* monarch against the usurpation of a *for-eigner*; and whilst a *Dutch* guard possessed themselves of the British capital, the Irish people remained faithful to their king, and fought against the invader.

"In strict matter of fact, therefore, England became a nation of decided rebels, and Ireland remained a country of decided royalists. Historic records leave that point beyond the power of refutation. \* \* \*

"James was the *hereditary* king of both countries, jointly and severally.

The *third* constitutional estate, only, of *one* of them, (England,) had deposed him by their own *simple vote*; but Ireland had never been consulted on that subject; and the deposition of the king of *Ireland* by the *commons of England* could have *no* paramount authority in Ireland, or supersede the rights and dispense with the loyalty of the Irish parliament. The Irish people had held no treasonable intercourse with William; they knew him not; they only knew that he was a foreigner, and *not* their *legal* prince; that he was supported by a *foreign* power, and had succeeded by *foreign* mercenaries. But even if there was a doubt, they conceived that the most commendable conduct was that of preserving entire their *allegiance* to the king, to whom, in conjunction with England, they had *sworn* fealty. The British peers had showed them an example, and on that principle they fought William, as they had fought Cromwell; and again they bled, and again were ruined, by their adherence to *legitimate monarchy*."

The High Church party now prepared to coöperate with their friends in England. King James, having retired to France, negotiated with Louis the Fourteenth for military and monetary advances, to enable him to attempt the preservation of Ireland as an independent dominion.

An attempt was now made, in the north of Ireland, to raise the standard of revolt against King James, by Major Poor, and some others, turning out in arms, in the name of the Prince of Orange. Poor and his party were met and defeated by young Bellew, of Lowth, in the name of King James.

It was then that the nobility of Ireland raised, clothed, equipped, and armed, partly at their own expense, thirty thousand men for the king's service. There were already some old corps in Ireland, viz., the regiments of Mountcashel, Tyrconnel, Clancarty, Antrim, and some others. The regiments of Enniskillen, of Hugh M'Mahton, Edward Boy O'Reilly, M'Donnel, Maginnis, Cormac O'Neill, Gordon O'Neill, Felix O'Neill, Brian O'Neill, Connact Maguire, O'Donnell, Nugent, Lutterrell, Fitzgerald, Galmoy, O'Morra, and Clare, &c., soon appeared in the field. There was no want of soldiers, but the soldiers were in want of almost every thing, except courage and good-will; and the nobles, who underwent the first expense, were not able to support it long. There were also but few officers who knew military tactics, or who had time to train and discipline the new levies. In the month of March, the Earl of Tyrconnel sent Richard Hamilton, lieutenant-general of the king's army, at the head of two thousand men, against Hugh Montgom-

ery, Lord Mount Alexander, who had raised a regiment for the Prince of Orange, and was at the head of eight thousand rebels in Ulster. Hamilton set out from Drogheda on the 8th of March, and came up with the enemy, who were boldly drawn up in order of battle at Cladyfort. Notwithstanding the superior number of the rebels, the royalists attacked them so vigorously that they took to flight, and retreated in disorder towards Hillsborough, where Montgomery left two companies of infantry in garrison. He sent the remainder of his forces to Coleraine, under Sir Arthur Rydon, and sailed for England from Donaghadee. The resistance of Derry began in the following way.

"Tyrconnel had withdrawn the garrison from Londonderry, on the first intelligence reaching him of William's invasion of England. But soon perceiving the error he had committed in leaving this important place to the government of its Protestant inhabitants, he despatched the Earl of Antrim to take possession of it with a body of twelve thousand Scottish Highlanders. This wild and savage-looking force, whose exploits in the west of Scotland had spread a general horror throughout the land, had halted at the village of Limavaddy, about twelve miles from the city, at the very time when the rumor of the intended massacre reached the ears of the people of Londonderry. The citizens, alarmed at the approaching danger, were collected in the streets, consulting as to what was to be done, when messengers arrived from the village where the Highlanders had halted, giving the most alarming account of their numbers and savage appearance. There was obviously no time to lose. Already were two companies of the force in sight, and two officers of the corps were actually in the town seeking quarters for their men, when, at this critical moment, nine young men of the populace, 'prentice lads,' as they were termed, drawing their swords, snatched up the keys of the city, and making towards the ferry-gate, they suddenly raised the drawbridge, and shut the gates in the face of the approaching enemy. The adventurous spirit of the youths spread like wildfire. They were soon joined by numbers of citizens of their own class, and the guns were pointed against the advancing troops, who retired without further trouble. The example of Derry quickened the Protestant spirit of the north; numbers of men from the surrounding neighborhood flocked into the city to aid in its defence; and several other places, Enniskillen among the number, determined also to hold out for the Protestant cause."

King James was still in France, and saw how favorably disposed his Irish subjects were towards him, the greater part of whom had continued faithful; only three small towns, Londonderry, Coleraine, and Culmor, having rebelled in favor of the Prince of Orange. The English party in Ireland pressed William to send the necessary succors to support these towns. The royalists thought James's presence might be a check to the enemy; and being encouraged and assisted by France, he set sail with the celebrated Gabaret, and landed at Kinsale in March, accompanied by some French officers. At Cork he was joined by the Earl of Tyrconnel,



whom he created duke, and proceeded to Dublin, in the midst of a magnificent procession of forty thousand courageous Irish soldiers.

The Duke of Berwick, his natural son, accompanied by several officers, arrived in the camp of Hamilton before Coleraine; and the same night the general was informed that the enemy had abandoned the place, after having broken the bridge. The day following he entered Coleraine, and having repaired the bridge, and given the command of the place to Colonel O'Morra, he marched to Strabane, where he refreshed his troops and held a council of war. Here it was understood, through a letter, that the troops of Enniskillen and Derry, making in the whole about ten thousand men, were collected at Clodybridge, on the River Finn, under the orders of Major-General Lundee, for the purpose of opposing the royal army. After the contents of this letter were communicated, the council determined to march and attack the rebels. Hamilton set out with his army, and found, on his arrival, that the first arch of the bridge was broken, and a fort built on the other side, defended by two thousand men, drawn out in order of battle, upon an eminence near the fort. To surmount these difficulties, General Hamilton posted six companies of musketeers, with orders to fire on those who were guarding the fort, for the purpose of covering some workmen sent to repair the bridge. Every thing was done with the greatest order: the arch being repaired with planks and pieces of wood, the infantry passed over without difficulty, while the cavalry was crossing the river in view of the enemy. This intrepid act disconcerted the rebels: not only those who were guarding the fort, but the whole army took to flight, some of whom retreated to Derry, and some to Enniskillen. They were pursued to Raphoe by the royalist troops, who killed many of them, without any loss on their own side, except that of Robert Nangle, major in the regiment of Tyrconnel. After this advantage over the rebels, General Lundee, who commanded them, surrendered at Culmor, and embarked for England. Several other lesser battles were fought between both parties, too tedious to be inserted in this work.

Hamilton found abundance of provisions at Raphoe, where he stopped, and was joined by Lord Galmoy at the head of eight hundred men from the garrison of Trim. During his stay there, *he received some deputies from Derry, who offered to capitulate.* This garrison consisted of six thousand men; and the general, who knew the importance of the place, promised them their lives, properties, and protection, on condition that the city would surrender at twelve o'clock next day, which terms *were accepted and ratified on both sides.*

The king, who had stopped in Dublin, wishing to benefit by the first

moments of ardor which his presence excited among those of his own party, marched directly to the north. The rebels were not a little alarmed at this, having previously given up Coleraine and Culmor. The prince, accompanied by M. Rose, the deputy-marshal of France, Lord Melford, and some troops, arrived at St. Johnstown, between Raphoe and Derry, on the same day that Hamilton was in treaty with the deputies. The eagerness of the general to compliment the king on his arrival, made him likewise eager to give him an account of the campaign. *The monarch signified to General Hamilton his displeasure at the terms he was about to grant to the rebels of Derry*, and marched himself directly for that town, with the fresh troops he had with him, and immediately summoned it to surrender at *discretion*. This change made by the king, from the terms previously agreed upon, gave great alarm to the garrison. It had been stipulated that the king's troops should not advance till the place would be evacuated; and now they began to doubt his sincerity. It was determined, therefore, to defend the town to the last extremity, while waiting for succors that were expected from England. At this juncture, a Protestant minister, named Walker, took the command of the garrison, and infused great courage into the hearts of his party.

The siege was now begun. The royal army was reinforced by some newly-raised troops, who were as yet undisciplined. The whole then amounted to ten thousand men. The trenches were opened before the place, and the garrison was so straitened for provisions that they were at length forced to eat dogs, cats, &c. To lighten their numbers, six companies, belonging to Lord Mountjoy's regiment of infantry, were embarked and sent away. The garrison was well provided with warlike stores of every kind, and it had *forty pieces of cannon* planted upon the walls, which played on the besiegers. The succors by which the Prince of Orange intended to relieve Derry soon made their appearance. An English fleet of twenty ships of war, and three hundred transport-vessels laden with provisions, warlike stores, and six thousand troops, under the command of Major-General Kirke, appeared in Loughfoyle, in the beginning of August. Having relieved the besieged, just as they were on the point of surrendering, the royalists were forced to withdraw on the 10th of August, after a siege of seventy-three days, resisted with extraordinary bravery by the Protestant garrison. King James then ordered Hamilton to lead the army towards Dublin, to oppose Marshal Schomberg, who was expected to land with an army in the neighborhood of that city. Hamilton obeyed the king's

orders, first placing a garrison in Charlemont, under Captain O'Regan, an officer of high repute.

In the mean time, Schomberg landed between Carrickfergus and Belfast, and besieged the former town, which was under the command of M'Carty More, who, having but one barrel of powder, was forced to surrender the castle after a feeble defence. Schomberg then proceeded towards Dundalk.

The king, being arrived at Drogheda, sent two lieutenants, Butler of Kilcop, and Garland, each at the head of a detachment, to reconnoitre the enemy. They brought back word that Schomberg was encamped; that his right wing was stretched along Castle-Bellew, his centre extended towards Dundalk, and his left towards the sea. Upon this, the king marched towards Ardee, where he stopped, and, the day following, sent General Hamilton, with the whole of the cavalry, to the village of Aphene, where he was separated from the enemy by a bog and a small river. The king arrived, after a few hours, with the infantry, and encamped, for some days, in presence of the enemy. The Duke of Tyrconnel, M. Rose, and other general officers of the army, were for attacking the enemy. The opportunity was a favorable one, as sickness had got in among Schomberg's troops, and out of twelve thousand men, of whom his army was at first composed, there were not more than three thousand remaining in health; so that, if the proposed attack had been undertaken, Schomberg would have been forced to decamp, and return to his ships, three of which were in the harbor of Dundalk.

The king, by the advice of his general officers, put his army in order of battle, and marched with the design of turning the enemy, on the side of the morass. This proved only an ostentatious parade; as scarcely had they marched a league, when *he ordered the troops to return to their camp, where they continued till October, without making any further attempt.*

"If it were permitted to censure the conduct of a wise and virtuous king," says M'Geoghegan, "James the Second might be reproached with having committed two egregious oversights, which deeply affected his cause, and eventually caused the loss of Ireland. At Derry, he rejected, contrary to sound policy, a capitulation entered into between General Hamilton and the garrison of that city. This would have put into his hands that important place. It was the magazine of the north, and, besides being an arsenal, it afforded to his enemies, by its situation, an easy entrance into the kingdom. At Dundalk, he showed a weak compassion for the English, and an imprudent clemency towards subjects

and by the left wing, commanded by William in person. Orders were issued that every soldier should be provided with a plentiful stock of ammunition, and that all should be ready to march by break of day, and that every man should wear a green bough or sprig in his hat, to distinguish them from the Irish, who wore the white cockade. He rode through his whole army, about twelve o'clock at night, inspecting them by torch-light; and, after giving out the pass-word, 'Westminster,' he retired to his tent, impatient for the struggle of the morrow.

The shades of night lay still and quiet over the sleeping host. The stars looked down in peace upon these sixty thousand brothers of one great human family, ready to rise with the sun, and imbue their hands in each other's blood. God and nature had formed them in one common image, and breathed into them a deep sympathy for their kind; but tyrant factions and warring creeds had set them at bitter enmity to each other, and turned all the sweetness of their existence into gall. Nature now lay peaceful around them, as a sleeping child; a few twinkling lights gleamed through the dark, from the distant watchtowers of Drogheda; the murmur of the river which separated the two armies fell faintly on the ear; and the only sounds of life which arose from the vast host that now lay encamped in the valley of the Boyne, were the hoarse challenges of the sentinels, as they paced their midnight rounds.

The sun rose clear and beautiful. It was the first day of July — an ever-memorable day to poor Ireland. The *générale* was beat in the camp of William before daybreak; and, as soon as the sun was up, the battle commenced. Count Schomberg and General Douglas at once moved forward with the right wing towards Slane. The Irish also brought up their left wing towards the same place; but they were too late, owing to James's indecision of the previous night. Before their resistance could be brought to bear with effect upon the enemy's ranks, they had dashed into the river and forded it there. After a smart fight, the Irish retreated, and ten thousand English horse, foot, and artillery, gained a firm footing upon the right bank of the Boyne. There still, however, lay between them and the Irish position several fields enclosed by deep ditches difficult to be crossed; and beyond these lay the morass, which was a still more embarrassing obstacle in their way. They forced their way through, nevertheless; when the Irish fled towards Duleek, and were pursued with great slaughter.

The centre, under Duke Schomberg, so soon as it was supposed that the right wing had effected their passage, prepared to enter the river at Oldbridge. The Dutch blue guards, beating a march till they reached the water's edge, then went in eight or ten abreast, the water reaching above their girdles. When they had gained the centre of the stream, they were saluted with a tremendous fire from the breastworks, houses, and hedges, on the Irish side of the river. But they pushed on, and, reaching the opposite bank, drove the Irish skirmishers before them. Hamilton now brought the Irish battalions of infantry to bear on them, but without effect. The Irish cavalry also charged them with vigor, but the Dutch squares remained unbroken. William, observing that his favorite troops were hardly pressed, ordered two regiments of French Huguenots and one English regiment to their assistance. Hamilton's infantry met them in the stream, yet they made good their passage. But a body of Irish dragoons, at the moment of their landing, charged them on their flank, broke their ranks, and cut the greater part of them to pieces. Caillemote, their commander, was killed, dying,

like a Frenchman, with the words in his mouth — '*A la gloire, mes enfans! A la gloire!*' [To glory, my sons! to glory!] A squadron of Danish horse now pushed across; but the Irish dragoons, in another of their dashing charges, broke and defeated them in a moment, driving them back across the river in great confusion and dismay.

The brilliant, rapid, and successful attacks of the Irish cavalry spread a general alarm through the ranks of the enemy. As they approached, the general cry of 'Horse! horse!' was raised, which was mistaken, by William's advancing soldiers, for 'Halt! halt!' The confusion was rapidly extending, when old Schomberg, perceiving the disorder, and that the remaining French Huguenots had no commander to lead them, crossed the river with a few followers, and put himself at their head. Pointing to the Frenchmen in James's ranks, he cried, '*Allons, messieurs, voilà vos persecuteurs!*' [Onward, men! behold your persecutors!] and was preparing to rush forward; but scarcely were these words out of his mouth, ere he was shot through the neck by an Irish dragoon, or, as some supposed, by a fatal mistake of one of his own men.

The critical moment had now arrived. The enemy's centre was in complete confusion. The Irish cavalry rode through their ranks. Their leaders, Schomberg and Caillemote, were both killed; and the men were waiting for orders, exposed to the galling fire of the Irish infantry and the furious charges of their cavalry. Had James improved the moment, and ordered the French troops to the instant aid of the Irish, there can be little doubt but the day would have been decided in his favor. *But James looked idly down from the heights of Donore, surrounded by his unoccupied French body-guard of six thousand men, — a safe and inglorious spectator of a struggle, on the issue of which his crown depended.* He watched the tide of battle veering, now here, now there; his enemies pushing their way in triumph, and the brave Irish falling beneath the swords of the foreigner; then the dashing charge of the Irish cavalry, the rout, the *mêlée*, the pursuit. Now was the time for the electric word, 'Onward!' to be sent along the line. But no; the miserable monarch did not even sympathize with the success of his own soldiers; for it is said that, on observing the Irish dragoons of Hamilton cleaving down the cavalry, and riding over the broken infantry, of William, he exclaimed, with a mawkish sensibility, 'Spare, O spare my English subjects!'

The firing had now lasted, uninterruptedly, for more than an hour, when William of Orange seized the opportunity to turn the tide of battle against his spiritless adversary. He entered the action at the head of the left wing, which consisted chiefly of Dutch, Danish, and English cavalry, and directed it upon James's centre, where the Irish now had the decided advantage. Crossing the river through a dangerous and difficult pass, in which he was exposed to considerable danger, he made his appearance at the head of his squadrons, with his drawn sword, and soon forced back the Irish infantry. But the Irish dragoons still maintained their superiority. They again vigorously charged the foreign troops, and completely broke their ranks. William hastened up to the Enniskilleners, and asked, 'What will you do for me?' They answered by a shout, and immediately declared their readiness to follow him. They advanced; but at the first volley from the Irish ranks, they wheeled and fled. On William bringing up his Dutch cavalry, they returned again to the charge. The struggle now became very close, and the superior strength of William began to tell. The

Irish, unsupported as they were by their French allies, while William's entire army was in action, slowly gave way; but again and again they rallied, driving back the enemy; the Irish cavalry dashing in among the advancing troops, scorning all toil and danger. William fought with great courage, mingling in the hottest part of the fight. Several times he was driven back by the Irish horse; but at last his superior physical power enabled him to force back the Irish troops, and they retired slowly towards Donore. Here they again made a gallant stand, beating back the troops of William several times. The farm-house of Sheephouse for a long time withstood their attacks, and was taken and retaken again and again. Again Hamilton endeavored to retrieve the fortune of the day, by a desperate charge at the head of his horse. The British infantry withstood the furious shock; the cavalry were repulsed; and Hamilton, their general, was left a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Having thus resisted to the last, the Irish retreated slowly to the pass of Duleek.

James had already meditated a retreat with his French troops. Sarsfield had implored him to put himself at their head, and make a last effort for his crown. With six thousand fresh men coming into the field when the enemy's troops were exhausted by fatigue, there is little doubt but James would have succeeded. But the effort would cost him trouble, exertion, danger, — neither of which the royal poltroon would risk. Accordingly, James put himself at the head of his French troops, — the first occasion on which he had led in the course of the day, — and set out on his route towards Dublin, leaving the rear of his army to shift for themselves.

The Irish army now poured through the pass; and when they had reached the other side, they faced about, and vigorously defended it with their scanty artillery. From Duleek they pressed forward towards the Neal, another defile on their route, the enemy following without pressing upon them at all, until night closed upon the rival armies, and William sat down with his army on the ground which James had occupied in the morning.

Though 'the Boyne' has since become a party word of triumph among the Protestants of Ireland, it seems to us that, after all, there was very little to boast of at the close of that day's battle. All the advantage that William had gained was, that he had succeeded in crossing the Boyne, in the face of a very inferior force — inferior in numbers, in appointments, in discipline, and in artillery. His best troops had been repeatedly repulsed; his best generals killed. William himself was compelled to fall back, and more than once was in danger of overthrow; and would have been overthrown, but for his great superiority in cavalry, infantry, and artillery. The best part of James's force, the French, were never brought into action. Yet, with all these disadvantages, the issue was doubtful even to the close of the day. William gained nothing but the ground on which his army encamped at night, and the dead bodies with which the field was strewn; for, with the exception of Hamilton, he made no prisoners; neither did he take any spoil from the Irish, who retreated in excellent order, with all their baggage and artillery. There is little doubt that, had not the Irish the misfortune to be commanded by a coward, the result would have been very different. The cry of the Irish, after the battle, was, 'Change generals, and we will fight the battle over again.' The brilliant and successful charges of the Irish cavalry under Hamilton, showed what might have been accomplished had James but possessed a tithe of the chivalrous spirit of this leader. The Boyne was neither more nor less than

a drawn battle, though to William it had all the advantages of a complete victory."

I compress from O'Callaghan a few additional remarks on this unfortunate battle:—

"The attacking force at the Boyne was thirty-six thousand men, wanting for nothing, with FIFTY pieces of cannon; that of the Irish was fourteen thousand Irish, six thousand French,—total, twenty thousand men, with only six pieces of cannon. The Irish were newly-raised, undisciplined troops; while those of William were veterans, most of whom had fought on the Continent, and led by William, one of the most indefatigable captains of his own or any age. On the other hand, if it be true, according to Chabrias, the Athenian general, that 'an army of stags led by a lion would be better than an army of lions led by a stag,' what a great disadvantage and discouragement the Irish suffered in being led by such an *imbecile*, nay, such an absolute *runaway*, as James; yet, after the action, which lasted from six in the morning till night, the Irish were found to have lost only one thousand men and one cannon; while the English lost five hundred men, and their best general, *Schomberg*; and it is supposed their loss was far more than five hundred, for, on the review of their army at Finglas, after the battle, the muster-roll did not exceed thirty thousand. The pass at Oldbridge was guarded by the Irish with great valor. The English charged *ten* times, and were as often repulsed in the course of the day. The Irish yielded *that* point to a force more than double their number."

The Irish army, under Tyrconnel and Sarsfield, made good their retreat to the fortifications on the western side of the Shannon, fighting their way with their pursuers the entire distance. They secured their positions, however, in the strongholds of Sligo, Athlone, Limerick, and Cork.

King William sent General Douglas, with eight thousand men, to take Athlone. It was well fortified. The town was built on both sides of the River Shannon, over which there was a single connecting bridge. On the English side of the town, the fortifications were light; but on the Irish side, the batteries were stoutly built, and well furnished with heavy guns. This garrison was under the command of Colonel Grace, a brave old Irish officer, who had fought against Cromwell, and defended Athlone twice before. His effective force was eight hundred men, though the English make the eight hundred two thousand. However, the English brought before the town eight thousand seven hundred and ninety-four men, twelve cannon, and two mortars. At the approach of the enemy, Colonel Grace broke down the bridge, and betook himself to the Irish side of the river. When called upon to surrender, that heroic chieftain replied by firing a pistol over the messenger's head, exclaiming, "These are my terms." The assault commenced, and was continued day and night, by the assailants, with the greatest fury, resisted

with heroic bravery, accompanied by the shouts of hearty defiance from the besieged.

After seven days' firing on the town, Douglas, having lost three hundred and thirty men, drew off his forces to Limerick, where he joined King William, who was now preparing to attack that city.

Having now Dublin, Drogheda, Carrickfergus, Londonderry, Armagh, Wexford, Waterford, and Duncannon garrisons in his possession, William laid furious siege to Limerick, as being the key to the west and south of Ireland. About three eighths of the kingdom were still in possession of the Irish. Their king, for whom, and for the rights of conscience, they had taken up arms, had left them to their fate. The half of their French allies had returned to France, at the instigation of the French commander, the ignoble *Lauson*, who marched out of Limerick just as King William appeared before the walls. But who could be expected to support the cause of a runaway prince? The Irish, under all these circumstances, had determined to make a death-like stand for their country and their freedom.

King William's besieging army, before the walls of Limerick, now amounted to twenty-five thousand men, with a considerable train of artillery; that of the Irish on the other side amounted to twenty thousand, of which ten thousand only were armed. The Irish lay within a strong-walled garrison, protected by the current of the river, which washed part of its base, and, being considerably animated by the bravery of the Athlone garrison, awaited the attack with undaunted hearts. King William had ordered to his assistance a considerable park of artillery, and great quantities of ammunition, which were on their way to him from Dublin.

Sarsfield, hearing of it, went up the river twelve miles from Limerick, and, with a party of chosen cavalry, crossed over to the rear of William's army, hung in the mountains, and waited the coming of those supplies from Dublin. William, hearing of his move, sent an additional guard of five hundred cavalry to protect the ammunition, which met the cavalcade and artillery, and conducted them to within five miles of William's camp; and here, thinking Sarsfield would not have audacity enough to come near them, being overborne with fatigue, encamped for the night. Sarsfield watched them, fell on them while their horses were grazing, destroyed them as they rose to meet him, leaving not one of them alive to escape. He then filled all their cannon with their own gunpowder, buried the muzzles in the earth, piled their baggage and waggons on the top, and, by a well-fixed train, blew all up into atoms,



the explosion of which was heard in William's camp, and fifteen miles' distance all around.

Although the English were now out on all sides to intercept Sarsfield, yet he cut his way through his enemies, carried off a considerable booty, recovered his position behind the walls of Limerick, by the morning's light, and there communicated the utmost enthusiasm to the garrison.

King William was amazed at the bravery and skill of Sarsfield, whom, as he said, he did not believe capable of such an able manœuvre. William, though disturbed in his operations, prosecuted the siege with vigor. Playing with forty pieces of ordnance, for twenty-seven days, on the walls, he at length effected a breach thirty-six feet wide. He now ordered an assault, which was made by six thousand men, supported by a reserve of eight thousand, all excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the presence and example of their king.

The besieged watched all the preparations of the enemy, and were ready for a desperate resistance. A dead silence reigned alike in the camp of the besiegers and in the city. The silence was broken by three cannon-shots, the signal of attack. And now the stormers spring forward to the breach: as they approach, the Irish open on them a terrible discharge. They press on to the breach amidst a tremendous fire, fighting foot to foot, and hand to hand; and now the advance men enter; the Irish close behind them, they are all cut to pieces; new chargers press on; they come faster and more furious; the shouts of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded, are drowned by the din of the besiegers' cannon thundering against the walls; the Irish oppose themselves in masses to the progress of the invader. The invaders enter the breach, fight for *four hours* under cover of the thunder of thirty pieces of artillery, and what remain unkilld of them retreat dismayed. The Irish women fought with desperate fury; they flung themselves into the ranks with the men, which greatly animated them; and a struggle was sustained which illumines the page of Irish history, and flings a radiance on their posterity that yet will light them to victory.

The English, under cover of their artillery, returned a second time to the breach, but were equally unsuccessful. On this occasion, they were driven out quicker than before, and pursued to their very camp by the Irish, to the great distress and dismay of King William, who rebuked his commanders with bitterness. If the Irish lost one thousand men at the Boyne, the English lost more than two thousand men here, together with one hundred and fifty-eight officers killed and wounded.

The English Parson *Story*, who accompanied William, and wrote an account of his wars in Ireland, thus describes the bravery of the Limerick women ; to be seen in O'Callaghan's Green Book, 200 : —

“The Irish then ventured upon the breach again, and from the walls and every place so pestered us upon the counterscarp, that after nigh three hours resisting bullets, stones, (*from the very women, who boldly stood in the breach, fighting with such weapons as they could catch from the slain, and were nearer to our men than to their own!*) and whatever ways could be thought on to destroy us, our ammunition being spent, it *was judged safest* to return to our trenches.” — *Impartial History*, by Story; p. 129.

“The battle was described as so terrific, by a looker-on,” says O'Callaghan, “that, with the thunder of the cannon and the roar of the musketry, the very skies appeared rending asunder ; the smoke that came from the town reached, in one continued cloud, to the top of a mountain at least six miles off” ! And yet the women and the men of Limerick stood, during this thunder, in the very eye of death, and clashed with the lightning of the invader, and struck him to the earth.

O illustrious women and men ! where is the hand to sound your praises ! Where are “Cormac's bards,” to give your deeds to immortal song ! But your bright deeds shall live in our hearts, and light the patriots of other ages to victory !

I pity the cold heart that can read these things unmoved. I agree with O'Callaghan that —

“The MAN that is not moved with what he reads,  
That takes not fire at *such* heroic deeds,  
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,  
Is *base in kind*, and *born to be a slave!*”

I am not one of these. I feel the influence of their inspiring deeds enter into my soul, and I inscribe to their glorious memories the homage of my heart in song : —

Hurrah for the heroes of Limerick town !  
Whom the power of William could never put down !  
Hurrah for brave Sarsfield ! though dead in his grave,  
His spirit yet fires the valiant and brave.  
And if ever the day shall come again,  
When Lim'rick women and Limerick men  
Shall be called to the breach to defend their own land,  
May *we* be all there just to give them a hand !

The Prince of Orange asked the garrison for a cessation of arms, to bury his dead, which was “haughtily refused ;” and, finally, in a few days after this defeat, he was compelled to raise the siege. The Eng-

lish army decamped in great disorder under General Ginckle, after setting fire to the houses in which the sick and wounded lay. They marched from thence to Birr, while, in the mean time, King William had himself escorted to Waterford, where he embarked for England.

I cannot dismiss this brilliant page in Irish history, without weighing and considering the discouraging circumstances under which so signal a victory was won.

In the first place, King James refused to confirm the terms of capitulation, made by his able General, Hamilton, with the Derry men, by which they agreed to give up the garrison, containing *forty pieces of cannon and sixty thousand stand of arms*, to Hamilton; which the king refused to confirm unless they submitted to his *mercy*, thereby rendering them liable to be tried and hanged as *rebels*, which they apprehending, returned to their defence, and fought it out bravely, living on dogs, cats, and rats, for several weeks, till succor arrived, which obliged King James to raise the siege, after his army had dwindled away to half their original number.

In the second place, King James allowed the invading army, which first arrived in Ireland under Schomberg, to remain unmolested *several months* in Newry, though fully able to attack them; especially, moreover, as the majority of Schomberg's twelve or fourteen thousand men were taken ill with a sort of plague, which rendered more than five thousand of them totally unfit for service; and this, forsooth, out of *humanity towards his English subjects*.

In the third place, King James refused, though strongly pressed by his Irish commanders, Tyrconnel, Sarsfield, and Sir Neal O'Neal, the night before the battle of the Boyne, to place a strong guard at the pass over that river, at Old Bridge, the neglect of which enabled the British to come upon the flank of the Irish army.

In the fourth place, King James, instead of coming to the aid of his troops in the crisis of that battle, with his reserve of six thousand French, fled the field ere it terminated, and, instead of rallying an Irish regiment, that temporarily gave way near him, he himself, who had all at stake, took to flight! for which the Irish have called him, from that day to the present, "*Shemus a hochu*," which, in English, means *Jemmy the dirty*.

In the fifth place, King James, on his return to France, met with a French fleet, under De Seignelay, sent to his support by the king of France, whose orders were to cruise round the coast of Ireland, to watch and destroy the transports bringing ammunition and provisions to King William; but, instead of allowing them to proceed on their duty, he induced the fleet to return, as a convoy to protect himself in his flight.

In the sixth place, *Lauson*, the French commander, who retreated on Limerick, with the Irish army from the Boyne, withdrew from the aid of that garrison. "As soon as the enemy had appeared before Limerick, the French general, with *all* his troops, marched straight to Galway, taking with him a great quantity of ammunition," &c. — Vide *King James's Memoirs*.

In the seventh place, *Boislau*, the French governor of Limerick, *during the assault*, ordered several battalions *from the breach, which HAD HE BEEN OBEYED IN, THE TOWN HAD BEEN LOST*. This is proved by King James's Memoirs; and Mr. O'Callaghan considers that these French generals had been bribed to act in this way, and, to justify this view, produces the postscript of a letter written from King William's camp before Limerick, by Sir Arthur Rawden, three days after the battle, namely, 29th August, 1690. After having said, "We never have received such a foil," the writer adds, "We got *their* countersign — got into the breach — but were beaten back." — *Rawden Papers*, pp. 337 and 338.

So that, considering all these circumstances, — the mismanagement of the king, the abandonment or treachery of allies, and the unlucky reverses previously encountered, — the defence of Limerick by the Irish alone equals, if it does not surpass, the bravest and brightest military exploit on the page of universal history.

Soon after this, the famous *Marlborough* was sent by King William to Cork, with ten thousand men and some ships of war. Cork and Kinsale were reduced by him, after a brave defence of some days on the part of the Irish under Magelligot in Cork and M'Carthy in Kinsale, who, however, ere their little band surrendered, had consumed all their powder, and obtained a capitulation as "prisoners of war," which was perfidiously broken through by Marlborough. The prisoners were starved in prison, the dead left unburied, and disease carried off the majority of four thousand men who surrendered. These English have no honor in war or in peace. — See *O'Callaghan*, pp. 204 and 205. — It may be mentioned that these Irish commanders were advised to burn the cities of Cork and Kinsale, and retire to the mountains of Kerry, which would have been wiser, though perhaps less brave.

Marlborough, Ginckle, and Douglas, King William's chief generals, now concerted a grand plan for the winter campaign. Their united forces spread along the frontier line, from Cork to Enniskillen, amounted to about forty-three thousand men. The war had already cost King William a loss of about five thousand men, together with a considerable amount of ammunition. Something decisive must be done, or his chances of conquest would become precarious. A southern division of two thou-

sand horse and foot were ordered to penetrate Kerry, under the English General Tatten, but were so harassed by the nimble Irish on their light, unshod, mountain horses, that, after two or three months' skirmishing among the mountains, and a repulse by Colonel M'Carthy, from his strong castle of Ross, the invaders returned to winter in Cork. Ginckle, the commander-in-chief of the English, subsequently marched into Kerry with a great force, but was even less successful than Tatten, which he avows in his letter to the government at Dublin, in which he strongly urges King William to treat with the Irish Catholics upon fair and liberal principles. See *O'Callaghan's Green Book*, 208 and 209. General Douglas was equally unsuccessful against Sligo; and the troops of the Duke of Berwick, stationed on the Connaught side of the Shannon, kept the English army busy all the winter; insomuch that Captain O'Connor, with only one hundred and twenty men, chased the English, at one time, as far as Philipstown, in the King's county, which he entered sword in hand, killed upwards of one hundred troopers, and burnt the town. The English Parson *Story* thus writes about the relative prowess of both armies, during this winter: "We retired farther into the country, (towards Dublin,) and left them (the Irish) all the passes and forts upon the Shannon, by which means they are not to be kept in their own province of Connaught, as they might have been, but can keep us out, and also come amongst us when they have a mind to it." — *Impartial History*, p. 147. I insert an appropriate note from O'Callaghan.

"It is needless to say that the Irish *had* 'a mind to it,' since, in aid of those 'trips over the water,' the territory nominally in possession of the English was overrun and ravaged as far as Kildare, Wicklow, and the counties adjacent to Dublin, by different light parties, under various Rapparee leaders, such as Macabe, Grace, Higgins, Callaghan, Cavanagh, the 'White Sergeant,' and 'Gallopog Hogan,' who were called 'robbers, thieves, and bog-trotters,' by the English and *their* faction, for only levying contributions and waging a system of defensive and patriotic warfare, with the approbation of their legitimate sovereign, James the Second! similar to the hostilities which Alfred, entitled the *Great*, because *successful*, carried on with *his* Rapparees from the woods and bogs of Somersetshire against the Danes and the advocates of a Danish 'connection' and 'glorious revolution!' 'He sought,' says the historian, speaking of Alfred, 'the woods and deserts to conceal himself. . . where there was a peninsula *surrounded by swamps*. . . Fortified in his island against a surprise from the enemy, by entrenchments of earth and wood, *he led the HARD and SAVAGE life reserved, in every conquered country, for such of the vanquished as are TOO PROUD FOR SLAVERY* — that of a *FREE-BOOTER in the woods, MORASSES, and DEFILES!* At the head of his *friends*, formed into bands, he *plundered the DANES, laden with SPOIL*, and, if Danes were wanting, *the Saxon who OBEYED the FOREIGNERS and saluted THEM as HIS masters!*' — *Thierry*, vol. i. p. 110 — 112. The most distinguished, however, of those

brave Irish partisans who infested the Irish territory occupied by the enemy, — one who, in the language of Milton, —

‘ \_\_\_\_\_ above the rest,  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower,’ —

was a gentleman of Tipperary, Anthony Carroll, surnamed Fada, or *the Tall*, who possessed an estate there, and, by his influence among the Rapparees, could, according to Story, ‘upon any alarm bring together to the number of at least two thousand!’ This gentleman (who, unlike our *heroes* of the present day, required no special commissions or insurrection acts to protect him from *his* tenantry!) seized on, garrisoned, and held the Castle of Nenagh, taken from the English after their defeat at Limerick, and gave ‘plenty to do,’ through the autumn and winter of 1690, and part of the spring and summer of 1691, during which he maintained himself in that stronghold, whence he made frequent excursions through the country till the 2d of August, 1691, when, on the collection, in his neighborhood, of ALL the English forces, after the battle of Aughrim, for the second siege of Limerick, the gallant castellan of Nenagh evacuated that fortress, burned the town, and brought away the whole of his garrison of five hundred men in safety, towards Limerick, in spite of the pursuit of a strong party of Ginckle’s cavalry, under Brigadier Leveson and Major Wood.”

With such persevering bravery, though deserted by a great portion of their French allies, did the Irish keep up the war all that winter; and, surprising as it appears, it is actually true that the regular army of the English amounted to forty-one thousand men, when the entire population of Ireland did not exceed one million and a half — the half of which were in the English interest. And yet, with that thundering army harassing them, — a greater than England ever since brought to bear on any point of Europe, — the Irish were able to *gain* on the invaders, to cut up their encampments and their troops. “Their way was,” says Story, speaking of the Irish irregulars, “to make a private appointment to meet at such a pass or wood, precisely at such a time of the night or day as suited their conveniency; and though you could not see a man over night, yet, exactly at their hour, you might find four or five hundred, all well armed and ready for what design they had formerly projected; but if they happened to be discovered or overpowered, they presently dispersed, having beforehand appointed another place of rendezvous ten or twelve miles distant from that where they were, by which means our men could never fix any close engagement on them during the winter.”

The summer of 1691 now opened. King William was pouring troops into Ireland all the spring, and there was, in fine, sixty-seven English regiments, consisting of thirty thousand foot and about seven thousand five hundred horse, with immense quantities of arms, ammunition, clothing, and money, to carry on the war; besides which, there were under

arms, on William's side, twelve thousand militia, who were placed in the defence of towns, forts, &c. Arms were sent into the settlements of Protestants, who were inflamed by religious fears and frenzy towards the Irish Catholics. Besides all which, William had now in Ireland thirty-nine heavy cannon, twelve field-pieces, and six mortars.

On the Irish side, there were about fourteen thousand natives, with six thousand French allies. Of the latter three thousand were prisoners of all nations, taken by the French, in their battles in the Low Countries, some of whom were actually English; and at the Boyne three hundred of these "allies" deserted to William's side, in presence of both armies. Louis made great promises of assistance to King James; he sent him two thousand barrels of powder, eight thousand stand of small arms, — very bad, and of little use, — but no cannon, and one million five hundred thousand *copper* crowns, bearing King James's effigy, which were prepared at Brest. The French assistance arrived in May, under St. Ruth. That general brought over some provisions, ammunition, and clothing; and now the entire force of Ireland was placed, by James, under the chief command of the French Marshal St. Ruth, and amounted to twenty thousand men, the chief part of which moved on the western side of the Shannon, towards Athlone, which is in the centre of Ireland. The Irish had in their possession all Connaught onwards to Sligo, on the north-west, together with the counties of Clare, Limerick, Kerry, and part of the county Cork, in the south. They were protected along their front by the Shannon, and in their rear by the Atlantic Ocean.

Ginckle, at the head of seventeen thousand men, with twenty pieces of cannon, moved from Dublin towards Athlone. At Ballimore, within ten miles of Athlone, he encountered the first resistance, where a garrison defended by one thousand men, under Uliake Burke, bravely fought, until their powder was exhausted, when they surrendered. Ginckle sent seven hundred of the Irish soldiers, found here, to starve on the Island of Lambay, near Dublin, from which none of them ever returned. Before Ginckle captured this garrison, he encountered, in his way to it, an old castle, guarded by a sergeant and fifteen men. When called upon to surrender by the general, at the head of seventeen thousand men, this undaunted fellow, with that reckless courage for which the Irish are remarkable, *fired upon the enemy*, and made a desperate resistance, until he was dislodged by superior numbers; when the English general, instead of applauding him for his bravery, *hanged him for his rashness*. The delays offered to Ginckle by the resistance at Ballimore enabled the Irish, encamped near Athlone, to get into a state of defence.

Ginckle moved on Athlone at four o'clock in the morning of the 18th June, 1691, with twenty-five thousand men, and a considerable park of artillery. General Fitzgerald, who commanded the outposts of the Irish, sent out two or three hundred men to harass and delay the approaching enemy; which service they performed so skilfully, that Ginckle's advance-guard did not get to the walls of Athlone for five hours after he set out, though the distance from his bivouac was only five miles.

St. Ruth, who lay a few miles from Athlone, neglected to send forward a sufficient force to defend the garrison. The outer fortifications, on the Leinster side of the river, were now attacked by Ginckle's main army; thirteen pieces of cannon played upon the walls for forty-eight hours. The English were refreshed by relays from their numerous army, while the Irish, consisting of only a little band, between three and four hundred, defended the outward garrison with great bravery, working all the time, night as well as day, every moment expecting reinforcements from Field-Marshal St. Ruth.

At five o'clock, on the second day, the English cannon made a breach in the walls, and four thousand men rushed to the assault. The gallant band within the fortification fought till half their number were killed, and then, with consummate address, a party of them went to work to destroy the stone arches of the bridge which led across the river to the Irish side; while the remaining handful withstood the murderous bayoneting of the four thousand invaders, *until the TWO STONE ARCHES* of the bridge were demolished, *and then only the remnant retreated* within the Irish walls.

Never, surely, was there performed, by a besieged few, a more glorious defence than this!

In three or four days, Ginckle had his preparations made for cannonading the Irish town. He was soon able to point at least twenty cannon and mortars against the walls. These walls had been, the previous year, especially the *castle*, lined by clay walls, eighteen feet thick. The English batteries had been playing away, for five days, on the walls and castle, without doing any great damage. On the 27th June, the *eighth* battery, of five guns, was planted in a meadow below the town, to rake the flanks of the Irish garrison. Ginckle had fired away nearly all his cannon-shot. A hundred cart-loads of cannon balls arrived from Dublin on the 26th. The English guns now blazed away night and day; not a cat could safely expose its head on the Irish ramparts: the Irish army worked like horses, in filling up the breaches with clay and stone, and ventured, with the rashness of desperate men, to the eye of



danger. No sooner was a breach made in any part of the walls, than hundreds of stout hearts and willing hands flew to repair it, though every moment some one of them was shot off by a cannon ball. Sometimes they drove up oxen into the breaches, which were shot by the enemy's balls, and falling into them, the Irish adroitly covered over the carcasses with clay and stones, which made excellent ramparts. The English were amazed at the bravery and tact of their adversaries, and the French officers acknowledged they never saw more resolution and firmness in any men or in any nation.

The great struggle of Ginckle was to get the bridge; but this was contested by the Irish inch by inch. At length their wooden fascines having been set on fire by the English grenades, the party in defence of the bridge had to retire within the fortress. Ginckle now threw beams over both of the broken arches, and was preparing to put planks across them, intending to pass directly over, boasting to his officers that he would spend Sunday (the next day) in the Irish fortress.

At this moment, a brave dragoon sergeant, named Custume, offered with his own guard to stop the enemy. The offer of the sergeant and his ten daring companions was accepted; and in the face of the English firing, they began, with courage and strength, to pull away the English beams and planks, and fling them into the water. A tremendous fire of great and small arms from the whole English line was directed upon those gallant fellows. They were all slain before they could complete their desperate task. Undeterred by *their* fate, eleven more then sprang forth to continue what remained to be done. Another general discharge of cannon was now directed on the spot; *the smoke cleared away; nine of the eleven had fallen*; but the beams were all thrown into the river. The bridge was rendered impassable, and two of the gallant fellows returned in triumph within their walls.

May not Irishmen be forgiven for pausing on this heroic deed, and expressing their admiration of these unparalleled defenders of their country's liberty?

Ginckle, foiled a second time in his efforts to cross the bridge, now directed his artillery with terrific fury on the town. The Irish guns were disabled. Thirteen squadrons of horses and carriages were sent to Dublin for more ammunition. All that had been brought down previously was nearly used. The garrison had stood an incessant fire, for *nine days and nights*, from the "whole artillery" of Ginckle.

The English general now determined to ford the river, which, in the memory of man, was never known to be so low. This enterprise having

been communicated to St. Ruth by his spies from the English camp, he instantly made preparations to drive the enemy back into the water, should he be daring enough to cross. The next morning, a bridge of boats was got ready by the English. The broken bridge was approached under cover of moving galleries and breastworks. The Irish, on the opposite side, were not idle. A grenade, flung by an Irish soldier into the English works on the bridge, set them on fire, and their men had to fall back. This disaster retarded the plan of Ginckle; and observing how well prepared St. Ruth was to receive them, they thought it prudent to give up the attack, after expending already in the siege fifty tons of powder, six hundred bombs, twelve thousand cannon balls, and several tons of stone, shot from the cannon!

Ginckle's officers knew not what to think, seeing themselves a third time defeated in so great a project. The Irish were filled with joy at what they thought was an abandonment of all further design upon the town. St. Ruth, when he saw the English retire, marched his own army back to his camp, two miles from Athlone, where, to commemorate the enemy's defeat, he gave an entertainment to the ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood — a fatal trick of the French, by which Ireland was twice lost; first by this very carousing of St. Ruth after the victory, and again by the French officers who landed from Tone's expedition, in Killala, in 1798, under Humbert, who, having, with the United Irish, beaten twenty thousand British troops, in three field battles, and driven them from Castle-bar into the heart of Ireland, instead of pursuing the victory, gave a series of balls and entertainments to the gentlefolks of Castle-bar, and remained ten or twelve days loitering in pleasure, until the enemy, recovering his strength, returned and defeated them. *Men who struggle for liberty should never taste of pleasure till it is won, and secured beyond the possibility of danger.*

And here I must remark how frequent and unfortunate it is that the liberties of mankind are jeopardized, and even lost, by the paltry jealousies of chiefs. The Duke of Tyrconnel, who had been twice in France, the successful ambassador of the Irish; who had commanded in many well-contested actions, and had been always lucky and victorious, was doomed to become a victim to a cabal raised in the Irish army, and countenanced by St. Ruth; and he was finally so disgusted, that he quitted the ranks of his countrymen, whose ingratitude, more powerful than the steel of the enemy, had entered his great soul.

The English government at Dublin were at this time in the deepest gloom. The noble defence of the Irish astonished and confounded them.

In anticipation of their defeat in the west, they began to barricade the city of Dublin, to secure a retreat; and Ginckle had actually withdrawn some of his cannon from the walls, with the intention, it is said, of retiring. Ginckle, mortified beyond measure at his failure, after all his boastful promises, now held a council of war, at which it was determined, on the afternoon of the 3d, to ford the river at six o'clock, on the ensuing morning, and fight a way to the Irish ramparts, which were now so much damaged as to be accessible by assault.

The attack was commenced at six o'clock in the morning of the 1st of July, 1691, by two thousand grenadiers, commanded by General Mackay, led on by Captain Sandys, and —

“Under cover of the British cannon,  
Their grenadiers in armor crossed the Shannon;  
Led by brave Captain Sandys, who, with fame,  
Plunged to his middle in the rapid stream.  
He led them through, and, with undaunted ire,  
They gained the bank in spite of all our fire.”

St. Ruth, at this time, lay with his main army two miles to the rear of the town. He did not dream that the English would have made this *fourth*, or “forlorn hope” attack, until roused from his bed the morning after the ball, by the roar of the enemy’s cannon. The town was unprotected against such an attack, it having not more than twelve or thirteen hundred men for its defence; and St. Ruth, by the most unlucky obstinacy, and unaccountable pride, REFUSED TO SEND AID IN THE MORNING, WHEN WARNED OF THE PREPARATIONS OF THE ENEMY by the commanding officer of the town, who sent out to the general for a reënforcement, but was instantly answered, “if he was afraid, another general officer would be sent there.”

Meanwhile the English gain the Irish side of the river. The example of the advance companies animated those behind, and soon several thousand of the English were seen rushing headlong into the stream, while their artillery, from their high batteries, with well-pointed aim, cut down the Irish as fast as they appeared on their ramparts. At another part of the river the English threw over a bridge of boats, over which a column of two thousand men soon passed. Enough is stated. The town was encompassed with English soldiers on every side. The Irish fought, and fell in vain, against so overpowering a force. The pride of their French chief would not allow him to send them that timely succor, which, had they obtained when first demanded in the morning,

would have enabled them to destroy a third part of Ginckle's army, and mayhap decide the campaign.

Fate, however, ruled it so. The perverse Frenchman refused a *second* application from the town, made when Mackay's troops plunged into the water. He is described as having been then quite at his ease, sitting in his tent, signing articles against the patriotic Duke of Tyrconnel, and about to set out on a shooting excursion: "It is impossible," he exclaimed, on hearing the news, "that the English should attempt to take a town, and I so near, with an army to succor it!" To this the brave Sarsfield, who was present, replied, that he *knew* the enterprise was *not* too difficult for English courage to attempt. He urged the immediate despatch of succor to the town; but, St. Ruth continuing to make a jest of the news, a quarrel between those two chief commanders was the unfortunate result.

St. Ruth was convinced, when too late, by the thunder of the British cannon, that the action had commenced, and then sent on two brigades of infantry, which were useful only in covering the retreat of the remnant of the Irish garrison, who were driven from the town, and were found contending the ground, inch by inch, with their pursuers. The English, seeing the reënforcements arrive, retired behind those walls from which they had dislodged the Irish; and the latter, dispirited by the misconduct of their chief, and the loss of five hundred of their body, who were slain that morning, retired to the main body at the camp.

"Thus," says O'Callaghan, from whose very minute history of King William's invasion I have partly compressed the foregoing outline, "not through *native*, but *foreign* misconduct, not through the fault of the *Irish*, but of their general, Athlone was at length taken, after a resistance that does honor even to Irish valor." The loss of the Irish, in defending this place during twelve days, was about thirteen hundred men, with all their cannon, &c.

St. Ruth, though an able general, had, by his arrogance towards the Irish commanders, and his loss of Athlone, so disgusted and dispirited his army, that upwards of five thousand of them abandoned his camp. Finding his fame and cause endangered, he suddenly altered his bearing towards his companions, sought a reconciliation with Sarsfield, and busied himself up and down to conciliate and encourage every body. He retired to the hill of Kilcommoden, where he posted his entire army most advantageously. A bog or morass secured his front. (This morass is now a rich meadow.) The only approach to his ground lay through two narrow passes, about two miles apart; the one called the *pass of Au-*

*ghrim*, and the other the *pass of Urrachree*. That part of his ground faced by the morass was most favorably shielded by several white-thorn hedges and ditches, in which his infantry were posted, flanked by cavalry and a few cannon. He had now but nine pieces of cannon remaining. His reserve was strongly intrenched on the hill, from which he could observe the entire movements of the enemy; and behind him all approach was cut off by rivers, broken bridges, woods, and strong detachments of troops.

St. Ruth was unquestionably a man of first-rate military talent, and seemed now determined to make up for past faults and follies. Though he had not yet become reconciled to Sarsfield, still the army, seeing him do his part so well, determined to die or conquer. The English, after some ten days spent in fortifying Athlone, posting troops at several points on the English side of the Shannon, receiving supplies of men and ammunition from England, &c., now approached Aughrim, which lies about three miles south-west of Balinasloe.

St. Ruth, on the Irish side, flew through his ranks, and addressed the men and officers in the most enthusiastic language. The clergy also exhorted them, and prepared the whole army for death, by hearing confessions and administering to them the last sacrament. The entire of Saturday and Sunday was spent in those solemn devotions: every man was fortified, by all his hopes of earthly happiness and eternal bliss, to do his duty, in the coming battle, to his country, liberty, and his proscribed religion. St. Ruth had now, according to King James's Memoir, but fifteen thousand men and nine pieces of cannon; but every man was not only a soldier, but a hero. His French auxiliaries were reduced to some ten or eleven hundred.

Genckle approached with fifty regiments, full five-and-twenty thousand men, the flower of Europe, composed of Danes, Dutch, Germans, and English, besides an unlimited park of artillery. He saw from the opposite hill the advantageous position of the Irish, and calculated on a hard battle. The morass appeared to be impassable, and the only two passes, of *Urrachree* and the Castle of *Aughrim*, were strongly guarded. The first move made by the English was on the pass of *Urrachree*, on Monday, the 12th of July, 1691. The morning was foggy, and little was done till about twelve or one o'clock. A skirmishing party were sent over by Genckle, consisting of two to three hundred men, who were decoyed by a feint battle and retreat of the Irish into their ambuscades, and were nearly destroyed. A few of them, retreating quickly, were supported by a new detachment of nine hundred from Genckle's

main. The Irish were, in turn, reënforced, and charged the enemy so vigorously that he had to retire quickly. Upon this Ginckle ordered a further supply of cavalry, four hundred and eighty strong. Soon additional forces from both sides came on the ground to succor their respective sides, and a sort of general engagement was now hotly carried on. At length, about three o'clock, a fresh body of Irish horse, by an impetuous charge, drove back the English, with great slaughter, to their own lines.

This first skirmish altered the plans of the English. A council of their officers was held, at which it was debated whether the battle should be continued that night. Mackay, the Scotch general, who had so bravely crossed the Shannon at Athlone, urged that the battle should be continued that night, and, by bearing on Urrachree with large numbers, compel St. Ruth to weaken the Aughrim pass in drawing off his men to defend the former, when as the English reserve were to pour unexpectedly upon the pass of Aughrim, the morass was also to be sounded, and, if found passable, a division of infantry was to force the Irish ground in front.

The attack was thus begun by the English, in overwhelming numbers, and with all the impetuosity of which the human heart is capable. The Irish received them bravely. We had better let the English Parson *Story*, who was amongst the English troops at that moment, tell their tale. "Here we fired one upon another for a considerable time, and the Irish behaved themselves like men of another nation, defending their ditches stoutly; for they would maintain one side till our men put their pieces over at the other, and then, having lines of communication from one ditch to another, they would presently post themselves again, and flank us."

St. Ruth despatched part of his left centre to support his men in this hot battle. He comprehended the plan of the enemy, which was, to weaken him at the Aughrim pass, and felt well persuaded he should disconcert and overthrow them; for he was truly delighted at the manner in which the Irish fought that day, their guns being muzzle to muzzle with the invaders.

Two thousand of the English had now crossed the bog, plunging, at every step, to their middle in mud, and appeared at the foot of the hill on which St. Ruth's reserve was posted. The Irish received them with a murderous fire from their hedges, whence they retreated from hedge to hedge, half a mile up the hill, destroying part of the enemy at every discharge, and decoying them nearer and nearer to St. Ruth's main

centre. Too far advanced to recede, and seeing the Irish now prepared to return on them in an overwhelming avalanche, the English commander of this attack tried to rally his men by exclaiming, "*There is no way to come off but to be brave!*" But to no purpose: the remnant of this daring band were driven back into the bog.

Mackay, who was now crossing another part of the bog with four or five thousand men, directed his advance, under Prince *Hesse*, not to engage the Irish until he and his entire body got over; but St. Ruth bore down upon the young prince, who was too proud to be still when attacked, and, forgetting the orders of his wary Scotch general, attacked St. Ruth's reserve, who enticed him on as the others had been, and returned with a murderous charge, driving the remnant of his brigade back upon Mackay's reserve, who were yet wading through the bog. The English were thus repulsed in every quarter, and the fortune of the day seemed to be with the Irish: yet the English fought with uncommon bravery. "Three times did they roll the tide of battle against the Irish across the bog, though three times they were driven back to the mouths of their cannon, by the victorious Irish," says their own writer.

Ireland had at Aughrim, like France at Waterloo, her *Grouchy*. A recreant commander, named *O'Donnell*, who was marching from Connaught with eight thousand men, destined to act on Ginckle's rear, was expected up by the Irish all that day. The troops were in motion, and heard the roar of the artillery; but the wretch detained them, traitorously, as afterwards appeared by his junction with William's army, at the siege of Sligo. The traitor, however, met his fate in William's service in Flanders.

Ginckle now commanded his entire army to a general engagement at all those passes from which they had been already driven, he himself leading and fighting like a common soldier. He had some French Protestants in his army who also fought desperately; but the repulse from the Irish was such, as their account of the battle evidences, that "they resolved, having no other way, to sell their lives as dearly to the Irish as they could." Instead of being able to dislodge the Irish, they were repulsed on every side. "The Irish," according to the French accounts, "made a great massacre of the enemy's broken foot." Even the London Gazette of the day says, "The Irish were never known to fight with more resolution, especially their foot."

St. Ruth, in a transport of joy, seeing how the Irish infantry fought, flung his hat up into the air, and, turning to those around him, exclaimed, "*I will now beat their army back to the gates of Dublin!*" Ginckle

and Mackay, the best English generals, were defeated in the pass of Urrachree, and in the two passes across the bog, and the fortune of the day seemed setting on the Irish side, when a very trivial circumstance turned the fate of war. The pass at Aughrim, which had been up to this but little assailed, and which was deemed, by both English and Irish, the strongest, for it was so narrow that only two men could ride abreast, and was covered by an impregnable old castle, which belonged to the chieftain O'Kelly, — was guarded by one thousand nine hundred men, under Colonel Walter Burke. As the English advanced on this point, the Irish prepared to fire. After firing the first few rounds, and when a supply of ammunition was required, it was found that casks filled with cannon-shot, instead of bullets, were sent to the castle. Here was, indeed, an untoward mistake. The Irish were panic-stricken; but, resolved not to give up cheaply, they fired their ramrods, pieces of copper and silver coins, *and even the buttons of their clothes, at the enemy*, which, however, only wounded them.

Where so few of the English fell, for want of bullets in the guns of their adversaries, it is not to be wondered at that they forced the pass of Aughrim, and thus secured the very best ground of the field for attacking the Irish. Although the English were twice driven back, yet, supported by several regiments, they forced back the Irish here. St. Ruth, observing the progress of the enemy, and not knowing the cause, was dashing down from his position on the hill with a splendid body of cavalry, leaving Sarsfield behind with another fine body, but with strict command not to stir till he received orders. St. Ruth, placing himself at the head of his choice body of cavalry, was so completely sure of success, that he said, "Now we will beat them to some purpose;" and giving the word to charge, his troops dash down upon the enemy; but his hour had come. A well-aimed cannon ball, from the English side, took off his head; and in that head were contained *alone* all the plans of the battle. The brilliant dress of the French marshal identified him to the enemy — a hint which should induce all skilful commanders to avoid making their persons conspicuous by tawdry trappings.

The Irish were panic-stricken. Sarsfield, on whom the command devolved, was yet on the hill, and, owing to the coldness that prevailed between himself and St. Ruth, knew nothing of his plans, or even of his death, until the English had gained the hill. Nearly at the same moment, the Rev. Mr. Stafford, a zealous priest, who animated the troops during the day, met his death; and a "great delay" in action having taken place on the part of the Irish by these two unfortunate



circumstances, — and where, as in battle, *seconds* decide the fate of empires, — nearly half an hour elapsed before any regular action was adopted on their side, the enemy gaining ground all the time. Yet, in the language of *Story*, the Irish contested the ground inch by inch, though irregularly and without a commander. “There was nothing,” says he, “but a continued fire all along the line, the Irish endeavoring to defend their ditches, and our men as forward to beat them from thence.”

The English now pushed up the hill in three columns, the Irish fighting their way, and Sarsfield still ignorant of St. Ruth’s death, and afraid to stir lest he should give cause of umbrage; yet, had he pushed down the hill earlier with his fine body of reserve, there is no doubt, says Captain Parker of Ginckle’s army, but he would have turned the tide of battle. And now, seeing that all was confusion and dismay, he was obliged to join the retreating crowd of his countrymen, who fled from a foe double their number, after fighting the hardest-fought field that probably the history of Europe records.

A good retreat was now Sarsfield’s object. He saw himself chief in command of the remnant of his brave countrymen, and he determined to proceed at once to Limerick, the theatre of his former glory, where he foiled King William, and there make a last brave stand for

“His king, his country, and his lost estate.”

Two battles were fought by the encircled Irish, at two different points of the field, at which they behaved gallantly for half an hour, cutting their way through hostile ranks, rather preferring to die than submit as prisoners to the faithless invaders; in which they were quite right, for nearly two thousand Irish, captured during the day, including those taken in the Castle of Aughrim, were inhumanly butchered on the field *after the battle!* The loss of the Irish was, according to King James, about four thousand men: (the English make the loss more.) In this number, there were killed of chief officers *six hundred*, and taken prisoners one hundred and eleven, — evidence enough *that the Irish fought well “at home” that day.*

Captain Parker, on Ginckle’s side, estimates the English loss at three thousand men, besides seventy-three general officers killed, and one hundred and eleven wounded. The battle began at one o’clock, and lasted until sundown.

Harris, who wrote the *Life of King William*, has the following paragraph on this battle: —

"It must in justice be confessed that the Irish fought this sharp battle with great resolution; which demonstrates that the many defeats before this time sustained by them cannot be imputed to a national cowardice, with which some, without reason, impeached them, but to a defect in military discipline, or to the want of skill and experience in their commanders. *And now, had not St. Ruth been taken off, it would have been hard to say what the consequences of this day would have been.*"

"This admission from a Williamite," says O'Callaghan, "is every thing."

Such was the field of Aughrim, bravely fought, and lost without dishonor; gained by the enemy more through one of the accidents of war, — the sending caşks of *cannon-shot* to Aughrim Castle, instead of bullets, — than to his bravery or skill. Let us, who live, perhaps, to fight the battle over again, be more circumspect in *packing our shot*; and let us, in the words partly of Moore, —

"Forget not the fields where they perished,  
The truest, the last of the brave;  
The bright hopes, when living, *they* cherished,  
Shall live with *us* on to the grave."

The Irish now rallied upon the strong forts yet in their possession. The principal of these were Limerick, Galway, and Sligo; which covered a considerable belt of the western part of Ireland. Messengers were despatched to France with a report of the war, and a pressing request for further assistance in arms and ammunition, which was now the principal want of the Irish. Limerick was strongly fortified, and the garrison consisted of four to five thousand stout courageous men, some of whom had fought at Aughrim, and others that had so bravely fought in the former siege. Galway was garrisoned by about the same number, and Sligo by as many; while Sarsfield, at the head of a splendid body of four thousand cavalry well mounted, scoured the open country between the enemy's lines and the various garrisons in possession of the Irish. This brave officer did the English considerable damage, surprising and cutting off whole detachments at a time, which obliged them to keep near to their strongest fortifications.

Ginckle now laid siege to Limerick, whilst another division was sent to Sligo, to force that city to surrender, which was defended by Sir Teague O'Regan. The English army lay before Limerick from the middle of July to late in September, pouring a continued volley of cannon balls and bombs on the town. This continued night and day, for sixty or seventy days, without any other intermissions than those created by the occasional heroic sallies of the garrison on their assailants. Upon

these occasions hundreds upon hundreds of both sides were slain, without disturbing the general order of the siege. Upon one occasion, a party of one thousand five hundred of the Irish who sallied out were so closely pursued to their gates, that, whether from accident or design, five hundred of their number were shut out by Colonel Luttrell; and every one of the poor fellows was butchered at the very gates of the garrison.

The Irish garrison was at length gradually encircled by the British, and all intercourse with their friends in the country was cut off: their provisions were greatly reduced, and Sarsfield tried to get some horses into the town for food, but found it impossible; and what was still much worse, their ammunition was gradually decreasing, without any hopes or means of being replenished. Still no one thought of surrendering an inch but with life.

On the other side, the affairs of King William in the Low Countries, where his armies had been considerably reduced, fighting against the combined forces of Spain and France, caused him to send word to Ginckle to conclude the war with the Irish upon *any terms*, provided they submitted to own him as king. This soon got wind, and it encouraged the Irish considerably. In the mean time, private messengers arrived from France to Sarsfield, intimating that King James's hopes of reëstablishing his power in Ireland were declining; whereupon Sarsfield, Sir Toby Butler, and others of the Irish leaders, thought it best to come to terms of peace with the English general, hearing that *he had power and directions to grant them every advantage which they could reasonably hope for, if they had conquered for King James.*

To be brief, after several negotiations between the parties on both sides, a cessation of hostilities took place, and a PEACE was agreed to, highly satisfactory and honorable to the Irish. The civil articles, — which, with the military articles, are forty-two in number, — guarantied to the Irish Catholics a *free exercise of religion*; the *privilege of sitting in parliament*, as enjoyed in the reign of Charles the Second; a *freedom of trade*, and the benefit of domestic legislation by the national parliament in Dublin; the guaranty of their estates to all those Catholics who had taken up arms for King James the Second; a general amnesty and forgiveness of all offences on either side. The *military articles* guarantied to the Irish troops, on their submission, all the honors of war, as may be seen by the twenty-fifth article subjoined: —

“XXV. That it shall be lawful for the said garrison to march out all at once, or at different times, as they can be embarked, with arms, baggage, drums beating,

match lighted at both ends, bullet in mouth, colors flying, six brass guns, (such as the besieged will chose,) two mortar-pieces, and half the ammunition that is now in the magazines of the said place; and, for this purpose, an inventory of all the ammunition in the garrison shall be made in the presence of any person that the general shall appoint, the next day after these present articles shall be signed."

Transports were to be provided to send to France such of those soldiers as wished to embark for that country. These articles, which run to great length, may be seen in Leland, Plowden, or M'Geoghegan's Histories of Ireland.

The following is the preamble to these articles, and the names of the high contracting parties on both sides: —

*"Articles agreed upon the Third Day of October, One Thousand Six Hundred and Ninety-One,*

"Between the Right Honorable Sir Charles Porter, Knight, and Thomas Coningsby, Esq., lords justices of Ireland, and his excellency the Baron de Ginckle, lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of the English army, on the one part;

"And the Right Honorable Patrick, Earl of Lucan, [Sarsfield,] Piercy Viscount Galmoy, Colonel Nicholas Purcel, Colonel Nicholas Cusack, Sir Toby Butler, Colonel Garret Dillon, and Colonel John Brown, on the other part:

"In the behalf of the Irish inhabitants in the city and county of Limerick, the counties of Clare, Kerry, Cork, Sligo, and Mayo, *and those under their protection*, [which words in Italic were omitted in the clean copy, though inserted in the rough one, but afterwards confirmed by King William.]

"In consideration of the surrender of the city of Limerick, and other agreements made between the said Lieutenant-General Ginckle, the governor of the city of Limerick, and the generals of the Irish army, bearing date with these presents, for the surrender of the said city, and submission of the said army: it is agreed," &c. &c.

These binding articles between the English and Irish nation were solemnly signed the 3d day of October, 1691, in presence of both garrisons, on a large stone that stood in the midway ground between the two armies. The stone on which this charter of civil and religious liberty was signed is yet preserved conspicuously, and held in great veneration by the people of Limerick, and is appropriately called the *Treaty Stone*.

In two days after this treaty was signed, a French fleet arrived in the mouth of the Shannon, bringing an army of reënforcement to Sarsfield. This created considerable emotion on both sides; some of Sarsfield's captains urged him to avail himself of this aid, and to return to the combat and extinguish the English army. He exclaimed, "No! I have set my name to the contract, and I will never disgrace the name of a soldier, or an Irishman, by erasing it." Alas for Sarsfield's con-

fidence in British honor! We shall by and by see that treaty deliberately broken in every particular by Britain.

And now, after a war of two hundred and fifty years between the Irish and English, the *principle* for which the Irish first took the field was established, namely, *religious liberty*. It had been wrung from Elizabeth, after a fifteen years' war; subverted again by James the First, Cromwell, and the parliamentarians; partly restored by Charles the Second; fully established by James the Second; subverted by King William; and now, after many a hard-fought field, again wrung from a reluctant enemy by the indomitable valour of the Irish heart.

This is the natural place from whence to glance back at a few of those bright names who, during the wars from Elizabeth to William, took a leading part in our eventful history — names that fling a radiance over the past, and a gleam of bright light through the future, which cannot but guide the votaries of Irish liberty for ages to come.

About nineteen thousand men and officers, most of whom fought in those latter battles, availed themselves of a free conveyance to France, and were afterwards employed by the French king, Louis the Fourteenth. They were offered their choice, whether to serve in the army of William or Louis: a day was appointed for testing this. The Irish commanders having resolved to go to France, most of the soldiers decided on following them. About three thousand went into the English service. The Irish who now embarked for France formed the celebrated "Irish Brigade," which so valorously distinguished themselves under the French colors at various battles, to whose brilliant deeds upon the continent I shall by and by allude.

Amongst the names which shine out most frequently in Irish story are the O'NEILLS. Every reign and every campaign had its "O'Neill" among the rebels to English domination; and I do not remember to have read of a traitor or runaway of that name but one in our whole history. In short, to do justice to this great family would be to write over again the history of Ireland. Hugh O'Neill, in the reign of Elizabeth, and Owen Roe O'Neill, in the beginning of Cromwell's invasions, were men whom, as military commanders and patriots, any nation might well be proud of. In the parliament of Ireland, called by King James the Second, there were seven O'Neills representatives of northern counties and boroughs. Those O'Neills, indeed, were, in O'Callaghan's words, "glorious fellows," worthy descendants of the race that held the Irish sceptre for six hundred and ninety-nine years.

JUSTIN M'CARTHY, Lord Mountcashell, deserves special notice. He

had maintained the brunt of James's battles before his arrival with French aid, and had been eminently successful in the north of Ireland, where he fought against those foolish Protestants who espoused King William's cause from a mere fanatical hatred of Popery. He was, however, captured by his opponents at Newtown Butler, and kept imprisoned several months, but escaped to France. The M'Carthys were a very ancient stock of the southern race of Milesian princes, and, for nine hundred years previous to the invasion of Henry the Second, were the hereditary princes of *Desmond*, or South Munster, who enjoyed the right with the O'Briens, who were princes of North Munster, of nominating alternately a king of the province. The counties of Cork and Kerry were their principal territories; and the families of O'Callaghan, O'Donovan, O'Connell, O'Donoghue More, and O'Donoghue of the Glen, O'Mahony, O'Keefe, O'Sullivan More, and O'Sullivan Beare, besides several other septs, were their hereditary vassals, and paid them tribute. The M'Carthys, as well as the men bearing the above honorable names, took their distinguished posts on the side of King James. They fought, were killed, or were made prisoners, according to the indiscriminate laws of war. A most interesting note on the distinguished house of the M'Carthys will be found in the *Green Book*, p. 235. Their immense estates, worth sixty thousand pounds a year, were unjustly seized by the Williamites, clearly *contrary to the treaty of Limerick*. The last of the family, the Comte de M'Carthy Reagh, left behind him, at Toulouse, a splendid library, second only to that of the king of France. In this magnificent collection there were eight hundred books in *manuscript*, of the utmost value: they were sold, and were scattered amongst the libraries of Europe.

The family of O'KELLYS, of Hy-Maney, a county comprehending the northern parts of the county Galway, and the southern parts of the county Roscommon, was founded in the fifth century, and distinguished themselves in the Danish wars: one of the race commanded the left wing at the battle of Clontarf. The name gave many commanders to King James's army; and the head of the family lost his estate at Aughrim by the loss of that battle. Many officers of this name rose, by their valor, to distinction in the French and Austrian services during the last century. — See *Green Book*, for further particulars, p. 255.

Colonel FITZGERALD fought nobly in the defence of Athlone, when attacked by Ginckle before the arrival of assistance from St. Ruth. The name of Fitzgerald, though belonging to the Norman invaders, has re-

deemed the sin of its first conductors into Ireland, by giving many a martyr to the cause of Ireland; the last being the adored Lord Edward Fitzgerald, — of whom more hereafter.

Colonel Edmund *Bui* O'Reilly, who so ably fought under the Duke of Berwick in the battle of Cavan, which took place before the arrival of Schomberg, was the head of the ancient and powerful house of O'Reilly, descended, like their neighbors, (the O'Rourkes,) from Heremon, son of Milesius. The O'Reillys were princes of East Brefsny, or the modern county of Cavan, as the O'Rourkes were of West Brefsny, or the modern county of Leitrim. The O'Reillys were the unconquerable frontier power which, for so many centuries after the English invasion, kept the English Pale in check, and forbade its advance. They distinguished themselves nobly in the fifteen years' war against Elizabeth. On the fall, by treachery, of the great O'Neills, *their* patrimony was nearly all seized about the same time, — 1607. One of the sept commanded bravely in the confederated Catholic army, who fought for their religious freedom in the times of Charles the First and Cromwell. There were *several* of the name killed, as commanders in King James the Second's army, at the Boyne, Athlone, and Aughrim; one of the name was chaplain to King James himself, and another was master in chancery under the same monarch. There were three of the name members of King James's parliament. Many flourishing offshoots of the family have survived in the counties of Cavan and Meath, all of whom, as well as the O'Kellys, have given many shining lights to the Catholic church. And the armies of Louis the Fourteenth, the Empress Maria Theresa, and even of Napoleon, had, amongst their most heroic corps, some members of this noble and patriotic house.

Andrew, Count O'Reilly, general of cavalry in the Austrian army, may be considered as the last warrior of that distinguished class of Irish officers, the contemporaries or élèves of the Lacys, Dauns, Loudons, Bradys, and Browns, so renowned in the reigns of Maria Theresa and Joseph the Second. He was the second son of James O'Reilly, of Westmeath, Ireland. By the brilliant charges of his dragoons, he saved the remnants of the Austrian army at Austerlitz, and was the only commander, according to Napoleon, on the Austrian side, who saved his cannon. The men who fought under him were " '98 men," and his lieutenant was Aylmer, of Painstown, in the county Kildare. In May, 1808, he was governor of Vienna, and on him devolved the task of honorably capitulating to Napoleon, the victor of the age. Count O'Reilly died at the age of ninety-two, in Vienna, in

1832, holding the rank of general of cavalry in the Austrian army, and chamberlain commander of the imperial order of Maria Theresa. His sister is Lady Talbot, of Malabide.

In August, 1844, William O'Reilly, the head of the sept in our times, died at the old castle, county Louth. He was a distinguished member of the Catholic Association, and served in parliament for Dundalk, after the triumph of the Catholic cause, in 1829. He is succeeded by Miles O'Reilly, who, it is said, inherits the talent and patriotism of his family. Mr. O'Reilly's uncle is the present attorney-general of Jamaica. A member of the family in exile, according to Mackenzie, has written a history of Rochester.

A pretty good brigade could now be raised in Ireland for the defence of the country, composed exclusively of the O'Reillys.

The O'CALLAGHANS, or O'Ceallahans, of the Heberian line, had distinguished themselves in defence of their country, since the hero of that name defeated the Danes in many battles, down to the war of William. Some of this name commanded under Desmond in the wars of Elizabeth. The regiment commanded by Maxwell, at Athlone, had a Major O'Callaghan, who well distinguished himself. It is hardly necessary to state that the talented *military* writer of the *Green Book* comes from that ancient and noble stock.

The MAGENNISES were a most ancient family, that gave kings to Ulster for many centuries after the first Milesian settlement. They were conquered by the O'Neills, when the great palace of Emania was destroyed, and the *royal* lineage of their line terminated. They, however, continued as chieftains to defend their country from invasion; their possessions chiefly lay in the county Down, called *Dalriada*, now forming part of the baronies of Upper and Lower Iveagh, and the barony of Moy-Inis, now called *Lecale*. The chief of this noble house, Lord Iveagh, furnished King James with two regiments of infantry, and one of dragoons, who fought well during the Williamite war. Three of the name were members of King James's parliament, returned by popular constituencies in their native districts. Two of the family fell at Athlone, bravely leading their men to the breach. At the end of the war, Lord Iveagh entered the Austrian service with five hundred men, the remnant of his brave legion, who fought in the new service against the Turks, in Hungary.

The M'MAHONS were lords of Monaghan, formerly called *Uriel*. It was an extensive tract, and we find, from Sir John Davis, there were



ninety-six thousand acres of M'Mahon's land, set apart, in various parts of his territory, for the support of public hospitality. These lands were managed by that ancient public officer, the *beteagh*, whose duty, as I have already described, was to keep food and beds continually ready for the traveller and the needy. "They were a race," says the venerable Charles O'Connor, "which were the subject of much panegyric in the works of our annalists and *fileas*; they were of the Heremonian line, and their chiefs, in every age, won the laurels due to the brave, the patriotic, and the hospitable." The last of this illustrious house was the Reverend Father M'Mahon, who studied and taught in Spain, having been driven from his priory in Ireland, by the Orange act of parliament of 1697. Colonel *Art Oge M'Mahon*, one of the house, fell at the siege of Athlone. This distinguished commander was King James's lord lieutenant for the county of Monaghan. Two or three more of the family commanded in the same service; and three others were members of King James's parliament. Captain Hugh M'Mahon went to France, after the surrender of Limerick, and entered the French king's service. These northern M'Mahons must not be confounded with the southern M'Mahons of Clare; the latter were of the Hiberian line, and were called *Dalcassians*.

The O'GARA family — of whom Colonel Oliver O'Gara distinguished himself at Athlone and Aughrim — were the lords of the barony of Colavin, in the county of Sligo; which immense tract was forfeited from them (robbed) by the English, in 1641. This distinguished officer, after the capitulation of Limerick, retired to France, where he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of King James's regiment of foot, which was one thousand four hundred strong.

Notice ought to be taken of the brave old Colonel Richard GRACE, who fell defending Athlone. He was not of the Milesian race, but of the Norman clan that followed Strongbow into Ireland. Raymond *le Gros* was the founder of the family; and, in the course of ages, that family became more Irish than the Irish themselves. The southern family, ennobled as Earls of Desmond, gave evidence of this in the times of Elizabeth. Colonel Richard Grace, who so bravely fell at the head of his regiment, was a singularly brave and chivalrous person. He was beyond eighty years of age, and was in charge of Athlone, when Douglas attacked it, after the battle of the Boyne. When called upon to surrender by that officer, he fired a pistol over the head of the messenger, exclaiming, "Tell your master, these are my terms!" He ably defended the fortress against the invaders on the first occasion, and

drove off three thousand, after a long and fruitless siege. The English commander had previously sent an emissary to him, with an offer of a considerable bribe and dazzling honors, if he would join King William. The brave old hero instantly wrote upon a card, (the six of hearts,) which was accidentally near him, a stern and haughty refusal. This card goes by the name of "Grace's card," in Ireland, to this day. He had in his youth fought at the head of five thousand of his own men against Cromwell, and was never defeated; but, on capitulation, left the country with one thousand two hundred men, returned with Charles the Second, and fought for Ireland, in his old age, against King William, falling in the trenches of Athlone, which town he had three times before successfully defended against English invasion. His estate lay in the neighborhood of Kilkenny.

The O'CONNELL sept gave commanders to Ireland before now. Without going into the deeds of that family, until I come to treat of its present chief, I will merely notice that Colonel O'Connell was taken prisoner at Aughrim, which proves that he was in the thickest of the battle. The Liberator tells an anecdote of a soldier who fought on that day, under the command of his gallant relative, which strongly indicates the resolution that pervaded the entire Irish army at that memorable battle. On Colonel O'Connell asking this poor fellow, the morning of the battle, why he appeared unshaved, it being the Sabbath, he replied, "*Arrah, curnil, the man that has the head TO-NIGHT may shave it.*"

The O'HIGGINS's were distinguished in those and the preceding wars. The family gave three martyrs of distinction to the cause of Ireland within the seventeenth century,—of whom two, bearing the name of *Peter*, suffered death, in Dublin, for their faith. It must be noted, also, that an excommunicated priest of that name became a traitor in the Williamite war; but his baseness has been outbalanced by the numerous great spirits given by that family to the liberty of Ireland, and his treachery was punished with death by the guns of his comrades, who killed him while fighting in the ranks of their enemies. About the year 1610, there were two distinguished poets of this name in Ireland; one of whom was archbishop of Tuam. In the last century, Sir John O'Higgins, first counsellor of state to Philip the Fifth of Spain, rendered himself remarkable as the discoverer of the works, in manuscript, of the Irish poet and scholar, *Sedulius*, [Shiel.] This Sir John O'Higgins, says O'Callaghan, was the great-grandfather of Don Bernardo O'Higgins, president of the republic of Chili, so distinguished in the annals of the South American struggle for independence; in the success of which, as in the contest for freedom in the United States,

Irish blood so amply contributed. The original founder of this old Irish name, which is also written without a final *s*, — *O'Higgin*, — was a son of Niall the Grand, of the Nine Hostages, who drove the Romans out of Britain, in the fourth century.

The man who, in our days, bears that name most prominently before his countrymen, is the illustrious Dr. Higgins, bishop of Ardagh, whose reply to Sir Robert Peel, in 1843, deserves to be engraved in gold on columns of marble in the chief cities of Ireland, and to be committed to the memories of the whole population. "I have sprung," said this illustrious man, at the monster meeting of Mullingar, where two hundred thousand of his countrymen assembled, "I have sprung not only from the people, but from the very humblest classes of the people. I disdain and condemn all the pride of aristocracy. I am of the people, and I sympathize in their privations. We seek for a repeal of the union, to put an end to those privations. The minister of England refuses this measure, and threatens us with physical force, — to put us down by the sword, — should we persist in the demand. I speak now the sentiments of the entire priesthood and hierarchy of Ireland. They are unanimous in their resolve to obtain a repeal of that union. We are now all unanimous on this point, and I defy Sir Robert Peel to put down the repeal agitation in the single diocese of Ardagh! [Here O'Connell cheered, which the entire multitude reëchoed again and again. 'That's the best news,' said the Liberator, 'I ever heard.'] They may drive us from our fields; they may deprive us of the open light of day to assemble under; but we will retire to our churches, and there, when we have addressed our people on the duty they owe to God, we shall then lecture them on the duty they owe to their country. The myrmidons of England may follow us into our sanctuaries; *but we will prepare our people for the scaffold, and bequeath our wrongs to posterity!*"

Let those who have the honor of bearing this name imitate their illustrious namesake in love of Ireland and exertion for her freedom.

The following is a correct list of the officers who were killed and wounded at Aughrim: —

"KILLED. — The commander-in-chief, Lieutenant-General St. Ruth; Lord Kilmallock, (Sarsfield; ) Lord Galway, (Burke; ) Brigadier William Mansfield Barker; Brigadier H. M. J. O'Neill; Brigadier O'Connell; Colonel Charles Moore; Colonels David and Ulick Burke; Colonel Cuconacht or Constantine Maguire; Colonel James Talbot; Colonel Arthur; Colonel Mahony; Colonel Walter Nugent; Colonel Felix O'Neill; Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan; Major Purcell; Major O'Donnell; Sir John Everard, &c.

"TAKEN. — Lord Duleek, (Bellew; ) Lord Slaue, (Fleming; ) Lord Bophin,

(Burke;) Lord Kenmare, (Browne;) Major-General Dorrington; Major-General John Hamilton, (who died of his wounds, and was brother to the gallant Lieutenant-General Richard Hamilton, captured at the Boyne, and to the brave and accomplished Colonel Anthony Hamilton, who fought against the Enniskilleners, and wrote the well-known *Memoirs of Grammont, &c.*;) Brigadier Tuite; Colonel Walter Burke; Colonel Gordon O'Neill; Colonel Butler of Kilkash; Colonel O'Connell; Colonel Edmund Madden; Lieutenant-Colonel John Chappell; Lieutenant-Colonel John Butler; Lieutenant-Colonel Baggot; Lieutenant-Colonel John Border; Lieutenant-Colonel Macgennis; Lieutenant-Colonel Rossiter; Lieutenant-Colonel Macguire; Major Patrick Lawless; Major Kelly; Major Grace; Major William Burke; Major Edmund Butler; Major Edmund Broghill, (most probably an *English* error for the Irish name Braughall;) Major John Hewson, &c."

Colonel Walter BURKE, who guarded the Castle of Aughrim, belonged to the great Norman-Irish house of Milo de Burgh, who came into Ireland with Strongbow, 1170. This family settled in Connaught soon after the first invasion, and assumed the name, language, manners, dress, and customs, of the native Irish, and were deemed, in succeeding ages, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." The Burkes have given heroes to the independence of Ireland in every age, and one of that family, of the northern line, was the celebrated Edmund Burke, whose genius and talents were wielded in favor of his fellow-countrymen in the British senate, and who was the first in Europe to raise his voice in behalf of the then struggling colonies of America. His eloquence contributed mainly to evoke that sentiment through Europe which induced Lafayette and Kosciusko to leave their homes for the camp of Washington, and which induced sixteen thousand Irishmen to fight in his ranks.

Colonel Charles O'BRIEN, of "O'Brien's regiment," went to France, after the surrender of Limerick. The O'Briens, who, like the O'Neills, have occasionally held the sceptre of Ireland, have their names interwoven in every page of Irish history. The above colonel was killed at the battle of Ramillies, in 1706, when his regiment was given to Murrough O'Brien, of a branch of the same family; the latter distinguished himself as a skilful officer, at Pallue, in the French king's service. The present distinguished William Smith O'Brien is a member of this family, — of whom I shall have something to say under the "repeal agitation."

Lieutenant-General DILLON also repaired with the others to France, at the head of his regiment. There were several sons of Lord Dillon engaged in the Williamite war, who afterwards proved themselves distinguished officers in the French service. Two were killed at the head of their regiments, at the battles of Fontenoy and Lawfeld.

Lover gives the following characteristic sketch of these brave men : —

“ In a memorable battle fought in the days of Louis the Fourteenth, when the French were scattered in every direction, and the fields covered with the dead and dying, Louis addressed his general thus : ‘ Can any thing be done to preserve the honor of France ? ’ His general answered, ‘ Yes, my liege ; there is a gallant, intrepid band, the Irish Brigade, upon which all my hopes rest ’ ‘ Dillon,’ said Marshal Saxe, ‘ let the whole Irish Brigade charge ! to you I commit its conduct. Where Dillon’s regiment leads, the rest will follow. The cavalry has made no impression yet ; let the Irish Brigade show an example. ’ ‘ It shall be done, Marshal,’ said Dillon, turning his horse. ‘ Victory ! ’ cried Saxe. ‘ Or death ! ’ cried Dillon, and, plunging his rowels into his horse’s side, galloped along the front of the lines, where the brigade stood impatient for the order to advance. Dillon gave the talismanic word, ‘ Remember Limerick ! ’ and, heading his brave regiment, down swept the brigade, and shortly the hitherto unbroken column of Cumberland was crushed ; the very earth trembled under that horrible rush of horse. The brave Dillon fell, but he lived long enough to know that the glorious charge of the Irish Brigade had won the day.”

Nor should we omit our admiration of the brave Sir Teague O'REGAN, who held Sligo in defiance of the English force sent against him upon three separate occasions, and only gave up when the treaty of Limerick was agreed to. He died in Ireland.

The Abbé M'Geoghegan supplies the following sketch of these heroic men, who so bravely won a charter for their country in the face of death : —

“ The troops which had lately arrived in France, after the treaty of Limerick, were new-modelled in 1695, and reduced to twelve regiments, the command of which was given to those who had most influence at the court of St. Germain. These regiments, called “ the troops of King James,” were, —

“ The king’s regiment of cavalry : Dominick Sheldon, colonel ; Edmond Prendergast, lieutenant-colonel ; Edmond Butler, major.

“ The queen’s regiment of cavalry : Lord Galmoy, colonel ; René de Carné, (a Frenchman,) lieutenant-colonel ; James Tobin, major.

“ The king’s regiment of dragoons : Lord Viscount Kilmallock, (Sarsfield,) colonel ; Turenne O'Carroll, lieutenant-colonel ; De Salles, (a Frenchman,) major.

“ The queen’s regiment of dragoons : Charles Viscount Clare, colonel ; Alexander Barnwal, lieutenant-colonel ; Charles Maxwell, major.

“ The king’s infantry regiment of guards : William Dorington, colonel ; Oliver O'Gara, lieutenant-colonel ; John Rothe, major.

“ The queen’s regiment of infantry : Simon Luttrell, colonel ; Francis Wachop, lieutenant-colonel ; James O'Brien, major.

“ An infantry regiment of marines : The Lord Grand-prior, colonel ; Nicholas Fitzgerald, lieutenant-colonel ; Richard Nugent, second lieutenant-colonel ; Edmond O'Madden, major.

“ The Limerick regiment of infantry : Sir John Fitzgerald, colonel ; Jeremiah O'Mahony, lieutenant-colonel ; William Thesey, major.

“The Charlemont regiment of infantry: Gordon O'Neill, colonel; Hugh M'Mahon, lieutenant-colonel; Edmond Murphy, major.

“Dublin regiment of infantry: John Power, colonel; John Power, lieutenant colonel; Theobald Burke, major.

“The Athlone regiment of infantry: Walter Burke, colonel; Owen M'Carty, lieutenant-colonel; Edmond Cantwell, major.

“Clancarty regiment of infantry: Roger M'Elligot, colonel; Edward Scott, lieutenant-colonel; Cornelius Murphy, major.

“Out of the regiments which the Irish nobility had raised in 1689, for the service of James the Second, several were disbanded in Ireland. Most of those who went to France were imbodied with those we have just been enumerating; the colonels descending to the rank of captain, and the captains to that of lieutenants. The regiments of O'Neill, O'Donnel, M'Donnel, Maguire, M'Mahon, Magennis, were formed into one; Edmond (Buoy) O'Reilly's shared the same fate.

“The regiments of Burke and Dillon were engaged at the battle of Cremona, February, 1702, in which they particularly distinguished themselves, and contributed mainly to the defeat of the enemy. As a mark of his satisfaction, the king increased the pay of the foot captains, not only of these regiments, but of three others which were on a footing with the French, to twenty-five pence a day, and the lieutenants to twelve pence. The pay of the second captains and lieutenants was increased in proportion. The soldiers, also, received one penny a day additional. Dillon's regiment received their reward in hand, as they already had high pay.

“Sheldon's regiment of cavalry, to which a squadron was added, consisted of three squadrons in the war of 1700. They distinguished themselves at the battle of Spire, on the 24th of November, 1703; and the half-pay captains and lieutenants, who served with it, received an increase of pay.

“In 1708, the king of Spain began to raise two regiments of dragoons, and three Irish battalions, consisting of the prisoners taken from the English army in the battle of Almanza. These corps were officered by the half-pay officers who had served with the Irish regiments in France.

“Peace having been concluded at Radstadt, on the 6th of March, 1714, between France and the emperor, the regiments of Lee, Clare, Dillon, Rothe, and Berwick, were increased from twelve to fifteen companies, consisting each of forty men. In order to make up the three new companies, the regiments of O'Donnel, which had previously belonged to Fitzgerald and Galmoy, and a second battalion, which was added to Berwick's, were disbanded. O'Donnel's was divided between the regiments of Lee and Clare; Galmoy's and Berwick's second battalions were joined to those of Dillon, Rothe, and Berwick.

“From calculations and researches that have been made at the war-office, it has been ascertained, that, from the arrival of the Irish troops in France, in 1691, to 1745, the year of the battle of Fontenoy, *more than four hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen died in the service of France.* [Independent of which, nearly an equal number entered into the service of Germany, Spain, and Hungary.]

“Burke applied for, and obtained, permission for his regiment, which had often served in Spain, (in order to avoid shifting,) to offer its services to the king of Spain. This being granted, he proceeded to that country, and subsequently served with distinction in Sicily, Africa, and Italy, during the war of 1733, under the king of the Two Sicilies, to whom his father, the king of Spain, had sent him

in 1758. Burke's regiment remained in Naples; it was called the *king's corps*, and received an addition of two battalions.

“Through the changes which took place among the Irish troops in France, the king of Spain was enabled to increase his three Irish regiments of foot by a battalion each, so that he had six made up of the supernumerary men who remained unemployed in France. They served at Oran, in Sicily, and in Italy, in 1733, 1734, with the highest distinction. Four of these battalions, with the Walloon guards, were successful, in 1713, in repulsing the enemy at Veletry, and in saving Don Philip, who was in danger of being taken prisoner.”

The O'Sullivan's have nobly distinguished themselves through every generation and age of Ireland. In the Elizabethan wars, the exploits of the O'SULLIVAN BEARE were the theme of the bards of that age; and succeeding historians have not failed to emphasize his deeds. They are a very ancient Milesian family, descended from Olioll Olioll, king of Munster before the Incarnation. They possessed three baronial castles, of great strength, in the county of Kerry. The castles and lands of Dunkerron were theirs, which extensive property was seized by the English monarch in 1602, and given to Sir William Petty, the founder of the *Lansdowne family*. Sir William was sent over to Ireland to make a survey of the confiscated lands, called the “Down survey,” and obtained a considerable share of the plunder for his pains. Sir William Bethem tells us that Kerry O'Sullivan, the last of the unfortunate family, built for himself a mud cabin in the ruins of Ardea Castle, once a princely residence of his ancestors. He clutched, in his misery, the old title-deeds and records of the property, and his poverty, but not his will, wrung them from him. The O'Sullivan's are scattered. Branches of the family are to be found in the city and county of Kilkenny, where they have ever distinguished themselves as genuine lovers of liberty and Ireland. One of the family was returned to the English parliament, member for the county, on repeal principles, in the election of 1832, and retired to make way for O'Connell, when he lost his seat in some other contest. The Kilkenny O'Sullivan's have acquired considerable wealth by commercial pursuits, and are now equal, in *that* particular, to the proudest of their lordly oppressors. This family, like their proud nation, exemplified, in their own persons, the inextinguishable vitality of their race.

Our countrymen have, as it appears, been upon every battle-field of Europe; and it is not at all improbable that the anecdote related by O'Donovan, about Napoleon's grandfather being an Irish soldier, named *Gaul Burke*, who fought at the battle of Aughrim, is true. ANDREW JACKSON, quite as brave and good a soldier as Napoleon, was the son of an Irish father and an Irish mother, and the world need not wonder if the fact of Napoleon's Irish origin should be established more distinctly.

There is no part of the world to which the sons of Ireland were not driven, on the fall of James the Second. The scattered intellect of her vital soil may be traced by the light which it shed on science and on arms. Our countryman, Michael Kelly, one of the first musicians of Europe in his time, tells us, in his "Reminiscences," that when he was at Naples, in 1787, the Russian fleet sailed into the bay, commanded by *Admiral O'Dwyer*. And when, a few years after, he dined at the table of the emperor of Austria, at Vienna, there were present, among the distinguished guests, Marshals *Lacy*, *O'Donnell*, and *Kavanagh*. Marshal Lacy was born of Irish parents, in *Russia!* Kavanagh, he tells us, addressed him in Irish, which he not understanding, the emperor turned round, exclaiming, "What! Kelly! don't you speak the language of your own country?"—In South America, through the armies of Spain, in which Irishmen were ever honored, very many of them rose to the highest rank in the dependencies of that once powerful nation. The very last Spanish viceroy of Mexico was *O'Donohue*. The present governor of Cuba, General *O'Donnell*, is, of course, Irish descended. An Irish brigade, commanded by General *Devereux*, fought under Bolivar in the revolution of 1823. The venerable *Devereux* is still living in Tennessee. Colonel *McKenna*, who fought by the side of O'Higgins, in Chili, deserves a record among the good and the great. The first explorer and founder of a civilized community in Texas was *Magee*. (See Niles's Texas, page 208.) And the president of the little senate of the new settlement of Oregon is also of Irish descent.

I have, in other pages, glanced at the share which Irishmen had in the republican struggles of the United States. The flag of resistance to British supremacy was raised in Philadelphia by Charles Thompson, an Irishman, so early as 1765, who agitated with "Molyneux's Inquiry" in his hand. This was ten years before the states combined, and took the field. And the man whom the first American congress appointed as their secretary was this same Thompson, who retained his post to the triumphant termination of the struggle. There were four or five Irishmen present, and signed the declaration of independence,—*Smith*, *Taylor*, *Thornton*, and *Carroll* of Carrollton. Smith commanded the "Pennsylvania Line," which may be called the "Irish brigade" of America. When the time came for taking the field and the ocean, *Montgomery*, next in command to Washington, led the northern army, and *Barry* was appointed to the Lexington, the first war-ship built by the confederated states. The first came from Donegal, in Ireland; and the second, from Wexford.



Francis the First, emperor of Germany, left the following memorandum amongst his papers, which was found after his death, in 1765: "The more Irish in the Austrian service the better; our troops will always be disciplined; an Irish coward is an uncommon character; and what the natives of Ireland dislike, even from principle, they generally perform through a desire of glory;" — which means that, though Irishmen have sometimes been obliged to fight on the wrong side, yet their paramount love of glory has caused them, for its sake alone, to risk life freely where certain death awaited them. When Maria Theresa, the queen of Hungary, instituted fifty crosses of the legion of honor, to be given to the men who should most distinguish themselves in her wars, *forty-six* of them were won by Irishmen.

One of the bravest officers in the French army now (1844) in Africa, is Colonel O'Keefe. His name has been mentioned with great praise by Colonel Tempoure. O'Keefe and his brave companions (the twenty-sixth) were brought into action, after a march of twenty leagues, (performed in fifty-six hours,) with knapsacks and arms, under the broiling sun of Africa; and his exploits at that action are trumpeted through Europe.

I have reserved the most brilliant soldier of all this war for the last page of my prolonged lecture.

He was the illustrious PATRICK SARFIELD, earl of Lucan. His brother, the earl of Kilmallock, was killed leading a charge at Aughrim. The inheritance of the Sarsfields was a territory near Sligo. I cannot trace their pedigree to remote Milesian generations; but it matters not. PATRICK SARFIELD commanded a regiment of Sligo horse at the Boyne. When King James fled, and the fortune of the day decided against the Irish, Sarsfield and Tyrconnell secured a good retreat for their discomfited army to the western side of the Shannon, on which, as the event proved, they made capital arrangements to repulse the enemy all along the line from Cork to Sligo.

It was this PATRICK SARFIELD, who, with five hundred brave horsemen, passed out of the city of Limerick, while closely besieged by King William, in 1689, and, crossing the Shannon twelve miles above the city, galloped to the rear of King William's camp, blew up his train of artillery and wagons of ammunition, just arrived from Dublin, killed the guards that protected it, returned behind his city walls, and all within hearing of the Orange king.

It was this PATRICK SARFIELD that animated the brave men and brave women of Limerick to that supernatural courage which they displayed

at the first siege of that city, when they stood in the breach and drove the invaders off; and, had the destinies of Ireland and King James been left in *his* hands, *King William would most assuredly have been defeated*, and Ireland would have been erected, under the exiled monarch, into an independent kingdom.

But fate ruled it otherwise. St. Ruth, the talented but conceited St. Ruth, was sent by the French king, to command the Irish, after those brilliant achievements of Sarsfield had been performed. It was the condition upon which the aid of money and ammunition alone would be given. We have seen *how* he commanded, in his shameful loss of Athlone, the key of Ireland. Sarsfield's great spirit could not brook such trifling with the dearest interests of his country. He was present in St. Ruth's tent on the morning he refused aid to Athlone; and, though he, the second in command, urged the French marshal to despatch this aid, he received for reply the contemptuous answer, "Don't the English know I am here?"

When the town was lost, Sarsfield's indignation knew no bounds: he challenged St. Ruth on the spot, but the friends of the great cause interfered, to reconcile them.

The following poetic sketch of the quarrel is taken from a beautifully written tragedy, entitled the "Battle of Aughrim," which was published and acted about the year 1770. We should be glad to see it occasionally brought forward on the stage.

*Sarsfield.* — Be calm, my soul; my swelling spleen, assuage,  
 And curb the boiling madness of my rage:  
 Now let the earth be in a chaos hurled;  
 Let earthquakes rise and overthrow the world;  
 Let gloomy vapors veil the dusky air;  
 And let all mankind sink beneath despair;  
 Let Sol and Cynthia now withdraw their light,  
 And let the stars no longer rule the night,  
 But let all nature be extinguished quite!  
 O heavens! Athlone is lost, that lovely seat,  
 The pride of empire, and the throne of state;  
 Thy sons are slaughtered, and thy walls betrayed,  
 Because that traitor would not send thee aid;  
 But I'll revenge the wrong, and he shall fall;  
 The crime is great, though the revenge is small. —  
 Come, draw! and let your sword afford your heart relief.

*St. Ruth.* — Consider, Sarsfield, I am here your chief! —  
 Your country's ruin would attend our strife.

*Sarsfield.* — No thought but that could save your life.

• • • • •

The quarrel had not time to be healed at the battle of Aughrim, and this prevented Sarsfield knowing the commander-in-chief's plan of battle, which was unknown to any when he fell, — a chief cause of the Irish defeat that day.

After the treaty of Limerick with King William, Sarsfield, at the head of four thousand men, passed over into France, and, in the French king's service, defeated the troops of that same William, in many a well-fought field of the Low Countries. He was killed in the midst of victory at the battle of Nerwindle, 1701.\* As the life-blood gushed from his heart, he caught some of it in his hand, and, looking at it, exclaimed, "*O, if this blood had been shed for Ireland!*" These were his last words. When will grateful Irishmen erect to him a monument in that noble city of Limerick, which he so well defended, and at the walls of which his valor extorted those terms from the invader which restored to *many* noble and wealthy Irish families their present estates. France, more grateful, has erected for him, in her most splendid city, (Versailles,) a monument, inscribed to "**PATRICK SARSFIELD, EARL of LUCAN,**" in *letters of gold*.

The names of O'Brien, earl of Clare, and several more of our exiled countrymen, are to be found in this hall of honor. There are no less than *four* paintings in it of the battle of Fontenoy, won from the English by the Irish Brigade, on the 11th May, 1745. In these, the Irish Brigade is conspicuously seen charging the flying enemy.

These are the "lessons of history" which teach us to rely more on ourselves than on others, in accomplishing our freedom. If the Irish have one addiction more damning to their freedom than another, it is their *pride*, which renders them jealous of each other, and, therefore, unwilling to obey each other. Any coxcomb of another nation can lead or command them; but to each other, howsoever fitted by nature and acquirements some may be to lead in counsel or in battle, the most ignorant will hardly yield obedience. If I could exude my heart's blood into my pen, I would write with the ruddy drops, — **TO THIS ADDICTION IS IRELAND INDEBTED FOR HER FALL, AND HER SONS FOR BEING THE SLAVES OF EVERY NATION UPON EARTH.**

\* I have seen another account which makes the scene of his death the field of London, and the time 29th of July, 1693, while leading the victorious charge against King William.

## THE WOMEN OF LIMERICK!

DEDICATED TO THE LADIES OF LIMERICK,

BY T. MOONEY.

*Air, "Garryowen."*

1. Hur - rah for the wo - men of Lim - er - ick town,



Whom the pow - er of Wil - liam could nev - er put down!



Hur - rah for brave Sarsfield! tho' dead in his grave, His



spir - it yet fires the val - iant and brave.



And if ev - er the day shall come a - gain, When



Lim - er - ick wo - men and Lim - er - ick men Shall be



called to the breach to de - fend their own land, May



we all be there just to give them a hand.

## 2.

Remember the treaty of Limerick Stone ;  
 Remember they broke it when Sarsfield was gone ;  
 Our cloth manufacture they crushed without cause ;  
 And they struck down our rights, our religion, and laws.  
 But if ever we trust the Saxons again,  
 Who butchered our women, our clergy, and men,  
 May we ever be slaves in the land of our sires,  
 And bundled and burnt in Sassanagh fires.  
 Then hurrah, &c.

## 3.

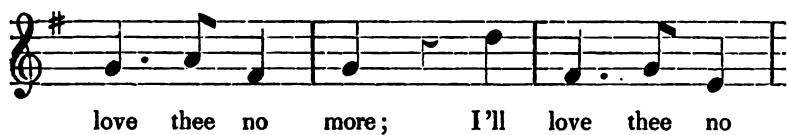
Of all Erin's cities, there never was one  
 That stood out for freedom like old Garryown ;\*  
 For years in their garrison bravely they fought ;  
 And never were conquered, or frightened, or bought.  
 And the daughters of Limerick we ever shall prize,  
 For brave are their hearts, and bright are their eyes ;  
 And if ever the Sassanagh † strike them again,  
 We'll be over and save them, with plenty of men.  
 Then hurrah, &c.

\* Popular name for the city of Limerick.

† Intruder, invader.

## I'LL LOVE THEE NO MORE..

1. When the rose - bud of summer, its beau - ty be -  
 - stow - ing, On win - ter's rude blast all its sweetness shall  
 pour, And the sun - shine of day in night's darkness be



## 2.

When of hope the last spark, which thy smiles loved to cherish,  
 In my bosom shall die, and its sweetness be o'er;  
 And the pulse of that heart, which adores thee, shall perish,  
 O, then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.  
 And the pulse of that heart, which adores thee, shall perish,  
 O, then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more,  
 I'll love you no more, I'll love you no more,  
 O, then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

\* I have heard *Erin* substituted for *Ellen*, with a pleasing effect, in this beautiful song.

## FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

BY MOORE.

DESPONDINGLY.

1. For - get not the field where they perished,

The tru - est, the last of the brave ;

All gone! and the bright hope we cherished

Gone with them, and quenched in their grave !

2.

O! could we from death but recover  
 Those hearts as they bounded before,  
 In the face of high Heaven to fight over  
 That combat for freedom once more!

3.

Could the chain for an instant be riven,  
 Which Tyranny flung round us then,  
 O! 'tis not in man, nor in Heaven,  
 To let Tyranny bind it again!

4.

But 'tis past,—and, though blazoned in story  
 The name of our victor may be,  
 Accursed is the march of that glory  
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free!

5.

Far dearer the grave, or the prison,  
 Illumed by one patriot name,  
 Than the trophies of all, who have risen  
 On Liberty's ruins to fame!

---

 MY DARK-HAIRED GIRL.




## THE BATTLE OF AGHRIM.

(CACH EACTROMA.)

PRESTO AND FURIOSO.



## LECTURE XVIII.

---

FROM A. D. 1691 TO 1782.

The Treaty of Limerick. — Nature of its Conditions. — Honorably Signed. — King James's Parliament. — Its just Enactments. — King William's Character. — First Breach of the Treaty. — Seizure of Catholic Estates. — Disgraceful Deeds. — the King receives Bribes. — Wholesale Robbery. — Wholesale Swindling. — Second Breach of the Treaty. — Laws against the Catholics. — Penal Laws. — Protest of the Catholics contemned. — Third Breach of the Treaty. — Suppression of the Irish Woollen Manufacture. — Fourth Breach of the Treaty. — Suppression of free Navigation. — Two hundred thousand of the People driven away. — Character of William the Third. — Queen Anne. — George the First. — George the Second. — The Irish Brigade. — Fontenoy. — War between France and England. — English Atrocities in the East. — The Pretender. — Scottish Rebellions. — Last of the Stuarts. — Wesley and Whitefield. — George the Third. — Disputes with the Colonies. — Americans resist the English Taxes. — Burke's Resolutions. — Excitement in England. — First American Congress. — Thompson. — Battles. — The first Blood. — Montgomery. — Barry. — Bennington. — Triumph of America. — State of Ireland. — Low Condition of the Irish. — First Agitators. — Their Successors. — New Spirit of the Irish. — Molyneux. — Swift. — Lucas. — Flood. — Grattan. — Crisis. — England humiliated. — Non-Consumption of English Goods. — The Volunteers. — Their Preparations. — Declaration for free Trade. — Triumph of the Patriots. — Meeting of the Volunteers in Dungannon. — Their Resolutions. — New Ministry in England. — England alarmed. — The Day of Independence. — The State of the House. — Grattan's immortal Speech. — The Question carried. — Joy of the Nation. — The great Compact. — Nature of National Legislation. — First Year of Independence. — Sums voted in Aid of Manufactures, &c. — Various Enterprises and public Buildings commenced. — Influx of Strangers. — Decrease of Absentees. — Brilliancy of Dublin.

I CLOSED my last lecture at the historical epoch formed by the peace between Ireland and England, imbodyed in the treaty of Limerick, A. D. 1691.

That treaty was made under the most solemn, imposing, and binding circumstances. It was made between the generals of the English and the Irish armies, on the FIELD OF BATTLE.

It was a great national compact, entered into in the usual way that nations at war with each other are accustomed to end hostilities.

What are the attending circumstances of this treaty?

King James the Second succeeded, by law and right, to the throne of the British empire in 1685. He was at once acknowledged king of Britain and Ireland. He proclaimed liberty of conscience to all his subjects. Some of the High Church party form a conspiracy against him. They make overtures to the Prince of Orange, then sovereign of the petty state of Holland. They invite him over with a foreign force. He comes and is joined by numbers in England, and James flies at his approach. The Irish espouse the cause of James. He abandons them in a moment of peril, and then they fight for their political rights, for freedom of conscience, for the undisturbed enjoyment of their estates, and for the fulness and integrity of their legislative powers. For these rights they contended in the field, under their various commanders, particularly the brave Patrick Sarsfield. And though King William sought with all his force, to compel them to submit *unconditionally*, yet they did not submit. They held all the military posts beyond the Shannon, from Clare to Sligo; and, after trying, from the middle of July to the beginning of October, to reduce the garrisons of Limerick, Galway, Sligo, and other places, a treaty of peace was proposed by the English king and accepted by the Irish generals.

This treaty guaranteed to the Irish all that they went into the field to contend for — namely, a relief from all oaths except the oath of allegiance; perfect freedom of conscience, — the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own mind; the peaceful enjoyment of their estates; the rights of trade and manufactures; their political freedom; and their national legislature.

These were the rights contended for in the field, and ceded by a most solemn treaty, in presence of the contending armies. This treaty was signed upon a stone, by, and in the presence of, the representatives of England and Ireland, on the 3d of October, 1691. In two days after it was signed, a French fleet, bringing a great reënförceiment of men, arms, and ammunition, to the Irish, appeared in the mouth of the Shannon. Having signed the treaty, Sarsfield sent them back to France. The treaty was *solemnly ratified by KING WILLIAM and QUEEN MARY*; and to show that the Irish did not enter into this treaty under an apprehension of failure, I will relate one circumstance. In making a clean copy of the articles from the original or rough draft, *two lines were omitted by negligence*, which error was not discovered until a few days after the contract was signed and the *first* garrison given up. But when the error was discovered, the Irish army *refused to give up the other garrisons until the omitted lines were reinserted*.

King William and Queen Mary thus speak after reviewing and approving of the treaty of Limerick, *with the omitted lines inserted*: —

“And whereas the said city of Limerick hath been since, in *pursuance of said articles*, surrendered unto us, now know ye, that we, having considered of the said articles, are graciously pleased hereby to declare that WE DO, FOR US, OUR HEIRS AND SUCCESSORS, AS FAR AS IN US LIES, RATIFY AND CONFIRM THE SAME, AND EVERY CLAUSE, MATTER, AND THING THEREIN CONTAINED. And as to such parts thereof for which an act of parliament shall be found necessary, we shall recommend the same to be made good by parliament, and shall give our royal authority and assent to any bill or bills that shall be passed by our two houses of parliament for that purpose.”

[Now mark.]

“And whereas it appears unto us that it was agreed between the parties to the said articles, that after the words ‘Limerick, Clare, Kerry, Cork, Mayo,’ or any of them, in the second of the said articles, the words following, viz., ‘*and all such as are under their protection in the said counties,*’ should be inserted, and be part of the said articles, which words have been casually omitted by the writer, — the omission was not discovered till after the said articles were signed, but was taken notice of *before the second town was surrendered*, and that our said justices and general, or one of them, did promise that the said clause should be made good, it being within the intention of the capitulation, and inserted in the foul draft thereof: Our further will and pleasure is, and we do hereby confirm *and ratify the said omitted words,*” &c. And then the recognition of this treaty by their majesties proceeds, and provides for engrossing it in the records of chancery; and the “honor of England” was pledged to the carrying of its provisions into effect.

Thus, then, the conditions and treaty of Limerick were entered into between the highest military powers of both nations; were agreed to and signed on the field of battle; and, ere the Irish laid down their arms, even the literal errors of the treaty were corrected and ratified by their majesties in Whitehall.

We shall now witness the shameful violation of this treaty by those very persons who, on behalf of England, had put their solemn signatures to the national compact. The Irish army was disbanded; Sarsfield, and almost all the Irish generals and officers, accepted commissions in the French service; and the native military power of Ireland dissolved into its original elements. Then came a fresh, a faithless, a diabolical invasion of every right she owned, every interest and feeling she cherished.

During the short period of three and a half years that King James had power, the parliament which he called in Ireland, composed, as it was, of members of every religious faith, did more for the advancement of that country than had been done during the whole of the previous hundred years. King James, who was an expert naval officer, suggested an act for the creation and culture of an Irish navy. Several bonuses were given for the advancement and improvement of trade, and for the encouragement and increase of shipping and navigation. This act threw open to Ireland that from which she was previously debarred, namely, a free and unrestrained commercial intercourse with all the colonies and plantations of England — America being then included in those plantations; all duties of customs and excise were remitted, or considerably reduced, to the owners of Irish-built shipping; seamen were encouraged by remitting all taxes for ten years after they had registered as seamen; other privileges were also granted. To increase a knowledge of navigation, schools were opened for teaching and instructing in the mathematics and the art of navigation in Dublin, Belfast, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and Galway. Other clauses provided for the encouragement of national manufactures.

Thus was laid, in one session, the foundation of a commercial and manufacturing system in Ireland, which, if the people and parliament were permitted to carry on, would exhibit Ireland, in half a century onwards, — after all her sufferings, — the most flourishing nation of Europe. As it was, the seeds of enterprise had struck their roots into the earth, and were beginning to give forth promising plants.

Another act, passed by King James's parliament, was one declaring that the *parliament of England cannot bind Ireland*; another was an act for the encouragement of strangers and others to inhabit and plant in this kingdom of Ireland; another for vesting in his majesty the goods and property of *absentees*. Another act for LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE, and repealing all and any acts inconsistent with the same. Such were some of the principal enactments passed by what is styled the Catholic parliament of King James.

These acts, short-lived as they were, produced their good effects on Ireland. "The Irish," says Lord Taaffe, "engaged extensively in the import and export trade to the continent, particularly in the linen yarn and twine trade; and so great were the profits, and so flourishing the condition of the merchants, — who were principally Catholics, — that apprehensions were entertained that the estates of Protestants, by mortgage and otherwise, would soon revert to the hands of the Catholics. Lands rose by the influx of capital; the peasantry acquired valuable

interests; a sturdy yeomanry appeared; the very cottier was less miserable. All this, a few years after, was bartered for a shadow. The Irish Protestant sold Ireland for the maintenance of his monopoly in sectarian ascendancy; and the English Protestant trampled on the Catholic in order to maintain his national supremacy."

And now we shall behold Ireland, which, through a few years of honest legislation, put forth such blossoms of prosperity, blighted by a season of the most terrific persecution, commenced in the very lifetime of that William who treated, on the battle-field, with the Irish Catholics, as equal, honorable enemies.

It is generally admitted that William the Third was tolerant in his own country. He was, in religion, a Calvinist or Presbyterian, and had promised, on his getting power in England, to grant religious liberty to the dissenters. This promise he kept; and he bound himself to Sarsfield and the Irish Catholics, in the Limerick treaty, to grant them civil and religious liberty, which promise he *broke*.

About seven years after the treaty was signed, King William, who had been all that time at war with France, concluded a peace at Ryswick, after which his army returned to England to receive their pay. There was then more than a million sterling due to them, and, to obtain the means, the king turned his eyes directly towards the estates of the Irish Catholics—*those estates which had been guaranteed* to the owners by the treaty of the battle-field of Limerick. Parliament, the tool of every tyrant, instituted, to cover the robbery, a *commission*, the sort of instrument used by British kings for three hundred years, either to rob or delude the Irish; an instrument used down to the *very last* session, e. g. "the land commission," "the Catholic Charities' commission," of the year 1844, for the like purposes.

These robbing commissioners came to Ireland, opened their courts, summoned before them the unsuspecting Catholics, and put them upon a proof of their patents and titles to the possessions which came to them through a hundred generations. The Irish had no such documents as the commissioners called for, because their inheritance came down from father to son, and not by patents or leases from the kings of England. The commissioners knew this perfectly well: but this was their advantage; and accordingly they very deliberately seized, in the name of his majesty, on more than two millions of acres of the best land in the kingdom, with several hundred valuable houses, and great quantities of chattel property of every description. M'Geoghegan gives,

from the commissioners' report to parliament, the following tabular statement of their forfeitures:—

“We calculate that the confiscated lands in the following counties are of the value and extent as subjoined:—

Counties.	A.	R.	Annual Value.			Real Value.		
			£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Antrim, .....	10,103	2	1,944	18	6	25,284	0	6
Armagh, .....	4,962	0	588	0	0	7,644	0	0
Cork, .....	244,320	0	32,133	12	6	417,737	2	6
Carlow, .....	26,303	0	7,913	11	6	95,872	2	0
Clare, .....	72,246	0	12,060	17	0	156,791	1	0
Cavan, .....	3,830	1	478	12	6	6,222	2	6
Dublin, .....	34,546	0	16,061	6	0	208,796	18	0
Down, .....	9,079	0	1,016	6	6	13,212	4	6
Fermanagh, .....	1,945	0	389	0	0	5,057	0	0
Galway, .....	60,825	0	10,225	4	0	83,528	18	0
Kildare, .....	44,281	1	16,551	18	6	215,175	0	6
King's County, .....	30,459	3	6,870	18	0	89,321	14	0
Kilkenny, .....	30,152	2	5,243	3	6	68,161	5	6
Kerry, .....	90,116	0	3,652	11	9	47,483	12	9
Limerick, .....	14,882	3	4,728	10	0	61,470	10	0
Longford, .....	2,067	2	348	9	9	4,530	6	9
Louth and Drogheda, .....	22,508	0	6,331	11	0	82,310	3	0
Meath, .....	92,452	0	31,546	4	6	410,100	18	6
Mayo, .....	19,294	0	3,186	5	0	37,598	3	0
Monaghan, .....	3,832	0	558	16	0	7,264	8	0
Queen's County, .....	22,657	0	5,002	8	9	65,031	13	9
Roscommon, .....	28,933	0	5,808	15	0	69,767	2	0
Sligo, .....	5,562	0	998	17	6	12,985	7	6
Tipperary, .....	31,960	3	8,888	12	6	115,552	2	6
Wicklow, .....	18,164	0	2,719	3	0	35,348	19	0
Westmeath, .....	58,083	0	14,633	12	6	190,237	2	6
Wexford, .....	55,882	2	7,551	10	6	98,169	16	6
Waterford, .....	21,343	0	4,190	0	0	54,476	10	0

Total, one million and sixty-seven thousand acres, the value of which amounted to two millions six hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds sterling; independent, say the commissioners, of all the lands seized on by armed adventurers, who fell upon defenceless Catholic women and orphans, whose fathers had fallen in the wars, or had volunteered into the French king's service, which, at a moderate computation, exceeded five hundred thousand acres.

Here is evidence with a vengeance of the “glory and pride of British arms.” Let that deep, disgraceful stain remain upon thy escutcheon, O England, until wiped out by deeds of justice and restitution to unfortunate Ireland!

It is true that such Catholics as were able to bribe those commissioners sufficiently were reinstated in their lands. The king, too, and his

favorites, disgraced themselves by accepting those bribes ; and a certain "*Mrs. Margaret Uniack*" got many sums for her services in persuading Lord Romney to *persuade the king* to grant the restoration of certain lands.

We shall give a few specimens from the *second* commission of inquiry, which was appointed to inquire into the transactions of the first.

"John Kerdiff, a gentleman of the county of Dublin, gave *Mrs. Margaret Uniack* two hundred pounds, to induce her to prevail on Lord Romney to obtain a letter annulling his proscription, which was granted.

"Sir John Morris gave two hundred pounds to Mr. Richard Uniack, and three hundred to *Mrs. Margaret Uniack*, for his pardon, which she obtained through the influence of Lord Romney.

"Harvey Morris, Esq., gave *Mrs. M. Uniack* one hundred pounds, for having procured him his majesty's pardon.

"John Hussey, of Leixlip, being informed by Messrs. Bray and Briscoe, agents to Lord Athlone, who had the confiscation of Lord Limerick's estate, that he could not succeed in having his sentence removed if he did not give the present owner a mortgage of three hundred pounds, which he owed on the property of Lord Limerick, was obliged to do so in order to get his pardon.

"Edmond Roche gave Richard Darling, Lord Romney's steward, five hundred pounds for having procured him his pardon. This gentleman, who had been proscribed by virtue of the law enacted against those who were guilty of treason in foreign countries, was proved *never to have left the kingdom!!*

"John Bourk, commonly called Lord Bophin, agreed to pay seven thousand five hundred pounds sterling to Andrew Card, for the use of Lord Albemarle, on condition that he would procure a letter from the king to remove his sentence of proscription, and restore him to his property ; three thousand pounds were to be paid on taking possession, and the rest soon afterwards. His majesty therefore wrote a letter to the lords justices in favor of Lord Bophin, to be communicated to the commissioners and court of claims. A decree was accordingly passed, which made it appear that it was to enable this nobleman to bring up his children in the Protestant religion, and to secure his property to Protestants."

In article 25, the commissioners have the following mysterious passage: "*Many have obtained favors from his majesty by giving money, who had enjoyed and have abused his confidence. In our endeavors to investigate this matter, we were unable to overcome the difficulty ; these arrangements had been made in the most private manner.*"

So here it comes out that the king himself acted as head of those dastardly, shoplifting, petty-larceny thieves ! I would rather, a hundred times, be the poorest, meanest creature that crawls upon the earth than be this king ; and yet they drink him, in the Orange lodges, as the *glorious, pious, and immortal* William the Third !

Be it so. The dolts are incapable of perceiving their degradation.



There is no necessity to insert here thousands of similar instances. I have a rare book in my possession, in which the names of all the proscribed, as well as those who got their lands, are inserted; too voluminous, however, to make further use of in this book. By a glance at the following outline, it will be seen how this extensive plunder was disposed of.

“Lord Romney received three grants, of which he is in possession, containing forty-nine thousand five hundred and seventeen acres, on account of his services.

“Two grants to Lord Albemarle, of one hundred and eight thousand six hundred and thirty-three acres, on account of his services.

“William Bentinck, commonly called Lord Woodstock, received one hundred and thirty-five thousand eight hundred and twenty acres, for which no motive is assigned in the letters patent.

“To Lord Athlone, twenty-six thousand four hundred and eighty acres, as a reward for his services in the reduction of Ireland. These grants were afterwards confirmed by an act of the Irish parliament.

“To Lord Galway, thirty-six thousand one hundred and forty-eight acres, on account of his faithful services.

“To Lord Rochford, two grants of thirty-nine thousand eight hundred and seventy-one acres, as a reward for his services.

“To the Marquis of Puizar, three thousand five hundred and twelve acres, for his services.

“To Lord Conningsby, five thousand nine hundred and sixty-six acres, with the rights of lordships, titles, and houses in Dublin, and a mortgage of one thousand pounds sterling, as a reward for his services.

“To Lord Mountjoy, eleven thousand and seventy acres, for twenty-one years, on account of his services during the war in Ireland, the losses he had sustained in property, the imprisonment of his father in the Bastile, and his having been killed at the battle of Steinkerque.

“To Mr. Thomas Keightly, for ninety-nine years, two grants containing twelve thousand three hundred and eighty-one acres, as a portion for his daughter.

“To Colonel Gustavus Hamilton, five thousand three hundred and eighty-two acres, (nineteen hundred of which were not confiscated lands,) as a reward for his valuable services during the war in Ireland.

“To Dr. John Lesley, sixteen thousand and seventy-seven acres, on account of his active and diligent services in the commencement of the war in Ireland.

“To Sir Thomas Pendergast, two grants of seven thousand and eighty-two acres, for having discovered a conspiracy to assassinate the king, to destroy the liberties of Great Britain, and consequently the Protestant religion throughout Europe.

“To Mr. John Baker, sixteen hundred and forty-seven acres, as a reward for the memorable services of his father in his defence of Londonderry,” &c. &c.

Besides the foregoing, the commissioners appointed deputies through the country, who seized and sold the lands, goods and chattels, of the Catholics at mock auctions in Dublin, where none but the dominant

party attended. "A horse was sold," say the commissioners, "at *twenty shillings*, and sheep at *two and sixpence*." These chattels would have produced three hundred thousand pounds. There were also two hundred and ninety-seven valuable stone and brick houses in the city of Dublin, thirty-six in the city of Cork, two hundred and twenty-six in different towns in the kingdom, six ferries, and a "*great number of fisheries*," all together worth five hundred thousand pounds.

"We shall remark in this place," say the commissioners, "that dreadful havoc has been committed upon the woods of the proscribed, particularly on those of Sir Valentine Brown, in the county of Kerry, in which trees to the value of twenty thousand pounds have been cut down or destroyed. The loss on the estates of Lord Clancarty, now in possession of Lord Woodstock, is estimated at twenty-seven thousand pounds. Those on whom the confiscated lands have been bestowed, or their agents, have been so greedy to *seize upon the most trifling profits*, that *several large trees have been cut down and sold for sixpence each*. This destruction is still carried on in many parts of the country. At the present moment, Sir John Healy, *chief justice of the common pleas*, and Peter Goodwin, who together purchased from Lord Conningsby the estate of Feltrim, within six miles of Dublin, are cutting down all the avenues and groves around the castle."

*There are the libellers of the Irish for you!*

One extract more from the commissioners.

"We must observe here, that the confiscations, however considerable they may appear, have been rather an injury than an advantage to his majesty. This might appear extraordinary, were we not to remark, that several obscure persons, who possessed no property at the time that Ireland was reduced, are at present masters of large estates. It is impossible that they could have acquired them without seizing on confiscated lands, either by intrigue or collusion.

"Nothing seems to have contributed more to this abuse than the sale of confiscated lands by auction in the city of Dublin exclusively, instead of in the chief towns of the counties in which they were situate. Few people took the trouble of coming to the capital from the provinces, at a heavy expense, and of neglecting their domestic affairs, when they felt persuaded that the agents of men in office would prevail against them, and knowing that *these would have the countenance of his majesty*.

"When they had succeeded, by their haughtiness and power, in removing all competition, they placed their rates on the estates they were desirous of having, and gave whatever price they pleased, by an understanding not to oppose each other, of which the following fact is a proof. Thomas Broderick and William Connelly, who acquired vast estates, and were partly *masters of these auctions*, no one having confidence to enter into competition with them, have been partners in all the lands they obtained, during 1695 and the following years. They have since set them in farms to greater advantage than they had been before. It must be observed, that their conduct appeared very extraordinary, particularly that of Mr. Broderick, *who was a privy counsellor*, and put in nomination by Lord Capel

for the office of *inspector of the auctions*, though he was well aware of the abuses which Broderick had been guilty of!!”

The report from which I make these extracts is signed FRANCIS ANNESLEY, JAMES HAMILTON, JOHN TRENCHARD, HENRY LONGFORD, *Dublin*, 1699.

I conclude this view of the question by quoting a recent English writer, Smiles.

“This extensive seizure of Irish estates by the government of William completed the confiscations of the seventeenth century,—a century of injury, exasperation, and revenge — of war, bloodshed, and spoliation. The forfeitures for ‘rebellion,’ during the century, amounted to about eleven millions and a half acres, the entire surface of Ireland amounting to only about twelve millions of acres! ‘It is a subject of curious and important speculation,’ says Lord Clare, in his celebrated speech on the union, ‘to look back to the forfeitures of Ireland incurred in the last century. The superficial contents of the island are calculated at eleven millions and forty-two thousand six hundred and eighty-two acres. Let us now examine the case of the forfeitures:—

Confiscated in the reign of James the First, the whole of the province of Ulster, containing acres .....	} 2,836,837
Set out by the Court of Claims, at the restoration, acres .....	7,800,000
Forfeitures of 1688, acres .....	1,060,792
Total .....	11,697,629

So that the whole of your island has been confiscated, with the exception of the estates of five or six old families of English blood, some of whom had been attainted in the reign of Henry the Eighth, but recovered their possessions before Tyrone’s rebellion, and had the good fortune to escape the pillage of the English republic inflicted by Cromwell; and no inconsiderable portion of the island has been confiscated twice, or perhaps thrice, in the course of a century. *The situation, therefore, of the Irish nation, at the revolution, stands unparalleled in the history of the inhabited world.*’

“The mode in which the lord justices and the ‘castle party’ proceeded, is an edifying example of the mode by which the forms of law have been so often prostituted, to sanction injustice to Ireland. They indicted the Irish gentlemen who possessed any estates, of high treason, in the several counties over which they had jurisdiction, and then removed them all, by *certiorari*, to the Court of King’s Bench in Dublin. By this ingenious contrivance, those who were to be robbed lost all opportunity of making their defence: indeed, in most cases, they were ignorant of their being accused; and the Irish government were saved the trouble of showing how the Irish people could be guilty of high treason, for supporting the cause of their rightful monarch against a foreign invader. They felt conscious that this was not a matter to be proved easily; and we must give them due credit for the prudent modesty of their silence.’ — TAYLOR.”

The English parliament now assumed supreme power over the parlia-

ment of Ireland. The first-fruit of this assumption was, the introduction of the bills against the growth of Popery. The parliament called in Ireland by James the Second, composed principally of Roman Catholics, declared *conscience free*. The succeeding parliament, called by William the Third, composed exclusively of Protestants, passed the *penal laws*. And what were these? They amounted to nearly a hundred enactments, every one of which being a direct violation of the first, second, and ninth articles of the treaty of Limerick.

And here let us examine what these articles were.

First, "The Roman Catholics of this kingdom [Ireland] shall enjoy such privileges, in the exercise of their religion, as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles the Second, (which include the right to sit in parliament, to plead at the bar, to be members of corporations and of the magistracy, to teach schools, and to publicly celebrate their religious worship;) and their majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom, will *procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular, as may preserve them from any disturbance upon the account of their said religion.*"

The second article, after reciting much technical matter, proceeds: "And all persons comprehended in this article (meaning the whole Irish Catholics, who were under the *protection* of the Irish army before the surrender of Limerick) shall have, hold, and enjoy, all their *goods and chattels, real and personal*, to them, or any of them, belonging and remaining, either in their own hands, or the hands of any persons whatsoever, in trust for, or for the use of them, or any of them. And all and every the said persons, of what *profession, trade, or calling*, soever they may be, shall and may use, exercise, and practise, their several and respective *professions, trades, and callings, as freely as they did use, exercise, and enjoy, the same in the reign of King Charles the Second*, — provided that no person whatsoever shall have or enjoy the benefit of this article, that shall neglect or refuse to take the oath of allegiance made by act of parliament of England, in the first year of the reign of their present majesties, when thereunto required."

Article ninth. "The oath to be administered to such Roman Catholics as submit to their majesties' government, shall be the oath *above said, [of allegiance,] and no other.*"

Now, then, we shall see those solemn articles broken through, *in every particular*, and the *religion, trade, education, and rights*, of the Irish nation suppressed, after their properties had been confiscated — in the

lifetime, too, of the very king with whom this solemn treaty was concluded.

The whole of the penal laws against the Catholics, passed by Queen Elizabeth, in England, were imbodyed into one act of parliament, and passed through the Protestant parliament of King William. This code, 1st, stripped the Catholic peers of their right to sit in parliament. 2d. It stripped Catholic gentlemen of their right to be chosen members of parliament. 3d. It took from *all* the right to vote at elections; and, though *Magna Charta* says that no man shall be taxed without his consent, it double-taxed every man who refused to abjure his religion. 4th. It shut them out from all offices of power or trust, in any department of government, even the most insignificant. 5th. It took from them the right of presenting to church livings, though that power was given to Jews and Quakers. 6th. It fined them, at the rate of £20 a month, for keeping away from the church—though they believed not in its doctrines. 7th. It disabled them from keeping arms in their houses, for their defence; from maintaining suits at law; from being guardians or executors; from practising in *law* or *physic*; from travelling five miles from their houses. 8th. If a married woman kept away from church, she forfeited two thirds of her dower; she could not become executrix to her husband's will. 9th. It was rendered lawful for any *four justices of the peace*, in case a man was convicted of not going to the Protestant church, to call him before them, to compel him to abjure his religion, or, if he refused, they were empowered to *banish him for life*; and this, mind, without judge or jury; and if he returned, he was to be imprisoned for life, or suffer death. 10th. It enabled any *two* justices of the peace to call any person, older than sixteen years of age, before them, and to request him to abjure the Catholic faith; and if that man refused to comply, and was possessed of any property, it was awarded to his next of kin, who were, or should become, Protestant. 11th. It rendered a Catholic incapable to purchase lands, and all contracts entered into with him were *null and void*. 12th. It imposed a fine of £10 a month on any Catholic family, employing a Catholic *schoolmaster*; and imposed a fine of £2 a day on such schoolmaster. 13th. It imposed £100 fine for sending a child to a foreign Catholic school; and the child so sent was disabled from ever *inheriting, purchasing, or enjoying*, lands or profits, goods, debts, legacies, or sums of money, in England or Ireland. 14th. It punished the hearing of mass with a fine of £60. 15th. Any Catholic priest, who returned from beyond seas,

was liable to be hanged and quartered. 16th. Any Protestant who became a Catholic, or any Catholic who tried to induce a Protestant to become a Catholic, was liable to death. 17th. A Catholic schoolmaster, private or public, or even an usher, or assistant to a Protestant, was liable to be tried for *felony*. 18th. *Any two* justices might call before them any Catholic, order him to declare on *oath* where and when he *heard mass, who were present*, and the name and residence of any priest or schoolmaster he knew of, and, on refusal, these two men might condemn him without further trial, judge, or jury, to a year's imprisonment in a felons' jail. 19th. Any Protestant, suspecting any other Protestant of holding property in trust for any Catholic, might file a bill against the suspected trustee, and take the estate or property from him. 20th. Any Protestant seeing a Catholic tenant at will on a farm which, in his opinion, yielded one third more than the yearly rent, might enter on that farm, and, by simply swearing to the fact, enter the lands, dispossessing the Catholic tenant. 21st. Any Protestant, seeing a Catholic with a horse worth more than five pounds, might take the horse away from him, upon tendering him *five pounds*. 22nd. To shut off all chance of justice, at law, from those who professed the Catholic faith, none but known Protestants were to be jurymen, in all trials between a Protestant and a Catholic. 23rd. Horses and wagons of Catholics were to be, in all cases, seized for the use of the militia. 24th. Merchants of England, whose ships might be taken by privateers, whilst the nation was at war with any Catholic power, might levy their losses on Catholics in the British empire. 25th. Property of a Protestant, whose heirs at law were Catholic, was to go to next of kin, being Protestant. 26th. If a Protestant had an estate in Ireland, he was forbidden to marry a Catholic. 27th. All marriages between Protestants and Catholics were *annulled*, though many children might have been born from the marriage. 28th. Every *priest*, who celebrated a marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant, or between two Protestants, was condemned to be hanged. 29th. A Catholic father could not be a guardian to, or have the custody of, his own child, if the child, *however young*, pretended to be a Protestant; but the child was taken from its own father, and put into charge of a Protestant. 30th. If any child of a Catholic became a Protestant, the parent was to be instantly summoned, and compelled to declare *upon oath*, the full value of his or her *property of all sorts*; and then the chancery was to make such distribution of

the property as it thought fit. 31st. If the wife of a Catholic chose to turn *Protestant*, it set aside the will of the husband, and enabled the wife to distribute and appropriate his property to whatever purpose she pleased. 32d. "Honor thy father and thy mother," says the fourth commandment: "Dishonor thy father and thy mother," says this horrid enactment; for if any one of the sons of a Catholic became a *Protestant*, this son was to possess all the father had; and the father could not sell, mortgage, or dispose of the property he might have acquired by his labor, except by the permission of this son. 33d. A pension of £30 a year was awarded to any Catholic priest, who would abjure his religion, and become Protestant.

Now have I presented to the American reader this terrible code—a code carried into operation against the Irish nation, very soon after the solemn treaty was made before the walls of Limerick. These laws were not the growth of one reign, but were improved and refined upon in the reigns of William, Anne, and the first of the Georges. Sir Toby Butler, Mr. Cusack, Malone, and others, included in the treaty of Limerick, pleaded against those bills at the bar of both houses; but after hearing their arguments, the houses coolly proceeded to pass them, replying that, if they suffered any inconvenience by those laws, they had only to blame themselves for not conforming. Edmund Burke, speaking of those laws, says, "The most refined ingenuity of man could not contrive any plan or machinery better calculated to degrade humanity than this terrible code;" and Montesquieu, the French lawgiver, says, "This horrid code was conceived by devils, written in human gore, and registered in hell." So much for legislation against the mind and intellect of Ireland. Now let us see what they did against her trade, commerce, and manufactures.

The manufacturers and merchants of Bristol, jealous of the progress of the manufactures and commerce of Ireland, complained to King William, by address, that the "cheapness of provisions in Ireland, the advantages of water power, and goodness of the climate, doth invite over his majesty's subjects to settle there; and if a stop be not put to it by legislative enactment, that country [Ireland] would possess itself of the chief trade of the empire:" upon which King William replied, "Gentlemen, I shall do all in my power to promote the trade of England, and to *discourage the woollen manufacture of Ireland.*" This happened in 1696; and, in pursuance of the foregoing plan, both houses of the English parliament addressed King William, on the 9th of June, 1698. The lords stated, in their address, "that the growing manufacture of

cloth in Ireland, both by the cheapness of all sorts of necessaries of life, and the *goodness of materials*, for making all manner of cloth, doth invite your subjects of England, with their families and servants, to leave their habitations to settle there, to the increase of the woollen manufacture in Ireland, which makes your loyal subjects in this kingdom very apprehensive that the further growth of it may greatly prejudice the said manufacture here." And, in reference to this act, it need only be said, that prohibitory penalties were laid on every yard of cloth manufactured in Ireland. The act we refer to is the tenth and eleventh of William the Third, cap. 10, which recites, "that wool, and the woollen manufacture of cloth, serge, bays, kerseys, and other stuffs made or mixed with wool, are the greatest and most profitable commodities of the kingdom, on which the value of lands and the trade of the nation do chiefly depend; that great quantities of the like manufactures have, of late, been made, and *are daily increasing in the kingdom of Ireland*, and in the English plantations in America, and are exported from thence to foreign markets, heretofore supplied from England: all of which inevitably tends to injure the value of lands, and to ruin the trade and the woollen manufacture of the realm; and that, for the prevention thereof, the export of wool, and of the woollen manufacture, from Ireland, be prohibited, under the forfeiture of goods and ship, and a penalty of £ 500 for every such offence." Fuller's earth, so necessary in the manufacture of cloth, was prohibited from being imported from England into Ireland. And the parliament of King William, composed exclusively of Protestants, were so base, and so mean, as to respond to this iniquitous act, in the following resolution, which is on their records, 25th March, 1699: "The woollen manufacture, being the settled staple trade of *England*, from whence all foreign markets are supplied, can never be encouraged *here* for the purpose."

"At the passing of these fatal acts," says Dean Swift, "the condition of our trade was glorious and flourishing, though no way interfering with the English. The products of our looms were partly sent to the northern nations, from which we had in exchange timber, iron, hemp, flax, pitch, tar, and hard dollars. At that time, the current money of Ireland was foreign silver. A man could hardly receive £100 without finding the coin of all the northern powers, and every prince of the German empire, among it." *Letters on the Miserable State of Ireland.*

The products of the Irish loom were also sent to France, Spain, and Portugal, from whence wines, oils, silks, fruits, and other commodities, were received in return.



Thus had the bigotry alone of the Irish Protestant impelled him to surrender the independence and manufactures of his country to the avarice and jealousy of England. In addition to all these, there were passed the navigation laws, which forbade to any Irish merchant to ship beyond seas in any ships but those built in Britain. And this was improved upon by the embargo laws, twenty-two of which were passed in forty years, which forbade to merchants of Ireland, whether Protestant or Catholic, to trade with any foreign nation, or with any colony of Britain, direct; *or to export or import any article, except to or from British merchants resident in England*; forbade also to send cattle or corn into England — an old statute which was now revived. One exception was made to this terrible code: it was this — a most considerate one truly, coming from such Christian, philanthropic legislators: for the benefit of the colonial interests, and to keep up the sinking spirits of Ireland, she was permitted to import JAMAICA RUM, duty free!

Here was legislation with a vengeance!

You may talk of English bravery, philosophy, literature, Christianity, or what you please; but show us, in the revolving page of creation's history, a code of laws more diabolical than these.

Could Satan, in the councils of the doomed, propose any set of laws better calculated to degrade and destroy the spirit, virtue, morals, and industry, of a nation?

Stand forward, England, and answer to the freemen of the world for your crimes against the Irish race!

Stand forward, Saxon, and show cause, if any you have, why *you* should be permitted to visit the ships, and regulate the commerce, of the world!

These brutal laws drove out of Ireland forty-two thousand families, — say two hundred thousand human beings, who were engaged in the woollen manufacture, being one tenth of the entire population. Twelve thousand of those families were employed in the city of Dublin, and thirty thousand families through the provinces, all deriving a subsistence from this branch of national enterprise, and giving employment, in turn, to thousands upon thousands of their countrymen. Many of those people, too, were Protestant. These expatriated artisans wandered out of Ireland into foreign countries. Some of them settled in France, some in Spain; and they all contributed to establish the woollen trade in these respective nations. It is stated, by the historians of the day, that upwards of four hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen emigrated into France and Spain, from the accession of Elizabeth to the reign of George the Second;

as many more went into other parts of the continent, and were found, as I have shown, in the ranks of every potentate of Europe. These men filled the ranks of England's enemies and rivals, and met her armies on the plain and on the wave, and defeated them too, as we shall see.

King William the Third, commonly called the *Prince of Orange*, died from a fall from his horse. He reigned thirteen years; ten of which he was in war with foreign or domestic foes.

Wade, the English historian, says of him, "In furtherance of his ambitious aspirations, he was unscrupulous as to the means he employed. Parliament was bribed, the morals of the people corrupted, and the pernicious principle introduced of borrowing on remote funds, by which was engendered a swarm of loan-contractors, speculators, and stock-jobbers, whose harvest is gathered in the midst only of a nation's difficulties. It is to this monarch we owe the commencement of the practice of issuing exchequer bills; of raising money by lottery; the excise and stamp duties, which burdened posterity, and generated and supported wars of despotism and folly."

It is to this man that England owes the establishment of that terrible engine of oppression, the Bank of England, which has aided every corrupt minister in raising a debt on the people's shoulders which they never authorized and never can pay, and which, at last, will lead to a bloody revolution.

I find in Smiles's Ireland — (Smiles, an Englishman and a Protestant) the following honest page, which deserves a place here: —

"As it has not unfrequently been alleged against the Catholics that, if they had the power, and possessed the ascendancy in the Irish legislature that the Protestants have done, they would use it for purposes of their own aggrandizement, and to the injury of other religious sects, — it may not be uninteresting and unimportant here to place in juxtaposition the acts passed in the Catholic parliament of James and those passed in the Protestant parliament of William, allowing the reader to judge for himself which of the two legislated most in the spirit of constitutional freedom, and for the true interests of Ireland: —

*Acts passed in the Catholic Parliaments of James.*

"An act declaring that the parliament of England cannot bind Ireland; and against writs and appeals to be brought for removing judgments, decrees, and sentences, in Ireland, to England.

"An act for taking off all incapacities from the natives of this kingdom.

"An act for liberty of conscience, and

*Acts passed in the Protestant Parliaments of William and Mary.*

"An act, 3 William, recognized by the Irish parliament, (thereby recognizing the supremacy of England,) for excluding Catholics from parliament. — *Lords' Journal*, vol. i. p. 496.

"An act restraining foreign education. — 7 William, c. 4.

"An act for disarming Papists, con-

repealing such acts and clauses in any acts of parliament which are inconsistent with the same.

“An act for the encouragement of strangers and others to inhabit and plant in this kingdom of Ireland.

“An act for vesting in his majesty the goods of *absentees*.

“An act prohibiting the importation of English, Scotch, or Welsh wools into this kingdom.

“An act for the advance and improvement of trade, and for the encouragement and increase of shipping and navigation, &c. &c.

taining a clause rendering their spoliation, robbery, &c., legal. — 7 *Will.* c. 5.

“An act for banishing archbishops, priests, &c., for the purpose of extinguishing the Catholic religion. — 9 *Will.* c. 1.

“An act for discouraging marriages between Catholic and Protestant. — 9 *Will.* c. 5.

“An act confirming (*i. e.* violating) the Articles of Limerick. — 9 *Will.* c. 11.

“The acts for discouraging the woollen trade of Ireland, which afforded subsistence to 12,000 Protestant families in the metropolis, and 30,000 dispersed in other parts of the kingdom, passed in the English parliaments, (1 *Will. & Mary*, c. 32; 4 *Will. & Mary*, c. 24; 7 and 8 *Will.* c. 28; 9 and 10 *Will.* c. 40,) and recognized afterwards by the Irish parliament, in the bill passed 25th of March, 1699.

“An act completing the ruin of the woollen manufactory, and imposed, with all its violations of the trial by jury, &c., by the English parliament on Ireland. — 10 and 11 *Will.* c. 10.

“Such were the Protestant parliaments from the hands of which Ireland afterwards received its destinies, and such the constitution to which the monopolists of the present day still wish that we should revert! Such men and such assemblies were much more fitting to entertain the petitions of coal-heavers for the exclusion of Papists from the trade, or the infamous castration clause in the bill for mending the laws against the growth of Popery, or to burn Molyneux's book by the public hangman, than to legislate for the rights and interests of a free nation.”

William was mean and treacherous, as appears not only from his perfidious breach of the treaty of Limerick, but by the massacre of the Scottish chieftain *Macdonald*, and all his clan, in *Glencoe*, on the 31st of January, 1693. These men were murdered after they had submitted, and come in *on his proclamation of pardon, and taken the oaths of allegiance to him*. The brave old chieftain and all his clan were, in a moment of unsuspecting security, cruelly butchered in the night. This king used to be the god of the foolish Orangemen of Ireland; they begin latterly to perceive the folly of toasting the memory of that man who “delivered them from Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes,” in pro-

portion as they perceive that Catholics, *paper* money, and *bare* feet, multiply.

King William left no heir, and he was succeeded by Anne, Princess of Denmark, daughter of James the Second. She was a princess full of bigotry and toryism. It was in her reign that the parliament of Scotland was united to the parliament of England, principally by the means of bribes and honors showered on a venal portion of the members.

Then followed George the First, son of the Princess Sophia. He was chosen, by the parliament of Britain, from one of the remote branches of the palatine family found in Germany. The lawful succession was passed over, and he was taken from the last of fifty generations from the palatinate of the Richards.

It was thus that the house of Hanover was brought in to govern England, swearing, agreeably to the oath of William the Third, that the religion of the state should be Protestant.

George the First, who came to the throne A. D. 1714, was illiterate, avaricious, intemperate, and contemptible.

In those times lived Swift, Bolingbroke, Addison, Sir Richard Steele, Parnell, Pope, Dryden, and many other great lights of literature.

We pass into the reign of George the Second. It began in the year 1727. He was an illiterate person; no better than an ordinary farmer or yeoman; he was tasteless, of narrow and inveterate prejudices. His predilections for his German connections led him into wars with Spain and France. In these wars England was soundly beaten, and beaten, too, principally by Irishmen who had enlisted in the armies of those countries then opposed to her. Spain took one hundred and fifty English ships during that war, whilst England took but one hundred and twenty-five Spanish ships. One of the chief grounds of war with the Spaniards was the right which England then assumed of searching their ships, which claim *she relinquished on making peace with Spain*. At *Fontenoy*, the English were beaten by the French army, when and where they were driven from the field with a loss of ten to fifteen thousand men. Amongst those French forces that covered themselves with such glory, was the Irish Brigade, commanded by Dillon. It was in reference to these disasters, and hearing that Irish Catholics swarmed in the armies of France, that George the Second exclaimed, in reference to the penal laws, "Cursed be such laws, that rob me of such subjects!"

The next war commenced by England, in this reign, was that between the then French and English colonies of America. Canada in

the north, and Louisiana, and the vast region washed by the Mississippi, in the south of this continent, were owned by the French. Canada, together with those territories now known as "British provinces," were taken by the English, and so also were many of the settlements of the French in Asia and Africa. In the prosecution of the latter, the heartless agents of the English, *Clive*, *Watson*, and others, penetrated into India, and butchered millions upon millions of the innocent people of that region. It was the practice of Clive to take these helpless Indian prisoners, and, rather than let them live, tie them in bundles of six or seven, bring them close to his cannon, and blow them into atoms. By these and similar butcheries of the agents of England, in their conquest of India, upwards of forty millions of human beings were destroyed, in the course of fifty or sixty years. So terrified were the Chinese, Japanese, and other Eastern powers, at the barbarities practised by England, that the Christian religion was proscribed through all the east, because it was the religion of the English barbarians. Since the days of St. Francis Xavier, in the sixteenth century, (the first modern preacher of Christianity in the East,) that religion had made wonderful way in those parts. Through the labors of the Catholic missionaries, many millions were converted to the faith; but when the Chinese emperor heard of the continued rivers of blood shed by the English Christians, he turned upon the Catholic missionaries; and though a Catholic bishop had resided at Canton for thirty years, as head of an extensive mission, that bishop and several priests were put to death: in fact, all the priests in the empire were executed except three, who were saved for their knowledge of astronomy and gunnery.

The first and second Georges had to contend with two Scottish rebellions, in favor of the heir of the house of Stuart. These rebellions were suppressed — large confiscations were made — but these confiscations, instead of being handed over to English absentees, were consolidated, and placed under the management of the Highland Society of Roads and Bridges, for the improvement of Scotland, which proved a blessing to that nation, in affording a permanent fund of near a million sterling a year for the improvement of the country. As there has been a romantic interest interwoven with the "house of Stuart," a few words about the "last of the race" may be appropriate.

The last of this unfortunate race, the nephew of Prince Charles Stuart, the "Pretender," died at a very advanced age, in Scotland, in the year 1843. He had been, when a boy, with his father at the battles of Pres-

ton Pans and Culloden ; after that, was a soldier in the 42d Highlanders ; fought at Quebec under Wolfe, and at Bunker Hill in 1776 ; was at several battles ; passed through a variety of adventures ; was five times married ; had upwards of thirty children, all but one of whom died without issue before him. This singular old man possessed all his faculties to the extraordinary age of *one hundred and eleven*, at which he died, terminating in his person the existence of that celebrated, but unfortunate family.

In the course of this reign began the religious sect of Methodists, which branched into two denominations, under their respective leaders, Wesley and Whitefield.

As to the warlike prowess of England during this period, I quote from *the English Smiles* the following instructive page : —

“It will be remembered by our readers that the flower of the Irish army entered the service of France, after the peace of Limerick. That gallant body of men, nineteen thousand strong, soon rendered themselves famous in continental history. In every great battle did they signalize themselves by their bravery, till the Irish Brigade became a word of terror to its enemies. The French government highly valued the services of their gallant allies, and resolved to keep up the strength and efficiency of the force by systematic recruiting. A regular traffic was accordingly commenced and carried on, from most of the seaports in the south of Ireland, — contractors for recruits undertaking to supply a certain number of men, and providing vessels for their transport. Those who voluntarily embarked as recruits were known by the name of ‘wild geese ;’ but the rewards held out to the contractors were so tempting, that it is to be feared kidnapping was in many cases resorted to, and young men were seized and sent off by force, in order to complete the number that the contractors had engaged to provide. Proclamations against this system of recruiting for foreign service were often issued by the government, but invariably without effect : the exportation of recruits went on just as before.

“It was not, however, until after the famous battle of Fontenoy, in which the British army were completely defeated, chiefly by the efforts of the Irish Brigade, that the attention of the English government was drawn to the impolicy of allowing France to draw upon the military resources of Ireland. The honorable method would have been, to hold out to the Irish the offer of civil privileges, and the enjoyment of their religion at home, together with a fair prospect of honorable advancement in the service of Britain, such as they enjoyed in foreign countries. But this did not suit the purposes of the Irish ascendancy, or of the English government. They accordingly adopted the mean and vindictive method of driving them, if possible, from the French armies ; and now passed an act, disabling all Irish officers and soldiers, that had been in the service of France or Spain since the 18th of October, 1745, from holding any real or personal property in Ireland, and that any real or personal property, in possession, reversion, or expectancy, should belong to the first Protestant discoverer. The Irish officers and soldiers, however, despised this impotent malice of the government, and shortly afterwards, they mainly contributed to the overthrow of the British army at Lafelt, which

decided the fate of the war, and compelled Great Britain to accede to an inglorious peace." p. 295.

Ye Irish serfs of the present day, remember that !

George the Third came to the throne of England in 1760. He was much better educated than the two previous Georges ; was a great dissembler, and a High Church bigot ; incapable of seeing the advantages of liberality in religious opinion, commerce, or manufactures. Ireland had been reduced, by the brutalizing action of the penal laws, to the lowest stages of human misery and degradation. I take Dr. Smiles's description of this period, in preference to any other, because he is an enlightened English writer, and cannot be fairly suspected of prejudice against his own country :—

"A century of unmingled oppression and suffering followed the peace of Limerick, during every period of which the Irish people suffered far more than they had done during even the hottest part of the war. One set of governors followed another, but always with the same results to the Irish nation. Bigotry succeeded bigotry, and oppression succeeded oppression. The records of each succeeding reign or administration was only a repetition of the same course of tyranny on the part of the governors, and of suffering on the part of the governed. The ramifications of oppression extended throughout the entire frame of society. All the officers of government imitated the conduct of their superiors. Magistrates, who belonged exclusively to the dominant faction, lorded it in tyrant pride within their several jurisdictions. The example was imitated by their officers and servants, and extended itself downwards to the pettiest underling of the government, and even the remotest capillary artery of society was permeated by the destructive poison.

"Any descriptive detail that we could give of the sufferings of the Irish people, during this lamentable period, must fall far short of the reality. It would, indeed, be impossible for any pen, no matter how graphic or eloquent, to depict the daily and hourly sufferings of a whole people, endured, without intermission, from infancy to old age — from the cradle to the grave. We can readily appreciate the miseries and horrors of a period of destructive civil warfare. We see the blood, we hear the groans, we witness the deaths ; the circumstances make a deep impression upon our minds, and we imagine them to be the very worst that civilized society can suffer.

"But there is a greater misery than this, though one that is calculated to make less impression on the mind of the general observer. It is a period of slow national torture, by means of the law — of quiet oppression and tyranny, inflicted by a bigoted 'ascendency' — of insult, and cruelty, and wrong, heaped upon an entire nation by act of parliament — of calamity and mischief inflicted upon a crushed and plundered people, for the exclusive benefit of the smallest and least deserving class in the state. What must be the feelings of a nation, when they perceive law and religion alike converted into instruments of torture against them — when they see justice systematically perverted, and government used as a mere instrument of coercion and plunder !" \* \* \*

"Famine had been making periodical visits to Ireland before this period ; sparing

neither the Protestants of the north nor the Catholics of the south. In 1727, Primate Boulter made a journey into the north, which was chiefly inhabited by Protestants, and 'met all the roads full of whole families, who had left their homes to beg bread, since their neighbors had nothing to relieve them with.' Accordingly, many hundreds of them perished from famine. — (See *Boulter's Letters*, vol. i. p. 128.) 'The pious Boulter,' says Mr. O'Connor, 'exerted himself to check this evil. He applied the public money to the purchase of provisions in the districts inhabited by Catholics, to be transmitted to those parts peopled by Protestants. This inhuman policy provoked resistance; the civil and military powers were exerted in vain to remove the provisions. The sense of all other dangers vanished in the dread of immediate starvation. The government stores were plundered of the provisions, and carried off in triumph by the populace.' Boulter also endeavored to check the evils resulting from the discouragement of tillage, by a bill (passed in 1727) requiring all persons, who kept in actual occupation one hundred acres of land, to till five acres at the least, under a penalty of forty shillings per acre. This act did nothing whatever to check the evil, and years of scarcity and distress continued to follow each other without intermission." p. 257.

The condition of the Catholic clergy, about this time, is thus described by Mr. O'Connor.

"In one of his letters, Primate Boulter states the number of priests at three thousand, a number, which seems perfectly incredible, considering the violence of the persecution against them. Many of them, indeed, had returned from exile, and displayed that invincible courage and persevering constancy which religion inspires. The spirit which invited them to the ministry lightened their chains and bolts, illuminated their dungeons, supported them in exile, and prompted them to return, under fictitious names, at the risk of their lives. These were mostly the sons of reduced gentlemen, had tasted of ease and affluence in their younger years, and were accustomed to refinement of manners and the graces of education; they were now confined to the association of poverty and ignorance, were exposed to the merciless pursuit of priest-catchers, and to the cold, and damps, and starvation, of bogs and caverns. When the rage of persecution abated, they issued from their hiding-places bareheaded, barefooted, half naked, and half famished; proceeded from cabin to cabin, instructing the ignorant, consoling the unfortunate, infusing the balm of religion into the wounds of the wretched. Against these men the iron hand of power was raised to crush them as the last of malefactors." — *O'Connor's History of the Irish Catholics*, p. 211.

As an evidence of the horrible persecution brought to act against the Catholics, I may mention two facts established by authentic history. The ascendancy party in the Irish house of commons *passed a bill*, containing, among other penal clauses against the Catholics, *one which subjected any Catholic priest who came into Ireland to the penalty of castigation!* The bill was sent to England, backed by the most earnest recommendation of the lord lieutenant to have it passed into a law by the signature of the king; but Walpole, who was then minister, at the earnest importunity of Cardinal Fleury, quashed the infamous enact-



ment. Its spirit, however, remained in the Irish parliament, which was then a hot-bed and nursery for young tyrants.

The second fact is the martyrdom of father Nicholas Sheehy, of Tipperary. That estimable man was accused of encouraging a French invasion, and of inciting whiteboy insurrections. He had been frequently persecuted by the magistrates of that county; but at length information was lodged against him, at Dublin Castle, which charged him with treason; and a reward of £300 was in consequence offered for his apprehension. Father Sheehy gave himself up, was tried before the court of king's bench, and, after a searching investigation of fourteen hours, he was fully acquitted of all the charges preferred against him. His enemies, being determined to destroy him, effected their purpose in the following way:—they circulated a report that a man named Bridge had been murdered to prevent his giving information on the trial, and that father Sheehy was a participator in the murder. He was arrested, tried by his enemies in Clonmel, and, on the very same evidence that had been rejected in Dublin, was found guilty, condemned, hanged, and quartered! With his dying breath, the priest declared his innocence. The attorney who defended him had to fly for his life by night; and, to crown all, *Bridge*, it afterwards appeared, was *not* murdered; he was alive several years after the reverend gentleman suffered for his supposed death! It was after this that a very general emigration of the Irish Catholics to America began.

A little after George the Third's accession to the throne, the stamp act and bill for collecting customs, which the parliament of Britain had sent over to America, with men-of-war to enforce, were resisted at Boston. Previous to this period, the colonies of America were, *commercially*, coerced and restrained by the parliament and ministry of England, in the same manner as Ireland. The colonists could not build ships, nor trade with any colony or nation but England; and even this limited trade should be carried on in *British-built bottoms*. The iron found here must be sent to England, to be there manufactured. No slitting or saw-mills could be erected; the manufacture of hats was interfered with; no master was permitted to have more than two apprentices; no colony could trade directly with another colony.

Then came the propositions to tax the colonies, for the purpose of drawing revenue to England. An *agitation* in opposition to these measures was begun in Philadelphia, in 1764, by Mr. *Charles Thompson*, an *Irishman*, afterwards the *secretary of Congress*. The agitation was continued and extended. Benjamin Franklin was sent to London

by Pennsylvania to remonstrate with the ministry ; other states also appointed him their agent. He could effect nothing ; he wrote a letter to Thompson, saying, "The sun of liberty is set ; we must now light up the candles of industry." Thompson replied, "Be assured we shall light up torches of a very different kind." The agitation was continued. On the 18th of December, 1773, several armed persons, at Boston, in the disguise of Mohawk Indians, boarded three ships laden with tea, and threw the entire of the cargoes overboard, without doing further damage. The ships belonged to the East India Company. Similar resistance to the tax was made in New York and South Carolina. A cargo of tea landed in New York, under protection of a man-of-war, was obliged to be locked up.

In 1774, the stamp and other bills were withdrawn by the British minister ; but the American people, now surprised at their own strength, looked for a free trade, and liberty to use their own great resources.

In January, 1775, thirty men-of-war were fitted out, by England, to scour the American coast, and prevent the colonies receiving European manufactures. In February, a hot debate took place in the British parliament, on the propriety of coercing the Americans — carried in the affirmative, by ayes 304, noes 105. In the minority were Edmund Burke, Barry, Connolly, and other Irishmen.

Mr. Burke, in his celebrated speech, 22d of March, 1775, moved his thirteen conciliatory resolutions towards America, which were rejected, noes 270, ayes 78. The royal assent was given to a bill for restraining the trade of the colonies of New England, and preventing their fishing on the banks of Newfoundland.

*Mr. Wilkes*, as mayor of London, went up with an address to the king, *approving of the resistance* of the Americans, and praying the dismissal of ministers.

Meetings were held in Belfast, in Ireland, *approving of the resistance of the Americans!* Subsequent meetings in that town sent money to the American patriots.

A petition was brought up by Mr. Burke, from Bristol, *approving of the resistance of the Americans*. A great excitement grew up in London in consequence.

The delegates of the thirteen colonies of America met at Philadelphia, 10th May, 1775, and formed a congress. To this congress CHARLES THOMPSON, the Irish agitator, was appointed secretary. He had been one of the leading agitators against the power of England for the previous ten years. He was, in fact, among the first who raised the standard of

opposition to the tyranny of England ; and he had the signal honor of bearing the commission of appointment from congress to the immortal Washington to take the command of the forces of the United States.

On the 19th of April, 1775, the first blood was shed at Lexington, and the battle of Bunker Hill, in which the king's army lost upwards of one thousand men, took place on the 17th of June following.

Montgomery, an Irish commander, of brilliant talents, as major-general of the northern army, penetrated into Canada, and captured Montreal, in the name of the United States. He, afterwards, with a hardy band from thence, attacked Quebec by a *coup de main*. They carried the first redoubts ; but one of a company of British soldiers, in retiring from their ground, fired off a cannon loaded with grape, which killed the brave Montgomery as he was encouraging his men to the advance.

The first naval battle, on the American shores, was fought in the harbor of Margarett, where O'Brien, an Irishman, was placed, by twenty-seven volunteers, in command ; and a British sloop-of-war was taken. John Barry, an Irishman, from Wexford, volunteered as a navy captain, and received the command of one of the first American-built war-ships. He acted bravely on the seas, as the eventful pages of American history testify. See *American Encyclopedia*. — “ Barry.”

The brilliant exploit, at Bennington, of Stark, (whose mother was an Irishwoman,) and his brave volunteers, many of whom were Irishmen, from the Irish settlement of Londonderry, in New Hampshire,—on which occasion he destroyed a British detachment, killing and capturing more than nine hundred, in a desperate assault,—led to a series of still more brilliant victories in the north, which ended in the capture of Burgoyne, at Saratoga, with five thousand English troops, arms, and baggage !

This brilliant run of victory changed, according to Jefferson, the whole aspect of the war ; from a period of gloom, disaster, and despondency, which was previously experienced by Washington's diminished army, every battle was now better sustained. The Americans supported more vigorously the cause of liberty, and, amid great privations, defeated the British in several engagements. At length, on the 8th of February, 1778, Lord North introduced his bill into the British house of commons, which *proposed to concede every thing the Americans contended for, except their nominal independence of the crown !*

The sudden abandonment of all points in dispute produced astonishment in the house, and his lordship's proposition was received, says the Annual Register, with a “ dull, melancholy silence.”

In a few days after this, the independence of the United States was acknowledged by France. Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee, were publicly received at the French court as **THE AMBASSADORS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**. A French army was then voted to aid the patriots, and from thenceforward their cause rose in Europe and America, until at length they triumphed. America soon after established her independence, which was the first move in advance towards establishing greater liberties in Europe.

Having thus passed in review the leading events of the eighty years which followed the treaty of Limerick, we now come to the stirring, bright period of Irish history, connected in the memory by the names of "Grattan," "Flood," the "volunteers," a "free trade, and independence."

The reader will remember that the solemn treaty of Limerick was broken,—basely, shamefully broken, by the English parties to that memorable compact. He will remember that they suppressed our manufactures, proscribed our religion, took from us the power of acquiring, even by purchase, an acre of the land of our forefathers; that they sowed discord and dissensions amongst us by act of parliament; introduced rum free of duty, that our oppressed people might be tempted into habits of intoxication: he will recollect *that they proscribed education; that they darkened the people's mind*, and thus reduced the once enlightened Irish nation to a degraded state in the social scale of nations; her intellect uncultivated, her morals damaged, her spirit broken, her trade gone, her people idle, ignorant, drunken, in the helpless, resigned condition of slavery.

Two generations had passed away under the operation of these soul-subduing laws. It was not until the American struggle had, in its advanced stage, attracted the attention of enlightened Europe to the first principles of civil liberty, that the Irish nation opened its eyes, and lifted a hope towards Heaven for freedom.

Previous to the year 1776, the Catholics were so dispirited, and their cause so neglected and out of fashion, that not a man in either house of the Irish parliament durst as much as speak a word in their behalf. There had appeared in the Catholic ranks, a few years before this, three distinguished men, who may be said to have given birth to that system of Catholic agitation, which, under various names, and in various forms, and under various leaders, ended at length in accomplishing the perfect freedom of the Catholics. These were Dr. Curry, Mr. O'Connor, and Mr. Wyse, to whom may be added John Keogh. The first was a prac-

tising physician of Dublin, who wrote the History of the Civil Wars of Ireland, embracing the period from Elizabeth to William. He was prompted to this undertaking by hearing a young girl, who was coming out of a Protestant church, exclaim, "*Are there any of those bloody Papists now in Dublin?*" This induced the doctor to obtain a copy of the sermon preached that day, which was composed of the grossest calumnies against the Irish Catholics. "Curry's Review," considering the times in which it was written, is a monument of industry, courage, and patriotism. It was the first book published on the Catholic side for a century, and it performed something like a miracle in awakening the torpid Catholics to a sense of existence. O'Connor of Ballanagar, the second of this distinguished association, has already received from me a merited notice. He first ventured some pamphlets in defence of Catholics, signed "A Protesant Dissenter," and then a "Dissertation on Irish History," which imparted to the fallen Catholics a reflected view of what their forefathers were, and how much they lost.

Mr. Wyse was a resident of Waterford, a descendant of the Norman race which settled there on the first invasions, a steadfast Catholic, for his adherence to which faith his family had suffered the loss of their property. He was not a writer, but a busy and vigorous agitator.

Keogh was a merchant of Dublin, one who, unbidden and unpaid, travelled, agitated, roused the Catholics, petitioned, negotiated, and finally succeeded in obtaining liberty to possess land, hear mass, receive instruction from a Catholic schoolmaster, and some other trifling privileges. Here I will again quote from Dr. Smiles a pertinent extract.

"The government was stimulated to exertion in the amelioration of the penal code, by the intelligence which arrived from across the Atlantic towards the close of the year. General Burgoyne had surrendered to the American 'rebels' at Saratoga, and the entire British army had been led into captivity! Of the Irish in America, a large proportion every where stood foremost on the side of the patriots. It seemed as if Providence had mysteriously used the victims of Britain's cruelty to Ireland — the men whom her persecutions had banished from the bosom of their own land — as the means of her final punishment and humiliation on a foreign soil. As the Irish Brigade struck down the British power at Landen and Fontenoy, so did the refugee Irish, in the ranks of the American patriot army, contribute to pluck from the haughty brow of Britain the palm of empire."

The concessions obtained by those four agitators were *trifles*, but they were trifles that broke the spell of tyranny; and now commenced the first movement for the reëstablishment of Irish freedom. Ireland began to feel herself affected by the struggles of America. The spirit of independence had crossed the Atlantic; and the Irish people, awakened from

a trance, beheld with anxiety the great contest in which they now began to feel as if they were personally engaged. Meetings had been held in many parts of Ireland to cheer on the Americans. The people of Cork had sent a vessel, with provisions and clothing, to Washington's army, which vessel got safely into Boston. The pulse of Ireland began to beat quicker; her heart began to throb. The moment was critical; the nation became ignited; the spark of constitutional liberty had found its way into her bosom. She determined to claim and vindicate the rights of nature. She soon began to assume the language of a nation deserving independence. The sound of arms and the voice of freedom echoed from every quarter of the island. Distinctions were forgotten or disregarded. Every rank, every religion, alike caught the general feeling. She gradually arose from torpor and obscurity, and she exhibited, as if changed by the enchanter's spell, an armed and animated people, claiming their natural rights and demanding their constitutional liberty.

The Irish nation, it is true, possessed, at this time, a parliament, but one withal so subservient and restrained, that it could do little. By Poyning's law, passed in the reign of Henry the Seventh, the Irish parliament could originate no measure that had not the sanction of the British privy council. Notwithstanding this, the Irish parliament frequently manifested signs of vital independence, and kept the hand of England out of her exchequer. An occasional gleam of national spirit would flicker in the dark horizon.

Molyneux had written his "Inquiry how far England possessed Authority to bind Ireland," addressed to King William. The book was condemned and burned by order of parliament; but this only tended to spread its independent doctrines. The writings of Swift in favor of the manufactures of Ireland did much, those of Lucas did more, in generating a national sentiment.

Dr. Lucas established the Dublin Freeman's Journal, which spoke then, as it does at present, the sentiments of nationality. He was returned a member for the city of Dublin; and for his independent writings he was expelled the house, and had to fly from his native city, from which he remained an exile eight or ten years.

But all these obstacles were too feeble to retard a nation in its march to freedom. There appeared at the Irish bar, at this period, a galaxy of the most splendid talent. Foremost in this bright constellation shone Flood, Grattan, Yelverton, Hussey Burgh, and others. Grattan was the leading spirit of this era; he was a lawyer, young, ardent, elo-

quent, and patriotic; he imbibed the sentiments of liberty scattered by Molyneux, Swift, Lucas, Flood, Burke, and others. Flood and Lucas had succeeded in passing the octennial bill, which limited the tenure of seats in parliament to eight years, instead of to life, as previously prevailed. This triumph spurred the public spirit. Grattan was brought into the Irish parliament in 1775, by the influence of Lord Charlemont, who held the nomination to some boroughs in the north.

Grattan was the leader of every thing liberal. He was the rallying point of the independent spirits which grew around him, and which seemed to be the creation of his breath. He presented petitions, attended meetings out of the house, roused and guided the people, conciliated, combined, and enlightened; in short, performed that part towards Ireland which O'Connell performs now. He was fearless, eloquent, and vigorous: his income was small, and his profession as a lawyer procured him little; for his clients were not individuals, but the nation.

The crisis now approached when Ireland was to rear her head once more among the nations. Strange and unforeseen events began to crowd into the world, and the old political maxims which used to govern mankind seemed to melt away before a newly-found dissolving agent. The colonies of America had declared their independence, and shaken off the authority of Britain. She was involved in war with France and Spain. They were united against her; and the admiral of their combined fleets swept the British seas, whilst the fleet and flag of England fled before him. These formidable allied nations talked of invading Ireland; and Ireland was called upon, by George the Third and his parliament, to protect herself.

She prepared for defence against foreign aggression, resolving, at the same time, to shake off native tyranny. It is true, she found herself without money, without a militia, a standing army, ordnance, or fortifications. The lord lieutenant applied to the English king for money to put the country into a state of defence; but none was to be had. He had already borrowed twenty thousand pounds of Latouche, the bankers, and applied to that firm for a second loan, but they were unable to afford it.

The leading spirits of the age commenced forming armed associations. The Catholic and the Protestant now regarded each other with better feelings than they formerly did. They saw that their interest was substantially the same; they breathed the same air, tilled the same soil, were liable to the same dangers, suffered the same privations. The few manufacturers of Ireland that remained were chiefly Protestant. They

saw that England, by legal restrictions and overwhelming competition, had drowned every effort which they attempted at manufacturing enterprise.

The first feeling that grew up in the minds of the people was one against the consumption of English manufactures. This feeling was reduced to a pledge, and was taken at several meetings in Dublin, and flew through the country like wildfire. It was adopted by every one. The next step towards freedom was taken by Alderman Horan, who, by force, put on board a foreign ship, that lay in the Dublin port, a few bales of woollen goods manufactured in Ireland. This was venturing to break an unholy law after the manner of the men at Boston, who flung the taxed tea into the water. The effort succeeded; for it showed the people the nature of the restrictions, *the very manacle itself* which bound them.

Meanwhile, the armed associations hourly gained strength in numbers and influence. They began to acquire the appendages of a regular army. They gradually distributed themselves into regiments. The completion of one corps stimulated the formation of another. They assumed various uniforms — green, white, scarlet, or blue. Their arms were at first provided by themselves; but the extraordinary increase of their numbers rendered them at length unable to procure a sufficient supply. They then applied to the government; and, though some hesitation was evinced, the lord lieutenant, with a reluctant aspect, handed out twenty thousand stand of arms. In fact, the government dared not refuse them.

At this time, the returning army of Cornwallis, from America, scattered through Ireland. Many veteran soldiers, who carried home from this liberated country the aspirations of the human heart for freedom, mixed with the people, and infused into their minds their own enlarged ideas of public liberty. These veteran soldiers got command in the volunteer corps, and instructed them in military tactics. They spent their convivial hours with their enthusiastic recruits. The successful resistance of America formed the theme, and the weather-beaten veteran would frequently be asked, "Why should not Ireland be as free as America?"

The volunteer corps were frequently reviewed by their officers. Ladies mingled in the public exhibitions, inspiring the patriots with the chivalry of their nature. These patriotic ladies made and ornamented flags in colors, embroidered uniforms with their own hands, contributed their trinkets and jewels to purchase ornaments, and infused their own enthusiasm into the hearts of all. The volunteer corps were, for a while, separate; but, at the suggestion of Earl Charlemont, they were



all consolidated into one army, of which the earl himself was elected generalissimo.

The Irish parliamentary session of 1779 now opened, and presented a more than common bustle and vivacity. The speeches of the lord lieutenants of Ireland, for one hundred years past, were nothing more than echoes of the king of England's voice; they were insipid and without meaning. The hour had arrived for "Ireland's opportunity." Grattan seized it, and, moving an amendment to the usual address, carried the majority of the house in a motion "that the trade of Ireland required freedom from all restraint, as the natural right of Irishmen."

The die was now cast. The spirit that was gathering outside had penetrated the walls of the house of commons. Several members seconded Grattan; his motion succeeded; and the first barrier, passed, opened the way for the army of freedom.

Free trade was carried in the Irish parliament, but it was not yet sanctioned by the king. Meantime the Dublin volunteers met for review in Dublin. They were the artillery corps commanded by James Napper Tandy, and they appeared on parade with their guns covered over with placards; and pasted very near the touchholes was the significant sentence, "Free Trade or Speedy Revolution!" This cry alarmed the king. Free trade was conceded. It was soon followed by a cry for a free parliament. From this to 1792 the public mind was ripening for independence.

At a meeting of the Dublin Volunteers, the 1st of March, 1782, the Duke of Leinster in the chair, the following resolution was passed with acclamation: "Resolved, That the king, lords, and commons, of *Ireland*, only, are competent to make laws *binding* the subjects of *this* realm; and that we will not OBEY, or give operation to any laws, save only those enacted by the king, lords, and commons of Ireland, whose rights and privileges, jointly and separately, we are determined to support with our lives and fortunes." This resolution, proceeding from the first men of station and talent in the land, produced a new pulsation through the heart of Ireland. It would be vain to describe the inspired emotions of the people; there was nothing talked of, nothing thought of, but the relative rights of Ireland and England; and the Irish nation quickly made up its own mind, with wonderful unanimity too, that England had no *right* whatever to legislate for, bind, or coerce it.

Protestant and Catholic united in this opinion, and associated to support it with their lives and wealth.

IT WAS A GLORIOUS HOUR IN THE HISTORY OF IRELAND! Is it

too much to hope the return of such another? Is it treason to wish it? Is it delusion to revel in the belief that such an hour is approaching? — when *no more*

“The Orange beggar spurns  
The Papist beggar’s hand,  
While Freedom, shrieking, turns,  
And flies the hapless land.”

Yes! such an hour is most plainly and surely approaching. Let us hail and welcome it at home and abroad, for it is the morning dawn of Ireland’s independence.

Recurring to the volunteers, it was now determined to hold a grand convention, which would reflect the national mind and embody its will. Dungannon, a central point of the north, was fixed on for that great purpose. Two hundred delegates, the wisest and bravest of the volunteer commanders, were chosen at the head of their respective corps to perform this distinguished duty.

The *church* of Dungannon was chosen for the assembly hall, and the 15th of February, 1792, was the day appointed for its deliberations.

High was the heart of Ireland at this moment. The resolutions to be brought forward had undergone, on the 14th, a critical ordeal at the Earl of Charlemont’s, in Rutland Square. On all things but one the chief men of that little committee were agreed, and that *one* was the gradual emancipation of the Catholics. The Earl of Charlemont was bigotedly opposed to their emancipation. Grattan was vehemently in their favor.

Mr. Dobbs, a man of singular ideas on religion, but extravagantly devoted to the liberty of Ireland, was selected by this committee to carry the resolutions of Charlemont House to the Dungannon convention. Mr. Dobbs was himself a member of that convention, the better fitted for the duty; being seated on horseback at Lord Charlemont’s door, Mr. Grattan carried out the *whole* of the resolutions and stuffed them into his saddle-bags, — that in favor of the Catholics being amongst them. Mr. Dobbs arrived in Dungannon next morning, and presented the resolutions to the assembly: they were *unanimously* approved of; and thus, by the indomitable efforts of Grattan, Catholic right was placed upon that banner which proclaimed national right.

The memorable 15th of February opened on the village of Dungannon. Two hundred chiefs, the flower of Ireland, made their appearance at the church. The entrance of the delegates into that sacred place was a splendid spectacle: the glittering arms and array of two

hundred patriots selected to represent their country, to proclaim its wrongs, and insist on its rights, had an effect on the beholders which pen or pencil cannot trace. They passed a series of resolutions which embody the great doctrines of man in a free state. In those resolutions, which I subjoin, "civil and religious liberty" stand conspicuous.

"Resolved, unanimously, That a citizen, by learning the use of arms, does not abandon *any* of his civil rights.

"That a claim of *any* body of men, other than the KING, LORDS, AND COMMONS OF IRELAND, to make laws to bind *this* kingdom, is *unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance.*

"That the power exercised by the privy council of both kingdoms, under pretence of the law of *Poyning*, is *unconstitutional and a grievance.*

"That the ports of this country are by *right* open to *all* foreign countries, not at war with the king, and that any burdens thereupon, or obstruction thereto, save only by the parliament of IRELAND, are *unconstitutional, illegal, and grievance.*

"That a mutiny bill, not limited in point of duration from session to session, is *unconstitutional and a grievance.*

"That the independence of judges is equally essential to the impartial administration of justice in Ireland, as in England; and that the refusal or delay of the right to Ireland, makes a distinction where there should be no distinction; may excite jealousy where perfect union should prevail; and is in itself *unconstitutional and a grievance.*

"That it is our *decided* and *unalterable* determination to seek a redress of these grievances; and we pledge ourselves to each other, and to our country, as freeholders, fellow-citizens, and men of honor, that we will, at every ensuing election, support those only who have supported us therein, and that we will use every constitutional means to make such, our pursuit of redress, *speedy and effectual.*

"That as men and as Irishmen, as Christians and as *Protestants*, we rejoice in the relaxation of the penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects; and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the *happiest consequences* to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland.

"That four members from each county of the province of Ulster (eleven to be a quorum) be, and hereby are, appointed a committee till next general meeting, to act for the volunteer corps here represented, and, as occasion shall require, to call general meetings of the province.

"That the said committee do appoint nine of their members to be a committee in Dublin, in order to communicate with such other volunteer associations in the other provinces, as may think proper to come to similar resolutions; and to deliberate with them on the most constitutional means of carrying them into effect."

These resolutions were passed unanimously; the assembly continued in deliberation several days; the resolutions were signed by all the delegates, to the support of which they pledged their lives and fortunes.

The electricity flew from Dungannon through the soul of every man in

Ireland. The British government became alarmed; the *North ministry* was dismissed; and the coalition ministry, having Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, among its members, succeeded. Grattan gave notice of his intention to declare the Irish parliament free; the new ministry became alarmed; they entered into correspondence with the leading patriots of Ireland; they besought Charlemont to calm Grattan, and delay his intended motion. Charlemont came to him, found him in bed, opened to him the wishes of the new ministry, and begged him to postpone his motion for a few days. He found Grattan sick; but the sick patriot rose from his bed, exclaiming, "No time! no time! my lord — not a day!" In the mean time, the Duke of Portland arrived in Ireland as the new lord lieutenant; he was full of promises to the Irish as to what his ministry *intended* to do. He sent for Grattan, heard his intended motion with embarrassment, begged a postponement, which Grattan would not listen to, and found himself unable to do any thing. In two days after the duke's arrival, the motion for national independence was to be proposed.

The morning of the 16th of April, 1782, arrived; the streets were lined with volunteers, the houses full of spectators, who anxiously watched the members as they entered; and here let us have, from Barrington's eloquent pen, a brilliant page in the history of Ireland.

"The great street before the house of parliament was thronged by a multitude of people of every class, and of every description, though many hours must elapse before the house would meet, or business be proceeded on. As it was a circumstance which seldom takes place on the eve of remarkable events, it becomes a proper subject of remark, that, though more than many thousands of people, inflamed by the most ardent zeal, were assembled in a public street without any guide, restraint, or control, save the example of the volunteers, not the slightest appearance of tumult was observable.

"Mr. Grattan entered, accompanied by Mr. Brownlow and several others, the determined and important advocates for the declaration of Irish independence. Mr. Grattan's preceding exertions and anxiety had manifestly injured his health; his tottering frame seemed barely sufficient to sustain his laboring mind, replete with the unprecedented importance and responsibility of the measure he was about to bring forward. He was unacquainted with the reception it would obtain from the connections of the government; he was that day irrevocably to commit his country with Great Britain, and through him Ireland was either to assert her liberty, or start from the connection. His own situation was tremendous; that of the members attached to the administration embarrassing; that of the people anxious to palpitation. For a short time a profound silence ensued. It was expected that Mr. Grattan would immediately rise, when the wisdom and discretion of the government gave a turn to the proceedings, which in a moment eased the parliament of its solicitude, Mr. Grattan of the weight that oppressed him, and

the people of their anxiety. Mr. Hely Hutchinson (then secretary of state in Ireland) rose. He said his excellency, the lord lieutenant, had ordered him to deliver a message from the king, importing that 'his majesty, being concerned to find that discontents and jealousies were prevailing amongst his loyal subjects of Ireland, upon matters of great weight and importance, recommended to the house to take the same into their most serious consideration, in order to effect such a *final* adjustment as might give satisfaction to both kingdoms.' And Mr. Hutchinson accompanied this message with a statement of his own views on the subject, and his determination to support a declaration of *Irish rights* and constitutional *independence*. \* \* \*

"Thus, on the 16th of April, 1782, after six hundred years of oppression and misery, after centuries of unavailing complaint and neglected remonstrance, did the king of Ireland, through his Irish secretary of state, at length himself propose to redress those grievances through his Irish parliament — an authority which, as king of England, his minister had never before recognized or admitted. In a moment the whole scene was completely changed; those miserable prospects which had so long disgusted, and at length so completely agitated, the Irish people, vanished from their view. The phenomenon of such a message had an instantaneous and astonishing effect, and pointed out such a line of conduct to every party, and to every individual, as left it almost impossible for any, but the most mischievous characters, to obstruct the happy unanimity which now became the gratifying result of this prudent and wise proceeding.

"Mr. Hutchinson, however, observed, in his speech, that he was not officially authorized to say more, than simply to deliver the message; he was therefore silent as to all details, and pledged the government to none; the parliament would act upon the message as to themselves might seem advisable. Another solemn pause now ensued — Mr. Grattan remained silent — when Mr. George Ponsonby rose, and, after eulogizing the king, the British minister, and the Irish government, simply proposed an humble address in reply, 'thanking the king for his goodness and condescension, and assuring his majesty that his faithful commoners would immediately proceed upon the great objects he had recommended to their consideration.'

"This uncircumstantial reply, however, fell very short of the expectation of the house, or the intentions of Mr. Grattan. On common occasions, it would have answered the usual purposes of incipient investigation; but the subject of Irish grievances required no committee to investigate, no protracted debates for further discussion. The claims of Ireland were already well known to the king and to his ministers; they had been recorded by the Dungannon convention, and now only required a parliamentary adoption in terms too explicit to be misconstrued, and too peremptory to be rejected. \* \* \*

"Mr. Grattan had long declared the absolute necessity of gratifying the people by a legislative declaration of Irish rights and constitutional independence, marking out, by an indelible record, that sacred Rubicon past which the British government should never more advance, and beyond which the Irish nation should never wander. On that point the fate of Ireland vibrated as on a pivot; it must rise or it must fall; it could no longer remain stationary; and the great landed proprietors strongly felt that they must necessarily participate in its vicissitudes. The court had totally lost its influence; the people had entirely acquired theirs;

the old system of Irish government was annihilated, and the British cabinet had neither the wisdom nor the disposition to take a decisive lead in more popular arrangements; the parliament and the people were gradually drawing together; an instinctive sense of the common difficulty called all men towards some common centre; and as that centre, all parties, all sects, and all factions, looked to the talents and the honesty of Mr. Grattan.

“It is an observation not unworthy of remark, in describing the events of that important evening, that the structure of the Irish house of commons, at the period of these debates, was particularly adapted to convey to the people an impression of dignity and of splendor in their legislative assembly. The interior of the commons' house was a rotunda of great architectural magnificence; an immense gallery, supported by Tuscan pillars, surrounded the inner base of a grand and lofty dome; in that gallery, on every important debate, nearly seven hundred auditors heard the sentiments and learned the characters of their Irish representatives; the gallery was never cleared on a division; the rising generation acquired a love of eloquence and of liberty, the principles of a just and proud ambition, the details of public business, and the rudiments of constitutional legislation.

“The front rows of this gallery were generally occupied by females of the highest rank and fashion, whose presence gave an animating and brilliant splendor to the entire scene, and, in a nation such as Ireland then was, from which the gallant principles of chivalry had not been altogether banished, contributed not a little to the preservation of that decorum so indispensable to the dignity and weight of deliberative assemblies.

“This entire gallery had been crowded at an early hour by personages of the first respectability of both sexes. It would be difficult to describe the interesting appearance of the whole assemblage at this awful moment. After the speech of Mr. Hutchinson, which in fact decided nothing, a low, confidential whisper ran through the house, and every member seemed to court the sentiments of his neighbor without venturing to express his own. The anxious spectators, inquisitively leaning forward, awaited with palpitating expectation the development of some measure likely to decide the fate of their country, themselves, and their posterity. No middle course could possibly be adopted; immediate conciliation and tranquillity, or revolt and revolution, was the dilemma which floated on every thinking mind. A solemn pause ensued. At length Mr. Grattan, slowly rising from his seat, commenced the most luminous, brilliant, and effective oration, ever delivered in the Irish parliament.

“This speech, — ranking in the very first class of effective eloquence, — rising in its progress, applied equally to the sense, the pride, and spirit of the nation; every succeeding sentence increased the interest which his exordium had excited. Trampling upon the arrogant claims and unconstitutional usurpations of the British government, he reasoned on the enlightened principle of a federative compact, and urged irresistibly the necessity, the justice, and the policy, of immediately and unequivocally declaring the constitutional independence of the Irish nation. \* \* \* Some passages of this oration were particularly characteristic of Mr. Grattan's energetic manner. ‘He admired that steady progressive virtue which had at length awakened Ireland to her rights, and roused her to her liberties. He was not yet old, but he remembered her a child; he had watched her growth; from childhood she grew to arms; from arms she grew to liberty. Whenever historic annals tell

of great revolutions in favor of freedom, they were owing to the quick feelings of an irritated populace, excited by some strong object presented to their senses. Such was the daughter of Virginius sacrificed to virtue; such were the meagre and haggard looks of the seven bishops sacrificed to liberty. But it was not the sudden impulse of irritated feelings which had animated Ireland; she had calmly mused for centuries on her oppressions, and as deliberately rose to rescue the land from her oppressors.

“For a people to acquire liberty, they must have a lofty conception of themselves. What sets one nation above another, but the soul that dwells within it? Deprive it of its soul, it may still retain a strong arm, but from that moment ceases to be a nation. Of what avail the exertions of lords and commons, if unsupported by the soul and the exertions of the people? The Dungannon meeting had spoken this language with the calm and steady voice of an injured country; that meeting had been considered as an alarming measure, because it was unprecedented; but it was an original transaction, and all original transactions must be unprecedented. The attainment of Magna Charta had no precedent; it was a great original transaction, not obtained by votes in parliament, but by barons in the field. To that great original transaction England owes her liberty; and to the great original transaction at Dungannon, Ireland will be indebted for hers. The Irish volunteers had associated to support the laws and the constitution; the usurpations of England have violated both, and Ireland has therefore armed to defend the principles of the British constitution against the violations of the British government. Let other nations basely suppose that people were made for governments; Ireland has declared that governments were made for the people; and even crowns, those great luminaries whose brightness they all reflect, can receive their cheering fire only from the pure flame of a free constitution.’ \* \* \*

“Proceeding in the same glow of language and of reasoning, and amidst a universal cry of approbation, Mr. Grattan went fully into a detail of Irish rights and grievances, and concluded his statement by moving, as an amendment to Mr. Ponsonby's motion, ‘That an humble address be presented to his majesty, to return his majesty the thanks of this house for his most gracious message to this house, delivered by his grace, the lord lieutenant.

“‘To assure his majesty of our unshaken attachment to his majesty's person and government; that his subjects of Ireland are a free people; that the crown of Ireland is an *imperial crown*, inseparably connected with the crown of Great Britain, on which connection the interests and happiness of both nations essentially depend; but that the kingdom of Ireland is a *distinct kingdom*, with a parliament of her *own* the sole legislature thereof; that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind the nation but the king, lords, and commons of Ireland; nor any parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatever in this country, save only the parliament of Ireland; to assure his majesty that we humbly conceive that in this right the very *essence of our liberty exists* — a right which we, on the part of all the people of Ireland, do claim as their birth-right, AND WHICH WE CANNOT YIELD BUT WITH OUR LIVES.’

“The effect of this speech, and the concluding amendment, was instantaneous and decisive; a legislative declaration of independence at once placed the rights and determinations of Ireland on a footing too high to be relinquished without an exterminating contest; the circumstances of both nations were imperative; Ireland

was committed and must persist, and Great Britain had lavished in America her powers of resistance. That haughty government, which, in all the arrogance of superior force, had for so many centuries lorded over the natural rights and scoffed at the groans of her sister country, at length reached the highest climax of oppression and intolerance, and was necessitated to acknowledge the wrongs and the virtues of that people, and peaceably capitulate to a nation which, by honest means, it might at any time have conciliated. The whole house in a moment caught the patriotic flame, which seemed to issue from every bench of the entire assembly. [The author of this passage, (Mr. Barrington,) then a student in the university of Dublin, was present at this important scene as a spectator.]

“After Mr. Grattan had concluded, Mr. Brownlow instantly rose. A general symptom of approbation ran through the house at perceiving so weighty an auxiliary to so decisive a declaration. His example gave countenance to many, and confidence to all. His speech was short, but it was decided, and expressed in such terms as at once determined the country gentlemen to adopt the measure in its fullest extent without further delay, and to pledge their lives and fortunes to the support and establishment of Irish independence. \* \* \*

“On the conclusion of Mr. Brownlow’s speech, another short pause ensued; but it was not a pause of doubt; the measure was obviously decided; the victory was complete; the dynasty of diplomatic evasion had ceased to reign; and for the first time in the annals of British history, the officers and ministers of government appeared to be let loose upon the parliament, to recant their principles and capitulate for their characters.”

Mr. Ponsonby, on the part of the Duke of Portland, heartily acquiesced in that motion which it was vain to oppose — **IT PASSED.** The shouts of the auditors in the house proclaimed the fact to the volunteers without; the volunteers raised the cheer, and, applying the match to their guns, fired their artillery into the heavens, to give the gods and the nations assurance that they were free!

Ireland had now declared her inherent power, and England, and England’s king, acknowledged and guaranteed her freedom.

But it must be noticed by the historian, that the “unassisted oratory” of Grattan would never have won the independence of Ireland. No! His most striking images were the armed volunteers, his most brilliant illustrations the flashes of their bayonets; and the thunder of his denunciation was swelled by their cannon. Mr. Grattan delivered a splendid speech on this occasion, of which the following concluding sentences are a specimen: —

“I am now to address a free people! — Ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. I have spoken on the subject of your liberty so often, that I have nothing to add, and have only to admire by what Heaven-directed steps you have proceeded, until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliverance. I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with an eternal solicitude; I have traced



her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. *Spirit of Swift! Spirit of Molyneux! Your genius has prevailed!* Ireland is now a nation! In that new character I hail her! and, bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua!*”

The charter of Irish freedom was now won. The king and the ministry of England were compelled to sign it; and now the reader shall see that it was a plain, comprehensive charter, describing the powers of two independent nations — an independence much more distinct than at present exists between the states of this republic.

“*Anno vicesimo tertio*

“GEORGH III. REGIS.

“CAP. XXVIII.

“An Act for removing and preventing all doubts which have arisen, or might arise, concerning the exclusive rights of the parliament and courts of Ireland, in matters of legislation and judicature; and for preventing any writ of error or appeal from any of his majesty's courts in that kingdom from being received, heard, and adjudged in any of his majesty's courts in the kingdom of Great Britain: — Whereas, doubts have arisen whether the provisions of the said act [an act of the previous session] are sufficient to secure to the people of Ireland the rights claimed by them, to be bound only by laws enacted by his majesty and the parliament of *that* kingdom, in all cases whatever, and to have all actions and suits at law, or in equity, which may be instituted in that kingdom, decided in his majesty's courts therein finally, and without appeal from thence; — *Therefore, for removing all doubts respecting the same*, may it please your majesty that it may be declared and enacted, *and be it declared and enacted* by the king's most excellent majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, in this present parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the said right claimed by the *people of Ireland*, to be bound only by laws enacted by his majesty and the parliament of *that* kingdom, in all cases whatever, and to have all actions and suits at law or in equity, which may be instituted in that kingdom, decided in his majesty's courts therein finally, and without appeal from thence, shall be, and it is hereby declared to be, *established and ascertained forever*, and *shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable*.

“And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that no writ of error or appeal shall be received or adjudged, or any other proceeding be had by or in any of his majesty's courts in this kingdom, in any action or suit at law or in equity, instituted in any of his majesty's courts in the kingdom of Ireland; and that all such writs, appeals, or proceedings, shall be, and they are hereby, declared, null and void to all intents and purposes; and that all records, transcripts of records, or proceedings, which have been transmitted from Ireland to Great Britain, by virtue of any writ of error or appeal, and upon which no judgment has been given or decree pronounced, before the 1st day of June, 1782, shall, upon application made by or in behalf of the party in whose favor judgment was given, or decree pronounced in Ireland, be delivered to such party, or any person by him authorized to apply for and receive the same.”

If ever a treaty passed between two nations which may be regarded more solemn than another, it was this between Britain and Ireland. The British king, house of lords, and commons, agreed in every particular of this grand compact. The Irish lord-lieutenant, house of lords, and house of commons, solemnly ratified it. The compact was to last "*forever*." This was the agreed-upon term of its duration. It was treason to the people of Ireland to meddle with it.

To remove all speculation as to the effect of parliamentary independence on the happiness and prospects of the Irish people, the author would here insert a "Report," brought up by him in the National Repeal Association of Ireland, on the 26th of August, 1840, the Liberator of Ireland being present, which is taken from the Dublin Pilot of the 28th of that month.

"I have in my possession, sir; every act, and every vote, and every resolution, of the Irish parliament from the day of its birth to the day of its extinction at the Union. (Hear! hear!) I shall feel it my pleasing duty to come down here day after day with extracts from those valued records, showing you what your parliament did to aid your commerce, encourage your manufactures, draw forth your energies, and create employment for the universal people.

"On the 16th of April, 1782, the Irish parliament voted its independence. On the 27th of October, 1783, it was ordered, 'That a committee be appointed to inquire into the state of the manufactures of this kingdom, and what may be necessary for the improvement thereof; and a committee was appointed accordingly.

"On the 30th of October, a petition of David Bosquet, of the city of Dublin, was presented to the house, setting forth that petitioner had lately erected water-mills for flattening, rolling, and refining metals, and praying aid, as to the house shall seem meet. And a committee was appointed to take the same into consideration.

"On the same day, a petition of John and Henry Allen, woollen manufacturers, praying aid to carry on and extend the woollen manufacture at Ballynahich, in the county of Wicklow, was presented, and was ordered to be referred to the last-mentioned committee.

"On the 31st of October, a petition of Cornelius Marchall, of Caledon, in the county of Tyrone, cotton and linen manufacturer, praying aid to extend the cotton manufacture, was read, and it was referred to the consideration of a committee, which was then appointed.

"On the same day, the petition of Thomas Reilly, of the city of Dublin, iron merchant, was presented to the house, praying aid to bring the manufacturing and tilting of steel, and other great branches of iron works, to perfection in this country. The petition was referred to a committee.

"On the 1st of November, the petition of James Smith, *late* of Lancashire, but *now* of Balbriggan, in the county of Dublin, cotton manufacturer, praying aid to promote and extend the said manufacture, was presented, and the said petition was referred to the consideration of the committee.

"On the 3d of November, the petition of Comerford and O'Brien, of the city of Dublin, merchants, praying aid to promote and extend the cotton and mixed man-

ufacture, which was ordered to be referred to the committee on Joseph Smith's petition.

"On the same day, the petition of Anthony Dawson was presented, setting forth that petitioner had, at an expense of £2000 and upwards, erected mills and machinery, to be worked by water, at Dundrum Castle, near Dublin, for manufacturing the working tools of carpenters, wheelwrights, and other artificers; whereby he is enabled to sell the said articles twenty per cent. below the prices hitherto usually paid for the like articles imported, and praying aid and encouragement. The petition was referred to the committee.

"Same day, a petition of Nathaniel Wilson, of Belfast, in the county of Antrim, linen and cotton manufacturer, praying aid to promote and extend the said manufactures, was presented to the house, when the same was referred to the consideration of a committee. A committee was accordingly appointed.

"Same day, the petition of Francis Kirchoffer, of the city of Dublin, machinist, was presented, setting forth that petitioner had, by great perseverance and at great expense, established most extensive machine warehouses, for the improvement and accommodation of the silk, woollen, linen, worsted, and cotton manufacture of this kingdom, and praying aid to support and extend the same. The petition was referred to the consideration of a committee.

"Same day, the petition of Thomas, Patrick, and Andrew Reilly, of the city of Dublin, iron merchants, praying aid to establish the iron wire manufacture, and tilting of steel, with many other branches of iron works, was presented, and the same was referred to the consideration of a committee then appointed.

"Same day, the petition of Robert Brooke, Esq., of the county of Kildare, praying the house to grant him a loan of £40,000, for seven years, to be secured by a mortgage of the town of Prosperous, in said county, and works therein, to be repaid by yearly instalments, for the purpose of promoting and extending the manufacture of mixed linen and cotton, was presented to the house and read. Ordered, that the said petition be referred to the consideration of a committee, which was then appointed.

"Same day, the petition of Henry and Robert Joy, Thomas M'Cabe, and John M'Cracken, of Belfast, praying aid to promote and extend the cotton manufacture, was presented, when the same was ordered to be considered by a committee, appointed accordingly.

"Same day, the petition of Charles Chadwick, of the county of Clare, cotton manufacturer, praying aid to extend the said manufacture, was presented. Same was referred to the committee.

"Same day, the petition of Jeremiah Vickers, John Page, Archibald Wright and Co., manufacturers of kentings, cambrics, lawns, threads, catgut, gauze, Spa thread, and stockings, and praying aid to establish said manufacture, was presented; and said petition was referred to a committee then accordingly appointed.

"On November 5, like petitions were presented, and severally referred to the committees then sitting, for there were several committees appointed.

"From Thomas Howard, Kilmacthomas, in the county of Waterford, cotton manufacturer, and from George and William Penrose, of the city of Waterford, praying aid to establish the flint glass manufacture.

"From Henry Crosbie, of the city of Dublin, woollen draper, praying aid in the carding, spinning, and twisting cotton by water.

“From John Howard Ryan, of the county of Wicklow, praying aid to erect a smelting-house and flitting-mill on the River Avon.

“Same day, Benjamin Harrison, of Spitalfields, in the city of Dublin, praying aid to establish the manufacture of carpets, camlets, stuffs, and other kinds of woollen cloths, in the county of Wicklow.

“From Samuel Oram, *late of the city of London*, but now of the city of Dublin, wire drawer, wire weaver, and worker, praying aid to carry on the said manufacture.

“From several office-bearers of cities and counties, praying aid to deepen rivers, construct harbors, make roads, &c. &c. The prayers of most of all complied with. And now we shall see the grants, the absolute gifts, made by that parliament in the course of one session.

“In the year 1783, the following premiums were paid by the Irish parliament:—

On corn and flour exported.....	£ 7,181	17	10
On corn and flour, by inland carriage to Dublin.....	31,467	18	5
On corn and flour brought coastwise to Dublin.....	11,225	8	7
On fishing vessels.....	22,637	3	7
On Irish cured fish, exported.....	4,193	10	11½
On the linen manufacture.....	7,500	0	0
To Robert Brooke, Esq., of the county of Kildare, as compensation for his expenses incurred in increasing and securing the manufacture of his country.....	1,000	0	0
To the corporation for the relief of the poor for the county of the city of Dublin.....	5,167	17	0
To repair the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham,.....	2,181	3	6
To the Dublin Society for the improvement of agriculture, arts, and glass manufacture.....	6,907	4	4
To the lord mayor and commons, towards carrying on the ballast-office wall.....	2,000	0	0
To the governors of the Hibernian School.....	2,000	0	0
To erect a quay at Dungarvan.....	500	0	0
To build new churches.....	2,907	4	4
Premiums on flaxseed grown in Ireland, principally expended in Ulster.....	10,789	19	7
Bounty to the linen manufacture.....	12,500	0	0
To the trustees of the linen manufacture, on account of the parliamentary grant to Christmas, 1782, expended in Ulster.....	15,000	0	0
To the treasurers of several counties, to be distributed in premiums for encouraging the growth of flaxseed and hempseed in this kingdom.....	7,362	0	0
For distributing coals to the poor of Cork.....	1,524	0	0
To the county infirmaries throughout Ireland.....	6,723	6	2
To George Hamilton, of Balbriggan, to encourage the cotton, kenting, and thread manufactory.....	1,250	0	0
To Robert Brooke, Esq., of Prosperous, in the county of Kildare, for the like.....	1,250	0	0
To Jeremiah Vicars, John Page, and at Balbriggan, for the like..	1,000	0	0
To Edward Hardman, of Drogheda, for the like.....	750	0	0
To Charles Chadwick, of the city of Limerick, for the like.....	750	0	0

To Roguier Cannon, Esq., as a reward for his care and attention to the fisheries.....	£ 400 0 0
To the right honorable the visitors of Kilkenny College, to enable them to rebuild the same.....	2,000 0 0
To the trustees of the circular road round Dublin, to enable them to build a bridge over the Liffey, at Island Bridge.....	2,000 0 0
To Thomas Reilly, to enable him to carry on the iron wire manufactory.....	500 0 0
To Dr. Achmet, to enable him to erect and finish the Dublin baths, for the use of the poor.....	1,100 0 0
To the lord mayor and sheriffs of Dublin, to enable them to finish the new jail.....	1,000 0 0
To the mayor and sheriffs of Drogheda, to enable them to improve the navigation of the River Boyne.....	1,000 0 0
To the corporation, for relief of the poor of the city of Dublin....	3,000 0 0
To the governors of St. Patrick's Hospital, to enable them to finish the same.....	3,000 0 0
To the trustees appointed to improve Cork harbor, to be expended on the same.....	2,000 0 0
Marine Society, to support same.....	2,000 0 0
To the lord chancellor, for carrying on the building of offices for public records.....	5,000 0 0
To the governors of the Foundling Hospital and Workhouse, to support the same.....	5,000 0 0
Several grants to the speaker and other officers connected with parliament, and for parliamentary printing.....	20,000 0 0
Various payments made to the officers of the house of lords.....	16,000 0 0
" And upwards of £250,000 was paid in that year for erecting forts, batteries, barracks, and military depots, throughout the country; all of which, of course, gave employment to the people.	
To the collector of the port of Cork, to reimburse him for the purchase of one thousand five hundred barrels of oatmeal, shipped at Cork, and sent to the northern parts of this kingdom, for the relief of the poor inhabitants.....	3,000 0 0
To the same for fifty tons of oatmeal, purchased and sent to Londonderry, for like purpose.....	1,000 0 0
To pay for coals distributed to the poor, 13th November, 1783....	1,662 15 7
To Joseph Smith, Balbriggan, to enable him to finish the machinery he had begun at Balbriggan.....	2,000 0 0
November 13th, to the Earl of Ross, and the Right Hon. Thomas Connolly, towards carrying on the navigation from Lake Erne to Woodford Lake, in the county of Leitrim.....	1,000 0 0
To Adam Colclough and Co., to work the coal mines and steam machine, on the lands of Doonane, Queen's county.....	1,000 0 0
To John H. Ryan, to build a smelting-house at Cronebawn, county of Wicklow.....	500 0 0
To Richard Talbot, Malahide, to enable him to complete his machinery.....	2,000 0 0

To John Staples and James Caulfield, to enable them to erect a steam-engine at their collieries, at Tyrone, Ulster.....	2,000	0	0
To the committee of protecting Irish manufacture, for the purpose of granting bounties on the sale of the following manufactures of this kingdom: viz., of wool; of wool, mixed; of cotton, mixed; thread, kentings, and manufactures of iron, copper, &c.	15,000	0	0

“To the company of undertakers of the grand canal, a loan of £50,000 was granted same session; and to the commissioners of inland navigation an unlimited supply of money.

“The total revenue of the nation raised that year by the Irish parliament, from three millions of people, was, in round numbers, £900,000, equal to an annual tax of 6s. for each person. This moderate levy was thus applied:—

For the interest of the national debt.....	£ 120,000	0	0
Army and ordnance, civil government, and other grants,.....	450,000	0	0
For premiums, grants, bounties, and aids to manufacturers.....	250,000	0	0
Surplus unappropriated .....	80,000	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£ 900,000	0	0

“I have wearied you with a recital of these grants, and bonuses, and absolute gifts, to aid our former manufactures. I could keep you for the longest day in the year recounting over the grants of the Irish parliament to sustain Irish trade, and when the day closed on my labor, I should not be near to the end of it. In the session into which I have dipped at random, I have shown you that the entire of the trifling revenue levied on the people by its own parliament was spent at home. I have shown you that the third part of the entire was appropriated to stimulate the trade and manufacturing industry of the people; that absolute grants, and gifts, and bonuses, and premiums, were scattered about on every side, and to no side of the country so plentifully as to Ulster. No wonder that those consequences followed which Mr. Sharman Crawford so cheerfully admits. May I ask Mr. Crawford, or any one for him, How much does the beloved parliament of England now scatter on our sunken manufactures? According to the old-fashioned scale of '83, there should be one third of our revenue, or two millions sterling, given now every year to prompt our declining traders and artisans, to stimulate our industry, and to reward it. Do they give us these two millions? No! Do they give us one million? No. Do they give us a hundred thousand pounds? No! Do they give us a single pound for such a purpose? No! And O my fellow-citizens, will you swim about in a dreamy delusion, looking for the fancied benefits of English legislation, frittering your valuable time and energies away in an idle, vain pursuit, when the plain, straight road to freedom lies before you? (Loud cheers.) I must entreat your attention to one other item, which will call forth from you the liveliest emotions: it is—

To Beauchamp Bagnell, David Latouche, and Peter Metge, Esqs., the trustees appointed by Henry Grattan, Esq., to be laid out in the purchase of lands in his majesty's kingdom of Ireland, to be settled on the said Henry Grattan and his heirs forever, in testimony of the gratitude of this nation for his eminent services to this kingdom.....	£ 50,000	0	0
---	----------	---	---

That grant was paid in the same year, and it did honor to those who gave it, as it did to him who received; and O that we may witness the return of that parliament purified by modern reforms, adhering to the maxims of gratitude which governed the illustrious dead! O that I may live to see a proposition carried in that parliament of a similar nature, but for ten times its amount, for services rendered by Daniel O'Connell to the emancipated country that gave him birth!"

The arithmetical evidences of the benefits of self-government furnished in this single report of *one* year's administration of the revenue and resources of Ireland are better than all which the most eloquent man could adduce from history, theory, or comparison. Here is what the Irish parliament did for Ireland, and would do again. It does not surprise us to read, in the speech of Lord Clare, and in the pamphlets published in his day, "*that no nation on the habitable globe advanced in cultivation, commerce, and manufactures, with the same rapidity as Ireland from 1782 to 1800.*" With the generous, impartial, ubiquitous application of her own vast resources to their self-development, in the manner just presented to us, it would be impossible for her to be otherwise than prosperous, great, and happy.

Yes; no other nation of the world — not even the expanding United States of America — have swelled into more brilliant opulence than Ireland did in the space of those twenty years. Artists and artisans came thither from Scotland, England, and France, attracted by the unbounded encouragement which the nation, through its parliament, afforded to every enterprise, to every invention, to every development of mind or labor. The population swelled in that time from three millions to five, and the wages of common labor doubled and trebled. There were in Dublin alone five thousand carpenters fully employed; *there are not beyond five hundred now*; there were in Dublin fifteen thousand silk weavers fully employed; *there are not three hundred now*, although the population has almost doubled. The same proportion holds with respect to all the other trades. There were then the separate residences and establishments of two hundred and seventy peers, and three hundred commoners, members of the upper and lower houses of legislation, with those of their kinsfolk who adhered to the capital of mind, art, legislation, and *ton*, who spent all their incomes in Dublin, the gross amount of which may be put at three millions per annum. *There are not a dozen of this class now resident in Dublin.* This wealth circulated through the country, and *remained* in it, reproducing new capital, which searched for new enterprise, and afforded new employment. The nation as a whole, and the people as atoms, became magnificent. Their architectural piles proclaim, at this day, at once their taste and opulence. They are

the graceful and unerring symbols of an independent people, and call, in eloquent language, upon the living to restore them to national purposes.

All the great undertakings of that era had their rise in the political independence of the nation, and in the healthy action of a national parliament. The parliament declared for free trade in 1779, and in two years after that, the magnificent custom-house was commenced, which took ten years, and a quarter of a million sterling, to complete. The parliament voted its independence in 1782, and in 1783 a quarter of a million sterling was applied to stimulate the agriculture, fisheries, mines, manufactures, arts, and literature of Ireland; and each successive year, down to the union, shows us a similar application. In 1784, the magnificent Rotunda was commenced. In 1786, the erection of the "Four Courts," the most elegant and extensive courts of law in the British empire, was begun, which took sixteen years and a quarter of a million sterling to complete. These were the works of the parliament in one city only. Every city in Ireland, and every harbor, evidenced, by some great improvement or erection, the presence of a careful, fostering authority. The dwelling-houses and public buildings, which grew up by a species of magic in Ireland during the independent action of the parliament, are beyond my limits to enumerate. In 1788, there were in Dublin fourteen thousand three hundred and twenty-seven dwelling-houses to one hundred and ten thousand inhabitants, or about eight persons to each dwelling. *There are but seventeen thousand now to a population three times the amount; so that eighteen persons, on an average, are crowded into one dwelling, and, in the poorer districts, as many as forty are crowded into one dwelling.*

Although the parliament did not declare its complete independence until 1782, yet, for thirty years before that, it showed unmistakable signs of virtue and nationality. It manifested, upon a hundred occasions, through the voice of a growing minority, its jealousies of English parliamentary interference in its affairs. In 1751,\* there was in the exchequer of Ireland a surplus of four hundred thousand pounds. This, instead of being matter of joy, was the cause of general consternation throughout the kingdom. It was feared the crown had become so rich that it could pay off the debt that was then on the nation, and having no further occasion for the annual grants, would call no more parliaments. There was a question, in that year, of disposing of this surplus of four hundred thousand pounds; and a bill was brought into parliament for that pur

\* Lord North's speech, May 30, 1785, quoted in John O'Connell's *Argument for Ireland*.



pose. The preamble was to this effect: "Whereas his majesty has signified his consent that the surplus now in the exchequer, &c., be disposed of," &c. The zealous patriots took fire at the word *consent*, though it had been inserted in two other acts before that, on similar occasions. They said that the king had a right to give his *assent* to that bill, as well as to any other, but that he had no right to give his *consent*; which latter term implied that the subject could not be so much as discussed, or made the substance of a bill, without the previous consent of the crown, as in the case of private grants. This was the ground of a great struggle in the commons, where the most formidable opposition ever known in Ireland was made against this word *consent*. The opposition triumphed. The word *consent* was struck out of the bill, which dropped on that account, its friends having no regard for it after it had lost the magical word. The triumph of opposition set Ireland in a blaze. Nothing but bonfires and illuminations was to be seen from one end of the kingdom to the other, and "the glorious one hundred and twenty-two" (the numbers on the winning side upon the division) was the first toast at every table.

In 1769, a money bill, which originated with the British ministry, was rejected by the Irish house of commons, because it did not originate in that house. A little while before this, the virtuous and growing minority, at the instance of Flood, carried through, as I have stated, the octennial bill, which limited the term of service of members of parliament from life to eight years — a reform which had not yet taken place in England. In the course of the twelve or fifteen years' legislation which took place between this period and 1782, the patriot minority had grown to a majority in the house of commons, had rejected *many* bills which were originated or altered in the British parliament, and passed many good enactments, including that which rendered the judges independent of the crown. As the legislation became more national, so, also, it became more tolerant and liberal; for several relaxations of the penal laws against the Catholics took place, and, as I have previously said, their full emancipation would have been carried by the Irish parliament in 1795, were it not for the bigotry of George the Third, the intolerance of the English aristocracy, and the knavery of Pitt.

Such was the parliament of Ireland in its semi-dependent and independent state. But its influence did not only protect the national revenue from foreign pillage, the national manufacture from foreign interference, the national jurisprudence from foreign cognizance, transfix the aristocracy to their native soil, diminish the absentee drain, protect

and employ the people, but it infused into the mind of Ireland a national element, vital, glorious, and immortal, which shall survive when monuments are crumbled into dust, and cities melted into air,—an element which bears, through all vicissitudes, a resurrectionary character, a character that gives to Greece her immortality, to Rome her fame, and to Ireland an unconquerable thirst for liberty, which must at last be gratified.

Cities and temples, and canals and highways, are perishable; but fragments of the ennobled mind of a nation live on through ages, when all else has perished. We can readily imagine, indeed, how the mind of Ireland was ennobled by the radiant action of her native parliament; how her youth prepared themselves for a distinguished manhood in the senate, at the bar, or in the walks of well-fostered science. We can imagine her classic youth of the university, who, from drinking in the eloquence of Tully or Demosthenes in the day, came to *hear* eloquence as inspiring, as lofty, and as pure, from the living lips of Grattan, Flood, Burgh, or Curran, in the evening. All that history relates of the proud and virtuous Cato was realized before his eyes in the inflexible Harry Flood; all that is in eloquence attributed to Demosthenes was realized to his ravished senses in the equally eloquent harangues of Grattan; and Tully found an imbodiment in the philosophic and transcendent Curran.

This teaching of the Irish mind produced a race of scholars, philosophers, patriots, and orators,—some account of whom will be found in these pages,—whose brilliant track in the field of time stands out a beacon-light, inviting their admiring posterity to a vigorous emulation.

## MARCH OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

Some of the musicians of Dublin, in 1780, had been employed to compose a march for the general adoption of the volunteer corps throughout the kingdom, that all might be accustomed to march to the same air at their reviews, &c. They composed the following march, which is still interesting as connected with a recollection of the times, and of that unparalleled institution.

The musical score is presented in four systems, each consisting of a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is written in the bass clef. The music is a march, characterized by its rhythmic and melodic structure. The first system shows the beginning of the piece, with a treble clef and a bass clef. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system shows the melody and bass line. The fourth system concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## SING! SING! MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

BY MOORE.

FLOWINGLY.

1. Sing, sing! mu - sic was giv - en To brighten the

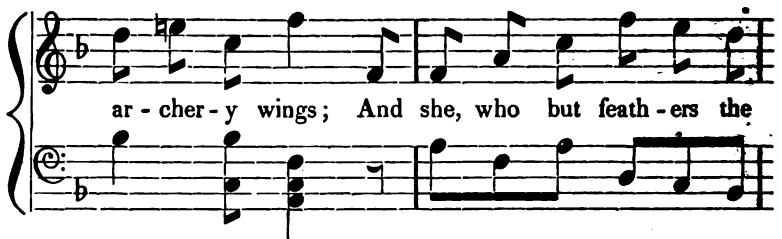
gay and kin - die the lov - ing; Souls here, like

plan - ets in heaven, By har - mo - ny's laws a -

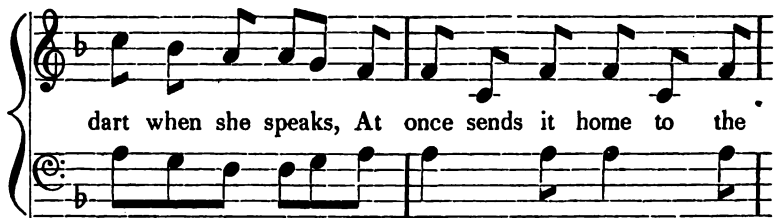
- lone are kept mov - ing. Beau - ty may boast of her



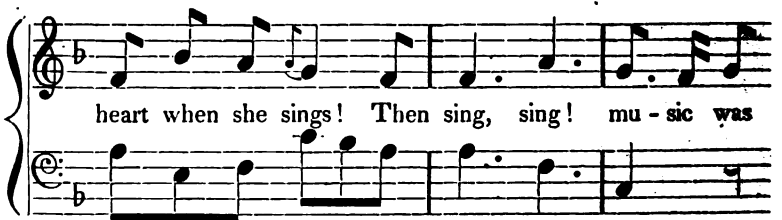
eyes and her cheeks, But Love from the lips his true



ar - cher - y wings; And she, who but feath - ers the



dart when she speaks, At once sends it home to the



heart when she sings! Then sing, sing! mu - sic was



giv - en To bright - en the gay and kin - dle the

lov - ing ; Souls here, like planets in heaven, By

har - mo - ny's laws a - lone are kept mov - ing.

## 2.

When Love, rocked by his mother,  
 Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,  
 "Hush, hush," said Venus; "no other  
 Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."  
 Dreaming of music, he slumbered the while,  
 Till faint from his lips a soft melody broke;  
 And Venus, enchanted, looked on with a smile,  
 While Love to his own sweet singing awoke!  
 Then sing, sing, &c.

## ARISE! ARISE! THE HOUR IS COMING.

BY T. MOONEY.

*To be sung to the foregoing air.*

## 1.

Arise! arise! the hour is coming  
 For every man to be up and be doing!  
 Rouse! rouse! the Saxon is drumming

To arms, and Erin is ready and moving;  
 Ye men who are brave, ye repealers, be ready  
 To stand by your nation, her cause, and her glory!  
 With stout hearts, unflinching, determined, and steady,  
 We'll march to the contest, and battle the tory!  
 O whack! for the true-hearted Paddies!\*  
 We'll whip all the *Sassanaghs* † Peel can send over;  
 True sons of our daddies,  
 We'll show them we're Paddies,  
 And send all the red jackets piping to Dover!

## 2.

Arise! arise! our banner is flying!  
 The red sword of England is naked and gory;  
 Our sisters are crying, our brothers are dying,  
 And Tyranny marches in front of the tory!  
 Our friends are in jail; ‡ lament and bewail;  
 Our national freedom is torn asunder!  
 But, sons of the Gael, § ye never can fail,  
 If led by a hero who'll never knock under!  
 O whack! for the true-hearted, &c.

\* *Paddy* is a corruption from *Patricius*, abbreviated *Patric.*, the title bestowed by Constantine, the Christian emperor of Rome, on the apostle of Ireland, whose previous name was Magonias. It was the most exalted title of honor among the Romans, and was bestowed only upon the most distinguished that were admitted into the order of the *patricii*. The apostle of Ireland was addressed by his title, *Patric*, or *Patricius*, instead of his name; and his Christian followers have, in all ages, revered the honored designation, and bestowed it in pious remembrance on their children. The English, and the friends of England in America, have ever attempted to scoff at the Irish by the derisive application of the term *Paddy*. Children, and ill-informed Irishmen, have taken offence at this; but they ought to be proud of the appellation. The English applied the term *Yankee*, in derision, to the Americans, during the wars for liberty from 1775 to 1783; and it used to vex them. But when the *Yankees* won the battle, and established their freedom, they were, and are, proud to be called by the title. So also it will be with "the Paddies," when they establish their freedom, which they soon will do, please Heaven. Then "Paddy Whack" will be as much in vogue as *Yankee Doodle* is now.

† *Sassanagh*, an Irish term of scorn, applied to the English invaders in the old wars; but this term was not applied because they were English, but because they were oppressors. Vide "*Sasruightheach*, an oppressor."—*O'Brien*.

‡ Written while O'Connell and his fellow-martyrs were in prison. The text does not mean that O'Connell lamented while in prison, but it calls on Irishmen to lament and resent the outrage.

§ *Sons of the Gael*, a term by which Irishmen were formerly designated in Europe, from their inflexible adherence to the old Gaelic, or Irish language.

# LECTURE XIX.

FROM A. D. 1782 TO 1798.

The Compact of 1782. — Prosperity of Ireland. — Grants of the Irish Parliament. — Proposal to reform it. — "Volunteers" move in Reform. — Pitt and Flood the Leaders. — Assembly of Delegates. — Grand Procession. — The Bishop of Derry. — His Train and Equipage. — His Bearing. — Father O'Leary. — The Earl of Charlemont. — Seeds of Division. — Plan of Reform. — Schemes of the Government. — Lord Charlemont's Weakness. — The Debate. — Excitement. — Treachery. — Dissolution of the Volunteers. — Disastrous Effects on the Nation. — Address to the Bishop of Derry. — His Reply. — Lull in the Public Mind. — Increase of Manufactures and Commerce. — The Condition of England. — Designs of Pitt. — His Propositions to Ireland. — The Regency Question. — French Revolution. — The Irish Catholics. — Theobald Wolfe Tone appointed Secretary of the Irish Catholics. — Catholic Convention. — National Guards. — Concessions to the Catholics. — Pitt's Policy. — Its Object. — Divisions and Distractions. — Inflammatory Sermons. — Outrage and Murders. — Peep-of-Day-Boys. — Defenders. — Battle of the Diamond. — First Orange Lodge. — The Orange System. — Declaration of Magistrates. — Dreadful Massacre and Persecution. — The United Irishmen. — Their Address to the Nation. — Their Plan of Reform. — Condition of Europe. — Escape of Hamilton Rowan. — Noble Conduct of his Preservers. — Napper Tandy. — Father Quigley. — French Ambassador arrives in Ireland. — Rev. Mr. Jackson. — Apprehension of Wolfe Tone. — His Expatriation to America. — State of Ireland. — Orangemen encouraged by Pitt. — The Yeomanry. — Orange Atrocities. — The Irish resolve to fight. — Tone sent Ambassador to France. — Tone sends his Brother to Ireland. — Proposals to the French. — State of Ireland. — Constitution of the United Irishmen. — Military Organization. — Fidelity of the Members. — Negotiations with France. — The Expedition in Aid. — Its Arrival in Bantry Bay. — Its Return. — Mode of defending Ireland. — Lord Edward's Plans of Discipline. — Plan proposed to Wolfe Tone. — Macneven proceeds to France. — Lord Camden. — Lord Castlereagh. — Free Quarters. — Arthur and Roger O'Connor. — Lord Edward appointed Chief of the United Men — Reynolds the Traitor. — Surprise at Oliver Bond's. — Seizure of the Directory. — Members of the Directory. — Papers seized at Bond's. — Lord Edward's Escape. — Escape of Trainor. — Arrest of Emmet, Macneven, John Caldwell, and others. — The Sheares. — Spies in the North. — Concealment of Lord Edward. — His Adventures. — The Government anxious for his Escape. — Lord Edward pursued. — Great Excitement. — Lord Edward arrested. — His Death. — The Pike. — Martial Law. — Atrocities of the Army. — The Wearing of the Green. — The Insurrection. — Battle of Carlow and of other Places. — Tara and other Places. — Massacre on the Curragh. — Battle of Ovidstown. — Battle of Gorey. — Defeat of the King's Troops. — Burning of Chapels. — Battle of Enniscorthy. — Triumph of the United Army. — Battle of



Forth. — Consternation of the King's Party. — Excesses of the victorious United Men. — Atrocities of the King's Troops. — Harvey, Devereux, and Colclough. — Battle of Ross. — Burning of Scolobogue Barn. — Forbearance of the Catholics. — United Men's Respect for Females. — Deficiency of Commanders: of Powder. — The Camp on Vinegar Hill. — Butcheries of Dixon. — Wexford Bridge. — Battle of Fook's Mill, near Arklow. — Battle of Enniscorthy. — Battle of Vinegar Hill. — Dreadful Slaughter in cold Blood. — Honor of the United Men. — Atrocious Conduct of the King's Generals. — The United Men take to the Mountains. — A Glance at the North. — A Glance at the South. — The Wexfordians. — Their Battles in the Mountains. — Their Capitulation. — Cause of their Failure. — Infamous Tribunal. — Execution of the Rev. Mr. Redmond. — Dreadful Cruelties. — The State Prisoners. — Trial and Execution of Byrne. — Trial of Bond. — Negotiation with Government. — Dreadful Anxiety. — Bond reprieved. — Compact with the State Prisoners. — Efforts of Wolfe Tone. — The Texel Expedition. — Put back by the Winds. — Tone's Unwearied Efforts. — His last Expedition. — The French land at Killala. — Battle of Castlebar. — Success of Humbert. — His fatal Error. — General Holt. — Capture of Tone and his Squadron. — Tone's Trial. — Effort of Curran to save him. — His Death. — End of the Insurrection of 1798.

My two last lectures were occupied with the events of two revolutions, the first of which terminated triumphantly for Ireland, in the establishment of treaties in the field acknowledging her national integrity and power; the other, the treaty of 1782, between the English and Irish parliaments, embodied in the act of the 28th of George the Third, to which that monarch gave his royal assent. I showed how the treaty of Limerick, obtained by the armed force of Ireland, was broken, when that force was dissolved. I am now to show the breach of this second treaty, when the patriotic bands which extorted it were broken, betrayed, and butchered.

The recognition of the independence of the Irish parliament was followed by the most unexampled national prosperity which the annals of the nations of the earth can exhibit. There is no resource of Ireland that was not cultivated, worked, developed. Its agriculture, its inexhaustible fisheries, its linen manufacture, its cotton manufacture, its woollen, its silk manufacture, — all these great sources of national employment were favored by bounties, bonuses, and absolute gifts, from the Irish parliament. Public canals were undertaken; rivers were rendered navigable; the riches of the earth were explored. Mines of lead, copper, and iron were opened, and worked with success. Ships were built, not only for the protection of the coast, but for the extension of commerce. Tradesmen came into Ireland from England, Scotland, and even from France, and obtained ready employment.

I have in my possession every act and resolution passed by the Irish parliament from the first sittings to the last. The resolutions of this

parliament, from the declaration of its independence, in 1782, show in detail the *actual grant of one half of the revenue of the kingdom* to the support of its industry and enterprise, its docks, harbors, fortifications, roads, canals, factories, fisheries, commerce, literature, and public buildings.

These were the foundations of the nation's industry, wealth, and glory; these were the sources of the nation's peace and happiness. Our countrymen were not, during the independent existence of this parliament, driven from their native land in quest of employment and bread. Their own country was all-sufficient to employ and pay them, and would be so now, if in possession of her legislative rights.

But although the Irish house of commons became, in 1782, independent of the English parliament, it was not a pure representative body — a pure representation of the national will. It was one thing to loose it from its bondage to England, and another to fit it for the purposes of freedom. The parliament, though independent, was yet a borough-mongering assembly — a parliament in which the aristocracy had far too much power — too many nominees — and the people little or none. The control of the people over the lords and the crown was yet inadequate, and the subsequent efforts of the British minister to influence the house of commons, soon taught the people that a reform of that house was necessary to their safety and the very existence of their freedom.

These considerations led the Irish people into a train of constitutional reasoning and deductions. The sentiment of inquiry spread to the great body of volunteers — a body that, having extorted the liberties of their country from an unwilling ministry, now assumed their guardianship.

The commanders of the volunteer regiments discussed parliamentary purity and political honesty at the heads of their companies. They taught those whom they commanded not only how to act in the field, but why that principle of action was demanded by their country. The naturally shrewd capacities of the Irish people taught them that the paroxysms of national virtue, which give rise to revolutions and produce liberty, do not endure forever; and that, to secure the liberties they had acquired from the persevering, wearing, and eternal encroachments of the British minister, the parliament must be placed directly under the influence of the people, else all they had won was in danger, for the enemy had meditated, by indirection, a reëstablishment of his power.

The spirit of reform was abroad. *William Pitt*, the younger, was then its apostle in England, and Flood its advocate in Ireland.

Barrington, in a few lines, gives us Flood's character: —

“Mr. Flood (one of the ablest men that Ireland ever produced) saw farther and thought deeper than any of his contemporaries. He knew the world, and of course was skeptical. As a popular orator, he was inferior to Mr. Grattan, but as a deliberate senator, he was vastly his superior. He knew that all precedent of British cabinets gave just reason to attribute this sudden transition of English policy [the Charter of Independence] not to the feelings of her liberality, but to the extent of her embarrassments; and that the Duke of Portland's having ‘set his heart’ upon obtaining the rights of Ireland, was only giving the gloss of voluntary merit to a concession which was in fact a matter of absolute necessity, and without which his grace foresaw that all British authority in Ireland would be extinguished forever; Mr. Flood's confidence, therefore, never was implicit. Mr. Grattan, on the contrary, was deceived by his own zeal, and duped by his own honesty; and his friend Lord Charlemont was too *courtly* a nobleman to suspect his grace of such consummate insincerity.”

The volunteer associations of Ireland *determined* to effect a reform of their parliament. For this purpose, a great convention of delegates from all parts of the nation was proposed to be held in Dublin, to consist of the same number of members which formed the house of commons. These delegates were elected with great ceremony by the various armed associations through the kingdom. They met in Dublin on the 10th November, in the year 1783. The delegates assembled in Sackville Street, accompanied each by a guard of honor from their respective regiments. They formed an immense procession, interspersed with artillery. The houses were thronged as they passed. The windows presented crowds of ladies, who exhibited every sign of their enthusiastic approbation. Unnumbered thousands cheered them from the house-tops. Garlands of flowers were flung by fair hands from the windows to the passing delegates. Their entrance into the rotunda was marked by the discharge of fifty pieces of artillery stationed along Sackville Mall, the most splendid street in Europe. The loud and incessant cheering of the multitude soon burst upon the senses. From street to street the deafening *hutra* continued, renewed and re-renewed, until the people satisfied themselves with the enjoyment of their ecstasy.

There did a man appear, amongst those delegates, that deserves our particular notice. He was the celebrated *Harvey*, Protestant Bishop of Derry, and Earl of Bristol. An Englishman by birth; a peer of England; of large private fortune, enjoying the rich benefice of Derry, and of boundless erudition. In early life, he was curate of a parish in Wales, but gradually advancing by the force of his talents, he reached at last the most distinguished place in the peerage. With all the pomp, but none of the meanness, of Wolsey, he was now the hero of the Irish nation.

He had read the story of Ireland, and it interested and enamored

him; he had shared in the struggle for her parliamentary independence, and it won for him the affection of her warm-hearted people. He was chosen a delegate for his own district, and entered the city determined to convince the people of Ireland that he was no lukewarm advocate of their freedom.

He entered Dublin in an open *landau*, drawn by six beautiful horses, richly caparisoned, attended by a suite of several carriages containing his immediate friends. His dress was remarkable — purple velvet, with diamond knee and shoe-buckles, white gloves fringed with gold, &c. He was surrounded by a guard of honor composed of light cavalry, who were splendidly accoutred, and whose horses were the finest chargers the bishop or his guard could procure. A part of these guards led the procession, a part rode on each side of the carriage, and a part closed it. Trumpets announced his approach, and detachments from several volunteer regiments joined his cavalcade. Thus surrounded, he proceeded to the rotunda to take his seat at the convention, to assist in reforming the parliament of his adopted country.

In his way, he stopped at the parliament-house in College Green. The trumpets sounded; the guards fired a volley; the congregated thousands sent their united shouts into the air; the house of lords was astounded; many of the members came to the doors to inquire the cause. The bishop bowed to them all, then moved on towards the rotunda, where he alighted, and entered amidst the cheers and blessings of the people. "Long live the bishop!" resounded from every mouth.

He entered the chamber in measured, studied form, presented his credentials, took his seat as a delegate, and joined in the business of the assembly with befitting earnestness.

I have thus presented this singular character in a sort of full-length sketch; for we shall see, by and by, that he took a most decided part in the after progress of the volunteers.

From the Catholic side there appeared in the convention the celebrated Dr. O'Leary, the most eloquent and accomplished controversialist of the day. The volunteers who lined the streets, principally Protestant, presented arms to him as he passed through their lines to the place of meeting, and he was cheered by the Protestant delegates as he entered the rotunda.

In this assembly there was also the courtly and polite Earl of Charlemont; and the choice of a president lay between the Bishop of

Derry and his lordship. Unfortunately for Ireland, the assembly elected the Earl of Charlemont.

His lordship was a cautious observer of order and etiquette. He ever manifested a courtly respect for the aristocracy, whilst he mingled in the popular assemblies, and appeared to deem the applause of the people the highest object of his ambition. Lord Charlemont had graduated through several of the most brilliant courts of Europe, and was in manners and address the *Chesterfield* of Ireland. Mixed up, however, in this splendid personal combination, was a deep vein of religious intolerance; he *was an enemy to Catholic liberty*, whilst the Protestant Bishop of Derry, on the contrary, was the *avowed advocate of civil and religious liberty to all*.

Amongst the commons, *Grattan* was the friend of Charlemont. *Flood*, his rival, ranged with the Bishop of Derry. This convention, therefore, commenced its operations with a sort of natural and inevitable division, which, as we shall see, proved destructive to its very existence, and defeated the object of its formation.

The government watched this national convention with great jealousy; it pleased them to find the courtly Charlemont elected to the chair; and they set their minds to the task of destroying the association.

The convention began the business for which it had assembled; it produced its plan of reform. That plan involved the parliamentary existence of one hundred and thirty-eight members of the house of commons. Those were returned by the influence of certain noble lords who owned little towns and villages, which had the privilege long conferred on them of returning two members to parliament, though each village did not number a score of houses.

Flood moved the adoption of a plan for the complete reform of the Irish house of commons. It was carried in the convention by an overwhelming majority. Flood, who was himself a member of the corrupt parliament, together with other members, who were also members of the *convention*, were nominated to move that measure in the house of commons. This petition was presented to the assembled parliament as the petition of a convention of *three hundred armed delegates*. It was debated at great length in the house; messengers and reporters were constantly passing between the members of each body, both of whom were sitting at the same moment — the one in Rutland Square, the other in College Green.

The government became alarmed, and affected to fear a *physical collision*; the *English* ministry were glad that this division had taken place, for they now saw a way opening through which they might destroy the

independence of that parliament which these very volunteers had, a little while previous, so signally contributed to establish. The British minister had reasons nearer home for doing all in his power to undermine the reforming spirit of the Irish volunteers. If the Irish parliament were reformed, nothing could prevent the English parliament from likewise changing its nature. The British minister in Ireland, therefore, resolved to separate the volunteers from the parliament, and, if possible, destroy them both.

For this purpose, the lord lieutenant of Ireland worked on the pride and fears of the courtly Charlemont. He was told that the volunteers were bent on enforcing their demands for reform by physical force, and that he, as their president, would be held responsible for all their acts. Lord Charlemont found himself in a situation of great embarrassment. If he held the presidency of the convention, he became responsible for its proceedings; if he resigned, the bishop succeeded him in the chair. "Lord Charlemont's pride," says Sir Jonah Barrington, — from whose work I have condensed much of the foregoing, — "resisted his resignation, and, after much deliberation, he adopted the suggestions of the courtiers; he did not oppose the volunteers, but he *duped them*."

I beseech the reader to pay attention to the development of this momentous transaction; for to Lord Charlemont's *weakness*, or *duplicity*, — and his friends may take their choice of the motives, — is Ireland indebted for the destruction of the volunteers, her national guard; the bloody onslaught made on her by Pitt's mercenaries in '97; the sanguinary massacres of '98; and the loss of her parliament in 1800.

I think it due to the present Lord Charlemont's feelings to mention, that, in a speech made by me as a member of the Dublin Repeal Association, in the year 1839, replying to a long letter from Mr. Sharman Crawford, I said then what I now write. These observations met the eye of Lord Charlemont through the press; and, at a public dinner given soon after to his lordship in Armagh, he commented very feelingly and severely upon me, — so much so, the reporters informed me, that tears came down his cheeks. I had applied the terms "timid and terrified Charlemont" to his father; and at this dinner, he indignantly disclaimed the accusation, applying to me, in return, some harsh remarks, alluding to my station in society, which was that of a man in trade, and therefore beneath his lordship's personal notice, or something of this sort.

There were two versions of his lordship's speech printed, one by the Dublin Monitor, which was extremely offensive to me, and one by the

Pilot, much less so. I cut both reports from the papers, enclosed them to his lordship, and requested to know which of the two he would adopt.

Suspecting my object, his lordship sent his agent, Mr. —, who was cashier in Latouche's bank, in Dublin, to my house in Francis Street, who most kindly and politely assured me that Lord Charlemont could not, in what fell from him, have intended to offer me the slightest offence; and that whatever he said applied solely to the "dishonest author from whom I quoted the history of the transaction concerning the late Earl of Charlemont."

My feelings were, so far, fully and satisfactorily appeased; but the matter did not stop here. Mr. O'Connell brought the question before the association, and flung himself between the assertion of Sir Jonah Barrington and the attained honor of the deceased Charlemont. The *Liberator* brought forward a long address to Lord Charlemont, in which he vindicated the honor of his father, alleging broadly that it was public property, and must be preserved undamaged.

I objected to that address up stairs in committee; but as we all yield obedience to the *Liberator*, his arguments, which simply went to invalidate the truth and honor of Sir Jonah Barrington, were received, and he therefore brought forward the address, *at the same time exonerating me from all improper motives in alluding to it as I had done.*

I am now administering a sacred duty to my countrymen, in compiling a fearless history of their nation. I feel that all the delicacy which, as a political subaltern, I owed to the *Liberator*, is removed; and though his motives and his objects are as pure and as holy as man can entertain, yet I feel it due to stern truth to return to my belief in the *general* assertion of Sir Jonah Barrington, as to the motives of Lord Charlemont in his sudden dissolution of the volunteers at the rotunda.

Mr. Hardy, the protégé and biographer of the late earl, may impart to the transaction a hue of "peace and order;" but the naked fact cannot be dressed, even by him, in tolerable sophistry. The convention was *dissolved, sine die, early in the day*, before "a house" had assembled; and, *it never after was called together by his lordship.*

The reader, from this explanation, will have a better notion of the tremendous facts that follow.\*

Mr. Flood, as I have said, was selected by the convention to present their reform petition to the Irish parliament. The lord lieutenant and his party in the house resolved to make a political assault on the convention and on their advocate. They resisted the consideration of the petition because it proceeded from an armed association; a long and furious

\* See note on this subject, at the end of the work.

debate ensued, which continued by adjournment for some days, the convention still meeting and deliberating daily at the rotunda.

Up to twelve o'clock on Saturday night, 16th November, 1783, no division was arrived at in the house of commons. The convention adjourned over till the ensuing Monday morning. The house continued the debate on to an early hour on Sunday morning, and finally divided, and decided against *considering the petition* for reform.

The utmost excitement grew up on Sunday. The Duke of Leinster and several other friends of the government saw Lord Charlemont on that memorable Sabbath, and prepared him for that act of timidity or duplicity, which Ireland afterwards deplored in tears of blood!

“On the Monday morning, [I quote from Barrington, a spectator in the convention and parliament,] on which the convention was, by adjournment, to have met at the rotunda, his lordship and some of his friends were at the place of meeting an hour before the appointed time. As the clock struck twelve, Lord Charlemont took the chair. A delegate rose to allude to the insults flung upon their body by some members of the government in the parliamentary debate of Saturday; his lordship became alarmed; a protracted statement might give time for the arrival of other delegates, when his objects would surely be frustrated; he at once took a step which had scarcely a parallel in duplicity in the history of political bodies; he instantly silenced the member, as being out of order, and after a few minutes more, he adjourned the convention *sine die*; the rotunda was quickly emptied, and when the residue of the delegates came to the meeting, they found the doors closed, the chairman withdrawn, and that body to which the nation was indebted for its independence, *dissolved forever*.”

Let us imagine the Répeal Association of Ireland, on which the nation has set its hopes for freedom, suddenly dissolved by Daniel O'Connell or Smith O'Brien, and then we shall have an idea of the nature of this extraordinary deed.

This was a joyful triumph to the British minister, and a source of deep and lasting sorrow to the Irish patriots.

The delegates, mortified and abashed, returned to their homes, and could give but a sorry account of their mission. Every eye now turned to the Bishop of Derry, who became the idol of the people. While Charlemont descended, the bishop rose like a phoenix from the ashes of the convention. The volunteers paraded, beat to arms, deliberated; but they found divisions existing amongst themselves. Charlemont was tinged with bigotry against the Catholics, and would not let them enter



the portals of parliament, nor even cede to them the poor privilege of voting for Protestant members. The bishop was their warm advocate, and would admit them into every office in the constitution. Religious exclusion on the one side, and religious toleration on the other, became the theme of partisan discussion; the disputes ran high; the people began to divide; and this unfortunate controversy gradually separated the people wider and wider, until they formed at last two distinct exasperated bodies, hating each other in the name of religion, creating thereby, for the hundredth time, the source of Ireland's weakness and ruin.

Some of the northern battalions came forward with an address to the Bishop of Derry, particularly the Bill of Rights Battalion, of which Mr. Caldwell, father of our worthy citizen John Caldwell, treasurer of the New York Repeal Association, was commander. They declared to him their determination to support their independence or be buried in its ruins; it was presented, under arms, to the bishop in Downhill. The bishop replied in a letter memorable for the sentiments it contains. That original letter is in the hands of my venerable friend Mr. Caldwell, and I will print a few extracts. It is dated 14th January, 1784. He says:—

“When, gentlemen, the conscience of a *patriot* bears testimony to the truth of the panegyric, then praise becomes the wholesome food of a manly mind, and *nourishes* that virtue it was intended at first only to approve. But, gentlemen, those who dare assert their own rights should rise above the mean policy of violating the rights of others. There is in this island a class of citizens equally respectable, and infinitely more numerous, than those that have hitherto opposed them—men who have crouched under the *iron rod* of their oppressors, not from any dastardly insensibility to their shackles, not from any unmanly indifference to the inalienable rights of men, but from a pious dread of wounding our common country through the sides of its tyrants; men in whose hearts beats, at this moment, as high a pulse for liberty, and through whose veins pours a tide of as pure blood, and as noble too, as any that animates the proudest citizen of Ireland; men whose ancestors, at the hazard of their property, and with the loss of their lives, obtained the first great bill of rights upon which every other must be founded—the *Magna Charta* of Ireland.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“But, gentlemen, the hour is now come when sound policy, as well as irresistible justice, will compel those who demand their own rights to sup-

port their claim by a restitution of those of their fellow-citizens; when Ireland must necessarily avail herself of her whole internal force to ward off foreign encroachments, or submit to those encroachments, the more effectually to exercise anew the tyranny of a part of the community over the dearest rights of the rest; for, gentlemen, one million of divided Protestants can never, in the scale of human government, be a counterpoise against *three* millions of united Catholics. But, gentlemen of the 'Bill of Rights Battalion,' I appeal to yourselves, and summon you to consistency. TYRANNY IS NOT GOVERNMENT, and allegiance is due ONLY TO PROTECTION. BRISTOL."\*

This answer animated the people by its Promethean fire, and for a moment, the hope of the nation remounted to the point from which it had a little while before descended.

At the dissolution of the convention, Earl Charlemont recommended the presentation of a reform bill to parliament, to emanate solely from civil bodies. This bill was also rejected as too popular. Neither the bill of the armed volunteers, nor that of the civil citizens, was adopted. A corrupt senate never wants apologies for its vice. The volunteers, divided, in their political worship, between the democratic Bishop of Derry and the courtly Charlemont, drooped in energy. Charlemont reviewed occasionally the corps that yet ranked under his banner, and advised them to be *peaceable, tranquil, and obedient.* \* \* \*

The temporizing system now gained ground. Some patriots lost their energy, others their influence; and in the midst of the great social and commercial prosperity which grew up around the native parliament, corrupt though it was, the science of politics for a while seemed abandoned.

Although the parliament was not founded on the broad basis of popular suffrage, yet it was complete master of the Irish exchequer, and kept the gentry ever revolving around it in the metropolis, where two hundred lords and three hundred commoners spent at least five thousand pounds a year, each; forming a united expenditure of two and a half millions sterling per annum. Where so much wealth was diffused among the people, it is natural to suppose that they were not easily stirred from their sober and profitable pursuits. Such in truth was the fact.

At length the rapid strides of Ireland, in manufacturing and commercial prosperity, began to attract the jealous attention of the British merchants, and of Mr. Pitt, the minister. The Irish parliament had its own treasury; it was completely out of debt, and it applied the surplus of

\* The bishop, in his reply, assumed his English title.

its income, after defraying the expenses of government, to the aid of its national employments, such as fisheries, canals, roads, factories, harbors, shipping, &c. The parliament and government of England could not appropriate one shilling of the Irish revenue. England, on the contrary, had been accumulating a public debt ever since the days of William the Third. The wars of William, Anne, and the first and second Georges, had run the debt of England up to a hundred and twenty millions sterling; the American war cost England near two hundred millions; and now she was at war with the republicans of France, and was fast approaching a debt of *five hundred millions*.

The object of Pitt's policy was to get Ireland in for some portion of this debt; and, with that view, he proposed the celebrated *eleven commercial propositions*, known as "Ord's propositions," which were subsequently increased to twenty. These had in view the binding of Ireland to the defrayal of a very considerable portion of the expenses of the British navy. Those propositions were debated at great length in the Irish parliament, and rejected. It may be remarked, that on this occasion England treated with Ireland as a distinct and independent nation.

On the occasion of George the Third's temporary insanity, a question arose, in Britain, as to the appointment of a regent. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, was a whig; Pitt was the minister of the tories. The minister was anxious to put the regency into commission; the whigs were anxious for the Prince of Wales; and while the question was being debated in England, Ireland decided, in her house of commons, for the prince. This decision settled the question; the prince was appointed regent. It was a triumph over Pitt, and he never after forgave Ireland.

1789. But we have now arrived at the next great event in the progress of civil liberty; namely, the French revolution — that revolution which has been brought about by streams of human gore, shed in the name of liberty. The butcheries of Robespierre were not sacrifices demanded by liberty, but atrocities dictated by personal ambition or revenge. The French people, compressed for centuries within the narrow manacles of the aristocracy, now expanded with a terrible explosion, hurling death every where around, destroying the good and the bad by the same whirlwind of vengeance. The national assembly of France had assumed a permanent form and palpable substance; the king and queen were prisoners; a republic, like that of America, was resolved upon. Tom Paine was one of the new republican directory; his

Rights of Man was in every body's hands. La Fayette was a marshal of the republican army; and *Dumourier*, one of its bravest generals, had beaten the united armies of England and Austria. Such was the state of affairs abroad, when the Catholics of Ireland assembled, with greater confidence, to endeavor to strike off a few more of their galling manacles. In 1776, after suffering, for centuries, the most horrid persecutions, they obtained leave to rent land by lease for thirty-one years, and say their prayers without molestation. For this relaxation, they were indebted to the success of Washington's army in the American colonies. And now they were enabled by the success of the French armies, and not through any love or lenity of Britain, to strike off some more chains from their limbs.

In 1789, Lord Charlemont instituted the "*whig club*," purposely to counteract the wild theories of the revolutionary zealots of the hour, and to afford a safe canal through which the current of public feeling should pass, in regulated quantity and motion, to the parliament and the throne. From these clubs, first founded in Belfast and Dublin, grew the more powerful one of the United Irishmen, in 1791. The whig club met to establish freedom and reform, and excluded from their bill of particulars Catholic liberty. Grattan was obliged to sanction this, and so far deserves censure; but the imbecile Charlemont, who formed the society, deserves the severest condemnation. The pale flag of the whig clubs soon yielded to the flag of deeper green, raised by the United Irishmen.

The Catholic convention of 1792 at length was summoned to meet in Dublin; and now, for the first time, the celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone comes before the historian's notice. He was a young barrister, of the Protestant religion, and a native of Dublin. He had written some pamphlets on the topics of the day, one of which was a review of the session of parliament of 1790, which obtained for him the thanks of the northern whig club. Another of his pamphlets contended for the right of Ireland to make war or peace with Spain, without reference to England, in which the doctrine of separation was strongly broached. A third and most important pamphlet was written by him on the rights of the Catholics to civil liberty. This pamphlet, coming from a Protestant, produced a powerful effect. Ten thousand copies of it were circulated in the north alone. It was signed "A Northern Whig," and had a tremendous circulation throughout Ireland.

The Catholics, struck with admiration for this noble effort of a stranger, offered him the secretaryship of their committee, with a salary of two hundred pounds per annum, which he accepted.

The struggles of the Catholic body for a reduction of their disabilities, previous to the year 1792, were attended with little beneficial result. Those who assumed the leadership belonged to the aristocratic circles, and were too exclusive in their manners to receive from the masses the warm life-blood of popular enthusiasm, or impress upon the popular mind their own intellectual images of freedom. The incessant efforts of *Wolfe Tone* and *John Keogh* tended to call up a spirit of inquiry and resolution among the masses, which could not be long in action without conferring on their struggle an importance never imparted to it by the wealth of aristocracy.

A Catholic convention was determined on, and it was next proposed by the chief committee to issue circulars to the Catholics in the country, inviting them to send forward their delegates to this assembly. The agents of government were familiar with the chief men in the Catholic committee, and more or less influenced their motives. In that committee were a sturdy minority, composed of those who scorned a servile submission to government. Upon one occasion this minority became a majority, nineteen to seventeen, and voted to take some more active steps than waiting on the whims and wishes of government. The Catholic convention was held with the utmost ceremony and parliamentary form, at the Tailors' Hall, in Dublin, in the year 1792. It had for its members Lords Kennare, Fingal, Trembleston, Gormanstown, French, the Esmonds, Bellows, Burkes, Wyses, &c. At the opening of its proceedings, its tone was timid, and its demands were few; but Dr. William James Macneven, then an ardent young man, and representative for Navan, rose up and delivered a powerful address, urging the assembly to demand full and unqualified emancipation — to be placed on a perfect equality with their Protestant fellow-subjects. This spirited appeal was heartily echoed by the majority of the assembly, and their cheers put to flight forever the timid policy of the old aristocratic leaders. Lord Donoughmore, who supported the Catholics and the castle at the same time, waited on the convention in his carriage, in which he remained at the door, requesting that the petition prepared for the king might be, as usual, forwarded through the lord lieutenant. To this the committee demurred, unless the lord lieutenant would pledge himself to support its prayer. That being declined, the following delegation were nominated to proceed to the presence of majesty with the petition of the Catholic convention: Edward Byrne, John Keogh, James Edward Devereaux, Christopher Bellow, Sir Thomas French, accompanied by Wolfe Tone, as secretary to the delegation, and Major Edward Sweetman. The two

latter were Protestants ; and a considerable sum of money, amounting, it is suspected, to fifty thousand pounds, was placed at their disposal, which *reached* the hands of persons who were able to influence the king.

The convention appointed a supreme committee of nine, to superintend their affairs, and, after a protracted sitting, dissolved. The determination and courage which characterized this body now drew upon it the attacks of the Orange party, the result of which was an exciting controversy. Meantime, the delegates proceeded in their mission, passing round by way of Belfast and Scotland. They were cheered and encouraged by the Presbyterians of all those places through which they passed. Arrived in London, they were introduced to George the Third, by Edmund Burke. The king was prevailed on to send a message to the Irish parliament, recommending them to remove certain disabilities from the Catholics. The parliament rejected those propositions, and the petition of the Catholics was treated with contempt, a few only of the members voting to consider it. Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon then brought in his *convention act*, which forbade any bodies in future to meet by delegation.

The combination of the Catholics, Presbyterians, and liberal Protestants, brought about by *Tone*, had, in 1793, become powerful. To the government it was most alarming. An association of "National Guards" was established. They assumed a green uniform, wore buttons on which was medalled the figure of the harp without a crown, the emblem of a republic. This armed association terrified the government. It was not a Catholic, nor was it a Protestant association. It was composed of those of all sects who admired the progress of the French army through Europe, who throbbed with joy on each new victory, on the announcement of each new republic established under the auspices of the society for the propagation of liberty in Europe—the *French Directory*.

The leaders of the Irish national guards proposed a public parade, or review, of its armed members. The government, fearing to allow them to assemble, issued a proclamation forbidding the formation of all armed associations. This was a trial of strength between them and the national guards. The leaders of the latter postponed the proposed public meeting, and published a counter-proclamation, which contained a firm avowal of their principles, a withering denunciation of the government, and an imperative advice to the guards to hold their arms, and choose delegates to a national assembly. The leaders of this society were men of

rank and fortune, of military and literary ability. Amongst them were Hamilton Rowan, Dr. William Drennan, the Honorable Simon Butler, James Napper Tandy, Hutton, Tone, Neilson, Russell, and several others. Butler and Drennan were prosecuted, and Napper Tandy fled from the kingdom.

At this period of fearful excitement, the votaries of freedom were active in England. At their head was the renowned ERSKINE, who led the cause of reform with great energy and surpassing eloquence. Referring to the struggles for liberty which at all times distinguished Ireland, that great man has the following gratifying passage, in his celebrated pamphlet on reform: —

“The spirit of reform is at present high in Ireland. The recent zeal of that BRAVE and VIRTUOUS people has completely detected the false and pernicious calumnies on both countries. It has demonstrated that a desire to reform abuses in government is not at all connected with disloyalty to its establishment; and that the restoration of a free constitution, by the wisdom and spirit of a nation, has no alliance with, but on the contrary is abhorrent to, a submission to foreign force.”

The threatening aspect of Europe, and the symptoms of revolution at home, influenced the British ministry to concede some of the claims of the Irish Catholics. Accordingly, in 1793, Lord Westmoreland, the then lord lieutenant of Ireland, proposed, in his speech from the throne, the consideration of the Catholic claims. Although these claims were supported by the most enlightened men of both countries, yet, unhappily, the infatuated Orangemen of Ireland could not be reconciled to concede the smallest portion of them. Their passions were roused by designing men. The most uncharitable resolutions towards their Catholic countrymen were adopted in their lodges; one of which, as proved by the Lords' Report, No. 16, 1798, revived the terrible design of Cromwell to *exterminate the Catholics*. This dreadful resolution, though originating in the lowest of the lodges, was countenanced by some persons high in the employment of government. It openly avowed a determination to shed the last drop of their blood before any concessions should be made to the Catholics, and went so far as to “*swear to wade up to their knees in Popish blood.*” This undisguised threat, and the well-known willingness to carry it into effect of the men who made it, contributed to extend and combine the society of United Irishmen for their mutual safety.

Previous to this, *Dumourier*, on the 6th November, 1792, gained the decisive battle of Gemappe, and the army of revolution had made such alarming strides through Europe, that that same parliament which,

in the previous session, had contemptuously rejected the Catholic petition, brought forward, in 1793, a measure which gave to that persecuted body several privileges, that may be called their foretaste of freedom. Included in these privileges, were liberty for the Catholics to hold lands on long leases, educate their children, publicly profess their worship, vote for *Protestant* members of parliament, hold commissions in the army, practise in medicine, and become attorneys and lawyers at the bar. These privileges served as levers to enable them to extract the rest, which was not effected, however, till the year 1829, by the superhuman exertions of DANIEL O'CONNELL.

In 1793, nineteen proprietors of the Northern Star, chiefly Protestant and Presbyterian, were arrested in Belfast, for some republican articles which appeared in that paper. They all voluntarily came to Dublin, and appeared before the chief justice, accompanied by a great number of the most wealthy Catholics of the city; and, to show how thoroughly united were the religious sects, each traverser was bailed by a Catholic and a Protestant.

On the opening of the Irish parliament, the lord lieutenant, as I have shown, delivered a message from his majesty recommending them to take into consideration the claims of the Catholics; and, in four days after this, Mr. Grattan moved his resolution for a committee to inquire into the state of the representation. The courtiers supported this motion, and all the ministerialists were loud in its praise. Thus the two darling objects of the United Irishmen — parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation — seemed about to be realized.

On the 21st of January, 1793, Louis the Sixteenth suffered death. War was declared by England against the French republic. The armies of the republic now encountered a series of reverses. The British government recalled its liberality. Grattan's motion for reform was swamped by a considerable majority. The Irish house of commons consisted of three hundred members. The counties returned eighty-four, and the remaining two hundred and sixteen were returned by rotten boroughs. Forty members were returned by ten persons. Several of the boroughs had no electors at all; some of them had but one. Two thirds of the three hundred were returned to parliament by less than one hundred persons; and these were under the control of government. The reverses in the French army changed the British policy. Coercion supplanted conciliation. The volunteers were put down by indirect bills against keeping unregistered arms or gunpowder; an alien bill, which forbade the residence of foreigners in the kingdom



without license was passed; a hired militia was instituted. The house of lords undertook to send out queries to suspected persons, requiring answers on oath, as to their connection with the secret societies.

The Hon. Simon Butler and Hamilton Rowan prepared a set of resolutions denying the authority of the house of lords to issue such queries, or require answers on oath. For this they were called to the bar of that assembly, fined five hundred pounds each, and ordered to be imprisoned six months. The society of United Irishmen paid their fines, and supported them sumptuously. Dr. Reynolds, from the north, who also disputed the power of the house, was detained a prisoner five months.

By the Catholic Relief bill of 1793, the forty shilling franchise was given to that body. It was the greatest boon of the session. The Catholic convention had dissolved, publishing a valedictory address, in which they enjoined the doctrine of a speedy reform of the house of commons. In the latter end of this year, the Right Reverend Dr. Troy and Dr. Reilly, with some other Catholic bishops of Ireland, presented an address to the lord lieutenant, in which they lauded his excellency's government, decried the proceedings of the Defenders and other unnamed societies, and so far damped the exertions and irritated the feelings of the great body of their lay congregations, that a deep feeling of discontent and an irreverence for religion very generally grew up.

And now we shall be called on to study the wicked policy of Pitt, in ceding a portion of the Catholic claims. By granting to the Catholics, as the boon of the *king of England*, and the *English ministry*, that which the bigotry of the Irish parliament had refused the year before, he led the Catholics to believe that the English ministry were their friends, and the Irish parliament their enemies; and, to promote the delusion he had Lord Westmoreland recalled from the lord lieutenancy of Ireland, and the Earl of Fitzwilliam, the most popular nobleman of the day, and the friend and disciple of Edmund Burke, sent, as the symbol of conciliation, to govern in his stead. Pitt, all of a sudden, became the friend of Catholic liberty and parliamentary reform. He wrote letters to the Catholic universities of the continent, requesting a true definition of the allegiance rendered by Catholics to the pope; and having, from the replies, been enabled to show that they owed and acknowledged no civil obedience to the holy see, he thereby calmed down the No Popery cry. He induced Lord Fitzwilliam to hold out the most dazzling promises to the Catholics. The unsuspecting viceroy, little dreaming of the plot, did caress the Catholics with promises of complete emancipation. This extraordinary favor shown to them by

the English ministry, while the Protestant parliament at home dealt out its concessions with such niggardly hands, naturally begot between the ascendant party and the Catholics a deeper hatred than ever.

This was exactly what Pitt most desired; his plan took admirably. It was not long before very unequivocal marks of animosity were manifested in the north, between the Protestants and Catholics.

The French revolution now began to assume new features. Christianity was mocked by its leaders; atheism was publicly avowed; and the butcheries committed by the committee of public safety greatly shocked the feelings of the Irish people, always saturated with reverence for religion. Many viewed a republic as a thing of horror. Some ardent reformers were alarmed, and fell back into inactivity. The session of 1794 passed without any thing to ruffle administration. Grattan alone broke silence; but it was to say he would strenuously support the war against France, and the connection of Ireland with England—to denounce the French republicans and the United Irishmen. An outcry was raised against liberty itself, fed by the blood flowing from the French guillotine.

Earl Fitzwilliam was not suffered to remain long in Ireland. The Beresfords, together with Fitzgibbon, the attorney-general, afterwards Earl of Clare, proceeded to England, and influenced Pitt against granting more to the Catholics, or yielding to the revolutionary doctrines of the times. They were too successful. It was the very thing that Pitt wanted. The Earl of Fitzwilliam was recalled, Lord Camden was sent in his stead, and Ireland was once more given up to the Beresfords and the ascendancy faction.

Neither the Protestants nor the Catholics were aware of Pitt's grand scheme—which was to set both fighting with each other, and to destroy their parliamentary power.

We must now turn our eyes towards the north of Ireland, and look upon the commencement of that local strife from which the distraction and fall of the nation proceeded.

The Protestant county of Armagh had long been the field of contest between the *Peep-of-day Boys* and the *Defenders*. That acrimony, which had for some time been soothed into natural repentance, and shame at past errors, was rekindled, says *Plowden*, by secret *agents*, and converted into a ferocious warfare of religious contention. A little before the 1st of July, 1795, the Rev. Mr. Mansell, of Portadown, a Protestant clergyman, invited such of his flock as wished to celebrate the battle of the Boyne by church worship, and the hearing of an appropri-

ate discourse, to attend his church on the 1st of July, being the anniversary of that victory. This laborer in the vineyard so worked up the minds of his auditory, that, upon retiring from service, on the different roads leading to their homes, they gave full scope to the anti-Catholic zeal with which the preacher inspired them. *They fell upon every Catholic they met, beating and bruising them without provocation or distinction, breaking the doors and windows of their houses; and they concluded the day's work by murdering two unoffending farmer's men, who were digging turf in a bog.*

An unprovoked atrocity like this set the whole north into a flame, which quickly spread, and threatened a contest of extermination. A like assault was offered to some Catholics of the town of Lurgan; the Protestants were excited against the Catholics by secret agents. The Protestants determined on a war of extermination. Since the Catholics got liberty to vote for members of parliament, there was no longer any exclusive preference given by landlords to Protestant tenants; for it was found that Catholic tenants made more of the lands, and conferred equal political power on the landlord. To drive out these new comers was the object of several bands of the low Protestants; and for this purpose they raised the standard of religious bigotry, called themselves *Peep-of-day Boys*, and swore an oath of sweeping extermination against the Catholics. The Catholics, on the other side, ranged themselves into a defensive body, and called themselves *Defenders*; and these two parties met on the 21st of September, 1795, fully armed, near Portadown, in the north of Ireland. A battle took place at a village called the *Diamond*, where they fought with the most desperate resolution, until many on both sides were killed or wounded. There were magistrates present at this battle, who could have suppressed it if they wished, but they rather encouraged than dissuaded the combatants.

After this battle, the Peep-of-day Boys assumed, for the first time, the denomination of *Orangemen*; for then was the first *Orange lodge* formed in Ireland. At first, no person of consequence, of the Protestant faith, joined or entered the society; their original object was to exterminate the Catholics; they affected to unite in support of the constitution as established by King William the Third. Elated with their successes, the Orangemen continued their depredations on the defenceless Catholics. They confided in the protection, and boasted of the support, of the magistrates before whom the battle of the Diamond was fought. Some magistrates directly promoted, and most of them allowed these outrages to be committed with impunity.

Then commenced that dreadful system, described by Grattan as “a persecution conceived in the bitterness of bigotry; carried on with the most ferocious barbarity by a banditti, who, being of the religion of the state, had committed the most horrid murders; and had proceeded from robbery and massacre to *extermination!*” Those insurgents, said he, “call themselves Protestant boys—that is, a banditti of murderers, committing massacre in the name of God, and exercising despotic power in the name of liberty.”

They served notices on the Catholics to be off to hell or Connaught, and carried their forcible ejection into terrible execution. At the spring assizes in 1796, more than one hundred of these midnight banditti were put on their trial, charged with murder and housebreaking. Although, by the judge’s order, the prosecutors and witnesses were escorted, by dragoons, for security, on the public roads, yet many of them were way-laid, maimed, and murdered. The juries were packed, and no man durst, for his life, convict an Orangeman.

But, lest it might be supposed I charge those infatuated men, in this distant country, and at this distance of time, with crimes for which I have no proof, I will produce an extract from the declaration of Lord Gosford, (the governor of the county of Armagh,) and of thirty magistrates, who assembled to put a stop to those atrocities, on December 28, 1795.

“It is,” says the declaration, “no secret, that a persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty which have in all ages distinguished that calamity, is now raging in this country; neither age, nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence, is sufficient to excite mercy or afford protection. The only crime, which the unfortunate objects of this persecution are charged with, is a crime of easy proof indeed; *it is simply* a profession of the Roman Catholic faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency; and the sentence they denounce is equally concise and terrible!—it is nothing less than a confiscation of all property, and immediate banishment—a proscription that has been carried into effect, and exceeds, in the number of those it consigns to ruin and misery, *every example* that ancient or modern history can supply. These horrors are now acting with impunity. The spirit of justice has disappeared in the county, and *the supineness of the magistracy of Armagh is become a common topic of conversation in every corner of the kingdom.*”

Such was the unfortunate condition of the north of Ireland at that time. The credible historians of the day assure us that upwards of seven thousand Catholics were exterminated; *that is, butchered in detail;*

fifty thousand fled to the west and south of Ireland; and upwards of twenty thousand fled to the manufacturing districts of Scotland, and settled in Glasgow and Paisley, where they commenced that colony of Irishmen which has swelled to one hundred thousand at the present day, every one of whom is struggling with the Liberator of Ireland for the restoration of their country to its rank among the nations. Such was the origin of the Orange societies; and I am in a condition to prove, that these societies were instigated in their atrocities by *William Pitt*, the British minister.

The society of *Defenders* grew up, for mutual and self-protection, as the opposite of the Orange factions. In this society were many dissenters and liberal Protestants, who discountenanced the acts of the Wreckers, and who united to protect their Catholic neighbors against their atrocities.

And now I come to the formation of the "United Irishmen"—a society that was originally formed by the celebrated but unfortunate Theobald Wolfe Tone. In 1792, as I have already said, he was appointed secretary to the Catholic committee. He being a Protestant of great talent, and coming forward, in a season of gloomy bigotry, to advocate their claims, obtained their fullest confidence. He was universally respected, and, after having been successful in obtaining the limited privileges of 1793, which that year conferred on the Catholics, and seeing the weakness of the friends of freedom in Ireland, by reason of the long-fostered religious jealousies which were encouraged amongst the people by the British minister, applied himself to the formation of a society which should unite every religion in one common effort to increase the freedom and happiness of all. In this effort he was eminently successful. The United Irish society grew up from an almost unheeded event—that of a generous act of an independent company of Presbyterian volunteers in Belfast, who put forward, at a public meeting, a declaration in favor of the Catholic claims. That patriotic body received a vote of thanks from a few other places, and thus grew up a cordial sentiment. The scattered particles of the old volunteers of 1782 gradually merged in this society; they were Presbyterians, liberal Protestants, and Catholics; the Catholics formed the great majority. The two first classes joined for reform of parliament, religious liberty, the abolition of tithes, and all other abuses. The Catholics joined for all the above purposes, and they had superadded the strong motive of their own protection and emancipation to urge them on. The United Irishmen, in the commencement, as formed by Wolfe Tone, was an open society, not

bound by any secret oath ; its proceedings were kept strictly within the law. At a meeting held in Dublin, in the year 1793, of which Dr. Drennan was chairman, and the celebrated Archibald Hamilton Rowan secretary, an address of the United Irishmen of Dublin was offered to the Irish nation, from which the following is an extract : “ It is our right and our duty at this time, and at all times, to communicate our opinion to the public, whatever may be its success ; and under the protection of a free press, itself protected by a jury, judges of law as well as fact, we will never be afraid to speak freely what we freely think ; appealing, for the purity of what we write, to the justness of our cause, and the judgment of our country. On the 9th of November, 1791, was this society founded. We, and our beloved brethren of Belfast, first began that civic union which, if a nation be a society united for mutual advantage, has made Ireland a nation ; and at a time when all wished, many willed, but few spoke, and fewer still acted, we, Catholics and Protestants, joined our hands and our hearts together ; sank every distinctive appellation in the distinctive name of Irishman ; and, in the presence of our God, devoted ourselves to universal enfranchisement, and a real representation of the people in parliament, knowing that what the tongue is to the man, the press is to the people. Though nearly blasted in our cradle by the sorcery of the law officers of the crown, we have rallied around this forlorn hope of freedom, and will maintain this last citadel of the constitution at the risk of our personal security and all that is dear to us in life.

“ They have come to us with a writ, and a warrant, and an *ex officio* information ; but we have come to them in the name of the genius of the British constitution, and the majesty of the people of Ireland.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ We have addressed the friends of the people in England, and have received their concurrence, their thanks, and their gratulation. We have addressed the volunteers. Deliverers of this injured land, have we done wrong ? If we have, tear your colors from the staff, reverse your arms, muffle your drums, beat a funeral march for Ireland, and then abandon the *corpse* to militia, fencibles, and dragoons. If we have not done wrong, — and we swear by the revolution of 1782 that we have not, — go on, with the zeal of enterprising virtue, and a sense of your own importance, to exercise the right of self-defence which belongs to the nation.”

Such was an exposition of the original object and principles of the United Irishmen. These objects were, and must ever be, dear to the lover of freedom ; the means taken to carry these objects out were in-

fluenced very materially by the spirit of reform abroad, and the brilliant successes that attended the soldiers of revolution every where. America had freed herself by an eight years' struggle in the field. France had shaken off her king and aristocracy, abolished all monopolies, and erected herself into a republic. The sanguinary Robespierre fell in 1794; a new impetus was given to the French conscripts. Brilliant victories again followed her generals. The combined forces of the crowned heads of Europe were repulsed or defeated; and a new pulsation was awakened in the hearts of the oppressed throughout the world. Bonaparte had just obtained a considerable command in the French army, and had astonished Europe by the boldness and success of his military enterprise.

At this moment the United Irishmen increased their numbers very rapidly; they became more violent and less guarded; and, to do justice to the memory of Wolfe Tone, when he found them violent and incautious, he withdrew, for nearly two years, from their society. Lord Fitzwilliam now was, as I have said, suddenly recalled, and a new policy was secretly determined on by the British cabinet; all the hopes held out to the Catholics were dashed to the earth; all the promises of reform made to Grattan, Ponsonby, and Flood, were disregarded; in a word, the hopes of the Irish nation were blasted; the government was given up to the deadly enemies of reform, of the Catholics, and of the Presbyterians, viz., Beresford, Lord Clare, and Lord Camden. This *triumviri* now put their heads together to destroy the nationality of Ireland, and to reduce her people to that slavery from which they had begun to emerge but some dozen years previously; but the people had tasted of liberty, and it was not in human nature to forego, without a death-struggle, its enjoyment.

Grattan, Flood, Ponsonby, and thirty other members of the Irish parliament, resigned their seats, and refused to be reëlected, alleging the hopelessness of any parliamentary effort to extort just measures from a majority of that house, returned as they were by corrupt boroughs, and influenced by a ministry hostile to the nation. This naturally swelled the ranks of the United Irishmen, to which body the nation now turned its eyes for redress. That society grew up vigorously in Belfast, on the ruins of those others which had fallen or had been suppressed. The new movement originated with the farming and artisan classes, and gradually ascended to the highest grades. It was not begun by any very leading men; yet its extraordinary extension and power attracted, by degrees, into its vortex, some of the first spirits of the day.

A committee of secrecy was appointed by the house of lords, to inquire into the meetings and motives of all political societies. Hamilton Rowan was accused of sedition, tried, and, though defended by Curran with great eloquence, was convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Of the eloquent Curran I shall have a few special words in my lecture on the worthies of Ireland. His defence of Hamilton Rowan is a lasting memorial of Irish eloquence. The friends of Rowan joined in efforts for his escape, and it was planned by the late Thomas Addis Emmet. John Hubbock, his steward, was permitted to see him for a few minutes in the cell of Newgate; they exchanged clothes in an incredibly short time, and Mr. Rowan quickly appeared in his steward's big coat and old hat, at the first hatch, for the purpose of passing out. He passed the turnkey, was let out at the front door, and escaped. His friends had engaged a small vessel, that lay in the harbor of Dublin, to take him to France. The vessel was manned by Irish sailors, who knew nothing of the person whom they were to transport to the continent. His name, character, and every thing, were concealed; they agreed to "take a person to Havre for a hundred guineas, and to go with all possible expedition." The night that Mr. Rowan got out of jail, he boarded the little vessel, which was to sail in the morning; the wind, however, changed, and, instead of sailing off directly, she was detained five or six days in port. The morning after Mr. Rowan's escape, the town was full of the hue and cry. A proclamation, with three thousand pounds' reward for his apprehension, was immediately issued by the government. *His situation may now be imagined.* The sailors belonging to his little schooner consisted of five; they were Irishmen, constantly on shore — the proclamations were scattered every where; one of the seamen picked up a copy, brought it on board, and read it aloud in Mr. Rowan's presence — for he had never left the vessel. At length one of the crew cast his eyes on him, and, comparing him with the description in the proclamation, exclaimed, "You are the man! This is Archibald Hamilton Rowan!" Mr. Rowan, without a moment's hesitation, answered, "*I am Rowan. I am in the hands of my countrymen. Act as you think proper!*" Instantly every one of the crew answered, "MR. ROWAN, YOU ARE SAFE! BY US YOU SHALL NEVER BE GIVEN UP. WE HAVE AGREED TO CARRY YOU TO FRANCE, AND THERE YOU SHALL BE LANDED." The next day, the wind becoming favorable, the schooner sailed for France; and there Mr. Rowan was finally landed. These poor fellows accepted less than one hundred pounds for the voyage, though *three thousand pounds* would have been given to any



one of them for giving him up. Let that instance of Irish virtue and patriotism be paraded against any thing of the kind to be found on the page of Greek or Roman history.

From France, Mr. Rowan made his way to America, the eternal home of the persecuted. In the course of some years he returned to Ireland.

**NAPPER TANDY.** A few words about this gentleman are in place here. Mr. Napper Tandy was a patriot of 1782, one of the earliest members of the volunteers, and was captain of the "Liberty Artillery." He had been the last to submit to the dissolution of that patriotic body, and continued, by his public exertions, to preserve the spirit that once had abode in its councils. In 1792, he challenged *Toler*, afterwards Lord Norbury, for some remarks in disparagement of his character, which he (*Toler*) uttered in the house of commons. In 1793, he published some tracts censuring the government, signed "Common Sense," written in Paine's style. For this he was indicted, and, knowing a long imprisonment awaited him if found guilty, fled to America, from whence he afterwards proceeded to France, enlisted in the republican army, and was promoted to the rank of general of brigade in that service.

In 1798, he accompanied the squadron that sailed with Humbert for Ireland, from which the *Anacreon* brig of war, containing the division under his command, separated. His vessel was prevented landing by the weather; and learning, at the Island of Rutland, off the coast of Donegal, the fate of the remainder of his friends, he instantly sailed for the coast of Norway, from whence he set off to Paris by land, taking his route through Hamburg.

Hamburg was then an independent republic; and here Tandy, with some other Irish refugees, thought they were safe from the power of Britain; but in this they were mistaken. Tandy, Morris, Blackwell, and Corbett, were specially arrested on the requisition of Lord Grenville.

In the mean time, Bonaparte arrived from Egypt, and, learning this circumstance, became highly incensed towards the Hamburgers, who sent deputies to explain, and mitigate his ire. Bonaparte ordered the deputies to prison. After a world of negotiation between the French, English, Austrian, and Hamburg governments, he wrote the latter government the following letter:—

"**BONAPARTE**, *First Consul of the Republic, to the Burgomasters and Senate of the free and imperial City of Hamburg.*

"PARIS, (9th Nivose, 8th year,) 30th December, 1799.

"Sirs,— We have received your letter. It does not justify your conduct. Courage and virtue preserve states. Cowardice and vice destroy them. You have vio-

lated the laws of hospitality. Such an event could not have happened among the most barbarous hordes of the desert. Your fellow-citizens must forever reproach you. The two unfortunate men whom you have delivered up will die illustrious; but their blood shall work more evil on the heads of their persecutors than a whole army would have done.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

“HUGUES B. MARET, *Secretary of State.*”

The Hamburgers were fined by Napoleon four millions of francs.

The “two” specially surrendered to the agents of Britain were Tandy and Corbett, who were sent to Ireland to be tried on a charge of high treason. Corbett escaped out of jail in women’s clothes. Tandy was tried and condemned to die in Lifford; the British ministry, learning the fixed determination of Napoleon to hang up a dozen of their chief officers, who were his prisoners, pardoned Tandy; but this pardon was attempted to be violated in the basest manner; and it was not until Napoleon refused to sign the peace of Mathieu with the English unless General Tandy was given up, that he totally got out of their hands. Mr. Tandy was, finally, permitted to go to France. He was received by the inhabitants of Bordeaux with public illuminations, and resumed his command in the French army.

Soon after the arrest of Rowan, Mr. Bond and the Hon. Mr. Butler were arrested for contempt of parliament, and consigned to Newgate. Several other arrests and prosecutions took place under newly-made coercive laws unknown to the constitution.

The French government, which had, in 1793, sent an agent into Ireland to sound the leaders there as to their disposition to fling off the yoke of England, and who was at that time very coolly received, now again made another experiment of the kind, with a view to divert the arms of England, and render their own progress over the continent more easy. They sent the unfortunate Mr. Jackson from Paris to Ireland, for the purpose of sounding the people, and ascertaining if they were ripe for revolution. X

The Rev. Mr. Jackson, who was a Protestant dissenting clergyman, arrived in London, in 1794, charged by the French directory with this delicate and important mission. On his arrival, he called on an old acquaintance, a Mr. Cockayne, to whom he communicated his intentions rather freely. Cockayne *immediately gave information to the government!* He was then ordered by Pitt to attend on the unfortunate Jackson to Ireland, and communicate to him all that fell under his observation. ✓

Tone had at this time rejoined the United Irishmen ; they began to proceed more cautiously. Very many men of sterling hearts had lately joined the body ; though, as yet, neither Macneven, Emmet, Arthur O'Connor, nor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was amongst the number. Jackson was introduced to Tone, who, having been one of the founders of the society, was now naturally at the head of its management. Several free conversations occurred between them. Tone made drawings and descriptions of Ireland, which he gave the French missionary, together with a statistical paper classing the people according to their political opinions. In this paper the following occurs : " There seems to be little doubt but an invasion in sufficient force would be supported by the people. There is scarcely any army in the country, and the militia, the bulk of whom are Catholics, would, to a moral certainty, refuse to act if they saw such a force as they could look to for support." Dr. Jackson was soon apprehended, tried, and, being condemned to death, took poison in the Dock, and dropped down dead before the court. These circumstances had the effect of arousing the people still more ; for the existence of a strong French sympathy in their struggle was now proclaimed to all the world.

Dr. Reynolds, who was deeply involved, escaped to America. Tone was arrested ; he was in the power of a remorseless tyrant, from whom there appeared no way of escape. A compromise was, after much negotiation, effected between his friends, one of whom was Marcus Beresford, and the government ; the result of which was, he agreed to quit his country forever, and go to the United States. Ere he left Ireland, he had interviews with Thomas Addis Emmet, John Keogh, and another friend, in Emmet's garden at Rathfarnham. He was urged by them, on his arrival in America, to get to France as speedily as he could, and urge on the French government the necessity of sending aid to Ireland.

On his arrival to take shipping in Belfast, he passed some days with the friends of freedom there — with Simms, Teeling, Russell, and others. They concurred in the advice he had received from Keogh and Emmet. Finally, Tone landed in America in 1795, where he found Hamilton Rowan, Dr. Reynolds, and Napper Tandy, all of whom had met with a variety of adventures in their escape from Ireland. He lost no time, after his arrival, in seeing the French minister, in Philadelphia, on the looked-for expedition ; but that ambassador gave him little encouragement. However, he prepared a memorial to the French government, which the ambassador undertook to forward ; and Tone having done all in his

power for his country, and not having, for a long time, heard from any of his friends, he turned his attention to a farm, which he had purchased for the support of his family.

Things now began to approach a crisis in Ireland. The United Irishmen, from an open society, became a secret one, with signs and passwords. They extended their organization in the north, and in the west and south. Lord Fitzwilliam, as I have said, was suddenly recalled, under the pretence of a difference in the cabinet on the Catholic bill; but it has since been proved to the world, by Lord Fitzwilliam himself, and by *Mr. George Ponsonby*, "that the Catholic question had no more to do with the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam than Lord Macartney's embassy to China." In short, it was secretly determined by the British minister to undermine and destroy the Irish parliament, rather than reform it; and this plot getting wind in Dublin, the Catholics publicly met to consider the threatened blow, and passed, among others, the following resolution: "That we are sincerely and unalterably attached to the rights, liberties, and independence, of our native country; and we pledge ourselves, collectively and individually, to resist even our own emancipation, if proposed to be conceded upon the ignominious terms of an acquiescence in the fatal measure of a union with the sister kingdom." So little was Pitt's design a secret in diplomatic circles, that *Carnot*, the chief of the French directory, told Dr. Macneven, in August, 1797, that a union was Pitt's object in his vexatious treatment of Ireland, and that it behoved the United Irishmen to be aware of his schemes. It appears, from Mr. Grattan's defence of Lord Fitzwilliam's policy and measures, that neither parliamentary reform, nor a repeal of the unconstitutional "convention act," was part of those measures intended for the amelioration of the Irish nation. From this explanation, the great body of the Irish people perceived, for the first time, that neither the whigs in opposition nor the tories in office offered measures that came even near their demands; and now all creeds and sects closed round the standard of revolution, and sighed for the aid of France, to establish a republic in Ireland.

The following plan of reform in the government was adopted as their object, which was to come into operation on the establishment of a republic under the *protection* of the French: —

1. That the nation, for the purposes of representation solely, should be divided into three hundred electorates, formed by a combination of parishes, and as nearly as possible equal in point of population.
2. That each electorate should return one member to parliament.

3. That every male, of sound mind, who has attained the age of twenty-one years, and actually dwelt, or maintained a family establishment, in any electorate for six months of the twelve immediately previous to the commencement of the election, provided his residence be duly registered, should be entitled to vote for the representative of the electorate.

4. That the votes of all electors should be given by voice, and not by ballot.

5. That no property qualification should be necessary to entitle any man to be a representative.

6. That representatives should receive a reasonable stipend for their services.

7. That parliaments should be annual.

The Orange society, on the other hand, formed to uphold the corrupt government, spread its influence very widely, and was secretly and warmly encouraged by the ministry. In the spring of 1796, three Orangemen voluntarily made oath, before a magistrate of Down and Armagh, that the Orangemen frequently met in committees, amongst whom were *some members of parliament, who gave them money, and promised they should not suffer for any act they might commit, and pledged themselves that they should be provided for under the auspices of government.* The magistrate notified this circumstance to the secretary of state, inquiring how he should act; but *he received no answer!*—See *Plowden's History of the Insurrection.*

The government followed up this by enrolling a sort of militia, which they denominated a “Yeomanry” — a body composed almost exclusively of Orangemen, placed in the pay of government, supplied with arms, and stimulated with religious rancor. Perhaps on the face of the globe there never before appeared so terrible a banditti.

Pitt was now certain of being able to accomplish his object, which, in the language of Lord Castlereagh before the secret committee, was “to make the United Irish system explode.” The people were every where goaded into madness by the sanguinary yeomanry. Justice fled the land. There was no law in any court except for Orangemen. They shot at the defenceless people in every fair and market, and, when brought to trial, were acquitted by partisan juries, packed by Orange sheriffs. On the other hand, the slightest offence committed by any of the people was punished with whipping, imprisonment, transportation, and death.

So early as 1795, executions for Defenderism had commenced. Lawrence O'Connor, a schoolmaster, was the first person of any conse-

quence who suffered trial and death. He defended his principles with considerable eloquence, and courted death with a manly bearing. Weldon, Hart, and Kennedy, were the next that were tried and executed for the same offence. These brave men met death with surprising fortitude. Thirteen hundred persons suspected of Defenderism were seized by order of Lord Carhampton, and sent on board the fleet. These men called in vain for trial. Parliament passed a bill indemnifying his lordship against the legal consequences.

It appears that the spirit of Defenderism, the opposite of Orangeism, penetrated through many of the militia regiments raised by the government, and they were resolved to bear down heavily on all found entertaining such opinions.

“Wherever the Orange lodges were established,” say O’Connor, Emmet, and Macneven, “there, also, were they sure of having numerous bodies of United Irishmen;” for oppressed people would naturally fall into the ranks of men united for self-protection.

It was now evident to all men in Ireland that this oppression could no longer be borne. The moderate men felt there was no longer any security for their liberties, properties, or lives, but in uniting with each other for mutual protection. The interior of the country was in a dreadful state. Under these circumstances, the leaders of the United Irishmen determined to do something decisive; for they preferred to die boldly in the field rather than be cut off one by one, by imprisonment and banishment, as very many of their brethren had been. They turned their eyes abroad for assistance. France was the only country to which they *then* could apply. Ireland had no agent at the French court. They had no one, *out of Ireland*, on whom they could rely for exertion and risk in their behalf, save Theobald Wolfe Tone. To him the leaders wrote in the latter part of 1796.

The following is the patriot’s own account of this application. Not having heard from France, in answer to his memorial, and having, for nearly twelve months, heard nothing from Ireland, he had made up his mind to retire to his farm near Princeton, New Jersey. “I fitted up my study,” says he, “and began to think my lot was cast to be an American farmer. In this frame of mind I continued for some time waiting for the lawyer that was to draw the deeds of my purchase, when I was aroused from my lethargy by the receipt of letters from *Keogh*, *Russell*, and the two *Simms’s*, wherein, after professions of the sincerest regard, they proceeded to acquaint me that the state of the public mind, in Ireland, was advancing to republicanism faster than even I could believe; and they pressed me in the strongest manner to fulfil the engagement I

had made with them at my departure, and to move heaven and earth to force my way to the French government, in order to supplicate their assistance. William Simms, at the end of a most friendly and affectionate letter, desired me to draw upon him for two hundred pounds sterling.

"I immediately handed the letters to my wife and sister, and desired their opinion. My wife, whose courage and whose zeal for my honor and interests were not in the least abated by all her past sufferings, supplicated me to let no consideration of her, or our children, stand for a moment in the way of our engagements to our friends and my duty to my country; adding, that she would be answerable for our family in my absence. My sister joined in these entreaties, and their opinions coinciding with my own, my mind was made up."

This patriotic lady, the wife of Wolfe Tone, still lives in Georgetown, District of Columbia. How we ought to revere the exalted relict!

Tone then set off next day to the French ambassador, taking Hamilton Rowan with him. They found the ambassador as anxious for the project now as he was lukewarm before. He gave Tone an introduction, in cipher, to the French government, recommending him in the strongest manner; and also money to bear his expenses.

Tone then sent his brother *Arthur* to Ireland, without letters, but with verbal communications to the following, and to no others, viz., *Neilson*, *Simms*, and *Russell*, in *Belfast*; *Keogh* and *McCormack*, in *Dublin*. To these he was to communicate his brother's departure for France, and to none other in Ireland.

He arrived in France, in about five weeks from thence, and lost no time in approaching the chief members of the French directory. His only credentials were a vote of thanks from the Catholics of Ireland, and an introduction, in cipher, from the directory's ambassador in America. He spent much time in negotiating, in very bad French, with the ministry. He asked for ten thousand men, forty thousand stand of arms, and an advance of £500,000. The whole cost of the expedition he offered to settle by the plighted faith of the future republic of Ireland. He stipulated that Ireland should be acknowledged an independent republic, under the guaranty of France. For a considerable time this proposal was not taken up warmly. Meantime Tone kept the question before the French government; and to qualify himself for military duty, entered the French army, was soon promoted to the rank of adjutant-general, and finally obtained the coöperation and confidence of Bonaparte.

Here must we leave him pushing his application for aid, and turn to the movements of the patriots in Ireland.

All religious feelings had now been blended by the United Irishmen. Protestant, Presbyterian, and Catholic, seemed to have wondered at their former differences, and to have united in a bond never again to be dissolved. The Orangemen, on the contrary, wearing the clothes and pay of the government, set up the cry of Protestant ascendancy, and "No Popery." The leaders of the patriots heeded not their gasconading, but set about a national organization, to prepare for revolution, confidently expecting assistance from France.

They established a system of organization amongst all the united societies; it consisted of committees, going from grade to grade. There was, first, the grand national committee; then each province had its committee; again, each county had its committee; and then, again, the counties were divided into baronies, each barony having its committee.

There were also two departments of organization, the civil and the military. The civil department consisted of the four classes of committees already mentioned; and the military committee had intrusted to them all plans of warlike operations. For the sake of secrecy, no society could exceed the number of thirty-six. When it amounted to this number, it was divided into two societies, of eighteen each: these again went on until they amounted in number to thirty-six; and were again divided. Five delegates from each province constituted the national committee. They were elected by ballot every three months. At the head of all these was an EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY of *five*, to whom the whole ramification was subservient. What was done in the primary societies of thirty-six went to the baronial; from thence to the county, and up to the executive. No information went down by these grades, so that the organization was well calculated to insure secrecy. Nearly half a million of men, Catholics, Protestants, and Presbyterians, were thus brought together. A national treasury was established, based on monthly subscriptions of the members.

The warlike organization was equally complete. All officers, to the rank of colonel, inclusive, were elected by the corps; all above this rank were appointed by the executive: each man was directed to furnish himself, as far as possible, with arms, ammunition, and every species of articles necessary to offensive or defensive warfare. Up to 1796 the chief management and organization of the society had its head in Belfast. After the junction of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Macneven, Enmet, and Arthur O'Connor, it was transferred to Dublin; and these brilliant men formed the chief management.



The fidelity of the Irish people to each other, and to their leaders, in this organization, was astonishing. Men died on the rack, and expired beneath the pains of torture, and still they would not reveal secrets to the spies and agents of government. The great multitude of the United men submitted willingly to the directions of their executive; and, according to the estimate made by Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet, five hundred thousand men were enrolled, three hundred thousand of whom could be brought into the field.

Such was the nature of the organized United Irishmen, in 1796-7. Their national committee held its meetings at the house of Oliver Bond, in Bridge Street. And now it was resolved to open an immediate communication with France.

The negotiations of Tone were, after six months of incessant attendance on the French directory, at length successful. Communications were exchanged between the French directory and the executive of the United Irishmen. The latter returned the following note, as the conditions upon which alone they would accept the aid of France. "They accepted the offer on condition that the French would come as allies only, and consent to act under the direction of the new government, as *Rochambeau* did in America; that, upon the same principle, the expenses of the expedition must be reimbursed, and the troops, while acting in Ireland, receive Irish pay." These terms were approved by the French directory, and a request was forwarded to Ireland that one or two of their chief men should at once proceed to Paris, to ratify the contract. Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Arthur O'Connor were selected for this perilous duty. After about two months' delay, in Hamburg, Basle, and other places, in the summer of 1796 they at last came into direct communication with the celebrated General *Hoche*, who was sent to them with full powers by the French directory. He had been appointed to take the command of the expedition, and to him, the men at the head of France confided every thing connected with the enterprise. It appears Lord Edward, from prudential motives, refrained from passing over the French frontier, and therefore confided all power to Mr. O'Connor.

Lord Edward returned to Hamburg, and, unluckily, met, in the conveyance, a lady who was going to the same city, and who had actually been the mistress of an official colleague of Pitt. "Wholly ignorant of her relationship with the British ministry," remarks Mr. Moore, "the habitual frankness of his nature not only expressed freely his opinions on all political subjects, but afforded some clews, it is said, to

the secret of his present journey, which his fellow-traveller was, of course, not slow in transmitting to her official friend."

The interview between Hoche and O'Connor took place, and all things were arranged for the expedition, which consisted of fifteen thousand men, on board seventeen sail of the line, and thirteen frigates, with transports, making in all forty-five ships, having sixty thousand stand of arms and an immense quantity of ammunition.

Tone, who was the prime mover in all this great drama, was kept, by the French directory, in ignorance of many of their movements; and so secretly did they manage all things, that, while they were preparing the expedition for Ireland, they kept its destination, and their own decision, a secret, even from Tone himself. The interview between Hoche and Arthur O'Connor was kept a profound secret from Tone, as we find by a note in his diary. "Hoche then asked me, 'Did you know Arthur O'Connor?' I replied, I did, and that I entertained the highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism. He asked me, 'Did he not some time ago make an explosion in the Irish parliament?' I replied, 'He made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that was ever made in that house.' 'Well,' said he, 'will he join us?' I answered, as he loved Ireland, that he undoubtedly would. [Mr. O'Connor is yet alive in Paris.] Hoche then went on to say, 'There is a lord in your country, (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing as I do what stuff our Irish peers are made of;) he is a son to a duke; is he not a patriot?' I immediately recognized my friend, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave Hoche a very good account of him."

The fleet, which was to sail in September, was not able to put to sea before December. The delay was caused by the blundering of the French commissaries. At length that fleet, which would have given liberty to Ireland, if not impeded by a blast of wind, set sail on the 15th December, 1796. It had but four days' sail, to make the west of Ireland; yet on the second night of the voyage, a strong gale, followed by thick weather, scattered the vessels. The ship in which sailed Hoche and the admiral, with eight or ten more vessels, was blown back on the French coast; whilst ten or twelve ships, having on board four thousand five hundred men, and twenty or thirty thousand stand of arms, in command of *General Grouchy*, — he who afterwards cut a remarkable figure in the army of France, — had made Bantry Bay. Tone, who was appointed by the French directory adjutant-general of the expedition, was amongst this party.

On arriving in the bay, a council was held. Tone and Grouchy were

for landing with the force they had. The rear-admiral of the squadron looked at his orders, which directed him, in case of separating from the fleet, to put out to sea, and finally return to France, if he should not be able to rejoin. This order he was resolved to follow literally, although, had they then landed their four thousand five hundred men, with their cannon and ammunition, there is no doubt but the independence of Ireland would have been established, seeing what was afterwards done by nine hundred men, under Humbert.

Revolutions are frequently brought about by the presence of only a few strangers in a country, and a prudent and at the same time, a courageous leader. The Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, landed in England with only two thousand men; with these, backed by the malcontents, he overthrew Richard the Third, though king and in possession of the whole powers, revenue, and army of the nation. William the Third, in 1688, landed in Torbay, with at first but seven hundred followers, and, with the discontented forces which joined him, overthrew king James the Second. *Nota Bene* — The hardest part of his work was done in Ireland. Many such examples are to be found in history. Had Tone, instead of seeking for such immense armed expeditions, only obtained about one thousand well-trained military men, who would act as *commanders*, a different result would have ensued.

For five or six days, as they lay in the bay, they were so near land, Tone informs us, that he could have jerked a biscuit on the shore. We may judge of his grief and indignation to find his enterprise baffled by an obstinate naval commander; when, if he were suffered to carry out that enterprise, he would have certainly given independence to his country.

The wind at length changed, and blew a furious gale from the land, which scattered the remnant of that magnificent armament. It returned, shattered, to France, — dispiriting the friends of Ireland at home and abroad. Tone, though depressed in spirit, was still resolved to see it out; he joined the French army, with a hope of reviving another force, in aid of his countrymen, which hope, as we shall hereafter see, he realized to a magnificent extent, which was baffled and defeated only by the hand of Heaven.

The appearance of a French fleet off the west coast animated the Irish people very much, and aroused, at the same time, the indignation of the government. "There were, *after this event*," remarks Moore, in his *Life of Lord Edward*, "batteries erected at Bantry; but, owing to

the great extent of the bay, without the aid of a considerable force they could not prevent a landing at this point. It was the opinion of Sir Ralph Abercrombie that the Shannon and the Bay of Galway were the most assailable parts of the island. This opinion was advanced by Colonel Keating, in a pamphlet entitled the Defence of Ireland, published in 1795. The colonel adds, "the peculiar facility with which an advance into, and conquest of, first the province of Connaught, and subsequently the whole kingdom, might be effected." Dr. Macneven recommended to the French directory Oyster Haven, in the south, and Lough Swilley, in the north. Speaking of the invasion of Ireland, I recollect that O'Callaghan, in his Green Book, lays down some peculiar rules for its defence. We will let himself speak: —

"Let us suppose that we could muster a force of two hundred thousand men, or only about twice the number of the volunteer army *then*, although our population is *more* than doubled *now*. Let Athlone be fixed upon as the national headquarters, or those of a grand army of the centre, amounting to one hundred thousand men. Let these one hundred thousand men have the care of the principal magazine of artillery, ammunition, provisions, money, &c., intended for the public defence; and act, in fine, as a sort of heart to the country, by extending to its extremities the current of martial vitality: Of the remaining one hundred thousand men, form four provincial armies or military *spokes*, each of twenty-five thousand men. Let each of these four *spokes* be at once in communication with and stretching along from the grand army of the centre in four lines, running as much as may be deemed requisite north-west and north-east, and south-west and south-east, to the corresponding parts of the coast of Ireland. Then, — speaking with reference to the four divergent armies, or provincial military spokes, just mentioned, — let four *less*, or *intermediate* ones, (each of these to consist of ten thousand men,) be kept ready for action by the grand army of the centre, which, exclusive of them, would still constitute a reserve of sixty thousand troops. In order to allow every advantage, and even much greater advantages than could be reasonably claimed by those who assert the inability of Ireland to stand against a foreign aggression without 'the *British* heart and the *British* arm,' let us next take for granted, that an invader *could* land four armies in Ireland, on four different points of the coast, each of these armies being as numerous as each of the four provincial armies or military *spokes* appointed to meet them. It is, in that case, evident that such an enemy must succeed in disembarking *in front* of the four great military *spokes*, or *between* some two out of the four of them. If he disembarks his four armies in front of the four native provincial armies or military spokes, and they retreat on Athlone for reinforcements, the four minor or *intermediate* spokes of ten thousand men, can then issue from the grand army of the centre, and delay his operations, by subdividing themselves, and flanking, on both sides, with five thousand men, or ten thousand in all, each of the enemy's four successful armies.

"If, finally, according to the only alternative that remains to be considered, the invader should so far 'strive with things impossible, and get the better of them,' as

to drive in all the provincial and minor armies of the island upon that of the centre at Athlone, he would there have to meet, with his harassed and lessened force, a consolidated mass of troops, augmented by a numberless amount of enthusiastic irregulars, armed with Montecuculi's 'queen of weapons,' the pike, of which General Cockburn said, that, even in 1804, there were 'materials, carpenters, and smiths enough to arm ALL Ireland in a fortnight!' But this is a position of Phocian desperation to which such a country as Ireland, if united in herself, could never be driven.

"The above outline of a system of defending Ireland against an invader is analogous in substance to the plan adopted by Napoleon in Spain, in 1808, — with this advantage in favor of Ireland, that HER forces would be fighting in their own, and consequently in a friendly country, whereas NAPOLEON'S armies in Spain were in a foreign and hostile territory. Again, the French, besides fighting against the *military*, had also to watch over and keep down the *civil* population of Spain. They had, moreover, to maintain a long, intricate, and continually-menaced communication with France, since, from it alone, the imperial forces could draw any recruits to make up for the 'wear and tear' of war. Colonel Napier's description of the mode in which Napoleon distributed his troops in the Peninsula, after hearing of the commotion at Aranjuez, is to the following effect: The French, while ranged with reference to the occupation of the most important points, were so stationed with respect to Murat's head-quarters at Madrid, (at once the capital and the centre, or Athlone, of Spain,) that from *that* grand centre, as regarded the entire kingdom, and from the subordinate centres connected with it, and formed by the respective head-quarters of the French armies branching into the provinces, (on the principle of the four Irish military spokes of twenty-five thousand men,) the forces of no three of those Spanish provinces (such forces being similar to the invader's armies in Ireland *between* her occupying military spokes) could act in concert without first beating a French corps; while, adds Colonel Napier, 'IF any of the Spanish armies succeeded in routing a French force, the remaining corps could unite without difficulty and retreat without danger!' though, as has been before observed, they were NOT in a *friendly*, but a *hostile* territory. By this plan Napoleon enabled seventy thousand men, the greater part of whom were mere raw recruits, to maintain themselves in a strong and spacious country, inhabited by eleven millions of a proud, fierce, fanatical, and exasperated population, who, as the colonel remarks, were sufficient to have trampled the French under foot, were the latter not so skilfully disposed. On such a Napoleon system of military arrangement, containing all the inherent strength, unaffected by any of the weakness, incidental to the position of the French in Spain, might Ireland be triumphantly defended against any foreign power, however formidable, either by means of a completely Irish or a popular Anglo-Irish army, receiving support and assistance from a *friendly* country, instead of being situated, like the French, in the midst of a *hostile* nation."

It appears that Belgium, with a population of half that of Ireland, maintains an army of one hundred thousand men, while Holland, with less than Belgium, maintains an equal number. The army of France is five hundred thousand men, — and Ireland, with her eight millions, could surely, from her admitted resources, maintain two hundred thou-

sand, — men, too, who could live on the potato, which grows in every field.

As I am on this part of the subject, I insert a letter, which appeared in the *Dublin Nation* of 26th August, 1844 : —

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION.

“ Captain Warner’s blowing up a vessel is by no means a new discovery. I communicated with the government sixteen years ago respecting different inventions of destructiveness; but they declined having any thing to do with them, as they generally do upon occasion of applications from Ireland. In the *London Mechanics’ Magazine* for July, 1841, page 55, you will find the description of a destructive engine that I exhibited before the Marquis of Anglesey, at the Phoenix Park, and because (I suppose) it would only kill two or three hundred men a minute, I was told the wise government could do nothing for me.

“ A few more of my inventions — the blowing up of ammunition-wagons at half-a-mile distance, and to blow up a man-of-war at a mile distance — are quite as simple.

“ Destroyer the third is an air-gun which will discharge bullets at the rate of one thousand a minute.

“ The fourth is a machine which will discharge bullets at the rate of three thousand per minute, and any animal matter coming within range of this repeller would only appear like as much chaff before a storm; but, above all, it would be well if the government would allow me to show them the great danger of keeping large quantities of explosive matter in one place — a magazine in the Park, for instance. That magazine would be a very good experiment. I will not require to go nearer to it than one mile, and that in the dark, if required, and I will blow it up. Be assured that chemistry and electro-magnetism will work a great change in the way of destruction, as well as the vast improvements in the arts and sciences.

“ When man is enabled to draw down the lightning from heaven, and make it subservient to his will, he will soon show the world the futile nonsense of floating or land batteries, it being the great and tremendous mover of all matter, and the soul and eternity of systems.

“ Place any floating material where you please on the water, and I will not require to go nearer than where it can be seen distinctly, and I will blow it unto atoms at a given signal.

“ I remain, &c.

JOHN GILCREST, 47 Henry Street.”

If the nature of steam and electricity had been known in Ireland fifty years ago, the people would have less to fear from invasion : —

I insert here, from Moore, his notes of Lord Edward’s tactics.

“ In training the people to arms, it was the opinion of Lord Edward, that till they had been perfected in that first rudiment of soldiership, marching, or, in other words, moving through equal spaces in equal times, — till they had been also brought to a sufficient degree of celerity and precision in forming from column to line, and from line to column, and in executing these changes of position by dispersion and re-formation, it was altogether premature to think of placing arms in their hands. So far was he, indeed, from being impatient to see the people armed, that, for this as well as other reasons, his utmost efforts were directed to repress

that habit, so long prevalent among the lower orders of Irish, of providing themselves with weapons by the plunder of gentlemen's houses; his constant observation being that 'till the arms were wanted, they would be safest and best taken care of in the hands of their present owners.'

"Even for the purpose of training troops to be good marksmen, he had a notion, it seems, that fire-arms might be dispensed with, and the expense of the ammunition which target-practice requires, be saved. Having observed, while in America, that the Indians, who are almost all expert marksmen, have attained this accuracy of aim by the use of the bow and arrow while young, he was of opinion that, among the means of training a people to national warfare, the same economical mode of practice might be adopted — the habit of aiming at a mark with any missile, whether bow or sling, being sure to establish that sort of sympathy between the hand and eye, which enables the execution of the one to follow instantly the direction of the other; and this precision of aim once acquired, being, with little difficulty, transferable to the use of the musket or rifle.

"That Lord Edward may have thrown out this ingenious suggestion in conversation, can be easily believed; but that he had any serious notions of adopting it in his system of military organization for Ireland, appears somewhat questionable.

"Another peculiarity of opinion attributed to him is that of having preferred the rifle, as an arm of common use, to the musket; an opinion which is at variance, at least, with the first military authority of our age, who has declared, '*que le fusil est la meilleure machine de guerre qui ait été inventé par les hommes.*' — *Napoleon's Notes upon Rognard's Art de Guerre.* — An opinion of the sincerity of which there could not be a better practical proof than that, in the whole imperial army, there was not a single rifle. Whatever may have been Lord Edward's theory on the subject, it is certain that there occurs no mention of this description of arms in any of the returns made to the Irish executive by its officers; nor does it appear in what manner the supply of them, counted upon, it is alleged, by Lord Edward, was to be obtained. It is, indeed, stated that a *dépôt* of such arms was, by his orders, preparing at Brest, which, when the proper time should arrive, were to be run over in luggers, and landed; but for this supposition I cannot find any satisfactory evidence.

"Of his lordship's other views on military subjects, as conveyed in the conversations reported to me, I have not space sufficient to enter into any details. But, on all the points connected with the sort of warfare he was about to engage in; the advantages to be derived from the peculiarities, both moral and physical, of the country — from the equal diffusion of the population over its whole surface, enabling every district to produce its own army, and thus saving the expense and disorganization of long marches; the account to which superiority of numbers may be turned by the power they give of outflanking the enemy; the prudence of avoiding pitched battles; the disadvantage of being the assailant in mountain war,\* — on

\* "In imitation of the Central Juntas, they call out for a battle and early success. If I had had the power, I would have prevented the Spanish armies from attending to this call; and, if I had, the cause would now have been safe.' *Duke of Wellington's Letters to the Portuguese Regency.* 'The attacking party in mountain warfare will have the disadvantage.' *Révèries du Maréchal Saxe.* In a similar manner, Colonel Napier (without ever having, as he assures me, read Marshal Saxe) says, — 'He who receives battle in the hills has always the advantage.'"

all these, and other such tactical points, the mind of Lord Edward seems to have been considerably in advance of his contemporaries, and to have anticipated much that a long experience in warfare has taught to Europe since.

“ At the time of the search after him on the 12th of March, there was found in his writing-box, at Leinster-house, a paper, which is generally supposed to have been the production of his own pen, and with the insertion of which, therefore, I shall conclude this part of my subject.

“ If ever any unfortunate cause should put our city, with the other parts of the country, into the possession of a cruel and tyrannical enemy, whose government might, by repeated oppressions, drive us into the last stage of desperate resistance, our conduct then should be regulated in a manner best calculated for obtaining victory.

“ The following thoughts are humbly offered for the inspection of every real Irishman:—

“ In such a case every man ought to consider how that army could be attacked or repelled, and what advantage their discipline and numbers might give them in a populous city, acting in concert with the adjoining counties.

“ It is well known that an officer of any skill in his profession would be very cautious of bringing the best-disciplined troops into a large city in a state of insurrection, for the following reasons:—

“ His troops, by the breadth of the streets, are obliged to have a very narrow front, and however numerous, only three men deep can be brought into action, which, in the widest of our streets, cannot be more than sixty men; as a space must be left on each side or flank, for the men who discharge to retreat to the rear, that their places may be occupied by the next in succession, who are loaded; so, though there are a thousand men in a street, not more than sixty can act at one time, and should they be attacked by an irregular body armed with pikes or such bold weapons, if the sixty men in front were defeated, the whole body, however numerous, are unable to assist, and immediately become a small mob in uniform, from the inferiority of their number in comparison to the people, and easily disposed of.

“ Another inconvenience might destroy the order of this army. Perhaps at the same moment they may be dreadfully galled from the house-tops, by showers of bricks, coping-stones, &c., which may be at hand,— without imitating the women of Paris, who carried the stones of the unpaved streets to the windows and tops of the houses, in their aprons.\*

“ Another disadvantage on the part of the soldiers would be, that, as they are regulated by the word of command, or stroke of the drum, they must be left to their individual discretion, as such communications must be drowned in the noise and clamor of a popular tumult.

“ In the next place, that part of the populace who could not get into the engagement, would be employed in unpaving the streets, so as to impede the move-

\* “ The soldier, if posted in the streets of a town, will be assailed from the roofs and windows of the houses, and lost. He cannot remain there: nor is he much better off, in the squares surrounded by houses. The example of Warsaw, that of Ghent, and of Brussels in 1789, sufficiently demonstrate the truth of what I advance.” *Bulow, Spirit of Modern System of War.* To which may be added the examples of Paris, in July, 1830, and of Brussels soon after.



ments of horse or artillery; and in the avenues where the army were likely to pass, numbers would be engaged forming barriers of hogsheads, carts, cars, counters, doors, &c., the forcing of which barriers by the army would be disputed, while like ones were forming at every twenty or thirty yards, or any convenient distances the situation might require. Should such precautions be well observed, the progress of an army through one street or over one bridge would be very tedious, and attended with great loss, if it would not be destroyed. At the same time, the neighboring counties might rise in a mass, dispose of the troops scattered in their vicinity, and prevent a junction or a passage of any army intended for the city; they would tear up the roads, and barricade every convenient distance with trees, timber, implements of husbandry, &c., at the same time lining the hedges, walls, ditches, and houses, with men armed with muskets, who would keep up a well-directed fire.

“However well exercised standing armies are supposed to be, by frequent reviews and sham battles, they are never prepared for broken roads, or enclosed fields, in a country like ours, covered with innumerable and continued intersections of ditches and hedges, every one of which is an advantage to an irregular body, and may with advantage be disputed against an army, as so many fortifications and intrenchments.

“The people in the city would have an advantage by being armed with pikes or such weapons. The first attack, if possible, should be made by men whose pikes were nine or ten feet long; by that means they could act in ranks deeper than the soldiery, whose arms are much shorter; then the deep files of the pikemen, by being weightier, must easily break the thin order of the army.

“The charge of the pikemen should be made in a smart trot. On the flank or extremity of every rank, there should be intrepid men placed to keep the fronts even, that, at closing, every point should tell together. They should have, at the same time, two or three like bodies at convenient distances in the rear, who would be brought up, if wanting, to support the front, which would give confidence to their brothers in action, as it would tend to discourage the enemy. At the same time, there should be in the rear of each division some men of spirit to keep the ranks as close as possible.

“The apparent strength of the army should not intimidate, as closing on it makes its powder and ball useless; all its superiority is in fighting at a distance; all its skill ceases, and all its action must be suspended, when it once is within reach of the pike.

“The reason of printing and writing this is to remind the people of discussing military subjects.”

I have, in my travels, accidentally fallen in with an old Irishman who was acquainted with Wolfe Tone in Princeton. He told me he proposed to that heroic man the following scheme for the invasion of Ireland. Establish a military society in America. Pick out a number of brave, sober Irishmen, fit for military enterprise. Have them trained and educated in the highest as well as the lowest branches of military science and discipline. Let them be not only good field commanders, but sappers and miners, gunners and chemists, mathematicians and draughtsmen. Let them be trained in infantry, cavalry, and artillery tactics;

well taught in the fortification and defence of garrisons; as also in their siege and assault. Having trained these men for about twelve months, and appointed grades of command among them, send them into Ireland without any eclat, noise, or fuss. *Tone* thought this plan too tedious; and, aware of that *grand delusion* which had so often deceived his countrymen, — a RELIANCE MORE UPON FOREIGN AID THAN UPON THEMSELVES, — feared the people of his day were not ripe enough for such an exercise of their knowledge and strength; but in this he was deceived; for the Ulster United Irishmen, in 1797, sent up to the Dublin executive the most urgent request to be permitted to take the field with the one hundred thousand men which they had ready, *and rely on themselves alone*. *Lowry* of Belfast, *Teeling* of Dundalk, *J. M'Cann*, and *Lord Edward*, of Dublin, urged, in the national council, an immediate rising without the French. At that time there were not fifty thousand armed men on the side of government in all Ireland, and great numbers of those were in the interest of the United Irish.

Brave fellows! — Too much balancing of chances, and philosophising, prevailed for such an enterprise. *Moore*, in his *Life of Lord Edward*, makes the following allusion to them: —

“So impatient were the people of the north at this moment to rise, that it was with difficulty the chiefs of the Union succeeded in restraining them. \* \* \*

“Notwithstanding the dissent of their Dublin brethren, some of the more sanguine leaders of the north still persisted in their endeavors to force a general rising; and *Lowry*, *Teeling*, and others, proceeded to Dublin to concert measures for that purpose. A plan of insurrection — in drawing up which, it is said, some Irish officers, who had been in the Austrian service, assisted — had already been agreed upon; and, what was far more important, some of the regiments then on duty in Dublin having received intimation of the intended design, a deputation of sergeants from the Clare, Kilkenny, and Kildare militias waited upon the provincial committee of Dublin with an offer to seize, in the name of the Union, the royal barrack and the castle, without requiring the aid or presence of a single citizen.

“This proposal was immediately laid before the executive; and *Lord Edward* most strenuously urged, as might be expected, their acceptance of it. But, after a long and anxious discussion, their decision was to decline the offer, as involving a risk which the present state of their preparations would not justify them, they thought, in encountering. The whole design was, therefore, abandoned, and its chief instigators, *Messrs. Lowry*, *Teeling*, and *Tennant*, — the first a member of the executive committee of Ulster, — were forced to fly to Hamburg.

“To popular ardor, when at its height, the postponement of action is a check seldom recovered from; and it is the opinion of those most conversant with the history of the conspiracy, that the Leinster leaders, by their want of enterprise and decision at this moment, let pass a crisis far more pregnant with chances of success than any ever presented to them. That such was *Tone's* view of their con-

duct, as far as he could judge from the reports of the fugitives who had joined him at the Texel, will appear from the following passage in his diary: 'August, 1797. By what Lowry and Tennant tell me, there seems to have been a great want of spirit in the leaders in Dublin. I suspected it very much from Lewine's account, though I saw he put the best side out; but I am now sure of it. However, I did not say so to them, for the thing is past, and criticising it will do no good, but the reverse. The people have been urgent more than once to begin, and, at one time, eight hundred of the garrison offered to give up the barracks of Dublin, if the leaders would only give the signal; the militia were, almost to a man, gained over, and numbers of these poor fellows have fallen victims in consequence. It is hard to judge at this distance, but it seems to me to have been an unpardonable weakness, if not downright cowardice, to let such an occasion slip. With eight hundred of the garrison and the barracks to begin with, in an hour they would have had the whole capital, and, by seizing the persons of half a dozen individuals, paralyzed the whole government, and, in my opinion, accomplished the whole revolution by a single proclamation. But, as I said already, it is hard to judge at a distance. I am surprised that Emmet did not show more energy, because I know he is as brave as Cæsar of his person. It seems to me to have been such an occasion missed as we can hardly ever see return.'

Macneven was now (1797) despatched by the heads of the United men to France, to hasten the Batavian expedition, which Tone had been so successful as to obtain from the directories of France and Batavia, (Holland.) Lewine, an attorney of Dublin, had been sent a short time previous. It is due to history to state that poor Tone was tormented by calumniators and other such mean persons, too numerous in Ireland, who, overshadowed by his fame, thought only of effecting his disgrace, regardless of their country or its cause. He was, notwithstanding, eminently successful in all his undertakings on the French side of the Channel.

We shall leave himself and Macneven negotiating with Carnot and Bonaparte, and return to the affairs of Ireland; and here let us have a glance at the material and objects of the British and Irish ministry. I find their outlines so well given by Barrington, that I refrain from attempting to condense him.

"Mr. Pitt, having sent Lord Fitzwilliam to Ireland with unlimited powers to satisfy the nation, permitted him to proceed until he had unavoidably committed himself both to the Catholics and country, when he suddenly recalled him, leaving it in a state of excitation and dismay.

"The day Lord Fitzwilliam arrived, peace was proclaimed throughout all Ireland. The day he quitted it, she prepared for insurrection.

"The Beresfords and the Ponsonbys were arrayed against each other; and, in one week more, the Beresfords would have been prostrate. Mr. Pitt, however, terminated the question by dethroning Lord Fitzwilliam; the whigs were defeated; and Ireland was surrendered at discretion to Lord Clare and his connection. Within three months after Lord Fitzwilliam's dismissal, Lord Clare had got the nation into full training for *military execution*.

“The arrival of Lord Camden, to succeed Earl Fitzwilliam, was attended by almost insurrectionary outrage. The Beresfords were the ostensible cause of the people's favorite being overthrown ; on that family, therefore, they conceived they should signalize their vengeance ; and their determination was nearly carried into execution.

“The chancellor, in his carriage, was assailed ; he received the blow of a stone on his forehead, which, with somewhat more force, would have rid the people of their enemy. His house was attacked ; the populace were determined to destroy him, and were proceeding to execute their intentions. At that moment their rage was, most fortunately, diverted by the address of his sister, Mrs. Jeffries, who, unknown and at great risk, had mingled in the crowd ; she misled them as to the place of his concealment. Disappointed of their object, they then attacked the custom-house, where Mr. Beresford, first commissioner of the revenue, resided. Dreadful results were with reason apprehended.

“Such was the inauspicious beginning of Lord Camden's government. From the day of his arrival, the spirit of insurrection increased, and, in a short period, during his lordship's government, more blood was shed, as much of outrage and cruelty was perpetrated on *both sides*, and as many military executions took place, as in ten times the same period during the sanguinary reign of Elizabeth, or the usurpations of Cromwell or King William. I have always considered, and still consider, William the Third as a usurper in *Ireland*, until the flight of James, and the articles of Limerick, capitulated for the whole nation ; *after that*, he was to be considered king *de facto* — by *conquest* : at all events, it was the result of a rebellion in England and of loyalty in Ireland ; and it should be recollected that the Irish people, *after that capitulation*, never did rise or rebel against his government, or that of his successors, as they did in Scotland twice, and partially in England.

“The conspiracy of United Irishmen, never profoundly secret, soon became public ; its members avowed themselves ; but the extent of its objects was unknown, and its civil arrangements and military organization far exceeded those of any association in history. Constituents knew not their representatives, and the soldiers knew not the names of those by whom they were to be commanded. Even the members of their *executive directory* were utterly unknown to some hundred thousand men, who had sworn obedience to their orders. Mr. Pitt was surprised, and found the conspiracy becoming rather too extensive and dangerous for his purposes ; — for a moment he felt he might possibly get beyond his depth, and he conceived the necessity of forcing a premature explosion, by which he might excite sufficient horrors throughout the country to serve his purpose, and be able to suppress the conspiracy in the bud, which might be beyond his power should it arrive at its maturity.

“Individually Lord Camden was an excellent man, and, in ordinary times, would have been an acquisition to the country ; but he was made a cruel instrument in the hands of Mr. Pitt, and seemed to have no will of his own.

“Earl Camden was of a high mind, and of unblemished reputation ; his principles were good, but his talent was not eminent ; he intended right, but was led wrong ; he wished to govern with moderation, but was driven by his council into most violent proceedings ; to the arrogant *dictum* of Lord Clare he had not a power of resistance, and he yielded to cruelties that his mind must have revolted at

“His lordship became extremely popular amongst the armed associations which were raised in Ireland under the title of ‘Yeomen.’ He was considered the guardian of that institution. He did what justice he was permitted to do; and a single false act of his *own*, during his residence in Ireland, never was complained of. His secretary, Earl Chichester, (Mr. Pelham,) held up the reputation of the government to its proper standard. Without great talents, he had good sense, good manners, a frank address, with humane, honorable, and just intentions; but, at a critical moment, he was obliged to return to England for his health, and Lord Camden filled up his vacancy by his nephew, Lord Castlereagh. This relative became one of the most celebrated persons of his day, is the principal hero in the sequel of Irish history, and in England proved himself a most destructive minister to the finances and character of the British empire.

“However, with all his good qualities as viceroy, Lord Camden’s government was, by its consequences, the most ruinous and most unfortunate that Ireland ever experienced.

“Lord Clare and his connections, intoxicated by their victory over the late viceroy, set no bounds to their triumph; they treated the people as their vassals, the country as their demesne, and its patronage as their private property.

“On a review of the state of Ireland at that period, it must be obvious to every deliberate observer, that the design of Mr. Pitt, to effect some mysterious measure in Ireland, was now, through the unaccountable conduct of the Irish government, beginning to develop itself. The seeds of insurrection, which had manifested themselves in Scotland and in England, were, by the vigor and promptitude of the British government, rapidly crushed; and by the reports of parliament, Lord Melville had obtained and published prints of different pikes manufactured in Scotland, long before that weapon had been manufactured by the Irish peasantry. But in Ireland, as it appeared, from public documents, that government had full and accurate information of the Irish United Societies, and that their leaders and chiefs were well known to the British ministry, at the same period, and by the same means, that England and Scotland were kept tranquil, so might have been Ireland.

“Mr. Pitt, however, found he had temporized to the extremity of prudence. The disaffected had not yet appeared as a collected army, but a succession of partial outrages convinced him that prompt and decisive measures became absolutely indispensable. The Earl of Carhampton, commander-in-chief in Ireland, first expressed his dissatisfaction at Mr. Pitt’s inexplicable proceedings. His lordship had but little military experience, but he was a man of the world, of courage and decision, ardent and obstinate. He determined, right or wrong, to annihilate the conspiracy. Without the consent of the Irish government, he commanded the troops, that, on all symptoms of insurrectionary movements, they should act without waiting for the presence of any civil power. Martial law had not then been proclaimed. He went, therefore, a length which could not possibly be supported, his orders were countermanded by the lord lieutenant; but he refused to obey the viceroy, under color that he had no rank in the army.

“Lord Carhampton found that the troops in the garrison of Dublin were daily brought over by the United Irishmen; he therefore withdrew them, and formed two distinct camps on the south and north, some miles from the capital, and thereby, as

he conceived, prevented all intercourse of the army with the disaffected of the metropolis. Both measures were disapproved of by the lord lieutenant, whom Lord Carhampton again refused to obey.

“The king’s sign-manual was at length procured, ordering him to break up his camps, and bring back the garrison; this he obeyed, and marched the troops into Dublin barracks. He then resigned his command, and publicly declared, that some deep and insidious scheme of the minister was in agitation; for, instead of suppressing, the Irish government was obviously disposed to excite, an insurrection.

“Mr. Pitt counted on the expertness of the Irish government to effect a premature explosion. Free quarters were now ordered, to irritate the Irish population; *slow tortures* were inflicted, under the pretence of forcing confessions. The people were goaded and *driven to madness*.

“General Abercromby, who succeeded as commander-in-chief, was not permitted to abate these enormities, and *therefore resigned with disgust*. Ireland was by these means reduced to a state of anarchy, and exposed to crime and cruelties to which no nation had ever been subject. The people could no longer bear their miseries. Mr. Pitt’s object was now effected, and an insurrection was excited.”

The secret committee appointed by the government, 1798, admit, for the historian, the whole scope of the government designs in creating a sanguinary insurrection. They say: “It appears, from a variety of evidence laid before your committee, that the rebellion would not have broken out as soon as it did, had it not been for the *well-timed measures adopted by the government*, subsequent to the proclamation of the lord lieutenant and council, bearing date 30th March, 1798.” We shall now see what those well-timed measures were, and shall collect, as with a lens, the burning glare of their reflection on the guilty head of Britain.

“In former times,” says Dr. Macneven, in his pieces of Irish history, “resort was had to similar acts of outrage, for the purpose of driving the natives into a resistance that should be followed by a forfeiture of their estates: now a rebellion was intentionally produced by the chief agents of the British ministry, in order to give an opportunity for confiscating the whole power of the nation, by an act of union.”

The Ulster men, dispirited by the rejection of their offer to rise, and a proclamation having appeared offering the protection of government to any who should come in and apply for it, very many of the Northern League surrendered their arms and obtained government protections. Some unaccountable dissensions between the Presbyterian and Catholic captains of the united corps contributed in some measure to this.

But these, after all, were but small drawbacks to the universal enthusiasm that pervaded the people throughout the nation. The movement, though begun in the north, spread rapidly through the population of the south and west; and by the beginning of the year 1797,

there was an actual return of three hundred thousand armed men on the books of the Union.

Arthur O'Connor, the editor and proprietor of the "Press," who had been arrested, with the Rev. Mr. Quigley, and some one or two others, at Margate, on their way to France, was committed to the Tower of London. Father Quigley, who had, while a student in France, actually fought in the assault of the Bastille, was sent into the north of Ireland among the prejudiced descendants of the Covenanters. No human being could be more enthusiastically received than he was by those men when they learned he had assisted in so glorious a work; and, priest though he was, these prejudiced Presbyterians poured their unbounded confidence into his keeping. This unfortunate gentleman, Lynch, and another, were found guilty of treason, and were executed at Maidstone, though it never has appeared that the United Irishmen gave them any authority to act for them; and it is said, by the friends of the unfortunate gentlemen, that certain criminal papers found on the person of Father Quigley were thrust surreptitiously into his pocket—a trick frequently practised in our times on the peasantry of Ireland, by the "detective force," as that branch of the police is fashionably styled. Arthur O'Connor denying all knowledge of the parties, and nothing criminatory having been found upon him, being also a member of the Irish parliament, and having received from several noble lords and gentlemen a very high character, was acquitted. The ministry deemed it unsafe to hold him in custody, or, perhaps, thought his liberation more likely to advance their plans by bringing things in Ireland to a crisis. While O'Connor was in temporary custody, the office of the "Press" was seized by order of the government. That celebrated newspaper was the depository and voice of the most brilliant spirits of the day. It engaged the pens of a number of talented men: Arthur O'Connor, Emmet, Macneven, Dr. Drennan, constantly wrote for it; and even Moore himself, who was then but seventeen, contributed his maiden prose and patriotic poetry to its brilliant pages. The "Press" was conducted then, as the "Nation" is at present, with great energy—full of ennobling eloquence, exalted sentiment, fascinating wit, and inspiring song. In Belfast, there had been an equally independent paper published, called the *Northern Star*, which was suppressed by the military, who forcibly seized on its presses and types, in 1796, under orders from government. See "Northern Star," in this work. The freedom of the press was thus completely put down. The slavish papers of the government were alone allowed to exist. When the papers were crushed

which conducted into the country the burning lava of the patriot hearts of Ireland, slips were printed and circulated throughout the kingdom, which kept the branch societies advised of all necessary information.

I must notice here the newspaper called the "Union Star," a violent paper published at that time, edited by Watty Cox. This print advocated assassination; it was denounced by the "Press," and was relinquished by Cox in '97, on compromising with Lord Castlereagh. See "Walter Cox" in this work. The government established, before that time, as a trap, a newspaper called the "Volunteer." Their articles against themselves were most violent; and they actually erected a sign over the office, on which was painted an armed volunteer. In a short time, however, the plot was discovered; the populace inflicted violence on the office, and the paper was soon discontinued.

An appeal was at this time made to the people, imploring them to abstain from ardent spirits, for the purpose of diminishing the revenue, and enabling themselves to take a proper position in the approaching struggle. This appeal produced, *before* the insurrection, a remarkable effect; but unfortunately, after it broke out, its wise lessons, in too many instances, were forgotten.

Mr. Roger O'Connor, of *Connorville*, (fourteen miles from Bantry,) the brother of Arthur, was at this period in custody, having been repeatedly seized and discharged, during a few months, on various suspicious pretences. For an interesting memoir of his sufferings, see *Plowden's History*, under the year 1801.

The leaders of the United Irishmen now entertained the strongest hopes of receiving French aid. The celebrated *Talleyrand* was then minister under the republic, and gave repeated assurances to their agent at Paris, that an expedition would be ready by April.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald was appointed to take the chief command of the United army, and he had accordingly devoted himself, heart and soul, to the duty of completing a perfect military organization, it being evident that, with or without French aid, the people would be necessitated to take the field. A revolutionary staff was formed, and an adjutant-general appointed, in each county, to transmit returns to the executive of the strength of each district. Detailed instructions were given to them, as to their duties, the moment the French landed. The following is an extract:— "Those in the maritime counties are charged, on the first appearance of a friendly force upon the coast, but especially on the most certain information being had of the debarkation of our allies, to communicate the same, in the most speedy manner, to the executive.



They must then immediately collect their force, and march forward, with as many of the militia as possible; each man to be provided with at least three days' subsistence, and to bring all they can of carts, draft horses, horses harnessed, and horses to mount cavalry, with three days' forage; taking care to seize nowhere the property of a patriot when an enemy can be found to raise contributions on."

A meeting of the executive committee, together with the provincial delegates, was fixed to take place at Mr. OLIVER BOND'S, in Bridge Street, Dublin, on the 12th of March, 1798, which was to have been the final meeting of the chiefs, previous to betaking themselves to the field. Finding, in Moore's Life of Lord Edward, a page highly descriptive of the state of things at that period, I adopt it.

"In this formidable train were affairs now proceeding; nor would it be possible, perhaps, to find, in the whole compass of history, — taking into account the stake, the odds, the peril, and the daring, — another instance of a conspiracy assuming such an attitude. But a blow was about to fall upon them for which they were little prepared. Hazardous as had been the agency of the chiefs at every step, and numerous as were the persons necessarily acquainted with their proceedings, yet so well contrived for secrecy was the medium through which they acted, and by such fidelity had they been hitherto fenced round, that the government could not reach them. How little sparing those in authority would have been of rewards, their prodigality to their present informer proved. But few or none had yet been tempted to betray; and, in addition to the characteristic fidelity of the Irish in such confederacies, the same hatred of the law which had made them traitors to the state kept them true to each other.

"It is, indeed, not the least singular feature of this singular piece of history, that, with a government strongly intrenched both in power and will, resolved to crush its opponents, and not scrupulous as to the means, there should now have elapsed two whole years of all but open rebellion, under their very eyes, without their being able, either by force or money, to obtain sufficient information to place a single one of the many chiefs of the confederacy in their power. Even now, so far from their vigilance being instrumental in the discovery, it was but to the mere accidental circumstance of a worthless member of the conspiracy being pressed for a sum of money to discharge some debts, that the government was indebted for the treachery that, at once, laid the whole plot at their feet; delivered up to them at one seizure almost all its leaders; — and thus disorganizing, by rendering it headless, the entire body of the Union, was the means, it is not too much to say, of saving the country to Great Britain.

"The name of this informer — a name in *one* country, at least, never to be forgotten — was Thomas Reynolds; and the information he gave, that led to the arrests at Bond's on the 12th of March, will be most clearly set before the reader in the following extracts from his evidence: —

"It was about the 25th February, 1798, that, in travelling with Mr. Cope to Castle Jordan, in order to obtain possession of some lands to which we were jointly entitled, I was induced by the persuasion of this gentleman, on whose friendship and honor I had the most implicit reliance, to disclose to him, in part,

the extent of the conspiracy. I added that, in order to enable government to counteract it entirely, I would procure a man who could get to the bottom of it, and detect the leaders. In consequence of this, I did, in the name of a third person, communicate to Mr. Cope, for government, all I knew of the plans and views of the United Irishmen, and particularly the proceedings of the meeting at Bond's of the 19th of February, 1798, which I had got from Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the intended (provincial) meeting of the 12th March, also at Bond's, which meeting was in consequence apprehended.

“In order to procure more certain knowledge of the intended meeting of the 12th of March, I applied to Bond, at whose house Daly had said it was to be held; and Bond referred me to John M'Cann as the man who was to regulate that part of the business, and to give any information that might be necessary about it. I accordingly applied to M'Cann, who said that, unless I brought up the returns from the county committee of Kildare, I could not be admitted to the provincial, neither could he give me any information thereof till I showed him said returns. On communicating this to Mr. Cope, he advised me to go down to my county, which I accordingly did on the Saturday week before the arrest of the meeting at Bond's. On the Sunday, I went to the Castle Dermott, where, for the first time, I met my officers, and settled returns of men and arms, &c., after which I called upon Daly at Kilcullen, who, I knew, was in possession of the returns, who wrote a copy of them, and gave it to me. On bringing this paper up to Dublin, I showed it to M'Cann, and asked him the time of the meeting of the provincial; when he said it was very odd there was not any increase in the returns since the last meeting, and that the delegates must be in town on the Sunday evening. M'Cann then promised that he would breakfast with me on Sunday, 11th March, 1798, at my house, No. 4 Cumberland Street, and tell me all particulars as to the time and place of the provincial meeting. Accordingly M'Cann did come on the next morning, Sunday, to breakfast; but no particular conversation then took place, as Mrs. Reynolds was present.

“After breakfast, M'Cann and I walked to the bottom of Church Street, when he told me that, at ten o'clock, on Monday morning, I must be at Oliver Bond's, and desired me to be punctual, as particular business would be done. Not wishing to be at the meeting, as I knew it was to be arrested, I wrote a note to Bond, which I sent on Monday morning, stating that Mrs. Reynolds was taken very ill; that I could not consequently bring my money at the hour appointed, and begged him to make an apology for me to M'Cann on that account.”

“The above information being laid by Mr. Cope before government, a warrant from the secretary of state's office was placed in the hands of Mr. Swan, a magistrate for the county of Dublin, who, on the morning of Monday, 12th of March, repaired to Mr. Oliver Bond's house, attended by thirteen sergeants in colored clothes, and by means of the pass-word—‘Where's M'Cann? Is Ivers from Carlow come?’—obtained ready admission to the meeting, and arrested all the persons there assembled.”

Fifteen military sergeants, dressed in colored clothes, entered the committee room, while a guard surrounded the house, entered the yard, and filled the staircase. When the sergeants entered, they commanded the delegates to lift their hands on pain of death. Some of the papers were destroyed, but enough was found to hang them all.

The persons arrested at Bond's were Bond, Ivers, Kelly, Rose, Cummins, Hudson, Lynch, Griffin, Reynolds, M'Cann, Divine, Trenor, Byrne, Martin, Bannan. The others, or more leading chiefs, had not arrived.

Among the papers found at Bond's, consisting chiefly of returns from the officers of the Union, there was a list of toasts and sentiments, of which the following is a specimen:—

“Mother Erin dressed in green ribands by a French milliner, if she can't be dressed without her!”

The instructions drawn up by the provincial committee of the United men of Leinster, were also found.

#### PROVINCIAL, 1798.

#### I N S T R U C T I O N S .

“1st. A return of muskets in each regiment.

“2d. Six good flints and a sufficient quantity of powder for each musket, to be got directly.

“3d. A man to be got in each regiment or barony, who understands making ball cartridges, and a cartridge stick to be got for each company; the men to instruct others in making cartridges.

“4th. One bullet mould must be had for each company at least.

“5th. Powder of each regiment to be kept, if possible, by the colonel, or some other shopkeeper who can be depended on, the powder by no means to be buried.

“6th. Each regiment to find a person who has served in the army or militia, to act as adjutant; this man to drill the captains, who are to drill the sergeants, who are to drill the men; the adjutant to go through the companies by rotation, and to be paid by the baronial committee.

“7th. A standard to be got for each company, ten feet long, with a pike in the end; the flag to be of green stuff, about two feet square.

“8th. Each company to provide a horn; a bugle-horn if possible, if not, a cow's horn; the person appointed to have them, to learn three sounds—first, an assembly; second, a charge; third, a call of captains to assemble.

“9th. Every man to provide himself with a haversack, and, if possible, to have constantly by him at least a week's provision.

“10th. Every man to keep kettles or pots in readiness.

“11th. Every serjeant's division to be provided with one shovel, every second division with one fork, every third with one pick, every division with one bill-hook, and every company with one axe.

“12th. Every company to have one good car and horse, both in good and perfect order for work.

“13th. Every man to provide himself with straps to carry his great-coat or blankets; also small straps for his can and spoon.

“14th. A bit of green stuff, or any other color, to be fastened at the end of each pike, as it has a great effect in frightening the horses of cavalry.”

Among the papers given to government by *Reynolds* was the following return, in Lord Edward Fitzgerald's hand-writing, which the unus-

pecting chief of the United Irishmen had given to his *friend* Reynolds, on the 24th of February, 1798, at a private dinner party at the Black Rock, near Dublin.

“*National Committee, February, 1798,*

“Ulster and Munster made no new returns this time, but state their former returns again of last Monday.

	<i>Armed Men.</i>	<i>Finances in Hand.</i>
Ulster, .....	110,990.....	£436 2 4
Munster, .....	100,634.....	147 17 2
Kildare, .....	10,863.....	110 17 7
Wicklow, .....	12,895.....	93 6 4
Dublin, .....	3,010.....	37 2 6
Dublin City, .....	2,177.....	321 17 11
Queen's County, .....	11,689.....	91 2 1
King's County, .....	3,600.....	21 11 3
Carlow, .....	9,414.....	49 2 10
Kilkenny, .....	624.....	10 2 3
Meath, .....	1,400.....	171 2 1
	<u>279,896</u>	<u>£1485 4 9.</u> ”

Reynolds was a colonel of a barony, and one of the five delegates from Leinster, and, for some time previous to the arrest, gave detailed information to the government respecting all they did or meant to do.

Lord Castlereagh had become secretary to the Irish government at this time; and through him and his spies, all the acts, however secret, of the executive committee, were made known to the English and Irish governments almost as soon as they had taken place.

A copy of Dr. Macneven's Memoir to the French government, which was considered by Talleyrand of so much importance that he kept it under his own key, was obtained by the agency of some spy in the pay of England, who had a seat at the council-board of the French directory. Macneven saw a copy of his own Memoir, in the French language, lying on the council-table before Lord Clare on the day of his interview with the ministers of Dublin Castle.

Pitt knew every tittle that transpired at home and abroad; besides all which, the practice of opening letters at the post-office gave the government insight into every thing. On the other hand, he was made aware of nearly every move made for Ireland in France. The French directory was composed of only *five* members; of these, *Carnot* was the chief. Carnot was the greatest man amongst all the great men that appeared in France during the revolution. He was the organizer of Napoleon's victories. To only *two* of the directory would he allow his project on Ireland to be known; and yet so subtle was

British influence and British gold, that the secret of the second expedition for Ireland was extracted by Pitt.

*Macneven* or *Emmet* had not arrived at the council at Bond's on the 12th; but they were arrested at their own houses. The former had lately returned from France. Lord Edward Fitzgerald escaped. The officers had gone to his brother's at Leinster House; he was not there, but was walking towards the gate at the time, and was warned off by his servant, who met him at the entrance.

The following leading men were seized on the 12th March, some at their own houses, and some at Mr. Bond's: Arthur O'Connor, Roger O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, members of the bar; Dr. Macneven, Simms, Tennant, Chambers, Russell, Bond, Byrne, Trenor, Dowling, Hudson, M'Cormack, Sweeny, Sweetman, Finnerty, M'Cann, Esmond, Lawless, Dowdall, Wilson, Drennan, Orr, Sampson. Two thirds of the number of the leaders were Protestants and Presbyterians, one third Catholics. About twelve Catholic priests were concerned in the whole revolution, and about an equal number of Presbyterian clergymen.

In the course of the delivery of these lectures in New York, I received the following letter from a worthy Irishman, which I publish with great pleasure:—

“THOMAS MOONEY, Esq.

“SIR,

“In that part of your last lecture relating to the times and characters of 1798, you named a list of the principal persons taken at Oliver Bond's, on the 12th of March. Among those named was Mr. John Chambers. That is a mistake. Mr. Chambers was *not* arrested at Oliver Bond's, but at his own house, either the same day or the next. The only individual, I believe, now living, of the band of martyrs taken, on that memorable morning, at Oliver Bond's, is old Mr. Trenor, of this city. Mr. Trenor, at the time, was considered a wealthy man— one of the greatest, if not the largest ship-owner in Dublin. Upon the resignation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as treasurer to the United Irishmen, for the purpose of going north to take command of the forces in that quarter, Mr. Trenor was chosen treasurer, and was serving in that capacity when taken at O. Bond's. He managed, by chewing, to destroy some of the papers he had about him at the time; but more than sufficient were found to have hanged him among the rest, which would have been the case, had he not made his escape from the Castle of Dublin, some twenty days after his arrest. In 1832, by permission (!!) of the English government, Mr. Trenor *was allowed* to visit his native land. It was on that occasion that Major Sirr, who was still in command, accompanied Mr. Trenor to the Marquis of Anglesey, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, who, in the presence of Major Sirr, then made the observation to Mr. Trenor, ‘The man who could escape from that castle, guarded as it was by more than one thousand men, had he been a *loyal* subject, should have had a regiment of men,’ &c. &c.

“In the Dublin Directory of 1798, and previous, you will find Trenor's name as

'ship-owner,' very few being so denominated; in short, I have it from good authority, that in point of private fortune, he was the greatest sufferer of any individual engaged in the cause.

"Mr. Trenor, of late years, has almost entirely withdrawn himself from society, with hopes deferred for his country's disenfranchisement; and the loss of a large property has had a helping hand to bring about what, under reverse circumstances, would have been a green old age. I would refer you to Mr. John Caldwell, with whom you appear to be well acquainted, for confirmation of the facts as stated above. The writer of this used often to meet Mr. Caldwell at Mr. Trenor's; but of late years, neither myself, nor, I believe, Mr. C., has visited him often.

"Very respectfully yours, &c. &c.,

THE SON OF A '98 MAN.

"*New York, 30th March, 1843.*"

I have inquired, and find the above statement to be correct in every particular.

John Caldwell,\* was arrested, by Major Swan, in Britain Street, and suffered a long imprisonment. He managed, by the aid of the lady at whose house he lodged, and to which he was taken on his arrest, to destroy all the criminatory papers in his possession. The lady kept Major Swan engaged in conversation while Mr. Caldwell was burning his papers. He was treasurer of his district, and, when examined by Lord Castlereagh, was shown his name, under the letter C., in his ledger of victims; but he was finally saved by the evidence of acts of great humanity which he performed while in the administration of his insurrectionary office.

After the arrests at Bond's, the prisoners were kept in jail for some weeks before they were brought to trial.

The Sheareses, two barristers, natives of the south of Ireland, with some other daring spirits, were found to take the place of some of the arrested leaders, and resolved to lead on the revolution.

Here again the government agency detected them through the instrumentality of Colonel Armstrong, (yet alive,) who wormed himself into the confidence of the Sheareses. Armstrong was a colonel of the King's County militia, and came to the Sheareses with an offer of joining, with his regiment, the intended revolution. By this means he obtained their unlimited confidence. They were arrested on his information, and he deliberately appeared against them on their trial, which we shall come to in due time.

The government had its spies in the north. One Hughes, a book-

\* Mr. Caldwell now resides on the banks of the beautiful Hudson, and is an active member of the New York Repeal Association.

seller of Belfast, a member of the northern committee, was in its pay, and in daily communication with the castle; Colonel Sutton, also, of the northern United men, became a spy. Arrests, and trials, and whipping, and torture, were now the order of the day, on every side.

Lord Edward had hitherto eluded all pursuit, and, by frequently changing his residence and clothes, he managed to conceal himself for some weeks. The committee of the United Irishmen had established a chief executive for each province, and circulated a printed address through the customary private channels, in which the patriotic were earnestly urged to redoubled exertion; that the vacancies created by the late arrests were filled up; that the organization in the capital was perfect; and that the best legal assistance was secured for the defence of the chiefs who awaited their trial. The address concludes with the following paragraph:—

“Be firm, Irishmen, but be cool and cautious; be patient yet awhile; trust to no unauthorized communications; and, above all, we warn you, again and again we warn you, against doing the work of your tyrants, by premature, by partial, or divided exertion. If Ireland shall be forced to throw away the scabbard, let it be at her own time, not at theirs.

“*Dublin, March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, 1798.*”

The hopes of the nation were held up by the certainty that Lord Edward would be ready to lead them at the proper time; and great was their joy to find that his pursuers had not been able to track him out. The most romantic incidents and hairbreadth escapes occurred to his lordship in the course of his wanderings. It was given out by his friends that he had fled to France, and some of the government people and most of the citizens believed it. The United men expected him to return with the French, and so their hearts were high in regard to his fate.

A few words about this revered, but unfortunate nobleman, may be appropriate. His lordship was a son of the Duke of Leinster, and uncle to the present nobleman who bears that title. He was a major in the British army, and served in Canada and the colonies, during a portion of the American war. He was always considered a brave, patriotic, and humane man. Cobbett, who served in his regiment, (the fifty-fourth,) as serjeant-major, has written in the highest terms of Lord Edward's manly virtues. His lordship, admiring Cobbett's talents, procured his discharge from the army. In 1792, a subscription was set on foot in England, to relieve the French revolutionary soldiers who had been taken prisoners by the allies, to which his lordship, who had at the time

been in France, contributed. For this, and for drinking a republican toast, in Paris, he was cashiered from the British army by Pitt. Soon after this, he returned to Ireland, and was elected, by the county of Kildare, their representative to the Irish parliament. Here he honestly struggled for reform, and the emancipation of the Catholics. He was universally beloved by the people; he was the stern opponent of bad government, and was dreaded by the administration. In private life, he was a singularly amiable person. He had married a French lady, to whom he was most passionately attached. His letters to his mother, the dowager duchess of Leinster, bespeak him a man of exquisite sentiment, and of the most tender sensibilities. These letters have been published in Moore's charming biography of the "martyred Edward."

Upon one occasion, during his attendance in the house of commons, he delivered a severe philippic against the government. In the year 1792, when the ministry issued a proclamation against the revival of the old volunteers, Lord Edward denounced the proceeding in the house, uttering, in the course of his speech, the memorable sentence: "I do think, sir, that the lord lieutenant and the majority of this house are the worst subjects the king has!" Loud cries of "Bar!" "Take down his words!" resounded from all sides. The house was at once cleared of strangers, and a furious debate of three hours ensued; but all that the threatened rigor of the house could draw from him, in the way of explanation, was the following equivocal passage: "I am accused of having declared that I think the lord lieutenant and the majority of this house the worst subjects the king has. *I said so; 'tis true; and I am sorry for it.*" This was not deemed satisfactory. He was brought next day to the bar, but the matter dropped.

After the arrest at Bond's, Lawless, Lord Edward's bosom friend, took him, in disguise, to Lady Edward's lodgings in Denzil Street, where he spent an hour in affectionate conversation. After this, he was brought by Lawless to a retired house on the banks of the canal, near Dublin, kept by a widow lady, who was totally unconscious of the name of her distinguished boarder. A slight accident, however, discovered his rank. A pair of his boots having been left outside the door, the man-servant who brushed them told the lady, that he knew who the gentleman up stairs was, but that she need not fear, for he would die to save him. He then showed her Lord Edward's name, written at full length in one of the boots. The lady mentioned the circumstance to Lord Edward. "What a noble fellow!" he exclaimed. "I should like to have some talk with him." The lady told the man his lordship's



wish ; but he refused to see him, saying, " I will not look at him, for if they should take me up, I can then swear I never saw him."

Lord Edward remained here near a month. He used to walk out at nights along the banks of the canal, accompanied by a child to whom he was fondly attached. His friends, apprehending the danger of remaining too long here, provided him a place of concealment with Mr. Murphy, of Thomas Street, who kept a wool and skin store. His faithful friend Lawless brought him there wrapped in a countryman's big coat. Here he staid a fortnight, contriving to get a little fresh air by walking out at night with Mr. Murphy along the banks of the canal. He received the visits but of two or three persons, viz. Lawless, Major Plunkett, and Colonel Lumm, who were to be his companions in arms.

From the house of Mr. Murphy, he was removed, in about two weeks, to that of Mr. Cormick, a leather-merchant, in the same street, and between this house and that of Mr. Moore, an iron-merchant, nearly next door, he passed his time safe from detection. The connections of Cormick and Moore lay very much, from the nature of their business, with the United men and their friends. Here, therefore, Lord Edward occasionally came in contact with some of the country leaders. His over-anxiety to become possessed of every information connected with the country associations urged him to admit persons too freely to his concealment. Amongst those who obtained admission to his lordship, about the 20th of April, was one *Hughes*, a government spy, who carried on the business of bookseller in Belfast, one who had wormed himself into the confidence of the Ulster association for the purpose of betraying it. This man obtained an introduction to Lord Edward, through Neilson, under pretence of communicating to him the state of the northern army, and actually dined with his lordship at his place of concealment, in company with Lawless, Neilson, Cormick, and his wife.

Lord Edward shifted his quarters frequently between Cormick's and Murphy's. He now received a communication from France, in answer to an application, through his agent, for five thousand men, replying in the following disguised style : " I have just received a letter from L., who has made application to the trustees for the advance of five thousand pounds upon your estates, which they refused, saying they would make no payment short of the entire, and that they would not be able to effect that for *four months*."

He saw, however, that they could not wait so long ; that they must take the field at once, for already the king's troops and Orange yeomanry were let loose on the people, without the slightest check from

the government. The soldiers were allowed "free quarters," which means, to go into whatsoever man's house they pleased, sit down at his table, sleep in his beds, and take such other liberties with his family as they pleased, and, in case he resisted or complained, to shoot him dead!

Lord Edward, and the chiefs in his confidence, now issued an order for a general rising throughout Ireland, on the 23d and 24th of May. The government, justly afraid of the influence of his lordship, and the military skill which he could bring to the ranks of the people, signified to Lady Edward, and to his sisters, the Ladies Connolly and Napier, that they would be glad he quitted the kingdom, to which they should oppose no obstacle. Lord Edward scornfully declined this proposal, adding the expression of his contempt for the men who thought him capable of quitting the people at the very hour when his presence was required to lead them to the field. His friends, Cormick and Lawless, had him again removed to his former residence on the banks of the canal. He here saw more company than before; for as the great plot was thickening, he was obliged to hear and see many who were to join in it. About the 11th of May a proclamation, offering a reward of one thousand pounds for his apprehension, was issued by the government. He again quitted the quiet retreat on the banks of the canal, and resumed his former quarters in Murphy's feather-store. In a night or two after this, his lordship, who knew not the sensations of fear, rode out with Neilson, to reconnoitre the line of advance on the Kildare side to Dublin. They were both stopped by the night patrol, about two miles from the city; but, being well disguised, and representing themselves as doctors on their way to a dying patient, they were suffered to pass on.

Upon another occasion, his lordship was to pass, in the night-time, from Thomas Street to Usher's Island, accompanied by a body-guard; of which the indefatigable Major Sirr got wind, and posted himself, with some police and military, in Dirty Lane, one of the streets through which he was expected to pass,—placing Ryan, with another party, in Watling Street, to make sure of their game.

Lord Edward's escort happened to adopt a similar division of their body, and consequently a bloody conflict took place in both streets at the same time. Major Sirr, who had almost alone to bear the brunt in his own quarter, was near losing his life. In defending himself with a sword which he had snatched from one of his assailants, he lost his footing and fell. Lord Edward's friends hurrying off with their prize prevented the instant death of Sirr, at whom a pistol or two was snapped without effect. In the other rencontre, *M' Cabe*, Lord Edward's confidant, was arrested.

It was now the 18th of May, and the rising of the United men was to take place on the night of the 23d. The minutes counted as days, and the days as years, with Lord Edward and his friends. Once in the field, at the head of fifteen or twenty thousand pikemen, and all his petty anxieties were over. Had he but once got to that stage, with the brave and skilful staff ready to join him, all Ireland would be up at his command. On the morning of the 19th, a woman brought to Mrs. Moore a bundle, which Mrs. Moore desired her to fetch up to Mr. Murphy. The woman did so, delivered it into Mr. Murphy's hand, and retired. On opening, it proved to be a green military uniform, edged with red, with a cap of a conical form. Murphy brought these things up stairs to Lord Edward, who desired him to put them away in some concealed place.

In the course of the same day, a sergeant-major, with a party of soldiers, had arrived in the neighborhood from the castle, and halted before Moore's door. This induced Lord Edward to secrete himself. Murphy put him outside, on the roof of his house, and his lordship, lying down in one of the valleys, remained there for some hours.

Mr. Moore describes the scene of his arrest so much better than any other, that I present his sketch to the reader.

"During the excitement produced in the neighborhood by the appearance of the soldiers, Lord Edward's officious friend Neilson was, in his usual flighty and inconsiderate manner, walking up and down the street, saying occasionally, as he passed, to Murphy, who was standing in his gateway, 'Is he safe?' 'Look sharp!'

"While this anxious scene was passing in one quarter, treachery — and it is still unknown from what source — was at work in another. It must have been late in the day that information of his lordship's hiding-place reached the government, as Major Sirr did not receive his instructions on the subject till but a few minutes before he proceeded to execute them. Major Swan and Mr. Ryan (the latter of whom volunteered his services) happened to be in his house at the moment; and he had but time to take a few soldiers, in plain clothes, along with him, purposing to send, on his arrival in Thomas Street, for the picquets of infantry and cavalry in that neighborhood.

"To return to poor Lord Edward: As soon as the alarm produced by the soldiers had subsided, he ventured to leave his retreat, and resume his place in the back drawing-room — where, Mr. Murphy having invited Neilson to join them, they soon after sat down to dinner. The cloth had not been many minutes removed, when Neilson, as if suddenly recollecting something, hurried out of the room, and left the house; shortly after which, Mr. Murphy, seeing that his guest was not inclined to drink any wine, went down stairs. In a few minutes after, however, returning, he found that his lordship had, in the interim, gone up to his bedroom, and, on following him thither, saw him lying, without his coat, upon the bed. There had now

elapsed from the time of Neilson's departure not more than ten minutes, and it is asserted that he had, in going out, left the hall-door open.

"From my mention of these particulars respecting Neilson, it cannot fail to have struck the reader that some share of the suspicion of having betrayed Lord Edward attaches to this man. That his conduct was calculated to leave such an impression, cannot be denied; but, besides that the general character of his mind, bordering closely, as it did, on insanity, affords some solution of these incoherences, the fact of his being afterward left to share the fate of the other state prisoners would seem of itself sufficient to absolve him from any such imputation.\*

"Mr. Murphy had but just begun to ask his guest whether he would like some tea, when, hearing a trampling on the stairs, he turned round, and saw Major Swan enter the room. Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy describes him, 'like a tiger,' from the bed; on seeing which, Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect; and then, turning round short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier, who just then entered, 'Take that fellow away.' Almost at the same instant, Lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had had in the bed with him; and immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword-cane, entered the room.

"In the mean time, Major Sirr, who had stopped below to place the picquets round the house, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw, within the room, Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor, weltering in his blood, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened, as he was, with a fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire; and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right arm, near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him; but, as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door, Major Sirr called up the soldiers; and so desperate were their captive's struggles, that they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him before he could be disarmed or bound so as to prevent further mischief.

"It was during one of these instinctive efforts of courage that the opportunity was, as I understand, taken by a wretched drummer to give him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight, yet, from its position, contributed not a little to aggravate the uneasiness of his last hours. There are also instances mentioned of rudeness, both in language and conduct, which he had to suffer, while in this state, from some of the minor tools of government, and which, even of such men, it is painful and difficult to believe. But so it is,

'Curs snap at lions in the toils, whose looks  
Frighted them being free.'

"It being understood that Dr. Adreen, a surgeon of much eminence, was in the neighborhood, messengers were immediately despatched to fetch him, and his attention was called to the state of the three combatants. The wounds of Major Swan, though numerous, were found not to be severe; but Mr. Ryan was in a situation that gave but little hope of recovery. When, on examining Lord Edward's

\* Mr. Moorc, in a letter to the "Northern Whig," in 1832, distinctly acquits Neilson of any participation in the treachery.

wound, Adreen pronounced it not to be dangerous, his lordship calmly answered, 'I am sorry for it.'

"From Thomas Street he was conveyed, in a sedan-chair, open at the top, to the castle, where the papers found upon him — one of them containing the line of advance upon Dublin, from the county of Kildare — were produced and verified. On hearing that he was at the castle, the lord lieutenant sent his private secretary, Mr. Watson, to assure him that orders had been given for every possible attention being shown to him, consistently with the security of his person as a state prisoner.

"By the gentleman who was the bearer of this message I have been favored with the following particulars — as honorable to himself as they cannot but be interesting to others — of the interview which, in consequence, he had with the noble prisoner: —

"I found Lord Edward leaning back on a couple of chairs, in the office of the secretary in the war department, his arm extended, and supported by the surgeon, who was dressing his wound. His countenance was pallid, but serene; and when I told him, in a low voice, not to be overheard, my commission from the lord lieutenant, and that I was going to break the intelligence of what had occurred to Lady Edward, asking him, with every assurance of my fidelity and secrecy, whether there was any confidential communication he wished to be made to her ladyship, or whether I could undertake any other personal act of kindness in his service, he answered merely, but collectedly, "No, no, — thank you, — nothing, nothing; only break it to her tenderly."'"

When Lord Edward went abroad, he was generally attended by a body-guard. Some one or two walked thirty or forty yards in advance. One of these was Gallagher, another M'Cabe, most faithful men. On the evening of his lordship's arrest, Gallagher, hearing of the scuffle, ran over to the St. Catharine's watch-house, seized on the arms found there, and distributed them among the first he met; and, flying to the rescue, encountered Major Sirr's party just as they had hauled their noble captive down stairs. A short battle ensued; but the friends of Lord Edward were overpowered by the Rainsford Street picquet, and the castle guard, which had been sent for by Major Sirr, and had arrived at the very nick of time to subdue all resistance. Gallagher was seized. M'Cabe had been taken in the previous defence of the noble patriot, and had made his escape by assuming the Scotch accent and dialect, which he imitated so well, that he successfully passed himself as a Scotchman upon the sergeant of the guard, in whose custody he was confined in the castle. He talked of his relatives in Dumbarton; and so far enlisted the sympathies of the Scottish sergeant for an innocent countryman, that he winked at his escape. Gallagher got off by swimming from the convictship in which he was imprisoned in Dublin Bay, at a moment that some of his friends were making merry on the deck. He swam to a boat, got into it, and rowed off; and while in this perilous movement, he was seen by Major Sirr, who was coming, in another boat, with a batch of prisoners

to the vessel! Gallagher, however, succeeded in his daring enterprise. Both of these faithful friends of Lord Fitzgerald concealed themselves in Ireland for some months; they were present, at Ballynahinch, with the French, and finally got safe to France, where, by their industry and talents, they realized property.

Mr. Madden mentions the following persons, who were in constant communication with Lord Edward, viz.:— Surgeon Lawless, Major Plunkett, Colonel Lumm, S. Neilson, *J. Hughes*, J. Davock, William Cole, Richard Keene, C. Gallagher, M'Cabe, Palmer, Rattigan, and Walter Cox. One of these, namely, *Hughes*, was in the pay of the castle for a year previous.

It is due to the memory of *Neilson* to say, that his exiled companions in Fort George— and they were the chief leaders of the insurrection— acquitted him of any share in the discovery of Lord Edward. In truth, we need be little astray in the matter; for *Hughes*, the Belfast informer, who dined with him at Cormack's on the 20th of April, gave to the government the scent of his haunts, as appears by *Hughes's* own evidence before the secret committee, and the following entry in the castle books leaves no further doubt about it:— "June 20th, 1798, to F. H., for the discovery of L. E. F., £1000."

The arrest of their noble chief struck terror into the hearts of the United Irishmen all over the kingdom. Nearly all the leading members of the confederation were in prison, awaiting their trial. *Cormack* and *Lawless*, men high in the councils of the United army, had fled—the first to America, the second to France; and now the chief hope of the people was in the hands of their enemies. The few days between Lord Edward's arrest, and the breaking out fixed for the 23d, were days of agonizing anxiety to the throbbing-hearted millions who hung for freedom on the word of fate. *Teeling* says, in his "Narrative," that "the evening before Lord Edward's arrest, Colonel Lumm and two other officers brought his lordship a canvass purse full of gold, and would have joined him, in probably twelve hours more, at the head of the men of Ireland. One of these officers was Major Plunkett, who had served in the Austrian army, who will be honorably recorded while Buda or the Danube are remembered; another is a distinguished officer in the British army at present."

Poor Lord Edward, immediately after his arrest, was hurried off to Newgate. All access to him was strictly and positively denied to any person: he was placed in care of a trooper, and none but his physician was allowed to enter his cell. It was in vain that his beloved wife, or his sisters, bore the request of the Duke of Rich-

mond, the Prince of Wales, and several of the highest nobility of England, to the lord lieutenant—it was in vain that his brother, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, came from England bearing the request of some of the cabinet ministers, and the king's sons, to those in authority in Ireland, urging the favor of allowing his brother to see the dying nobleman. All was to no purpose. Their victim was too precious, and his death too necessary to their object, to allow a single human being save his jailers to enter his prison.

The unfortunate young nobleman lingered a few days; his open wounds bled; he did not wish to live. On the day before his death, the wretched government hanged a "rebel" in view of his windows, and the hum of horror consequent upon the execution was heard by the high-souled captive. It made him delirious; yet all this did not soften the stony hearts of his keepers. His lawyer, Mr. Leeson, was refused admittance to his presence to record his will. He was obliged to sit in his carriage outside of the prison, while Mr. Stewart, the government surgeon, who waited on the dying man, brought out, verbally, sentence after sentence to his lawyer, who was not suffered to approach nearer. The will was witnessed by Stewart and Lindsay, and is dated Newgate, 27th May, 1798. It bequeathed his estates, worth eight hundred pounds a year, to his wife and three children, share and share alike. (These estates, however, were attainted, and seized by the government, who sold them by auction; but Mr. Ogelvie, the second husband of the dowager duchess of Leinster, Lord Edward's mother, purchased them at auction, for his children and wife, for ten thousand pounds, and gave them to them. The attainder on Lord Edward's son was not reversed till long after the fall of Napoleon.) The unfortunate nobleman became weaker. Mr. Matthew Dowling, a prisoner in Newgate, wrote, on the 3d of June, to Lord Henry, that his brother was dying. His keepers at length relented, and allowed Lord Henry and Lady Connolly, (his brother and sister,) to see him ere his great spirit fled. It was, as we may well suppose, a trying scene between these loving relatives. In a few hours after their departure, he was no more. He expired on the 4th of June, and was given to his friends for interment on the night of the 6th. In following his remains to the tomb in Werburgh's Church, until time would permit its being brought to the family vault in Maynooth, the satraps of government offered to the exalted ladies and the adoring people who accompanied them the greatest indignities! *It was like them!*

As I write this sentence, the news of O'Connell's liberation is brought me! Thank Heaven! The blood of Fitzgerald will yet be honored.

His brother, Lord Henry, wrote a scathing letter to Lord Camden, the lord lieutenant, from which I make some extracts : —

“ Thus situated as he was, who would have thought, my lord, but that, upon my arrival, you would yourself have urged me to see him. \* \* \* After this came my audience of your excellency. \* \* \* I implored, I entreated of you to let me see him. I never begged hard before. All, all in vain! You talked of lawyers' opinions — of what had been refused to others, and could not be granted for me in the same situation. His was not a common case; he was *not* in the same situation. He was wounded, and in a manner dying; and his bitterest enemy could not have murmured, had your heart been softened, or had you swerved a little from duty (if it can be called one) in the cause of humanity.

“ On Friday, the surgeon told me still that the wounds were going on well, but that he perceived, as the pain subsided, that his mind was more than usually engaged. He felt ill treatment. \* \* \* But he communed with his God, and his God did not forsake him. But, O my lord, what a day was Saturday for him! \* \* \* On Saturday, my poor, forsaken brother, who had but that night and the next day to live, was disturbed; he heard the noise of the execution of Clinch, at the prison door. He asked, eagerly, ‘What noise is that?’ and certainly, in some manner or other, he knew it; for, — O God! what am I to write? — from that time he lost his senses: most part of the night he was raving mad: a keeper from a madhouse was necessary. Thanks to the Almighty, he got more composed towards morning.

“ Now, my lord, shall I scruple to declare to the world, — I wish I could to the four quarters of it! — that among you, your ill-treatment has murdered my brother, as much as if you had put a pistol to his head. In this situation, no charitable message arrives to his relations, no offer to allow attached servants to attend upon him, who could have been depended upon in keeping dreadful news of all sorts from him. No, no! To his grave, in madness, you would pursue him — to his grave you persecuted him.”

Knowing the reverence in which the memory of the beloved Lord Edward Fitzgerald has ever been held by the Irish people, I felt it due to that feeling to pursue his eventful career to the end. Although, unquestionably, his courage, heroism, and military knowledge, fitted him for the great work he attempted, still it must be felt by every impartial man who peruses his life as written by Moore, that he lacked that caution — *cunning*, if you will — which is so necessary in the chief of a revolution directed to the overthrow of the most cunning and treacherous government on earth.

Sampson has, in his Memoir, the following beautiful eulogy on Lord Edward, to which might be added scores from the pens of others: —

“ But ere we fight, go call at Edward's tomb; cry in his ears; bid him who sleeps to wake; bid him rise and fight his enemies. Brave as the lion, gentler than the lamb, the sparkling jewel of an ancient house, the noblest blood of any in our land ran through his veins. He hears you not. He sleeps to wake no more! Of all his country, and of all he owned, there rests no more to him than the cold grave he lies in.



“O, gallant, gallant Edward! fallen in the flower of youth, and pride of manly beauty, — had you lived to see your country free, the proudest conqueror that wears a sword dare not invade it.”\*

On the arrest of the leaders, the moderate and steadiest of the United men then gave up the idea of any revolution. And had the government been satisfied with suppressing rebellion, and offering even a portion of those rights which the people sought, rivers of blood might have been saved; but this was not the object of Pitt and Castlereagh. Lord Carhampton, the commander of the forces, when he saw what the government wished him to do, resigned in disgust; Sir Ralph Abercrombie also resigned on the same account. Lord Camden, the lord lieutenant, who was unable to prevent the tortures practised on the people, followed his example, — a condemnation sufficient for posterity to damn the memory of Pitt to everlasting execration.

Lord Cornwallis, whose disgrace in America made him more subservient to the minister, was now sent over. Before his arrival, the insurrection had broken out. The United men were without leaders: they had no artillery, few guns, little ammunition; their principal reliance was the pike — a spear of about ten to twelve inches long, screwed on a shaft about six to eight feet in length. Every nation has a favorite weapon. The Poles have the lance, the Scotch the broadsword, the Americans the rifle, (and the English know it,) the Indian the tomahawk, and the Irish have the pike, which a French author has called the “*queen of weapons*.”

Martial law was now proclaimed, and every man, suspected of being enrolled as a United man, was tried at the drum-head by military men, and either whipped or hanged, as it suited their caprice. Every day the disgusting spectacle was presented of unfortunate victims hanging from the lamp-posts.

The military, the Orangemen, the magistrates, glutted their bigoted fury or personal hatred with the blood of United Irishmen, and still they seemed to be insatiable. The riding-house of Mr. Claudius Beresford daily witnessed the torture of flagellation, while that zealous supporter of British supremacy presided himself at the execution: and, as often as the instrument became too much clogged with the flesh of the sufferer, he was seen to pick the cords of the cat-o'-nine-tails, that they might lacerate with deeper loyalty. Even children were sometimes scourged,

\* The house in which he was arrested is now occupied by Mr. John Burke, a true Irishman, who sleeps in the chamber in which Lord Edward received his death-wound. Some of his blood is yet to be seen, spattered on the wall, and Mr. Burke takes care that no profane hand shall cover it over or obliterate it.

sometimes immersed to the lips in water, to extort information from them against their parents, and concealment was punished with death. The privacy of families was insecure; the delicacy of females was not respected. Every where you beheld a spectacle of atrocities, or a melancholy gloom. Acquaintances and friends passed each other with averted eyes; and the stillness of terror was interrupted only by the march of military cut-throats, the processions of executions, or the savage orgies of Orangemen, maddened with ebriety, and fierce from bloodshed.

At the same time that the military tribunals were cutting down the most virtuous citizens in every quarter, the ordinary criminal courts were dooming to death, by the help of furious and malignant Orange juries, those of the United Irishmen, against whom the least evidence to go to a jury could be had. The vilest beings, informers and malefactors, were able, with a dreadful facility, to sacrifice in these courts, I will not say of justice, but at the bar of fanaticism and frenzy, the most upright men, who were led successively to certain death, passing through the forms of trial only to afford a more solemn festival to the enemies of Irish liberty.

A proclamation was issued by the Irish government on the 30th of March, declaring the entire kingdom in a state of rebellion, and at the same time they published an order *signed* by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, the commander of the forces, *authorizing the troops to act without waiting for the authority of a civil magistrate.*

The brave Abercrombie, finding himself compelled to sign such an order by the commands of the king and Pitt, resigned the command of the army in Ireland. Disgusted with both the army and ministry, he thus described the former: "It was in a state of licentiousness that rendered it formidable to every one but the enemy."

Yet this was the army who were sent out in squads through the country, previous to the unfortunate and immature rising of the 23d May. It was left to the Orange yeomen, a species of force the most sanguinary and remorseless that history records; a banditti incited by religious fanaticism, a desire for plunder, and a deep recollection that their ancestors became rich by pillaging and butchering the Roman Catholics of other days. This bloodthirsty band were joined together by the Orange oath, which bound them to the extermination of all Catholics, *should it be necessary*, in upholding the Protestant ascendancy of England; and *of this necessity*, the king of England, George the Third, and William Pitt, made them, by the foregoing order, the sole judges

throughout Ireland. That they deemed the *necessity* arrived, from the moment they got *the word* from head-quarters, is made clear to us by a thousand evidences. I will select three or four to satisfy the minds of American readers, who can otherwise hardly credit the existence of such atrocity. From Plowden's history of those times I take the following:—

“Thomas Dogherty was a sick lad lying on the lap of his mother, in her cabin; in which situation he was most inhumanly murdered by Wollaghan, a yeoman. For this atrocious murder Wollaghan was brought to trial before a court-martial, of which the Earl of Enniskillen was president. The other members of the court-martial were Major Brown, L. I. D.;\* Captain Onge, ditto; Captain Lesley, Fermanagh; Captain Irwin, Fermanagh; Captain Carter, R. I. D.; Lieutenant Summers, 68th. Every circumstance of aggravation was fully proved. No attempt was made to disprove a particle of the evidence. But a justification was set up, that the horrid murder had been committed under a regular order of the commanding officer. And what, forsooth, was that order? That *if any yeoman on a scouring party* (which were out daily) *should meet with any, whom he knew or suspected to be a rebel, he need not be at the trouble of bringing him in, BUT WAS TO SHOOT HIM ON THE SPOT!* This order, and the *constant acting up to it* by the corps, was *proved by one private, one sergeant, and two lieutenants of yeomanry.* Captain Archer swore that *Wollaghan* (the murderer) was a sober and diligent man, ready to obey his officers, and an *acquisition* to the corps. Captain Gore confirmed Captain Archer's evidence *in every particular*; and added, *that other corps had similar orders in other districts.* Here the *defence* closed, and the court *acquitted the prisoner.* Need it be observed, *that here an Orange murderer was acquitted by sympathizing Orange judges and jurymen?* A court-martial acts upon oath in both characters. The profligacy was too rank not to be publicly stigmatized by Lord Cornwallis, who had but lately come from England. The union was *yet at an awful and uncertain distance*; and he had it in command to persuade the people that he was sent over to invert the system of Orange impunity and remuneration. The following official letter was accordingly written to General Craig:—

“DUBLIN, October 13, 1797.

“SIR,

“Having laid before the lord lieutenant the proceedings of a general court-martial, held by your orders in Dublin barracks, on Saturday the 13th instant, of which Colonel the Earl of Enniskillen, is president, I am directed to acquaint you that his excellency entirely disapproves of the sentence of the above court-martial, acquitting Hugh Wollaghan of a cruel and deliberate murder, of which, by the clearest evidence, he appears to have been guilty. Lord Cornwallis orders the court-martial to be immediately dissolved, and directs that Hugh Wollaghan be dismissed from the corps of yeomanry in which he served, and that he shall not be received into any other corps of yeomanry in this kingdom. His excellency further desires, that the above may be read to the president and the members of the court-martial in open court. I have the honor to be, sir,

“Your most obedient, humble servant,

“H. TAYLOR, *Secretary.*

“Lieut. Gen. CRAIG, &c. &c.

\* Loyal Irish Dragoons.

“P. S. I am also directed, that a new court-martial be immediately convened, for the trial of such prisoners as may be brought before them, and that none of the officers, who sat upon Hugh Wollaghan, be admitted as members.”

It has become part of history, well authenticated by undoubted proof, that the Duke of York, son of George the Third, then commander of the forces, did countenance and encourage the formation of Orange lodges in the army. He was fanatically opposed to the Catholics, and had it in contemplation, should the king, his father, drop, to have the Prince of Wales, his brother, who was deemed favorable to the Catholics, deposed, and himself elevated to the throne, through the instrumentality of the Orangemen in the army and of those through the country. The same trick was nearly wrought by his present majesty of Hanover, in 1826; but the plot was frustrated through the bravery and industry of *William F. Finn*, then member for Kilkenny, and *Joseph Hume*, the able and honest Scotch reformer, of the house of commons.

The following *prefatory* acts of the government agents, taken from Plowden, p. 102, will establish their designs:—

“These military savages were permitted, both by magistrates and officers, in open day, to seize every man they wished or chose to suspect as a *Croppy*, and drag him to the guard-house, where they constantly kept a supply of coarse linen caps, besmeared inside with pitch; and when the pitch was well heated, they forced the cap on his head, and sometimes the melted pitch, running into the eyes of the unfortunate victim, superadded blindness to his other tortures. They generally detained him till the pitch had so cooled, that the cap could not be detached from the head without carrying with it the hair and blistered skin: they then turned him adrift, disfigured, often blind, and writhing with pain. They enjoyed, with horrid bursts of laughter, the fiend-like sport of seeing their victims either fall down, or knock their heads against the walls, in their eager but blind efforts to escape their torturers. This caused abhorrence and dread amongst their countrymen. At other times, they rubbed moistened gunpowder into the hair, in form of a cross, and set fire to it; and not unfrequently sheared off the ears and nose of the tortured *croppy*. They abused, both by word and action, every female that happened to have a tint of green in her apparel. The most notorious master of these infernal sports, both for invention and execution, was a sergeant of the North Cork militia, nicknamed *Tom the Devil*. These atrocities were daily renewed, and continued with impunity up to the breaking out of that insurrection. Those Orange fiends never dismissed from their guard-house an unfortunate victim without expressing their inhuman joy by savage yells of exultation.—See *Mr. Hay's* valuable and authentic history of the insurrection of the county of Wexford, p. 58. That gentleman was an eye-witness to the whole of the Wexford insurrection, and is an illustrious instance of the utility of contemporary history.

“With difficulty does the mind yield reluctant credit to such debasement of the human species. The spirit which degrades it to that abandonment is of no ordi-

nary depravity. It wars with the first elements of social nature, and should be wrenched with the strongest arm of power from the state in which it has taken root. To prevent its continuance and growth in Ireland, by development of its noxious powers, is the intent of this publication. The knowledge of a national evil is the first step towards its removal. The spirit of Orangeism would never have existed in the country, but for the encouragement and countenance which the *higher orders* gave to the lower. It would be uncandid to retail only instances of the brutality of the lower orders, whilst evidence is forthcoming of persons of *fortune and education being still more brutalized by its deleterious spirit*. As a gentleman of respectability, was passing near the old custom-house, Essex bridge, Dublin, in the afternoon of Whitsunday, 1798, two spectacles of horror, covered with pitch and gore, running, as if they were blind, through the streets, arrested his attention. They were closely followed out of the old custom-house by Lord Kingsborough and Mr. John C. Beresford, whom he knew, and by an officer in uniform whom he knew not. They were pointing and laughing immoderately at these tortured fugitives. One of them was John Fleming, a ferry-boatman, and the other Francis Gough, a coach-smith. They had been unmercifully flogged to extort confessions; but having none to make, they were called out on this festival, had melted pitch poured over their heads, and feathers stuck into it. The right ear of Fleming was clipped off, and Gough lost all his hair. They were sent adrift, without a rag of clothes, to make their escape through the streets. Gough's flagellation was *superintended by Lord Kingsborough*, who almost at every lash, questioned him how he liked it: it was so severe as to have confined him six months to his bed. The same spirit of Orangeism moved the colonel in Dublin, and his sergeant at Wexford. The effects of that spirit can only be fairly illustrated by facts. These have been verified to the author by the spectator and sufferer."

One Hempenstall, a government agent, distinguished himself in the work of his employers in a remarkable way. On many occasions, he volunteered to hang United Irishmen from his own shoulders. He sometimes could get no one to act the hangman; and, being very tall, strung the poor wretches up with a rope over his shoulders, and so put them out of the world. At his death, the following epitaph was written for him: —

*"Here lie the bones of Hempenstall,  
Judge, jury, gallows, rope, and all!"*

Sir Richard Musgrave, not being able to find any body to act, flogged a man in Waterford, with his own hands, to extort confessions; and the high sheriff of Tipperary flogged a poor wretch in like manner, with his own hands, to extort confessions, in presence of Sir John Moore.

John Claudius Beresford, as I have said, converted his riding-house into a flogging and torture room. The victims were variously tortured. The *triangle* was a wooden instrument made in the form of the letter A, about twice the height of a man, to which the person to be punished was tied, hands and feet, and lashed with wire cords knotted. In the midst

of this torture, questions about the conspiracy were asked, and if the answers were not satisfactory, the punishment was renewed! The *picket* was a torture inflicted as follows: The victim was suspended from a cross-beam by one of his arms, the other being tied behind his back. Immediately beneath him, issuing from the floor, was a very sharp spike, on which if he leaned his bared foot, he must experience great pain. Men were frequently suspended in this way for hours; taken down, questioned about suspected persons, and again hung up, if answers to the mind of the torturers were not returned. The *pitch-cap* was a closely-fitting canvass cap, made in the form of a nightcap, saturated in the inside with boiling pitch. The victim for whom this was designed was pinioned, his hair cut very close, and this hot pitched cap drawn over his head, covering his eyes and ears. In this condition he was questioned, or turned into the streets! "In the centre of the city of Dublin," says Teeling, "the heart-rending exhibition was presented, of a human being rushing from the infernal dépôt of torture and death, his person besmeared with a burning preparation of turpentine and pitch, plunging, in his distraction, into the Liffey, and terminating at once his sufferings and his life." — *Vide* his Narrative.

*Singeing*. — This was an operation dexterously inflicted, to make sport for the infernal mercenaries who were brought in to butcher the people. The hair of the head was cut in close furrows, gunpowder was then mixed with the tufts remaining, set fire to, and the process several times repeated, until the hair was burnt off, and the skull blistered and scorched all over in a shocking manner!

From a letter of Lady Napier's, dated Castletown, 27th June, 1798, to the Duke of Richmond, it will be seen how the tenantry of the Duke of Leinster were driven to revolt. — "The cruel hardship put on *his* [the Duke of Leinster's] tenants, preferably to all others, has driven them to despair, and they join the insurgents, saying, 'It is better to die with a pike in my hand than be shot like a dog at my work, or see my children faint for want of food before my eyes.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"You send us no militia, which is natural enough; and what are we to do? The small bodies of army quartered every where, to stop passes towards the capital, are harassed to death by want of sleep, and by running about, like a young dog in a rabbit-warren, here and there, flying from spot to spot, and catching little or nothing; for all those calculations of hundreds, which you see in the papers, are commonly from six to ten or twelve men killed — four or five poor innocent

wretches shot at in the fields, and afterwards bayoneted to put them out of pain. This a soldier told my sister."

Grattan, in a letter to the London Courier, in November, 1798, thus describes the whole machinery of the English for the sixteen years previous: "They opposed the restoration of the constitution of Ireland; they afterwards endeavored to betray and undermine it. They introduced a system of corruption unknown in the annals of parliament. Having, by such proceedings, lost the affection of the people of Ireland, they resorted to a system of coercion to support a system of corruption, and they closed by a system of torture, attendant on a conspiracy of which their crimes were the cause."

The son of Judge Fletcher says, in his book:—

"Thousands were tortured, with the connivance of government, and multitudes condemned to death in defiance of every principle of law and justice. Many were suspected of being rebels who were perfectly innocent. Multitudes were falsely accused; and not a few were judicially murdered."

Lord Moira, in his speech in the house of lords of England, 22d November, 1797, thus gives evidence against the government.

"I have seen in Ireland a marked distinction between the English and Irish. I have seen troops that have been sent full of this prejudice—that every inhabitant of that kingdom is a rebel to the British government. When a man was taken up on suspicion, he was put to the torture; nay, if he were merely accused of concealing the guilt of another, the rack, indeed, was not at hand, but the punishment of picketing was in practice, which had been some years abolished, as too inhuman, even in the dragoon service. He had known a man, in order to extort confession of a supposed crime, or of that of some of his neighbors, picketed until he fainted; picketed a second time until he fainted again; as soon as he came to himself, picketed a third time, until he once more fainted!—and all upon mere suspicion. Nor was this the only species of torture: many had been taken and hung up until they were half dead, and then threatened with a repetition of the cruel treatment unless they made confession of the imputed guilt. These were not particular acts of cruelty, by men abusing their powers, but they formed the system of our government. But this was not all. If it were supposed that any district had not surrendered all the arms which it contained, a party was sent out to collect the number at which it was rated, and in the execution of this order, thirty houses were sometimes burned down in a single night. Many such cases might be enumerated, which he was willing to prove before their lordships' bar."

The term *Croppy* grew from the custom of the English and Scotch reformers, in '95, who cut their hair short, and used powder. The same custom was adopted by the reformers in Ireland; and hence all those who wore their hair short were denominated *Croppies*, and were the marked objects of government vengeance. In truth, it constituted secondary evidence of treason, and was sufficient to cause the arrest of the person

daring enough to adopt it; and the grossest ill-treatment awaited him at the barrack-room, or provost's, from the ruffian soldiery.

The wearing of any green article of dress, by either man or woman, brought down upon them the brutal vengeance of the soldiery. A green ribbon, seen on the bonnet or in the dress of a lady, would be snapped out by these ruffians. A green handkerchief on the neck of any man, whether of the condition of gentleman or laborer, subjected him to arrest, and enabled the soldiery to "*suspect*" him a rebel, making him liable, of course, at their caprice, to death! — Take the following from the diary of *Newell*, the informer, published by Madden: —

"A Mr. Turner, of Newry, was standing in the parlor of the inn, talking to Miss Hanlon. He had about his neck a green handkerchief, which Lord Carhampton perceiving, went with some officers into the room, and demanded, in a most insolent manner, how he dared to wear that symbol of rebellion? Mr. Turner politely replied, it might or might not be a symbol — he liked the color, and would wear it. Lord Carhampton then said he would tear it from his neck. Mr. Turner told him boldly he might do as he pleased, and, putting his hands behind his back, held forward his head until Lord Carhampton took off the handkerchief. 'In any other situation, my lord,' said Mr. Turner, 'you durst not have done so. Your behavior is not that of a man: you shall find that I am one.' On leaving the room, Lord Carhampton asked who was that rascal. Mr. Turner answered, he should find he was a gentleman. In the course of the evening, Lord Carhampton received a note, the consequence of which was, making an ample apology to Mr. Turner for his improper behavior."

We have heard of the insolence of the British admiral, now on guard off the south of Ireland, who, in our own days, seized and hauled down the green flag from the masts of our trading vessels, in the ports of Cork and Dungarvan. But — we will *bide our time*! — O'Connell is liberated! October, 1844.

The Protestant Mr. Gordon, in his history of those times, furnishes the following, among a thousand similar instances: —

"The fears of the people became so great, at length, that they forsook their houses in the night, and slept (if under such circumstances they could sleep) in the ditches, and the women were even delivered in that exposed condition! These facts were notorious at the time; and had the government and magistrates of the country been actuated by the feelings that humanity naturally excites on such occasions, they might, with very little trouble, have convinced the deluded populace of the fallacy of such reports, and promised them public protection.

"Some, too, abandoned their houses for fear of being whipped, if, on being apprehended, confessions satisfactory to the magistrates could neither be given or extorted; and this infliction many persons seemed to fear *more than death itself*! Many unfortunate men, who were taken in their own houses, were strung up as it were to be hanged, but were let down now and then, to try if strangulation would oblige them to become informers. After these and the like experiments, several



persons languished for some time, and at length perished in consequence of them. Smiths and carpenters, whose assistance was considered indispensable in the fabrication of pikes, were pointed out, on evidence of their trades, as the first and fittest objects of torture. But the sagacity of some magistrates became at length so acute, from habit and exercise, that they *discerned* a United Irishman even at the first glance; and their zeal never suffered any person, whom they deigned to honor with such distinction, to pass off without convincing proof of their attention. The two following instances are selected from An Account of the late Rebellion, by the respectable Mr. Allender, an inhabitant of Ross.

“I now heard of many punishments of suspected persons, both by flogging and strangulation, being put into execution in the barrack-yard, (in Ross,) to extort confession of guilt. There were two of these victims brought from the barrack to the court-house, to undergo a repetition of former punishments. One of them, of the name of Driscoll, was found in Camlin wood, near Ross, where he said he generally wandered as a hermit. Upon him were found two Roman Catholic prayer-books, with which it was supposed he administered oaths of disloyalty. He had been strangled *three times*, and flogged *four times*, during confinement, but to no purpose.”

Thirty-six Catholic chapels were destroyed in the diocese of the archbishop of Dublin, and sixty-nine in other parts of Ireland, — these are reported by official data, — while not one Protestant church was destroyed by the “rebels,” throughout all the insurrection. The “loyalists’” claim for property destroyed was admitted by parliament at one million twenty-three thousand pounds sterling; but the losses of the people in the three years of military occupation have never been reported, nor even correctly estimated. They cannot be less, at the very lowest estimate, than worth three times that of the loyalists’, or **THREE MILLIONS** sterling. In the year 1798, the crops and herds were nearly all destroyed, through Ireland. The harvest was uncut — a harvest worth, annually, thirty millions sterling; and in the year 1799, there was, in consequence, a famine through the land, when hundreds of thousands were carried off by starvation. Oatmeal, potatoes, flour, and all other provisions, were enhanced, perhaps, to six times their ordinary value.

General Cloney relates that thirty men, who were imprisoned on suspicion in the jail of Carnew, were taken out, brought into the ball-alley, and deliberately shot, without accusation or trial, by the yeomen and a party of the Antrim militia, in presence of their officers. In Dunlavin Green, nineteen men were also shot on suspicion that, if the rebels got into the town, they would join them.

These are a few glimpses, offered to the reader, at the state of Ireland about the period of the arrests at Bond’s, ranging between that time and the breaking out of the insurrection, on the night of the 23d

of May, 1798. Several thousand persons had been, during these two months of terror, shot, or hanged, or imprisoned. The crown informers were at work, and there were *now* several of them. Reynolds, Hughes, Armstrong, Bird, Newall, M'Gucken, Macknally, Jemmy O'Brien, and others, have come down to us on the infamous stream of their self-created history. There were others, whose names have never been brought before the public. The above miscreants were privately betraying their companions to the government. Hundreds were taken up on their breath, and kept in prison without trial, lest a disclosure of the informers' names, as witnesses, would put a stop to their powers of mischief.

*Three hundred* of the chief men were now seized and awaiting their doom, whilst some of the goaded people were preparing to take vengeance on their immediate oppressors.

We come at length to the crisis of the insurrection.

On the 22d of May, Camden, the lord lieutenant, formally announced to the Irish parliament the threatened rising, and acquainted the loyalists that the troops prepared by the government to resist the outbreak amounted to one hundred and seventeen thousand men. These consisted of troops of the line, hired Germans, Hessians, &c., in one part, and the other of enrolled militia and yeomanry, drawn from the gentry and Orange lodges. The latter forming full two thirds of the British force, were but imperfectly disciplined, grossly disorderly, and universally disobedient to their officers. And it is now well known, by abundance of published evidence, that the government party, at one period of the fight, trembled for their existence.

The night of the 23d arrived. The first step of the United men, outside the city of Dublin, was to destroy all the mail-coaches that left the city on that night. This, by their non-arrival through the country next day, was to be the signal, to all the United men of the kingdom, that the battle had begun. The towns of Naas, Claine, Prosperous, Ballymore Eustace, and Kilcullen, were attacked and captured by the United army, scattered and unled as they were; and the next day, battles were fought in Hackestown, Carlow, Monastrevin, Tallagh, Lucan, Lusk, Dunboyne, Callon, Baltinglass, &c. Nearly in every one of these were the United men victorious on the first onset; but, for want of leaders of even moderate military knowledge, who, instead of letting them remain in worthless and ill-defended towns, where the opposing army could bring against them their trains of artillery, would have conducted them to well-calculated places of defence in the mountains, where a system of discipline and tuition could be commenced; where gunpowder and ball could be manu-

factured ; where commanders could be chosen ; and where, when the enemy chose to attack them, they would be found tolerably trained, formed into companies and regiments, and able to defend themselves with a hundred fold advantage, — wanting this discipline, they were, on the union of the king's troops, invariably defeated.

The battle of Baltinglass was well contested ; three hundred of the United Irish were killed, and one hundred and ninety-seven of the English. The former were routed. The battle of Prosperous took place in the night. Swain, the English commander, and all his men, were destroyed. The barracks were attacked, fired, and every one of the king's troops was either shot or burned. The attack was led by Dr. Esmond, of Ovidstown. The attack of the Irish on Naas was very clumsily managed ; the town was filled with the king's army, and, being well apprized of the attack, repulsed the assailants with great slaughter. After two hours and a half of dreadful fighting, several of the king's officers, and about one hundred and fifty men, were slain ; of the Irish, two hundred and fifty to three hundred were killed. Barrington says,

“ In the action at Kilcullen, which had taken place at seven in the morning, the inefficacy of cavalry against embattled pikemen was too clearly shown. A body of about six hundred of the Irish having taken post at the church of Old Kilcullen, General Dundas, without waiting for his infantry, ordered his cavalry, consisting of the light dragoons and Romneys, to charge ; and, in this service, three times repeated, they were repulsed with the loss of one of their colonels, and a number of subaltern officers and privates, besides many wounded, most of them mortally. Retiring to Kilcullen bridge, he attacked the enemy, who had followed him thither, with the infantry in front, who, in ten destructive discharges of musketry, discomfited and dispersed them.

“ A mistaken opinion of the force of cavalry against pikemen, seems to have been almost universal until this moment, when experience brought conviction.”

The battle of Rathangan was pretty well fought, but a train of artillery decided it.

The attack of the Irish on Carlow was clumsily attempted. It was the county town, and full of military, cannon, and all other sorts of arms.

“ The plan of assault was ill contrived, or ill executed. Different parties were appointed to enter the town at different avenues ; but only one — that which arrived soonest — attempted an entrance, the rest being deterred by the incessant firing of the troops. This body, amounting to a thousand or fifteen hundred, assembling at the house of Sir Edward Crosbie, a mile and a half distant from Carlow, marched into the town at two o'clock of the morning of the 25th of May, with so little precaution as to alarm the garrison at a quarter of a mile's distance, by the discharge of a gun, in the execution of a man who scrupled to accompany them in their enterprise. Shouting, as they rushed into Tullow Street, with that vain confidence which is commonly followed by disappointment, *that the town was their own*, they received so destructive a fire from the garrison, that they recoiled, and endeavored

to retreat; but, finding their flight intercepted, numbers took refuge in the houses, where they found a miserable exit, these being immediately fired by the soldiery. About eighty houses were consumed in this conflagration; and for some days the roasted remains of unhappy men were falling down the chimneys in which they had perished. As about half this column of assailants had arrived within the town, and few escaped from that situation, their loss can hardly be estimated at less than six hundred; while but a few, in comparison, fell on the side of the king's troops.

"After the defeat, executions commenced, as elsewhere in this calamitous period, and about four hundred in a short time were hanged or shot, according to martial law. Among the earliest victims were Sir Edward Crosbie, and a Mr. Heydon, who commanded in Sir Charles Burton's troop. The latter is believed to have been the leading chief of the insurgent column; to have conducted the assailants into the town, and on their ill success to have abandoned them. Sir Edward, at whose house the column had assembled, but who certainly had not accompanied them in their march, was condemned and hanged as a United Irishman.

"The court which condemned this amiable and unfortunate baronet was illegally constituted, being destitute of a judge advocate. The execution of the sentence was precipitate, at an unusual hour in the night, and attended with atrocious circumstances, not warranted by the sentence, and reflecting indelible disgrace on the parties concerned.

"The defeats of the United Irish at Monasterevan and Hacketstown, in the same morning with that of Carlow, were nearly as bloodless, on the side of the royalists.

"The incaution and confidence of the United Irish was nowhere more strongly exemplified than in their attack of Hacketstown, in the county of Carlow, forty-four miles from Dublin. The garrison, which was composed of the Antrim militia, under Colonel Gardiner, and a body of Orangemen under Captain Hardy, being apprized of the approach of the United army, marched out to meet them; but on sight of the enemy, whose number appeared to be above three thousand, the troops retreated, lest they should be surrounded, and took refuge in the garrison. This, as the event soon proved, answered the purpose of a feint. The United Irish, from joy at their imagined victory, raised a vehement shout, and, rushing forward in the utmost confusion, were, on the sudden arrival of a detachment of light infantry, charged with such address and spirit as to be completely routed, with the loss of near four hundred of their men, while not more than two hundred and fifty-three of the royalists were killed." — *Gordon*.

On the 26th, a tremendous battle was fought on the Hill of Tara, between the English and Irish. The Irish were commanded by Esmund of Ovidstown, and Aylmer of Painstown. It commenced early in the day, and continued till evening; and here, as in other places, the Irish may debit their defeat, not to their cowardice, but to the military ignorance of their leaders. This celebrated hill is easily approachable on every side, for infantry, cavalry, or artillery, and totally unfit to risk a battle between a newly-raised, undisciplined crowd, and a legion of veteran

soldiers with a raking train of artillery. That the Irish who fought that battle were brave, is attested by the number of themselves and of their enemy that lay dead upon the hill that night. Eleven hundred and fifty Irish, and nearly as many of the English, were killed.

These and other reverses, and finding the outbreak far from being universal, induced many of the United Irishmen of Kildare county to decide on compromising with government. A message to this effect was sent to General Dundas from a body of two thousand posted on Knockawin Hill, near the Curragh of Kildare, the beautiful plain on which the races take place. The message was couched in the following simple language: "That, as their brave officers were no more, and had fallen in battle, they would now, as being without a general, surrender their arms to him, on condition of their being permitted to retire unmolested to their habitations, and that he would likewise liberate one of their generals, named Perkins, from the jail of Naas." The general, having sent a messenger to Dublin Castle, and received permission from the government, assented to the terms. There have been different versions published of the "Curragh massacre," where nearly one thousand of these poor fellows were butchered in violation of this compact; but I will take, in preference to others, a very circumstantial account from the columns of the Dublin Pilot, of 22d September, 1843, furnished by a correspondent whose father was killed at the fatal spot. This massacre took place on the 31st of May, 1798.

"General Dundas was, without doubt, the commander of the district in which the Curragh is situate, in 1798, and it was to him that the people, confiding in the clemency of his character, after much persuasion, agreed to give up their arms; but it was not by him they were slaughtered. He, it is also certain, appointed the Rath of the Curragh as the place where the arms would be received. Some, fearing treachery, did not go; but a great number — about one thousand persons, I believe — did. They were there better than an hour before the appointed time, and had their arms piled in a heap on the Rath, when a man of the name of Burke, who was a shopkeeper in Kildare, and had been one of the people's captains, rode out to them from the town, and told them, from the bustle he saw amongst Major-General *Duff's* men, that he suspected some foul play was intended, advising them, at the same time, to keep their arms in their hands until General Dundas came up. The poor fellows, foolishly relying on Saxon honor, with a few exceptions, did not adopt his suggestion; he consequently rode away, and left them to their fate. Immediately after his departure, *Duff*, accompanied by all the yeomen and soldiers in or about Kildare, made his appearance. On coming to the Rath, he inquired if General Dundas, who stopped at Castlemartin House, opposite, had yet come. The people answered that he had not, but was expected there in less than an hour, the appointed time. 'Till he comes,' said *Duff*, who meditated revenge for a relative of his who had lost his life in the insurrection, 'I will take possession of the arms you

have piled.' This was not objected to on the part of the people. 'The instant, however, that he got possession of the arms, and saw the people as helpless as lambs, he commanded his myrmidons, who were previously aware of his intentions, to charge, and spare not. 'Cut them down, right and left, the rebelly dogs!' he exclaimed. Too well was he obeyed, from three to four hundred having been butchered on the spot, in the short space of an hour, before Dundas arrived. When the latter came up, he appeared shocked at what had taken place, instantly checked the slaughter, and put Duff under arrest. Many of the people then escaped, among whom was Hugh Cullen, father of Garrett Cullen, on whose property Mullaghmast stands. This Hugh Cullen was at the Rath of the Curragh as a captain of the people, leading whom he had, on several previous occasions, distinguished himself. When the slaughter commenced, he and a servant man of his endeavored to effect their escape in the best way they could. They were pursued by several mounted yeomen, and overtaken at length; but Mr. Cullen, having unhorsed the first man that came up, the rest retreated, leaving their comrade in his antagonists' hands. Short work would have been made of him, indeed, by the servant man, who was one of those that retained his pike, only Mr. Cullen seized, with true Celtic clemency, his arm, and bade him spare a vanquished foe. This was one of the very few acts of kindness evinced by Irishmen in that disastrous contest that was not forgotten. Mr. Cullen was subsequently arrested, and suffered two years' confinement; but when his trial came on, the yeoman whom he saved appeared as a witness in his behalf, testified as to his humanity, and he was therefore acquitted. These facts I give you, as they may be interesting to many, public attention being now concentrated on the slaughter at the Curragh as well as on that at Mullaghmast. To say the truth, I am anxious to rescue the name of Dundas, who saved my father's life, from the infamy with which you would load it, and to pay a well-deserved compliment, too, to Mr. Cramer Roberts, who is still alive — who, it is said, was the only man that tendered humane advice to, or interfered to procure what was then called 'protection' for the people from, General Dundas. I am a Papist; he is a Protestant; but these names should be now merged (as they were then by him) in that of Irishmen."

At the battle of Ovidstown, in the county Kildare, the United men fought well; but their brave general, Dr. Esmond, was taken prisoner. On the other hand, they captured the son of Lord Kilwarden, who commanded on the English side. This young nobleman was given into the custody of one *Lyman*; but the night after the battle Lyman, it is said, accepted from his wealthy captive a heavy bribe, and suffered him to escape; whereupon the English immediately hanged Esmond, the Irish general, in cold blood.

The standard of revolt was not raised in the county of Wexford till the 26th of May, 1798. About two thousand assembled on a hill near Gorey. A body of the king's troops marched against them; and, when they began to ascend the hill on which the United men were posted, the latter discharged at them so well-directed a volley of musketry, that they fled precipitately, the United men pursuing, when their com-

mander, several officers, and one hundred and fifty of their men, were killed.

This little victory, crowning the *first* stand made by the Wexford men, imparted courage to the inhabitants of the entire county. In four-and-twenty hours, from ten to fifteen thousand men were out in arms. Their feelings were wonderfully excited to revenge, by finding numbers of their relatives and acquaintance shot on the roads, or while at work in the fields, and even in their houses, unarmed and unoffending.

“Early on the following morning, being Whitsunday, the North Cork militia, with the Shilmalier cavalry and some auxiliaries, were marched from Wexford to stop the progress of this unexpected insurrection, which had become more serious than was at first imagined.

“Having halted a little, after a fatiguing and hasty march of seven miles, they proceeded three miles farther, and came in sight of the United Irish, collected in great numbers on the hill of Oulard, distant about ten miles from Wexford. Colonel Foote, of the North Cork, and General Lehunt, seeing their position so strong and commanding, thought it advisable not to attack them; but Colonel Wallace and Major Lombard, with all the other officers, being of a contrary opinion, orders were given to burn all the peasants' houses situated in the hollow between the king's army and the United Irish. This was done with a view to stimulate the Irish to revenge, and thus, if possible, to induce them to abandon the advantage of their situation.

“This feint, however, not succeeding, and the greater number of the officers still persisting in their opinion, General Lehunt and Colonel Foote addressed the soldiers, animating them at once to attack the Irish army, who, they said, would fly at their approach. Their words had the effect of making them advance.

“They descended from the small eminence which they occupied, and, crossing the valley between, began to ascend the hill of Oulard, while the Shilmalier cavalry took a circuitous route round the hill to the left, with the intention of preventing a retreat; but in fact they caused the cowardly part of the Irish to be brave, who might have run off on perceiving the approach of a serious engagement. This, also, contributed to make the United Irish rush in greater numbers, and with accumulated force, on the North Cork, who were charging up the hill. They had fired but two volleys, when they were totally discomfited. This success of the Irish was much promoted by a body of six hundred, concealed under cover of the ditches, who waited the close approach of the military. By this manœuvre, these were suddenly surprised by an inferior force; but the impetuosity of the attack occasioned their total overthrow, with the cruel slaughter of the North Cork militia, most of whom, with their colonel and officers, were left on the field of battle. In short, none of the infantry escaped, except General Lehunt, Major Allen, and eleven privates, who mounted the horses of the slain.

“The United Irish had but fifty-three men killed, and a few wounded. The Shilmalier cavalry, and their colonel, made a precipitate retreat to Wexford. A large party of the Wexford cavalry, also, who had no share whatever in the action, were involved in this retreat, in the course of which they shot a great number of straggling men, and burned several houses.

“While the country exhibited a scene of distress and consternation, houses in flames, and families flying on all sides for asylum, the United army marched from Oulard, flushed with victory, and perpetually augmented on its way by new accessions. They first took possession of Camolin, a small town six miles westward of Gorey, the obnoxious inhabitants of which had taken refuge in the latter.

“The great suspense felt by the ‘loyal’ inhabitants of Wexford, during the whole of this day, on account of so sudden an insurrection, now grew into serious alarm, such as unexpected news like this must inspire. The lamentation of the unfortunate widows and orphans of the soldiers who had fallen in the encounter increased the general consternation. These, clapping their hands, ran about the streets quite frantic, mixing their piteous moanings with the plaintive cries of their children, and uttering their bitterest maledictions against the yeomen, whom they charged with having run away, and left their husbands to destruction! — Letters were despatched to Duncannon Fort, and to Waterford, with these disastrous accounts, and requesting reinforcements.

“Those of the military then in the town vowed vengeance against the prisoners confined in the jail, particularly against Messrs. Harvey, Fitzgerald, and Colclough, but lately taken up; and so explicitly and without reserve were these intentions manifested, that many were heard to declare that they could not *die easy* if they should not have the satisfaction of putting the prisoners in the jail of Wexford to death, particularly the three gentlemen last mentioned. Nor was this monstrous design harbored only by the common soldiers; some of the officers declared the same intentions. The jailer heard the guards of the jail express their hostile intentions. He was so alarmed and apprehensive of their putting their threats into execution, that he contrived means to get them out, then locked the door, and determined to defend his charge at the risk of his life. He then, with a humanity and presence of mind that would have become a better station, communicated his apprehensions to all the prisoners, whom he advised to remain close in their cells, so as to avoid being shot in case of an actual attack. He armed several of the gentlemen in confinement, and formed so judicious a plan of defence, that in the event of their being overpowered, their lives could not be had at a cheap rate.” — *Gordon.*

The indignation and ferocity of the king’s party now knew no bounds. They committed every imaginable act of atrocity towards their unfortunate opponents. They deliberately shot forty-eight prisoners in the ball-alley of Carnew, without trial, some of whom had been already sentenced to transportation by the civil courts, and who were on their way to the convict ship. Thirty-four fine men, suspected of treason, were shot without trial, and with them, the informer upon whose testimony they were arrested. Officers wearing the king’s uniform sanctioned those terrible proceedings. These unfortunate men were afterwards lamented by the people in odes and songs.

On the morning of the 27th, a battle was fought between a newly-raised body of United men and the king’s troops, in which the former fled panic-struck at the first discharge from the opposing artillery.



The king's troops broke into the Catholic church of Gorey, tore up the altar and broke the windows, uttering the most violent threats against the priest and his flock. The Rev. Michael Murphy, who had determined, on the breaking out of the rebellion, to have nothing to do with it,—indeed the Catholic clergy of Ireland were generally averse to this insurrection,—when he found that his church had been destroyed, and his life threatened, gave up his first design of taking out a protection from the government, and committed his life to the protection of that band of his own countrymen which had appeared in the field under the ensign of its independence. The Rev. John Murphy had, for like reasons, joined the United Irish army.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon, the *Protestant* historian of these times, has the following in reference to these two clergymen :—

“These two clergymen had been remarkable for their exhortations and exertions against the system of United Irishmen, until they were thus whirled into this *political vortex*, which, from all the information we have been able to collect, they undertook under the apprehension of extermination.”

The royalists burned the houses of the United men, as a necessary mode of warfare. The United men retaliated, and thus the work of havoc and desolation was going on in every part of the ill-fated district. No language is sufficient to convey an idea of these dreadful scenes, which on both sides shocked humanity itself. The Roman Catholic chapels were, in every direction, fired and destroyed by the royalists, which, of course, set on the United Irish to destroy the houses of the gentry.

The United army now assumed some regularity and discipline. Commanders were appointed by the armed legions, and—

“They proceeded to attack Enniscorthy, where they arrived about one o'clock on the 28th, driving before them a great number of cattle, with a view of overpowering the infantry that had proceeded to the Duffrey gate, where the attack commenced. The assailants, posting themselves behind the ditches that enclose the town parks, kept up a severe but irregular fire of musketry, intermixed with pikemen, who were twice charged by the Enniscorthy and Heathfield cavalry, along the two roads leading into the town, with little or no effect. The battle lasted with various success for *four* hours. Colonel Snowe, not considering it prudent to quit his situation on the bridge to support the cavalry at the Duffrey gate, they then fell down, by degrees, into the town, leaving the suburbs, composed of thatched houses, unprotected, which then were set on fire, (each party accusing the other for doing so,) and, as it turned out, nothing could be more conducive to the success of the United Irish. During the confusion the conflagrations occasioned, a disorderly fight was maintained in the town, which, to render it untenable, was fired in many parts by the inhabitants not friendly to government, many of whom also aimed shots from the windows at the garrison. The assailants in a short time, extending themselves around, and

making dispositions to ford the river in several places, were galled from the bridge, which was now become the station of defence, by the fire of the militia. So fluctuating, for some time, was the success of the day, that many persons, to avoid the fury of each prevailing party in turn, alternately hoisted the orange and the green ribbon. At length, a considerable body of United Irish, *wading across the river, up to their necks in water*, had entered the eastern part, called Templeshanon, and made so furious an onset as to decide the fate of the day. The king's troops were now, in every direction, overpowered by the impetuosity and intrepidity of the United forces, many of whom fell in the gallant defence made against them; but the regular soldiers having but few cannon to support them, and the town being on fire in several places, they at last sounded a retreat. Whilst the town was thus circumstanced, a proposal was made to Colonel Snowe, to put the Irish prisoners to death before the evacuation of the place; but he, like a truly brave man, would not listen to such a diabolical proposal, and rejected it with scorn and abhorrence; notwithstanding which, a party went to the castle, determined to put all confined therein to death. An ineffectual attempt was made to break open the door, the keeper having forgot to leave the key, with which he had set off towards Wexford; and this circumstance providentially saved the lives of the prisoners, as it became too dangerous for the military to wait any longer to put their threats in execution — threats which they constantly repeated the whole of the morning while they stood guard over their prisoners. Indeed, so assured were the prisoners themselves of being put to death, that they had continued for hours on their knees at prayer, in preparation for that awful event, when the victors released them from confinement. Colonel Hunt, of the Enniscorthy infantry, and many officers, with about four hundred and eighty of the military, and some supplementary men, fell in this action.

“The loss of the United forces, who certainly suffered a very galling fire, was said to be five hundred.

“Great as the apprehensions of the inhabitants of Wexford had been before, they were much heightened by the mournful appearances and heart-rending recitals of these unhappy sufferers from Enniscorthy. All dreaded that their houses, their properties, and themselves, should share the fate of Enniscorthy and its inhabitants. At this critical period, the Shilmalier infantry, commanded by the Right Hon. George Ogle, marched into Wexford. Every possible preparation was now made for defence. The several avenues leading into the town were barricaded, and cannon were placed at the different entrances. The inhabitants universally manifested a zeal to defend their habitations, their properties, and their families, against the insurgents; and numbers offered themselves for the ranks, and to perform military duty. Upwards of two hundred were consequently imbodied, there being arms for no more, under the command of gentlemen who had been in the army, and officers of militia then in the town on leave of absence. These occasional soldiers mounted guard in the same manner with the regular troops; and every precaution was taken to guard against a nocturnal surprise, which was strongly apprehended. The gentlemen confined in the jail were visited by numbers of those in town, who entreated them to write to their tenants and neighbors, to induce them to remain quiet at their homes, and to avoid joining the United Irish from the other side of the Slaney. This the gentlemen were obliged to comply with.” — *Gordon and Hay.*

Several regiments of the king's troops now marched into Wexford, and every effort was made to put the town into a state of defence. The wailing of the wives of those officers and soldiers who had fallen in *Oulard* was most heart-rending; they forwarded a request to the commanders of the United men for permission to bury them, which being granted, the sight of the dead bodies of so many brave soldiers, brought in amongst the royalist troops for burial, produced a most dispiriting effect.

The Wexford royalists now resorted to all kinds of expedients to divert the United men for a few days, by negotiation, till reënforcements could arrive from Dublin. Messrs. Harvey, Fitzgerald, and Colclough, commanders in the United army, who were prisoners in Wexford, were given their liberty on parole, on condition of visiting their friends, with the urgent request of the Wexford inhabitants to avoid burning the town.

Colclough returned from the Irish camp with a direct refusal. The chiefs threatened to march directly on Wexford. The United Irish had moved, with that intention, to the Three Rock Mountain, within three miles of the town. The king's forces in Wexford amounted to three thousand men, with several pieces of cannon; and a despatch had been sent by them to Dungannon Fort, which was forty or fifty miles distant, for a further reënforcement. This reënforcement, consisting of two thousand men, had been on its way under General Fawcett. The Wexford general, (Watson,) with a view of coöperating with Fawcett in the design of surrounding the United army in their camp, moved, before day on the 29th, with the most of his force, out of Wexford, to a point between the town and the Irish army.

The advanced guard of Fawcett, coming on the other side to his assistance, was however intercepted, by a brave body of United men, at the Mountain of Forth, where, after a desperate action, the English were nearly all destroyed, their cannon and arms seized, their ammunition blown up, and sixteen only of their number escaped; upon learning which, General Fawcett wheeled about with his rear guard, and in great haste fled back to Dungannon Fort. General Watson, who lay on the Wexford side of the United army, deeming that Fawcett had arrived at the appointed place, now moved near the Irish lines, but, when he came within cannon shot, was received by so well directed a discharge from the cannon captured but a few hours before from his confederate, that the Shilmalier cavalry on his left gave way; several of his officers were killed by able marksmen in the Irish ranks; General

Watson fell; the Irish pikemen made a move to surround them, and instantly the whole English force fled into Wexford, which they fearing would be attacked, immediately quitted, leaving royalists and rebels not under arms, women, children, wealth, and every thing, at the mercy of the victorious Irish. Some of the Orange yeomen attempted to murder all the prisoners in the jail ere they retreated; but the jailer refused them entrance, and delivered the key to Mr. Hay, the rebel chief.

Mr. Gordon thus graphically describes the consternation of the Wexford royalists on the abandonment of the town by the English army:—

“The confusion and dismay which prevailed was so great, as no kind of signal for retreat had been given, that officers and privates ran promiscuously through the town, threw off their uniforms, and hid themselves wherever they thought they could be best concealed. Some ran to the different quays, in expectation of finding boats to convey them off, and threw their arms and ammunition into the water. All such as could accomplish it embarked on board the vessels in the harbor, having previously turned their horses loose. Some ran to the jail to put themselves under the protection of Mr. Harvey. Officers, magistrates, and yeomen, of every description, thus severally endeavored to escape popular vengeance; and in the contrivance of changing apparel, as there was not a sufficiency of men's clothes at hand for all those who sought safety by this means, female attire was substituted for the purpose of disguise. In short, it is impossible that a greater appearance of confusion, tumult, or panic, could be at all exhibited. The Donegal regiment, on quitting the barracks, set them on fire, which, however, was immediately put out by a number of officers and privates belonging to this regiment, and others remaining in town.”

The *bravery* of the Orange troops is thus dwelt on by the reverend historian:—

“The town of Wexford was not only most shamefully abandoned, but even surrendered, to all intents and purposes, when it might have been easily defended, although no one will now acknowledge having been concerned in so scandalous a transaction; and, notwithstanding that the very persons who ought to have been its most strenuous protectors, from their situation and circumstances, were not only the first to yield it and fly so clandestinely as to put it utterly out of the power of all others besides themselves to retreat, but *left even their own wives and families to the mercy of an irritated and ungovernable multitude*. In any other country, such a manifest dereliction of duty would be punished in the most exemplary manner; the lives of such craven deserters would be forfeited for the miseries they occasioned; but in ill-fated Ireland, a display of unprincipled enmity and illiberal animosity to the great bulk of its people, constitutes loyalty and desert sufficient to wipe away the blame of misconduct, and even to obliterate the indelible stigma of cowardice.

“Those of the military who first retreated from Wexford were the Donegal regiment, commanded by Colonel Snowe, and the Scarawalsh infantry, under Colonel Cornock.

“All the Roman Catholic chapels at Maglass and its neighborhood were set on

fire by these runaways, as were a great many other houses in the course of their march, while others were plundered; and not a countryman that was seen and overtaken could escape being sacrificed to military vengeance; nay, not unfrequently, did neither feminine weakness nor helpless infancy afford protection — as they obtained, in several instances, no mercy from the indiscriminate fury of the retreating troops, who immolated some of the women and children of the affrighted peasantry, as they fell in their way. These acts of unprovoked, cold-blooded, and unmanly cruelty were avenged on the poor stragglers, who were, by any casualty, separated from the retreating body, as the exasperated country people, goaded as they had been, considered every person in a military garb as a sanguinary and relentless enemy. Several soldiers, who had been followed by their wives and children, were induced to stay behind, to afford them assistance on so distressing a march, which cost many of them their lives; but none of the women or children were intentionally hurt by the people; even many children who were abandoned by or had lost their parents, on this occasion, are still remaining in the country, cherished and protected by the inhabitants.”

The United army, having now possession of Wexford and several of the towns around it, — having been signally victorious over the king's troops, backed as these troops had been by plenty of artillery, — and the victorious crowd swelling to forty or fifty thousand men, — became very unmanageable, and a source of great uneasiness to their brave and patriotic chiefs. Many of the turbulent spirits, which such a state of things called up, assumed command over straggling mobs, and, attacking individuals obnoxious to them, seized, imprisoned, and otherwise ill-treated, many innocent persons. It was in vain Mr. Keough, Mr. Harvey, Fitzgerald, or Hay, tried to dissolve those unruly mobs. The irritated feelings of those who had lost a friend or relative by the king's army, mixed in the stream of discontent. Finally, the chiefs of the United men marched their forces out of the town to Vinegar Hill, and commanded all persons, except those on duty, to repair to the camp on pain of death. This subdued the violence. The town of Wexford was now placed in some order. Captain Keough was appointed governor; ward guards were appointed, who were regularly relieved morning and evening. The merchants supplied the camp at Vinegar Hill with every thing they wanted, taking tickets on the directory in payment. We find, by the items, that “whisky and leather” were the chief things required. Provisions were supplied in the greatest abundance, without charge, by the country people.

All the forges, both in town and country, were instantly employed in the fabrication of pike blades, and hundreds of persons were at work preparing and fitting handles to them, and soon no one could be seen without a gun or pike, and a green sash or cockade. Several armed

boats were sent out in the bay to cruise ; the forts were well mounted, and a few loaded boats were kept in the river, ready to be scuttled and sunk, to prevent the approach of any war vessels. Money had altogether disappeared ; few owned to have any, and bank notes were so valueless that no one would take them. Many, indeed, lighted their pipes with them, and others used them as wadding for their guns.

"In the country, the people formed themselves generally into parish divisions, and each division elected its own officers. All persons capable of carrying arms were to attend the camps, on being furnished with pikes or guns, as either could be best procured — some on foot, and others on horseback, as they could best accommodate themselves. Most persons were desirous to wear uniforms and ornaments of some kind or other ; green was the most favorite and predominant color, but on failure of this, blue was substituted ; and as to their flags or ensigns, they were also green, or of a dark-greenish hue, decorated with many emblematical figures, denoting the abolition of monarchy. Many damsels of superior rank made offerings of embroidered colors for the public service ; and to make these gifts the more acceptable, they usually decorated them according to their different fancies." — *Gordon.*

Turning our eyes to the retreating troops of the king, we find, where-soever they passed, the bodies of their unoffending victims strewn along the roads or in the fields.

"Great numbers of people, taking their families, and such of their effects as they could conveniently transport thither, along with them, fled for refuge into Gorey, where a general panic, however, prevailed, although (besides a considerable force of the regular military, a regiment of the Clare militia, together with the Ballaghkeen, Coolgreney, Arklow, Northshire, and Coolatin corps of cavalry) the Fannahely and Wingfield corps of infantry were stationed there ; but notwithstanding, on a rumor that the United Irish were approaching, it was determined by the army to abandon the town, and proceed to Arklow ; but, previous to its evacuation, a number of men, *taken out of their beds, were brought, and butchered most inhumanly in the streets.* By order of the magistrates, however, upwards of two hundred prisoners were released from the jail and market-house, and many of them received protections, which they placed in their hats, in order to exhibit as conspicuously as possible ; but this precaution did not prevent their being shot by other parties of the military, whom they fell in with on their way home. The order for evacuation being announced at five o'clock in the morning of the 28th, a distressing scene of trepidation and confusion ensued. Affrighted crowds of people might be seen running in all directions, preparing for flight ; while such as could, were harnessing their horses, and placing their families on cars, with the utmost precipitation, all endeavoring to escape from the town as speedily as possible." — *Gordon.*

The United army, however, did not bend their steps in this direction. A small body of them attacked and captured Newtown Barry, on the 1st of June. Several irregular skirmishes were now fought between

parties from both armies ; upon one occasion, the Irish suffered a defeat of some consequence, near Gorey, by which they lost some horses and a few men.

A general meeting of the Irish chiefs was held for the purpose of establishing a better system of command than had hitherto prevailed among their troops. Mr. Bagnal Harvey was appointed commander-in-chief of the Wexford army, and Mr. Devereux and Mr. Colclough were appointed his seconds in command. Mr. Harvey was a man of personal courage, one who had realized considerable wealth, as a lawyer, but, though having great moral influence over the people, was possessed of very limited military knowledge — perhaps we may say, *none*.

It is, indeed, a melancholy reflection for an Irishman to make, that amidst the whole of this valiant band of some thirty thousand men, who now ranged under the Wexford banner, no better-adapted person could be found to command them than this most unfit gentleman. He spent the night before the battle of Ross, not in preparing his plans and arranging for the certain capture of the town, but partook, with his staff, of a grand entertainment at Mr. Murphy's, where they revelled till near the dawn of morning, and were roused from stupefaction to the conflict by some of their followers.

Lord Kingsborough, commander of the North Cork militia, and some other royal leaders, were captured on board a sloop in the bay by the Irish, and were carried into Wexford and lodged in jail as *great prizes*.

“ At this time, reënforcements were every day crowding into Gorey. On the 3d of June, General Loftus arrived there with five thousand men under his command, as did also General Walpole from Carnew, whence he had several times gone out to reconnoitre the camp at Carrigrew. A determination was formed to attack this on the 4th, with the force then in Gorey, with which the troops from Carnew and Newtown Barry were to coöperate, so as to engage the United Irish on all sides ; and from these arrangements, and considering the force that was to act against them, little doubt was entertained of their total and speedy defeat. The army from Gorey marched out at the appointed time, and formed into two divisions. The one under General Loftus took route towards Ballycanew ; while the other, commanded by General Walpole, proceeded, by the Camolin road, directly to commence the concerted attack on Carrigrew. The United army had, however, quitted this post, and were in full march towards Gorey, when they suddenly and unawares fell in with this military body under General Walpole, at a place called *Tubberneering*. The meeting was equally unexpected on both sides, and this circumstance (no less true than extraordinary, neither party having any scouts) produced an instantaneous and confused action, in which General Walpole was killed in a few minutes after its commencement ; and his troops immediately gave way and fled in the utmost precipitation and disorder, leaving the victors in possession of nine pieces of cannon, two six-pounders, and another of inferior size. The fate

of this action was so quickly decided as to allow General Loftus not the smallest opportunity of affording the troops under General Walpole any assistance. The loss of the military, in killed and wounded, was considerable, besides a number of officers, with many privates, taken prisoners. The rest, in the greatest possible haste, being pursued by the United Irish, reached Gorey, which they as quickly passed through; but would, in revenge, have put the prisoners in the town to death, had they not feared that the delay it would occasion might cost them too dearly. This account is from one of the colonels, who opposed, with all his might, the perpetration of such a cruel and barbarous deed, and who, to his honor, was incapable of countenancing such an atrocity under any circumstances. The retreat was thence very precipitate to Arklow, where a council of war was hastily held, at which it was as hastily determined to abandon that town; and this was accordingly put into immediate execution. Some were so panic-struck, that they did not stop till they reached Dublin; but others stopped at different distances, when their horses or themselves were not able to proceed farther. General Loftus, on hearing the report of cannon and other fire-arms, in the engagement, not being able to go across the country, proceeded round by the road to the scene of action, where he found the bodies of many slain, and did not learn the fate of General Walpole till he saw him stretched on the field of battle. He then moved towards Gorey, but thought it most prudent to alter his line of direction, upon being saluted by the United Irish with the cannon they had just taken, and which they had drawn up to the summit of the hill of Gorey, which is immediately over the town, commanding it in every quarter. The general then marched to Carnew, and from that to Tullow. The troops that had proceeded from Carnew in the morning, to cooperate in the intended general attack on the United army at Carrigrew, did not return thither upon hearing of the defeat, but made Newtown Barry with those who had come out from thence on the same expedition.

“On the evening of the 4th of June, the United Irish stationed on the hill of Carrickbyrne, whither the Taghmon army, led by Mr. John Devereux, Jun., was transferred on the 1st, now proceeded to Corbet Hill, within a mile of the town of Ross, the garrison of which had lately received great reinforcements, by the arrival there of the Donegal, Clare, and Meath regiments, a detachment of English and Irish artillery, the fifth dragoons, and the Dublin militia, all under the command of General Johnson, who expected an attack during the night, and consequently the troops remained under arms, without being allowed to take any repose.

“The United army, headed by their commander-in-chief, Mr. Beauchamp Bagnal Harvey, a little after their arrival on Corbet Hill, were saluted with a few cannon-shot and bomb-shells from the town, without producing any other effect than that of increasing their vigilance. Mr. Harvey and his principal generals took up their quarters in the house of Corbet-hill, where, after holding a short consultation, it was determined to attack the town in three different points at once; and accordingly Mr. Furlong, the general's chief aid-de-camp, was despatched, at the break of day, with a flag of truce, and the following summons, to the commanding officer at Ross:—

“‘CAMP AT CORBET HILL. *June 5, 1798.*

“‘SIR,—As a friend to humanity, I request you will surrender the town of Ross to the Wexford forces now assembled against that town. Your resistance will but provoke rapine and plunder, to the ruin of the most innocent. Flushed with



victory, the Wexford forces, now innumerable and irresistible, will not be controlled if they meet with any resistance ; to prevent, therefore, the total ruin of all property in the town, I urge you to a speedy surrender, which you will be forced to do in a few hours, with loss and bloodshed, as you are surrounded on all sides. Your answer is required in four hours. Mr. Furlong carries this letter, and will bring the answer.

I am sir, &c.

“ B. B. HARVEY.”

“ Mr. Furlong was shot the moment he approached the outposts, which so exasperated the people, that they could not be restrained from instantly rushing on to attack the Three-bullet-gate, being the part of the town next to them ; and this it was that principally prevented the concerted plan of assault from being carried into execution ; as three divisions of their forces were to have begun their operations against different parts of the town at the same time. This particular division, therefore, not waiting till the other two should have reached their several stations of action, the latter not only did not proceed, but were seized with such a panic, that they dispersed all over the country, flying in all directions to their several homes, and bearing, as they went along, the tidings of a total defeat.”— *Cor.*

Mr. John Devereux bravely led his division to the attack of New Ross, which Mr. Harvey, by his pompous demand of a surrender, had foolishly apprised and thereby prepared. This brave party, consisting of five thousand men, attacked nearly an equal force of the king's army.

“ They first dislodged the royal army from their intrenchments outside the town, where they were very advantageously posted, and on this occasion, the cavalry, in their charges, were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. The regular military then retreated from their intrenchments into the town, pursued warmly by the United Irish, who obliged them to move from one situation to another, until they at last drove them, over the great bridge on the Barrow, into the county of Kilkenny.

“ When the United army had thus got possession of the town, they fell to plundering and drinking, on which they became so intent, that they could not be brought on by their generals to follow up their advantage. In the mean time, the royal army rallied on the county of Kilkenny side of the bridge ; and, although a retreat was before determined on, yet they were induced to return upon perceiving that there was no pursuit ; and besides, they were powerfully instigated to this, by the timely reinforcements of some Scotch and British troops, just landed from England.

“ The county of Dublin militia, on hearing of the death of their favorite colonel, Lord Mountjoy, were the first to renew the attack, under the command of Major Vesey. Their example was followed by the rest of the troops ; and their united efforts shortly compelled such of the United Irish as were not too drunk, to fly out of the town, of which they had been by this time some hours in possession. Having respired a little, however, from their hasty retreat, which in a great degree made them sober, they again returned to the charge, and the contest which now ensued was maintained, on both sides, with great obstinacy, both parties being induced, by experience of the former encounter, not to relax their exertions. The intrepidity of the United Irish was truly astonishing, as, notwithstanding the

dreadful havoc made in their ranks by the artillery, *they rushed up to the very mouths of the cannon*, regardless of the numbers that were falling on all sides of them, and pushed forward with such impetuosity, **THAT THEY OBLIGED THE ARMY TO RETIRE ONCE MORE, AND LEAVE THE TOWN TO THEMSELVES.**

“ But even after this, they soon fell into the same misconduct as before, crowning their bravery with drunkenness. Of this the proper advantage was quickly taken by the royal army, who again renewed the attack, by which they finally became perfect masters of the town. Several houses were set on fire and consumed in the course of this and the former attack; but one of these deserves particular notice: this was a slated house, four stories high, on the summit of the main street, near Christ's church, in which ninety-five persons were burnt to ashes; none having escaped but one man, who, in running off, was fortunate enough to escape, though fired upon by the soldiery.

“ A great number of officers and privates, of the king's troops, in the various success of the day, were induced, from time to time, to attempt a retreat to Waterford through the county of Kilkenny. Some of these succeeded in their efforts, and from their unfavorable accounts of the battle, the Roscommon militia, who were in full march toward Ross, turned about for Waterford. Colonel Dillon, with some of his regiment, were intercepted, and put to death in their progress, by the country people, who, on sight of the fugitives, and on the report of the success of the United army, were making every preparation, and nearly in readiness to join them.

“ The United forces, being upbraided by their chiefs for sullying their bravery by drunkenness, made a third attempt to regain the town, and in this they displayed equal valor with what they exhibited in the earlier part of the day; but by this time, the king's army, having received fresh reinforcements, had acquired a degree of confidence in their own strength. While several houses blazed in tremendous conflagration, the United Irish received an irreparable loss by the sudden fall of *sixteen leading chiefs*, which put an end to their career of victory! Paralyzed by exertion and the loss of so many brave officers, and no longer able to withstand the violence of the flying artillery, the United army, after an engagement of above thirteen hours, sounded a retreat, bringing away some cannon, taken from the royal army in the course of the action. The United forces, after their defeat, returned to their former station, having encamped this night at Carrickbyrne.\*

“ In this battle both armies lost four thousand men. Indeed, it is impossible to ascertain the actual loss of the people during the action, as the number of dead are said to be doubly accumulated by those who were killed unarmed and unresisting, after it was all over. Many men had become so intoxicated, in the course of the day, that they were incapable of flying out of the town in the retreat of their associates; and several of the inhabitants, whose houses were burnt, and having, therefore, no place to retire to, fell victims alike, as straggling insurgents, to the undistinguishing fury of the irritated soldiery, from which no person could escape who was not clad in military attire of one kind or other. The following day, also, the few houses that remained unburnt in the suburbs, being the only

\* General Cloney says, that after twelve o'clock in the day, the battle lay between three thousand United men and two thousand royal troops. The latter, towards evening, were reinforced by two English regiments of fresh men.

places that a common person could get into, were closely searched, and not a man discovered in them left alive. Some houses were set on fire even so thronged *that the corpses of the suffocated within them could not fall to the ground*, but continued crowded together in an upright posture, until they were taken out to be interred. We cannot suppose that these horrid massacres and conflagrations were committed in revenge for the infernal abomination perpetrated at Scullabogue, of which we shall have occasion presently to make mention, as no intelligence of that lamentable event could have reached Ross at the time; but be that as it may, officers of the first rank were not only present, but even promoted and encouraged those deeds of dreadful enormity, of which every breast not dead to human feeling must shudder at the recital!" — *Gordon*.

The valor of the United men who fought at this memorable action is thus testified to by the government historian *Taylor*: "Among the slain in the main street, I saw bodies with frightful wounds of about one fortnight's standing, evidently distinguishable from those received on this day. It is almost incredible that men with such large, deep wounds could bear the fatigue of even the march from Wexford to Enniscorthy. Some of their gashes were nearly, if not entirely, to the bone, and six inches long! I speak moderately. What infatuated desperadoes!" — Page 65, "*Battle of Ross*."

I copy another evidence of a like nature, from the same author: —

"A piece of cannon on the town-wall was, in the very height of an emergency, overturned by too much precipitancy of its attendants. A dreadful interval took place before it was restored to its right position. This was effected with the more difficulty from the narrowness of the place, from which, on the outside, was a very deep ditch, so that a very little slip would have proved fatal. The piece was afterwards used with very great success; but it was soon taken by the rebels, who ran up to the very muzzle of it, and made its attendants retreat with more loss. These soon rallied with more troops, retook it, and used it with double effect to the very end of the conflict. 'O,' exclaimed Major (now Colonel) Vesey, of the Dublin regiment, 'had those rebels been properly trained and seasoned, and were they to fight in a loyal cause, how valuable to their country would they be! The devil in hell, and all his troops of fallen angels, (provided they were mortal,) could not withstand them. I shall think more of Irish courage than ever I did in my life!' Yet all did not avail them! Somewhere in the body of the town, a cannon belonging to the military was fired, and produced horrid carnage; instantly the remaining rebels, who, from some local circumstances, escaped, rushed on the piece, and though numbers of them fell by the musketry, and others by the sword, they pressed on, repulse after repulse, until one of them caught away the worm. The piece being now discharged, an old rebel took off his wig, and clapping it upon his pike, rammed it into the cannon, exclaiming, 'Huzza! the town is our own!' And so it was — just then; the worm being gone, the gun became useless, inasmuch that the men were obliged to spike it, and break the carriage. Nevertheless, the rebels thought to make use of it, hammering with a stone at the spike, and pecking at it with the claw end of the hammer; but finding all to no purpose, the

old wigless man would exclaim, — ‘Bad luck to this fellow’s damnation brogue-nail! it is *clinch’d*, as if the devil himself was holding it in the hole within.’

“The rebels used their cannon very foolishly. A six-pounder they had tied upon a dray, and fired it in a most bungling manner. They had one howitzer, which was attended by one *Boxwell*, formerly of the *Royal Irish Artillery*. He threw a couple of shells from it with tolerable judgment; but, through his bungling assistants, he was killed, and the piece taken. He was a true rebel; for being wounded, and unable to stand the fatigue, he desired to be tied to the piece. This man died a martyr to rebellion.”

The burning of the hundred and ten royalist prisoners in the barn of Scullabogue, by the infuriate people, was a barbarous act.\* It took place late in the day on which the battle of Ross was fought, and it was not suggested or promoted by a single person known to the commanders of the United army. So abhorrent to the feelings of the chiefs were these acts of useless cruelty, that a series of special orders were issued from the United camp, signed by the commander-in-chief, threatening death to all who should take upon themselves to decide on the guilt of any one considered an enemy. The following are extracts: —

“It is also resolved, that any person or persons, who shall take upon them to kill or murder any person or prisoner, burn any house, or commit any plunder, without special written orders from the commander-in-chief, shall suffer death.

“GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

“B. B. HARVEY, *Commander-in-Chief*.

“FRANCIS BREEN, *Sec. and Adj.*”

“HEAD-QUARTERS, CARRICKBYRNE }  
CAMP, June 6, 1789. }

“Proclamations of a similar tendency were issued by all the baronial generals, addressed to their different divisions, exhorting them to humanity, and calling on them to use every exertion in apprehending the savage miscreants concerned in the late abominable massacre.”

Next day an address was issued by Mr. Harvey to the people of Ireland: —

“At this eventful period, all Europe must admire, and in other ages posterity will read with astonishment, the heroic acts achieved by people strangers to military tactics, and having few professional commanders; but what power can resist men fighting for liberty!

“In the moment of triumph, my countrymen, let not your victories be tarnished with any wanton act of cruelty. Many of those unfortunate men now in prison were not your enemies from principle; most of them, compelled by necessity, were obliged to oppose you; neither let a difference in religious sentiments cause a difference among the people. Recur to the debates in the Irish house of lords on the 19th of February last; you will there see a patriotic and enlightened Protestant bishop, (Down.) and many of the lay lords, with manly eloquence, pleading for Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, in opposition to the haughty arguments of the lord chancellor, and the powerful opposition of his fellow-courtiers.

\* Fourteen of the sufferers were Catholics.

“To promote a union of brotherhood and affection among our countrymen of all religious persuasions, has been our principal object: we have sworn in the most solemn manner; we have associated for this laudable purpose, and no power on earth shall shake our resolution.

“To my Protestant soldiers I feel much indebted for their gallant behavior in the field, where they exhibited signal proofs of bravery in the cause.

“GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE! .

“B. B. HARVEY.

“WEXFORD, June 7, 1798.”

This is a triumphant refutation of the foul libel so frequently repeated by the enemies of the Irish people. Whenever the Irish Catholics had power placed in their hands by accident or conquest, they used it inoffensively towards their Protestant fellow-countrymen. In the reign of Queen Mary, they were restored to full power in Ireland, and they *did not persecute a single individual*. On the contrary, the Protestants who fled affrighted from Bristol received in Ireland hospitality and protection.

Again, when James the Second restored the Catholics of Ireland to their estates, to political office, and the full swing of political power, *they did not persecute a single Protestant*. **THEY PROCLAIMED LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE FOR ALL.**

In Maryland, the Catholics who settled that state proclaimed liberty of conscience for all; and when their political power was overthrown by the change of monarchs in England, the fanatics who succeeded to power passed prohibitory laws against conscience, and commenced the persecution of Dissenters and Catholics. And when, again, in 1745, the Catholics were restored to power in Maryland, they restored the principle of freedom of conscience to the legislature and the laws.

And we find, in the midst of revolution in Ireland, in 1798, when many of the Protestants of the country ranged with the English government against the people, that the sacred principle of forbearance towards Protestant life, property, and feelings, was inculcated with all the force of military authority by Catholic commanders.

Much more than this could be produced, in support of the proposition, if there was room. One more instance may be forced in: Lord Kingsborough, and thirteen officers of rank of the king's army, with several subalterns, had been captured by the United Irish, and were held in Wexford; and though Kingsborough was proved to be master of an Orange lodge, yet being in their power, the commanders interposed their authority to guard them against the chance fury of any portion of the multitude. Furthermore, when the jail of Wexford became over-crowded with royalist prisoners, the Catholic committee of safety, when it was

suggested to them to use the two stone Protestant churches as additional prisons, *absolutely declined*; and though some of the imprisoned Protestants begged that the churches should be so used, for their convenience, yet it was steadfastly refused. But spacious rooms in the assembly house, court house, &c., were fitted out for the purpose; and to the credit of the Catholics, of that dreadful period, not a single Protestant place of worship of any sort was assailed or destroyed during the entire insurrection; nor can it be shown, that the honor of even one female of their enemies was assailed by the Irish army.

Excesses enough, however, were committed by the Irish party during this period, not only against their enemies, but against their friends. Instead of preparing to encounter the returning enemy, too many were indulging themselves in riot and excess. It is painful, indeed, to be obliged to record this; and, than this, nothing more vividly exhibits the grievous want of some well-disciplined military commanders amongst them, who would have divided the army into convenient and manageable battalions, and have kept them out of the towns, where too many luxuries and stimulants were obtainable. Had there been a few hundred skilful, well-instructed military leaders scattered among the people at that time, who would have disciplined the men, and have thrown them into manageable divisions of three to five thousand each, taking post in good positions in the mountains, near each other, thereby drawing the army from the fortified places to attack them, a vastly different result would have attended their efforts. It appears they were generally ignorant of the mode of making gunpowder, and depended for supplies upon what they could get in shops, gentlemen's houses, or capture from the enemy. Mr. Gordon says, they had not more gunpowder, during the whole insurrection, than would be sufficient for one or two good actions; and he adds, that it was the custom of the United men "to fire away as long as they had powder, and retreat when it was out."

Had they been well commanded, they would have intrenched themselves in mountains, established one or two powder factories, forges for the manufacture of pikes and all sorts of arms, and trained their men day and night,—carrying on a *defensive* warfare. \*Again, their commencement in the summer, and not in the winter, was ill-judged. The German soldiers brought against them, and even the English, suffer dreadfully by Irish winters, which are eternally rainy and therefore destructive to the health of foreigners; whereas the Irish, being inured to the climate, would not be much inconvenienced by camping in the mountains during winter.

After the battle of Enniscorthy, the United men moved towards the important position of Vinegar Hill, on which, and on the neighboring posts of Mount Pleasant and the Three Rock Hill, they encamped. Their regular effective force at this time amounted to about twenty thousand men. There were, in addition, about ten thousand stragglers, whose support was rather an encumbrance than otherwise. This description of men refused to obey the chiefs, appointed violent, bloodthirsty leaders of their own, and carried on a predatory warfare in insignificant bodies, which were most frequently cut off mercilessly by the enemy.

It was now about the 18th of June, and the United men had, during their three weeks of valiant warfare, acquired the shape and some of the discipline of a regular army — their chiefs brave and vigilant. The men were become inured to battle, and familiar with the roar of artillery. Having in their crude state defeated the enemy on so many occasions, they naturally calculated that increased discipline, and a more general coöperation, together with the landing of any force, however small, from their friends in France, would undoubtedly lead to ultimate success. Their camp was well supplied with provisions, and their only want, under that head, as we gather from their orders to their commissary at Wexford, was "leather and *whisky*." The latter want, we hope, will never be felt in Ireland again.

The English army, daily increasing in the county of Wexford, was placed, by government, under the chief command of General *Lake*; and a combination of all his forces was now arranged, to surround, if possible, the Irish army. Dundas and Loftus were ordered from their respective encampments in Tullow and Baltinglas, with their entire force, to join General *Lake*'s grand division in the attack. But this plan was again countermanded by the commander-in-chief; for so much was he in dread of the United army, that, though he could now march against them some twenty-five thousand men, yet he hesitated to proceed without General *Needham*'s division, and some others of lesser consequence. In short, General *Lake* deemed it necessary to bring to bear on his enemy the entire English force in that part of the country, which amounted to *thirty-seven thousand men*.

In the course of the progressive marches of these various divisions of the English troops through the country, they perpetrated the most unparalleled outrages. Houses, grain, and cattle, were burned; old men were shot; young women were defiled; children were stabbed. The able-bodied men had all gone to the camp; and the old and helpless

were the objects of the ferocious and sanguinary vengeance of these armed mercenaries of government.

The leaders of the United men held a prolonged consultation on the movements next to be made. The enemy, though powerful, showed no signs of giving battle, when it was at length determined to march on Dublin, and, if possible, capture it, rightly judging that, if that bold measure could be accomplished, the fate of the kingdom would be soon decided; and the terrified condition of the English party in Dublin fully justified this movement. Two divisions set forth on the morning of the 20th of June, to carry out this bold project, under the command of *Roche* and *Devereux*. They proceeded but eleven miles—about one fifth of the way—when they were unexpectedly met by the royal army, under General *Moore* and Lord *Blaney*, at Fooke's Mill, near Arklow.

Both armies immediately commenced the unavoidable action. It continued for *seven hours*, with varying success, now won by one side, and then by another, when the United men, having expended the whole of their ammunition *at the very moment that the king's troops were about to give way*, thought it prudent to return to their camp, though they did not stir till the last shot was discharged, at which critical moment a powerful reinforcement of the king's troops, under Dalhousie, appeared moving to the support of the enemy.

This was the best-fought battle that had yet taken place. Both armies, covered, during the action, an area of six or seven miles square. The manœuvres were able on both sides, and victory had nearly declared for the Irish two or three times during the day. After seven hours' hard fighting, and the loss of sixteen hundred killed on the Irish side, and it is said an equal number on the other, the Irish made good their retreat to their intrenchments on the Three Rocks and Vinegar Hill.

On the same morning (20th of June,) Enniscorthy, which was in the hands of the United men, was attacked by General Johnston and an overwhelming English force. It is surprising to us, at this time of day, to find a handful of the United men dare to face such a force; but this they did for four hours, during which a dreadful slaughter took place on both sides. At length, they were driven from their position; and then *all the inhabitants found in the town, without distinction of sex, were put to death. The houses were set fire to, and the poor people were burned in the flames.*

The town had been twice stormed by the English, and each time



stoutly resisted. Every street in it had streamed with blood; many hundred houses were on fire, and the combat was carried on, hand to hand, in the midst of flames and falling edifices. The English force proving victorious, the Irish at length retreated, after losing several hundreds. The *hospital* was the first point of attack of those cowardly conquerors. There were eighty-seven wounded Irishmen found here. The building was instantly set fire to, and every one of the wounded was burned.

The United party, finding such great numbers of the royalists in the field, now determined to battle on the defensive, maintaining their posts in the Wexford and Wicklow mountains, until the long-expected troops from France should arrive.

The division of United men on Kilcaven were attacked by Dundas and Loftus, with their united armies, and a great park of artillery. The United men, commanded by *Byrne* and *M'Cormick*, showed great courage, and shouted defiance. To surround and oblige the whole body to surrender, was thought, by some of the English commanders, a matter of easy accomplishment; but this was deemed by General Lake not practicable; and, after a brisk cannonade on both sides, both parties retired from the field—the Irish to Vinegar Hill, and the English to Carnew.

All the English generals, with their divisions, had now arrived at the appointed post of Solsborough, a few miles distant from Vinegar Hill.

The chiefs of the United army held a consultation as to whether they should surprise the enemy at Solsborough, or wait his attack in their present position. It was decided to remain in their intrenchments, and fight the enemy on his approach. All Irishmen were now called to the camp at Vinegar Hill, and every thing was done that vigilance and activity could effect for their defence in the approaching vital struggle. The town of Wexford was the chief hospital and store of the United army; and they held in its jail, as prisoners, several hundred of the enemy. Besides this, it was the place to which the affrighted women and children, royalist and rebel, from every side, fled for safety. Wherever the English army had appeared, they perpetrated the most revolting butcheries. As far as the eye could reach on any side, viewing the country from the highest hills, nothing was to be seen but the smoke and flame of burning habitations. These terrific signs indicated the approach of the enemy on all sides, who formed a *cordon* around the doomed district, and gathered, as with a drag-net, their victims to a centre for destruction. Thousands of old and helpless people, who were unable to leave their beds, were burned in their houses; any

person seen escaping was shot. Hundreds were found in the track of these monsters, lying on the roads with their throats cut from ear to ear. Male and female, young and old, were so found *in hundreds!* It is said that one of their generals (Moore) tried, but without success, to put a stop to this wholesale and cowardly butchery. The objects of their special fury were the Catholic chapels, which were the first burnt and torn down.

On the other hand, so infuriated were the Irish people against their enemies, that they readily listened to any proposition for vengeance, and, unfortunately for their honor, some of the least informed of them adhered to a violent, bloodthirsty fellow, named *Dixon*, who assumed to himself a leadership, independent of the main army. This Irish Robespierre, at the very moment that his countrymen were preparing to make a dignified and glorious stand for their country on Vinegar Hill, disgraced their cause by imitating the cold-blooded butcheries of their sanguinary enemies. Wexford, as I have said, was the depository of stores, women, and prisoners. It was left under the care of a council, a governor, (Mr. Keuogh,) and a couple of hundred men; the remaining forces having been called out to prepare for the approaching engagement.

Captain *Dixon*, who refused to be subordinate to the United chiefs, instead of bringing all his aid to Vinegar Hill, seized on that awful moment to proceed to the jail at the head of a mob, whom he infuriated with whisky, and forced in upon the prisoners. He then selected some fifteen or twenty at random, and had them brought out and shot! The commanders of the camp, hearing of this outrage, immediately sent Mr. Hay, with two hundred pikemen, to protect the prisoners. But this only increased the fury of Dixon's party, which had now grown to a prodigious number, increased at every moment by some new arrivals of infuriated people in the town, whose fathers, mothers, or sisters had been butchered or burnt within the previous few hours!

The cry of "Revenge! Revenge!" was raised by Dixon; and all that Mr. Hay or his force could do, together with the respectable people of the town, was ineffectual in moderating the fury of the multitude. At length, it was proposed to this mob to select their victims, for the crimes committed by themselves, or their immediate friends, towards the United cause. This proposal was reluctantly agreed to, and *seven* men were appointed a tribunal to try the prisoners. Four of these seven refusing obstinately to condemn any of them to death, the whole tribunal was set aside by Dixon, who, having promised two Orangemen their lives for informing on their fellow-prisoners, now proceeded coolly to

the bridge of Wexford, where he brought out the unfortunate prisoners, in batches of ten or twenty, heard the accusations of the two Orangemen, and all others that appeared against them, and coolly condemned and shot them on the spot, flinging their bodies into the river!

It was in vain the United governor and council of the town remonstrated, reasoned, and exhorted the infuriate people. Dixon now turned on the moderate Catholics, who opposed their lives and credit to a continuance of his butcheries; and here a most dreadful scene appeared, which no pen can describe. Several of those moderate men were seized, and, while one gentleman, named Kellet, was on his trial on the bridge, the Rev. Mr. Corrin, the Catholic clergyman of Wexford, returned from a journey of attendance on the dying, which he had been performing during the morning, and, making his way amid the dreadful multitude, flung himself on his knees, beseeching them to show as much mercy to the prisoners as they prayed God would show to their brothers, who were now about to engage the enemy. This appeal had the desired effect. Mr. Esmonde Ryan, one of their chiefs, who had been wounded at the battle of Arklow, got out of his bed to come amongst the people; and when they saw the wounded chief imploring them on the one side, and their clergyman on the other, it had the effect of softening their hearts, and they ceased in their work of death, which had already deprived of life ninety-seven human beings. Though they were thus sanguinary and revengeful in retaliation for the butcheries on the other side, yet it deserves to be noted, that the unfortunate victims were not deprived of their money, watches, or clothes, which was proved on the recovery of the bodies. This was called the *Massacre of Wexford Bridge*, which the Orange writers on Ireland continually fling on the heads of the United men, who strove to the utmost to prevent it, and who, on that melancholy day, sent an express from their camp to Wexford, threatening with instant death every man who persisted in putting any one to death without authority.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon, a Protestant clergyman who wrote the history of these wars, has the following passage on this sad affair: "But with respect to the business before us, the saying of a most liberal government gentleman must be regarded as possessing peculiar force in repressing misrepresentation. He says, 'I have heard of hundreds of United Irishmen, during the insurrection, who have, at the risk of their lives, saved Orangemen; but I have not heard of a single Orangeman who encountered any danger to save the life of a United Irishman.'"

While the chiefs on Vinegar Hill were preparing for the action, the

moderate inhabitants of Wexford entered into a treaty, through Lord Kingsborough, their prisoner, with the government, for the surrender of the town, on being assured of protection. These negotiations were not of the slightest use to those who were weak enough to begin them; for without, I believe, a single exception, the chief inhabitants who entered into them were afterwards either hanged, shot, or beheaded, *contrary to the terms* they obtained through Lord Kingsborough! — while their premature negotiations gave the enemy great courage. •

The grand concerted plan of General Lake for attacking and surrounding the strong post of the Irish army at Vinegar Hill, was now put in operation. From thirty to forty thousand of the English, commanded by several able generals, had gathered round this devoted spot. Their plans were well laid, and they approached, in three or four divisions of seven thousand each, to the bottom of the hill. The Irish encamped upon the summit were twenty thousand, and their outposts ten thousand more. The attack began at an early hour in the morning of the 22d of June, by a tremendous cannonading from General Lake.

The Irish had dug a slight ditch around a large extent of the base. They had a very few pieces of half-disabled cannon, some swivels, and not above two thousand fire-arms, of all descriptions; but their situation was desperate. Barrington states that General Lake considered, even that small number of fire-arms in the hands of infuriated and courageous men, supported by a multitude of pikemen, might be equal to ten times the number under other circumstances. A great many women mingled in the multitude, and fought with fury. Several were found dead amongst the men, who had fallen in crowds by the bursting of shells.

“It was astonishing,” says this eloquent writer, “with what fortitude the peasantry, uncovered, stood the tremendous fire opened upon the four sides of their position. A stream of shells and grape was poured on the multitude. The leaders encouraged them by exhortations, the women by their cries; and every shell that broke amongst the crowd was followed by *shouts of defiance!* General Lake’s horse was shot under him, and by the merest accident his own life was saved. Many of his officers were shot. The English troops advanced gradually and steadily up the hill. The Irish kept up their fire, and maintained their ground. Their cannon was nearly useless, their powder deficient; but they died fighting at their post! At length, enveloped in a torrent of fire, they broke, and sought their safety through a line of cavalry, through which they cut their way, and made their retreat from the hill in good

order, leaving too many of their brave companions dead upon the field. During the battle, the pike and blunderbuss were in constant exercise. The cannon of the Irish were of little use to them, from a deficiency of powder."

No quarter was given on this occasion. No mercy was shown to any human being found on the Irish side. The wounded who lay on the field were bayoneted, and the flying, when overtaken, perished by the sabre. Yet this vanquished and half-slaughtered army hastily formed in order under their gallant leaders, EDWARD FITZGERALD, JOHN DEVEREUX, JUN., and GARRET BYRNE, and, having marched by the eastern side of the Slaney, met a strong reënforcement under *Roche*, which was coming in all haste to support them in the action, but which now were of the utmost service in checking the pursuing enemy, who amounted to five thousand furious, well-mounted cavalry. And now let me insert an extract or two from the Rev. Mr. Gordon, whose general opposition to the Irish cause does not prevent him publishing too many truths, that tell terribly on English valor.

"Vinegar Hill being thus recovered, excesses, as must be expected in such a state of affairs, were committed in all the adjacent towns, with horrid circumstances of barbarity, by the regular soldiery, particularly by the Hessian troops, who made no distinction between the king's loyal subjects and the revolters, some thousands of whom were killed after straggling from the main body, after the battle. Among other acts of cruelty, perpetrated at this lamentable period, was the firing of the hospital of the United Irish, *in which numbers of sick and wounded were burned to ashes !!*

"Soon after, the gentlemen\* arrived in sight of the army at Darby Gap. They then hoisted a flag of truce, and could descry the country all along between that and Enniscorthy in a most dreadful situation—houses on fire, dead men and women strewed, in numbers incredible, along the roads and in the fields; while the regular soldiers were hunting for such as might be concealed in the ditches, and bringing down every person they met. In fine, it was altogether a dreadful picture, exhibiting all the horrors of war.

"The remains of Enniscorthy, and all the surrounding villages, exhibited a dreadful aspect, as the greater part of the houses, which had escaped until the action of Vinegar Hill, were still on fire; and the houses which had been used as hospitals by the vanquished party, and which were set on fire *with all the patients in them*, continued burning until their arrival, *when they beheld scraps of the dead bodies still hissing in the embers.*

"The news of the deputies' arrival having quickly spread through the town, numbers of officers and gentlemen of their acquaintance crowded around them; some anxious to hear of their friends, while others expressed how disappointed they should be, if hindered to demolish Wexford, with all the concomitant horrors and atrocities usual on such dreadful and shocking occasions! Some had the

\* Delegates from the United men.

savage indecency even to mention some young ladies by name, who, they intended, should experience the effects of their brutal passions before they would put them to death; but these intentions, they feared, would be frustrated by the proposal of the people of Wexford. Others wished the extermination of all Catholics! Some inquired of their friends and relations, and, amidst these horrors, were not destitute of humanity."

After all these sad reverses,—after losing half their army by downright death in the field of battle, and observing with dismay the abortive and temporary efforts of some ill-managed bodies of United men in other parts of the kingdom, who, for want of even the slightest military knowledge, were defeated after the first onslaught,—and hearing nothing of the French aid,—they were divided in opinion as to laying down their arms. Lord Kingsborough, their state prisoner in Wexford jail, who was respected by all parties, proposed to the council of the United Irishmen in the town, that he would undertake their pardon on behalf of government, if they advised the people to surrender their arms. Some of the chiefs agreed to this, and gave their submissions to Lord Kingsborough, who had been authorized to receive them; upon which they retired to their homes, deeming their persons safe on the guaranty of the nobleman to whom the government looked for the pacification of that part of the country.

Some other of the chiefs, together with the whole body of the Irish army, refused to lay down their arms until fully and distinctly guaranteed their pardon by government. They therefore marched with their men, in pretty good order, to the mountains near at hand; whilst General Moore, with the king's forces, approached the town of Wexford, and, meeting no resistance, marched into the town; when—O, shocking to relate!—*the wounded men found in the hospitals were put to the sword, and great numbers of straggling inhabitants were coolly butchered.* THIS IN DEFIANCE OF THE "PROTECTIONS" WHICH HAD BEEN PROMISED TO THEM! *The poor people were butchered on the road-sides in every direction, with marks of the most savage barbarity, some having their bowels ripped out, others their brains dashed about the road!*

\* \* \* \* \*

From Needham's camp at Ballenkeele, detachments of the English mercenaries, Germans and Hessians, were sent out to scour the country. They burned all the Catholic chapels—burned all the houses *suspected* of being owned by men favorable to the Irish cause. Every house, ditch, wood, and cavern, was searched; every human being they met was put to death, and many of the royalist party suffered in this indiscriminate massacre. The old and decrepit, who were not easily moved,

and the young and tender females, were the victims upon this occasion. The fair, young, and lovely daughters of that fair portion of Ireland were now made victims to the lust of the monster soldiery. I insert here, from the Protestant pen of the Rev. Mr. Gordon, a touching paragraph descriptive of the deeds of these brutal invaders.

“Female beauty, which, at all other times, may be considered a blessing, now became a curse, as women paid dearly for their personal charms, which failed not to augment the general brutality of these odious and detestable deeds! What must be the pangs of a mother, oh seeing her beloved, favorite child, dragged from her by the ruffian hands of an unfeeling monster, glorying in his barbarity, and considering his crime meritorious in proportion to its enormity, spreading death and disease to the utmost extent of his depraved capacity! The Hompesche dragoons are held in peculiar remembrance on this occasion. Indeed, the ferocity of the royal soldiery in general was such, at this period, that the women and children, through the country, even now, are worked up to the highest pitch of horror at the sight of a military man, as bringing to their recollection all the barbarous scenes of which they had been formerly witnesses. Notwithstanding the abominations of the vilest of pikemen, it is a well-established fact that, during the period of their uncontrollable sway, no female, not even one of the wives and daughters of those whom they considered their greatest enemies, ever suffered any kind of violation from them; and their general respect for the sex is as true as it is wonderful; and their forbearance in this particular is as remarkably civilized as the conduct of the king's troops was savage, sparing neither friend nor foe in their indiscriminate and licentious brutality.”

Sir Jonah Barrington has the following note upon these atrocious deeds: “It is a singular fact, that, in all the ferocity of the conflict, amid the storming of towns and villages, *women* were uniformly respected by the insurgents. Though numerous ladies belonging to the enemy fell occasionally into their power, they never experienced any incivility or misconduct. But the troops in our service not only brutally ill-treated, but occasionally shot, gentlewomen. A very respectable married woman in Enniscorthy, Mrs. Stringer, the wife of an attorney, was deliberately shot while standing at her own door. The rebels, a short time after, took some of those foreign soldiers prisoners, and piked them all to death, as they told them, ‘*just to teach them how to shoot ladies.*’”

*Taylor*, the royalist historian of this period, has the following to the same purpose: “A lady informed me that as she, in company with many others, was passing through Glenmore, (*near Ross*,) they saw myriads of armed rebels, *none of whom offered the smallest rudeness to a female, but regarded them, as they passed, with looks of real pity.* When all the virtues in the soul of an Irishmen are dying away, behold the last that exists — *tenderness to a woman.*”

Gordon, in another place, gives the following curious note : —

“As to this species of outrage, it is, to the honor and fame of the United Irish, universally allowed to have been exclusively on the side of the royal soldiery. It produced an indignant horror in the country, which went beyond, but prevented retaliation on the fair sex. It is a characteristic mark of the Irish nation, neither to forget nor forgive an insult or injury done to the honor of their female relatives. It has been boasted of by officers of rank in the royal army, that, within certain large districts, a woman had not been left undefiled; and upon observation, in answer, that the sex must then have been very complying, the reply was, that *the bayonet removed all squeamishness!*”

“A government lady of fashion, whose name is made mention of, having, in conversation, been questioned as to this difference of conduct towards the sex, in the regular military and the insurgents, attributed it, in disgust, to a want of gallantry in the Croppies — meaning the United Irish. Even the government writers admit, on all occasions, that the United Irish did not offer any violence to the tender sex.”

Mr. Roche, one of the four principal commanders of the United men, together with Mr. Harvey, the commander-in-chief, having passed into the lines of the English general, under the conviction that the promise of amnesty made by Lord Kingsborough, on behalf of the government, would be respected, were seized; also Mr. Keuogh, the Irish governor of the town, who had remained with Lord Kingsborough after the amnesty was agreed upon. Mr. Grogan, an old gentleman, seventy years of age, whose chief interference in the insurrection was to procure the safety of the lives of certain violent Protestants and Orangemen, taken in battle, was dragged from his own house as a traitor. A court-martial was instantly held on the prisoners on charges of treason. Messrs. *Roche* and *Keuogh* were the first victims sacrificed, and *the bridge of Wexford*, where both these men had saved the lives of hundreds of English but a few days previous, was now selected for their own execution. The head of Mr. Keuogh was put on the point of a pike, over the front of the court-house.

Messrs. Grogan, Harvey, Colclough, and Pendergast, were tried on the following day, and executed. The heads of Messrs. Grogan and Harvey were cut off, and placed upon pikes on the court-house, each side of that of Mr. Keuogh, the late humane governor. Their bodies were stripped and treated with the usual brutalities before they were kicked into the river. These ill-fated martyrs, remarks Mr. Gordon, “were of the first rank and fortunes in the kingdom, and had, in every respect, borne the most amiable characters, particularly of humane landlords. In common with all the chiefs executed at this time, they displayed a calm intrepidity of spirit, and a dignity of deportment tempered with mildness, which commanded the admiration of the spectators.”

Mr. J. Kelly, who displayed such heroic bravery at the battle of New



Ross, where he was wounded, was taken from his sick-bed, his head cut off, the body flung into the river, and the head kicked about the streets, opposite to his sister's windows! O, these coward ruffians! These are but a few specimens of the general slaughter which now took place under the deliberate orders of British officers.

The main body of the United army, consisting of fifteen thousand men, under the remaining three intrepid chiefs, viz., *Fitzgerald*, *Devereux*, and *Byrne*, now intrenched themselves in the mountains in the south-western part of the county of Wexford, resolved to protract the war as long as possible, till the arrival of their French allies; and, in the mean time, to sell their lives as dearly as they could to the remorseless enemy. They were now so well inured to hardships and warfare, that the appearance of the enemy in his most formidable array had no terrors for them; and their mountain movements were so quick and skilful, that the British army approached their ground with great caution and hesitation. For some weeks a desultory warfare was carried on between squads and detachments from either side, which we will not pause to narrate, but direct the reader's attention to the state of things in the north of Ireland.

Although the north was the best organized in the beginning, and had, by the lowest computations, seventy thousand men regimented and armed, and though they sent up deputies, in 1797, urging the executive to take the field, yet, while these brave men of Wexford were alone upholding the independent flag almost victoriously, they were unaccountably still. Only one or two most insignificant attempts at rising were made, near the town of Antrim. It appears that the counties of Down and Antrim were to rise on the 7th of June; but, some disappointment occurring on the Down side, a rising was not attempted until the day following. About a thousand of the country people, armed with pikes and guns, attacked Antrim on the seventh, and drove the king's army out of the town. A further reënforcement of the royal troops soon appeared under General Nugent; but his van, consisting of cavalry, were beaten by the United men, and forty or fifty killed. He then brought the artillery to batter the town, against which the undisciplined multitude could not defend themselves. They were obliged to retire, and leave behind them a few small cannon, captured from the army. Feeble attempts were likewise made at Ballymena and Ballycastle; but, the men *not finding the leaders whom they were led to expect*, dispersed and returned to their homes on the exhortation of Mr. M'Cleverty, the magistrate of that district.

On the next day, the little rising in the county of Down took place. About five hundred men, under Dr. Jackson, made their appearance in Saintfield. They set forward through the country, and burnt the house of an informer against the United Irishmen, named *Mackee*, who perished, with all his family, in the flames. This body then placed themselves under *Henry Muras*, as general, and next day got intelligence that the king's army were in pursuit of them. They very cleverly placed themselves in ambuscade, into which the king's troops were completely drawn, and, on the first attack from the Irish, were routed, and were about to fly; but, being rallied by their officer, Colonel Stapleton, whose infantry came to their support, the United men were ultimately dislodged, and retired from the field with some loss. Little damped by this reverse, they re-formed, and took post on the hill of Ballynahinch, where their numbers increased.

Colonel Stapleton, fearing to attack them with his present forces, waited the arrival of General Nugent's division, and that of Colonel Stewart from Downpatrick. All these united forces formed, on the 12th, at the base of the hill. The Irish army now posted here was four thousand, and that of the English at least as many. Both parties spent the whole of the night in preparing for the decisive battle of the next morning. At the dawn of day, the fight began with great fury on both sides. The combat was continued for three hours with intrepid firmness. At length, the right wing of General Nugent's army was attacked with such determined fury by the Irish pikemen, that they fell back, in great confusion, on the Hillsborough cavalry, which likewise fell back in equal disorder. The want of good discipline on the Irish side lost to them all the advantage of their valor. The English, by their sergeants, rallied and re-formed, and, fresh reinforcements coming up, made a flank attack. The Irish, confused at this unexpected onslaught, retreated to their former position on the top of the hill, where they made a stand for some time, fought with great bravery, but, being nearly surrounded, and in danger of being cut to pieces, retreated precipitately towards Slyeve Crooh, where not finding certain promised leaders, whom they were led to expect, they resolved, like their countrymen on the Antrim side, to disperse and lay down their arms. Their leaders were seized in their haunts and houses, and executed. After a season of butcheries and hangings by the English, the effort at independence terminated in the north.

A slight effort was made in the south of Ireland, by a few United men, south-west of Bandon; but it was suppressed in a couple of days, and hardly deserves lengthened notice.

Returning to the intrepid Wexfordians, whose hardy bands we left contending with the English, in the mountains —

“The main body, (as I have said,) supposed to be fifteen thousand in number, having lost most of those chiefs who were men of distinction and property, directed its march to Scollogh Gap, an opening in the great ridge of Mount Leinster, which separates the counties of Wexford and Carlow, with intention to penetrate into Kilkenny, in hopes of raising the colliers about Castlecomer, who had been in a state of disturbance in the year 1793. Upon entering the Gap, they dispersed a powerful body of the royal troops, who opposed their progress, and burned the little town of Killedmond. They also defeated a regiment of the 4th dragoon guards, and a part of the Wexford militia, who disturbed their passage over the River Barrow. Some were killed, and thirty-seven taken prisoners, of whom seven, condemned as Orangemen, were shot. Major-General Sir Charles Asgill, who had marched with his forces to seize the post of Newbridge, arrived too late to stop the progress of the Irish, who, by a rapid movement, had preoccupied that post, where they passed the night. The general was likewise, on the following day, too late at Castlecomer for the protection of the town. On the next morning, the United troops descended from the heights upon Castlecomer, and defeated the royal troops who opposed them at Coolbawn, a mile and a half from that town, of whom they killed about fifty. The town was set on fire; and of this conflagration each party accuses the other. It would be painful to the reader to wade through the particular instances of outrage and barbarity committed in this quarter on both sides, in burning, plundering, maiming, torturing, and murdering. These barbarities were practised reciprocally; and it is allowed by the best informed and most impartial persons, that infinitely more cold blood was shed, more property destroyed, more houses burned, by the royal troops than by the people; and it must be noted, as to the abuse and ravishing of the fair sex, that whatever gloss or palliation we may derive from the law to throw over the conduct of the king’s military, that same law would work but faintly upon the passions of an indignant and irritated people, in open rebellion, towards the prevention of retaliation.

“After the town of Castlecomer had been taken by the United troops, they hastily abandoned it, and retired to the high grounds over it, where they remained for one night in consultation and advice, which ended in a general resolution to act only on the defensive until the arrival of their allies, the French. According to this determination, they moved from the ridge in the morning of the 25th of June, and, directing their march towards Newbridge, took post at a place called Kilcomny, on a rising ground. Here they were assailed on three sides at once, on the following morning, by the army of General Sir Charles Asgill. After an hour’s firing of cannon, the Irish troops, fearing to be surrounded, fled towards the Gap with their usual celerity, leaving all their riches and artillery behind them. Their artillery consisted only of ten light pieces, and among the articles of plunder were seven hundred horses. They bravely forced their way back through the Gap, where they were opposed by the flying artillery, and directed their course north-eastward, through the dwarf woods, near Fearn, to the mountains of Wicklow. Their loss on this occasion may have amounted to five or six hundred men.

“Before their arrival in those mountains, an army of their associates there had

been foiled in an attempt on Hacketstown. They now formed a junction with the Wicklow forces, and attacked Hacketstown at five o'clock on the morning of the 25th.\* The royal army were drawn up ready to receive them; but, having been forced to give way, they retired into the garrison, from which their fire did great execution. After an action of nine hours, the United force retired, but retreated not wholly from the scene of action till seven o'clock in the evening. The loss of the king's army was very considerable. That of the Irish army, exposed so long to a galling fire of musketry and cannon, is stated to have been seven hundred. It is admitted that the garrison could not possibly have maintained its post if the assailants had been furnished with cannon, of which they had not a single piece; but these engines had never been used by the Wicklow army, and the Wexfordians, in their astonishing retreat, were obliged to leave all theirs behind.

“Disappointed by the repulse at Hacketstown, the remaining forces of Wexford, in conjunction with their Wicklow associates, directed their march towards Carnew, which they were resolved, if possible, to carry; but General Needham, having been informed of their approach, detached a strong body of infantry, and about two hundred cavalry, from his camp at Gorey, to intercept them. The cavalry alone came up with the advance-guard of the United force on the road to Carnew. These, feigning a retreat, having timely notice of their approach, suffered the cavalry to pass, until they brought them into ambuscade, where their guns-men were placed on both sides of the way, behind the ditches, to receive them. At the first discharge, they were utterly confounded, losing eighty of their men, among whom were two officers, the Marquis de Giffard, a young Norman emigrant of the ancient British, and Adjutant Parsons, of the Ballagh-Keen cavalry. The rest, with some loss, effected their retreat to Arklow. The United force lost not a single man in this action. The harassed Irish now proceeded to the White Heaps, at the foot of which they fixed their station for a few hours; from whence they moved, during the night of the 4th of July, to Wicklow Gap, where they attacked and instantly discomfited a party of the royal army, with the loss of one hundred and thirty privates and several officers. All the cavalry saved themselves by flight; but on the morning of the 5th, the armies under General Sir James Duff and General Needham, under cover of a very thick fog, surrounded them in four powerful divisions, before they could perceive the approach of any enemy. Finding themselves unable to withstand a battle against a force supposed to be three times their number, and aided by a powerful train of artillery, they broke through the pursuing cavalry, of whom they slew, in ten minutes, about one hundred, and moved with great celerity in the direction of Carnew. Upon their arrival at a place called Oranford, they resolved to make resistance and await the approach of their enemy, however numerous they might be, although their own force was then very considerably reduced. They resolutely maintained the contest for two hours and a half with the utmost intrepidity, having repulsed the cavalry, and driven the artillery-men three times from their cannon; but fresh reinforcements of the king's army pouring in on all sides, they were obliged to give way, quitting the field of battle with less slaughter to themselves than might be expected: and, notwithstanding all their fatigue, effected, with their usual agility, a surprising and masterly retreat.

“The United Irish, reduced now to about five thousand men, and hunted in every quarter by various bodies of the king's troops, which, in all, at this period,

\* General Cloney commanded this force.

amounted to no less than one hundred and fifty thousand men, made a flying march from place to place in the counties of Kildare, Meath, Louth, and Dublin, skirmishing with such parties of the royal army as overtook or intercepted them. The brave and desperate heroes, after being thus harassed and hunted, were at length overtaken, on the 14th, by the cavalry of Major-General Wemys and Brigadier-General Meyrick. On the arrival of the infantry and artillery to the assistance of the cavalry, they broke and fled, after making a desperate and bloody stand for an hour and a half against a superior force. Unable to make head any longer against government, and being disappointed in their hopes of assistance from France, the principal chiefs in arms, Mr. Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. William Aylmer, negotiated with General Dundas, to whom they surrendered, on condition that all the leaders who had adventured with them should be at liberty to retire whither they pleased out of the British dominions. The same terms were afterwards secured by General Moore to Mr. Garret Byrne, and by General Hunter to Mr. John Devereux. Thus did these outstanding chiefs, conditioning for themselves and others, fare much better than those who laid down their arms in Wexford, depending on the faithful fulfilment of the terms entered into with Lord Kingsborough." — *Gordon*.

"It was generally in small bodies," says Sir J. Barrington, "that the insurgents were successful." The principal battles were those of Arklow, Gorey, and Vinegar Hill, Tara, Kilcullen, and the storming of Ross and Enniscorthy. At Arklow, in a regular line, the peasantry assailed a disciplined army in the field, and the result was a drawn battle. At Ross, after storming and gaining the town, after ten hours' incessant fighting, they surrendered themselves to drunkenness, and were slaughtered in their inebriety. At Vinegar Hill the intrenchments were defended for several hours, though attacked by twenty thousand regular troops and a heavy park of ordnance. The loss of the insurgents was here disproportionally small; they retired unpursued, and soon formed another army, and marched to Kilkenny, in the very heart of Ireland. At Gorey, Carnew, the Three Rocks, and numerous places where they fought in ambuscades, they always succeeded; and had they confined themselves to desultory attacks and partisan warfare, they might soon have destroyed their local enemies, the yeomen, and exhausted and destroyed the regular troops." Messrs. Macneven and Emmet, in their *Pieces of Irish History*, have the following remarks: "When the contest began, its vigor greatly exceeded the calculation of those who provoked it. For some time, it carried with it the justest terrors; and, partial as it was, it almost shook the government to its centre. Of the progress of this insurrection, of the valor it developed, or of its unfortunate issue, I shall not speak at present. Let me, however, observe, that the prowess manifested by men untutored in scenes of death, except by their own sufferings, has convinced every thinking mind, that if they had

then received even the small coöperation, which arrived too late, under General Humbert, *or if they had been possessed of more military skill and military stores, THEIR SUCCESS WOULD HAVE BEEN CERTAIN.*"

General Lake now established a mixed commission of magistrates and military in Wexford, for the punishment of rebels. This was a dreadful tribunal. The magistrates were nearly all Orangemen, and the military portion were infuriated against the unfortunate people by the several signal defeats which such a handful of brave men inflicted on their serried legions. Thousands of persons were now taken up and tried before this horrible tribunal. It is sickening in the extreme to pursue the history of this cold-blooded, murderous association. It was easy to prove, according to the standard of guilt laid down, that their unfortunate victims "aided and assisted" in the late rebellion. To give food to any of the Irish in arms was deemed "aiding and assisting;" to restrain the armed Irish from deeds of violence or plunder was deemed "aiding and assisting," — for the person proved guilty of this humanity was deemed to have "influence and command" with the rebels, — and so they were swung off by the necks.

The Rev. John Redmond, the Catholic priest of Newtown Barry; who had, during the heat of the contest, done all in his power to save the houses of Lord Mountmorris, and other gentlemen, from being plundered, was sent for by the very nobleman whose house and property he was instrumental in preserving. The reverend gentleman, conscious of his own integrity, most readily obeyed the summons, thinking he was, perhaps, about to receive some distinguished token of the noble lord's gratitude. But alas! far otherwise was his destiny! He was instantly seized, brought before this terrible court, condemned as having "command" in the United army, and was instantly executed; while, to add to the cruelty, the holy martyr's body was treated with the most brutal indecencies. The body of Father Murphy had been similarly treated previously.

Such are specimens of the acts of this horrible tribunal. "Whoever could be proved to have saved an Orangeman or royalist from assassination," writes Mr. Gordon, "his house from burning, or his property from plunder, was considered as having *influence* among the revolvers, and consequently a rebel commander." A mention of the notoriety of this practice drew, unreflectingly, the following extraordinary exclamation from one of the rebel commanders: "I thank my God that no person can prove me guilty of saving the life or property of any one!"

At length, the trouble and formality of a trial was entirely dispensed

with, and several corps of these bloodthirsty soldiers were let out about the country, with orders to scour it, and not to be at the trouble of bringing in any *suspected* persons, but to shoot them on the spot. These monsters hunted the brakes, hedges, and ditches, with dogs, to spring any unfortunate person that might have concealed himself from their fury. When any such ill-fated being was started, he was instantly shot.

These "pacificators" marked out the whole country for either robbery or murder. Such farmers as had lived out of the immediate theatre of the late battles, and had been fortunate enough to obtain, through their landlords, "protections" from the government, were watched, when going to fair or market with their cattle or corn. The very night after their return, these government guards surrounded their houses in squads, and demanded their money. The demand, in most instances, was complied with in silence, to preserve the lives of the inmates; but the perpetrators were at length discovered, by the spirited resistance of one farmer, who fired on the banditti, and shot some of them, who fell, and were found with the king's clothing on their backs, and his arms in their hands. It is due to Generals Hunter and Fitzgerald to say, that, in the end of August, they resolved to put down this system of torture and robbery, and did exert themselves, with considerable humanity and courage, to repress the underlings of Dublin Castle.

The insurrection was now apparently suppressed throughout the country, and the government had, during the progress of these events in the south, instituted a special commission in Dublin, to try the "state prisoners." These numbered NINETY, the flower of the Irish patriots.

The first persons put upon their trial were JOHN and HENRY SHEARES. The singularly unhappy fate of these two gentlemen, in the prime of life, deserves of me and my reader the most respectful attention. They perilled and lost their valuable lives in the attempt to give their country freedom. Both gentlemen were barristers, the sons of a wealthy and respected father, Mr. H. Sheares, of Cork, who was a partner in a banking-house in that city. The Sheareses were Protestants, highly educated, had travelled on the European continent, and particularly through France, during some of its revolutionary eruptions. Henry, the eldest, was married; John was not. They were members of the United Irishmen, contributors to the "Press," (newspaper,) and, after the arrests at Bond's, assumed the chief direction of the approaching insurrection. The last number of the "Press," (No. 68,) when seized, contained John Sheares's letter to Lord Clare, signed "Dion." Before this, the organization of the south was principally confided to John Sheares, the most enthusiastic of the two.

Unfortunately for themselves, they were introduced by Byrne, the bookseller, of Grafton Street, to Colonel Armstrong, of the King's county militia, (who is still alive.) The colonel approached them in the guise of a friend to his country; but, as the sequel proved, only to betray. Day and night, after he made their acquaintance, he haunted their residences. He offered to join their cause with his entire regiment. He entered into plans of military operations, and extracted from them their most secret intentions. He carefully noted down the substance of each conversation, and the parties present; and never, as he swears, had any interview with the Sheareses but he had one immediately after with Lord Castlereagh, with whom he deposited his memorandums. The Sheareses were arrested, on Armstrong's information, on Monday morning, the 21st of May, 1798. On the previous evening, (Sunday,) Armstrong was at the house of his friend Henry Sheares, where there was a convivial party made to entertain him. He spoke almost in ecstasy of Mrs. Sheares's performance on the harp, whilst he was arranging in his mind the evidence he should give to have her husband and brother hanged!

Lawless and Dease, surgeons, heard on Saturday night that Armstrong had sold them. Dease cut his throat, rather than fall into the hands of Castlereagh, and Lawless fled, and succeeded in getting to France. The Sheareses were arrested on Monday morning; Henry Sheares in his own house, in Baggot Street, and John Sheares (accidentally) at the house of Lawless, whither Major Sirr had been in search of the doctor. While the major and his party were examining the doctor's papers, a person knocked at the front door; a policeman opened it; John Sheares walked in to see his friend Lawless, and to his surprise met Major Sirr, who instantly arrested him.

Both the Sheareses were tried. Toler prosecuted for the crown; Curran and Plunkett defended them. John prepared and wrote, he says, every syllable of their defence. Proclamations, to be issued to the United men, on the seizure of the castle, foolishly and violently written, were found among their papers. They were found guilty, and ordered for execution.

The two brothers came out, from the prison to the scaffold, hand in hand, perfectly resigned to their fate. John, the younger, seemed to be the most unconcerned. Henry was excited and unmanned by his great affection for his wife and children, from whom he was so suddenly torn; and at the very instant of their execution, and while the executioner was holding up the head of Henry, exclaiming, "Behold the head of a traitor!" Sir Jonah Barrington arrived at the scaffold with a re-



prieve for him. It was a few seconds too late. John Sheares wrote many affecting letters a few days before his execution, one or two of which I give. He wrote thus to his sister Julia: —

“KILMAINHAM PRISON, July 10, 1798.

“The troublesome scene of life, my ever-dear Julia, is nearly closed, and the hand that now traces these lines will, in a day or two, be no longer capable of communicating to a beloved and affectionate family the sentiments of his heart. A painful task yet awaits me. I do not allude to my trial or to my execution. \* \* \* I will not now recapitulate the instances of a perverse destiny that seem to have marked me out as the instrument of destruction to all I loved.

“Robert and Christopher,—dear, valued brothers!—if it be true that the human mind survives the body, I shall shortly join you, and learn for what wise purpose Heaven thought fit to select me as your destroyer. My mother too! O God! my tender, my revered mother! I see her torn locks — her broken heart — her corpse! Heavenly Author of the universe, what have I done to deserve this misery? I must forbear these thoughts as much as possible, or I must forbear to write [his defence;] my time comes on the day after to-morrow, and the event is unequivocal.”

After *condemnation*, the following letter was written to his mother. It was enclosed in one to his friends, the Messrs. Flemming, bearing the following words — “God bless you both, my excellent friends. Give the enclosed to Julia for my afflicted mother, when their griefs have sufficiently subsided. Farewell forever. J. S.”

“My mother, my dear, injured, perhaps expiring mother! Hear a son's, an unworthy son's, expiring request. Grant to my beloved sister, Sally,\* that portion of your generosity bestowed on me; else she is penniless. But why urge this? You know her worth and generosity. Farewell, my dear, dear, my injured, my adored mother! O Sally! I hear your curses; they are just! Julia, beloved Julia, farewell forever.  
JOHN SHEARES.”

I confess that I do not remember ever being more affected by any tale of woe, than while transcribing these two most interesting letters. I find them among a number of others, so industriously collected and beautifully set by Dr. Madden, in his admirable work. The circumstance that most embittered this fine young man's last moments, was, the consciousness he felt that his brother was condemned and about to suffer death for acts of his; for the criminatory documents were all in the hand-writing of John. His brother had a wife and *ten* children, whom he tenderly loved, and they were thus suddenly deprived of a protector by his (John's) indiscretion. Besides this, there was an exalted and accomplished lady, betrothed to him; the parting from whom, forever, enlarged his agony. The young lady was Miss *Maria Steele*, of Cork, (lately deceased,) who loved him dearly. Dr. Madden publishes some

\* The wife of Henry.

letters from John Sheares to her, which, in chaste and glowing language, exhibit his tenderness and his affection. He was among the noblest victims slain upon the altar of his country. Of Henry Sheares we speak in sorrow and sickness of heart. His offer to be "whatever the government wished," if they but spared his life, was far beneath the heroism of many an obscure peasant who suffered tortures and death rather than offer to disclose a word about his companions.

Dr. Madden and some friends, in 1842, took the trouble to prepare leaden and oaken coffins for the two unfortunate men. He had them raised from their graves, enclosed in those substantial coffins, and redeposited, by the side of each other, in St. Michael's Church, Dublin, near the grave of Miss Cruickshank, the nun, and Dr. Rosborough.

The doctor labors hard to prove Sir Jonah Barrington an informer, and instances the execution of the Sheareses, Keuogh, Harvey, Grogan, Colclough, Hay, and some other leading gentlemen of the Wexford insurrection. Now, in my humble opinion, the fate of these unfortunate gentlemen can easily be accounted for without attributing it to Sir Jonah. The Sheareses, as we have seen, were condemned to death on the testimony of Colonel Armstrong. And further, it must be told of Sir Jonah, that he actually procured a reprieve for Henry Sheares from the lord lieutenant, on the day of his execution, and arrived at Newgate with it a few seconds too late; for, being delayed by the crowd and the military which surrounded the prison, he could not make his way to the sheriff soon enough to arrest the fatal blow; and, with a pardon in his pocket for Henry Sheares, he had the mortification to behold the head of his friend, just severed from the body, held up by the executioner, who made the usual exclamation, "Behold the head of a traitor!" The Wexford gentlemen were executed by the military victors after the insurrection subsided, and in defiance of Lord Kingsborough's pardon. But no *secret* evidence of their rebellion was needed; for, excepting old Mr. Grogan, they all appeared in arms as commanders and office-bearers of the United men. Grogan's estates were worth £10,000 a year; Harvey's, £3,000 a year; and Colclough's, about half as much; and most of this property was forfeited to the crown.

Mr. BYRNE, of Cabinteely, was the next man tried,\* and, on the testimony of *Reynolds*, condemned. His execution took place on the day after his trial:—

"Mr. Byrne was of one of the first families of the country, and among his relatives had many friends, who, without his knowledge, exerted their interest to

\* John M' Cann, one of the bravest of men, was tried and executed the previous day.

preserve his life. They were told that, if he would express regret at being a United Irishman, and declare that he was seduced by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, he should be forgiven. When this proposal was made known to him, he spurned at it with abhorrence. He declared that he had no regret but that of not leaving his country free; that he was never seduced to be a United Irishman, and least of all by that hallowed character, whose memory they wished to traduce. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'they intend to rob his children of his inheritance; but my existence shall never be disgraced by giving sanction to so base a design.' This young man, having a strong sense of religion, received its rites with a cheerful hope and an assured conscience, expressing the greatest consolation at quitting life in his perfect senses, with leisure for previous preparation, and in so virtuous a cause. His very adversaries were forced to admire and do homage to that cause which produced such martyrs. So complete was the self-possession and delicacy of his mind, that, in passing to the scaffold by the window of Mr. Bond's apartment, where Mrs. Bond was then with her husband, he stooped so low as not to be seen by her, lest he should alarm the feelings of a wife and a mother at that moment trembling for all that she held dear."—*Macneven and Emmet's Pieces of Irish History*.

"His life was offered to him," says Sampson, "on condition that he would exculpate himself at the expense of the deceased Lord Edward Fitzgerald. His noble answer to the bearer of the proposition was, "Go and tell the tempter that sent you, that I have known no man superior to him you would calumniate, nor one more base than he who makes this offer!" M'CANN was then tried and executed.

OLIVER BOND was next placed in the dock. The principal evidence in this, as in the last case, was the notorious *Reynolds*. Mr. Bond was ably defended by Curran, but of little avail. He was found guilty, and ordered for execution the next day.

Whilst these trials were going on, the celebrated Mr. DOBBS, Lord Charlemont, and other influential gentlemen, stepped forward as mediators between the government and the accused. The government had received intelligence of the exertions of WOLFE TONE in France, and of his active preparations for a second landing. Anxious, between terror and a desire to compromise, to put an end to the insurrection, which, even in its partial manifestation, had already surprised and alarmed them; knowing also that the great majority of the United men had yet held their arms, awaiting the first appearance of a French force on the shore to rise *en masse*, and that a brave remnant of the Wexford army were yet in the mountains, — and being also now somewhat anxious to have the honor of stopping the effusion of blood, and to lay on the leaders of the United men the blame of all the atrocities of the king's troops: — all these considerations induced the government to give their attention to the negotiation proposed by Mr. Dobbs.

Oliver Bond, who had been condemned to die, and whose coffin had

already been sent into the yard of Newgate, was now surrounded by such of his nearest relatives as were permitted to enter his mournful dungeon. On one side of him was his wife, and on the other his confessor. In the yard before his window was the coffin. He was to be swung off in front of his prison at noon. The executioner and sheriff were on the ground, and the jail was surrounded by triple lines of military, and the streets crowded with mourning citizens.

At this hour of deepest agony, the negotiation was pending between three of the state prisoners, on behalf of themselves and their associates, and the government authorities. It was not yet closed. The hour for Mr. Bond's execution had arrived, and as yet no intelligence was had from the castle. The state prisoners filled the principal rooms of Newgate, and could rest their eyes upon nothing but preparations for their execution. All was anxiety and agony on every side. At length Mr. Bond must ascend the stony ladder to his ignominious gallows. As he mounts the steps, a bustle is heard in the outer hatchway of the prison, and soon the joyful sound of "*A reprieve!*" is heard. It is a reprieve, but only for *two hours!* Lord Castlereagh, Lord Clare, Lord Cornwallis, and Mr. Cook, were engaged on one side, and *O'Connor, Emmet, and Macneven*, on the other. The leaders of the patriots were unflinching in their adherence to honor and principle, though the scaffold thirsted for their blood.

The dreadful hour of three o'clock now arrived. It was known that some agreement had been entered into, but as yet no order about Bond had arrived at Newgate. Dreadful were the apprehensions about him. He was universally beloved — was wealthy, patriotic, humane, and upright. The prisoners within, and a great majority of the citizens of Dublin, loved the man. *Three o'clock had passed.* The sheriff and the bloodthirsty magistrates had now the power to swing him off, and all the benefit of the compromise would be lost to *him*, the most beloved and endeared of the patriots. The reader may judge of the throbbing anxieties of that moment — anxieties in which hundreds of thousands, through the city, participated.

At fifteen or twenty minutes past three, an express from the castle was descried galloping up Capel Street. The shouts of the immense throng, in the streets, telegraphed the intelligence to the innermost cells of Newgate, and it was a welcome cheer. In a few minutes, the pardon of Mr. Bond arrived, and with it the welcome news that the other state prisoners were likewise to be saved.

The following is a copy of this compact; it was dated 29th July, 1798:—

“That the undersigned state prisoners in the three prisons of Newgate, Kilmainham, and Bridewell, engage to give every information in their power, of the whole of the internal transactions of the United Irishmen; and that each of the prisoners shall give detailed information of every transaction that has passed between the United Irishmen and foreign states; but that the prisoners are not, by naming or describing, to implicate any person whatever; and that they are ready to emigrate to such country as shall be agreed on between them and government, and give security not to return to this country without the permission of government, and not pass into an enemy’s country, — if, on so doing, they are to be freed from prosecution; and also Mr. Oliver Bond be permitted to take the benefit of this proposal. The state prisoners also hope that the benefit of this proposal may be extended to such persons, in or out of custody, as may choose to benefit by it.”

Poor Bond, notwithstanding, died that night, from an apoplectic fit brought on by excitement; and this solemn compact, as we shall subsequently see, was basely broken by the government.

The following returns of the arms seized by the military, or surrendered to the magistrates, show the extent to which the arming of the people had proceeded: —

Guns, . . . . .	48,109
Bayonets, . . . . .	1,756
Pistols, . . . . .	4,463
Swords, . . . . .	4,183
Blunderbusses, . . . . .	248
Ordnance, . . . . .	22
Pikes, . . . . .	70,630
Total,	129,411

and there were very many arms which never were surrendered.

Having closed my account of the Leinster insurrection, which I have compiled from *Hay, Gordon, Moore, Madden, Plowden, Taylor*, and *Sir Jonah Barrington*, I now turn to the efforts made, by THEOBALD WOLFE TONE, to raise foreign supplies.

After the abortive end of the Brest expedition, under Hoche, and the loss, in addition, of Hoche himself, whose premature death was brought on by fever, caught in this enterprise, Tone made his way to Holland, which was then a new-made republic, under the denomination of the *Republic of Batavia*, and specially under the protection of France.

The leaders of that republic had lately experienced some bad treatment from England. Their chiefs were mad with indignation. Tone seized on these circumstances, acted on their interests and feelings, and was successful enough to engage them as warm allies in the cause of Ireland; and finally, by dint of great address, by patient and continued

tampering with the members of the Batavian convention, by the friendly counsel of the French directory, and by the presence at Brussels of Macneven and some more delegates from Ireland, (who were afterwards arrested,) an expedition was negotiated for. It was to consist of sixteen thousand men, sixty pieces of cannon, sixty thousand stand of arms, and proportionate ammunition, together with three hundred thousand pounds in money.

The French wished to add five thousand men of their own to this armament; but the Dutch declined it, wishing to have all the glory of success for their own troops. The object of this expedition was to establish Ireland as a republic, under the protection of France and Holland; the cost of the armament to be paid back by Ireland in instalments, and the most liberal treaties of commerce between Ireland and her allies to follow.

This expedition was got ready, with the greatest haste, in the *Texel*—a port on the west coast of Holland. Tone was again honored by a high command in the Batavian army, that of adjutant-general. But here, again, the winds favored England. The fleet lay for thirty-five days in the bay, confined there by a continued adverse gale; and, finally, a tremendous English fleet, under *Duncan*, gathered at the mouth of the harbor, and blocked them up, so that the force destined for Ireland had all to disembark, and dissolve again into other duties. The Batavian war-ships were ordered out, by the executive of the republic, to give battle to the English fleet. In this naval action, England, as Tone foresaw, was victorious; and thus he was doomed a *second* time to feel his brightest hopes blasted and broken, and the fate of his country still obscured in uncertainty.

This brought him to 1798, when the arrests were made at Oliver Bond's. Tone heard of those arrests with deep-felt anguish, but not with dismay. He returned to Paris, applied to Bonaparte and the French directory, with whom he ably negotiated for a *third* expedition, which was fitted out in Brest and in Rochelle.

The plan of this latter enterprise was arranged differently from the others. The ships were to sail in small squadrons, and land the forces wherever they could, who were then to join the United Irishmen, who were in the field.

In pursuance of this plan, General Humbert sailed from Rochelle for the west of Ireland, with about one thousand men. General *Hardy* sailed from Brest, with three thousand men, and made for the north-west of Ireland; and General *Kilmaine* had placed under his command nine thousand more, as a reserve.

The first of these expeditions, under Humbert, landed at Killala, in the west of Ireland, and consisted of about one thousand men, one thousand spare arms, one thousand guineas, some clothing, and a few pieces of artillery. Three Irishmen accompanied this hero, viz., Matthew Tone, the brother of Wolfe Tone, Teeling, of Lisburn, and Sullivan, who had been some time in France.

They landed in Killala, on the 23d of August, 1798, just as the revolution was suppressed in the east and south! They surprised the Protestant bishop and his parsons, who were holding a visitation, but behaved exceedingly well, which the bishop acknowledged in a public letter, for which he was removed from his see.

“On the morning after his arrival, Humbert began his military operations by pushing forward to Ballina a detachment of a hundred men, forty of whom he had mounted on the best horses he could seize. A green flag was mounted over the castle gate, with the inscription of *Erin go Bragh*, importing to invite the country people to join the French. Their cause was to be forwarded by the immediate delivery of arms, ammunition, and clothing, to the new levies of the country. Property was to be inviolable. Ready money was to come over in ships expected every day from France. In the mean time, whatever was bought was paid for in drafts on the future directory.

“Humbert left Killala with a quantity of ammunition, in the possession of two hundred men and six officers, and on the 25th, about seven o'clock in the evening, took possession of Ballina, from whence the garrison fled on his approach. Here he left behind him but one officer, with a very small part of the French, and several of the Irish recruits. Humbert was sensible of the advantage of pushing forward with vigor, and that a rapid progress into the interior could alone bring the natives to his standard. At Ballina, many hundred peasants repaired to him, and with eagerness received arms and uniforms. The French commander determined to attack the forces at Castlebar, and began his march on the morning of the 26th, with eight hundred of his own men, and less than fifteen hundred of the raw peasantry. He advanced through mountains, by ways generally deemed impassable to an army, with two small curricule guns, the repairing of the carriage of one of which, fortunately for the British army, caused some hours' delay in their march. The French were at seven o'clock within two miles of the town, before which the king's army had their position, on a rising ground, to receive them.

“Humbert, being desirous to magnify his little army by the appearance of numbers, had dressed up near one thousand of the peasantry in uniforms, and afterwards posted them on the flanks in such a manner as to protect his column from the fire of the enemy.

“The field of battle, to which he was now in full march, consisted of a hill, at the north-west extremity of the town, where the English forces were drawn up in two lines which crowned the summits; a small reserve was stationed in the rear; some curricule and battalion guns were posted in the front, and commanded a rising ground, over which the invaders must necessarily pass. The effective strength commanded by General Lake on this day fell very little short of seven thousand men.

“About eight o'clock in the morning, the French were seen advancing in column, and the peasantry, who joined them, made an ineffectual attempt to divert the fire of the artillery, which was well served, and at first made such execution among the French, that they instantly fell back some paces. They then opened, filed off in small parties to the right and left, and assailed the English troops in flank, who had scarcely fired a second round, when they and their commander were seized with a panic, broke on all sides, and fled in extreme confusion through the town, on the road to Tuam. So strong was the panic, occasioned principally for the want of a skilful commander, that the royal troops, on this fatal occasion, never halted till they reached the town of Tuam, nearly forty English miles from the scene of action. General Lake, being still in the utmost state of trepidation, renewed the march of the army after a short refreshment, and retired still farther towards Athlone. The artillery lost by his army in this defeat consisted of fourteen pieces, of which four were curricule guns, besides that of the carabineers, of which no return has been published.” — *Gordon.*

At this battle, as soon as the Irish fired their muskets, they flung them away, and rushed to the charge with their pikes; two regiments of the English were taken prisoners, besides two thousand slain! Sir Jonah Barrington gives the following racy sketch of this battle, and those which immediately followed:—

“The French kept up a scattered fire of musketry, and took up the attention of our army by irregular movements. In half an hour, however, our troops were alarmed by a movement of small bodies to turn their left, which, being covered by walls, they had never apprehended. The orders given were either mistaken or misdelivered; the line wavered, and, in a few minutes, the whole of the royal army was completely routed; the flight of the infantry was as that of a mob; all the artillery was taken. *Our army fled to Castlebar; the heavy cavalry galloped amongst the infantry and Lord Jocelyn's light dragoons, and made the best of their way, through thick and thin, to Castlebar, and towards Tuam, pursued by such of the French as could get horses to carry them.*

“About nine hundred French and some peasants took possession of Castlebar, without resistance, except from a few Highlanders stationed in the town, who were soon destroyed.

“This battle has been generally called the *Races of Castlebar*. A considerable part of the Louth and Kilkenny regiments, not finding it convenient to retreat, thought the next best thing they could do would be to join the victors, which they immediately did, and, *in one hour, were completely equipped as French riflemen.* About ninety of these men were hanged by Lord Cornwallis afterwards, at Ballynamuck. One of them defended himself by insisting ‘that it was the army, and not he, who were deserters; that, whilst he was fighting hard, they all ran away, and left him to be murdered.’ Lord Jocelyn got him saved. \* \* \* The insurgents were active in profiting by this victory; forty thousand of them were preparing to assemble at the Crooked Wood, in Westmeath, only forty-two miles from Dublin, ready to join the French and march upon the metropolis.

“The French continued too long at Castlebar, and Lord Cornwallis at length



collected twenty thousand troops, with which he considered himself pretty certain of conquering nine hundred men. With above twenty thousand men, he marched directly to the Shannon, to prevent their passage; but he was out-manceuvred: the insurgents had led the French to the source of that river, and it was ten days before his lordship, by the slowest possible marches, (which he did purposely to increase the public terror,) reached his enemy. But he overdid the matter; and, had not Colonel Vereker (Lord Gort) delayed them in a rather sanguinary skirmish, in which he was defeated, it is possible they might have slipped by his lordship, and have been revelling in Dublin, whilst he was roaming about the Shannon. However, he at length overtook the enemy. Lord Jocelyn's fox-hunters were determined to retrieve their character, lost at Castlebar, and a squadron, led by his lordship, made a bold charge upon the French; but the French opened, then closed on them, and they were beaten, and his lordship was made prisoner."

Great was the consternation of the English party at Dublin; and had Humbert — who had now penetrated one hundred and forty miles into the country with his victorious army — pushed on towards the capital, he would, in all probability, have changed the destiny of Ireland.

On the contrary, he remained eight or ten days in Castlebar and its environs, partaking of hospitality, like St. Ruth behind Athlone, whilst Lord Cornwallis availed himself of the pause to gather forces to surround him, which was at last effected, near Granard, the centre of the country, after he had defeated the *government force in five or six engagements!!* and this surrender is yet somewhat incomprehensible; for the Irish peasantry showed what they were capable of doing when led by *disciplined commanders*. They had no idea that Humbert would have surrendered on the appearance of an overwhelming force, which he might, by some dexterous manœuvre, have evaded; and the peasantry were hourly flocking to his standard. The surrender is obscured in mystery.

Lord Cornwallis then marched against the United men, still masters of Killala, and, after a sanguinary struggle in the streets, well sustained by the poor fellows until slaughtered by artillery, the town was taken; and then began a repetition of the "Wexford butcheries," which the reader must now be familiar with. Teeling and Blake, who came over with the French, were recognized, and instantly executed as traitors.

Cornwallis, whose long line of military completely cut off all communication between Humbert's force and the rising United men of Granard, sent a strong division of his men into that town, to attack a body of the peasantry, who had risen in anticipation of joining the French, and who were about to perform the foolish exploit of attacking the town. They were routed by the royal troops, pursued and slaughtered in great numbers. *Towns* should never have been attacked by the peasantry,

unless well provided with artillery, balls, and shells. Their best place was the mountains, where they always with tenfold advantage met the enemy, who must pursue them to their fastnesses. This is proved by the extraordinary prowess, among the mountains, of the brave Irish general, *Holt*. He made no forced levies. On the contrary, he would have no men but those whom he selected. His little army never exceeded five hundred men; and with these, in the mountains, he managed to defeat, avoid, repel, and elude, five times the number of the king's troops, whom he generally pounced upon, with his well-disciplined band, at the very moment they were in pursuit of *him!* Hundreds of the king's army were cut off by this brave man; and yet they could not subdue him. A reward of one thousand pounds was offered for his apprehension; and, with all their exertions, the government could not capture him, and were forced to offer him a pardon on his consenting to leave the country.

It is also proved by the bravery of another mountain chief, named *Dwyer*. There is little known of this daring hero, and yet his astonishing feats deserve a memorial. Dwyer was a captain of the Wicklow United men. He scarcely ever had a greater number under his command than from fifty to a hundred. For several weeks, he and his little band carried on a vigorous warfare, in the mountains, against the king's army. He destroyed, by adroit ambuscades, sharp-shooting, and astonishing dexterity, *several* companies of the enemy, and generally contrived to escape with little or no loss. A strong detachment from one highland regiment was sent specially in pursuit of him, with the promise of a rich reward, to be divided among the men and officers, should they succeed in the capture. This detachment, flushed with resolve and the hopes of a rich reward, were nearly *every one destroyed*, after six or seven days and nights' battles in the mountains. Not more than one officer, and a dozen men, ever returned! The Scottish blood, roused by defeat, induced a larger volunteer force from this regiment to go in quest of the rebel chief; and, prompted by the promises of a still greater reward from the commander of the district, they recommenced their pursuit. Dwyer eluded his enemies for several days and nights. His party were reduced, by death and wounds, to some eighteen or twenty, every man of whom determined to sell his life dearly. Several further days and nights were spent in this desultory warfare, during which Dwyer's party lost not a man, but brought down many of their pursuers. M'Allister and himself, with their little party, having stopped one night to take food and sleep in a farmer's house, their pursuers came on them.

Dwyer and M'Allister lay in a barn, while Quinn, and the rest of the party, lay down in the dwelling. They appointed, as usual, a picket; but in the middle of the night the pursuing party were seen entering the farm-yard, and the picket had time only to alarm those who slept in the dwelling, who got off, but the troops surrounded both buildings, and finding the doors of the barn not open for them, they fired in. Dwyer and his brave companion were up to receive them, and returned several destructive volleys through the small window of the barn. Some of the highlanders fell dead, which excited the survivors to madness. They set fire to the barn; and, as it burned, Dwyer and M'Allister kept up their destructive fire on their assailants, managing to avoid all their volleys. At length they must surrender; there was no escape; but, ere they did this, M'Allister proposed to his captain the sacrifice of his own life for the chance of preserving his— which, for fidelity and disinterestedness, is not surpassed in history. "There is now," said he, "but one way for you to escape. I will unbolt the door, jump in amongst them; they will take me for you, and discharge the contents of all their guns into my body. At that instant you may rush out and escape." No sooner proposed than done! It turned out just as M'Allister had anticipated. He received the contents of twenty guns. Dwyer seized on the critical moment, rushed through his confused assailants, and escaped.

This extraordinary man contrived, for some weeks after, to elude the vigilance of the army, and at length came in and surrendered under a general proclamation of pardon issued by the government; was some time imprisoned in Kilmainham jail, and at length pardoned and liberated. These facts I have from the late Mr. Dunn, the governor of Kilmainham, and from Mr. Quinn, now a resident of this state, near Saxonville, who was one of the eighteen surviving men of Captain Dwyer's band who escaped on the night of M'Allister's death.

In the mean time, the second part of the French detachment, under General Hardy, arrived in Lough Swilley, on the north coast of Ireland. This squadron consisted of seven or eight frigates and three thousand men. They were instantly signaled by the British cruisers; for, unfortunately for them, their destination was known in London, and provided for by Pitt. The English had several squadrons on the look-out on the west and north of Ireland; and, before Hardy could land any of his men, Sir John Borlase and six sail of the line, of the largest class, bore down upon him.

A bloody engagement between the ships now ensued; and, as the French had but one line-of-battle ship in the squadron, they were

all soon taken prisoners, though not till their ships were nearly all destroyed.

Wolfe Tone was amongst the prisoners, and passed as a French officer. He was not recognized for some days, until on the occasion of the French officers being invited to breakfast by the Earl of Cavan, when he was known by Sir George Hill, who accosted him politely at the breakfast-table, to which Tone responded, acknowledging himself. In a few minutes after, he was requested to go into another room, where he was arrested, ironed, and sent to Dublin. He was there tried by a court martial; and, disdaining all attempts at palliation, only claimed the privilege of a French soldier,—to be tried by the laws of honorable warfare. He addressed the court in brave and eloquent language, alleging he had attempted that for his country in which Washington was successful, and Kosciusko failed. Unlike either, he had forfeited his life. This every brave man, who ventured to liberate his country, should be prepared to sacrifice. His request was refused, and he was therefore tried as a traitor. He then asked the favor of being executed as a soldier, viz., by a round from grenadiers, in one hour after his condemnation. This, also, they refused. *He was ordered to be hanged*; but the proud spirit of Tone would not submit to that degradation. He endeavored, the night after his trial, to cut the jugular vein, but missed it.

Next day, *Curran* moved the King's Bench, by *habeas corpus*, to have him brought up, and tried by the laws of his country. Lord Kilwarden granted the *habeas*; but when the officer of the court arrived at the royal barracks, he was refused admittance. Lord Kilwarden, on hearing this, sent the sheriff, who was informed that Tone was dying.

*Curran's* object was to procure delay by the forms of law, in order that Bonaparte might claim him in an exchange of prisoners; for Bonaparte had, at that time, great numbers of British officers. Poor Tone lingered for a few days, and finally expired from loss of blood. He frequently exclaimed he did not wish to retain life, and witness the slavery of his native land, whilst all his gigantic efforts for her freedom were baffled. And thus fell the life and soul of the insurrection of 1798, and with him fell the fortunes of his loved country.

A few concluding words upon this extraordinary man, and his incredible efforts to redeem his country, are surely due from us. When we consider that Theobald Wolfe Tone proceeded to France without the introduction of friends, without knowing a human being in that kingdom, without money to bribe his way, without any diploma of rank but a vote

of thanks from the Catholic Committee of Ireland, without even a knowledge of a dozen words of their language, — and that, in the short space of six or eight months, he was enabled to obtain from the government of that nation an expedition of so gigantic a nature as that which first sailed, viz: sixty ships, fifteen thousand men, sixty thousand stand of arms, and a splendid park of artillery, under the command of *Hoche*, himself the ablest general in the French service, and the teacher of Napoleon; which expedition was only defeated by the hand of Heaven; when we consider this, it fills us at once with admiration towards the man, and with hope for the country that gave birth to such a one. But when we reflect that so unconquerable was his great spirit, that the scattering of this vast armament was to him only as the darkening shadow of a temporary cloud; and when we contemplate his second achievement in diplomacy with the Batavian government, from which he obtained an expedition quite as gigantic as the former, but which again the winds alone, the “unpensioned allies of England,” interposing, blockaded that second powerful fleet in the Texel, and there held it fast until the scattered ships of England gathered around its mouth and completed the embargo, — our surprise increases. Thus our extraordinary countryman saw his hopes overthrown, and his gigantic efforts frustrated, by the seeming hand of Heaven!

Such repeated disasters would have crushed the hopes and efforts of even a great man; but Tone was no ordinary great man. He negotiated successfully with the French government for a *third* expedition for his down-trodden country, — the unfortunate termination of which, and his own distinguished end, I have just detailed in the preceding pages. Surely Ireland can never forget this extraordinary man; never forget his exertions, nor the impediments flung in their way by the winds *alone*, and above all, they will remember to conciliate that nation which profured them such substantial aid in their hour of need; aid which would most surely have been successful had steam navigation been as well known then as it is at present.

(Tone's son entered the French service, in which he signally distinguished himself. The excellent, the patriotic widow of Tone subsequently married a Mr. Wilson, with the full approbation of her family. She is again a widow, and resides in Georgetown, District of Columbia, revered by all who have the happiness to know her.)

Ireland was now seized as the spoil of the pirates. Her chiefs were all either destroyed, in captivity, or in exile. The government abandoned the country to the licentious soldiery — to spies, informers, and pil-

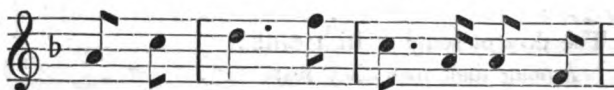
lagers. Desolation swept along its verdant fields. Ruin was pictured on all the towns and villages. The weeping of widows and orphans disturbed the repose of the dead. The ground went untilled. The jails were crammed. The executioners were busy, and the work of death alone proceeded. A famine came the following year, and carried off hundreds of thousands. \* \* \* \* \*

Such was the condition of unhappy Ireland in 1799, after a contest which cost the British government twenty thousand of their best soldiers, and in which fifty thousand of the Irish were slain, — the majority of whom were butchered in cold blood!

## THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

*From the "Nation."*

1. Who fears to speak of Nine-ty-Eight? W



at the name? When cowards mock the



Who hangs his head for shame? He's all



half a slave, Who slights his coun-try thus



true man, like you, man, Will fill your glass

2.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
 The faithful and the few;  
 Some lie far off beyond the wave;  
 Some sleep in Ireland, too.  
 All, all are gone! but still lives on  
 The fame of those who died;  
 All true men, like you, men,—  
 Remember them with pride!

## 3.

Some, on the shores of distant lands,  
 Their weary hearts have laid;  
 And, by the stranger's heedless hands,  
 Their lonely graves were made!  
 But, though their clay be far away  
 Beyond the Atlantic foam,  
 In true men, like you, men,  
 Their spirit's still at home.

## 4.

The dust of some is Irish earth;  
 Among their own they rest;  
 And the same land that gave them birth  
 Has caught them to her breast!  
 And we will pray that from their clay  
 Full many a race may start  
 Of true men, like you, men,  
 To act as brave a part.

## 5.

They rose, in dark and evil days,  
 To right their native land;  
 They kindled here a living blaze,  
 That nothing shall withstand.  
 Alas! that Might can vanquish Right!  
 They fell, and passed away;  
 But true men, like you, men,  
 Are plenty here to-day.

## 6.

Then here's their memory! may it be  
 For us a guiding light  
 To cheer our strife for liberty,  
 And teach us to unite.  
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
 Though sad as theirs your fate;  
 And true men be you, men,  
 Like those of Ninety-Eight!



## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

BY MOORE.

AFFETTUOSO.

1. Oft in the still - y night, Ere slumber's chain has

The first system of music features a treble and bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are positioned below the treble staff.

bound me, Fond Memory brings the light Of

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are positioned below the treble staff.

oth - er days a - round me; The smiles, the tears, Of

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are positioned below the treble staff.

childhood's years, The words of love then spo - ken; The

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are positioned below the treble staff.

eyes that shone, Now dimm'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now

bro - ken! Thus, in the still - y night, Ere

Slumber's chain has bound me, Sad Mem - ory

brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

## 2.

When I remember all  
 The friends, so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garland's dead,  
 And all but he departed!  
 Thus, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

---

REST, WARRIOR, REST.

*A celebrated composition, by Michael Kelly.*

The musical score consists of five staves of music in 6/8 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is characterized by a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The third staff features a more complex rhythmic structure with many beamed sixteenth notes. The fourth staff returns to a simpler eighth-note pattern. The fifth staff concludes the piece with a final cadence, marked by a double bar line and repeat dots.

# LECTURE XX.

FROM A. D. 1798 TO 1800.

## THE "UNION."

Ireland prostrate. — Daily Executions. — Reign of Terror. — The State Prisoners. — Their Fortitude. — Their Examination before the secret Committees. — The Replies of Emmet, Macneven, and O'Connor. — O'Connor's Letter from his Dungeon to Lord Castlereagh. — Cunningham Plunkett. — The Prisoners in Prison. — Mrs. Emmet. — Emmet's Sister. — Departure of the Prisoners. — Their Imprisonment in Fort George. — Character of the Governor. — Government Spies. — Character of *Reynolds*. — The three Majors, Sirr, Swan, and Sandys. — *Jemmy O'Brien*. — *Counsellor Macnally*. — Hughes. — M'Guckan. — Newall. — The UNION proposed. — Powers of the Irish Parliament. — Its perfect Independence. — Its great Utility to the Nation. — Pitt and his Designs. — Lords *Clare*, *Cornwallis*, *Castlereagh*. — Cooke. — First Attack on the Parliament. — The Union argued in Pamphlets. — Bar Meeting to oppose the Union. — Motion in the House for a Union. — Defeated. — Fate of Ireland in the Balance. — Composition of the House of Lords. — Bribery and Recreancy. — The Lords consent to a Union. — Government try to delude the Catholics. — Pitt's Perfidy. — Cornwallis his Instrument. — O'Connell opposes the Union. — Lord Castlereagh offers Bribes to every one. — The Nature of his Negotiations. — Meetings against the Union. — Specimens of the Resolutions. — Meetings dispersed by the Military. — Open Purchase of Seats. — Introduction of thirty Nominees of the Crown. — The Debates on the Union. — Grattan re-enters Parliament. — His Duel with Corry. — Speeches in Opposition to the Union. — Remarkable Words of Foster, Ponsonby, Fitzgerald, Crookshank, Barrington, Knox, Plunkett, O'Donnell, J. M'Donnell, Dobbs, Burrows, Saurin, Bushe, Grattan. — Division. — Last Night of the Irish Parliament. — Names of the virtuous Minority of one hundred and fifteen. — Names of the Traitor Majority. — Bribes they obtained. — Conditions and Articles of the Union. — Desolation. — Speeches of English Statesmen against the Union.

1799. IRELAND was now completely prostrated — completely at the mercy of Pitt and Castlereagh. They had filled the country with one hundred and seventy thousand armed men, equally composed of foreign and native mercenaries, in the pay of England.

The constitution had been more than twelve months suspended. Military courts martial had usurped the supremacy of trial by jury. The *habeas corpus* act was set aside, and every man in Ireland enjoyed his personal liberty and his life only during the pleasure of the British minister. The Castle of Dublin was filled with spies and traitors,

some of whom were entertained in the secretary's apartments, and were receiving from the government enormous premiums for giving information of persons *suspected* of favoring or aiding the late insurrection. The process of arrest was simplified. The *secretary's warrant* was substituted for all the legal forms dictated by the constitution. The breath of an "informer" gave it motion and authority. The *victim* might be brought to trial before five military captains, or sent to a prison and kept for years (as many were) without trial, just as it suited the policy of the two ministers, Pitt and Castlereagh.

Hundreds upon hundreds of the leading men of Ireland were seized in their houses, without notice, bound and carried to a prison, loaded with chains, insults, and contumely, by the ruffianly agents of government. They knew not the charge made against them, and as the constitution was suspended, they could not demand a trial. Brothers and neighbors were suddenly separated from each other. Those who remained at large knew not the moment they were to be arrested. The prisons and convict ships were soon filled, and new jails were erected. Among the latter I may note the *Provost* of Dublin, a prison erected in the lower castle yard, where six hundred of the chief men of Ireland were kept for many months, in a state of existence more excruciatingly painful than ever before was experienced by hapless victims. From twelve to eighteen persons were crushed into rooms not larger than ordinary bed-chambers. The castle yard, which lay before their grated doors, was the scene of *daily* executions, whippings, and tortures.

No man, in jail or out, knew the moment he was to be seized and hanged. All Ireland was affrighted. This state of unopposed tyranny was more intolerable than any stage of the insurrection. The people were now sorry enough that they ever gave up their arms. Thousands fled from the country, they knew not whither. *Any* ship leaving Ireland was gladly seized by the unfortunate people, through which to make their escape. Many men, who were found on board ships by the government agents, were dragged from their hiding-places to military trial and execution. To endeavor to quit the country, was *evidence* of *treason*, and punishable with death. Those who were fortunate enough to escape were carried abroad, wheresoever the ships were bound — some to the States, some to Canada, some to France.

As an evidence of the summary way in which the best men were deprived of life, I may adduce the case of two young priests, students of Carlow College, who had arrived in Dublin, and who were on their way to France, for the purpose of entering one of the ecclesiastical colleges

of that country. They were seized on the day they came to Dublin, and, *without a particle of criminatory evidence*, were condemned to death by the military court, and were EXECUTED IN THE CASTLE YARD, THE MORNING AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL!!!

It was in the midst of these horrors that the British minister proposed to extinguish the Irish parliament, by a UNION — a merging of its powers in the parliament of England. Lord Byron well described this union as “the union of the shark with its prey.” But ere we come to the details of this last terrible stroke of British perfidy, we must look after the state prisoners, Messrs. Emmet, O’Connor, Macneven, and the distinguished men who were seized at Oliver Bond’s.

While the French fleets floated around the British coasts, the government were willing to enter into a compromise with the leading prisoners seized during the insurrection. They entered on this compromise under the flag of humanity; but their real motive was very different indeed. One of their objects was to blacken the characters of the leading patriots, as a sort of justification of their own cruelty. The lord lieutenant (Cornwallis) and his party demanded from the state prisoners a written memoir of their entire proceedings, for the purpose of publication. This was prepared by O’Connor, Macneven, and Emmet, and presented in due time. But it contained such a detail of truth against the government, and withal so powerful a justification of themselves, that the privy council refused to publish it. Lord Castlereagh (secretary of state for Ireland) then sent a most threatening message to the prisoners, acquainting them that government were about to nullify the whole compact, and that they, of course, would be brought to trial. This threat was calmly, but firmly met, and they refused to *alter one word of their memorial*.

Lord Castlereagh then tried to effect his object by *ex parte* publications, through means of an inquiry before a parliamentary committee, by whose members detached questions could be put, and the answers published just as government pleased. Accordingly, the celebrated “secret committees” of lords and commons of 1798 were appointed, before which O’Connor, Macneven, and Emmet, were separately examined.

The examination was conducted in the most searching manner by the members of the government; and the replies put in by the deputation from the prisoners are evidences at once of their courage and their talent. I wish the limits of my book permitted me to give a copious extract. Let me state that *the lord chancellor (Clare) had before him the identical memoir presented by Dr. Macneven to the French*

*directory*, which was obtained by the most subtle influence; for Talleyrand had kept it in his private cabinet, under his own key. The following passages are specimens of the inquiry:—

“*Lord Chancellor*. Pray, Dr. Macneven, what number of troops did the Irish directory require from the French government for the invasion of Ireland?”

“*Macneven*. The *minimum* force was five thousand men; the *maximum*, ten thousand. With that number, and a large quantity of arms and ammunition, we knew that an Irish army could be formed and disciplined: this, aided by the universal wish of the people to shake off the yoke, we had no doubt would succeed; and we were always solicitous that no foreign force should be able to dictate in our country. Liberty and national independence being our object, we never meant to engage in a struggle for a change of masters.

“*Lord Chancellor*. Was not your object a separation from England?”

“*Macneven*. It certainly became our object when we were convinced that liberty was not otherwise attainable; our reasons for this determination are given in the memoir. It is a measure we were forced into; inasmuch as I am now, and always have been, of opinion, that if we were an independent republic, and Britain ceased to be formidable to us, our interest would require an intimate connection with her.

“*Lord Chancellor*. Such as subsists between England and America?”

“*Macneven*. Something like it, my lord.

“*Archbishop of Cashel*. In plain English, that Ireland should stand on her own bottom, and trade with every other country, just according as she found it would be her interest?”

“*Macneven*. Precisely, my lord. I have not, I own, any idea of sacrificing the interests of Ireland to those of any other country; nor why we should not in that, and every respect, be as free as the English themselves.

“*Archbishop of Cashel*. Ireland could not support herself alone.

“*Macneven*. In my opinion, she could; and, if once her own mistress, would be invincible against England and France together; but this, my lord, is a combination never to be expected. If necessary, I could bring as many proofs, in support of this opinion, as a thing admits of which may be only supported or opposed by probabilities.” \* \* \*

“*Archbishop of Cashel*. Can you account for the massacres committed upon the Protestants by the Papists in the county of Wexford?”

“*Macneven*. My lord, I am far from being the apologist of massacres, however provoked; but if I am rightly informed as to the conduct of the magistrates of that county, the massacres you allude to were acts of retaliation upon enemies, much more than of fanaticism: moreover, my lord, it has been the misfortune of this country scarcely ever to have known the English natives, or settlers, otherwise than as enemies; and in his language, the Irish peasant has but one name for Protestant and Englishman, and confounds them; he calls both by the name of *sasanagh*. His indignation, therefore, is less against a religionist than against a foe; his prejudice is the effect of the ignorance he is kept in, and the treatment he receives. How can we be surprised at it when so much pains are taken to brutalize him?”

“*Lord Chancellor*. I agree with Dr. Macneven. The Irish peasant considers the two words as synonymous; he calls the Protestant and Englishman, indifferently, *sasanagh*.

"*Lord Kilwarden.* I suppose the religious establishment would be abolished with the tithes?

"*Macneven.* I suppose it would.

"*Lord Kilwarden.* Would you not set up another?

"*Macneven.* No, indeed.

"*Lord Kilwarden.* Not the Roman Catholic?

"*Macneven.* I would no more consent to that than I would to the establishment of Mahometanism.

"*Lord Kilwarden.* What would you do, then?

"*Macneven.* That which they do in America; let each man profess the religion of his conscience, and pay his own pastor."

They then entered on the subject of the separation.

"*Lord Chancellor.* How is it possible, Mr. Emmet — just look on the map, and tell me how you can suppose, that Ireland could exist independent of England or France?

"*Emmet.* My lords, if I had any doubt on that subject, I never should have attempted to effect a separation; but I have given it as much consideration as my faculties would permit; and I have not a shadow of doubt that, if Ireland was once independent, she might defy the combined efforts of France and England.

"*Archbishop of Cashel.* My God! her trade would be destroyed!

"*Emmet.* Pardon me, my lord. Her trade would be infinitely increased. One hundred and fifty years ago, when Ireland contained not more than one million and a half of men, and America was nothing, the connection might be said to be necessary to Ireland; but now that she contains five millions, and America is the best market in the world, and Ireland the best-situated country in Europe to trade with that market, she has outgrown the connection.

"*Lord Chancellor.* Yes: I remember talking to a gentleman of your acquaintance, and I believe one of your body and way of thinking, who told me that Ireland had nothing to complain of from England; but that she was strong enough to set up for herself.

"*Emmet.* I beg, my lords, that may not be considered as my opinion. I think Ireland has a great many things to complain of against England. I am sure she is strong enough to set up for herself; and give me leave to tell you, my lords, that if the government of this country be not regulated so as that the control may be wholly Irish, and that the commercial arrangements between the two countries be not put on the footing of perfect equality, the connection cannot last.

"*Lord Chancellor.* What would you do for coals?

"*Emmet.* In every revolution, and in every war, the people must submit to some privations. But I must observe to your lordships, that there is a reciprocity between the buyer and seller; and that England would suffer as much as Ireland, if we did not buy her coals. However, I will grant our fuel would become dearer for a time; but by paying a higher price, we could have a full, sufficient, abundance from our own coal mines, and from bogs, by means of our canals.

"*Archbishop of Cashel.* Why, twelve frigates would stop up all our ports.

"*Emmet.* My lord, you must have taken a very imperfect survey of the ports on the western coasts of this kingdom, if you suppose that twelve frigates would block them up; and I must observe to you that, if Ireland was for three months



separated from England, the latter would cease to be such a formidable naval power.

*“ Lord Chancellor.* Well, I can conceive the separation could last twelve hours.

*“ Emmet.* I declare it to God, I think that, if Ireland were separated from England, she would be the happiest spot on the face of the globe.”

At which they all seemed astonished.

*“ Lord Kilwarden.* You seem averse to insurrection. I suppose it was because you thought it impolitic.

*“ Emmet.* Unquestionably; for if I imagined an insurrection could have succeeded without a great waste of blood and time, I should have preferred it to invasion, as it would not have exposed us to the chance of contributions being required by a foreign force; but as I did not think so, and as I was certain an invasion would succeed speedily, and without much struggle, I preferred it even at the hazard of that inconvenience, which we took every pains to prevent.

*“ Lord Dillon.* Mr. Emmet, you have stated the views of the executive to be very liberal and very enlightened, and I believe yours were so; but let me ask you whether it was not intended to cut off (in the beginning of the contest) the leaders of the opposition party by a summary mode, such as assassination. My reason for asking you is, John Sheares’s proclamation, the most terrible paper that ever appeared in any country: it says that ‘many of your tyrants have bled, and others must bleed,’ &c.

*“ Emmet.* My lords, as to Mr. Sheares’s proclamation, he was not of the executive when I was.

*“ Lord Chancellor.* He was of the new executive.

*“ Emmet.* I do not know he was of any executive, except from what your lordship says; but I believe he was joined with some others in framing a particular plan of insurrection for Dublin and its neighborhood; neither do I know what value he annexed to those words in his proclamation; but I can answer, that while I was of the executive, there was no such design, but the contrary; for we conceived that when one of you lost his life, we lost a hostage. Our intention was to seize you all, and keep you as hostages for the conduct of England; and after the revolution was over, if you could not live under the new government, to send you out of the country. I will add one thing more, which, though it is not an answer to your question, you may have a curiosity to hear. In such a struggle, it was natural to expect confiscations; our intention was, that every wife who had not instigated her husband to resistance, should be provided for out of the property, notwithstanding confiscations; and every child who was too young to be his own master, or form his own opinion, was to have a child’s portion. Your lordships will now judge how far we intended to be cruel.

*“ Lord Chancellor.* Pray, Mr. Emmet, what caused the late insurrection?

*“ Emmet.* The free quarters, the house-burnings, the tortures, and the military executions, in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, and Wicklow.

*“ Lord Chancellor.* Don’t you think the arrests of the 12th of March caused it?

*“ Emmet.* No; but I believe, if it had not been for these arrests, it would not have taken place; for the people, irritated by what they suffered, had been long pressing the executive to consent to an insurrection, but they had resisted or eluded it, and even determined to persevere in the same line. After these arrests,

however, other persons came forward, who were irritated, and thought differently, who consented to let that partial insurrection take place.

“*Lord Chancellor.* Were all the executive arrested or put to flight by the arrests of the 12th of March?”

“*Emmet.* Your lordships will excuse my answering to that question, as it would point out individuals.” \* \* \*

“*Lord Castlereagh.* Don't you think the Catholics would wish to set up a Catholic establishment, in lieu of the Protestant one?”

“*Emmet.* Indeed I don't, even at the present day. Perhaps some old priests, who have long groaned under the penal laws, might wish for a retribution to themselves; but I don't think the young priests wish for it; and I am convinced the laity would not submit to it, and that the objections to it will be every day gaining strength.”

Mr. Emmet was a Protestant, well acquainted with the feelings of the Irish Catholics. His evidence, on oath, against the oft-repeated imputation of the designs of the Irish Catholics to set up their church as a state engine on the establishment of Ireland's independence, is a direct refutation of that hackneyed calumny. As soon as this examination concluded, the real objects of the government became apparent, by the publication of detached pieces of its proceedings in the newspapers. When those extracts were seen, the deputies, O'Connor, Macneven, and Emmet, published a refutation, charging the government with falsifying, suppressing, and misrepresenting their evidence. This fearless condemnation of the cabinet fell like a thunderbolt among the members and their supporters. Arthur O'Connor followed up this denial by the publication of a pamphlet styled “A Letter from the Dungeon to Lord Castlereagh,” signed with his name.

In this letter, which is very strong, Mr. O'Connor asserts, that Lord Castlereagh, in their first conference, assured him that Lord Cornwallis's honor was pledged to them for the religious performance of the agreement, and that he and his colleagues at first refused to sign it, from detestation of entering into any conditions with the Irish government, or those who composed the councils of Lord Cornwallis's administration. In answer, the Lord Chancellor Clare made use of these remarkable expressions: “It comes to this—either you must trust the government, or the government must trust you. A government that could violate engagements thus solemnly made, neither could stand nor deserve to stand.” He alleges five substantial and most severe deviations, on the part of the government, from the terms of the original agreement, justified upon the allegation of a change of circumstances after it had been first acceded to.

Of the amnesty bill, Mr. O'Connor thus speaks: “You assured me that government would not shed any more blood, for any act hitherto done in the Union, except for murder, which you did not suppose I would wish to have excepted; but that, though you would assure me that no more blood should be shed, you would not consent that we should have any part of the credit. Convinced, from every infor-

mation we had obtained, that the murders which had been committed upon the people were beyond all comparison more numerous than those which had been committed by them, and being equally abhorrent of murder, be the perpetrators of what side they may, we assured you that we were desirous that murderers of no side should receive any quarter; and as to the credit of putting a stop to the further effusion of the blood of my countrymen, I did not contend for what you called the credit: I contended only for that performance for which we were to give the equivalent."

Of the treaty, Mr. O'Connor says, —

"The last sentence was added, to mark that more was conditioned for than could be expressed. Pursuant to this agreement, at the instance of government, Emmet, Macneven, and I, drew up a memoir containing thirty-six pages, giving an account of the origin, principles, conduct, and views, of the Union, which we signed and delivered to you on the 4th of August last. On the 6th, the secretary of state came to our prison, and, after acknowledging that the memoir was a *perfect performance of our agreement*, he told us that Lord Cornwallis had read it; but, as it was a vindication of the Union, and a condemnation of the ministers, the government, and legislature of Ireland, he could not receive it, and therefore he wished we would alter it. We declared we would not change one letter: it was all true, and it was the truth we stood pledged to deliver. He then asked us, if government should publish such parts only as might suit them, whether we would refrain from publishing the memoir entire. We answered that, having stipulated for the liberty of publication, we should use that right when and as we should feel ourselves called on; to which he added, that, if we published, he would have to hire persons to answer us; that then he supposed we would reply, by which a paper war would be carried on without end between us and government. Finding that we would not suffer the memoir to be garbled, and that the literary contest between us and these hirelings was not likely to turn out to your credit, it was determined to examine us before the secret committees, whereby a more complete selection might be made out of the memoir, and all the objectionable truths, with which it was observed it abounded, might be suppressed.

"Immediately after the committees had reported, but before their reports had been printed, the newspapers (notoriously, by their own declaration, under your absolute dominion) inserted the most impudent falsehoods with respect to what we had sworn. We published a contradiction of those scurrilous falsehoods, which appeared in the newspapers, adding, that, by our agreement, *we were not, by naming, or describing, to implicate any person whatever*. The manner in which this was taken up, by those men who sat in the house of commons of Ireland, is upon record, and will form a precious morsel for the future historian of that illustrious body. I am not now writing their history; I am describing your conduct. Conscious, as you must have been, that, in contradicting those infamous falsehoods, we were doing no more than exercising a right for which we had strictly conditioned, why did you not come forward in that fair and honorable manner, to which a regard for truth, for the house, and for your own honor, so imperiously bound you, and avow the existence of your stipulations with us for publications of our written agreement, somewhat of which, on the second day, the house learned from its being published by General Nugent, at Belfast? You did neither the

one thing nor the other; but you did that which convinced the discerning part of the world that there was something which you dare not avow, nor yet disclaim; but although you had neither the spirit nor honor to defend your own stipulations, you had the meanness to censure, and to fill up the measure of the perfidious part you had acted. You sent one of those very men to my prison, whose hands were reeking with the blood of my beloved, valued, \*\*\*\*\* friend, Edward's precious blood, for which, in these times of stalking butchery, not even the semblance of an inquisition has been had. This was the mute you sent with orders to circumscribe my prison to the still narrower limits of a cell. For two months these orders were varied with the most fantastical absurdity; but all with a view to make a prison more irksome, adding wanton cruelty to the basest perfidy.

"In consequence of which a bill was brought into parliament, said to be conformable to an agreement which, according to Lord Clare, 'a government that could violate, neither could stand nor deserve to stand.' You are the minister who furnished the act to the parliament; and if gross and palpable falsehoods have been delivered, you are that minister who has dared to deceive them. It is asserted in this bill, in which I find my name in company with eighty-nine others, 'that I had acknowledged my *crimes*, retracted my opinions, and implored mercy, on condition of being exiled to such foreign country as to his majesty, in his royal wisdom, shall seem meet.' On reading this bill, shortly after it was brought into the house, not one of the ninety, whose names are inserted, but was astonished and indignant at these unfounded assertions; and before it was passed, Neilson wrote the following letter to the editor of the Courier:—

"SIR:

"Having seen in your paper of the 16th inst. a publication purporting to be a copy of the bill now on its way through the Irish parliament, relative to the emigration of ninety persons in custody under charges of high treason, which states that they had acknowledged their *crimes*, retracted their *opinions*, and *implored pardon*,—I thought myself peculiarly called upon to set you right, by enclosing to you a copy of the compact, as settled between us and the government, which cannot by any means authorize such a statement. None of us did either acknowledge a crime, retract an opinion, or implore pardon. Our object was to stop an effusion of blood.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"SAMUEL NEILSON."

"In two hours after this letter was sent to Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Neilson was notified by his excellency, the lord lieutenant, 'that he would consider its publication an infraction of the whole negotiation, and executions should go on as formerly.'"

Extract from another part of Mr. O'Connor's letter:—

"On the 25th of September, I wrote to Lord Cornwallis, demanding the fulfilment of the engagements to which you had pledged him. After nearly a month had elapsed, on the 21st of October, I received an answer, informing me that we should emigrate to America, and that we should be obliged to give security not to return to Europe. This was the third interpretation of the agreement, a direct and gross violation of the written compact, and totally different from those terms ex-

pressly stipulated; yet, the very next day, Mr. Marsden came to our prison to tell us that the whole purport of the letter we received the day before, all was revoked, and that in a few days a fresh interpretation would be notified us by the government. After six weeks had elapsed, we received the fifth interpretation of the agreement, in a scroll of your writing, brought here by Mr. Marsden, of which the following is a literal copy:—

“Samuel Neilson, Thomas Russell, Thomas A. Emmet, Wm. L. Macneven, Henry Jackson, Arthur O'Connor, John Sweeney, Hugh Wilson, John Chambers, Matthew Dowling, John Sweetman, Joseph Cuthbert, Miles Duigenan, John Cormick, Deane Swift.

“The above persons cannot be liberated at present: the other state prisoners, named in the banishment bill, will be permitted to retire to any neutral country on the Continent, giving security not to pass into an enemy's country. The lord lieutenant will be glad to extend this indulgence to the prisoners now excepted, as soon as he can do it consistent with the attention which he owes to the public safety, and laments that a change of circumstances has rendered the present precaution necessary.”

“Here all respect for all former conditions is laid by, and a state necessity is made the pretext, which, if admitted as a justifiable plea for breach of engagement, at once destroys every principle of good faith, honor, or justice.

“For the part I have taken in my own country, my acts shall be my vouchers. Neither the force of foreign mercenaries, nor the corruption of traitors, nor the falsehood of ministers, nor the calumny of hired defamers, nor the torture of tyrants, can condemn me, as long as conscious integrity finds a place in my heart. Disloyalty, rebellion, and treason, are confounded, by the mass of mankind, with the success that attends them; whilst with the magnanimous, success conveys no acquittal, nor defeat condemnation. That the constitution contained some of the purest principles of liberty, that they have been most violently assailed, that the assailants have been enormously criminal, and that they should be selected for exemplary justice, I have uniformly asserted: then let those vital principles of the constitution be the standard, and let their violation be the criminal test. I ask but that the world should be informed of the part I have acted. There have been instances of virtue which might challenge the brightest page of the world; there have been crimes which cannot be equalled in the records of hell. I demand a fair allotment of my share in a just distribution; and with the claims of a calumniated man, I call on my calumniators for publication, not only by the imprescriptible right of self-defence, but by the right of express stipulation. The whole of what has been delivered by me fills one hundred pages, of which only one has been published. Publish the ninety-nine which have been suppressed; and when the world are informed of the crimes I have detailed, and the principles upon which I have acted, then let them judge whether I have had recourse to resistance and to foreign aid against the constitution, or against racks, tortures, lashings, half-hangings, burning houses, rape, military execution, bastiles, free-quarters, and every species of oppression. If these ninety-nine pages contain falsehoods, why have I not been exposed by their being published? If they contain confessions of conscious guilt, or humbly imploring his majesty's mercy, why are they not published? \* \* \*

“Let me be banished to the most distant pole,—you cannot eradicate the love of country from my heart. Country is my god; upon its altar I could offer up not

only fortune, not only life, — I can do more; I can sacrifice revenge. Had the dreadful list of those beloved friends, whom I shall mourn while I live, been greater than it is — had the profusion of my own particular blood been so abundant that I were left the last of mine own race — did my sufferings equal (for exceed they could not) the most excruciating tortures which resounded in every hamlet throughout the nation — *if the salvation of our island were at stake*, I would stretch out one arm to grasp the bloody hands of my deluded, maddened, betrayed countrymen, point the other to our common parent, and in the deliverance of our common country bury all remembrance of the past; while mutual tears of bitterest grief, sorrow, and regret, should wash away all memory of how all former blood has flowed. Add these to my crimes, and let the exposure of your guilt be one. The more clearly I have depicted you, the more vindictive your revenge. What I value, and which I now defend, is above your reach. Power is not tempered to pierce the shield which honesty can forge. Put character upon its trial; no jury can be packed; the patriots who have ever lived are duly summoned to attend, and time records the verdict. The patriots of Greece and Rome — the Russells, Sidneys, Hampdens, and Roger Moore — the patriots of Helvetia, of Batavia, of America — have all been branded traitors in the days they lived; but posterity has done them justice. Character is never fairly before the world until the owner is no more. While I live, though it be within the precincts of the scaffold, I will vindicate my honor, I will raise my voice from the depths of my dungeon; and when I shall have discharged the last debt my country can expect, or I can pay, the world will do me justice.

“ Young lord, I sought you not. You have grappled with my honor upon these troubled waters. If yours shall have perished, blame your own temerity. Mark but the smallest shade in any charge I have made against you, that is not grounded in the brightest truth, and I will feel more pleasure (if possible) in retracting it, than I have felt pain in travelling through the long and shameful history of your dishonor. Those who know me best will acquit me of the despondent, gloomy mind, which likes to dwell on human nature's dark, deformed side; whilst those who know me least, and hate me most, shall seek for grounds for defamation. Had your offences been those of folly, of inexperience, of ignorance, or of inordinate presumption, the pompous, empty carriage of the man should have insured your acquittal; but vacant indeed must be the mind that cannot mark the strong and glaring lines which separate truth from falsehood, honor from infamy, and faith from perfidy. Convince me that you are guiltless, that I am in error, and I will do you justice; but with these strong impressions of strong conviction on my mind, I can subscribe myself, with no other sentiment than that which arises from a mixture of pity and contempt,

“ ARTHUR O'CONNOR.

“ *From my prison, January 4th, 1799.*

“ TO LORD CASTLEREAGH.”

This brave condemnation of a sanguinary government came upon them like an avalanche. The ministerial members in the house of commons attacked the prisoners with much brutality, urging upon the government the necessity of their immediate execution. Among the members who most vehemently urged the performance of this atrocious

deed was Cunningham Plunkett, afterwards promoted to the chancellorship of Ireland by the *whigs*. This man was educated at the expense of Dr. Emmet. He was the schoolfellow, and almost brother, of the three Emmets. He is still alive, and in the enjoyment of a retiring pension of four thousand pounds a year from the Irish government, while his *eleven* sons and sons-in-law, whom Cobbett called "the young Hannibals," are still quartered on the country.

Every species of persecution which the horrors of a close imprisonment could admit of was now put in force, by the ministry, towards the fifteen devoted martyrs, whose names are canonized to posterity by the discriminating warrant of the British government. Notwithstanding the vigilant cruelty of government, the prisoners contrived to gain the affection of their keeper, in Kilmainham, who used to admit them all into one room at midnight, where they sat on the bare floor, or stood up, as they had a mind to, conversed till daylight, and then softly stole to their separate cells. This was an enjoyment for which they dearly paid, and which to them was worth any amount of worldly wealth.

The wife of Thomas Addis Emmet was permitted to visit him upon one occasion, and she refused ever after to quit the prison. She declared, when once admitted, that she would never leave it but with her husband. The servants of the government ordered her, in a peremptory manner, to leave the prison, but she as positively declined. Force was not resorted to; but the keeper had orders, if she ever left the room, never to permit her to return. She never left the room but once for twelve months. Her child, then at Mr. Emmet's father's, was taken sick, and dangerously ill. Information was communicated to Mrs. Emmet; but how was she to go? She appealed to the mother of children, to the jailer's wife, and at the hour of midnight she let Mrs. Emmet out of her cell, and conducted her through the jailer's apartments to the street. She visited her child, remained till the next night, and returned by means of the same sympathy. As she was on the point of entering Mr. Emmet's room, one of the keepers discovered her; but it was too late. She never availed herself of the same permission again. During her absence, Mr. Emmet's room was frequently visited; the curtains around the bed were closed, some bundles of clothing were put in the bed, and the keepers desired to step very softly, and not to disturb Mrs. Emmet when afflicted with the headache!

After Mr. Emmet and his companions in a noble cause had remained in prison some months, and the British government had extended the work of extermination over the island, and the executioners became

weary; after he and Mrs. Emmet had been confined in a room of twelve feet square, that overlooked the dock from which the unhappy victims of the revolution were daily taken for execution; at length, after a close imprisonment of nearly twelve months, an order came suddenly one night to the prisoners' cells, acquainting them that they must prepare to leave Ireland at four o'clock next morning. There were twenty state prisoners included in this order. All was alarm, for no one knew his destination. Through the sympathetic friendship of the jailer's wife for Mrs. Emmet, that gentleman's family and friends were apprized of this sudden command. Mr. Emmet's sister immediately came to his prison, saw, and parted from him with tears; but, determined to assure herself of her beloved brother's destiny, she took a carriage, and, late as it was, repaired to the house of the lord lieutenant alone. She introduced herself, and found him and his lady, unattended, in their apartment. She made known her business. She came to inquire her brother's fate. Whither was he to be sent? Was he to be doomed to the scaffold, or forced into exile on some desolate coast?

The lord and lady lieutenant shed tears. He said he would tell her all that a regard for duty permitted him. The destined abode of her brother and the others he could not mention; but this he would say, — *no harm would occur to them*. News had arrived that the French were about to make a descent upon Ireland; her brother and nineteen more were therefore to be removed from Dublin, and kept as hostages. This was communicated to the prisoners by the lady, and it served to calm their apprehensions.

At four o'clock the next morning, the state prisoners beheld Ireland for the last time. I shall continue the narrative of their imprisonment from a little work on the life of Thomas A. Emmet, written in America, by his intimate friend General Haines.

“Mr. Emmet and his fellow-prisoners were landed in Scotland, and imprisoned in Fort George, a fortress in the county of Nairn, in the north-eastern part of Scotland, on Murray Frith. Mr. Emmet and his companions were transferred to this place early in 1799. Here they were confined for three years. Mrs. Emmet was permitted to join her husband, and never left him afterwards. During their confinement here, Mr. Emmet and Macneven wrote part of an essay towards the history of Ireland; which was printed in New York, in 1807, and deserves to be more extensively known. It displays great vigor of thought, clearness of conception, and elegance of language, and will one day be read with great avidity and delight. Amid all his troubles, his mind remained firm and unbroken, full of vigor and industry:—

‘*Exilium causa ipsa jubet sibi dulce videri,  
Et desiderium dulce levat patria.*’



“Of his residence at Fort George, Mr. Emmet relates many anecdotes with great ease and apparent pleasure. Governor Stuart, an invalid officer, who had served abroad, commanded at Fort George during the whole residence of the Irish patriots in that place. Mr. Emmet speaks of him with enthusiastic regard. By a conduct at once noble, generous, frank, and polite, the governor endeared himself to all the prisoners; and his death, which occurred a few years since, was heard of with regret by all who had known him. He told them, when they arrived, that they were gentlemen, and so he should treat them; and so he did treat them on every occasion. He set an example and gave a tone to the whole garrison, even to the lowest private soldier.

“Whenever the prisoners wished to go beyond the fort, and requested permission, the answer was always the same from Governor Stuart: ‘You go on one condition — your parol of honor. I take the responsibility, and place my character for fidelity in your hands.’ The prisoners wished to bathe in the sea. Vessels were constantly at anchor or hovering on the coast, and when once on the shore, which was considerably outside the fort, any prisoner might have swum to a French or American vessel, and escaped. When the prisoners requested permission to enjoy the sea-waters and the surf, Governor Stuart told them the consequence of his granting their request, if any complaint should reach the government. ‘But,’ said he, ‘go. I trust to your honor.’ And where was the prisoner who would have escaped? ‘As soon,’ says Mr. Emmet, ‘would we have committed suicide.’ When Mrs. Emmet joined her husband, every delicate attention, consistent with a military government, was paid her by Governor Stuart. He sent a message to Mr. Emmet, that he was at liberty to accompany his wife to any distance from the fort which she chose to visit; and on her visits to the families residing in the neighborhood, Mr. Emmet could always escort her. Mr. Emmet wrote him a note, that if this indulgence came from the British government, he could not consistently embrace it; if from Governor Stuart himself, it would give him sincere pleasure to accept of his kind offer. Governor Stuart wrote a note in answer, that it was his own proffer, and it was gladly accepted and enjoyed. On all gala days, Governor Stuart remembered his prisoners, and they were treated with every thing the country could afford.

“After the expiration of three years, the British government concluded to discharge the prisoners from Fort George, and end their sufferings. A correspondence was opened with Governor Stuart, and after every thing was arranged, a list of pardons was sent him; and here occurs an incident which deserves to be remembered in the life of Mr. Emmet. The list of pardons came, including every prisoner’s name *but his own*. Governor Stuart sent for him, and with evident emotion told him the fact. For Mr. Emmet there *was no pardon*, and he was doomed still to remain a state prisoner. Neither Governor Stuart nor Mr. Emmet could divine the cause of this want of lenity in his case. After a moment of deep reflection, silence, and anxiety, Governor Stuart said, in a decided tone, ‘Mr. Emmet, you shall go. I will take all hazards and all responsibility; you shall go to-morrow with the rest of the prisoners, and I will stand between you and the government!’ The next morning, Mr. Emmet left the shores of Scotland, associated with many painful and some pleasant and grateful recollections.

“I have thus particularly named Governor Stuart, because he displays a char-

acter worthy of the warmest admiration. Happy would it have been for poor Napoleon, had such a man been the governor of St. Helena! The commander of Fort George was a personage fit for the days of chivalry, when bravery was blended with refinement of feeling and the most generous sympathies of human nature. He had been a gay young nobleman, and expended an elegant fortune in the enjoyment of pleasure and amusement. He died old, and never suffered for permitting one of the greatest men that Ireland in that age produced to regain his freedom and establish a lasting fame on another continent.

“Mr. Emmet, with his lady and the other nineteen prisoners, was escorted to the frigate, which was sent to convey them to the continent of Europe, with waving banners and joyful acclamations. It was a kind of triumphal procession, in which officers and men, subjects and rulers, all joined; for there was no feeling towards the prisoners at Fort George but love, sympathy, and good-will. All rejoiced in their liberation.

“On their liberation from Fort George, Mr. Emmet and his family were landed at Cuxhaven, on their way to Hamburg. They left that city, and passed through Holland, visiting Amsterdam and Rotterdam; and spent the winter of 1802 in Brussels, where Mr. Emmet received intelligence of his father's death, and met his brother, the celebrated martyr, Robert Emmet.”

Mr. Emmet, and most of the other gentlemen, entered into the republican army of France, and received command, with a view of raising a new expedition of aid for Ireland; but not being sufficiently encouraged in the project, Emmet, Macneven, Cormack, Chambers, Sampson, and some more, came out to America. I shall have a few words more to say on the after-fate of the state prisoners, in my lecture on Robert Emmet.

To show that this insurrection was not originated by the Catholics, or for Catholic purposes, so frequently insinuated, I present a tabular analysis of the station, religion, and fate of the chiefs of this formidable association, which I take from Madden's United Irishmen:—

*“Religion professed by the leading Members of the United Irish Society, or Persons suspected of so being.”*

“The names in braces are those of the state prisoners who had been confined in Fort George.

“PROTESTANTS.

Thomas A. Emmet, Bar.,	Hon. Simon Butler, Bar.,	*Anthony Perry,
Arthur O'Connor, “	A. H. Rowan,	*T. W. Tone, Bar.,
Roger O'Connor, “	James Napper Tandy,	*Bartholomew Tone,
Thomas Russell,	Lord Edward Fitzgerald,	Thomas Wright,
John Chambers,	*Henry Sheares, Bar.,	Wm. Livingston Webb,
Matthew Dowling,	*John Sheares, “	William Hamilton,
Edward Hudson,	Oliver Bond,	Matthew Dowling, Attor.,
Hugh Wilson,	*B. B. Harvey,	Richard Kirwan,
William Dowdall,	*Leonard M'Nally, Bar.,	James Reynolds, M. D.,
Robert Hunter,	John Russell,	Deane Swift, Bar.,

\*Matthew Keough,  
Thomas Corbett,  
William Corbett,

William Weir,  
John Allen,  
Thomas Bacon,

Joseph Holt.  
\*Robert Emmet,

“ PRESBYTERIANS.

William Tennant, M. D., }  
Robert Simms, }  
Samuel Neilson, }  
George Cumming, }  
Joseph Cuthbert, }  
Rev. W. Steele Dickson, }  
William Drennan, M. D., }  
\*William Orr, }  
\*Samuel Orr, }  
William Putnam M'Cabe, }  
\*Henry Monroe, }  
\*James Dickey, Attor., }

Henry Haslett,  
William Sampson, Bar.,  
\*Henry Joy M'Cracken,  
William Sinclair,  
J. Sinclair,  
Robert M'Gee, M. D.,  
Israel Milliken,  
Gilbert M'Ilvain, Jun.,  
Robert Byers,  
\*Henry Byers,  
S. Kennedy,

Robert Hunter,  
Robert Orr,  
Hugh Grimes,  
William Kean,  
James Burnside,  
James Greer,  
Rowley Osborne,  
Mr. Turner,  
William Simms,  
John Rabb,  
James Hope.

“ CATHOLICS.

W. J. Macneven, M. D., }  
John Sweeny, }  
Joseph Cormick, }  
John Sweetman, }  
Peter Finnerty, }  
\*William Michael Byrne, }  
\*John M'Cann, }  
\*J. Esmond, M. D., }  
William Lawless, }  
Edward John Lewins, }  
\*William Byrne, }

\*Walter Devereux,  
John Devereux, (the Gen-  
eral Devereux),  
Garret Byrne,  
\*Esmond Kyan,  
Charles Teeling,  
Bartholomew Teeling,  
Richard M'Cormick,  
Thomas Doorley,  
\*Felix Rourke,  
Bernard Mahon,

John Sweetman,  
E. Fitzgerald, (Wexford),  
William Aylmer,  
\*S. Barrett,  
Ferdinand O'Donnell,  
\*Col. O'Doude,  
\*John Kelly, } Gener-  
Thomas Cloney, } als.  
\*John Clinch,  
James Farrell, ,  
Michael Dwyer.

“ The clergy who were implicated or accused of being concerned in the rebellion, were the following: —

“ PRESBYTERIANS.

\*Rev. Mr. Warwick,  
Rev. W. Steele Dickson,  
\*Rev. William Porter,  
Rev. Mr. Barber,

Rev. Mr. Mahon,  
Rev. Mr. Birch,  
Rev. Mr. Ward,  
Rev. Mr. Smith,

Rev. Mr. Sinclair,  
\*Rev. Mr. Stevelly,  
Rev. Mr. M'Neill,  
Rev. Mr. Simpson.

“ CATHOLICS.

\*Rev. Moses Kearns,  
\*Rev. John Murphy,  
†Rev. Michael Murphy,  
Rev. Mr. Kavanagh,

\*Rev. Mr. Redmond,  
Rev. Mr. Stafford,  
\*Rev. P. Roche,  
Rev. H. O'Keon,

\*Rev. Mr. Prendergast,  
Rev. Mr. Harrold,  
\*Rev. J. Quigley,  
Rev. Dennis Taafe.

“ Those marked (\*) were executed ; (†) shot.

“ The eminent chemist and mineralogist, Richard Kirwan, on the authority of Dr. Macneven, was sworn by him, [Dr. Macneven.]

“ The preceding list of the names of the leaders of the United Irishmen includes those of the actors in the rebellion, as well as those of the originators and

organizers of it; but if we separate the one from the other, and enumerate the organizing leaders, we shall find that the Protestant and Presbyterian members, compared with the Roman Catholic members, are in the proportion of about four to one. There never was a greater mistake than to call this struggle a Popish rebellion: the movement was preëminently a Protestant one."

The following northern leaders were returned to the secret committee by Hughes, the Belfast informer, who was himself one among them, viz.: Orr, a chandler, who afterwards suffered death; Robert Hunter, a broker; John Tisdall, a notary; J. M'Clean, a watch-maker; S. M'Clean, a merchant; \* Thomas M'Donnell, a grocer; J. Luke, a linen factor; Hugh Crawford, linen merchant; A. M'Clean, woollen merchant; W. Crawford, ironmonger; H. Dunlap, builder; and W. Hogg, linen factor. Besides these, there were Russell, Neilson, Lowry, M'Cracken, (*M'Guckan*, a traitor,) Francis Jordan, treasurer for Antrim, Cunningham Gregg, Charles Rankin, Robert Thompson, Magennis, Alexander Lowry, the Rev. Mr. M'Mahon. The latter was most urgent to have the United men rise without the French. Teeling was the chief leader of Dundalk; he was a linen merchant, and wrote an excellent narrative of the rebellion. Tony M'Cann was of the same town, as were Samuel Turner, John and Patrick Byrne.

And now let us return to the proceedings of the government towards the unfortunate people of Ireland during the *memorable years* 1799 and 1800. O, where is the pen to depict the horrors of that black and bloody season! Not Pagan Rome, in the most revolting exercise of her power, in her most sanguinary persecutions of the Christians, equalled the bloody reign, at this period, of the British government in Ireland.

Troops of wretches were kept in their pay, whose business it was to swear against the suspected. The constitution was kept suspended. The trials by court martial proceeded with fiendish regularity. The daily business of the authorities was to superintend the "trials," whipping, hanging, or transportation, of companies of unfortunate men whom the wretches denominated "*king's evidence*" marked out for destruction. There were several of these wretches kept in the most elegant apartments of Dublin Castle. Some of them were supported at the "Castle Hotel," in Essex Street, and their bills, at the rate of thirty to fifty pounds a week, were paid at the secretary's office when presented. Several *grades* were established in this staff of villains. Some of them got as much as a thousand guineas for running down a distinguished leader. Others were satisfied to swing off a dozen for a fifth of the

\* This gentleman is at present a wealthy resident of Madison city, on the Ohio.

sum. The fees were paid according to the quality of the victim. I find in Plowden, Barrington, Macneven, Madden, and some other authors, numberless descriptions of those master villains. I have not room to give many portraits, but those I present are adepts in wickedness. It has been eloquently remarked by Macneven himself, that in no nation under the sun are the opposites in virtue and vice seen more distinctly, or in greater extremes, than in Ireland. "We shall see," says he, "fortitude worthy of the most heroic ages; fidelity that would honor the most virtuous; benevolence of intention, with philosophy of design, that would insure the greatest blessings; and, side by side of these, occasionally are to be met an audacity in the commission of crime, a maturity in corruption, a consummateness in villany, that will exhibit the Irish people frequently wise or wicked, but never little."

*T. Reynolds.* (By Dr. Macneven.)

"When Lord Edward Fitzgerald spoke to me of Reynolds, which was not until early in March, as one of the Kildare colonels chosen through his influence, I was alarmed, and acquainted him with my strong dislike and distrust of that man. He thought me over-cautious; but it was to the bad opinion I had of Reynolds that I owed my safety — that I escaped from a snare he laid deliberately against my life.

"The day before the meeting of the 12th of March, he called at my residence twice in one forenoon without finding me. The second time, he gave my servant a few lines, in which he requested I would inform him where the Leinster Provincial was to hold its next sitting, and to leave a note for him before I went out.

"His asking a written answer to such a question, in those times, was so much worse than folly, that it struck me as if all were not right; but I had no idea of the extent of my danger, for I knew nothing of the nature of the confidence reposed in him by Lord Edward; neither had I any knowledge of those traits of villany in his character which afterwards came out on the trial of Mr. Bond. My precaution arose simply from the obvious indiscretion of the demand, together with my contemptuous opinion of the individual himself; and I adopted the following mode of verifying my suspicion. I folded a piece of blank paper after the manner of a letter, which I laid upon the chimney-piece, and as Reynolds left word with the servant he would come back for an answer before dinner, I waited for him within. Between three and four he made his appearance, when I told him, that, as he had come himself, it was unnecessary to hand him my answer, throwing the paper in the fire. Never shall I forget the sudden falling of his countenance, and his rueful expression of disappointment at that moment. I coolly said I knew nothing of the matter, and looked about as for my hat. He could not recover his composure, but at once withdrew. My opportunities enabled me to know (for I attended professionally on his mother and her daughters) that he was given to lying, much of a glutton, and both expensive and avaricious — qualities which I had never seen to belong to a man of firm resolution, generous purpose, integrity, and courage. I also learned that by his near relations he was not esteemed. I take Reynolds as a case to prove how much it is a violation of morals on any account to conceal from the

knowledge of the world the heinous transgressions of bad men. These are, then, the wolves in sheep's clothing, whose wicked nature is not changed by lenity, but concealed in ambush until their pounce is deadly. Tenderness for his mother and her honorable relatives, the Fitzgeralds of Geraldine, caused a veil to be drawn over the crimes of his youth. Had he been unmasked in time, he never could have brought about the ruin of the virtuous Lord Edward, nor of so many other excellent men, nor of Ireland at that period. No pure character would ever suffer his approach if a coroner's inquest had been held on the death of his mother-in-law. It was not, however, until the trial of Mr. Bond, that the circumstances of that horrid affair became public. On the day of trial, Mr. Henry Withrington, a cornet in the 9th dragoons, presented himself voluntarily, and made oath, that he believed Reynolds not deserving of credit in a court of justice, and that he had poisoned his (Withrington's) mother. Reynolds had married a daughter of Mrs. Withrington, a lady of great respectability and good fortune, and was to receive at her death fifteen hundred pounds of his wife's portion. In some time, he persuaded the good lady to lend him this sum, and take the interest during her life. Subsequently to the transaction, Mrs. Withrington became indisposed with a cold, for which her son-in-law gave her a dose of medicine, — he said tartar emetic; but she grew worse. The cornet, her younger son, at that time seventeen years of age, testified that she sent an express the same evening for him and her son Edward, who was major of the regiment, both quartered in Athy, thirty-two miles from Dublin; that he himself set off immediately, and arrived in town before morning; but that his mother was nailed up in her coffin, which Reynolds would not suffer to be opened, but wished to proceed with the burial; that he resisted the removal of the coffin, and remained leaning on it until his brother Edward arrived, who was very indignant at the haste, and had the coffin opened. There they found their mother's body wrapped in a pitched sheet. After this, all intercourse ceased between the major and Reynolds. I have no copy by me of Mr. Bond's trial, where the evidence of the cornet is detailed; but every body must see it was quick work for a sudden death happening in the middle of the night, and no physician called. Major Withrington also appeared on the trial, whether voluntarily or by summons, I do not know, and he corroborated Henry's testimony. To a question why he had concealed such a fact so long, he answered, he had the misfortune of having a sister married to Reynolds, and wished not to destroy her peace. Mrs. Withrington was rich, and was said to have received, a few days before her death, a large sum of money. There was not found, after her decease, sufficient to bury her.

“Reynolds admitted, at the trial, every thing brought forward to impeach him, and the Orange jury convicted on his testimony, and the government took the part of his character.”

On the trial of Byrne, the following persons deposed that they did not believe him worthy of credit on his oath: Mr. Val. O'Connor, a merchant of Dublin, of the highest respectability; Mrs. Mary Malloy, his cousin, a nun; Mrs. Anne Fitzgerald, his mother's sister, a nun; Major Edward Withrington, his brother-in-law; Mr. Henry Withrington, another brother-in-law; Mr. Warren, his mother's former partner in trade; Mr. Peter Sullivan, a clerk of Mr. Reynolds.

On Bond's trial, he admitted having taken the following oaths: He had sworn to secrecy, on becoming a member of the United Irishmen. He had taken an oath of fidelity to his captains, on being appointed colonel. He had taken another, before a county meeting, that he had not betrayed his associates at Bond's. He had also taken the oath of allegiance twice, and an oath before the privy council once, and thrice in the courts of justice, on the trials of M'Cann, Byrne, and Bond.

By the parliamentary returns of the outlays of secret service money in Ireland, in 1798, 1799, connected with the rebellion, published by Dr. Madden, in which the original entries of the blood money, paid to Reynolds and the other informers, appear, — the following entries are curious and instructive: —

“ 1798.	Sept. 29,	Mr. T. Reynolds received	£1000 ;
—	Nov. 16,	do. do.	2000 ;
1799.	Jan. 19,	do. do.	1000 ;
—	March 4,	do. do.	1000 ;

— to complete £5000.”

On the 14th of June, he received his annuity, in full, to the 25th March, 1799. He received that annuity of £1000 for thirty-seven years! In 1817, he was appointed consul to Iceland, from which he returned in a year; was then appointed to Copenhagen. His pension was settled on himself, his wife, and his sons, or to the latest survivor; and the oppressed people of Ireland and England are at present paying this blood-money to the son or sons of Reynolds.

If ever there was a triple-formed villain, it was he. A few days after his having procured the arrest of Bond and the directory, he paid a visit of condolence to Mrs. Bond, and caressed the child of her bosom, whose father he was about to hang! He paid a similar visit to Lady Edward Fitzgerald, ten days after having given information against her husband. He told Lady Edward he was about to leave Ireland. So high was her confidence in this perfidious wretch, that she took a ring from her finger, desiring that when he had any thing of importance to write to her for her husband, he would seal his letters only with this ring.

Perhaps Curran's pithy summary of this man's character is the happiest that ever was uttered. “A man,” said that great master of description, “who measured his value by the coffins of his victims, and in the field of evidence appreciated his fame as the Indian warrior does in fight, by the number of scalps with which he can swell his victory.”

Having resided several years in London, in prudent privacy, receiving

his pension from government, and performing, in return, services similar to those which first drew him into communion with power, he was placed on a packed jury to try Dr. Watson and others, for the Spafields riots and treason. The press of London seized upon and held him and his employers up to the scorn of the English people, as the wretch who had dipped the evangelists in the best blood of his native country. He was then removed from London by his employer, Lord Castlereagh. On the accession of Mr. Canning to the foreign office, in 1822, he returned, but his influence was at an end. He was employed by the government no more. Mr. Canning distinctly told him, in reply to an application for employment, that he did not consider himself bound by Lord Castlereagh's engagements. Reynolds then retired to Paris, where he lived till his death, which took place in 1836. His remains were brought to England, and buried in the village church of Wilton, in Yorkshire; and well may that pithy epitaph be written under his niche, in history, which was aptly applied to a kindred spirit, *Luttrell*, the traitor of 1691: —

“ If Heaven be pleased when mortals cease to sin ;  
 If Hell be pleased when villains enter in ;  
 If Earth be pleased when it entombs a knave ;  
 Then all are pleased, — for *Luttrell*’s in his grave ! ”

The chief managers of those government ruffians were Majors *Sirr*, *Sandys*, and *Swan*. The *majors* stood between the government and the informers. These informers became a distinct order in the state: they were denominated the *battalion of testimony*. The corps was made up from wretches who had been condemned to death, and whose lives were offered them for swearing away the lives of others. When a suspected person was to be seized, one of the majors was sent for; the victim was marked, and the inferior myrmidons were soon in pursuit. These majors frequently seized men on their own authority, and often compromised, for a sum of money, to give their victims liberty. In this way they amassed considerable wealth. In short, these master villains could demand from any man what *hush-money* they pleased to ask.

*Major Sirr* enjoyed the confidence and employment of the government for more than forty-five years. It would require a volume to portray his adventures. He left, at his death, the rarest collection of paintings and curiosities that probably ever was gathered by any individual in Ireland. They were exhibited at the Rotunda for several weeks, and a charge was made to the public for admission, so extensive and curious was the valuable gathering. There is not the least doubt but that much of this extraordinary collection (which I spent several hours examining)



was the property of suspected persons, who readily yielded up to this master of torture their pictures, their jewels, curiosities, and money, — to avoid a dungeon.

Of the character of *Sandys*, something may be learned from the following statement, made by Curran in the trial of Major Sirr upon an action for assault and false imprisonment on a Mr. Hevey; one of the numerous circumstances of wanton atrocity distinctive of the period:

“On the 8th September last, Mr. Hevey was sitting in a public coffee-house; Major Sirr was there. Mr. Hevey was informed that the major had at that moment said, he (Hevey) ought to have been hanged. The plaintiff was fired at the charge: he fixed his eye on Sirr, and asked if he had dared to say so. Sirr declared that he had, and said it truly. Hevey answered that he was a slanderous scoundrel. At the instant, Sirr rushed upon him, and, assisted by three or four of his satellites, who had attended him in disguise, secured him and sent him to the castle guard, desiring that a receipt might be given for the villain. He was sent thither. The officer of the guard chanced to be an Englishman but lately arrived in Ireland: he said to the constable, ‘If this was in England, I should think this gentleman entitled to bail. But I don’t know the laws of this country. However, I think you had better loosen those irons upon his wrists, or they may kill him.’

“Here he was flung into a room of about thirteen feet by twelve. It was called the ‘hospital of the Provost’ It was occupied by six beds; on which were to lie fourteen or fifteen miserable wretches, some of them sinking under contagious diseases. Here he passed the first night, without bed or food. The next morning, his *humane* keeper, Major Sandys, appeared. The plaintiff demanded why he was imprisoned, complained of hunger, and asked for the jail allowance. Major Sandys replied by a torrent of abuse, which he concluded by saying, ‘Your crime is your insolence to Major Sirr: however, he disdains to trample upon you. You may appease him by proper and contrite submission; but, unless you do so, you shall rot where you are. I tell you this, that, if government will not protect us, by God we will not protect them. You will probably (for I know your insolent and ungrateful hardness) attempt to get out by a *habeas corpus*; but in that you will find yourself mistaken, as such a rascal deserves.’ Hevey was *insolent* enough to issue a *habeas corpus*; and a return was made upon it, that Hevey was in custody under a warrant from General Craig, on a charge of high treason; which return was grossly false.”

Plowden, in his admirable history of those times, gives us a picture of *Jemmy O'Brien*, the notorious informer and murderer of '98, which I present to the reader without any curtailment: —

“The case calls upon the historian to develop something more of that system, under which these unassailable powers had been vested in, and were so long exercised by, Majors Sirr and Sandys. They had taken into their service and peculiar confidence, for two or three years, the notorious perjured informer, *Jemmy O'Brien*, to whom they had allotted, as an appendage to their own office of inquisition, a subaltern apartment in the castle yard, where he and a permanent guard were on constant duty for every emergency. They had also procured him the appointment

of deputy keeper of Bedford Tower, in the castle. This Jemmy O'Brien was a deserter from the army. He had been prominently active in putting up, or swearing in, United Irishmen, and, after having been formally enlisted as an informer, had been enabled to raise and marshal a corps of desperadoes, as like to himself as he could engage. They were uniformly armed, like their captain, with pistols, hangers, and poniards, under their coats, and bludgeons in their hands. Major Sirr himself went generally accoutred with two brace of pistols, a dagger and a poniard. Thus, in detachments, they made their domiciliary and other visits, mostly by night, generally by force.

“Upon the sole evidence of this man, scores were hanged, and hundreds flogged and imprisoned. At one time, sixteen were capitally indicted upon his sole evidence, (one witness sufficing to convict of high treason in Ireland;) but Mr. Curran, in cross-examining him, on the trial of Patrick Finney, so palpably convinced the jury of barefaced perjury, that the judge ordered the remaining fifteen to be discharged, no credit being due to the testimony of such a perjured informer. He was, notwithstanding, warmly befriended and encouraged by Majors Sirr and Sandys, and other persons of more consequence about the castle. On a Sunday evening, Major Sirr, with Jemmy O'Brien, marched armed, in costume, with a party of soldiers, to disperse some foot-ball players from a field near the barracks: it was precipitately cleared on their approach.

“There happened, however, to be strolling in the field, with his wife, a decrepit man, one Hoey, a grocer, from Essex Street, for the sake of air, having been long confined by illness. As he was feebly attempting to crawl through a gap in the field wall, he was assailed by Jemmy O'Brien, and most inhumanly butchered, by repeated stabs, in the presence of his wife and of many others. The murderer marched back unmolested with the soldiers to the castle, where he remained secure, in the exercise of his usual functions, for above a week, during which no attempt was made by the sheriffs, magistrates, or officers of justice, to apprehend him. Major Sirr did not surrender him, and Alderman James, and other county magistrates, absolutely refused to take examinations of the murder. Examinations were at last taken, and a warrant issued for the apprehending of O'Brien, which was effected by means of a large reward given to the sergeant of a Highland regiment, which then mounted the castle guard. He was not brought to trial for above six months after the murder. He was instantly convicted; and the public indignation, accompanied with a general conviction that he would be pardoned, obliged Lord Cornwallis to refuse the most powerful intercessions in his favor.

“Above two hundred thousand spectators attended this execution; and, contrary to the usual feelings of the public in the awful moment of a malefactor being launched into eternity, the mob rent the air with three successive shouts of exultation. An escort of cavalry attended the corpse to Surgeons' Hall, where it was to have been dissected; but through the earnest solicitation of Majors Sirr and Swan, and Alderman James, the body was not dissected, but interred behind the old men's hospital. After the corpse had been deposited at Surgeons' Hall, the populace took the car, on which it had been conveyed, and led it several times round the statue of King William, when they repeated their shouts of exultation that their land was freed from such a monster — an awful lesson to the surviving protectors, friends, and employers of Jemmy O'Brien.

“In the trial of Finney, Mr. Curran said of this monster: ‘I have heard of

assassination by sword, by pistol, and by dagger: but here is a wretch who would dip the evangelists in blood. If he think he has not sworn his victim to death, he is ready to swear without mercy and without end. But O! do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath! The arm of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the Gospel. If he will swear, let it be on the knife, the proper symbol of his profession.' ”

But far beyond all these in importance to ministers, were the refined villains, *the mock advocates of the people*, who by permission vehemently abused the government, in order to worm themselves into the people's confidence, the better to betray them. Distinguished among these was *Counsellor Macnally*, an ardent defender, at the bar, of the United Irishmen. He was regularly in the pay of government, giving them all the information which came to his ears, in his professional intercourse with the unfortunate men whose fate was placed in his hands. Macnally was placed on the secret pension list of the castle, and received three hundred pounds per annum till his death.

*Hughes*, who was a bookseller in Belfast, appeared to be, indeed, a deep-dyed villain. He was a confidential leader among the northern United men. The government pretended to arrest him on the charge of high treason — to treat him with cruelty — had him sent in among a jail-full of prisoners, where, by disclosing to them pretended secrets, and denouncing the government, he obtained their confidence. By this means he got a knowledge of many persons implicated, whom he himself did not know. Among these were Binns\*, Baily, and Bonham, delegates sent from London to establish a brotherhood between the discontented of both countries. At one period, he pretended to be insane, and had prevailed on the Rev. Mr. Dickson, in prison under a charge of high treason, to admit him to his room in the jail. Here he tried to entrap the reverend patriot by a thousand affected fits, and confidential disclosures, during lucid intervals. But the latter, and his friends in prison, avoided him. Hughes never appeared in the courts to give evidence; he was kept for a higher purpose. He was soon after removed from the prison, and kept in Dublin Castle till 1801, when, the parliament being extinguished, he was “paid off” by two hundred pounds, came to America, settled in Charleston, South Carolina, and became a dealer in cotton.

*Magin*, of Saintfield, in the county Down, was giving information, regularly, to the reverend chaplain of Lord Castlereagh, from April, 1797, to May 31, 1798. He received near one thousand pounds for this. This villain died poor, near Belfast.

\* The present Alderman Binns, of Philadelphia.

*M'Guckan*, the Belfast solicitor of the United men, was likewise in the pay of government. He was intrusted with the defence of the northern prisoners, was largely paid by them, and pensioned, at the same time, by government.

*Newall*, *Bird*, and *Magnan*, high in command among the United men, were regularly in communication with the castle, and eventually maintained in the state apartments.

*Mr. Frederick Dutton* was a northern informer, regularly in the pay of government. He followed Arthur O'Connor and the Rev. Mr. Quigley to Maidstone, and stuffed the treasonable paper into the great-coat pocket of the priest, mistaking it for the coat of Arthur O'Connor.

---

## THE UNION.

The reader, who has looked over the previous fifty or sixty pages of this book, must have got a sufficient insight into the condition of Ireland, the designs of the British minister, the hordes of sanguinary wretches he employed, and the horrifying scenes which he created in a country fair and prosperous only some six or seven years before.

It was, alas! that very prosperity which drew upon ill-fated Erin the desolating torrents of her jealous "sister's" wrath.

At such a moment as this — when all laws were laid prostrate; while the green earth was besmeared with the blood of the purest and the bravest men; when *one hundred thousand* of her choicest patriots were either killed, exiled, or in dungeons; when a thundering foreign army, aided by a native legion of traitor bands, held the nation a prisoner, and hushed its cries to silence by the flourishing of blood-clotted sabres, — at such a moment was proposed the "*union*" of the Irish parliament with that of England.

The Irish parliament had now been seventeen years exercising its functions perfectly independent of any authority in England, save the monarch's. By the constitution, as settled in 1782, the monarch's power was purely of a ministerial, or else a negative character. The government of Ireland consisted of a commons' chamber, of three hundred members; a lords' chamber, of two hundred members; and a lord lieutenant and privy council, appointed by the king of England. The great law officers of Ireland, the lord chancellor, attorney-general, and judges, were appointed by the king of England, through the mouth of his lord lieutenant. All legislative acts must receive the approbation and sign-manual of the English king. The supplies necessary for the

government and defence of Ireland were voted alone by the Irish house of commons. If the king of England needed, in any of his wars, a supply of landsmen or seamen, with outfit, he sent a message to "his faithful commons of Ireland," representing the urgency of his case, and the necessity of immediate supplies. The message was then taken up and discussed, pro and con, in the usual way; the members voting in the negative or affirmative, just as they thought fit.

For instance, when the American war was commenced by George the Third, he sent to "his faithful commons of Ireland" for a supply of men to aid him in the enterprise. The demand was eloquently and vigorously resisted in the Irish commons, by Barre, Flood, Fitzpatrick, and others. Public meetings were held in many parts of Ireland, applauding the Americans for resisting, and denouncing the ministry. Resolutions were passed, at various public meetings, instructing their members, in the house, to vote against the "supply." After a debate and a fruitless opposition, the king's demand was voted by a corrupt majority. But Lord North, learning, by all these proceedings, that the public sentiment of Ireland was decidedly in favor of the revolting colonies, declined, as leading minister of the war, to avail himself of a single Irish regiment, in his crusade against the liberties of America. He hired twenty-seven thousand Continental mercenaries, from among the serfs of German despots, for his purpose, and he thus paid the Irish the compliment of supposing them incapable of fighting against a principle worshipped by their hearts and judgments.

On another occasion, when the French and Dutch threatened to invade England, the Irish parliament voted thirty-two thousand Irish seamen to man the British fleet. In 1760, when the Irish treasury was plethoric with money, the king of England sent a "message to his faithful commons of Ireland," requesting the transfer of their superabundant wealth to his exchequer of England, *which, however, they peremptorily refused*. The taxes, revenue, treasury, army and navy of Ireland, were perfectly independent of England. In short, had the king of England removed for a season to Ireland, *Ireland would, during the continuance of that period*, be as perfectly independent of England, in all and every particular, as England is of France.

Such was the nature of the "connection" between Ireland and England from 1782 to 1800. The Irish parliament, though more than half composed of members returned by boroughs, was still a *national* assembly. There were many of its members patriotic, honest, and fearless; many whose eloquence eclipsed the senators of Greece or Rome.

The corrupt were known, discountenanced, and checked, by the public eye. That parliament, unreformed and *exclusively* Protestant as it was, kept the business of the nation going on; kept her out of debt; kept the plundering hands of England out of her pockets; kept the aristocracy at home; kept the wealth of the country at home, and pretty well distributed among the people; kept them employed, and happy, in their native country. Religious toleration was gradually making its way through the rising generation; and, in half a dozen years after the arrival of Earl Fitzwilliam, had Ireland been left to herself, Catholic emancipation and reform of parliament would, most certainly, have been carried.

Such was that national bulwark, which for a while protected Ireland, promoted her every interest, developed her every resource, employed and paid every industrious man and woman of her population. Such was that national machinery which prevented absenteeism and emigration, which fostered the national enterprise, and dried up the sources of pauperism; which kept the people out of convict-ships, jails, and poor-houses; which kept the intellect and labor of Ireland at home, by high rewards derived from the liberal application of Ireland's own resources.

We have seen the minister foment a rebellion, that he might have an excuse for slaughtering the people. We have seen the people slaughtered in cold blood by his command, that he might get into the unguarded temple of their liberties. He has now approached the portals of that temple, and we are next to witness the unparalleled treachery by which he obtained possession.

The character of William Pitt is known to every body. The son of the great Lord Chatham, he entered political life as a reformer of parliament, but abjured his principle when he got place; the insincere friend of the Catholics, who promised them, during the discussion of the union, their full emancipation, from the liberality of an imperial parliament, but never intended to carry any part of that promise into effect; who, being thwarted by the Irish in all his schemes of political tyranny in England, now volunteered to stir up the virulent passions of Englishmen against their Irish brethren, and their commercial jealousies against her interest.

Some of the instruments he selected to complete the ruin of Ireland were Irishmen. He raised Fitzgibbon, a successful lawyer, to the dignity of lord chancellor of Ireland, with the title of earl of Clare. This man was proud, overbearing, talented, and ferocious. The law courts of Ireland, with all their patronage, were placed at his

disposal. He acted up to the wishes of his master throughout the terrible season of the insurrection. He appointed and dismissed magistrates, created offices, interpreted acts of parliament, drew up proclamations, was the keeper of the lord lieutenant's *conscience*, bound or loosed all criminals, and, in short, administered all powers in the state just as his caprice suggested, responsible only to his confederate in wickedness, William Pitt. Barrington completes the portrait of this eminent scoundrel.

“He commenced his office with a splendor far exceeding all precedent. He expended four thousand guineas for a state carriage: his establishment was splendid, and his entertainments magnificent. His family connections absorbed the patronage of the state, and he became the most absolute subject that modern times had seen in the British Islands. His only check was the bar, which he resolved to corrupt. He doubled the number of the bankrupt commissioners. He revived some offices, created others, and, under pretence of furnishing each county with a local judge, in two months he established thirty-two new offices, of about six or seven hundred pounds per annum each. His arrogance in court intimidated many whom his patronage could not corrupt; and he had no doubt of overpowering the whole profession.”

The two personages next in consequence in this bad undertaking were the Marquis Cornwallis, an Englishman, and Lord Castlereagh, an Irishman. I will allow Barrington's portraits to go to the reader untouched.

“Lord Cornwallis, with the exception of the union, which renders him the most prominent person in Irish history, had never succeeded in any of his public measures. His conduct in America had deprived England of her dominions, and her army of its reputation. His catastrophe at Yorktown gave a shock to the king's mind, from which it never entirely recovered. In India, having defeated Tippoo Saib, he concluded a peace which only increased the necessity of future wars. Weary of the sword, he was sent to conclude the peace of Amiens; but, out-manceuvred by Lucien Bonaparte, his lordship's treaty involved all Europe in a war against England. He had thought to blind or conciliate Lucien, by complimenting the first consul, even to the extent of sacrificing his sovereign's title as king of France, which had been borne since the conquests of our Edwards and Henrys. He was now employed by Mr. Pitt to produce the union — a measure which has failed in every result, by the prediction of which it was justified.

“Lord Castlereagh had been more than seven years in the Irish parliament, but was undistinguished by talents. In private life, his honorable conduct, gentlemanly habits, and engaging demeanor, were exemplary. Of his public life, the commencement was patriotic, the progress corrupt, and the termination criminal. His first public essay was a motion to reform the Irish parliament, and his last was to corrupt and annihilate it, by bribing one hundred and fifty-four of its members. It is impossible to deny a fact so notorious. History, tradition, or the fictions of romance, contain no instance of a minister in Ireland who so fearlessly deviated from all the principles which ought to characterize the servant of a constitutional monarch, or the citizen of a free country. The facts of this history will prove the justice of this observation. The means by which, as the working artist, he

effected the union, will teach the people of England to appreciate their escape from a continuation of his public services,"—by his cutting his own throat.

There was a fourth, though an inferior member of this unholy agency, who deserves our notice. He was Mr. Under Secretary *Cooke*, an English official sent to Ireland by Pitt, from his own private cabinet. This Englishman was plausible, deep, mean, talented, and unprincipled. He was chief master and manager of all the villains, whom the "insurrection money" and the "union money" had called into life. He distributed gold and place to the meaner scoundrels, while Lords Castle-reagh, Cornwallis, and the chancellor, tampered with those of high degree. The official pack who had seats in the house of commons, and places at the disposal of the court, were left to the management of *Cooke*, together with which, he had under his command, and immediately in his pay, all the spies and informers, all the ruffians and bullies of the kingdom. Some of these lived in his grand apartments in the castle, breakfasted and dined with him, for several days.

The siege of the Irish parliament was commenced in form by *Cooke*, who published a pamphlet entitled "Arguments for and against a Union considered." It was plausibly written, and it was the "first gun." Mr. Cooke was promptly replied to by a pamphlet entitled "Cease your Funning!"—a clever thing, which, in the garb of wit and irony, covered Cooke with ridicule, and conveyed reasons so powerful against the proposition, that the public mind was roused to a sense of the approaching danger.

The press now began to teem with pamphlets, *pro* and *con*. Nearly a dozen a week were issued. The minds and pens of men were turned from the contemplation of their lost friends to the threatened annihilation of their parliament. The government procured venal scribes to write pamphlets, who raised false issues in the public mind. The debate went on through pamphlets innumerable. The Catholics were promised their emancipation by consenting to this union; the Protestants, their ascendancy; the Protestant church, security in its possessions; the bar, promotion in England and the colonies; the boroughmongers, magnificent compensation. Every interest was courted and cajoled; the merchant was promised more trade, the artisan more wages.

The siege had now continued some months. The prostrate nation plucked some courage from the patriotic example of a few great spirits. Grattan had left Ireland on the breaking out of the rebellion, and Flood was in retirement. A meeting of the Dublin bar was called, by the requisition of some of its leading members, to discuss the proposed



union. The requisition was signed by Saurin, Plunkett, Bushe, Burton, Barrington, O'Driscoll, Jebb, P. Burrowes, Lloyd, O'Farrell, Joy, and some others. These were the most eloquent men of the day; they were king's counsel; many of them were members of the house of commons, and nearly all of them were subsequently promoted to the bench.

This, the first meeting called to resist the union, was held in the exhibition room, William Street, on the 9th of December, 1799. After a spirited debate, in which some of the government hacks took part, Mr. Gould, then a young barrister of great talent, delivered a splendid speech against the proposed union, the conclusion of which was remarkably able.

Mr. Gould said: "There are forty thousand British troops in Ireland; and with forty thousand bayonets at my breast, the minister shall not plant another Sicily in the bosom of the Atlantic. I want not the assistance of divine inspiration to foretell, for I am enabled, by the visible and unerring demonstrations of nature, to assert, that Ireland was destined to be a free and independent nation. Our patent to be a state, not a shire, comes direct from Heaven. The Almighty has, in majestic characters, signed the great charter of our independence. The great Creator of the world has given our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom. The God of nature never intended that Ireland should be a province, *and by G— she never shall!*"

The assembly burst into a tumult of applause; a repetition of the words came from many mouths, and many an able lawyer swore hard upon the subject; but the division was —

Against the proposed union . . . . .	166
In favor of it . . . . .	32
Majority . . . . .	134

It is a singular fact illustrative of the bribery and corruption of the time, that *those thirty-two*, who formed the inglorious minority on that occasion, were rewarded by rich judgeships, commissionerships, and chairmanships, very soon after.

Some of those one hundred and sixty-six members of the bar, who voted against the union, held, at that time, offices in the gift of government. *They were immediately dismissed.* The Right Honorable James Fitzgerald, then prime serjeant, was the first victim. The bar met, and offered him an address of admiration for his patriotic intrepidity. There never was a purer or more consistent patriot. He opposed the measure in every stage, and, after the fall of his country, lived in retirement the rest of his life, rather than accept any office from so perfidious a government.

The assault on the citadel was now resolved on. It took place on the 22d January, 1799, by a direct motion, in the house of commons, to consider the terms of a parliamentary union with England. It lasted till eleven o'clock in the morning of the 23d, or twenty-two hours. The government obtained a majority of only one, and that by palpable seduction. The second debate commenced at five o'clock on the same day, and continued till late in the morning of the 24th, when, the country being roused, the treasury bench was unexpectedly defeated. About seventy of the members had no alternative but to obey the minister, or be deprived of their subsistence; otherwise, nine tenths of the house would have voted against the union. The minister, on the second debate and division, was left in a minority of six. Sir Jonah Barrington gives a vivid sketch of this division.

“The question was loudly called for by the opposition, who were now tolerably secure of a majority. Above sixty members had spoken: the subject was exhausted, and all parties seemed equally impatient. The house divided, and the opposition withdrew to the court of requests. It is not easy to conceive, still less to describe, the anxiety of this moment. A considerable delay took place. Mr. Ponsonby and Sir Laurence Parsons were at length named tellers for the amendment; Mr. W. Smith and Lord Tyrone, for the address. One hundred and eleven members had declared against the union, and, when the doors were opened, one hundred and five were discovered to be the total number of the minister's adherents. The gratification of the anti-unionists was unbounded; and, as they walked deliberately in, one by one, to be counted, the eager spectators, ladies as well as gentlemen, leaning over the galleries, ignorant of the result, were panting with expectation. Lady Castlereagh, then one of the finest women of the court, appeared in the serjeant's box, palpitating for her husband's fate. The desponding appearance and fallen crests of the ministerial benches, and the exulting air of the opposition members as they entered, were intelligible. Mr. Egan, chairman of Dublin county, a coarse, large, bluff, red-faced man, was the last who entered. His exultation knew no bounds; as number one hundred and ten was announced, he stopped a moment at the bar, flourished a great stick which he had in his hand over his head, and with the voice of a Stentor, cried out, ‘And I'm a hundred and eleven!’ He then sat quietly down, and burst out into an immoderate and almost convulsive fit of laughter. It was all heart. He continued shaking hands with every body that came near him, till the house adjourned. Never was there a finer picture of genuine patriotism; there was no man in the house seemed so delighted. He was very far from being rich, and had an offer of some thousands a year to vote for a union. He refused it with indignation.”

Of the one hundred and five who voted for ministers, seventy were holders of place, whose very subsistence depended on the good-will of government. The rest were expectants of office, whose reward was bargained for; and there were eighty-four members absent.

Mr. Ponsonby, who led the opposition against the minister, now of-

ferred the following declaration to the house, having prefaced it with an appropriate speech — “That this house will ever maintain the undoubted birthright of Irishmen, by preserving an independent parliament of lords and commons resident in this kingdom, as stated and approved by his majesty and the British parliament in 1782.” Lord Castlereagh and Toler (afterwards Lord Norbury) were the only persons who objected to this declaration. Having suffered so recent a defeat, they did not dare to risk a division. The speaker rose to put the question. A loud cry of approbation followed. The motion was carried. The members were rising to withdraw, when the speaker called on Mr. Ponsonby to *write* down his motion accurately. The delay of a few minutes more occurred. Some of the anti-union members had left the house. This moment—the most critical, perhaps, in Irish history — seems to us to have been that in which fate decided against us.

Barrington describes the proceeding: —

“On Mr. Ponsonby’s handing up his motion, he stood firm and collected, and looked around him with the honest confidence of a man who had performed his duty and saved his country. The silence of death prevailed in the galleries, and the whole assembly displayed a spectacle as solemn and important as any country or any era had ever exhibited.

“The speaker put the question; the ‘ayes’ burst forth into a loud peal; the gallery was in immediate motion; all was congratulation. On the question being put the second time, (as was usual,) a still louder and more reiterated cry of ‘Ay, ay!’ resounded from every quarter; only two negatives were heard, feebly, from the ministerial side; government had given up the contest, and the independence of Ireland was on the very verge of permanent security, when Mr. William Charles Fortescue, member for Louth county, requested to be heard before the final decision was announced.

“He said, ‘that he was adverse to the measure of a legislative union, and had given his decided vote against it; but he did not wish to bind himself for *ever*; possible circumstances might hereafter occur, which might render that measure expedient for the empire, and he did not approve of any determination which for *ever* closed the doors against any possibility of future discussion.’

The opposition were paralyzed; the government were roused; a single sentence, plausibly conceived and (without reflecting on its destructive consequence) moderately uttered, by a respectable man and an avowed anti-unionist, eventually decided the fate of the Irish nation. It offered a pretext for timidity, a precedent for caution, and a subterfuge for wavering venality.”

Mr. French, of Roscommon, and Lord Cole, who had voted with Mr. Ponsonby in his majority against the union, expressed, unreflectingly, their concurrence in the view taken by Mr. Fortescue. It is impossible to describe the disappointment and surprise of the anti-unionists. To be defeated by an enemy was to be borne; but to fall by the clumsy

secession of a friend was disheartening in the extreme. Mr. Ponsonby felt the critical situation of the country. The opposition had but a majority of five on the first division; three seceders would have given a majority to government, and a division could not be risked.

Mr. Ponsonby's presence of mind instantly suggested the only remaining alternative. He lamented "that the smallest contrariety of opinion should have arisen amongst men who ought to be united by the most powerful of all inducements, the salvation of their independence. He perceived, however, a wish that he should not press the motion, founded, he supposed, on a mistaken confidence in the engagements of the noble lord (Lord Castlereagh) *that he would not again bring forward that ruinous measure without the decided approbation of the people and of the parliament.* Though he must doubt the sincerity of the minister's engagements, he could not hesitate to acquiesce in the wishes of his friends, and he would therefore withdraw his motion."

A dead silence followed Mr. Ponsonby's avowal. The intelligent spectators in the house saw that the victory gained over the minister was so feeble, that he would certainly persevere in the attack. The populace outside cheered the *victory*, believing that their country was saved. Their enthusiasm knew no bounds. But little did they suspect the nature of that machinery then set to work for their destruction.

The government party saw their advantage in this state of things; and, though Mr. Pitt intimated to his confederates in Ireland, that, unless supported by a *majority of fifty* in the commons, he would not press the question, yet, so favorable were their prospects drawn by the lord lieutenant after this debate, that he returned to the contest with redoubled energy.

Another source of government hope was found in the pliability of the Irish house of lords. The majority of the lords owned boroughs through Ireland. These boroughs returned members to the commons. The dozen or two voters, who alone in these boroughs possessed the power of returning the members, were the tenants, servants, gate-keepers, herds, and stewards of these lords, whose votes were as regularly sold by them as the cattle raised upon their farms. There were about one hundred and seventy members returned to the commons from boroughs of this description. The chamber of peers therefore became the next object of attack. The members were coaxed and cajoled at the castle banquets. Immense sums were offered to them for the votes of their

boroughs. Many of them were in debt; and the prospect of immediately getting from the government a sum of money, for the votes of a dozen of their dependants, greater than their entire estates would fetch, if sold, dazzled them not a little; 10,000, 20,000, 30,000 pounds were stipulated to be paid for each borough to its lordly *patron*. Besides this, their sons and sons-in-law were promised the highest grade of dignities and emoluments. The church, the bench, the law offices, the navy, the army, the colonies, the Indies, were all thrown open to the sons and relatives of Irish recreant peers and commoners. The most sumptuous entertainments were given, at Dublin Castle, to these rotten depositories of political power. Nothing was talked of but the future offices which each man was to occupy in Ireland, England, or beyond the seas. Each recreant lord felt himself pregnant with future office, emolument, and dignity. His poor relations were to be provided for; his creditors were to be paid off. A single "ay," like the touch of Aladdin's lamp, would bring under his command the wealth of the world.

Under this battery, the "virtuous aristocracy" of Ireland reeled. The lord lieutenant's message to the lords' chamber, "to consider the terms of a union with England, with a view to consolidate the power and resources of the British empire," was favorably responded to by a majority of that house.

"After an ineffectual resistance by some, whose integrity was invincible, the Irish lords recorded their own humiliation, and, in a state of absolute infatuation, perpetrated the most extraordinary act of legislative suicide which ever stained the records of a nation.

"The reply of the Irish lords, to the speech of the British viceroy, coincided in his recommendation, and virtually consented to prostrate themselves and their posterity forever. The prerogatives of rank, the pride of ancestry, the glory of the peerage, and the rights of the country, were equally sacrificed."

The "union agitation" now expanded to national dimensions. The affrighted country, though prostrate, bleeding, and imprisoned by a foreign army, showed some galvanistic signs of vigor. Nothing but indignation was heard on every side. Many of those who spoke audibly were imprisoned. Those who were in any employment at the command of government were hushed into silence. Others, who had influence with the people, were promised great things if they would exercise that influence in favor of the government. The parliamentary session was soon brought to a close, and Lord Cornwallis set out on a grand tour through Ireland. As for Lord Castlereagh, the session had scarcely closed, when his lordship recommenced his warfare against his country.

The treasury was in his hands, patronage in his note-book, and all the influence which the scourge or pardon, reward or punishment, could possibly produce on the trembling rebels, was openly resorted to. Lord Cornwallis determined to put Irish honesty to the test, and set out on an experimental tour through those parts of the country where the nobility and gentry were most likely to entertain him. He artfully selected those places where he could best make his way with corporations at public dinners, and by visiting the mansions and cottages of the aristocracy, country gentlemen, and farmers. Ireland was thus canvassed, and every jail was converted to a hustings.

Mr. Pitt received from his agents in Ireland the most encouraging letters, and returned answers fully corresponding with all their desires and designs. The most extensive quantity of money,—offices, promotion, and titles,—were placed at the disposal of his ministers. He directed Lord Cornwallis, in his journey through the country, to see as many of the Catholic bishops and “leaders” as he possibly could, and to assure them, nay, to *pledge* himself to them, that, on the passing of the “union bill,” Catholic emancipation would be made a special measure of the English cabinet.

About this premeditated fraud, there cannot be the slightest doubt. I will at once place on record the evidence from Plowden’s History of those times — Plowden, an Englishman, sent to promote the “union.” It appearing, after the union, to the Catholic aristocracy, (some of whom had been induced to vote for that measure on the faith of Lord Cornwallis’s *pledge*, authorized by Pitt,) that good faith was not to be kept with them, their advocates in the English parliament questioned the members of the Pitt administration, charging them with fraud and deception. Pitt, Portland, Cornwallis, and other members of that administration, when they found George the Third unwilling to emancipate the Catholics, formally resigned, giving to the Catholic leaders, as the cause of their resignation, their *inability* to carry out the pledges given to them before the union, and repledging themselves against “*again embarking in the service of government, except on the terms of the Catholic privileges being obtained.*”

*Both the first pledge and the second were deliberately made to be broken.*

The following is Mr. Plowden’s account of the affair : —

“Immediately after Mr. Pitt’s resignation, his excellency sent for Dr. Troy, the Catholic archbishop of Dublin, and Lord Fingall, the first Catholic nobleman of Ireland, on the same day, though they attended him at separate times, and in the

presence of Lieutenant-Colonel Littlehales, delivered to them the following written declaration; desiring, at the same time, that they should be discreetly communicated to the bishops and principal Catholics, but not inserted in the newspapers. Within a short time after, they found their way into the English and Irish prints.

“The leading part of his majesty’s ministers, finding insurmountable obstacles to the bringing forward measures of concession to the Catholic body, whilst in office, have felt it impossible to continue in administration under the inability to propose it with the circumstances necessary to carrying the measure with all its advantages; and they have retired from his majesty’s service, considering this line of conduct as most likely to contribute to its ultimate success. The Catholic body will, therefore, see how much their future hopes must depend upon strengthening their cause by good conduct in the mean time; they will prudently consider their prospects as arising from the persons, who now espouse their interests, and compare them with those which they could look to from any other quarter. They may with confidence rely on the zealous support of all those who retire, and of many who remain in office, when it can be given with a prospect of success. They may be assured that Mr. Pitt will do his utmost to establish their cause in the public favor, and prepare the way for their finally attaining their objects. And the Catholics will feel that, as Mr. Pitt could not concur in a hopeless attempt to enforce it now, he must, at all times, repress, with the same decision as if he held an adverse opinion, any unconstitutional conduct in the Catholic body. Under these circumstances, it cannot be doubted that the Catholics will take the most loyal, dutiful, and patient line of conduct; that they will not suffer themselves to be led into measures which can, by any construction, give a handle, to the opposers of their wishes, either to misinterpret their principles, or to raise an argument for resisting their claims; but that, by their prudent and exemplary demeanor, they will afford additional grounds, to the growing number of their advocates, to enforce their claims on proper occasions, until their objects can be finally and advantageously attained.’

“Such was Mr. Pitt’s pledge or promise, which falls certainly within Lord Holland’s meaning of a written communication between the agents of government and the Catholic body. That of Lord Cornwallis was under the following title, viz.:—*The Sentiments of a sincere Friend to the Catholic Claims.* ‘If the Catholics should now proceed to violence, or entertain any ideas of gaining their object by convulsive measures, or forming associations with men of Jacobinical principles, they must, of course, lose the support and aid of those who have sacrificed their own situations in their cause, but who would, at the same time, feel it to be their indispensable duty to oppose every thing tending to confusion. On the other hand, should the Catholics be sensible of the benefit they possess, by having so many characters of eminence pledged not to embark in the service of government, except on the terms of the Catholic privileges being obtained, it is hoped that, on balancing the advantages and disadvantages of their situation, they would prefer a quiet and peaceable demeanor to any line of conduct of an opposite description.’

“It having been given out, and generally believed by Mr. Pitt’s party, that these papers had been disowned by Mr. Pitt and Lord Cornwallis, and the noble marquis having been appointed to the general government of India in 1805, the author determined to verify the fact by the best evidence the nature of the case would admit of, feeling it a duty to his own credit, and an important service to Ire-

land, to place the matter out of doubt. He wrote a letter, for that purpose, to Lord Cornwallis, on which the following correspondence took place:—

“‘BURLINGTON STREET, April 7, 1805.

“‘SIR:

“‘I have received your letter of yesterday’s date, and feel no difficulty in giving the most satisfactory answer to it in my power. I have neither a copy nor a distinct recollection of the words of the paper which I gave to Dr. Troy; but this I perfectly well remember,—that the paper was hastily given to him by me, to be circulated amongst his friends, with a view of preventing any immediate disturbances, or other bad effects, that might be apprehended from the accounts that had just arrived from England; and if I used the word *pledged*, I could only mean, that in my opinion the ministers, by resigning their offices, gave a pledge of their being friends to the measure of Catholic emancipation; for I can assure you that I never received authority, directly or indirectly, from any member of the administration, who resigned his office at that time, to give a pledge that he would not embark again in the service of government except on the terms of the Catholic privileges being obtained.

“‘I have the honor to be, sir,

“‘Your most obedient, humble servant,

“‘CORNWALLIS.’

“‘It had been written and delivered by the viceroy himself, in the presence of his first secretary, to the first ecclesiastical and lay personages amongst the Catholics. Under these impressions, the author wrote the following letter in reply to his lordship:—

“‘MY LORD:

“‘Having given you my history, and, in my letter of the 6th instant, pointed to the page of it which contained that important paper, of which you have neither a copy nor a distinct recollection, I take the liberty of enclosing an exact copy of it from the manuscript of Dr. Troy, in my possession, which led me to believe that it had been neither hastily given nor insidiously intended to answer a temporary purpose, nor to meet the effects of a flying report.

“‘I have the honor to be, with all due respect,

“‘Your lordship’s obedient humble servant,

“‘FRANCIS PLOWDEN.

“‘ESSEX STREET, April 8, 1805.’

“‘To this letter the author received the following conclusive admission of the genuine authenticity of the important documents published in the Historical Review:—

“‘BURLINGTON STREET, April 8, 1805.

“‘SIR:

“‘I have alluded in my former letter to a short paper, which I gave to Dr. Troy, on the morning after the account of the resignation arrived. I have no copies of the papers, which you have now transmitted. *I do not, however, doubt their authority*; but of one circumstance I can speak with the most confident certainty, viz., that I had on no occasion any authority for using the word *pledged*, but what I thought arose from the act of resignation.

“‘I have the honor to be, sir,

“‘Your most obedient and most humble servant,

129

“‘CORNWALLIS.’”



Let the reader compare this lord's letter with the passage marked in *Italic* in his *memorandum*, and then pronounce a verdict upon the guilt of him and his political associates.

It is but simple justice to the Catholics of Ireland to record here, that *they*, as a body, were not deceived by these men, nor were they assenting parties to the union. On the contrary, in 1795, when a union was first talked of to them as the condition of their emancipation, they met in Dublin,\* and "unanimously resolved that they would rather endure the ignominy of eternal exclusion from parliament and office, than consent to the transfer of the rights of Ireland to the parliament of England;" and, upon a remarkable occasion, in the midst of the union agitation, in 1799, O'CONNELL, then a young man, came forward on behalf of the Catholics, at a public meeting held in the royal exchange of Dublin, and delivered an eloquent address against that union, and, on behalf of himself and fellow-Catholics, disclaimed, forever, all share in the political privileges of the state, rather than consent for one moment to the destruction of their country. I reserve this speech for the opening pages of O'Connell's life, which the reader will find toward the conclusion of this book.

It is true, however, that some of the Catholic aristocracy did receive favors from the Pitt ministry. Sir J. Barrington states that Mr. *Bellew* got a pension, which he was in the receipt of to his time, 1820. Lord Cornwallis, in his journey through Ireland, to which I wish to call back the reader's attention, scattered promises and pledges all round. He assured the Catholic aristocracy, on the one side, that they never would obtain their freedom from the Orange parliament of Ireland. To the Orangemen he represented that unless *they* consented to the union with England, the Catholics would become too strong for them, and finally subdue them, and establish a Catholic ascendancy.

There never, surely, was a nation so thoroughly deluded as Ireland.

The agitation *against* and *for* the union now rose to an indescribable pitch of excitement. Lord Castlereagh, says Sir J. Barrington, made no secret of his readiness to bribe every body, under the specious plea of "*compensation*." He then boldly announced his intention to turn the scale, by bribes to all who would accept them, under the name of *compensation* for the loss of patronage and interest. He publicly declared, *first*, that every nobleman who returned members to parliament should be paid, in cash, fifteen thousand pounds for every member so returned; *secondly*, that every member who had *purchased* a seat in parliament should have his purchase-money repaid to him, by the treasury of Ireland; *thirdly*, that all members of parliament, or others, who were

\*The meeting was held in Francis Street Chapel.

losers by a union, should be fully recompensed for their losses, and that one million five hundred thousand pounds should be devoted to this service. In other terms, all who supported his measure were, under some pretence or other, to share in this fund of corruption.

A declaration so flagitious and treasonable was never publicly made in any country; but it had a powerful effect in his favor; and, before the meeting of parliament, he had secured a small majority, (as heretofore mentioned,) of eight above a moiety of the members, and he courageously persisted.

After the debate on the union in 1800, he performed his promise, and brought in a bill to raise one million and a half of money upon the Irish people, nominally to compensate, but really to bribe, their representatives, for betraying their honor and selling their country.

Meetings were now called, by the patriotic part of the gentry and people, in all parts of the country. This whole book would hardly hold the resolutions, proceedings, and protests, in opposition to this hated measure. I give, from a "Report of the Dublin Repeal Association, brought up by the LIBERATOR, a few specimens.

"It will be seen from the Report — a fact which is now part of the melancholy history of Ireland — that the period chosen for urging the baneful measure of the union was one in which all protection of law was taken away from the people of Ireland. They had no legal protection whatsoever for their lives or liberties. The *habeas corpus* act was suspended; martial law was proclaimed; the trial by jury was superseded by courts martial; the judges of the land could hold no shield over the victim of power; property was at the discretion of the military; even the name of liberty was taken away; there was no guaranty for the safety of limb or life; the soldier and the sword were every thing; the law and the constitution were practically annihilated.

"Such was the state of Ireland when the union was proposed: no law! — no liberty!! — no protection!!! — no security!!!!

"Such was the state of Ireland when the union was proposed; and yet, even in such a state, the people of Ireland protested and struggled against the fatal measure.

"It is a fact that two county meetings, convened by the sheriffs, were dispersed by military violence; the one in the Queen's county, the other in the county Tipperary; the gentry and freeholders, meeting peaceably and legally at the summons of the civil representative of the crown, were interfered with by ruffian military violence; were assailed by horse, foot, and artillery; and escaped with difficulty with their lives.

"Notwithstanding all this, the Irish people struggled against the fatal measure which was to extinguish their rights as a nation. Some had the courage to attend public meetings, at whatever peril; multitudes prepared and signed petitions against the destruction of the constitution; there were more than *seven hundred and seven thousand signatures* to the petitions against that measure, whilst in its favor, all the influence of the crown, all the assistance of placemen, pensioners,

bribers, and bribed, could not procure more than *five thousand* signatures of these who were considered to be favorable to the union; in point of fact, not above three thousand of those persons expressed an opinion favorable to it; the remainder merely prayed that the matter might be taken into consideration.

“ Amongst those who had the courage, the manhood, and the honesty, publicly to protest against that measure, we have selected various resolutions exhibiting the patriotism and love of country of several influential bodies.

“ The first we shall set forth is that of the BANKERS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN, held at the Mansion-house, on Tuesday, the 18th December, 1798, deprecating even the agitation of the measure; the right honorable the lord mayor in the chair.

“ *Resolved*, That since the renunciation of the power of Great Britain, in the year 1782, to legislate for Ireland, the commerce and prosperity of this kingdom have eminently increased.

“ *Resolved*, That we attribute those blessings, under Providence, and the gracious favor of our beloved sovereign, to the wisdom of the Irish parliament.

“ *Resolved*, That we look with abhorrence on any attempt to deprive the people of Ireland of their parliament, and thereby of their constitutional right, and immediate power, to legislate for themselves.’

“ The next extract is from the resolutions of a post assembly of the CORPORATION OF DUBLIN, held on the 17th of December, 1798; the lord mayor in the chair.

“ *Resolved, unanimously*, That by the spirited exertions of the people and parliament of this kingdom, the trade and constitution thereof were settled on principles so liberal, that the nation has risen rapidly ever since in wealth and consequence.

“ *Resolved, unanimously*, That, having boldly defended the constitution in king, lords, and commons, against the open and secret abettors of rebellion, we are determined steadily to oppose any attempt that may be made to surrender the free legislation of this kingdom, by uniting it with the legislature of Great Britain.

“ *Ordered*, That the said resolutions be published.

“ Signed by order,

“ ALLEN and GREENE, *Town Clerks.*’

“ There was a very important meeting on the 10th January, 1799, of the FREEMEN AND FREEHOLDERS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN, held at the Session House, Green Street, the high sheriff in the chair. The following resolutions were unanimously agreed to, signed by the high sheriff, and published in all the newspapers: —

“ *Resolved*, That, as the commerce and constitution of this country have been acquired by an Irish parliament, by an Irish parliament alone can they be effectually protected.

“ *Resolved*, That an incorporating legislative union, which would *extinguish our own parliament*, and would send a *few Irish members to the British senate*, would change the free constitution of this country into an arbitrary government, as it would submit the Irish nation to the dominion of a power over which we could have no control.

“ *Resolved*, That the house of commons are the *trustees, not the masters*, of the people; that the constitution should guide and limit the conduct of parliament, as the law does the conduct of the judges of the land; and that the legislature is *not competent to alter, much less to subvert, the present form of our government.*

“ *Resolved*, That whoever shall propose a measure, having for its basis the extinction of the independent parliament of this kingdom, we consider an *enemy to Ireland, to British connection, and to that constitution we are sworn to maintain.*’

“ On the 13th of January, the KING’S COUNTY met; Thomas Bernard, Jun. Esq. in the chair; and passed the following resolutions. We insert them.

“ *Resolved, unanimously*, That we are, and have proved ourselves to be, firmly attached to his majesty’s sacred person and family, and to the connection established between this kingdom and Great Britain by the laws of both countries.

“ *Resolved, unanimously*, That the constitution of parliament, established above six hundred years in this realm, is the BIRTHRIGHT of the PEOPLE OF IRELAND, and that no power on earth, save with the consent of the people fully and freely given, has a right to deprive them thereof; which constitution, to make use of words in the Bill of Rights, WE CLAIM, DEMAND, AND INSIST UPON, AS OUR UNDOUBTED RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES.

“ *Resolved, unanimously*, That an incorporating union with the parliament of Great Britain would be a virtual surrender of our constitution and liberties; and therefore we solemnly proclaim our dissent from any measure having that incorporation for its object.’

“ We next insert a declaration signed in the COUNTY OF TIPPERARY, as a specimen of the light in which the union was regarded in that county. It should never be forgotten, that a county meeting, duly convened by the high sheriff to enter into resolutions condemnatory of the projected union, had been dispersed by military violence, previously to this declaration.

“ The declaration, with its signatures, are as follow:—

“ *County of Tipperary.*— An address and resolutions from the county Tipperary, respecting a legislative union between the independent kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, having appeared in last August, in some of the public prints,—

“ We, the undersigned noblemen and freeholders of that county, think it necessary to declare, in the most firm and unequivocal manner, our decided disapprobation of that measure, which we consider to be in the highest degree prejudicial to the interests of this nation; and we, the freeholders of said county, do hereby instruct our representatives to maintain the same conduct in parliament which contributed to defeat the last attempt to subvert the constitution of Ireland.

MOUNTCASHEL,  
LISMORE,  
PETER COUNT DALTON,  
J. LATOUCHE, M. P.,  
R. LATOUCHE, M. P.,  
J. LATOUCHE, Jun., M. P.,  
L. PARSONS, Bart.,  
Hon. W. MOORE, M. P.,

Hon. R. W. O’CALLAGHAN, M. P.,  
H. OSBORNE, Bart.,  
ARTHUR MOORE, M. P.,  
C. B. PONSONBY,  
W. H. ARMSTRONG, M. P.,  
Rev. E. LLOYD, Limerick,  
Rev. M. MOORE, Tipperary,  
Rev. T. LLOYD, Castle Lloyd,

And upwards of twelve hundred other names.’

“ We have great pleasure in next submitting to the public a declaration emanating from the COUNTY OF ARMAGH, which, with its signatures, we subjoin.

“ *County of Armagh.*— We, the undersigned noblemen, gentlemen, freeholders, and inhabitants, of the county of Armagh, feel that it has been made necessary for

us to come forward with this public expression of our sentiments on the subject of a legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland.

“The decided opinion of this county against that ruinous measure has already been declared at a public meeting, constitutionally convened for that purpose; and cordial approbation was bestowed on the representatives of the county in parliament, for their conduct in rejecting it.

“We have, therefore, seen, with much surprise, a paper circulated, which, under the pretext of offering a tribute of respect to our gracious sovereign, invites us to petition parliament for a re-discussion of the question, and calls on us to pass an implied censure on the representatives of the county, for their adopting that conduct for which we had before applauded them.

“We do, therefore, feel it our duty to re-assert our fixed and unalterable aversion to that pernicious measure, and our abhorrence of the means which have been resorted to in the prosecution of it. We consider the proposal as one not proceeding from our gracious sovereign, for whom we entertain the most zealous and affectionate attachment, but from the rashness and folly of his ministers.

“Signed,

CHARLEMONT,  
MAXWELL,  
BELMORE,  
CORRY,

Sir CAPEL MOLYNEUX, Bart.,  
Sir JOHN PARNELL, Bart.,  
Sir JOHN MACARTNEY, M. P.,  
JOHN MOORE, M. P., Drumbagher,  
E. D. WILSON, M. P., Carrickfergus,  
JOHN REILLY, M. P., Scarva,  
Rev. J. CRAWFORD,

*Magistrates.*

WM. BROWLOW,  
WM. RICHARDSON,  
H. CAULFIELD,  
F. OBRE,  
JOSEPH ATKINSON,  
JOHN STEELE,  
ROBERT LEVINGSTON,  
R. SHIELDS,  
F. EASTWOOD,  
— O'CALLAGHAN,

And three thousand other respectable names of this county.’

“The declaration of the COUNTY OF CORK is so emphatic and satisfactory, that we cannot avoid giving it insertion.

“*County of Cork.* — We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, conceive it necessary thus publicly to declare our sentiments on the subject of a legislative union, and, concurring with the sense of the nation, to give our decided disapprobation of the renewal of that measure, already condemned by the house of commons. We will yield to none in affection for our king, and attachment to our constitution; we desire to preserve British connection, and therefore we desire to maintain our independence.

“Since the glorious period of 1782, when the independence of our constitution was finally established, we have seen this kingdom advancing in prosperity, in a manner almost unexampled in the history of nations; as its commerce and agriculture, its arts and manufactures, have extended and improved, its resources and revenues have increased; and in proportion to its improvement, has this kingdom become a more effectual support to the strength of the empire at large.

“Having thus, in the face of our country and of Europe, declared our opinions, we cannot be recorded among the abettors of that fatal policy, who still continue to struggle against the collected mind of Ireland, whose pertinacity will not

allow them to recede, and whose perseverance will leave nothing to our posterity, but the inheritance of perpetuated strife, protracted tumult, and interminable calamity.

MOUNTCASHEL,

DE VESCI,

RIVERSDALE,

LISMORE,

MATHEW, M. P.,

ROBERT LATOUCHE, M. P., Har-  
ristown,

R. SAUNDERS, Barrister, Harriet-  
ville,

E. CONNOR, M. D., Mallow,

J. BARRY, M. D., Mallow,

JOS. HOARE, M. P., Annebella,

E. HOARE, M. P., Richmond,

G. EVANS, M. P., Bulgaden Hall,

C. BEAMISH, Clerk, Cork,

WM. B. PONSONBY, M. P., Bishop's  
Court,

GEO. FOOT, Barrister, Dublin,

H. BROWNE, Barrister, Mallow,

JOHN LATOUCHE, M. P., Harris-  
town,

JOHN LATOUCHE, Jun., M. P.,  
Harristown,

GEO. PONSONBY, M. P., Johnville,

THOMAS TOWNSEND, M. P.,  
Cork,

J. FREKE, M. P., Castle Freke,

D. M'CARTHY, P. P., Ardfield,

D. BURKE, P. P., Ross,

J. LOMBARD, Clerk, Harrietville,

And five hundred freeholders of the county.'

" But there were still some Orangemen too honest to consent, for any party purposes, to the sale of their country and the annihilation of the Irish constitution. We insert three specimens:—

" ORANGE LODGE. — At a full meeting of Lodge 652, held in Dublin, on Monday evening, 3d March, 1800, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

" Resolved, *unanimously*, That, as a loyal and Protestant association, attached as we are to our most gracious sovereign and happy constitution, we cannot, without the utmost indignation and regret, see a resolution from the Grand Lodge, enjoining us to silence on the momentous question of a legislative union.

" That, sorry as we are to differ in opinion from the Grand Lodge, we should consider our silence as being accessory to the annihilation of that constitution, which, as Orangemen and freemen, we have solemnly sworn to support.

" That we consider the friends of that abominable measure, a union with Great Britain, as the greatest enemies to our most gracious sovereign; a measure which would destroy our existence as a nation, and eventually involve the rights, liberties, and even the lives, of the people of Ireland.

" That, from the above considerations, we solemnly protest against that destructive measure, and do call upon our brother Orangemen, by every legal means, to support that constitution for which we risked our lives and properties in the hour of danger.

G. S., *Deputy Master*.

H. F., *Secretary*.'

" At a full meeting of the ORANGE LODGE, No. 500, held in Mountmelick, the 4th February, 1800, the following address was unanimously agreed to:—

" To all Brother Orangemen: Conscious as we are of our loyalty to his majesty, George the Third, and of our attachment to the happy constitution of this kingdom, as established in 1782, we have beheld with surprise and concern an address from the Grand Lodge to all Orangemen, entreating of them to be silent on a question whereby that constitution is vitally attacked, and whereby the loyalty of the most valuable part of our countrymen is shaken or endangered. We cannot

think it the duty of an Orangeman to submit implicitly, in all cases of the utmost moment, to the directions of a lodge which is principally composed of persons who are under a certain influence, which is exerted against the rights of Ireland; and while a lodge under such influence shall give the law to all Orangemen, we fear that our dearest interests will be betrayed. We, therefore, protest against its injunctions of silence; and declare, as Orangemen, as freeholders, as Irishmen, in all the several relations in which we are placed, that we consider the extinction of our separate legislature as the extinction of the Irish nation. We invite our brother Orangemen to elect, without delay, a grand lodge which shall be composed of men of tried integrity; who shall be unplaced, unpensioned, unbought, — and who shall avow this best qualification for such a station, that they will support the independence of Ireland and the constitution of 1782.

Signed,

HENRY DEERY, *Master.*

JOHN ROBINSON, *Deputy Master.*

ABRAHAM HIGHLAND, *Sec.'*

“ORANGE LODGE, 651. — At a numerous meeting of the brethren, it was

“*Resolved, unanimously,* That we deeply lament the necessity which compels us to differ from the Grand Lodge, as we conceive no body of men whatsoever have so just a right to take into serious consideration the subject of a legislative union with Great Britain, as Orangemen, who have associated and sworn for the sole purpose of supporting their king and constitution.

“That we see, with unspeakable sorrow, an attempt to deprive us of that constitution, of our trade, of our rising prosperity, and our existence as a nation, and reducing us to the degrading situation of a colony to England.

“That we consider this measure but an ill return to men who clung to that constitution in the hour of danger and distress, and resigned their lives and properties in its support, to have it snatched from them almost at the moment they saved it.

Signed,

GEORGE GONNE, *Master.*

S. H. SMITH, *Pro. Sec.*

“DUBLIN, 19th February, 1800.”

Sir James May, collector of the port of Waterford, assembled his yeomen on the general parade, in that city, and left it to their option, whether they would sign in favor of the union or be shipped to Botany Bay. Driven to this alternative, they embraced England rather than transportation, and were numbered with the enlightened advocates of the incorporation of both parliaments. So says Dr. Macneven.

Every county and town of Ireland endeavored to meet, and protest, and petition. Every trade and corporation protested; and but that the people were deprived by the military of the power of assembling, it is certain another real insurrection would have broken out.

Lord Castlereagh and his emissaries proceeded coolly in their work of villany. They filled the country towns with military, to keep down the people; and they negotiated with that portion (the eighty-six members) who were absent from the house of commons on the first debate.

Even these, rotten as some of them were, could not be induced to vote against their country. The utmost that *some* of them would consent to, was to vacate their seats, and allow some other persons to fill their places. Thirty or forty agreed to do this, and received from Castlereagh enormous "compensation." Fifteen to twenty thousand pounds was not considered too much to bestow on each.

The vacated seats were then filled by English captains and courtiers, who possessed not a foot of earth in Ireland, and whose names were sent down to the boroughs by the respective "*patrons*," the *noble lords*, who received their share of the spoil for their consent.

It was thus the constitution of Ireland was undermined at every part. The reader, I presume, has anticipated the result. The parliament of 1800 now assembled, with a certain ministerial majority for the union. Eloquence was vain before this band of traitors. The classic *façade* of the parliament-house was filled with a regiment of soldiers; and on the flattened roof were mounted several pieces of artillery, ready loaded, to be discharged on the people, should they attempt to impede the villanous legislation within. Castlereagh acted with the coolness of a philosophic demon. He boldly faced the crowd on the steps of the house, and threatened to remove the parliament to Cork if they proceeded to violence, pointing significantly, at the same time, to the lines of military that flanked him on each side.

The debates commenced. Parsons, Bushe, and Plunket, had spoken against the union with an eloquence never equalled. Grattan and Curran had retired in disgust from the parliament, four years before. Curran never returned; but Grattan was induced by his friends to come once more into that assembly whose freedom he had achieved. He was worn with sickness, oppressed with grief, and sinking into the grave; but we shall have his reëntry into parliament from the graphic pen of Barrington.

"At that time, Mr. Tighe returned the members for the close borough of Wicklow; and, a vacancy having occurred, it was tendered to Mr. Grattan, who would willingly have declined it but for the importunities of his friends.

"The lord lieutenant and Lord Castlereagh, justly appreciating the effect his presence might have on the first debate, had withheld the writ of election till the last moment the law allowed, and till they conceived it might be too late to return Mr. Grattan in time for the discussion. It was not until the day of the meeting of parliament, that the writ was delivered to the returning officer. By extraordinary exertions, and perhaps by following the example of government in overstraining the law, the election was held immediately on the arrival of the writ; a sufficient number of voters were collected to return Mr. Grattan before midnight. By one o'clock, the return was on its road to Dublin; it arrived by five. A party



of Mr. Grattan's friends repaired to the private house of the proper officer, and, making him get out of bed, compelled him to present the writ to parliament before seven in the morning, when the house was in warm debate on the union. A whisper ran through every party that Mr. Grattan was elected, and would immediately take his seat. The ministerialists smiled with incredulous derision, and the opposition thought the news too good to be true.

"Mr. Egan was speaking strongly against the measure, when Mr. George Ponsoby and Mr. Arthur Moore (now judge of the Common Pleas) walked out, and immediately returned, leading, or rather helping, into the body of the house, Mr. Grattan, in a state of total feebleness and debility. The effect was electric. Mr. Grattan's illness and deep chagrin had reduced a form never symmetrical, and a visage at all times thin, nearly to the appearance of a spectre. As he feebly tottered into the house, every member simultaneously rose from his seat. He moved slowly to the table. His languid countenance seemed to revive as he took those oaths that restored him to his preëminent station; the smile of inward satisfaction obviously illuminated his features, and reanimation and energy seemed to kindle by the labor of his mind. The house was silent. Mr. Egan did not resume his speech. Mr. Grattan, almost breathless, as if by instinct, attempted to rise, but was unable to stand. He paused, and with difficulty requested permission of the house to deliver his sentiments without moving from his seat. This was acceded to by acclamation, and he who had left his bed of sickness to record, as he thought, his last words in the parliament of his country, kindled gradually till his language glowed with an energy and feeling which he had seldom surpassed. After nearly two hours of the most powerful eloquence, he concluded with an undiminished vigor, miraculous to those who were unacquainted with his intellect.

"Never did a speech make a more affecting impression; but it came too late. Fate had decreed the fall of Ireland, and her patriot came only to witness her overthrow. For two hours he recapitulated all the pledges that England had made and had broken; he went through the great events from 1780 to 1800, and proved the more than treachery which had been practised towards the Irish people. He had concluded, and the question was loudly called for, when Lord Castlereagh was perceived earnestly to whisper to Mr. Corry; they for an instant looked round the house; whispered again; Mr. Corry nodded assent, and, amidst the cries of '*Question*,' he began a speech, which, as far as it regarded Mr. Grattan, few persons in the house could have prevailed upon themselves to utter. Lord Castlereagh was not clear what impression Mr. Grattan's speech might have made upon a few hesitating members. He had, in the course of the debate, moved the question of adjournment. He did not like to meet Sir Laurence Parsons on his motion, and Mr. Corry commenced certainly an able, but, towards Mr. Grattan, an ungenerous and an unfeeling personal assault. It was useless; it was like an act of a cruel disposition, and he knew it could not be replied to. At length the impatience of the house rendered a division necessary, and in half an hour the fate of Ireland was decided. The numbers were, —

" For an adjournment, Lord Castlereagh had . . . . .	138
" For the amendment . . . . .	96
" Majority . . . . .	42."

The language applied by Corry, who was chancellor of the exchequer,

to Mr. Grattan, produced from the latter an instant challenge. They met about the dawn of day, while the debate was proceeding. Grattan wounded him, returned to the house, and resumed his seat. It was soon buzzed through the auditory, amid very great excitement.

It is due to the dead, to the living, and to posterity, to perpetuate the names and words of the immortal one hundred and fifteen Irish representatives who bravely and virtuously opposed the fall of their native land, not one of whom could be bribed, intimidated, or otherwise influenced from his duty, his country, and liberty, and many of whom lost command in the army, and office in the government, for the virtuous exercise of their parliamentary right.

I will print a few of the words uttered by the leading orators in the last debate, as an evidence at once of their virtuous opposition, their eloquence, and their prophetic perception. Every *one* of the injuries and miseries which the union inflicted upon Ireland, was foreseen and described by these able and eloquent men. The millions of Irishmen scattered in exile through the world, and those who live at home in bondage, will join in attesting this truth.

*Mr. Foster*, the speaker of the house, spoke for four hours against the measure, in which he reviewed its commercial, political, financial, and moral effects. It was a masterly speech, from which I can only make one or two extracts:—

“Theory says, the parliament may disagree with the king in his declaration of peace and war, or in his treaties; but in the course of the British history, how often has it disagreed; and have any, and what, national injuries followed such disagreement? It would be difficult to find them; never, I believe, since the constitution has been the happy one it now is.

“Theory says, the two houses may, in legislative acts of material necessity, disagree with each other; and, therefore, would you venture to prevent the evil by an absurd and impracticable attempt to force one to surrender its liberty to the other? or, in the fashionable phrase, by consolidating them both into one great mass of wisdom, united strength, and increased power?

“Theory, and theory only, says the same of the separate parliaments of the two kingdoms; and there is no one argument you can apply for the necessity of consolidating them, that will not apply much stronger for the consolidating of the two houses in each; and the same arguments will all further apply, with equal strength, to consolidate the two houses, after such junction, with the king, as the third estate, for fear of the national concerns being impeded by their disagreeing with him, or he with them; and thus your arguments will end in the absurdity, that you must consolidate the three estates of each kingdom into one, for fear of an inconvenience from a difference of opinion arising from the exercise of their free judgment; that you must abandon the glorious constitution of a mixed government, which you now enjoy, and adopt that of a single monarch, or single power, wherever it may rest, either in a monarch, or a republic, or an oligarchy. \* \* \*

"Finance so occupies his \* mind, that it is the ruling principle of all his measures; it attended the commercial system in the shape of a supply for imperial concerns; and if you could contrive now to give him the purse of the nation, without extinguishing your parliament, believe me, you would hear no more of union.

\* \* \* \* \*

"If a similarity of laws be an essential means of union, it is already attained and zealously continued by the voluntary acts of both kingdoms. But the noble lord† wants more—he wants your purse and your trade. \* \* \*

"He wants a union, in order to tax you and take your money where he fears your own representatives would deem it improper, and to force regulations on your trade which your own parliament would consider injurious or partial. I never expected to have heard it so unequivocally acknowledged, and I trust that it will be thoroughly understood, that it is not your constitution he wants to take away for any supposed imperfection, but because it keeps the purse of the nation in the honest hands of an Irish parliament. \* \* \*

"But the only real and avowed argument turns out to be, a desire to take from you the power of taxation, and vest it in Britain. If no trade, no manufactures, no capital, has been or can be given to you by the measure, but, on the contrary, all you enjoy will be rendered insecure; if it increases your absentees, draws away the property, the talents, and the industry, of the country; if it damps all enterprise, and degrades a great and rising kingdom into an abject and depressed colony; if no means of tranquillity or security against the enemy is to be its result, but discontent and danger are to arise from it; if it tends to disunite the affections, and to create jealousy between the two great members of the empire, who are now firmly, happily, and cordially united; if the example of Scotland, which is held out to you as a temptation, affords no one inducement, but as far as any argument can be drawn from it, warns you loudly against the measure; \* \* \* If the step you take should prove wrong, if it should unfortunately end in the nation's calling for her old constitution again, and the politics of a British cabinet should be so desperate as not to listen to that call, think of the dreadful consequences you may be the cause of, if fatally the shock of arms should follow."

"*Mr. G. Ponsonby* said, 'The open avowal of the noble lord (Castlereagh) saved him the trouble of proving that the words of the address could mean nothing less than that the house would entertain and discuss the idea of annihilating the Irish parliament and the constitution of the country. He boldly avowed the principle, that neither the legislature, nor any power on earth, had a right or authority to do this. The crown or the peers evidently had no such power, and the representatives of the people were appointed to make laws only; they were not vested with permanent and unlimited authority, and therefore could not pronounce definitively on the rights of the people.'

"*Mr. Fitzgerald* (prime serjeant) said, 'I must declare that it is not, in my opinion, within the moral competence of parliament to destroy and extinguish itself, and with it the rights and liberties of those who created it. The constituent parts of a state are obliged to hold their public faith with each other, and with all those who derive *any serious interest under their engagements*. Such a compact may, with respect to Great Britain, be a union, but with respect to Ireland, it will be a *revolution*, and a revolution of a most alarming nature.'

\* Pitt.

† Lord Castlereagh.

“*Mr. Crookshank* said, ‘Sir, I deny that the parliament of an independent state, for which the members of that parliament are trustees, has any right whatever, without the permission of its constituents, expressly or impliedly given for the purpose, to surrender to another country the whole or any part of its legislative authority.’

“*Mr. Barrington*. ‘The foulest and most unconstitutional means, he believed, had been used to intimidate and to corrupt it, and either to force or to seduce a suffrage, when nothing but general, independent, uninfluenced opinion, could warrant, for a moment, the most distant view of so ruinous a subject. He had good reason to believe that corrupt and unconstitutional means had been used by the noble lord to individuals of the Irish parliament.’ (Here *Mr. Barrington* was called to order, and his words desired to be taken down; on which *Mr. Plunket* rose and declared the same opinion, and his determination to use stronger language; and recommended the words to be taken down, in order to bring the subject forward. This not being persisted in by the treasury bench, *Mr. Barrington* continued:) ‘He repeated, that he had reason to believe that corrupt and unconstitutional means had been used towards individuals of the Irish parliament. Some of those means were open and avowed. Two of the oldest, most respectable, and most beloved officers of the crown had been displaced because they presumed to hint an opinion adverse to the stripling’s dictates on a subject where their country was at stake. Their removal crowned them with glory, and the minister with contempt.’

“*Mr. Knox*. ‘I am satisfied that, in point of commerce, England has not any thing to give to this country; but was it otherwise, I would not descend to argue it, for I would not surrender the liberties of my country for the riches, for the wealth, of the universe.’

“‘I cannot find words to express the horror I feel at a proposition so extremely degrading and insulting; to entertain it, even for a moment, in my opinion, is not free from some criminality. What! shall we deliberate whether this kingdom shall cease to exist? whether this land shall be struck from the scale of nations? whether its very name is to be no more, but erased from the map of the world forever? Shall it, I say, be a question, whether we surrender to another separate country, and to another separate legislature, the lives, liberties, and properties of five millions of people, who delegated us here to defend, but not destroy, the constitution? It is a proposition monstrous in the extreme; and should be considered merely to join our disgust and execration with that of the people — then dash it from us, never to take it up again. Will any advocate for this detestable union tell me we shall be represented with any effect in the senate of the empire? How could our few transported, itinerant, strolling members have any weight in the scale of British representation? The idea is preposterous.’

“*Mr. Plunket*. ‘Sir, I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hand on the constitution! I tell you, that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a mere nullity, and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately. I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws, and not legislatures; you are appointed to act under the constitution, and not to alter it; you are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them; and if you do so, your act is a *dissolution of the govern-*

*ment; you resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.* \* \* \* Sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honor, and I am told I should be calm and should be composed. National pride! independence of our country! these, we are told by the noble lord, are vulgar topics, fitted only for the meridian of a mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this;— they are trinkets and gewgaws, fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair. \* \* \* For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar, and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.'

“*Colonel O'Donnell, (in a maiden speech.)* \* There is no person, in or out of this house, who can be more anxious for supporting the closest connection between England and Ireland than I have been, and ever shall. I have fought to preserve it from being interrupted by external and internal foes; but should the legislative independence of Ireland be voted away by a parliament which is not competent thereto, I shall hold myself discharged from my allegiance.’ (A cry of ‘*Order, order!*’) ‘I say, Mr. Speaker, the constitution will be violated. I will join the people in preserving their rights. I will oppose the rebels in rich clothes with as much energy as I ever have done the rebels in rags.’

“*Mr. J. M. O'Donnell.* ‘I deny that the constitution is an article to be bartered for. I deny the power of parliament to barter or dispose of it, on any terms; and I publicly assert that, should we ever be base enough to do so, the people will have a right to oppose it. For my part, I will oppose it here, there, and every where. If my opposition to it in this house shall not be successful, I will oppose it *in the field*. It is no common question; it is one which goes to the very existence of my country. I have made up my mind on what my conduct shall be: I shall either live free, or fall by the cut-six of some Hessian sabre, or some other foreign mercenary. While I have existence, I shall oppose it.’

“*The Right Honorable J. Fitzgerald.* ‘If you reject the amendment, you will, with that rejection, consign the future talents, genius, and virtues of the Irish nation to waste in the desert air—to die unknown. Have you children? Will you put out the light of Ireland? I know not where you will find that *Promethean heat which can that light restore, should you repent.* \* \* \*

“‘The genius, the ambition, and the aspiring thoughts of man, are not to be controlled; and little reason have we, dressed in a little brief and questioned authority, to expect that the increasing population of four millions of people will respect this compact, if entered into, as sacred. They will be told that the country was called upon to this compact when martial law was in full force. They will hear of the years 1779 and 1782. They will inquire how they lost the great acquisition of those days—*a free, residing, superintending legislature.*’

“*Mr. G. Ponsonby.* ‘If ever this house should consent to its own immolation— if ever the members of the Irish commons should assent to an act for turning themselves out of doors— if this should ever happen, hope shall not quit me, until the last man shall have passed the door, which the minister should close upon our liberties. When they shall approach that door, if they but cast a look behind— if they but view that chair, where integrity now sits enthroned— if their eyes but linger on that floor, where the flow of patriot eloquence has been poured forth for their

country — if they but recollect all the struggles of honorable legislation, which these walls have witnessed — they will stop before they have taken the last, irretrievable step. They will cling to this house, the temple of their honor, their freedom, and their glory !’

“*Mr. Dobbs.* ‘Sir, I rise to make my solemn protest against entertaining, even for a moment, this message from the British minister, delivered under the usurped name of majesty. I say the usurped name of majesty, for it would not be decent in me to suppose that that identical monarch, who guarantied the constitution of 1782, should, in the year 1800, desire this house to annihilate itself, and, at the same time, surrender the independence of Ireland. \* \* \*

“‘We behold a right honorable member, who was chancellor of the exchequer, dismissed from his office because he would not betray his country. We behold a right honorable and learned member dismissed from the office of prime serjeant because he would not betray his country. We behold honorable members, who were commissioners in the revenue and barrack boards, dismissed from their offices, because they would not betray their country. And we know that even the office of cursitor to the court of chancery was taken from an honorable member because he dared to do his duty.

“‘It was not for nothing that the serpent, and every venomous creature, had been banished from this land. *I tell the noble lord, I tell you, sir, and this house, and I proclaim it to the British and Irish nations, that the independence of Ireland is written in the immutable records of heaven.* I shall, therefore, vote against going into this committee.’

“*Mr. P. Burrowes* said, ‘Frivolous and fallacious as the right honorable secretary’s statement has been, I do not found my opposition to going into a committee upon the peculiar demerit of the system of union which he has detailed. I openly avow that no terms or conditions can ever persuade me to surrender the constitution of Ireland — to transfer the supreme power of the state to a country which has continued distinct from ours, since the creation, by boundaries which cannot be removed, and by feelings which cannot be eradicated. If a union shall pass, as an Irishman I shall be indifferent how many or how few deputies shall be sent from this emasculated country. As long as the parliament which legislates for Ireland shall exist in the bosom of a distinct country, as long as a rival feeling shall actuate the heart of that country, — that is, as long as the heart of man shall beat, — this country, deprived of its domestic parliament, will be the prostrate victim of British prejudice and British oppression. This is sound theory ; this is true history.’

“*Mr. Saurin.* ‘You may make the union binding as a law, but you cannot make it obligatory on conscience, and it will be obeyed only as long as England is strong ; but resistance to it in the abstract will be a duty, and the exhibition of that resistance will be a question only of prudence.’

“*Mr. Bushe.* ‘I strip this formidable measure of all its pretences and its aggravations. I look at it nakedly and abstractedly, and I see nothing in it but one question — *Will you give up your country ?* I forget, for a moment, the unprincipled means by which it has been promoted ; I pass by, for an instant, the unseasonable moment at which it was introduced, and the contempt of parliament upon which it is bottomed, and I look upon it simply as England reclaiming, in a moment of your weakness, that dominion which you extorted from her in a moment

of your virtue — a dominion which she uniformly abused, which invariably oppressed and impoverished you, and from the cessation of which you date all your prosperity. It is a measure which goes to degrade the country, by saying it is unworthy to govern itself, and to stultify the parliament, by saying it is incapable of governing the country. It is the revival of the odious and absurd title of conquest; it is the renewal of the abominable distinction between mother country and colony which lost America; it is the denial of the rights of nature to a great nation, from an intolerance of its prosperity. \* \* \*

“What is it we are called upon to give up? I speak not of national pride or dignity; I declaim not upon theoretical advantages; but I tell you, that you are called upon to give up that municipal parliament which has procured you, within the memory of you all, municipal advantages which no foreign parliament can supply. We hear of nothing but imperial topics. Good God! is the parliament nothing but an instrument of taxation? Is nothing understood of a house of commons but that it is an engine for raising money out of the pockets of the subject and throwing it into the coffers of the crown? Take up any volume of your statutes upon that table; you will find the municipal acts of parliament in the proportion of more than forty to one to the imperial. What has, within the memory of many men alive, changed the face of your land? What has covered a country of pasture with tillage? What has intersected a formerly impassable country with roads? What has nearly connected, by inland navigation, the eastern channel with the western ocean? A resident parliament! Look at your statutes and your journals, and there is not one of those improvements which you cannot trace to some document of your own public spirit now upon that table, and to no other source or cause under heaven. Can this be supplied in Westminster? Could a committee of this house make a road in Yorkshire? No! nothing can supply a resident parliament, watching over national improvement, seizing opportunities, encouraging manufactures, commerce, science, education, and agriculture, applying instant remedy to instant mischief, mixing with the constituent body, catching the sentiment of the public mind, reflecting public opinion, acting upon its impulse, and regulating its excess.’

“*Mr. Grattan.* ‘How came the Irish parliament, with all its borough members, in 1779, to demand a free trade; in 1782, to demand a free constitution? Because it sat in Ireland; because they sat in their own country; and because, at that time, they had a country; because, however influenced, as many of its members were, by places, — however uninfluenced, as many of its members were, by popular representation, — yet were they influenced by Irish sympathy, and an Irish law of opinion. They did not like to meet every hour faces that looked shame upon them; they did not like to stand in the sphere of their own infamy: thus they acted as the Irish absentee at the very same time did not act — they saved the country because they lived in it, as the others abandoned the country because they lived out of it.

“I will not say that one hundred Irish gentlemen will act ill, where any man would act well; but never was there a situation in which they had so much temptation to act ill, and so little to act well. Great expense and consequent distresses, support from the voice of an Irish public no check, they will be, in situation, a sort of gentlemen of the empire; that is to say, gentlemen at large, unowned by one country, and unelected by the other; suspended between both,

false to both, and belonging to neither. The sagacious English secretary of state has foretold this! "What advantage," says he, "will it be to the talents of Ireland, this opportunity in the British empire thus opened!" That is what we dread—the market of St. Stephen opened to the individual, and the talents of the country, like its property, dragged from the kingdom of Ireland to be sold in London. These men, from their situation, (man is the child of situation,)—their native honor may struggle—but, from their situation, they will be adventurers of the most expensive kind, adventurers with pretensions, dressed and sold, as it were, in the shrouds and grave-clothes of the Irish parliament, and playing, for hire, their tricks on her tomb—the only repository the minister will allow to an Irish constitution—the images of degradation and the representatives of nothing. \* \* \*

"The Catholics of the city of Dublin have come forth in support of the constitution. I rejoice at it. They have answered their enemies by the best possible answer—by services. Such answer is more than refutation; it is triumph. The man who supports and preserves parliament qualifies. The path of glory leads on to privilege. Enjoy—with me if you please, without me if you are illiberal, but by me certainly—and at all events enjoy the parliamentary constitution of your country. This is to defend the tower; this is to leap upon the wreck; this is to sit by the country in her sick-bed; if she recover, there is a long and bright order of days before her, and the Catholics will have contributed to that event; if she perish, they will have done their utmost to save her; they will have done as an honest man ought in such an extreme case; they will have flung out their last setting glories, and sunk with the country. \* \* \*

"\* I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chains, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags: he may be naked, but he shall not be in iron; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause shall live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ that conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him, and give birth to myriads of votaries yet to come."

Several others of the patriotic minority spoke equally forcibly against the suicidal measure; but I regret my inability to make room for any more extracts. Lord Castlereagh's artfully-worded motion to print and circulate the resolutions and basis of a union was then put, when the tellers announced the numbers to stand thus:—

For Lord Castlereagh's motion, . . . . .	158
Against it, . . . . .	<u>115</u>
Majority, . . . . .	43

On a subsequent day, after many debates, the motion that the bill for the union, founded on the resolutions, be read a third time, and passed,

\* This passage was delivered upon a previous occasion, but I place it here, being, in my judgment, appropriate.



was moved by Lord Castlereagh. I take from Barrington his graphic description of the closing scene, and

#### THE LAST NIGHT OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

"The commons house of parliament, on the last evening, afforded the most melancholy example of a fine, independent people, betrayed, divided, sold, and, as a state, annihilated. British clerks and officers were smuggled into her parliament to vote away the constitution of a country to which they were strangers, and in which they had neither interest nor connection. They were employed to cancel the royal charter of the Irish nation, guaranteed by the British government, sanctioned by the British legislature, and unequivocally confirmed by the words, the signature, and the great seal, of their monarch.

"The situation of the speaker, on that night, was of the most distressing nature. A sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents; he resisted it with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence, and his eloquence.

"It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feelings; solicitude was perceptible in every glance, and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered.

"The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable. They were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches; scarcely a word was exchanged amongst the members; nobody seemed at ease; no cheerfulness was apparent; and the ordinary business, for a short time, proceeded in the usual manner.

"At length, the expected moment arrived: the order of the day for the third reading of the bill for a 'legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland,' was moved by Lord Castlereagh. Unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips; and, as if a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject.

"At that moment he had no country, no God, but his ambition. He made his motion, and resumed his seat, with the utmost composure and indifference.

"Confused murmurs again ran through the house. It was visibly affected. Every character, in a moment, seemed involuntarily rushing to its index — some pale, some flushed, some agitated — there were few countenances to which the heart did not despatch some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful, momentary silence succeeded their departure. The speaker rose slowly from that chair which had been the proud source of his honors and of his high character. For a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the bill for a moment in silence. He looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone, 'As many as are of opinion that THIS BILL do pass, say *ay*.' The affirmative was languid, but indisputable. Another momentary pause ensued.

Again his lips seemed to decline their office. At length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed, with a subdued voice, '*The AYES have it.*' The fatal sentence was now pronounced. For an instant, he stood statue-like; then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the bill upon the table, and sank into his chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province. Ireland, as a nation, was extinguished."

The following is the list of one hundred and fifteen who voted to the last for the independence of their country. There are one hundred and twenty-one given to us by Barrington; but six of them must have been prevented, by some impediments, from voting on the last division.

Honorable A. Acheson,	Wm. Charles Fortescue,	Lord Mathew,
William C. Alcock,	Rt. Hon. John Foster,	Thomas Mahon,
Mervyn Archdall,	Hon. Thomas Foster,	John Metge,
W. H. Armstrong,	Arthur French,	Thomas Newenham,
Peter Burrowes,	Hamilton Georges,	Charles O'Hara,
John Ball,	Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan,	Sir Edward O'Brien,
Charles Ball,	Thomas Gold,	Col. Hugh O'Donnell,
Sir Jonah Barrington,	Hans Hamilton,	James Moore O'Donnell,
Charles Bushe,	Edward Hardman,	Hon. W. O'Callaghan,
William Blakeney,	Francis Hardy,	Henry Osborn,
William Burton,	Sir Joseph Hoare,	Rt. Hon. George Ogle,
H. V. Brooke,	Wm. Hoare Hume,	Joseph Preston,
Blayney Balfour,	Edward Hoare,	Rt. Hon. Sir John Parnell,
David Babbington,	Bartholomew Hoare,	Henry Parnell,
Honorable James Butler,	Alexander Hamilton,	W. Conyngham Plunket,
Col. John Maxwell Barry,	Hon. A. C. Hamilton,	Rt. Hon. W. B. Ponsonby,
Viscount Corry,	H. Irwin,	J. B. Ponsonby,
Lord Clements,	Gilbert King,	Major W. Ponsonby,
Lord Cole,	Charles King,	Rt. Hon. G. Ponsonby,
Honorable Lowry Cole,	Hon. Robert King,	Sir Laurence Parsons,
R. Shapland Carew,	Lord Kingsborough,	Richard Power,
Joseph Edward Cooper,	Hon. George Knox,	John Staunton Rochfort,
Lord Caulfield, [now Lord Charlemont,]	Rt. Hon. Henry King,	Sir William Richardson,
Henry Coddington,	Major King,	William E. Reilly,
George Crookshank,	Gustavus Lambert,	Charles Ruxton,
Dennis B. Daly,	David Latouche, Jun.	William P. Ruxton,
Noah Dalway,	Robert Latouche,	Francis Saunderson,
Richard Dawson,	John Latouche, Sen.	William Smyth,
Arthur Dawson,	John Latouche, Jun.	James Stewart,
Francis Dobbs,	Charles Powell Leslie,	Hon. W. J. Skeffington,
John Egan,	Edward Lee,	Francis Savage,
R. L. Edgeworth,	Sir Thomas Lighton, Bt.,	Francis Syngé,
George Evans,	Lord Maxwell,	Henry Stewart,
Sir John Freke, Bart.,	Alexander Montgomery,	Sir R. St. George, Bt.,
Frederick Falkiner,	Sir John M'Cartney, Bt.,	Nathaniel Sneyd,
Rt. Hon. J. Fitzgerald,	John Moore,	Robert Shaw,
	Arthur Moore,	Rt. Hon. William Saurin,

William Tighe,	Hon. R. Taylor,	E. D. Willson,
Henry Tighe,	Charles Vereker,	Nicholas Westby,
John Taylor,	Owen Wynne,	John Wolfe.*
Thomas Townshend,	John Waller,	

I now present the *black list*, containing the names of those who voted for the union, with the considerations which they received:—

*R. Aldridge*; an English clerk in the secretary's office; *no* connection with Ireland.

*Henry Alexander*; chairman of ways and means; cousin of Lord Caledon; his brother made a bishop.

*Richard Archdall*; commissioner of the board of works.

*William Bailey*; commissioner of ditto.

*Right Hon. John Beresford*; first commissioner of revenue; brother-in-law to Lord Clare.

*John Beresford, Jun.*; then purse-bearer to Lord Clare, afterwards a parson, and now Lord Decies.

*Marcus Beresford*; a colonel in the army, son to the bishop, Lord Clare's nephew.

*J. Bingham*; created a peer, got eight thousand pounds for two seats, and fifteen thousand pounds compensation for Tuam. This gentleman first offered himself for sale to the anti-unionists; Lord Clanmorris.

*Joseph H. Blake*; created a peer; Lord Wallscourt, &c.

*Sir J. G. Blackwood*; created a peer; Lord Dufferin.

*Sir John Blaquiére*; numerous offices and pensions, and created a peer; Lord de Blaquiére.

*Anthony Botet*; appointed commissioner of the barrack board, five hundred pounds a year.

*Colonel Burton*, brother to Lord Conyngham; a colonel in the army.

*Sir Richard Butler*; purchased and changed sides; voted *against* the union in 1799, and *for* it in 1800.

*Lord Boyle*, son to Lord Shannon; they got an *immense* sum of money for their seats and boroughs; at fifteen thousand pounds each borough.

*Right Hon. Dennis Brown*.

*Stewart Bruce*; gentleman usher at Dublin Castle.

*George Burdet*; commissioner of a public board, five hundred pounds *per annum*.

*George Bunbury*. " " " "

*Arthur Brown*; *changed sides and principles*, and was appointed serjeant; in 1799 opposed union, and supported it in 1800; he was senior fellow of Dublin University; lost his seat the ensuing election, and died.

— *Bagwell, Sen.*; *changed twice*, got half the patronage of Tipperary, his son a dean, &c. &c.

— *Bagwell, Jun.*; *ditto*, got the Tipperary regiment, &c.

*William Bagwell*, his brother.

*Lord Castlereagh*; the Irish minister.

*Sir Henry Cavendish*; receiver-general during pleasure; deeply indebted to the crown.

*George Cavendish*; secretary to the treasury during pleasure; son to Sir Henry.

*Sir Broderick Chinnery*; placed in office after the union.

\* For list of the Lords who resisted the union, see p. 1059.

- James Cane*; renegaded, and got a pension.
- Thomas Casey*; a commissioner of bankrupts under Lord Clare; made a city magistrate.
- Colonel C. Cope*; renegaded, got a regiment, and the patronage of his county.
- General Cradock*; returned by government; much military rank; now Lord Howden.
- James Crosby*; a regiment, and the patronage of Kerry, jointly; seconded the address.
- Edward Cooke*; under secretary at the castle.
- Charles Henry Coote*; obtained a regiment, (which was taken from Colonel Warburton,) patronage of Queen's county, and a peerage, (Lord Castlecoote,) and seven thousand five hundred pounds in cash for his interest at the borough of Maryborough.
- Right Hon. Isaac Corry*; appointed chancellor of the exchequer, on dismissal of Sir John Parnell.
- Sir J. Cotter*; privately brought over.
- Richard Cotter*.
- Hon. H. Creighton*; *Hon. J. Creighton*; renegades privately purchased.
- W. A. Crosbie*; comptroller to the lord lieutenant's household.
- James Cuffe*; son to Mr. Cuffe, of the board of works; created Lord Tyrallow.
- General Dunne*; returned for Maryborough by the united influence of Lord Castlecoote and government, to keep out Mr. Barrington; gained the election by only one.
- William Elliott*; secretary at the castle.
- General Eustace*; a regiment.
- Lord Charles Fitzgerald*, Duke of Leinster's brother; a pension and a peerage; a sea-officer of no repute.
- Right Hon. William Fitzgerald*.
- Sir Christopher Fortescue*; renegaded officer, king at arms.
- A. Fergusson*; got a place at the barrack board, five hundred pounds a year, and a baronetcy.
- Luke Fox*; appointed judge of common pleas; nephew, by marriage, to Lord Ely.
- William Fortescue*; got a secret pension out of a fund (three thousand pounds a year) intrusted by parliament to the Irish government, solely to reward Mr. Reynolds, Cope, &c. &c., and those who informed against rebels.
- J. Galbraith*; Lord Abercorn's attorney; got a baronage.
- Henry Dean Grady*; first counsel to the commissioners.
- Richard Hare*; put two members into parliament, and was created Lord Ennismore for their votes.
- William Hare*, his son.
- Colonel B. Henniker*; a regiment, and paid three thousand five hundred pounds for his seat by the commissioners of compensation.
- Peter Holmes*; a commissioner of stamps.
- George Hatton*; appointed commissioner of stamps.
- Hon. John Hutchinson*; a general; Lord Hutchinson.
- Hugh Howard*, Lord Wicklow's brother; made postmaster-general.
- William Hancock*, (Athlone); an extraordinary instance; he made and sang songs against the Union in 1799, at a public dinner of the opposition, and made and sang songs for it in 1800. He got a peerage.

*John Hobson*; appointed storekeeper at the castle ordnance.

*Colonel George Jackson*; a regiment.

*Denham Jephson*; master of horse to the lord lieutenant.

*Hon. George Jocelyn*; promotion in the army, and his brother consecrated *bishop of Lismore*.

*William Jones*.

*Theophilus Jones*; collector of Dublin.

*Major-General Jackson*; a regiment.

*William Johnson*; returned to parliament by Lord Castlereagh, as he *himself* declared, 'to put an end to it;' appointed a judge since.

*Robert Johnson*; seceded from his patron, Lord Downshire, and was appointed a judge.

*John Keane*; a renegade; got a pension.

*James Kearny*; returned by Lord Clifton, being his attorney; got an office.

*Henry Kemmis*; son to the crown solicitor.

*William Knott*; appointed a commissioner of appeals, eight hundred pounds a year.

*Andrews Knox*.

*Colonel Keatinge*.

*Right Hon. Sir H. Langrishe*; a commissioner of the revenue, received fifteen thousand pounds cash for his patronage at Knoctopher.

*Thomas Lindsay, Sen.*; usher at the castle; } paid fifteen hundred pounds  
*Thomas Lindsay, Jun.*; commissioner of stamps; } for their patronage.

*J. Longfield*; created a peer; Lord Longueville.

*Captain J. Longfield*; appointed to the office of ship entries of Dublin; taken from Sir Jonah Barrington.

*Lord Loftus*; son to Lord Ely, postmaster-general; got thirty thousand pounds for their borough, and created an English marquess.

*General Lake*; an Englishman (*no connection with Ireland*;) returned by Lord Castlereagh *solely* to vote for the union.

*Right Hon. David Latouche*.

*General Loftus*; a general; got a regiment; cousin to Lord Ely.

*Francis M'Namara*; cash and a private pension; paid by Lord Castlereagh.

*Ross Mahon*; several appointments and places by government.

*Richard Martin*; commissioner of stamps.

*Right Hon. Monk Mason*; a commissioner of revenue.

*H. D. Massy*; received four thousand pounds cash.

*Thomas Mahon*.

*A. E. M'Naghten*; appointed a lord of the treasury, &c.

*Stephen Moore*; a postmaster at will.

*N. M. Moore*.

*Right Hon. Lodge Morris*; created a peer.

*Sir Richard Musgrave*; appointed receiver of the customs, twelve hundred pounds a year.

*James M' Cleland*; a barrister; appointed solicitor-general, and then a baron of the exchequer.

*Colonel Charles M'Donnel*; commissioner of impressed accounts, five hundred pounds per annum.

- Richard Magennis*; commissioner of impressed accounts, five hundred ditto.
- Thomas Nesbit*; a pensioner at will.
- Sir W. G. Newcomen, Bart.*; bought, and a peerage for his wife.
- Richard Neville*; renegaded; reinstated as teller of the exchequer.
- William Odell*; a regiment, and lord of the treasury.
- Charles Osborne*; a barrister; appointed a judge of the king's bench.
- Charles M. Ormsby*; appointed first council commissioner.
- Admiral Pakenham*; master of the ordnance.
- Colonel Pakenham*; a regiment; killed at New Orleans.
- H. S. Priltie*; a peerage; Lord Dunally.
- R. Pennefather.*
- Thomas Prendergast*; an office in the court of chancery, five hundred pounds a year; his brother crown solicitor.
- Sir Richard Quin*; a peerage.
- Sir Boyle Roche*; gentleman-usher at the castle.
- R. Rulledge.*
- Hon. C. Rowley*; renegaded, and appointed to offices by Lord Castlereagh.
- Hon. H. Skeffington*; clerk of the paper-office of the castle, and seven thousand five hundred pounds for his patronage.
- William Smith*; a barrister; appointed a baron of exchequer.
- H. M. Sandford*; created a peer; Lord Mount-Sandford.
- Elmund Stanley*; appointed commissioner of accounts.
- John Staples.*
- John Stewart*; appointed attorney-general, and created a baronet.
- John Stratton.*
- Hon. Benjamin Stratford*; renegaded to get seven thousand five hundred pounds, his half of the compensation for Baltinglass.
- Hon. John Stratford*; paymaster of foreign forces, thirteen hundred pounds a year, and seven thousand five hundred pounds for Baltinglass.
- Richard Sharkey*; an obscure barrister; appointed a county judge.
- Thomas Stannus*; renegaded.
- J. Savage.*
- Right Hon. John Toler*; attorney-general; his wife, an old woman, created a peeress; himself made chief justice, and a peer.
- Frederick Trench*; appointed a commissioner of the board of works.
- Hon. Richard Trench*; a barrister; created a peer, and made an ambassador.
- Charles Trench*, his brother; appointed commissioner of inland navigation — a new office, created by Lord Cornwallis, for rewards.
- Richard Talbot.*
- P. Tottenham*; compensation for patronage; cousin, and politically connected with Lord Ely.
- Lord Tyrone*; one hundred and four offices in the gift of his family; proposed the union in parliament by a speech written in the crown of his hat.
- Charles Tottenham.*
- *Townsend*; a commissioner.
- Robert Tigh*; commissioner of barracks.
- Robert Uniack*; a commissioner; connected with Lord Clare.
- James Verner.*
- J. O. Vandeleur*; commissioner of the revenue; his brother a judge.

*Colonel Wenys*; collector of Kilkenny.

*Henry Westernrow*, father of Lord Rossmore, who is of the very reverse of his father's politics.

It appears, from these lists, that between the first debate and division, in 1799, and the second, in 1800, Lord Castlereagh had purchased the votes of *twenty-five* members, which made a difference of *fifty* votes in favor of government. It was simply by this treacherous and illegal operation, and not by consent or conquest, that Ireland was stripped of her independence.

Her three hundred representatives in the Irish commons were reduced to one hundred deputies to the British parliament, where they were encountered by five hundred and fifty-eight English and Scotch members. (This proportion was altered by the addition of *five* Irish representatives, at the passing of the reform bill ) Her two hundred lords were reduced to *twenty-eight* deputies to the British chamber of peers, where they are encountered by three hundred and sixty English and Scotch peers. The impartial reader will at once see that Ireland might just as well submit, without any show or pretence of legislation, to the will of the British minister, as rely on her present representation to procure her a single good measure in the councils of the British parliament.

I will not fill up valuable space, or perplex the reader with details of the *affected arrangements* of commerce and taxation which Lord Castlereagh, with such cool and consummate hypocrisy, then brought forward. These arrangements were comprehended in eight articles of the union, which may be found in the last statutes of the Irish parliament. Every one of the taxation and financial compacts has since been broken. The public debt of Ireland, at that time, was twenty-four million pounds sterling; the debt of England, four hundred and forty-six millions. The taxation on Ireland was to be raised and preserved separate from that of England in the proportion of two pounds on Ireland to fifteen pounds on England. But this distinction was dropped in the progress of a few years, and both exchequers were "consolidated" — made one.

Let it be remembered, too, that, in 1797, Ireland owed only three millions, and that twenty millions were subsequently borrowed in her name, to crush her liberties and butcher her people. The following statistics, which appear on the parliamentary records of that time, fully attest and explain all this. The king's army in Ireland, or receiving his pay,

in 1797, was about . . . . .	50,000 men ;
in 1798, . . . . .	96,000 men ;
in 1799, . . . . .	130,000 men ;
in 1800, according to Lord Grey,	170,000 men.

Cost of military force in Ireland, from 1797 to 1802, . . .	£16,000,000
Paid "compensation" ( <i>bribery</i> ) to owners of Irish bor- oughs at the union, . . . . .	1,500,000
Paid claims of "suffering loyalists," . . . . .	1,500,000
Secret service money, ( <i>blood money</i> ), from 1797 to 1804,	53,547
Pensions paid to deserving men, ( <i>traitors</i> ), for services in suppressing the rebellion and carrying the union, and continued in part to the present time, . . . . .	1,000,000
Increase of legal expense and judicial tribunals, . . . . .	500,000
Additional expenditure in public offices, in 1798, and at the union; compensation and allowances to public servants dismissed in consequence of offices discon- tinued by the removal of the parliament, . . . . .	500,000
Total, . . . . .	£21,053,547

The tariff which Ireland had erected as a protection to her manufactures was gradually abolished, and the matured and pampered manufactures of England were poured into the Irish stores and shops, much cheaper than they could be made in Ireland, the English parliament paying premiums or remitting duties on articles of English fabrication, when carried into Ireland, to the same extent as if shipped to a foreign country. Stripped of her parliament, her wealth, and her gentry, Ireland could not stand against this competition. Her manufacturers failed one after another; their machinery rotted; their hands were driven to England, Scotland, or America. Emigration then regularly commenced; the wealth of Ireland began to drain away; the rich left the country in quest of happiness, the poor in quest of employment, and those who remained declined to a state of torpid slavery; the laws and constitution were suspended; the country was full of armed men; the best patriots were dead, or gone, or subdued. The jails and convict ships were full of men, imprisoned on suspicion, but whom the government refused to try; terror and despair pervaded every heart, and the storms of desolation swept unresisted through those valleys where, a few years before, all was peace and happiness.

I am anxious that this book shall contain the chief arguments in favor of Ireland's parliamentary independence, and I therefore insert here, as a kind of appendix to this lecture, some remarkable opinions expressed by *English* statesmen, in opposition to such a "union" as now exists between the sister nations. The first series of opinions were promulgated in the British house of commons in the year 1782, when the charter of



Irish parliamentary independence was agreed to, *forever*. These very important extracts were taken from Dodsley's Register of that year by JOHN WARRAN JAMES, Esq., of Boston, and inserted by him in the address which accompanied a remittance of one thousand pounds from this city to the Repeal Association of Ireland, in 1844.

The second series were taken by the author from the London Daily Star newspaper, of 1800, a volume of which is in his possession. He presented these extracts as a report to the Repeal Association of Ireland, in the year 1840, and he now prints them, having been obliged to curtail them considerably.

*Opinions of English Statesmen in Favor of Irish Legislative Right,  
in 1782.*

On the 11th of April, 1782, a message from the king was read to the house of lords, "earnestly recommending to the house to take into their most serious consideration the prevailing discontents which existed among his loyal subjects in Ireland, in order to such a final adjustment as may give mutual satisfaction to both kingdoms."

*Lord Shelburne*, then the ministerial leader, reviewed the condition of Ireland at great length, fully according to them the rights which they claimed to make their own laws, and, on the 17th of May following, said, in reference to the same subject, "Ireland has demanded, in the first place, a free constitution, which they could not be said to enjoy while they were subject to laws not made by their own consent. How it came to pass that such a control (Poyning's law) should exist in a country similar in all respects to this, and having long had a parliament of its own, formed exactly on the model of ours, it was easy from history to trace. This claim for legislative rights had always been made; and now that Ireland was united, religious disputes all composed, growing in wealth and strength, and fast improving in all the arts of peace, it was impolitic, it would be unjust, and he believed he might appeal to their lordships' conviction, that it would be impossible, to resist their claim." The noble earl then moved, among other resolutions, that "it is indispensable to the interest and happiness of both kingdoms, that the connection between them should be established, *by mutual consent*, upon a solid and permanent footing."

The *Earl of Carlisle* approved of the motion, and spoke of the honorable conduct of the volunteers, and said, "Had he been less persuaded than he was, that Ireland had never relinquished its right of free legislation, which he knew they neither had nor could give up, he should still have thought it was wise to accede to their claim, because, from the gratitude and affection of the country, and the wisdom of their parliament, much more advantage would arise to this country than by maintaining any offensive and ill-founded pretensions to a control over them."

*Lord Loughborough* supported the motion, and was followed by *Lord Camden*, who spoke much of the virtues and increasing prosperity of the Irish; that no laws could be just but such as had the consent of the people; the Irish parliament not only echoed the voice of a brave and armed, but a generous people. It was

not a time to falter, it was not a time to hesitate, to delay, to stand on nice forms. The demands were made, and he dreaded what might ensue if they were not complied with.

*Lord Loughborough* again rose, and said, "The right of the English parliament to bind Ireland ought never to have been asserted, much less exercised."

The *Duke of Leinster* followed, and supported the resolutions heartily, declaring that nothing would content the Irish but a full and specific recognition of their right to legislate for themselves, and to acknowledge the power of no foreign judicature or legislature whatever.

The *Duke of Chandos* spoke on the same side.

The *Duke of Richmond* said the resolutions were maintainable on the ground of policy and justice, and disclaimed the imputation of agreeing to them from fear. The question in favor of the legislative independence of Ireland was then put, and carried unanimously, with the exception of one dissentient.

"On the following 3d of June, a debate occurred in the lords, which illustrates the promptitude with which an upright ministry could render 'justice to Ireland.' A delay of two hours in preparing a bill, after receiving despatches from Ireland, having been made the subject of comment, the *Earl of Hillsborough* reminded their lordships that three weeks had elapsed since both houses had almost unanimously (with a single negative only in the upper) agreed to resolutions for the relief of Ireland; one of which was, that the act of George the First ought to be repealed. The *Earl of Shelburne* said that the resolutions of both houses were instantly sent over to Ireland, and laid before the Irish parliament immediately. The messenger returned this very day, and two hours after the despatches came to hand, he had sent the rough draft of the bill for the repeal of the act of George the First, to the attorney and solicitor-general, to be prepared for parliament. The earl continued: words could scarcely do justice to the grateful sense of Ireland on the occasion, and then referred to the Irish grant of twenty thousand seamen to the British navy. Such a gift as that, said his lordship, was a solid, substantial, and real advantage. It would tell abroad, and could not fail to prove of the most essential service to Great Britain. It would prove that Ireland was satisfied. Indeed, it was agreed, in that kingdom, that there now remained no one constitutional point to be settled between the two countries.

"On the third reading of the bill, on the 17th of June, the *Earl of Abingdon* expressed his cordial concurrence in the bill for repeal, and regretted that what had been done was not sooner done from the plain conviction of its rectitude. The bill then passed without opposition. The *Earl of Abingdon* afterwards, on the 5th of July, observed that nothing would be left undone by ministers in adjusting the claims of Ireland upon this country. Those claims were not only listened to by the present ministers, but were handsomely, liberally, and manfully acceded to by them in every particular. 'I say manfully, my lords, because in some cases it is as much a test of manhood to give away as to demand;' and concluded by saying that '*the parliament of Great Britain has nothing to do with the internal legislation of Ireland, nor of right ever had; what it has hitherto usurpedly exercised it has now honorably surrendered.*'

"The debate in the commons of the corresponding dates I have no space to allude to. On the 19th and 20th of December following, and the 20th January, 1783, the previous proceedings were matured in the commons, and others had on

the subject of the judicial authority of the English over the Irish courts. On one of these occasions, Mr. Fox, then secretary of state, said that it was the intention of ministers to make a complete, absolute, and perpetual surrender of the British legislative and judicial supremacy over Ireland. Mr. W. Grenville, secretary to his brother, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, declared that there was not a man in either kingdom more decidedly of opinion than the lord lieutenant is, that the faith of England is pledged to Ireland, for the truth of this proposition, *that England has fully and completely renounced all legislative and judicial jurisdiction, and that nothing could be more conducive to the harmony and interests of both kingdoms than that this national faith should be preserved inviolate.*

"Mr. Secretary Townshend remarked, that to lay all doubts and disputes about constitutional points fast asleep, so that they might never wake again, was the object he had in view; and he hoped Ireland would rest satisfied that in no change of affairs would England ever retract that faith which, in his opinion, she had pledged when she repealed the 6th of George the First, fully to surrender all legislative and judicial authority over Ireland. He then moved for leave to bring in a bill recognizing the exclusive rights of the parliament and courts of Ireland, in matters of legislation and judicature; which motion was seconded by Mr. Grenville, secretary to Lord Temple, who spoke for some time with great eloquence on the near relations of Ireland with England, and on the mutuality of their interests, and, having shown that the prosperity and adversity of each must necessarily be mutual, hoped the motion would meet with the unanimous concurrence of the house.

"Mr. Eden said that the business of this day showed, beyond a possible doubt, not merely the good faith, but the industrious anxiety, of England to gratify Ireland in the point of free legislation, and then alluded to the ungenerous, the unmanly, and ill-founded notion that Ireland owed these repeated attentions to the weakness and embarrassments of England. The insinuation was not only injurious and untrue, but it was unwise; for, if the concessions were the forced fruits of England's embarrassments, what would be the natural fruits of her returning prosperity? Ireland ought, then, to found and rest her security where she safely might — on the basis of national wisdom, national affections, and national faith.

"Mr. Fox referred to the act of last year, which repealed the 6th George the First, and said, 'Whoever would now come forward and arraign that wise, that salutary and important measure, he would deliver it as his opinion, that the objector did not understand the business. Did not the whole kingdom of Ireland breathe the most heartfelt gratitude? *The parliament, by the repeal, were virtually invested with full powers to regulate every domestic inconvenience, according to their own discretion, without the control of any power on earth. He vowed to God, he would rather relinquish the dependence of Ireland on the crown of England altogether than see them subjected to it by force of arms.*'

"Mr. Eden wished for the time when the two kingdoms will have realized and secured one constitution, one commerce, one king, one friend, one enemy, and one fate; and when it would be impossible for any one to wish the prosperity of the one country more ardently or more earnestly than the prosperity of the other.

"Mr. William Pitt, who was at this time (January, 1783) chancellor of the exchequer, rose in support of the motion, and remarked that no objection had been made to it of weight and importance enough to deserve a serious answer. *The concession of the previous year he did not think effectual enough, and supported the*

pending motion as arising out of the former act to repeal the act of 6th George the First, and even tending to complete it. He was anxious for such unanimity in the house as would give the motion weight and authority with the people of Ireland, and *hoped they should go through the business with a manliness, and in a liberal and magnanimous manner, not only to the satisfaction of Ireland, but also to the honor of the British parliament.* Mr. Pitt said, in the English parliament, about the same time, 'from the revolution to a period within the memory of every man who heard him, — indeed, until within these very few years, — *the system had been that of debarring Ireland from the enjoyment and use of her own resources, to make the kingdom completely subservient to the interests and opulence of this country, without suffering her to share in the bounties of nature, in the industry of our citizens, or enabling her to contribute to the general interests and strength of the empire* — a system that counteracted the kindness of Providence, and suspended the industry and enterprise of men. Ireland was put under such restraint, that she was shut out from every species of commerce. She was restrained from sending the produce of her own soil to foreign markets, and all correspondence with the colonies of Britain was prohibited to her, so that she could not derive their commodities but through the medium of Britain. This was the system which had prevailed, and this was the state of thralldom in which that country had been kept ever since the revolution.' The motion was then carried unanimously, and Mr. *Secretary Townshend*, the mover, was placed on a committee with *William Pitt*, the chancellor of the exchequer, to prepare a bill declaring the exclusive right of the parliament and courts of Ireland in all matters of legislation and judicature, and the 28th George the Third, chap. 28, was accordingly reported, and unanimously passed, whereby 'THE RIGHT, CLAIMED BY THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND, TO BE BOUND ONLY BY LAWS ENACTED BY HIS MAJESTY AND THE PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND, IN ALL CASES WHATSOEVER, SHALL BE, AND IS HEREBY DECLARED TO BE, ESTABLISHED AND ASCERTAINED FOREVER, AND SHALL AT NO TIME HEREAFTER BE QUESTIONED OR QUESTIONABLE.'

"It was in reference to these solemn transactions that Edmund Burke so emphatically declared that the true revolution to Ireland, which substantially resembled the English revolution of 1688, was the Irish revolution of 1782. And the patriot *Flood*, as if prophetic of the apostacy of the then new chancellor of the exchequer, William Pitt, added this striking comment: 'If England should renounce her legislative pretension, and afterwards resume it, her own act of parliament would be her condemnation all over Europe; every cabinet would exclaim against her baseness, and think themselves authorized to assist the oppressed subjects, whom her own act would prove not to be rebels.'

These are the words of but a few of the most eminent Englishmen, who, in 1782-3, placed upon the lasting record of history their deliberate opinions in favor of Irish independence — in favor of that principle popularly denominated "REPEAL OF THE UNION." We shall now read the opinions expressed in that same British parliament by the most eminent Englishmen of the year 1800, some of whom have been since prime ministers of England. These records are condensed from a report brought up by me to the Repeal Association of Dublin, on Monday, 27th April, 1840, and published in the Dublin Pilot of the 29th

*“First Report upon the Opposition given by the Members of the British Parliament to the Union ; brought up by Mr. Mooney.*

“Extract from the speech of Mr. Tierney, in the English house of commons, on debating the question of the union with Ireland, Thursday, 7th February, 1799: —

“‘I expect an answer to this question, which I think decisive on the subject. What advantages can be gained by a union which cannot be obtained without it? I am clearly of opinion that these resolutions would produce the same effect if they were sent over without parliament being pledged to them.

“‘It is said by the minister that something must be done for Ireland ; and then we are told that these resolutions are not to be acted upon. Then I should be glad to be informed what is to be done for Ireland. I have no doubt but that the people of Ireland will treat his resolutions as they have treated his speech, viz., that they will paste them up against the walls as arguments against the union. If this was all, I should not mind it ; but if you agree to this motion, it will not be the ministers, but the parliament of England, that is implicated. If you persevere, every step you take will be looked upon with suspicion. If you send over more troops, the object may be misrepresented. *I understand that more troops are to be sent over, and that letters have been sent to the commanders of some militia regiments, to know if they are willing to go to Ireland, and stating that the government of that country must be maintained by force.*’

“On Monday, February 11th, 1799, *General Fitzpatrick* addressed the house as follows: —

“‘In 1782, he was officially employed in carrying into effect what he would venture to say was then universally considered as a small adjustment between this country and Ireland. He must here remind the house how the case stood, and he would venture to affirm that, if ever there was a compact solemnly entered into and binding between a prince and state, or between any one state or kingdom with another, binding upon both, the compact of 1782, between England and Ireland, was of that character and description. It might be said that the union now proposed was not inconsistent with that settlement. No two things could be more inconsistent with one another than the speech of the minister and the spirit of the settlement of 1782.

“‘He could not help observing that it had often been imputed to the chancellor of the exchequer of this country, that, while he decries, he imitates and follows, French examples. He knew of nothing more violent in all the conduct of the French, in point of breach of faith, than this measure would be towards Ireland, if carried by the British parliament. Not even the conduct of the French in Switzerland would deserve to be considered worse than this. He should be glad to know, when the imperial parliament met, what chance Cork, which was said to be a place in which the measure was approved of, would have ; he should be glad to know what chance Cork would have with Bristol, if the interests of the two cities should clash. *He could not help remembering that the late Mr. Burke lost his seat for Bristol in consequence of the share he took in a measure supposed to have been advantageous to Ireland. This he only stated to show the local spirit by which Ireland would be overpowered if the union took effect.* In short, he would say that, if this measure had originated in Ireland, the entertaining it here might be fair ; but that

it should originate in the British parliament, was a thing of which he should never have had any conception if he had not been a witness of it.'

"It is to be remembered that General Fitzpatrick was the secretary of the Duke of Portland, who confirmed the independence of the Irish people in 1782. He was a party to that compact.

"The celebrated *Brinsley Sheridan's* (an Irishman then in the British parliament) speech, same day, has the following passage:—

"'Intimidation of every kind was used to effect the object. Every placeman who dared to vote according to his own judgment was deprived of his place, [how like the present order of the day!] and degraded still further by being turned out of office. When such motives were addressed to men's minds to induce them to submit to the views of the minister, it was a mockery to say that no corruption and intimidation were used.'

"*Mr. Hobhouse*, 14th February, 1799:—

"'There appeared to him, however, a great deal of danger in persisting in this measure; and to enable the house the better to look to probable events in future, he should call their attention to the past. He had read a political publication of considerable authority, *Dodsley's Annual Register*, by which it appeared that, "in the year 1759, a number of persons in Dublin, having taken it into their heads that a union between the two countries was to take place, committed great excess. They broke into the house of lords, would have burned the journals of the house if they could have found them, and set an old woman upon the throne; they compelled the members to swear not to give a vote for the union; they killed several horses belonging to the members of the house, and a number of members themselves were near being killed." The inference he drew from these facts was this—that if, in 1759, when Ireland had not her independent parliament, nor any other advantage which she has now, and consequently would not have to sacrifice so much as she has now, the idea of a union produced this terrible effect, what may not be expected to be the effect at this time?

"'At present, the parliament of Ireland, as well as the parliament of England, was something of a check upon the minister; but *by the union, the parliament of Ireland, as a check, would be entirely destroyed. As an Englishman, therefore, he protested against this proceeding, because it tended to destroy the fair balance of the English constitution.* But it was said that all this would be balanced by the introduction of British capital. There would be no increase of British or any other capital where the proprietor of it had no consciousness of security. There was no such consciousness where there were religious feuds; such feuds would continue while the established religion was that of the religion of the minority. All these were evils for which, in his opinion, a union was no remedy.'

"*Mr. T. Jones* opposed it.

"*Mr. Wilberforce Bird* said,—

"'The arguments that were urged in favor of it (the union) might, indeed, be very well placed in the mouth of a theoretic statesman, but they should have but little weight with those who had practical knowledge of the local interests of particular establishments. The advantages were all upon one side, and all the sacrifices on the other. *As to the resolutions of 1782, he certainly did look on them as final with regard to Ireland; he perfectly well remembered the words of the secretary of Lord Carlisle, now a noble lord, (Auckland), who said upon that occasion, "that it would be*

*as easy to make the River Thames flow up Highgate Hill as that England should continue to legislate for Ireland."*

"Instead of extinguishing the animosities and divisions which distracted Ireland, and for which it was proposed as a remedy, it would, in a great measure, tend to inflame and perpetuate them."

"*Mr. Banks*, an opponent of Catholic emancipation, said, same day, —

"With respect to the independence of Ireland, he certainly thought that it was more to be ascribed to the volunteers than to the exertions of any men in parliament. If it was thought necessary to grant any further immunities to the Catholics of Ireland, the parliament of Ireland was competent for it. Another great objection to the plan of a union was, that, if found to be wrong, and to have been established on an improper basis, it would be very difficult to correct the error. As a mode of settlement between the two countries, he preferred the mode proposed in 1785, combining regulations both as to commerce and imperial points. He did not see how local matters, canals, election disputes, &c., could be so well adjusted here as in a local parliament. He did not think the tie of connection between the two countries so frail as was represented, nor such as to require such a measure as this to render the connection permanent."

"On the debate of the question in the house of lords, on Monday, the 21st April, 1800, —

"*The late Lord Holland*, (nephew of Fox,) 'disapproving of the principle, from being unable to trace the smallest advantage it would be to either country, opposed going into the committee. He contended that it was entirely against the wishes of the people of Ireland, and consequently not calculated to increase their attachment to England. He did not believe there was a well-informed man out of that house that was not of opinion that the measure had been carried through the parliament of Ireland by corruption within the walls and intimidation without. Even that house must recollect, at first the proposition was thrown out entirely, and that, after a change of seats beyond what was ever known except at a dissolution, and with all this intimidation and corruption, which might be termed political manœuvres, they had only been enabled to carry it by a majority of forty, and that without bringing over one individual from the opposition. Could any noble lord lay his hand upon his heart, and say, he did not believe the minority spoke the sense of the people?"

"The minister plainly said to the people of Ireland, (however it might be glossed over.) "It will suit our convenience to govern you, for you are unable to govern yourselves." The same language might have been held out by the French directory to the unfortunate Swiss; and, indeed, it was customary for the most powerful to treat as local prejudices the forms and constitution of the lesser state, when it was inclined to take them away. If these Irish members were the almost brutes which they had been held out, why was such a number to be introduced into the British parliament? They were known to be of a different description, and the design by their introduction was to add to the influence of the crown."

"House of Commons, April 23d, 1800: —

"The present *Earl Grey*, then Mr. Grey, in controverting the assertion that five sevenths of the country, and all the principal towns, except Dublin, had petitioned in favor of the union, says, —

"That petitions were presented from several different counties I will not deny. But by what means were they obtained, and by whom are they signed? The

lord lieutenant, who, besides being the chief civil magistrate in the kingdom, is *commander of a disciplined army of one hundred and seventy thousand men*, who is able to proclaim martial law when he pleases, and can subject whom he pleases to the arbitrary trial of a court-martial, in his progress through the kingdom procured these petitions, which are signed by few names, and those by no means the most respectable. It has been said that all were Jacobins who opposed the union. It might be said with more truth that a *great number of those who signed these vaunted petitions in favor of it were men who were in the power of the lord lieutenant, and who were obliged, from the fear of punishment, to come forward and put down their names*. These petitions besides, disreputable as they all are, were clandestinely obtained; *not one of them was voted at a meeting called together by the high sheriff*, legally constituted, and of which there was a reasonable notice. They can with no propriety be called the petitions of counties; they are merely those of a few worthless individuals. Yet the right honorable gentleman tells us that they prove the whole Irish nation to be decidedly in favor of that measure. Of this species of groundless declamation, however, he has not the honor of being the original inventor. We have an admirable instance of it in the great dramatic poet. The Duke of Buckingham, in giving Richard the Third an account of the manner in which the citizens of London had agreed to his claim to the crown, says, —

“Some ten voices cried, ‘God save King Richard!’  
And thus I took the vantage of those few;  
‘Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,’ quoth I;  
‘This general applause and cheerful shout  
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard.’”

Fortunately, there were many petitions on the other side — petitions which were not obtained by solicitations and at illegal meetings, but at public assemblies, of which legal notice had been given. *Twenty-seven counties have petitioned against the measure*. The petition from the county of Down is signed by upwards of seventeen thousand respectable, independent men, and all the rest are in a similar proportion. Dublin petitioned under the great seal of the city, and each of the corporations in it followed the example. Drogheda petitioned against the union; and so far from Drogheda and Dublin being the only towns which did so, almost every other in the kingdom in like manner testified its disapprobation. Though the petition from Down was signed by seventeen thousand, the counter-petition was signed by only four hundred and fifteen. This instance might be taken as a very fair standard for the whole kingdom. *Though there were seven hundred and seven thousand who had signed petitions against the measure, the total number of those who declared themselves in favor of it did not exceed three thousand*, and many of these even only prayed that the measure might be discussed.

“When I look upon these facts, and consider the majority who voted with the minister, I must say, that if the Irish parliament were left to itself, untempted, unawed, and unintimidated, it would, without hesitation, have rejected the resolution.

“*All holding offices under government*, even the most intimate friends of the minister, who have uniformly supported his administration till the present occasion, *if they hesitated to vote as directed, were dismissed from office and stripped of all their employments*. *Even this step was found ineffectual, and other arts were had recourse to, which, though I cannot name in this place, all will easily conjecture*.

“A bill framed for preserving the purity of parliament was likewise abused,



and no less than sixty-three seats were vacated by their holders having received nominal offices. I defy any man to lay his hand upon his breast, and say, that he believes the parliament of Ireland was sincerely in favor of the measure. We are to receive one hundred Irish members into the house of commons; and these the right honorable gentleman says, will be sufficient to express the will and support the interests of the Irish nation. By the vote of these, the union would have been rejected, as almost all the members for the counties and towns, by which they are to be chosen, keenly oppose it. I, therefore, call upon you to pause and to suspend your judgment until the point is elucidated. We have no right to discuss this question until it is proved to us that the passing of the resolutions will be agreeable to the great body of the Irish nation.

“In Ireland there is a separate national debt, (that of England is now become enormous,) and it will be necessary that there shall be always a separate council of state resident on the spot. *Ireland can have no security that she will not be oppressed, unless she pays the very same taxes with Britain. The property of a nation should not be left at the discretion of any man, or any set of men, who are strangers, however just or generous he or they may be; and it is impossible for Ireland to enjoy that security her constitution at present affords her, if she is united to England in the manner proposed. It is impossible that men should so coolly and dispassionately consider a tax which does not affect themselves as if they were immediately to pay it. Not more than one sixth of the united parliament will be Irishmen. We naturally take a pleasure, when in calamitous circumstances, in bringing others into a situation equally deplorable; it is, therefore, to be apprehended that we would not unwillingly be instrumental in making the burdens of Ireland as heavy as our own.*”

[Earl Grey has lived to see all his prophecies and apprehensions realized.\*]

“Again he says, —

“Has Ireland prohibited the importation of your goods? Has she disturbed your possessions in the Indies? Has she refused to limit the succession to the crown in the same manner as is done by the parliament of Britain? *On the contrary, is there not an agreement which nothing but the folly of ministers can derange, and an affection which nothing but their violence can destroy?*”

“We cannot bestow upon the government that power which is necessary to subdue the freedom of others without arming them with weapons that might be fatal to our own liberties.

“I trust that ministers will not be able, by undue means, to triumph over their opposition. *If a union were effected by such means without a cordial consent, without a real union of heart and affection, it would more than any thing endanger the separation of the two countries.*”

“Mr. Grey concluded with moving,

“That an humble address be presented to his majesty, that he would be graciously pleased to direct his ministers to suspend all proceedings on the Irish union till the sentiments of the Irish people, respecting that measure, could be ascertained;” which was negatived on a division.”

Here is evidence submitted to the calm eye of the present generation, and of posterity, to show that the repeal struggle has its source in eternal justice; that it was foreseen and foretold by the most eminent British

\* Since this was written Earl Grey has died.

statesmen, and justified in anticipation by the most constitutional, philosophical, and unanswerable arguments. When those able arguments, now for the first time published in history, shall come under the eyes of growing generations of Englishmen, they must, in proportion to their intelligence and their honesty, become convinced that Ireland never will, *and never ought to be*, satisfied under the control or government of any external power on earth.

---

*The following Protest was accidentally omitted at page 1044.*

“For these, and many other reasons, too tedious and too obvious to be here dwelt upon, we have deemed it our bounden duty, both to ourselves and to our descendants, thus publicly to declare our dissent from those resolutions approving of the measure of a legislative union, which have passed this house, calling on our latest posterity to entreat that, in virtue of this our solemn declaration, they will acquit us of having been in any wise instrumental to their degradation, and to the ruin of that country which they may hereafter inhabit.

LEINSTER.  
 DOWNSHIRE.  
 MEATH.  
 GRANARD.  
 LUDLOW, by proxy.  
 MOIRA, by proxy.  
 ARRAN.  
 CHARLEMONT.  
 MOUNTCASHEL.  
 FARNHAM.  
 DILLON.  
 STRANGFORD.  
 POWERSCOURT.  
 DE VESCI, by proxy.  
 WM. DOWN AND CONNOR.  
 RD. WATERFORD AND LISMORE.  
 LOUTH.  
 MASSY, by proxy.  
 RIVERSDALE, by proxy.  
 SUNDERLIN, for the first reason.”

## THE EXILE OF ERIN.\*

1. There came to the beach a poor ex - ile of

E - rin; The dew on his thin robe was

heav - y and chill; For his coun - try he

sighed, when at twi - light re - pair - ing, To

\* There was a controversy, for some time, going on about the authorship of this beautiful song. For a long while it was attributed to the Scottish poet, Thomas Campbell; and even Moore believed it; but the sworn evidence, very lengthy and circumstantial, of Miss Reynolds, the sister of the late George Nugent Reynolds, of Westmeath, proves it to have been the production of her brother, for she was in the habit of writing his poetical compositions, and took down from his lips the "Exile of Erin," which he addressed to his exiled friend, in America, Joe McCormick, the companion of Macneven and Emmet in prison.



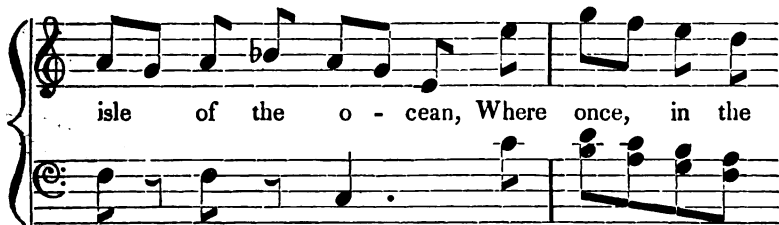
wan - der a - lone by the wind - beat - en hill.



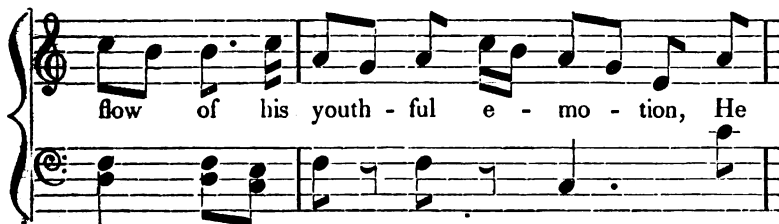
But the day - star at - tract - ed his eye's sad de -



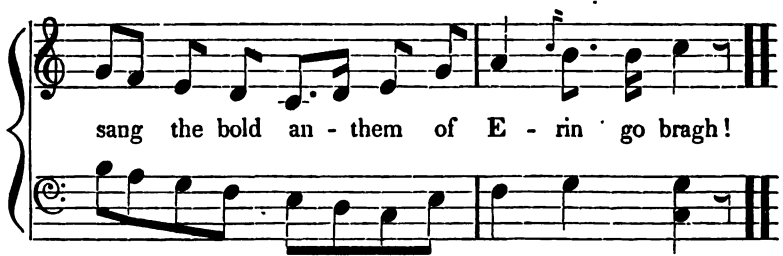
- vo - tion, For it rose o'er his own na - tive



isle of the o - cean, Where once, in the



flow of his youth - ful e - mo - tion, He



## 2.

“O! sad is my fate,” said the heart-broken stranger;  
 “The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee!  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger;  
 A home and a country remain not to me!  
 Ah! never again, in the green, shady bowers,  
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
 And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go bragh!”

## 3.

“O Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
 But, alas! in a far, foreign land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more;  
 And thou, cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?  
 Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me!  
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.”

## 4.

“Where now is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?  
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother, that looked on my childhood?  
 And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all?  
 Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure!  
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?  
 Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.”

## 5.

“But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw;

Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
 Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud, with devotion,  
 Erin ma vourneen! sweet Erin go bragh!"

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

BY MOORE.

WITH MELANCHOLY FEELING, BUT NOT TOO SLOW.

1. Come, rest in this bo - som, my

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The accompaniment starts with a half note G3 in the bass, followed by chords of G3-B3, A3-C4, and B3-G3.

own strick - en deer! Tho' the herd have fled

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5, followed by a quarter rest and a quarter note G5. The accompaniment continues with chords of G3-B3, A3-C4, and B3-G3.

from thee, Thy home is still here; Here

The third system of musical notation. The melody concludes with quarter notes G5, F5, and E5, followed by a quarter note D5. The accompaniment concludes with chords of G3-B3, A3-C4, and B3-G3.

still is the smile that no cloud can

o'er - cast; And the heart, and the

hand, all thine own to the last.

## 2.

O! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same  
 Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame?  
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;  
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

## 3.

Thou hast called me thy angel, in moments of bliss;  
 Still thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this!  
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,  
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

## WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

BY MOORE.

*Intended for George the Fourth.*

IN MODERATE TIME

1. When first I met thee, warm and young, There

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, a quarter note G5, and a quarter note A5. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, starting with a half note G3.

shone such truth a - bout thee, And on thy lip such

The second system continues the vocal line with a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F5, a quarter note G5, a quarter note A5, and a quarter note B-flat5. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3.

prom - ise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I

The third system continues the vocal line with a quarter note C6, a quarter note B5, a quarter note A5, a quarter note G5, a quarter note F5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note D5, and a quarter note C5. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3.

saw thee change, yet still re - lied, Still clung with hope the

The fourth system continues the vocal line with a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B3. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3.



fond - er, And thought, tho' false to all be - side, From

me thou couldst not wan - der. But go, de - ceiv - er,

go! The heart, whose hopes could make it Trust one so

false, so low, Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

## 2.

When every tongue thy follies named,  
 I fled the unwelcome story;  
 Or found, in even the faults they blamed,  
 Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true, when nearer friends  
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;  
 The heart that now thy falsehood rends,  
 Would then have bled to right thee.  
 But go, deceiver, go!  
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken  
 From pleasure's dream, to know  
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

## 3.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,  
 No lights of age adorn thee;  
 The few who loved thee once have fled,  
 And they who flatter scorn thee.  
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves;  
 No genial ties enwreath it;  
 The smiling there, like light on graves,  
 Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!  
 Go, go! though worlds were thine,  
 I would not now surrender  
 One taintless tear of mine  
 For all thy guilty splendor!

## 4.

And days may come, thou false one, yet,  
 When even those ties shall sever;  
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,  
 On her thou'st lost forever!  
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,  
 With smiles had still received thee,  
 And gladly died to prove thee all  
 Her fancy first believed thee.  
 Go, go! 'tis vain to curse,  
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;  
 Hate cannot wish thee worse  
 Than guilt and shame have made thee!

## LECTURE XXI.

---

### LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT EMMET.

ROBERT EMMET and THOMAS RUSSELL. — Destiny of Ireland. — What is Treason? — The Emmet Family — Christopher, Thomas, and Robert. — College Days of Robert. — Russell. — New Conspiracy at Brussels. — Bonaparte's Promises. — Letter of Thomas A. Emmet. — Letter of Macneven. — Emmet and Russell proceed to Ireland. — Preparations for Revolution. — An Explosion. — Preparations for an Outbreak. — Meeting in Dublin Castle. — Hour and Signal for Attack. — The Outbreak. — Failure. — Massacre of Lord Kilwarden. — Termination of the Outbreak. — Fidelity of the Persons concerned. — Defenceless State of the Castle. — Russell's Attempt in Belfast. — His Arrest, Speech, and Execution. — Alarm and Cruelties of Government. — Lord Cloncurry. — Emmet and his Companions. — Their Arrest. — Lord Norbury. — Plunket. — The Trial. — Emmet's Speech. — The Sentence. — Emmet's last Hours. — His Execution. — His Grave and Epitaph. — The Tears of his Country. — Sarah Curran. — Her Affection for Emmet. — Her Marriage. — Her Death and Burial. — Moore's Lament.

1803. I FEEL the difficulty of describing the condition of Ireland in the years 1801, 2, and 3. The reader who has passed over the last hundred pages will fully understand it. Her parliament was extinguished; the voice of her orators silenced; her people betrayed, subdued, and bleeding; her chiefs in exile or in death; her gentry quitting her desolated cities; her artisans pining in anticipated poverty; the whole nation immersed in stupefaction, astounded at their fall, unable to account for it, and incapable of hoping ever to be free again.

But it would seem that a national vitality pervades the Irish race, and God has decreed that, though they may be persecuted, they shall not be exterminated or subdued. Every age of gloom, and suffering, and disaster, and despair, has brought forth some exalted spirits, heralds of heaven, who walked among the Irish, and infused into their souls the divine spark of independence — rekindling, from generation to generation, the fires of freedom, and feeding the sacred flame with the vital fluid of their glowing hearts.

Even this desolate period of Ireland's history gave forth signal evidences of her undying vitality; for, in the midst of all this gloom and despair, there appeared two men of high station, illumined intellect, un-

daunted courage, and patriot hearts, willing to peril all in making one more attempt to give her independence. These were ROBERT EMMET and THOMAS RUSSELL, names that will live as long in the memories of men, as Brutus, Bruce, Hofer, Tell, Hampden, Sidney, Thompson, Washington, or Bolivar.

Emmet and Russell were conspirators; they plotted treason, I admit, nay, I avow it; and so did all these men here named, and so did a thousand others enshrined in the memory of everlasting history. The queen of England holds her throne in descent from conspirators; the king of France his, and so do the kings of Belgium, Greece, and also Egypt. The whole cluster of governments in South America, and this glorious republic of the United States, have descended to the present generation of men from the hands and hearts of "traitors" and "conspirators."

Men in civilized life owe more than they acknowledge to conspirators and students. The following appropriate passage on this head, is attributed to Emmet himself. "How ungrateful are mankind! How thoughtless are nations! The philosopher is neglected, and the patriot unhonored. Yet, without knowledge and liberty, how valueless all the possessions of man! How little do those who profit by wisdom or glory, in the possession of freedom, know of the student's privations, or of the conspirator's danger! and without study and treason how few could be either wise or free! Nations exult in the enjoyment of their rights, but too often forget those to whom they are indebted for the blessing."

I have heard the name of Emmet dishonored because he failed and suffered. I acknowledge, with shame, my coward lips opened not to defend him. The dread of some undefined punishment, obloquy, or ill, — the effect of ignorance, I admit, — hath held my tongue silent. But I make this public avowal in atonement to his angry spirit. The mist of fear, or whatever it may be called, has passed from around us. No man dreads to speak of Emmet, and call him patriot, now.

"Who fears to speak of '98?"

This question has passed from heart to heart throughout the Irish race, and has found its meridian enunciation in the banquet given to O'Connell in the city of the violated treaty.\*

While well-deserved honors were heaped, at that banquet, on the living, justice was done to the patriotic dead. Twice honored are the men

\* See the banquet to O'Connell, at Limerick, in November, 1844, in this book.

who there assembled ; for justice, like charity, blesseth him that gives and him that receives.

Before I enter directly into the daring exploits of Emmet and Russell, I shall give some account of the Emmet family ; for the race was a race of patriots.

The father of the Emmets was an eminent and successful physician of Cork, the capital city of the south of Ireland. The family were of the Protestant religion. Three sons and a daughter, out of a numerous progeny, alone arrived at maturity. Christopher Temple was the eldest son, Thomas Addis the second, and Robert, the youngest. Miss Emmet was married to the celebrated Counsellor Holmes. This gentleman is still alive.

*Christopher* had been educated for the bar, and practised very successfully as a lawyer, but died just as he was rising into eminence. His death was produced by the exercise of unusual energy in the cause of a particular client, in which he took a passionate interest.

*Thomas Addis* was educated for the medical profession, had studied in Dublin and Edinburgh, received his degrees, went to London to attend the hospitals, and from thence visited the leading cities of Europe. When at Paris, he heard of the death of his brother, and received the advice of his father to devote his life and talents to the profession of the law — a profession which he ornamented both in Dublin and New York.

Young *Robert*, like his brothers, had passed with much credit through the University of Dublin. He had frequently manifested evidences of very superior talent.

Moore, who was his class-fellow in college, thus remembers him in the preface to his poetical works: "About the same period, (1797,) I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think, by one class in the university. I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners."

There was a debating society formed at this time in Trinity College, whose meetings were held from chamber to chamber, according to circumstances, in which the nature of democracy, and "the duties of a soldier to his king and his fellow-citizens," were freely discussed. Mr. Moore continues: "On the former of these questions, the effect of Emmet's eloquence upon his young auditors was, I recollect, most striking. Emmet took, of course, the side of democracy in the debates. Upon one occasion, after a brief review of the republics of antiquity, showing how

much they had all done for the advancement of science and the arts, he proceeded hastily to the grand and perilous example then passing before all eyes, the young republic of France. Referring to the circumstance told of Cæsar, that, in swimming across the Rubicon, he contrived to carry with him his Commentaries and his sword, the young orator said, 'Thus France wades through a sea of storm and blood; but while in one hand she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the glories of science and literature, unsullied by the ensanguined tide through which she struggles.'"

It seems that into the superior association, the Historical Society then existing in the college, Moore and himself were admitted about the same time. Here, again, he was conspicuous in the various debates. "On the popular side, in the society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet. So eloquent and powerful were his speeches, and so little were even the most eloquent of the adverse party able to cope with his powers, that it was at length thought advisable, by the higher authorities, to send among us a man of more advanced standing, who belonged to a former race of renowned speakers in that society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet.

"I have already adverted," continues Moore, "to the period when Mr. Bunting's valuable volume of music first became known to me. There elapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work, and, though never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the piano-forte. Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called the 'Red Fox,' (to which the song beginning, 'Let Erin remember the days of old,' is now set:) he exclaimed, 'O that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air!' How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feeling, ('O breathe not his name!') or that another of those mournful strains would long be associated, in the hearts of his countrymen, with the memory of her [Miss Curran] who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer."

A little before the insurrection broke out, it came to the ears of government that a lodge in connection with the United Irish Society had been formed within the walls of the college. Lord Chancellor Clare, in consequence, came thither in person, and opened a court of inquiry, com-

pling the students to submit to examination on oath. Moore and several others were sworn and examined, but nothing was extracted from them. Robert Emmet, Brown, Lawless, and one or two others, absented themselves from the inquiry, particularly as some of the students were induced by terror to tell all they knew about it.

Emmet never after returned to the college; he was sent by his family privately to one of the universities of the continent, to continue his studies, and thus escaped the vengeance of Lord Clare only to become a more distinguished victim.

After the termination of the fatal failure of 1798, the principal state prisoners concerned in the attempt were, as the reader knows, kept closely confined in the castle of Fort George, in Scotland, for nearly three years. Amongst these state prisoners, included with O'Connor, Macneven, and Thomas Addis Emmet, was the celebrated but unfortunate *Thomas Russell*, of Belfast, the "P. P." so often affectionately mentioned by Tone in his "Diaries."

He was a man of varied abilities and pure patriotism; he was also distinguished for splendid military talents; had served with high credit in the British army, both in the East and West Indies. On his return, he was made a magistrate of Tyrone, and was universally respected by rich and poor. He was ever confided in by the patriots of the day. When first arrested, in 1792, on a charge of making seditious speeches, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor, and other leading men, visited him in Newgate. When Wolfe Tone was leaving Ireland, Russell was the last man he embraced, with Mr. Emmet, at Cassina Lodge, in Rathfarnham; and when he sent his brother, Arthur Tone, from America, with a verbal message to the United Irishmen, Thomas Russell was one of the five men with whom alone, amidst the whole United association, he was to communicate.

He was liberated from Fort George, after more than three years' imprisonment, and was sent with the other prisoners to Hamburg, from whence he proceeded to France, and from that centre of revolution passed over the continent of Europe on his way to Ireland, having got permission from the British government to return. During his journey to Paris, he met young Robert Emmet, with his brother, at Brussels, where Mr. Addis Emmet and his family had been spending some time. It appears that Mr. Addis Emmet had met his brother Robert at the post-office, in Brussels, by the merest accident; and here took place, in 1802, a re-union of Russell, the Emmets, Macneven, and a few others, who concerted a further plan to give freedom to their country.

Mr. Russell visited Paris, had an interview with Napoleon, and was promised some assistance in another effort to make Ireland an independent nation.

The enthusiasm of Mr. Russell exceeded that of Mr. Emmet, inasmuch as it possessed a person of maturer age, extensive experience, wonderful discernment, deep reflection upon the situation of his country, and the endurance of severe personal suffering for her cause.

Mr. Robert Emmet had just heard of the death of his father in Ireland, from whom he inherited, by his will, a patrimony of three thousand pounds. The legacy came opportunely to the hands of the ardent and courageous young patriot; and having had an interview—the last—with his brother, Thomas Addis, (who, with the other state prisoners, was bound for France,) an expectation was formed that Bonaparte would give his sanction to another expedition, of a still more formidable character, to aid Ireland; and, had he done so, *in good faith with his own promises to Macneven, Arthur O'Connor, and Thomas Addis Emmet*, the destiny of Europe might have been changed. This opinion was entertained subsequently by Napoleon himself, which he frequently expressed to Barry O'Meara, in St. Helena. "Had I," said he, "taken an army to Ireland, instead of Egypt, the destiny of the world might have been changed."

Mr. Emmet proceeded to Dublin, and Mr. Russell subsequently to Belfast, to reorganize the scattered fragments of insurrection, which the year 1798 had left behind. Both gentlemen acted with the greatest secrecy, and with the most complete unity of purpose. Both relied on their friends in Paris, to have Ireland acknowledged independent by the French government as soon as she should strike, and to have a suitable force immediately sent to aid in sustaining it. That the state prisoners had a settled idea of this nature, may be gathered from the two following letters, written by Dr. Macneven and Thomas Addis Emmet, on their arrival in America, to M'Cormick, one of their companions in the whole conspiracy of 1798, who had settled in Georgia, in this country. The originals of these letters are in the possession of the widow of M'Cormick, who now resides in Zanesville, Ohio. I was permitted, when in the west, to make the annexed copies:—

The first is from Thomas Addis Emmet, and bears date

"NEW YORK, January 28, 1805.

"MY DEAREST JOE:

"Never did a letter give greater pleasure to an entire family, than was felt by ours on the receipt of yours. On our first landing in New York, we had inquired



concerning you, among others, and had been informed that you had caught cold, and had died of a consumption. Believing this melancholy intelligence, we were astonished and delighted at getting a letter from you, which had almost the appearance of coming from the other world.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ I am on the point of setting out on another journey, which will show you that my lot, as to my future residence in America, is pretty nearly cast. You desire me not to decide on that subject, without further inquiry about the Southern States. You know the insuperable objection I have always had to settling, where I could not dispense with the use of slaves, and that the more they abound, the stronger are my objections; but, in truth, circumstances have decided me to settle here, if I can.

“ On my arrival, I received so much friendship from the most influential people in this state, and so many promises of assistance to overcome any difficulties that might occur to my settling professionally, that both Mrs. E. and I agreed it was impossible to refuse them, because, if I fail, I have nothing to reproach myself with; but if, having declined those offers, and thrown away that opportunity, I tried elsewhere, and then failed, I should blame myself exceedingly. Their friendship and assistance continue unabated, and I am going to Albany, tomorrow, to get an act passed by the state legislature, enabling me to be admitted to practise as a lawyer, notwithstanding my being an alien; and if I succeed in that shape, I shall be called to the bar immediately. In Georgia, I probably should not succeed so rapidly, and yet my friends here do not permit me to doubt of success.

“ You will, probably, expect to hear from me some news of our friends in France. I wish I could give you such as you would like to hear; but the situation of those you love and esteem is extremely unpleasant. General O'Connor is a general of division. No other United Irishman is more than a captain. You know the general's skill in making a party. Swiney has had a duel with Tom Corbett, in which S. was wounded, and Corbett has lost his life. Swiney, Macneven, Lawless, Tennant, Dowdall, and some others, have given in their resignations, which would *not* be accepted. Nor could they, or Chambers, get permission to come here. I myself escaped but by a day, an order having issued to bring me back; but I had sailed. It is now a horrid country, and all I conceived of it, at a distance, is nothing to what I found it to be on close inspection. It will do nothing for our country; and, if it attempted any thing, I believe it would do harm. Our friends are prisoners there, forced to continue in the service against their will. I rejoice you are not there, and I wish those who are were here; except Wilson, who is doing very well at Bordeaux. *Ware*, I understand, has joined O'Connor with all his might; he was Corbett's second; Macneven was Swiney's.

“ Our little family are well. Mrs. Emmet, Robert, Margaret, and Elizabeth, desire a thousand loves to you. Your little fellow-traveller, Jane Erin, is still our youngest, we having lost a lovely little baby in Paris. But a few weeks promise to make us once more amends. *Jane Erin* is a darling child, and a universal pet. Give my most affectionate love to your brother.

“ Ever yours,

“ T. A. EMMET.”

The other letter is from Dr. W. James Macneven to the same.

"NEW BRUNSWICK, August 5, 1805.

"MY DEAR JOE:

"After having waited long enough in France, and seen my *expectations in favor of our unhappy country repeatedly baffled*, I saw it was fit I should at last look to my own interest, and I accordingly came out to America. I arrived at New York on the 4th of July, but, though not in time for all the exhibitions of the day, I could witness the important parts which the Irish bore, where there was a very general display of the strength of the republicans. The immense majority are on this side, and I trust they never will be so unprincipled or foolish as to desert it.

"You may have heard that an Irish legion was embodied in France. I accepted of a commission in that corps, for the purpose of learning tactics, AND OF GOING WITH IT TO IRELAND; but while at Brest, and in its neighborhood, it was evident to me that this same corps was only held up as a scarecrow to frighten England into a peace, and that *we were in reality made mere instruments by Bonaparte, to answer his own selfish views*. This was not all; but he sought, through this association of Irishmen, to agitate their country, and thereby bring England the sooner to his terms. I could not lend myself, after that, to so mischievous a purpose, and I accordingly resigned. I am also of opinion, and I have the most direct reasons for it, that, if ever Bonaparte does land a force in Ireland, he will endeavor to dictate a form of government and administration to that country, unless the vigor of the Irish themselves shall deter him from it. Lawless, for reasons similar to my own, sent in his resignation after me; but it was not immediately accepted. Tennant, I heard, wished to quit the corps likewise; Tierney quitted when I did, and he would have been out with me, but for a nice young lady in Morlaix, whom he staid to marry. She has a handsome fortune.

"Not wishing to pass the month of August in New York, and wishing to see something of the country, I have come out to pass two or three weeks in New Brunswick, with Emmet and his family, who have taken a house here for the summer. Every body tells me I shall do well in New York, in a little time; but by Jove, I have very little more time to lose. One physician tells me there is no fortune to be made in the profession, though one may live. *It is, I believe, his own case*. The expense of living is very great, and *patients pay as little as they can*.

"Let me know every thing that interests you. You know how much I am attached to you all, and that I will be happy to hear of your welfare; being

"Your sincere and affectionate friend,

"W. J. MACNEVEN.

"P. S. I left our friend Sweetman well. He mostly lives in Paris; but poor Mat. Dowling died last winter, after a short illness."

I feel it due to the subject I treat of to publish these two memorials of two men who were long respected residents of New York — of two men who periled their lives over and over again to give freedom to Ireland. These letters are necessary to the true comprehension of the unfortunate enterprise of 1803. I now return to the immediate history of that effort.

Russell, as I have said, went to organize the North. Emmet bent his steps to Dublin, where, having realized the legacy left him by his father,

amounting to three thousand pounds, he set about the business which was the object of his heart, with a cool and deliberate resolution that descended from fate the triumph of success.

During the first four or five months after his arrival, nothing transpired about his plan. He lived in obscure lodgings in Harold's Cross, under the assumed name of Hewitt. On the 25th March, 1803, he took a lease of a malt-house, in Mass Lane, in the city of Dublin, as a depot for the ammunition and arms he was about to provide for the execution of his project. He established, at the same time, a second depot in Patrick Street, in the same city, where rockets and ball-cartridges were fabricated. In the beginning of April, he quitted Harold's Cross, and took a new house, under the name of *Ellis*, near Rathfarnham.

His most confidential assistants were Mr. William Dowdall, formerly secretary to the whig club; one Nicholas Stafford, a baker; Quigley, a bricklayer; and Charles Kane. The different depots and all the expenses were sustained by Mr. Emmet. They were furnished with pikes, handles, ammunition, and clothing, in the space of four months, without the slightest breathings of information having reached the ears of government.

In June, the lord lieutenant received some intimation that the county of Kildare showed symptoms of an insurrectionary character. In July, these symptoms had increased, and his excellency sent troops to three or four parts of that county; and the commander-in-chief, by order of the lord lieutenant, set out on a tour of inspection through the counties of Kildare, Meath, and other midland districts.

In a few days after government had been thus put on its guard, Mr. Emmet's powder factory, in Patrick Street, was accidentally blown up; and two men, employed by him in the composition of the powder, were nearly suffocated: one of them immediately died; the other was taken prisoner. This alarmed the government a great deal; for there were here discovered pike-handles, rockets, and all the *et cetera* of a revolutionary depot.

Mr. Emmet immediately changed his quarters, and came directly into Mass Lane, where his chief arsenal was fixed. Here he animated his workmen in person, who were employed day and night manufacturing all sorts of military weapons. These workmen were supported at his sole expense, and they amounted to near sixty. He slept in the depot, on a mattress, and conducted his preparations for an attack on Dublin Castle with astonishing secrecy.

Although, in the week previous to the outbreak, several intimations, it

seems, were given to Mr. Marsden, the under-secretary at Dublin Castle, yet the government treated the matter with less attention than it seemed to deserve; indeed, the lord lieutenant (the Earl of Hardwicke) totally disbelieved in the existence of any such conspiracy, even at the last moment, when direct information had been given that a rising of the peasantry would positively take place, in the counties of Dublin and Kildare, on the night of the 23d of July.

In the mean time, some deputies from the associated bodies in Kildare and Wicklow, in connection with Mr. Emmet, came to town, and had an interview with him, in the depot in Mass Lane. Whether they conceived the attempt as merely a rash one, in which they deemed it imprudent to join, or whether some mistake arose as to the time and place of attack, cannot now be explained; but it is certain that the forces in the country districts, which Mr. Emmet relied on to join him, never appeared.

On the morning of the 23d of July, 1803, the lord lieutenant held a council in Dublin Castle, at which Colonel Aylmer, of Donadea, in the county of Kildare, attended, and gave positive information that a rising was intended in that county. Information of a like character was given by a manufacturer in Chapelizod, a village near the city. The officers of state, present at this council, separated at three o'clock. The lord lieutenant, attended by a sergeant and twelve dragoons, drove out to the lodge, in the Phoenix Park, where he and the lord chancellor, and a party of friends, dined as usual. His excellency repeatedly urged upon his council the impolicy of spreading any alarm through the country, and probably drove out in this unguarded way to allay any suspicions in the public mind that he apprehended danger. The commander-in-chief of the forces returned to Kilmainham. The lord chief justice went out of town. No intimation was given to the lord mayor that danger was apprehended. Sir E. B. Littlehales, secretary for the war department, was entertaining a party of friends at his apartments in the castle; and every department of the government seemed to be hushed in the repose of security.

About nine o'clock in the evening of this memorable day, an unusual number of unarmed men, in separate groups, assembled in and about Thomas Street, within five minutes' walk of the seat of government and the chief arsenal. At ten o'clock, they moved in a body to the depot in Mass Lane, where they were quickly furnished by Mr. Emmet with pikes and other military weapons. As fast as they were armed, they returned to Thomas Street. The number of men thus equipped did not

exceed two hundred ; but numerous bodies were momentarily expected from the country, and they were looked for through every avenue.

A rocket was let off at ten o'clock, which was the signal for an immediate turn-out. Mr. Emmet, with his small staff, appeared at that moment, dressed in full uniform, their swords drawn, and ready to lead the premeditated attack on the castle. Unfortunately for his plans, some drunken persons of the party, who got arms, had misled the men in Thomas Street, ere he took command : the party was broken into two or three fragments ; and when Mr. Emmet looked to the men with whom he was to capture the castle, he found that some of them had, quite contrary to his instructions, and the proclamation he had intended to issue, attacked yeomen and soldiers, who made no resistance.

Finding he could not direct a sufficient body to the attack, and also finding that the promised supplies from the country did not appear, he judged it better to relinquish the attempt, and seek safety in flight towards the Wicklow mountains.

Meantime, the mob in Thomas Street, not precisely knowing what they were to do, commenced wreaking their vengeance upon every obnoxious person that came in their way. Although the proclamation, prepared by Mr. Emmet, contained the following injunction, "*that no man should be put to death in cold blood, and the first prisoners that should fall into their hands should be treated with the respect due to the unfortunate,*" this wise command was disregarded, and the infuriated mob attacked several persons they deemed obnoxious, particularly individuals of the yeomanry corps.

As Lord Kilwarden was returning from his country-seat, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Wolfe, and a clergyman, he was attacked and killed by this drunken mob. He had been mistaken for Lord Norbury, the celebrated but heartless and bloody-minded judge, who had become obnoxious to the people by having prosecuted and condemned many of the United men to death. Curran and Phillips both describe Lord Kilwarden to have been a humane, just, and tender-hearted judge. His last words, while the mob drove their pikes into his body, were, "Let no man suffer for my death but by the regular operation of the laws."

Miss Wolfe ran, distracted, to the castle, sought the secretary of war, and from her lips did he first learn of the outbreak. All this took place in the short space of twenty minutes. The castle garrison was alarmed soon after the explosion, and a force was sent to quell and disperse the scattered parties that were found in arms. Such was the careless discipline observed, that the depot, where all Mr. Emmet's arms and ammu-

dition were deposited, was left unprotected. The commander of the government detachment took possession of it, and found there thirty-six thousand ball cartridges, eight thousand pikes, besides scaling-ladders, grappling-irons, military uniforms, and colors, eight thousand printed proclamations, some addressed to the citizens of Dublin, others to the men of Leinster, Munster, &c. A prospectus or plan of government, on a perfectly republican principle, consisting of thirty short articles, was also found. It was addressed and headed, "*The provisional government to the people of Ireland,*" and set forth the principles upon which Ireland, as an independent republic, was to be governed by the new and successful powers.

This extraordinary attempt at revolution was made and exploded before the garrison of Dublin had the slightest intimation of its existence. It began at ten o'clock at night, and ended before eleven. And it cannot but surprise us, that such extensive preparations for a revolution could have been made in the very heart of the city of Dublin; that such immense quantities of ammunition, and some ten thousand pikes, could have been manufactured; that a set of uniforms for the leaders could have been made; that eight thousand proclamations could have been printed, and sundry other things of a like nature done, all of which required so many hands to perform, besides all those who were to take a part in the insurrection, — it does, I say, appear extraordinary that no direct information was given to the government by any of the persons employed; *that, in short, no traitor appeared!* Such, however, is the fact; and that bold attempt, if supported by five hundred sober men, on that night, would have been completely successful. It is admitted by all, that Emmet could, with that number of brave followers, have captured the castle and arsenal of Dublin, containing, at the time, fifty thousand stand of arms. There were but six pieces of ordnance and two artillery-men in Dublin Castle on that night, and these two were invalids; in the arsenal there was not a single cannon-ball. The mere possession of such a quantity of arms would have enabled the population to sustain their independence; for, in the words of Moore, —

"If the chains for a moment were riven, that tyranny flung round us then,  
It is not in man or in heaven, to let tyranny bind them again."

On the next day, the 24th of July, an attempt similar, and in concert with that of Mr. Emmet, was made in Belfast by his brave companion in arms, THOMAS RUSSELL. But the north, though the very hot-bed of the former effort of 1798, weeping for its chiefs that were gone, did

not respond to his patriotic call. Although Mr. Russell issued a proclamation, describing himself as a member of the provisional government, calling the patriots of the north to arms, the appeal was not answered by any number of men worth naming. Russell fled to Dublin, as the best place of concealment, to await the expected succors from France. He took lodgings in Parliament Street, in a gunsmith's house, within a few paces of the castle. For some months he remained here secure, but was at length tracked by means of a large reward offered for his discovery, and by the vigilance of Major Sirr.

When brought by the major into the presence of *Wickham*, secretary of state, he manifested the most determined courage.

"I glory," said he, "in the cause in which I have engaged, and for it I would meet death with pleasure, either in the field or on the scaffold; but do not imagine that my death, or that of hundreds, will avail to serve the continuance of your power. No! though my arrest may prove some embarrassment to my friends, the organization is too extensive, and the plan too well executed, to entertain a doubt that the object will ever be relinquished."

Russell was immediately executed, and his blood added one more rivulet to the patriot stream. He was among the bravest of the brave, the truest of the true; and his name, with Emmet's, should ever be inseparably entwined in our speeches and memories. I know not where he was buried, but presume it was near Emmet's grave, in the royal hospital.

The arrests and the dungeoning that followed this unfortunate effort would be, if they were not incontestably proved by the most honorable historians, downright incredible. The lord lieutenant, who was all security and confidence before the outbreak of the 23d, now called for the most unconstitutional measures to support his government. He got leave to suspend the *habeas corpus* act, by which he deprived suspected persons of the right of trial; and whomsoever Major Sirr and his satellites chose to suspect were immured in a dungeon, on the warrant of the secretary of the castle.

This suspension of the constitution continued from 1803 to 1806, during which period, thousands were torn from their families. "The jails and prison-ships," says the historian Plowden, "were crowded to a degree that endangered the lives of all, and proved fatal to very many." In July, 1804, there were stowed in Major Sandys's *Provost* four hundred of these wretched victims. There were prisoners kept in

Kilmainham jail for *three years*, who were not permitted to hear divine service, or see a clergyman.

As an instance of the terrible cruelty resorted to in these times, I may mention that the present Lord Cloncurry, on mere suspicion of disaffection to the power of England, was confined two years in the Tower of London, without pen, ink, or paper, with two guards in his room, changed every two hours. No charge was made against him, and he was at last liberated without trial!

But I now turn to the tragical end of poor Emmet. On the unfortunate night of the 23d of July, Mr. Emmet and his chief followers fled towards the Wicklow mountains. He was accompanied, among others, by Dowdall, Nicholas Stafford, Quigley, and Charles Kane. Stafford and Kane escaped to America; the first settled in Philadelphia, where he died a few years ago; the second settled in Savannah, in Georgia, where he was living not long since. Mr. Kane says that ere Mr. Emmet betook himself to the mountains, he sought and obtained an interview with his beloved Sarah.

In the mountains they disguised themselves for a few days; but Mr. Emmet returned to his former lodgings in Harold's Cross, under the name of Hewitt. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension. By the vigilance of Major Sirr, a clew was obtained to his residence, which was a little outside of Dublin.

Mr. Emmet was seized one evening, when just sitting down to dinner, by the major and a party from the castle; and in five weeks from the period of his daring attempt to liberate his country, he was placed on trial for his life before a special commission, composed of Lord Norbury, Barons George and Daly, and Justice Finucane.

Lord Norbury was one of those ferocious monsters that grow up in seasons of corruption, blood, and terror. The ferocity implanted in his composition by nature, expanded by the force of education, formed a miscreant, a scourge, and curse, to the community that had the misfortune of his society. This "lord's" name was *Toler*. He rose to distinction at the bar, as government prosecutor, during the dreadful reign of Lord Castlereagh. He was solicitor-general, while Wolfe (Lord Kilwarden) had been attorney-general. When that just lawyer shrank from overstraining the constitution and law against the United Irishmen, he was promoted to the bench to make way for Toler, who became, thenceforward, the fitting prosecutor of the Castlereagh government. This transition took place on the eve of the "state trials" of 1798. Toler became attorney-general a few days before the trials of the



Sheareses, M'Cann, Byrne, and Bond. He did his work well, and was, in time, duly promoted to the bench, Plunket following, in succession, to the office of attorney-general.

Toler carried to the bench the expanded ferocity of his nature, with all that he had acquired from long and familiar contact with Major Sirr, Jemmy O'Brien, Armstrong, Reynolds, Beresford, Hempenstall, Clare, and Castlereagh. He was a compound formed of the vicious essence of all these villains. He had swung off the United men by scores. The "black cap" contained for him no monition of awe. He wore it almost daily, and indulged in ribald jests while he bade men prepare for eternity. He sported with the dying as the cat with its game. To him the wailing of widows and orphans was music, and a tribute to his loyalty.

In criminal cases he almost invariably charged for the crown, and in common law for the plaintiff. He was as bloodthirsty as *Jeffries*, without his dignity; dishonest as *Mansfield*, without his skill; and had more than the brazen effrontery of the congenial *Pennafather*,\* without his legal learning. He was the scourge of Ireland for more than thirty years, and was at length removed from the bench, on the petition of Daniel O'Connell, who charged him with his incapacity and brutal manners in the judgment-seat, where he frequently fell asleep during the progress of a trial in which he was to give judgment. Such was Lord Norbury, the chief justice of that commission before whom Mr. Emmet was arraigned for trial; and to increase the misery of the unfortunate gentleman, this monster judge, it is said, had been his baptismal father.

The present Lord Plunket was the attorney-general, and conducted the prosecution with extraordinary, though needless, virulence. What rendered this the more galling to Mr. Emmet, was the circumstance that Plunket, who was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman of the north of Ireland, was sent, when a youth, to the care of old Dr. Emmet, to Dublin, by whom he was sent to school with his own sons — was kept an inmate of his house, and treated in every respect as one of his children.

Plunket was subsequently in the same volunteer corps with Thomas

\* During the progress of the state trials, in Ireland, in 1844, Baron Pennafather, who tried the prisoners, retired at the close of the business, every day, from the Court of King's Bench, to Dublin Castle, where, as a privy councillor, he took his seat with Lord De Grey and the attorney and solicitor-general, at that council board, where the details of the prosecution of the state prisoners were entered upon and arranged! His lordship, as judge, tried the prisoners daily, from ten to three, and advised on the best mode of prosecution from three to six; which practice regularly continued during the entire trials!

Addis Emmet, and was also a member of the United Irishmen, in the commencement of the organization of that body.

He imbibed all his political principles from Dr. Emmet, and was as deep in the insurrectionary movement, up to a certain stage, as any of the others; but on the first arrests he got frightened and backed out. He then took the first opportunity to join the government, and even went out of his way to fling his virulence on those whom they prosecuted.

The court-house was filled with military; not a single person was allowed to enter, except the lawyers, the officers of the court, and the reporters.

Twenty others were put on their trial with Mr. Emmet, for aiding and assisting him, eighteen of whom were found guilty and executed: their names were Edward Kearney, Thomas Maxwell Roach, Owen Kirwan, James Byrne, John Biggs, Denis Lambert Redmond, Felix Rourke, John Killen, John M'Cann, Thomas Donnelly, Laurence Begley, Nicholas Tyrell, Michael Kelly, John Hay, Henry Howley, John M'Entosh, and Thomas Keenan.

Mr. Emmet was first put forward for trial. The indictment was read. The attorney-general charged him with being an agent and emissary of the French government; with having no other design than to substitute a French despotism—"the despotism of Napoleon,—for the *mild* sway of the British government," &c.

The speech of the attorney-general was as virulent and cowardly, towards the unfortunate gentleman, as could well be imagined. The facts charged, of appearing in rebellion against the king, &c., were easily proved, and no attempt was made to deny them.

Curran was Emmet's counsel; but his eloquence availed not. When put to the bar, and called upon by the clerk, in the usual phraseology of the law, to know what he had to say why sentence of death and execution should not be pronounced against him according to law, he arose with great firmness and composure, and delivered a speech of considerable length, and of great power and eloquence. He would have extended it to a much greater length, only that Lord Norbury, fearing its effect upon the people, frequently interposed some objection, with a view to disconcert and intimidate him. The composure, the settled fortitude, exhibited by Mr. Emmet during his trial, the brilliant talent displayed in his memorable speech, and the heroic calmness with which he met death, mark him to posterity as one who deserves to rank among the purest, boldest, and most gifted victims that Ireland has offered at the altar of liberty.

Lord Norbury frequently complimented him for his great talents, and lamented, in the usual cant of the corrupt bench, that such abilities were not better applied.

Mr. Emmet rose up and addressed the court in nearly the following words, as taken down by Ridgeway, the best reporter of that day.

*Last Speech of Robert Emmet, August 31, 1803.*

“Why sentence of death and execution should not be pronounced against me, I have nothing to say; for that had been determined on ere this trial had taken place. But why my name and character should not be transmitted to posterity loaded with the foulest obloquy, I have much to say.

“A man in my situation has to combat with not only the difficulties of fortune, but those, too, of prejudice. The sentence of the law, which delivers over his body to the executioner, consigns his name to obloquy. The man dies, but his memory lives; and that mine may not forfeit all claim to the respects of my countrymen, I use this occasion to vindicate myself from some of the charges brought against me. Let what I have to say, and the few observations I shall make as to my principles and motives, glide down the surface of the stream of your recollection, till the storm shall have subsided with which it is already buffeted.

“Were I to suffer death only after having been adjudged guilty of crime, I should bow my neck in silence to the stroke; but — [Interruption from Lord Norbury.]

“Why did your lordship insult me — or, rather, why insult justice — in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes a right of answering. It is true, this might be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the castle before your jury was empanelled. Your lordships are but priests of the oracle, and I submit to the sacrifice; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

“I am accused of being an emissary of France; of being an agent for that country in the heart of my own. It is false! I am no emissary! I did not wish to deliver up my country to a foreign power, and least of all, to France. I am charged with being a conspirator! with being a member of the provisional government. I avow it! I am a conspirator. I am, and have been, engaged in a conspiracy, of which the whole object is the disenthralment of my beloved country.

“It never was, never could be, our design to deliver over our country into the hands of the French! No! From the proclamation of the provisional government, it is evident that every hazard attending an independent effort was deemed preferable to the more fatal risk of introducing a French force into our country. What! yield to the French! Heaven forbid! No! Look to the proclamation of the provisional government,—to the military articles attached to it. Is there a sentence there that will warrant such a construction? Had I been in Switzerland, I should have fought against the French! In the dignity of freedom I would have expired on the threshold of that country, and their only entrance to it should have been over my lifeless corpse! Were I in any country whose people were adverse to their principles, I would take up arms against them. But if the people were not adverse to them, neither would I fight against the people. Is it, then, to be supposed I would be slow to make the same sacrifice to my native land? Am I, who have lived but to be of service to my country, who would subject myself even to the bondage of the grave to give her independence,—am I to be loaded with the foul and grievous calumny of being an emissary of France? Were my country once freed from the yoke of England, had my countrymen a country to defend, then, should a foreign foe attempt to invade their shores, would I call on them, ‘Be united, be firm, and fear no force without! Look not to your arms. Oppose them with your hearts. Wait not their attack, but run to your shores and meet them. Receive them with all the destruction of war, and immolate them in their very boats, nor let your land be polluted by the foe! With the sword in one hand and the torch in the other, oppose and fight them with patriotism, love of liberty, and with courage! Should you fail, should your love of country, your love of liberty, and courage, not prevail, in your retreat lay waste your country. With your torch burn up every blade of grass. Raze every house. Contend to the last for every inch of ground in ruin. Conduct your women and children to the heart and centre of your country. Place them in the strongest hold. Surround and defend them till but two of you remain, and when of these two one shall fall, let him that survives apply the torch to the funeral pile of his country, and leave the invader nothing but ashes and desolation for his plunder.’

“I am also accused of ambition. O my countrymen, was it ambition that influenced me, I might now rank with the proudest of your oppressors. [Interruption from the judge.]

“My lord, I have always understood it was the duty of a judge,

when a prisoner was convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law, I have also understood that a judge sometimes thought it his duty to hear with patience and speak with humanity — to deliver an exhortation to the prisoner. I appeal to the immaculate God, I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, by the blood of the martyred patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other motive but the emancipation of my country from the oppression under which she has too long and too patiently travailed.

“ You say I am the key-stone, the life-blood and soul of this conspiracy. On my return to Ireland, this conspiracy was already formed. I was solicited to join it. I asked for time to consider, and the result of my deliberation was, that it appeared to me the only means of saving my country. My lord, I acted but a subaltern part. There are men who manage it far above me. You say that, in cutting me off, you cut off its head, and destroy the germ of future conspiracy and insurrection. It is false! This conspiracy will exist when I am no more. It will be followed by another more strong, and rendered still more formidable by foreign assistance. [Interruption from the judge.]

“ What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold which tyranny has erected for my murder, and of which you are only the intermediary executioner, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor — shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I, who fear not to approach the omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life — am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed during your unhallowed ministry into one great reservoir, your lordships might swim in it! [Interruption from the judge.] Think not, my lord, that I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by advancing a falsehood on a subject so important. Again I say, that what I have spoken is not intended for your lordship. It is meant as a consolation to my countrymen. If there be a true Irishman present, let my last words cherish him in the hour of affliction. [He was here interrupted again by Lord Norbury, who told him that, instead of advancing any thing in his justification, he continued to speak nothing but treason and sedition; said his (Emmet's)

family had produced men of great talent, and that he himself was not the meanest of them. He had just then afforded them proof, and lamented the situation he had reduced himself to, &c. After thanking the judge for his compliments to his family, he proceeded.]

“My lord, I did not mean to utter treason. I did not mean to use seditious language. I did not even seek to exculpate myself. I did only endeavor to explain the obvious principles on which I acted, without even so much as an attempt at their application. Where is the boasted freedom of your constitution? Where the impartiality, mildness, and clemency of your courts of justice, if a wretched culprit, about to be delivered over to the executioner, be not suffered to vindicate his motives from the aspersions of calumny? You, my lord, are the judge; I am the culprit. But you, my lord, are a man, and I am another. And as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will use the last moments of that life in rescuing my name and memory from the foul and odious imputations thrown upon them. *If the spirit of the illustrious dead can witness the scenes of this transitory life, dear shade of my venerable father, look down with a virtuous scrutiny on your suffering son, and see, has he deviated for a moment from those moral and patriotic lessons which you taught him, and which he now dies for.* As to me, my lords, I have been sacrificed on the altar of truth and liberty. There have I extinguished the torch of friendship, and offered up the idol of my soul, the object of my affections. There have I parted with all that could be dear to me in this life, and nothing now remains to me but the cold honors of the grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is finished, and the grave opens to receive me. All I request at my departure from this world, is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph. No man *can* write my epitaph. And as no man who knows my motives dares to vindicate them, so let no man who is ignorant of them, with prejudice asperse them. When my country takes her rank amongst the nations of the earth, then only can my epitaph be written, and then alone can my character be vindicated. I have done.”

Lord Norbury and his brother judges were much moved by this remarkable speech. He addressed his unfortunate victim, evidently deeply affected and subdued from the many reproofs which he had received during the trial, and concluded his remarks by pronouncing the awful sentence of the law.

Mr. Emmet bowed, and, ere he retired, embraced two young friends, one of whom is BISHOP PONSONBY, the other JUDGE PERRIN.

He was taken back to Kilmainham jail, where, previous to his trial, he occupied a small room on the ground floor. To this room he was returned, where he was strictly guarded during the night. It is not true that Miss Curran or any one of his friends was permitted to see him before his execution. The Rev. Dr. Gamble, the Protestant chaplain, and the jailer, only, had access to him.

Upon one occasion, in the night, the governor entered his room rather abruptly, according to orders from the castle. He observed a remarkable expression in his countenance, and that he was engaged in a characteristic employment. He had a fork affixed to his little deal table, and appended to it was a tress of hair. "You see," said he, "how innocently I am employed. This little tress has long been dear to me, and I am plaiting it to wear at my execution to-morrow."

It was a ringlet from the dark tresses of Sarah Curran!

On the little white deal table there was sketched, in ink, by his own pen, an admirable likeness of himself, the head severed and apart from the body, surrounded by the scaffold, the axe, and all the frightful paraphernalia of execution.

We may well exclaim, What an extraordinary union of tenderness, enthusiasm, and fortitude, was combined in him!

The governor, after some conversation, left him; and when next he entered, in the course of the night, he found him soundly asleep.

When the morning dawned, he arose from his bed, knelt down, and prayed fervently at some length. He next called for some milk, which he drank; wrote two letters, one to his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, who was then in France, and another to the secretary of state, enclosing it, with the request of a dying man that it should be forwarded to his beloved brother. But this request was never complied with. Mr. R. Emmet, of New York, assures me they never received it. He then desired the sheriff to be informed that he was ready. When they came into his room, he said that he had two requests to make — one, that his arms might be left as loose as possible; the other, that he might be permitted to suffer in his revolutionary uniform — green, with gold trimmings and cocked hat. The first request was granted, the last was refused.

He was passing out, attended by the sheriff, and preceded by the executioner. In one of the passages stood Mr. Dunne, at that time the under-jailer, but who was since governor of the jail. To Dunne's care was Mr. Emmet assigned during his imprisonment. This good fellow loved him in his heart, and the tears were streaming from his eyes. Mr. Emmet paused for a moment; his hands were not at liberty; he kissed the

jailer's cheek; and the man, who had been for years the master of a dungeon, fell senseless at his feet! When he got to the outer passage, leading directly into the street, he found it lined with military officers. He bowed respectfully to them, but they stood unmoved, and responded not. The dying patriot felt a transitory sensation of humility, that for a moment he had been deceived into a notion that they were gentlemen.

He passed to the scaffold, which was erected for his execution in Thomas Street, where he bravely met death, on the 1st of September, 1803, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. Thousands upon thousands of his afflicted countrymen were sorrowful spectators. His remains are deposited within the enclosed walls of the royal hospital, Kilmainham, on the left-hand side of the state road, leading from the entrance to the commander-in-chief's quarters.

Perhaps the day is not very distant, when Ireland will be enabled to erect his monument and his epitaph in the halls of her restored parliament. When that day arrives, and that the travellers from distant lands shall visit Erin, and particularly when the American traveller of other days shall stand before the shrine of Emmet, the tears of joy will rush into his eyes, for he will find written on the enduring marble, "AMERICA CONTRIBUTED TO ERECT THIS MONUMENT!"

Our patriotic countryman and incomparable lyricist, THOMAS MOORE, has offered the tributary tears of Ireland at the grave of Emmet, in the beautiful stanzas beginning —

"O breathe not his name!"

and —

"When he who adores thee;"

together with that tender composition on the death of Miss Curran,

"She is far from the land,"

which, with Moore's own music, will be found at the conclusion of this lecture.

Phillips, one of the most gifted of Erin's sons, describes Mr. Emmet thus: "He was but just twenty-three, had graduated in Trinity College, and was gifted with abilities and virtues which rendered him an object of universal esteem and admiration; every one loved, every one respected him; his fate made an impression on the university, which has not yet been obliterated. His mind was naturally melancholy and romantic; he had fed it from the pure fountain of classic literature, and might be



said to have lived not so much in the scene before him, as in the society of the illustrious and sainted dead : the poets of antiquity were his companions, its patriots his models, and its republics his admiration.”

Every one felt deeply for the tragic end of this brave and patriotic gentleman ; even his enemies lamented the stern policy that required his execution ; but there was one heart whose anguish it would be in vain to describe. In happier and more light-hearted days, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting lady. She was Sarah Curran, the daughter of the celebrated orator, patriot, and advocate, *John Philpot Curran*. She loved young Emmet with the fervor, purity, and enthusiasm, of a woman's first and only love. When every worldly rule and maxim were arrayed against him, when blasted in fortune, and when disgrace and danger thickened round his person, *she* loved him more ardently for his sufferings and his danger. If his fate could have awakened the sympathy of his foes, what must have been the anguish of her, whose soul was occupied by his image ! What must have been her suffering on the day of his arrest ! What must have been her agony on the day of his execution !

Miss Curran was about nineteen years of age ; her eyes and hair were dark and beautiful ; she played well upon the harp, sang sweetly, and was passionately fond of music. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by the families of wealth and distinction to whom she was known, and where she was a welcome guest. She was led into society ; and they tried, by all kinds of amusements and employment, to dissipate her grief, and wean her from a remembrance of the tragic image of her beloved. But it was all vain ; she never objected to visit the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked the blandishments of proffered friendships. She moved about uninfluenced by the world's pleasures, and apparently unconscious of them.

Upon one occasion, she attended a masquerade at the Rotunda. There can be no exhibition of wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet, in such a scene, a wandering, joyless being, where all around is gay ; to see that spectre being, dressed in the trappings of mirth, and looking so woe-begone as if it would cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the giddy crowd for some time, she sat down on the steps of the orchestra, and began to warble one of the plaintive airs of her country. She had an exquisite voice, and on this occasion it breathed forth such touching

sounds, that a crowd was instantly drawn around her : they remained mute and silent. Every one was melted into tears.

Amongst that crowd was a brave officer, whose heart was won by the interesting story of Miss Curran. He thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove true to the living : he proffered her his hand and heart. At first she declined his attentions, for her thoughts were fixed upon the dead. He, however, persisted in his suit : he solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and a sense of her own destitute and dependent condition. She at length consented to bestow on him her hand, with an assurance that she could never give him her heart, which was buried in the grave with Robert Emmet.

\* \* \* \* \*

They were united. He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. Parties of pleasure, parties of music, were got up, with a view to subdue the remembrance of him that suffered for her native isle of the west ; but they were all of no effect. Her constitution wore away. She finally sank under her grief—wasted by the eating of an inward woe. She made a last request to be buried in her native country. It was religiously obeyed. She sleeps in Erin.

## O! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

BY MOORE.

*PENSIVELY.*

1. O, breathe not his name; let it sleep in the

shade, Where, cold and un - hon - ored, his

rel - ics are laid; Sad, si - lent, and

dark, be the tears that we shed, As the

night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

2.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;  
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

---

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

BY MOORE.

SLOW, AND WITH FEELING.

1. When he, who a - dore thee, has left but the  
 name Of his fault and his sor - row be -

- - hind, O, say, wilt thou weep, when they

dark - en the fame Of a life that for

*Espress.*  
thee was re - signed? Yes, weep, and how -

*f*  
- - ev - er my foes may condemn, Thy

tears shall ef - face their de - cree; For

Heaven can wit - ness, though guil - ty to them,

I have been but too faith - ful to thee.

## 2.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;  
 Every thought of my reason was thine ;  
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,  
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine !  
 O ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
 The days of thy glory to see !  
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,  
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee !

## SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

BY MOORE.

WITH MELANCHOLY EXPRESSION

1. She is far from the land where her young he - ro

sleeps, And lov - ers are round her sigh - ing;

But cold - ly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,

For her heart in his grave is ly - - ing.

2.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
 Every note which he loved awaking—  
 Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
 How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

3.

He had lived for his love; for his country he died;  
 They were all that to life had entwined him!  
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried;  
 Nor long will his love stay behind him!

4.

O! make her a grave, where the sunbeams rest  
 When they promise a glorious morrow!  
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,  
 From her own loved island of sorrow!

## LECTURE XXII.

---

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Biographical Sketches:— Thomas Moore. — Dr. Drennan. — Surgeon Lawless. — Peter Finnerty. — Watty Cox. — Peter Burrows. — Dr. Macneven. — Thomas Addis Emmet. — Arthur O'Connor. — Curran. — Molineux. — Swift. — Lucas. — Charlemont. — Flood. — Grattan. — Burke. — Sheridan. — Phillips. — Black. — Frye. — Sloane. — Boyle. — Brooks. — Aylmer. — Barrett. — Berkeley. — Hamilton. Young. — Parnell. — Steele. — Francis. — Goldsmith. — Sterne. — Dr. O'Leary. — Halliday. — Malone. — Macklin. — H. Kelly. — Milliken. — Stranger Barry, the player. — Barry, the historical painter. — Dixon. — Smith. — Hickey. — Gardiner. — Jarvis. — Murphy. — Mossop. — Wilkes. — Mrs. Woffington. — O'Neil. — O'Hara M'Allister. — M'Ardle. — Michael Kelly. — O'Casey, &c.

I AM about to present to the reader a few brief sketches of the most distinguished Irishmen who have flourished during the last hundred years. I feel thoroughly pained that the space at my disposal will not allow me to do more than give a mere enumeration of their names and their peculiar talents, and that I shall not be able to detail those deeds on which their well-earned fame is enthroned.

I am now near the *eleven hundredth page*, and have yet very important matter to crowd into this already overgrown volume. Anxious to give a tolerably complete history of Ireland, to which all things else ought to give place, I must necessarily omit, in my biographical sketches, much that would impart to them an interest, a charm arising out of the detail of life, — its vicissitudes, adventures, successes and reverses, often more wonderful than the creations of fiction.

I have, in the preceding pages, given biographical sketches of men, who, by their piety, talents, valor, and fidelity, have rendered their country illustrious in by-gone ages. The men of whom I shall next treat have not bled for Ireland on the scaffold or the field, but have, by their brilliant genius, wrapt her in a blaze of glory, like the fiery coating of



the sun, that will shine through all time, proclaiming her eternal nationality, which never can be extinguished by the power or machinations of her enemies.

Some of them have developed, by their science, the inmost secrets of nature, bestowing on the world their valuable discoveries, products of vast intellects highly cultivated. Others have given to mankind the purest and most beautiful models of eloquence and composition that ever met the eye of educated man — models which the youth of surrounding nations select for their study and imitation. Many, in devotion to liberty, in philanthropy, in patriotism, in works of taste and fancy, in music and poetry, have not been surpassed by any nation on earth ; while there are those yet living, the vigor of whose genius and philanthropy, towering beyond all living men, has attracted the astonished gaze of an admiring world.

I readily confess my inability to do justice to those great men, and shall therefore confine myself to a compressed outline of each distinguished subject, and present them without chronological order, only as they appear connected with each other, in the issue of our eventful history.

#### THOMAS MOORE.

First of this glorious constellation I shall place **THOMAS MOORE**. He was the early college mate, and had nearly been the scaffold companion, of Robert Emmet. But fate preserved him to breathe the inspiration of heroic melody through the souls of the sons of Erin. Who has not banqueted on the melody of his inspired muse? Who has not plucked wisdom from his wit, delight from his sentiment, or spirit from his strains? Who has not felt his griefs or his joys expressed by Thomas Moore? What sentiment has he not enrobed in the lovely drapery of his brilliant fancy? It was Moore who won homage from our oppressors, while he told them unwelcome truths, and evoked resistance to their sway; the doing which any other man would have expiated with his life upon the scaffold. He wrote in a season when it was literally "treason to love, and death to defend," his country. The beauty and power of his strains paralyzed the uplifted arm of his enemies, and, as he well expressed it, —

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;  
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep;  
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep."

All this, and much more, has been realized for Erin by the poetry of her own immortal bard.

Thomas Moore's parents were natives of the county of Wexford. Without going into the particulars of their early affairs, which, the reader is informed, were not much unlike those of most young beginners in life, we find Mr. Garret Moore, the poet's father, in 1778, the busy and reputable owner of a grocer's store, in Aungier Street, in the city of Dublin, on the left hand, near the corner as we enter from Stephen Street,—which house, I believe, is still occupied as a grocery. Here, in 1780, on the 28th of May, the poet was born. His parents were Catholics, and Moore has adhered inflexibly to the ancient religion; in support of which he has written a very able though humorous work, entitled, "An Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion."

Having passed the years of boyhood at the school of Mr. Whyte, his father, with that laudable zeal which has ever characterized the Irish people to educate their children, had him placed in the Dublin University, with the intention of educating him for the bar, which was just then, together with the university, thrown open to the Catholics. Within that centre and soul of Protestant ascendancy, the young poet felt the brand of Catholic degradation burning his forehead, and the insolence of Orange domination eternally presented to his aching eyes, by the sprigs of aristocracy, who were, for the most part, his college companions. These sneered at his religion, hated his country, and their detestable persons approached him in the garb of bigotry and treachery. These circumstances contributed to root in his heart that thorough hatred to the tories which has ever through life influenced all his writings.

While he was passing through the Dublin University with literary renown, about 1796 and 1797, Robert Emmet, John Sheares, and Edward Hudson, were his companions. They were Protestants, as the reader knows, but free from the wretched prejudices which taught Irishmen to hate each other on account of creed. These patriotic but unfortunate young gentlemen were the beloved friends of young Moore. Their hearts were charged with the electricity of revolution, which then was flashing outside the college walls.

Moore, whose muse was vital from childhood, — for he tells us himself that he rhymed in the nursery, made odes at school, and translated Anacreon in college, — contributed some stirring pieces, in prose and verse, to the publications of the day — particularly to the "Press," the organ of the United Irishmen. One of these letters attracted his mother's notice, who, foreseeing the yawning precipice to which her boy was hastening, besought him, with tears and entreaties, to abstain from all further association with that journal or its conductors. The young poet,

then but seventeen, promised and pledged himself to his mother, whom he loved with surpassing tenderness, to withdraw from all further association with the "Press." There was still another motive besides this: Lord Clare (the chancellor of Ireland) had held a court of inquiry in Trinity College, before which young Moore and several others were examined. Emmet, Sheares, and Hudson staid away from the college during the inquiry, and a general suspicion fell upon pupil after pupil, which threatened imprisonment or expulsion. These conspiring circumstances deterred the young poet from further participation in the gathering storm of revolution.

At sixteen, he began to translate the lyrical odes of Anacreon from the original Greek. These were a species of college exercises in which he delighted, and in which he was indulged by Dr. Kearney, his immediate preceptor. About this time, he obtained a copy of Bunting's collection of old Irish music, the effect of which on his youthful heart must be told in his own words: "It was in the year 1797 that, through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardor then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies — a mine, from the working of which my humble labors, as a poet, have since then derived their sole lustre and value. There can be no doubt, that to the zeal and industry of Mr. Bunting his country is indebted for the preservation of her old national airs. During the prevalence of the penal code, the music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut from the pale of civilized life, and seldom any where but in the huts of the proscribed race could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers, among whom, for a long period, our ancient music had been kept alive, there remained but few to continue the precious tradition; and a great music meeting, held at Belfast, in the year 1792, at which *the two or three* of the still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish music to preserve to their country the only fragment of grace or ornament left to her, out of the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. Thus what the fierce legislature of the Pale had endeavored vainly, through so many centuries, to effect, — the utter extinction of Ireland's minstrelsy, — the deadly pressure of the penal laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accom-

plished ; and, but for the zeal of Mr. Bunting at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures, containing incontestable evidences of Ireland's early civilization, would probably have been lost to the world."

Full of the sentiment which so rich a banquet of melody was calculated to inspire, and enamored of the fascinating songs of Anacreon, it may easily be imagined that Coke, Littleton, and Blackstone, were not very deeply pondered over by the embryo bard of Erin. At this susceptible age (nineteen) he was sent "to eat his terms," as they call it, at the inns of court, London, preparatory to being called to the Irish bar — a legal pilgrimage imperiously required by the insolent genius of British domination.

During his probationary exercises in London, he published his translation of Anacreon, his first regular offering on the altar of the muses. This brought him into immediate and distinguished notice, and he was quickly introduced to convivial society, where his combined poetical and musical abilities soon made him the admired of every circle, and the idol of his own. There was then before him, in that centre of the English system, in the zenith of his glory, his own distinguished countryman, RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, whose friendship for the youthful law-student, bard, and musician, soon opened for him every door in London, including that of royalty itself. When first introduced to the Prince of Wales, his royal highness asked if he was the son of a certain baronet, of the same name, whom the prince remembered. "No, your royal highness," replied young Moore, "I am the son of a Dublin grocer." It is hardly necessary to say, that the dull technicalities of law were abandoned for the delightful studies of poetry and music, which presented to his imaginative mind those boundless fields that he has since careered over with such pleasure, success, and fame.

His friends around the court procured him, in the year 1803, a government appointment ; namely, the registership of Bermuda, to which island he sailed ; and from thence — having appointed a deputy to do his duties — he visited the United States. It was during the administration of Thomas Jefferson, to whom the youthful poet obtained an introduction, and of whom he exclaims, in a tone of fervent pride, "I had the honor of shaking hands with the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence !"

He wrote a series of poetical epistles from the United States, which he subsequently published in London. These contain some passages which Moore evidently penned in ignorance of the real character of the people, and under influences which he more than hints at in the follow-

ing passages that I take from the volumes of his poetical works now in my possession. "Few, and transient too, as had been my opportunities of judging for myself of the political and social state of the country, my mind was left open too much to the influence of the feelings and prejudices of those I chiefly consorted with; and certainly in no quarter was I so sure to find decided hostility, both to the men and the principles then dominant throughout the Union, [Jefferson was then president,] as among officers of the British navy, and in the ranks of an angry federalist opposition. This may account for the strong bias, if any, which seems to pervade my epistles from the United States, — so strong at the time, that it was the only period of my past life, during which I have found myself at all skeptical as to the soundness of that liberal creed of politics, in the profession and advocacy of which I may be almost literally said to have begun life, and shall most probably end it." Again, "The good-will I have experienced from more than one distinguished American, sufficiently assures me that any injustice I may have done to that land of freemen, if not long since wholly forgotten, is now remembered only to be forgiven."

I have learned from an American gentleman, to whom Mr. Everett communicated the circumstance, that Mr. Moore told him he often wished for an opportunity, in a public assemblage of American gentlemen, to give vent to some explanations of his former expressed opinions of America. The opportunity may yet be afforded, when, no doubt, he will amplify the brief but significant texts I have just quoted.

Mr. Moore's journey to the Falls of Niagara, and down the River St. Lawrence, through Canada, afforded material for many splendid productions. He writes in natural admiration of the breaking up of seas at Niagara, and says it resembled, in sublimity, a view of the heavens by moonlight, from among the ruins of the Coliseum of old Rome. His "Canadian Boat Song" was composed and sung while passing down the rapids.

In 1806 he was again in London, and he then published his *Travels in America*. Here he married a Miss Dyke, a most accomplished lady, from which happy union has grown a numerous family of sons and daughters. In 1807 he commenced writing his "Irish Melodies," in the arrangement of which to the old music of Ireland he was, as I have noted in my remarks on music, assisted by Sir John Stephenson. The sublime poetry in which those melodies are clothed is Moore's: the *airs*, or *tunes*, belong to the past ages of Ireland—to composers, many of whom are unknown, who, perhaps, fell unsung by the ruthless hand of the invader.

Many of those delightful melodies are scattered through this work, and will ever impart to it much of its value. Mr. Moore, writing to Sir John Stephenson, on this undertaking, most truly remarks, "While the composers of the continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland, — very often without the honesty of acknowledgment, — we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unreclaimed and fugitive. Thus our airs, like too many of our countrymen, for want of protection at home, have passed into the service of foreigners."

To the patriotic labors of Bunting, Moore, Miss Owenson, (Lady Morgan,) Sir John Stephenson, Bishop, and a few others, are we indebted for that splendid collection of music, known as "Moore's Melodies."

The success of this latter work lifted Moore to the loftiest literary eminence. He became universally known, and wherever known, became the favorite of the great of the day, particularly the whig or anti-tory party. Most of his amusing squibs and pasquinades, full of wit, sarcasm, fun, and ridicule, were produced under the influence of his political associates, who found them more subtle and effective weapons than the heavier broadsides of their newspapers. His "Letters to the Prince Regent," the "Twopenny Post Bag," "Fudge Family in Paris," and a thousand other similar things, are of this stamp. Indeed, he continues to the present day to fling out, at intervals, on the enemies of Ireland, those mischievous hand-grenades which scarcely ever fail to destroy the object at which they are aimed. Though the snow of five-and-sixty winters be on his head, his heart, like the Vesuvian crater, is burning still; and, in the beautiful idea of Sheridan, his soul seems as if it were a particle of fire separated from the sun, and was always fluttering to get back to that source of light and heat. To particularize his works in this sketch, is out of the question. I have before me *ten volumes* of poetical pieces, almost any one piece of which would give a literary reputation to any man. In his youth he wrote many lyrical pieces, under the assumed name of *Thomas Little*, charged with an amatory spirit, which he apologizes for in his years of gravity. His *Lalla Rookh*, founded on scenes and manners in the East, is equal to any poetic composition that ever appeared in any country. Every line contains an idea, and every idea is beautiful or brilliant, as becomes the theme. There is hardly a passion of the human heart that does not find expression in some unequalled passage of that beautiful production. Some resemblance may be found, in the heroes and villains of this grand Oriental poem, to those martyrs and informers of unhappy Ireland, whose

images are ever present in the poet's mind; and that which confers upon it an additional merit, and proves the varied talents of the author, is the fact that Moore never was in that India he so accurately describes. Men travelled in that vast region have asked if Moore had been in India, and expressed their surprise on learning that he had not. This beautiful poem has been translated into every language of Europe, and has been dramatized, and acted in private theatricals, by emperors and princes. It is quite true, as Mr. M'Gee says, in his admirable sketch of Moore, ("O'Connell and his Friends,") that Lord Byron highly complimented him on this performance. "I shall not," says his lordship, "suffer the Misses Byron to read it, lest they discover there is a greater poet than their father."

His biographies are charming productions. O for such a pen to write his own! He has written the lives of Sheridan, Byron, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. These are in every body's hands, and will pass to other ages as models of the style biographical. He enjoyed the unre-served friendship of Lord Byron during many of the latter years of that nobleman's life; and to Moore his lordship bequeathed, as a legacy, the memoirs of his life, written by himself. His last words, on quitting England for Greece, are moulded into the beautiful song, "Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!" On Lord Byron's death, Moore accordingly set about the publication of his autobiographical memoirs, the copyright of which he sold to his bookseller for two thousand pounds. The family of Lord Byron, becoming alarmed at the proposed publication, and being most anxious to suppress the work, proposed to Mr. Moore to pay him the full sum he had received from his bookseller, for its suppression. He declined the considerate offer, but placed all the materials in Lady Byron's possession, and they were immediately burned in his presence. The singularly high-minded delicacy of this act deprives me of the pleasing privilege of a single comment.

While the admiration of so high and self-sacrificing a principle is glowing in our minds, we may call to memory one or two other equally brilliant evidences of high-souled independence. Some time after his return from Bernuda, he found that the deputy whom he employed to perform his duties in that island, ran behind several thousand pounds in his accounts with the government, for which of course he became liable. In these circumstances he was naturally the object of sympathy. Some of his friends came forward to his aid. His bookseller proffered to advance him the money, and Lord Lansdowne proposed simply to pay it; both of which offers he refused, replying that he would retire to his closet

until he had earned the sum required, which, in a few years, he fully accomplished.

Again, when Catholic emancipation was carried, to which he contributed so very materially by his powerful poetical articles in the *London Times*, kept up for several years, in the very citadel of Ireland's enemies, he was offered the representation of Limerick by the grateful people of that unconquered city; and as it was known that he had not the property qualification of three hundred pounds a year, required by the laws of parliament, it was proposed to raise a public subscription to purchase for him an estate that would yield him the necessary income. This proposal Mr. Moore declined, from an over-refined sense of independence, — which, as an Irishman, I deeply regret, inasmuch as he has been obliged, in his old age, to accept a pension of three hundred pounds a year from the queen and government of England. It is quite true he has not solicited this pension; but during the reign of the Melbourne administration, when favors were showered upon the patriots of Ireland and upon the literati of England, it was deemed by the ministry very mean to pass over Moore; and I firmly believe it was to acquire reputation, more than to confer a substantial favor, that they recommended her majesty to confer three hundred pounds a year on the author of "The valley lay smiling before me."

Thomas Moore contributed very largely to that overflowing lake of popular enthusiasm, which, like his own Lough Neagh, swallowed up the towers and turrets of Protestant ascendancy. Those who lived through the perilous twenty-three years ranging from the death of Emmet to the accession of Canning, during which Moore wrote his most scathing and galling tirades against the governing party, may appreciate his courage, his patriotism, and his services. One thing may be mentioned, which, I think, shielded him in some measure; he resided constantly in England, where, if he must be prosecuted, he would have the benefit of a fair jury — a thing which no man could, or at present can, be certain of in Ireland, for the "packing system," practised by the government so lately as 1844, proves to us that the will to trample on Ireland remains as rife as ever, though the means be somewhat diminished.

Here are a couple of specimens of his style: —

The following half-dozen stanzas are taken from a collection in which there are thousands as witty and as scathing. It is for scholars to say whether Moore does not equal Horace or Juvenal, Hudibras or Swift, in powers of sarcasm.



REFLECTIONS ADDRESSED TO THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,  
*In Reply to a Recommendation to increase the Church Establishment in Ireland, as  
 the grand Means of tranquillizing the People.*

“ I'm quite of your mind ; though these Pats cry aloud  
 That they 've got too much church, 'tis all nonsense and stuff ;  
 For church is like love, of which Figaro vowed  
 That even *too much* of it 's not quite enough !

Ay, dose them with parsons ; 'twill cure all their ills ;  
 Copy Morrison's mode, when, from pill<sup>box</sup>, undaunted he  
 Pours through the patient his black-coated pills,  
 Nor cares what their quality, so there's but quantity.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm therefore, dear Quarterly, quite of your mind :  
 Church, church in all shapes, into Erin let's pour ;  
 And the more she rejecteth our med'cine so kind,  
 The more let 's repeat it — ‘ *Black dose, as before.*’

Let Coercion, that peace-maker, go hand in hand  
 With demure-eyed Conversion, fit sister and brother ;  
 And, covering with prisons and churches the land,  
 All that won't go to *one* we'll put *into* the other.”

The following was addressed, in 1828, to the Duke of Newcastle,  
 who was a violent opponent of Catholic emancipation : —

WRITE ON, WRITE ON.

*Salvata fratres asini.* — ST. FRANCIS.

“ Write on, write on, ye barons dear ;  
 Ye dukes, write hard and fast ;  
 The good we've sought for many a year  
 Your quills will bring at last.  
 One letter more, *Newcastle*, pen,  
 To match Lord *Kenyon's* two,  
 And more than Ireland's host of men  
 One brace of peers will do.

Sure, never, since the precious use  
 Of pen and ink began,  
 Did letters writ by fools produce  
 Such signal good to man.  
 While intellect, 'mong high and low,  
 Is marching on, they say,  
 Give me the dukes and lords who go,  
 Like crabs, the other way.

Even now I feel the coming light ;  
 Even now, could folly lure  
 My lord *Mounicashell*, too, to write,  
 Emancipation's sure.  
 By geese (we read in history)  
 Old Rome was saved from ill,  
 And now to *quills* of geese we see  
 Is Rome indebted still.

Write, write, ye peers, nor stoop to style,  
 Nor beat for sense about ;  
 Things little worth a noble's while  
 You're better far without.  
 O, ne'er since asses spoke, of yore,  
 Such miracles were done ;  
 For write but four such letters more,  
 And freedom's cause is won."

His humorous historical epitome, entitled *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, published in 1825, while the agitation for emancipation was at the highest, was certainly the most widely-circulated commentary on the history of Ireland ever published. Captain Rock was the supposed hero of Irish insurrection against English oppression, and under his various adventures the policy of England is thoroughly exposed and ridiculed. I remember that the *Dublin Evening Mail*, the organ of the dominant faction in Ireland, published the entire of the work in the course of two or three impressions. His *Loves of the Angels*, and his *Epicurean*, are productions of the highest class, in their way.

Moore's incomplete *History of Ireland* is a failure. This is the opinion of some of the most learned and patriotic men of Ireland. Mr. Moore is as unfitted, by nature and habits, for the black-letter plodding of an historian, as he is for the drudgery of a lawyer; both walks are almost the opposite of those which he loves to tread.

I cannot avoid noting, that a coldness exists between Moore and O'Connell. I never have heard any sufficient reasons given for this. They are both men whom not only their own countrymen, but all the liberal and patriotic portion of mankind, love and revere. Their walks in the fields of intellect are different; their talents different, affording no opportunity for the animosity of rivalry to insert its dissevering wedge. Their hearts are moulded from the same true Irish metal. Both have exalted and adorned their country's fame. Both have borrowed powers and radiance from each other. O'Connell seldom makes a grand speech without pointing his shafts with the poetic metal of Moore; and Moore has found many a beautiful image for his muse in the boundless

creations of O'Connell. It is painful to the Irish heart to contemplate the estrangement of these great men. Some little shafts have dropped from the poet's quiver, which may have wounded the mighty chief of Erin. But both these men have more magnanimity than usually falls to the lot of ordinary individuals.

Who, so well as either of them, can picture forth "the curse of division"? Who can describe its disastrous effects on the fate of Erin, like him who wrote —

"And when your tyrants joined in hate,  
You never joined in love"?

How can we feel surprise at the broils and battles of the less enlightened chiefs of other days, when now, with the advantage of all our knowledge and bitter experience, those whom we, in our day, are proud to acknowledge as our chiefs, are separated from each other by the action of their proud feelings?

Alas for Erin that I write it, too many of her most able and brilliant men are now estranged from each other; and truly may I remark, in the words of Sir Richard Steele —

"You'd think no fools lived in the latter reign,  
Did not some grave examples yet remain."

Could we behold Moore, O'Connell, and Shiel, once more united upon their country's platform, what boundless hope, and joy, and courage, would spring into our hearts! O for some Heaven-sent messenger to unite again this triple constellation, whose heat and rays would warm and direct the sons of Erin in their path to freedom!

Mr. Moore has lived almost all his life out of his native country. Fallen and poor, she was unable to reward his genius. London offered that market for his labors which has attracted to its dazzling centre so many brilliant spirits from the "land of eloquence and song." In 1807-8, he went over Ireland in company with Sir John Stephenson, collecting the old native tunes from the cottage and the castle. In 1815, he wrote his "Farewell to the Harp," fearing, as he said, that he should exhaust the bright treasures of Irish music, and begin to gather but the seed pearls; but again resumed it, and has written to some subsequently-discovered tunes a series of charming songs. In 1818, he again visited his country, when he was entertained at a grand public dinner in Dublin, the Earl of Charlemont presiding, — his father sitting on one side, and himself on the other, of the noble chairman. He came to Ireland again in 1835; and on that occasion, his fame still ascending and extending, he was entertained in an extraordinary manner





Engraved by G. Richmond.

J. H. & C. Collyer

*Thomas Moore*





in the county Wexford, the birthplace of his fathers, in a style befitting a bard of the people. Nine virgins clothed in white, wreathed with laurel and shamrocks, danced before him, singing his praise after the ancient practice of Ireland. At the conclusion of this national dance, one above the rest, the queen, placed upon his head the poet's crown, composed of laurel, roses, and shamrocks. This singular but gratifying ceremony was superintended by Mr. Boyce, of Bannow.

In 1838, he again visited Ireland. His appearance and reception at the Dublin theatre I have noticed in my chapter on music. (See page 236.) His musical powers, and the taste he evinces in singing his own melodies, are there also described.

Although he has received considerable sums, from time to time, for his works, yet these fell far short of their worth. For instance, he received for *Lalla Rookh* three thousand guineas; but that work yielded to Longman & Co., it is said, twenty thousand pounds; the *Life of Sheridan* brought two thousand guineas; for his *Irish Melodies*, he got five or six thousand pounds, besides an annuity of five hundred pounds a year from Power, the publisher; but Power became a bankrupt, and from that source his income was cut off. His booksellers may be said to have drunk rich draughts from his skull. As a musical poet or melodist, he stands above all the men of his day in Europe. He has been writing for *half a century*, and the last of his productions sparkle, and play, and dance on the surface, as lively as those of his youth, while the current of wisdom, wit, and thought beneath, has swelled in width and depth. As Bunting's music inspired Moore, so Moore's divine combinations of poetry and music inspired others; and thus a new growth of national bards appear, who are fully capable to transmit the loud song of liberty to the next generation. The Right Rev. Dr. M'Hale has stamped his approbation upon many of Moore's melodies, by translating them into the Irish language. I have those patriotic, I may add sacred pieces before me, printed in the Irish character. The selection made by his Grace of Tuam has guided me, to some extent, in that which I present. Moore was for many years in receipt of five hundred pounds per annum for writing in the *London Times*; but when that paper turned against the whigs, he transferred his contributions to the *Morning Chronicle*, from which, until lately, he received an income, though somewhat less than that paid him by the *Times*. For some time after the appearance of the *Dublin Nation*, it was conjectured that he wrote for that paper; but this is not a fact.

In the opinion of Lord Byron, Moore will live in his *Irish Melodies* for ever, and in his own expressive language we may say



“Even should his memory now die away,  
 ’Twill be caught up again in some happier day,  
 And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,  
 Through the answering future, his name and his song.”

His monody on the death of Sheridan, which will be found under the sketch of that extraordinary man, a few pages onward, is the most perfect piece of its kind that ever was written.

And now, having given the reader a sketch of the poet's life, I conclude with unveiling a half-length portrait of his person.

Behold **TOM MOORE**, the bard of Erin, “the admired of every circle, and the idol of his own!”

Long may he live to shield her honored name,  
 And give her race an everlasting fame!

#### DR. DRENNAN.

Dr. Drennan was the war bard of '98. His songs were written for the occasion, to instruct and to inspire. They were sung at every table in the country, surrounded by the patriotic. He flung his compositions into the “Northern Star,” and the “Press,” but principally into the latter. When Orr was executed, he wrote a beautiful ode to his memory, beginning with, “O, wake him not with woman's tears!” which had a wonderful effect on the nation; it roused them to the madness of revenge. It was he who wrote the immortal song beginning “When Erin first rose,” and another, in which Ireland, for the first time, was called the “Emerald Isle,” a patronymic at once appropriate and lasting. Drennan had written, in 1784, some able prose pieces, one of which, signed “The Irish Helot” stands unrivalled. He was one of the distinguished little band who formed the political and literary club of 1790, in Belfast, which included in its circle Tone, Drennan, Peter Burrowes, Russell, T. A. Emmet, Stokes, and Neilson. By some means unknown to me, he escaped the agents of the crown, and, when a general pardon was proclaimed, went to reside in Belfast, where, for five or six years, he published a very able periodical, called the “Belfast Magazine,” which he conducted, in conjunction with Messrs. Templeton and Hancock, from 1809 to 1814. It was a very able publication. Drennan died in Belfast, in 1820, and is buried near Haliday, in the churchyard.

#### SURGEON LAWLESS,

the friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was a man of the mildest manners and the bravest heart. He escaped from Dublin the night before the ar-

rest of Sheares, made his way to France, and entered and was promoted in the French service. Attracting by his bravery the distinguished notice of Napoleon, he was appointed to the rank of general. At Walcheren, his intrepidity excited the admiration of both armies. When the town was taken by the British, he maintained his post with great bravery for a considerable time, and, when compelled to retreat, he wrapped his colors round his body, and swam to a boat in the middle of the harbor amid a volley of bullets. At the battle of Dresden, he lost a leg. He died in Paris, 1824, respected and beloved by all. Had he, Lord Edward, Colonel Lumm, and Plunket, reached the battle-ground of Kildare with twenty thousand men, they would have proved themselves heroes and victors!

#### PETER FINNERTY

was the editor and printer of the "Press," which he published at No. 62 Abbey Street, from 1796 to 1797. He was prosecuted for the celebrated letter signed "Marcus," addressed to Lord Camden, which appeared in that paper, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. After the rebellion, he went to London, where, like many of his literary countrymen, he found employment on the press as a reporter, in which profession he excelled. He was the most celebrated wit of that supremely witty fraternity, the republic of London reporters. In 1810, he published a pamphlet or letter, in which he lacerated Lord Castlereagh for his tortures, whippings, and murders, during the years 1798-9—for which he was prosecuted under the law of libel. He defended himself in court very ably, but was, of course, found guilty; for, in England, the greater the crimes of a man, the greater is the "libel" which proclaims them. Poor Finnerty, for this, was cast into jail, and suffered a long imprisonment and a heavy fine. He was an Irishman of undoubted patriotism, original mind, great talent, and the scourge of the enemies of his country.

#### WATTY COX; ↗

one of the most singular and eccentric of the United Irishmen. He was the son of a blacksmith, of decent circumstances, in Westmeath, who was seized and illegally imprisoned under the proclamation of Lord Carhampton, on suspicion of Defenderism, from which he was subsequently liberated. The youth Walter was bound to the business of a gunsmith. Powell, his master, was a contractor for guns to the government. Cox left him, and set up for himself; married, was deprived of his wife

by death ; married a second, who was rich. He joined the United men about '96, and, having been in the habit of writing squibs for the papers, started the "Union Star." Having learned to set up types, he edited, composed, and printed the paper himself, in a cellar, and sent it for sale to other parts of the city. The reader may perceive, from this, that Cox was no common man. This paper contained the most violent denunciations against the government and those who aided them. It marked out for assassination such individuals as were conspicuous in torturing the people or burning their houses ; for it argued that assassination was the only remedy open to the oppressed people, redress having been denied them in the tribunals of justice. The paper was printed only on one side, that it might be posted up on the walls ; and, still more extraordinary, this paper, was set up in Little Ship Street, within a few yards of the castle.

Cox's paper embarrassed the United leaders much, for it brought down odium on their cause. Thomas Addis Emmet and Arthur O'Connor denounced it in the "Press." The government were, at first, apparently pleased at the language of the "Star," for it justified, in part, their brutal treatment of those whom they were pleased to call rebels. But after about sixteen months of its existence, they offered a very large reward for the writers and printer. It appears that no leading person was connected with the paper. Cox, fearing, as it is said, to be discovered, formed the singular design of anticipating the informers of the day by informing on himself! Before he took this bold step, he consulted with Arthur O'Connor, who advised him to it, by all means, as the best way of compromising for the libels he had published, but cautioned him against discovering any thing about others. Cox accordingly had an interview with Cooke, the under-secretary ; obtained for himself, in the first instance, a written pardon for all offences of which he might have been guilty against the government, and, having this in his pocket, coolly announced himself as the sole editor, compositor, printer, and publisher of the "Union Star," and, with an effrontery which none but Cox could assume, demanded the reward for informing on himself! The secretary and the castle functionaries were astounded at his boldness, but deemed it likely that they could make some use of him ; and, though they did not pay him the advertised reward, they treated him with marked civility, and put to him a variety of questions ; but it does not appear that Cox ever betrayed even one of the leaders of the United men, and whatsoever he may have told the secretary, to amuse or put him on a wrong scent, it never appeared that he made any disclosures

against his companions in the conspiracy. He was intimate with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave him the map of Dublin, with the weak parts marked, which was found in his lordship's desk, and which Cox went before the privy council and owned.

Dr. Madden more than insinuates against him foul play, for he says that, in some years after the insurrection, Cox, on his first return from France, considered himself neglected by the government, and, for the purpose of annoying it, set up, in November, 1807, the "Irish Magazine," commonly called "Watty Cox's Magazine," which he published for many years, to the great annoyance of the administration. This publication, which came out monthly, was a curious compound of scurrility, patriotism, denunciation, talent, and gossip. It was certainly a sore thorn in the side of the tory government of that day; and, if Cox had been an informer in previous years, some means would have been taken, by the government, to prove him so before the Irish public, when his powers of annoyance would instantly cease; for so odious is the character of an informer in the eyes of the Irish, that they will not have even a service conferred on them by such a one. It is true that *Brennan*, the "wrestling doctor," who was engaged with Cox in publishing the Magazine, and who quarrelled with him, and set up an opposition "monthly," charges him with betraying Lord Edward, and Russell also, the associate of Robert Emmet. But no circumstantial evidence is offered by Brennan, whose own character was very faulty; and, though a talented person, he was a sad libeller of the good as well as the bad.

Without attempting either to defend or impugn Cox, I may note, for their singularity, a few of the circumstances of his life. His system of attack on the Irish government through his Magazine, from the years 1807 to 1814, was unprecedented for its effect in the annals of the press. Being well acquainted with the character of all the meaner agents of the administration, having his mind full of the dreadful reminiscences of the castle-yard during the reign of blood and spies, he was enabled to scald the chiefs of the Irish government, once a month, with a compound of truth, sarcasm, filth, wit, ridicule, and denunciation, which was far less supportable than the most polished compositions. Wood-cuts were given of the various horrible expedients of torture used by Beresford, "the majors," and the Orange magistrates. He was used to offer up, once a month, some new victim to public scorn, whose ancestry, life, deeds, and effigy, were displayed to the public gaze, laughter, and contempt. The administration and their friends were in constant alarm. The Orange magistrates in the interior were in daily dread of being gib-

beted by him ; and truth bids me say that they were more afraid of Watty Cox, for the seven years of his rule, than of God or Satan.

Cox was of course prosecuted. He was found guilty of libel, and sent to Newgate. No sooner was he liberated from one imprisonment than we find him brought from his prison to the dock, to undergo, for his innumerable sins, a new trial, a new fine, and a new imprisonment. He was pilloried, sentenced to almost perpetual imprisonment, and still his Magazine appeared with unswerving regularity and boldness. He had become, by long practice, an able writer. His style was his own, perfectly so. Those who have read Cobbett much—and who are they that have not?—would recognize in Cox's style a striking resemblance to that great master of English composition.

The article which called down the heaviest vengeance of the government, was the celebrated and very clever paper called "The Painter cut ;" a paper ably, but mysteriously worded, in which Ireland was presented to the mind as a small boat attached, by cords, to a ship, (England,) which might be easily, and ought to be, cut away. For this he was doomed to a long imprisonment. The article was not written by him, but by a Mr. "T. F.,"\* of Carlow, whom, to the last, he refused to give up to government. His shop and shopmen were seized for fines. The men who carried round his Magazine were arrested, and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment ; but all was not able to crush him. He changed his shopmen, and at one time employed the celebrated Bryan Maguire, of duelling notoriety, whose name was a terror to many of the small deer of ascendancy.

At length the government, seeing no way of silencing the battery of his pen, sent a flag of truce to his room in Newgate, where he had contentedly lived for three or four years. A compromise was effected, by which he was to receive a pension of one hundred pounds a year on leaving the British dominions forever. He came to America in 1818, resided in New York for a couple of years, where he established some periodical, in which he first praised the country, but afterwards severely attacked it. He left America for France in 1821, where he learned that the heads of the Irish government were talking of discontinuing his annuity ; on hearing which he wrote a letter to a friend connected with the castle, in which he declared, with an oath, that, "if they stopped his pension, he would invade Ireland."

He subsequently returned to Ireland, and continued to receive his pension in peace. During the liberal administration of Lord Wellesley, in 1822-3, the Orangemen set up a paper to abuse that nobleman, which

\* Thomas Finn.

they called the "Dublin Evening Mail." This paper was started by a person named *Hayden*, of some talents, but of low station, and Cox started a small weekly sheet, which retorted on the "Mail" in suitable billingsgate. This thing was called "Watty Cox Grinding the Mail," and was an amusing bit of trash while it lived. The Irish government being then different in its politics to what it used to be, Cox supported it heartily, and abused its enemies. But on the accession of the Earl of Mulgrave (now the Marquis of Normanby) to the chief government of Ireland, a general overhauling of the castle pensions took place, and Cox's, amongst others, was ordered to be discontinued. Poor Cox felt this severe blow in his old age. He remonstrated, showing that the government of Mr. Peel entered into a compromise to pay him one hundred pounds a year during his life, as the price of his silence. He had kept faith, and it was hard to be thus cashiered at the end of nineteen years' existence of the compact. Lord Mulgrave ordered him one last hundred pounds; soon after which, in 1837, poor Cox died, at the age of sixty-seven. The small house in which he lived in Finglass, with three or four acres of ground, he bequeathed to a Mr. Crosbie. He was a Catholic through life, and was attended in his last moments by the Rev. Mr. Kelly, of Lucan. There was not one of all the men who were raised from the people by the oppressions of the government, who proved so powerful an opponent of that government as Cox, — which shows how far more potent is the pen than the sword.

#### PETER BURROWES. 2

The life of this most honest among honest patriots, affords no very striking material for biography. He was one of that illustrious circle who gave birth to the sentiment of genuine religious liberty and friendship in the north of Ireland, in 1790–91. The trusted companion of Tone and Russell, of Neilson, and Tandy, and Rowan, he never swerved from their principles, and was only more fortunate than they were in escaping the vengeance of government, for he was a United Irishman all through. A Protestant, he ever inculcated toleration and Christian charity among his brother Protestants towards their Catholic brethren; a member of the Irish parliament during the bribery and intimidation of 1799 and 1800, he voted on every division against the union; nor did he subsequently, while pursuing his profession at the bar, accept of any appointment from the dominant plunderers of his country's independence. On the accession of the whigs to office in 1832, (I think it was,) he was promoted to a commissionership, in the Insolvent Court, Dublin, which, I

believe, brought him an income of seven or eight hundred pounds a year. He was born in 1750, and died in 1841, over ninety years of age, full of honor and years.

#### DR. MACNEVEN.

William James Macneven has written his name in lasting characters on the history of his country. The present sketch is to serve as an index-reference to the share this patriotic man had in the affairs of Ireland from 1792 to 1805. His name appears in almost every page of this book which covers that period.

In 1792, young Macneven, who was a doctor by profession, and a Catholic in creed, was sent from the town of Navan as the delegate of that district to the celebrated Catholic convention, which sat at the Tailors' Hall, Dublin. Macneven it was who proposed, in a strikingly eloquent speech, the celebrated resolution calling on the Catholics of Ireland to demand full and complete equality with Protestants; to accept nothing less; which was *then* considered a bold resolution. It was carried in the convention with acclamation, and produced quite as much animation among the Catholics of Ireland as did the celebrated resolutions of Patrick Henry among the American people.

Macneven, from this point, was admired by the Catholics, and stood forward as one of their most promising advocates. In 1795, he spoke, in the Catholic chapel of Francis Street, against the then mooted proposition of a parliamentary union with England, and said that he and his fellow-Catholics would never accept any part of their rights on condition of voting for the annihilation of their parliament. In 1796, he joined the directory of the United Irishmen; in 1797, was sent as their ambassador to France; in 1798, was arrested, and kept a prisoner till 1802. On his liberation, he went to France, entered the army of Napoleon, for the purpose, as he writes, of learning tactics, and to accompany another French expedition to Ireland, with the hope of making one other attempt, in conjunction with R. Emmet and T. Russell, for the liberation of his country. Remaining long enough in France to witness every effort frustrated, and every hope extinguished, (see his letter, page 1080,) he resolved, as he says, to be no party to Bonaparte's plan of agitating Ireland merely to frighten England into a peace.

In this frame of mind he left France for the United States, where he landed on the 4th of July, 1805. His letter vividly describes his impressions of America and his personal prospects. It seems that the English government had made efforts, through Mr. Rufus King, the

American minister in London, to have the distinguished exiles rejected from the free soil of America. But King, it appears, had no authority from his government to warrant such an inhospitable proceeding. Macneven and Emmet, in their "Pieces of History," scathed him on his own ground. They say, "The very oppressions which the Irish suffer at home, teach them to prize the freedom of America more ardently than is always done by her native sons, who have the exalted privilege of knowing nothing of despotism but what they learn from the descriptions of other nations. If they may be justly reputed the best Americans who feel most devotion to our republican institutions, those whom Mr. King sought to exclude from our shores will be found to have juster pretensions than many who claim extraordinary merit for being a degree or two removed from a European ancestor"—an argument equally forcible, at the present day, against a class of men who are trying to establish the exclusive principles of Mr. Rufus King, which had been execrated by the people of this happy Union.

Dr. Macneven's professional success in New York was equalled only by his profound scientific skill and his own exalted personal character. For *five-and-thirty years* did he practise in that city, winning a high reputation for himself and his country. He was appointed to the professorship of several branches of public education. The chairs of chemistry and medicine, from which he lectured, afforded him an opportunity to develop those stores of knowledge and that unsurpassed eloquence which nature and education had conferred upon him. His knowledge and his virtues reflected honor upon his exiled countrymen in America, whose destiny was to labor for their daily bread. He was ever the genuine and generous friend of his poorer countrymen, whom fate had driven to the American shore. Such of them as were sick he attended without charge; such of them as were poor he relieved.

Nor did he, in his affluence, or the hurry of business, forget the struggles of his native land for her liberties. When O'Connell formed the Catholic association, Dr. Macneven and T. A. Emmet were the foremost men of America to call up its sympathy in aid of the struggle. Several important contributions from New York swelled the exchequer of the Catholic association in the years 1825 to 1828; and when repeal was started, in 1840, Dr. Macneven was to be found, even on the verge of death, breathing his patriotic spirit into his countrymen. He died in July, 1841, at seventy years of age, full of years and honors. His admiring countrymen in New York have entered into a subscription to raise a suitable monument to his memory; and it will soon, I hope, be erected, to telegraph to other ages the virtues of one of the most true-



hearted sons of Ireland. One of his last beneficent acts towards his unfriended countrymen was the establishment of the "Immigrant Society" of New York, in which he was assisted by Dr. Hogan and other patriotic gentlemen.

The sons of Dr. Macneven, of New York, inherit their father's virtues, and enjoy a good share of his medical practice. They are the prompt friends of unhappy Ireland upon every legitimate occasion.

#### THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

T. A. Emmet has, like Dr. Macneven, written his name, by patriotic deeds, upon the history of Ireland. He belongs to a family in which, as it was eloquently remarked by Charles Phillips, patriotism and genius were hereditary. His father was the most eminent physician in Ireland; and his brothers, *Temple* and *Robert*, were endowed with genius and talents of the highest order. The name of EMMET is engraven on the heart of Ireland, and the waves of persecution or of time shall never wear away the dear impression.

It would be to write over again the previous two hundred pages, to sketch the life of Thomas A. Emmet. He was, as I have stated before, educated for the medical profession, and passed with the highest credit through the university and the medical schools of Dublin, esteemed by the faculty among the first in Europe. He next graduated in the medical colleges of Edinburgh, where he was so much honored as to be at one time the chosen president of *five* scientific societies. He attended some time at the London hospitals, to acquire a knowledge of practice, and then passed, at his father's request and expense, through some of the medical schools of Europe, particularly that of Paris.

On learning that his brother Temple, the lawyer, had died, he turned his mind, at the request of his father, to the study of law. In this new and still more arduous avocation, he showed, when called to the bar, capacity, genius, and eloquence. When he joined the Catholic cause, in 1792, he was in the enjoyment of a good business. He came forward when few Protestants were found to advocate the emancipation of their Catholic brethren. He was the companion of Tone, Hutton, John Keough, Sweetman, Byrne, M'Donnell, Macneven, and the other men of that era, who, by their vigor, patriotism, and talent, broke some of the Catholic's chains, and enabled him to break the remainder himself. When he first joined the Catholic committee, (remarked Tone,) and spoke at their board, the members were so struck by his eloquence and air, that they vented their admiration in exclamations of "Oh! oh!"

In 1796, he defended and procured the acquittal of some United Irishmen, and in 1797 joined the directory of that body. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, O'Connor, and Macneven, had previously joined that body. His wisdom and talent were highly appreciated by his companions. I may mention here, as a thing worth remembering, that Mr. Emmet told his friend, General Haines, that "so well organized were the United Irishmen, they learned almost every thing which the British government had resolved on to embarrass them, except the fatal arrests. He further said that a very considerable portion of the British fleet would have been brought into the ports of Ireland by the Irish sailors, had the revolution been once vigorously commenced. *The plan was concerted to effect the object.* "Had Ireland," he adds, "never relied at all on France, I have always apprehended that her prospects might have been better realized. The French having once promised, the reliance on this promise more or less embarrassed every thing." The reader who has passed his eyes over the affairs of 1798, need not be told of all he did and suffered. He and Macneven, on their liberation, made their way to France. In the course of the journey, he met his brother Robert, for the last time, at Brussels. He and the other state prisoners entered the army of Napoleon with a view to learn military tactics, and accompany another French expedition to Ireland, which the fickle chief of France had promised them for the liberation of their country. But, like Macneven, observing that the first consul used them only as "scarecrows to frighten England," he quitted the French service, and came out to the United States.

On his arrival in New York, he was received on the beach by a crowd of his countrymen, with whom some of the first inhabitants of that city joined in offering him welcome and the hospitality of the country. Mr. Emmet's speech on that occasion is a lasting memorial of his eloquence and sensibility. It would be in this book if there was room.

He had been only a few months in New York when the legislature of that state gave him a special license to plead as a lawyer in all their courts. This was, perhaps, the highest compliment ever conferred by that, or any other state, upon a foreigner, who had no claim upon their friendship but that which his virtues, his talents, and his sufferings, had created.

It is not within my plan to pursue Mr. Emmet in his brilliant career at the New York bar. The great extent of his knowledge — scientific, historical, political, and legal — made him the ablest man at that bar, and fed his skilful tongue with inexhaustible eloquence. It is hardly necessary to say that a most profitable stream of business flowed in upon him. He was deemed by General Haines, himself an American lawyer, to be the

most eloquent man in the United States. Mr. Duer, an American, thinks he was not surpassed in eloquence by any of his countrymen but Burke. An American, writing of him in the *Truth-teller*, of February, 1832, has the following remarks upon his oratory: "As a jury lawyer, he was decidedly the greatest I ever listened to. Men who had controlled and enchained senates were powerless beside him when he thundered on or conciliated the jury-box. In the last cause which tasked his mighty efforts, he soared above Webster and Van Buren. He died, as a great lawyer should die, in the midst of his professional exertions, surrounded by his professional associates, in the very room, and within the very walls, that a few hours before had echoed to his thrilling voice. Judges whom he had delighted mingled their tears with those of his brethren at the bar over his remains."

His speech against the Orangemen of New York on a riot case, coming as it did from an Irish Protestant, melted the judge and jury into tears; for he pictured to them, from his vivid memory, in words of fire, the scenes of desolation which that misguided party inflicted upon their native country. This single speech broke down the Orange party in America. The authorities from that day forbade their public parade.

During the twenty years of his practice at the bar of New York, his eloquent voice was eternally heard in the court-house, reflecting each new day, upon his countrymen in exile, a new ray of honor and reputation. The continued action of Macneven and Emmet, through the medium of science, politics, and law, upon the public mind of New York, for so long a period, brightened and purified the horizon over the heads of their exiled countrymen, forming a healthy public opinion, of which Irishmen, for years to come, will be the participants.

Consistent with his early principles, he struggled in exile to aid his Catholic countrymen to establish their emancipation. Himself and Macneven toiled together in New York to send money home to the Catholic association; and he anticipated, though he had not the gratification to witness before he descended into the grave, the triumph of at least one of the great questions for which he periled life and fortune—the emancipation of his Catholic fellow-countrymen.

He died in the Sessions Court, in the midst of a forensic display, in November, 1827, at the age of sixty-three. His first professional display at the New York bar was made as counsel for the Manumission Society, and his last was the defence of a bequest to superannuated freemen.

Dr. Macneven, his inseparable friend, for thirty years, in peril and affluence, was appropriately selected to pronounce his eulogy, which reflected credit alike on the living and the dead. The following beauti-

ful passage deserves immortality : " It is the historical fate of patriotism, when exerted in advance of general intelligence, to attract the vengeance of alarmed power, while it receives only the timid assent of hesitating friends. Persecuted on one side, unsustained on the other, the monumental fame of genius alone survives, and, like the splendid ruins in the Palmyrian deserts, gains a solemn sublimity from the surrounding desolation."

His admiring countrymen of New York erected a splendid monument to his memory in St. Paul's church-yard, Broadway, to glad the eyes of every new exile that seeks the shores of Columbia. It is an obelisk thirty feet high, consisting of one beautiful block of white Italian marble. His epitaph was penned by two eminent Americans and one Irishman. One inscription in the Latin, one in the English, and one in the Irish language. The latter was written by his gifted Catholic countryman, the Right Rev. Dr. England, bishop of Charleston. The following is a translation :— " He contemplated invaluable benefits for the land of his birth ; he gave eclat to the land of his death, and received in return her love and admiration. He was born in Cork, 1764, died in New York, 1827."

Mr. Emmet has left two sons, T. A. and Robert Emmet, who enjoy honors and legal business in that city. Mr. Robert Emmet, of New York, was born in the prison of Fort George. The latter has two sons, Robert and A——, who inherit the family predilection for liberty and Ireland.

#### ARTHUR O'CONNOR ;

the last link of that formidable combination of 1798, whose power the sword of fate alone was sufficient to destroy. This venerable exile, who is now beyond eighty years of age, resides in Paris, where he has lived for forty years. Presuming that the reader has perused the pages I have devoted to the rise, progress, and conclusion, of that powerful conspiracy, — the leader of which he will recognize in Arthur O'Connor, a Protestant, but descended from the old Milesian kings ; the proprietor of the " Press ;" the head of the United Irishmen ; the most daring and eloquent member of the Irish house of commons ; the chief ambassador from Ireland to France for the ratification of an alliance ; the *Carnot* of the Irish directory, and the terror of Clare and Castlereagh, — I shall not retravel that ground, but content myself with remarking that Arthur O'Connor, with his fellow-prisoners, on their liberation from Fort George, entered into the army of Napoleon, receiving command in a brigade

composed of all the Irishmen who had contrived to escape to France during the previous seven years. O'Connor was created general of division in the French service, and was much in favor with Napoleon, for he was gifted with a powerful, original, and well-cultivated mind.

I am not so well acquainted with the history of his latter years as to venture a statement. He married a wealthy lady, whose name he added to his own. I understand he continued to enjoy the friendship of the emperor until his fall, and I believe he retained his rank and pay in the French service for many years after, and that he still receives a retired allowance suitable to his rank. A few years ago, he obtained liberty from the British government to visit his relatives in Ireland, with a view to make some arrangements touching his property in the south of Ireland. He is designated, in Paris, the *Chevalier O'Connor*, and enjoys tolerable health for one of his advanced age.

#### JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

We have now reached the most talented man that appeared in Ireland during the eighteenth century. He was, perhaps, the most eloquent, certainly the most witty, and, beyond question, one of the most steadfast and incorruptible of her patriots. Born of humble parents, in an obscure village, he rose from the depths of poverty to high dignities in the state, without forfeiting the smallest particle of that unbounded confidence which the masses of his countrymen reposed in him, from the hour when his value became known, till the hour of his death.

John Philpot Curran was the ragged son of a poor farmer of Newmarket, in the county of Cork. His father, whose ancestry could be traced no higher than Cromwell's invasion, happened to have some employment in the court-house of that town. Having a numerous family to provide for, and being obliged to work hard to maintain his children, he took little care of their education. That part of the family concerns was left to Mrs. Curran. The village school received him as an early pupil, where he soon evinced a capacity superior to his little ragged companions, and, in the hours of play, proved his superiority in the variegated sciences of marbles and chuck-farthings, evincing a sportive fancy in all the arch pranks and practical stratagems of the play-ground.

One of the first incentives to his eloquence, he relates himself, was his volunteer performance of Punch's man in a strolling puppet-show. The proprietor of this humble company accepted young Curran's offer to talk low wit and scandal, behind the scenes, of all the village folks,

on condition that he should be kept sacred and *incog*. The thing took admirably. The "house," *i. e.* *barn*, was crowded nightly. The future orator, judge, and senator, enjoyed the ecstasy of disclosing every private amour, caricaturing every remarkable character, and mimicking all the old maids and scolding wives in the parish.

The natural talents, in this and in hundreds of other instances, displayed by young Curran, attracted the notice of a generous lady named Allworthy, who took the neglected boy under her protection, and undertook to pay for his education in the grammar-school of Middleton. From this, at the expense of a worthy gentleman, Mr. ———, he was duly transferred to Trinity College, which he entered as a *sizar*, that is, monitor or assistant teacher, in which office he was to earn his living and education in the college. He did not distinguish himself; but his great and original mind received a formation which, on the wide theatre of the world, shone forth in all the rich effulgence so beautifully expressed by Moore: —

" As streams that run o'er golden mines  
 With modest murmur glide,  
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines  
 Beneath their gentle tide, —  
 So, veiled beneath a simple guise,  
 Thy radiant genius shone,  
 And that which charmed all other eyes  
 Seemed worthless in thy own."

Curran left college, in 1771, to enter the law Temple of London, where the provincial subjection of Ireland renders it necessary for all her law students to repair, for the purpose of receiving, ere they shall plead at the Irish bar, the stamp of English degradation on their brow. Here he had, like many of his countrymen before him, to support himself by his contributions to the literature, or the fun, of the periodicals of London, which then, as now, were enriched, and chiefly sustained, by Irish talent, which reluctantly seeks reward in that centre of affluence and legislation.

On his return to Ireland, in 1775, he was called to the bar, and passed the first few years in a state of neglected poverty. For a long time, he went the Munster circuit, more, as it would seem, to acquire the practice of the county assizes, than in the hope of deriving any income; for his fees were hardly enough to pay his hotel bills. In one of those southern journeys, he saw and was smitten with a Miss O'Del, to whom he offered his hand, which being favorably received, they were married. The youthful barrister had thenceforth to provide for an additional expense; and we may judge of his poignant feelings on finding himself, for years,

without business, while his young family increased. Few minds, indeed, could bear up with such elasticity and vivacity against the accumulated troubles that fell to his lot.

It was at a contested election that Curran, who was employed for one of the candidates, first gave evidence of his powers of sarcasm and eloquence, in reply to a sneer upon his poor dress, from his opponent. This reply, so unexpected, and yet so powerful and withering, fixed public attention on the man. From thenceforward he rose into notice and business. It is not in my power to give room to the many peculiar cases he was engaged in, by which, as steps in the ladder to fame, he ascended higher each day. He was once employed in the south to prosecute a Mr. *Sellinger*, who assaulted a Catholic clergyman. Though Curran was a Protestant, he defended and lauded the Catholics, upon this occasion, with such generous sincerity, that it ushered him into the affections of that numerous body of his countrymen. A duel grew out of this lawsuit. Curran met his antagonist, Sellinger, received his fire, but returned it not. This brought him very prominently before his countrymen, and thenceforward he had plenty of business thrust upon him.

Mr. Curran, being now prosperously occupied at the bar, devoted his leisure hours to the enjoyment of the convivial society of the most eminent men of that day. It was the eve of Ireland's great stand for freedom. The public mind was beginning, like its advocates', to spring into an independent maturity. Grattan, Charlemont, Flood, Bristol, Bishop of Derry, Daly, Yelverton, O'Leary, and others, used to associate together with Curran, for the purpose of enjoying the pleasure of each other's society, and the anticipation of that which they were banded to accomplish—their country's independence. It was at this time Mr. Curran established the convivial society known as the *Monks of the Screw*, (the Corkscrew,) among whom, as the bottle travelled round the board, sparkling wit evaporated. He was appointed *prior* of this singular society, and retained the distinguished post for many years. They used to meet in Kevin Street, now the most dilapidated part of Dublin.

After the declaration of national independence, Curran got into parliament by means of a borough. He took the side of the people in despite of the adverse influence of his patron—a post which he never after relinquished. His personal labors in his profession, and in the service of his country, are almost incredible. His forensic duties occupied much the greater portion of his time, and daily demanded his presence

in one or all of the four courts. His post in the senatorial ranks was usually allotted in the rear of the debate, and, as he previously toiled through the courts the entire day, he brought to the house of commons a person enfeebled and a mind exhausted. He most frequently spoke when the topic of debate, and the patience of the auditory, were expended, and had then to devote the residue of the night, after the division, to reading his briefs, and preparing to meet the judges early the next morning. But, fatigued as he was upon those occasions, his wit, vivacity, and spirits, never failed him, and he ever was able to impart to a languishing debate a new blaze of light and heat, which contributed to illumine the pathway of his countrymen to the goal of freedom.

I wish the plan of this book would admit many specimens of this great man's eloquence and wit. I give a few particles of both, for the purpose of spurring the reader to the purchase and study of Curran's *Speeches*, edited by DAVIS, the able co-editor of the "Dublin Nation."

*On the corrupt Supporters of Government.*

"When I behold an English secretary, day after day, marching down to this house from the castle, like a *petty German clock-maker*, with his wooden *time-pieces* dangling at his back, in order to deposit them on their shelves, in dumb show, until their manager shall pull the strings for their *larums* to go off, or their *hurdy-gurdies* to play their appointed tunes, I feel for the honor of the country he came from, as well as for the debasement of my own. Such is the miserable machinery by which his questions are carried in this house, without even the semblance of argument or the decency of candid discussion."

*On the Licentiousness of the Soldiery.*

"If, for instance, you would wish to convey to the mind of an English matron the horrors of that direful period, when, in defiance of the remonstrance of the ever-to-be-lamented Abercrombie, our people were surrendered to the licentious brutality of the soldiery, by the authority of the state, you would vainly endeavor to give her a general picture of lust, and rapine, and murder, and conflagration. Instead of exhibiting the picture of an entire province, select a single object: do not release the imagination of your hearer from its task by giving more than an outline. Take a cottage: place the affrighted mother of her orphan daughters at the door; the paleness of death upon her countenance, and more than its agonies in her heart. Her aching eye, her anxious ear, struggles through the mists of closing day to catch the approaches of desolation and dishonor. The ruffian gang arrives, the feast of plunder begins, the cup of madness kindles in its circulation. The wandering glances of the ravisher become concentrated upon the devoted victim. You need not dilate, you need not expatiate. The unpolluted mother to whom you tell the story of horror, beseeches you not to proceed. She presses her child to her bosom. She drowns it in her tears. Her fancy catches more than an angel's tongue could describe. At a single view, she takes in the whole miserable succession of force, of profanation, of despair, of death."



*On the Liberty of the Press.*

“What, then, remains? The liberty of the press only; the sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing but the depravity, or folly, or corruption, of a jury can ever destroy. And what calamities are the people saved from by having public communication left open to them? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from. I will tell you, also, to what both are exposed by shutting up that communication. In one case sedition speaks aloud, and walks abroad. The demagogue goes forth; the public eye is upon him; he frets his busy hour upon the stage; but soon either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment, bears him down, or drives him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the flame. If you doubt of the horrid consequences of suppressing the effusion even of individual discontent, look to those enslaved countries where the protection of despotism is supposed to be secured by such restraints. Even the person of the despot there is never in safety; neither the fears of the despot, nor the machinations of the slave, have any slumber; the one anticipating the moment of peril, the other watching for the opportunity of aggression. The fatal crisis is equally a surprise upon both; the decisive instant is precipitated without warning, by folly on the one side, or by frenzy on the other; and there is no notice of the treason till the traitor acts. In those unfortunate countries (one cannot read it without horror) there are officers whose province it is to have the water, which is to be drunk by their rulers, sealed up in bottles, lest some wretched miscreant should throw poison into the draught.

“There is a sort of aspiring and adventitious credulity which disdains assenting to obvious truths, and delights in catching at the improbability of circumstances as its best ground of faith. To what other cause, gentlemen, can you ascribe, that, in the wise, the reflecting, the philosophic nation of Great Britain, a printer has been found guilty of a libel for publishing those resolutions to which the present minister of that kingdom (Mr. Pitt) had actually subscribed his name? To what other cause can you ascribe, what in my mind is still more astonishing, that in such a country as Scotland, — a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth: cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering, winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Hume, to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic, morality of her Burns, — how from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents, should be banished to a distant, barbarous soil, condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life?”

*On the same Subject, at the Trial of Peter Finnerly, the Printer and Publisher of “The Press,” in which Newspaper appeared an impassioned Account of the Trial and Execution of Orr.*

“Gentlemen, I am not unconscious that the learned counsel for the crown

seemed to address you with a confidence of a very different kind from mine. He seemed to expect a kind of respectful sympathy from you with the feelings of the castle and the griefs of chided authority. Perhaps, gentlemen, he may know you better than I do. If he does, he has spoken to you as he ought; he has been right in telling you, that, if the reprobation of this is weak, it is because his genius could not make it stronger: he has been right in telling you, that his language has not been braided and festooned as elegantly as it might; that he has not pinched the miserable plaits of his phraseology, nor placed his patches and feathers with that correctness of millinery which became so exalted a person. If you agree with him, gentlemen, if you think the man who ventures, at the hazard of his own life, to rescue from the deep the drowned honor of his country, must not presume upon the guilty familiarity of plucking it by the locks, I have no more to say. Do a courteous thing, upright and honest jurors! find a civil and obliging verdict against this printer; and when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow-citizens to your own homes, and bear their looks as you pass along. Retire to the bosom of your families; and when you are presiding over the morality of the parental board, tell your children, who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Form their young minds by your precepts, and confirm those precepts by your own example. Teach them how discreetly allegiance may be perjured on the table, or loyalty be forsworn in the jury-box; and when you have done so, tell them the story of Orr; tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his crime, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage, and of his death. And when you find your little hearers hanging on your lips; when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow, and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanism, tell them that you had the boldness and the justice to stigmatize the monster *who had dared to publish the transaction.*"

*On the Informer, Jemmy O'Brien, who was the Crown Witness against Patrick Finney and several others, for High Treason.*

"Gentlemen, have you any doubt that it is the object of O'Brien to take down the prisoner for the reward that follows? Have you not seen with what more than instinctive keenness this bloodhound has pursued his victim? how he has kept him in view from place to place, until he hunts him, through the arenas of the court, to where the unhappy man now stands, hopeless of all succor, but that which your verdict shall afford? I have heard of assassination by sword, by pistol, by dagger; but here is a wretch who would dip the evangelists in blood. If he thinks he has not sworn his victim to death, he is ready to swear on, without mercy and without end. But O, do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath: the lips of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the gospel. If he *will* swear, let it be on his *knife*, the proper and bloody symbol of his profession and his livelihood."

Mr. Curran was a United Irishman, and was fully in the confidence of the directory; but it was arranged to omit all mention of his name at their meetings, for the purpose of allowing him the greater moral power and freedom in the law courts, where he was almost perpetually engaged in defending some of their body against the prosecutions of the government. His professional income became considerable — at least four to six thousand pounds a year, and occasionally much more. The tory Lord Chan-

cellor Fitzgibbon, who was his bitter antagonist at the bar and in the senate, continued to be his enemy after he (Fitzgibbon) was raised to the chancellor's seat. His ear was ever cold and closed to the arguments of Curran. In consequence, the latter lost all his chancery business, the most profitable portion of his practice. Curran himself says, in a letter to Grattan, that for twenty years his political independence and the hostility of the chancellor lost to him *thirty thousand pounds a year*.

So gross was Chancellor Fitzgibbon's (Lord Clare's) conduct towards Curran, that his lordship, who, when off the bench, assumed as proud a disregard for the decorous formalities of his station, as for his importance on it, generally walked to his court, accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog, which became afterwards his associate on the bench:—one day, while Mr. Curran addressed his lordship in a most elaborate argument, the chancellor, as if to mark his utter disregard, amused himself by fondling his dog, to which he paid much more attention than to the learned advocate. This gross indecency was observed by the whole bar. Mr. Curran stopped for some time, but the chancellor missing his voice, and twitched by his silence to an effort of attention, said, with an air of the coldest indifference, "Proceed, Mr. Curran, proceed." "I beg pardon, my lords," answered the wit, "I really thought your *lordships* were employed in consultation; but as your *lordships* are now at leisure, I will proceed. Then, my lords, as I have already observed to your *lordships*—" The dog and his master were so aptly and so ludicrously conjoined in this allusion, that his lordship, with marked *chagrin*, thought fit to dismiss his *shaggy vice-chancellor*, and resume his attention, perhaps more to the symptoms of suppressed laughter that mantled on the countenances of the whole bar, than to the arguments of the learned advocate.

There were hundreds of specimens of his wit given to the world, which would, if collected, fill a handsome volume. Upon one occasion, dining, on circuit, with the Munster bar, where judges and advocates sat at the same table, Lord Norbury, famed for hanging the United Irishmen, was amongst the guests. Curran asked leave to help his lordship to some pickled tongue. The judge politely declined it, saying he did not like *pickled* tongue, but if it had been *hung*, he would try it. "My lord," replied Curran, "if your lordship will only *try* it, 'twill be *hung* to a certainty!"

There were many and many sparkling repartees flung out from the inexhaustible resources of his brilliant fancy which are lost to the world. Mr. Hoban, of Washington, in his delightful compilation of *Gems of Irish Wit and Eloquence*, has preserved some, to which the reader

is referred for many similar traits of Curran ; and in Curran's Life, by his son, he will find a still richer mine of wit, and worth, and talent.

An English clergyman, the Rev. George Croly, who had the advantage of hearing many of Curran's best speeches, has drawn a life-like picture of the style of this great advocate, from which I condense a few sentences. His elocution, rapid, exuberant, and figurative, in a singular degree, was often compressed into a pregnant pungency which gave a sentence in a word. That word lost, the charm was undone ; but his manner could not be transferred, and it was created for his style. His eye, hand, and figure, were in perpetual speech. Nothing was abrupt to those who could see him. Nothing was lost, except when some flash would burst out, of such sudden splendor as to leave them suspended and dazzled too strongly to follow the lustres that shot after it with restless illumination. His reported speeches have been more or less impaired by the terror and the difficulties which surrounded their delivery. Some have been totally lost. His speech in defence of the Shearses was made at midnight, and it is said to have been a masterpiece of forensic and pathetic eloquence.\* An outline of that delivered in behalf of Hamilton Rowan is preserved, and will pass down the stream of time as a model of eloquent advocacy. The period was fatal to the preservation of those splendid effusions. When Erskine pleaded, he stood in the midst of a serene nation, pleading like a priest at the temple of justice, with his hand on the altar of the constitution, and all England below prepared to treasure the oracle that came from his lips. Curran pleaded not on the floor of a shrine, but on a scaffold, with no companions but the wretched men who were to be plunged from it into eternity hour by hour, and no hearers but the trembling multitude who crowded anxiously to that spot of hurried execution, and then rushed away, glad to shake from their memories all traces which had torn every heart.

Curran, in the presence of an Irish jury, was first of the first. Where he could not impel by exhortation, or overpower by menace, he did not disdain to bend at their feet, and conquer by grasping the hem of their robe. The course of other great speakers may generally be predicted from their outset ; but in this man, the mind, always full, was always varying the direction of its exuberance. It was not a proportioned stream, flowing in regulated amplitude. No ; it was a wayward mountain torrent, perpetually delighting the eye or ear by its music or its curvatures, always rapid or picturesque, always glancing back sunshine

\* This celebrated speech, together with many others, deemed to have been lost, are published in Davis's Life and Speeches of Curran ; a book for the orator.

till it swelled into sudden strength, and thundered over like a cataract. For his noblest images there was no preparation. They seemed to come spontaneously, accompanied with the lightest and heaviest products of the mind. It was the volcano flinging up, in succession, curls of vapor and fiery rocks, all from the same exhaustless depths, and with the same unmeasured strength, to which the light and the massive were equal. When we read his printed speeches, we are somewhat struck by their irregularity; but we should remember they were spoken for a triumph, which they very frequently achieved. We should remember that we are now pausing over the rude weapons of the dead, without reference to the giant's hand that with them drove the field. We have but the fragments of his mind, and are investigating those glorious relics, separated and mutilated like the sculptures of the Parthenon, while they ought to have been gazed on where the great master had placed them, where all their shades and foreshortenings were relief and vigor; image above image, rising in proportionate and consecrated beauty, as statues on the face of a magnificent temple.

Such was Curran before his elevation to the judgment-seat as master of the rolls. This unlooked-for dignity, conferred on him by the whigs, in 1806, completely extinguished the lights of his wit and fancy, and circumscribed his eloquence within the cautious channels of judicial tameness. Previous to this, too, his heart was desolated by the infidelity of his wife, who was, in the blaze of prosperity, and with an interesting family growing around her, seduced by a clergyman of the Church of England, who enjoyed the unsuspecting hospitalities of Mr. Curran's most hospitable house.

A quarrel, also, with his early friend George Ponsonby, who was elevated to the Irish seals, and who conditioned for Curran's elevation to the rolls, imbittered the evening of his life, and caused him to withdraw completely from the circles of conviviality in which he had delighted in his youth and during the prime of manhood. He travelled much in England and France, and died at Brompton, England, in 1817.

The Trades Union of Dublin have erected a monument to his memory, in the burial-ground of Glasnevin. It is the honest tribute of honest politicians to one of the honestest of the public men of the last century.

Sir Jonah Barrington sums up his character in the following pregnant sentences: He had passed through the University of Dublin undistinguished by any honor; admitted to the bar scarcely known, and totally unpatronized. With the privileged classes he had no intercourse. But whatever were his early disadvantages, they were soon lost sight of

amidst the brilliancy of his talents; and a comparison of what he had been with what he rose to, conferred on his character the more celebrity. Never did eloquence appear in so many luminous forms, or so many affecting modulations, as in that gifted personage. Every quality which could form a popular orator was combined in him; as if nature had taken some splendid attribute from all former orators to embellish and decorate her favorite. On ordinary occasions, his language was copious, and frequently eloquent. On great occasions, the variety and luxuriance of his elocution were quite unrivalled. Solemn, ludicrous, dramatic, argumentative, humorous, sublime; in irony invincible, in pathos overwhelming. Wit relieved the monotony of narrative. The wise, the weak, the vulgar, the elevated, the ignorant, the learned, heard, and were affected. He commanded alternately the tear and the laugh; and at all times acquired a despotic ascendancy over the most varied auditory. He was the charm of private society. His wit was infinite and indefatigable; but its flashes never wounded the feelings of his company. His political life was unvaried. From the moment he became a member of the Irish parliament, his opinions or principles never changed. From the commencement of his life to its close, he was the uncompromising advocate of his country. The United Irishmen found in him an eloquent and powerful defender. Although it was not in his power to save his clients, he scared the government from many a prosecution, and the judges, too, from many a partial charge; for the bench trembled before him. As master of the rolls, he never forgot the duty he owed to his country as an Irishman.

---

Having shown the reader the miniatures of a few men, who, as it seemed to me, should be placed near the gallery devoted to the martyrs of 1798, I will now open to his view another splendid apartment, and let him see, indiscriminately in miniature and half-length, a collection of patriots and orators, of philosophers and artists, that any nation, in any age, might well be proud to boast of.

#### WILLIAM MOLYNEUX;

the author of "The Case of Ireland," and the father of that national sentiment which ignited in a brilliant conflagration in 1782. Molyneux came from a respectable and talented parentage. He was born in Dublin, in 1656. He passed through the Irish university distinguished for probity, acquirements, and ability. On the breaking out of the revolution of 1688, he retired to Chester, in England. There he de-

voted himself to the study of astronomy, optics, and mathematics. He wrote two works, which were much valued by the learned, entitled *Dioptrica Nova* and *Sciothericum Telescopium*, and published many pieces in the Philosophical Transactions.

He returned to Dublin after the wars of William were over, and was chosen a member of the first parliament called in Ireland by that prince, in 1692. In 1698, on the introduction of the bill to extinguish the woollen manufacture of Ireland, Molyneux published his celebrated Inquiry how far Ireland ought to be bound by Laws made in England by the British Parliament. This book was addressed to King William, but was discountenanced at court, and subsequently condemned by both parliaments, and burned by the public hangman. The sentiments of the book, however, found a congenial soil in the Irish heart. It was republished after its author's death, and furnished texts to Swift and Lucas, who followed him, and to Flood and Grattan, who preached independence with this book in their hands, and eighty thousand armed men at their backs. It is said that Thomas Jefferson read this book in his youth, and drew from it many of those just and immortal principles in government which he embodied in the Declaration of American independence.

Flood said of this book, that if but one copy of it could be procured, he would offer a thousand pounds for that copy. And Grattan exclaimed, on the passage of his celebrated declaration of independence, "Spirits of Molyneux, of Swift, and Lucas, you have prevailed!" Molyneux died in 1699, and was buried in the old abbey of St. Audeons.

I have seen a copy of the second edition of this book, published in Dublin, 1727, in the possession of my friend Mr. MICHAEL KENNEY, of West Cambridge, near Boston, a gentleman to whom I am indebted for the use of many very rare books of Irish biography.

#### SWIFT.

"And Swift, the wonder of the age;  
Statesman, yet patriot; priest, yet sage!"

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT, generally called *Dean Swift*, was born in Dublin, in 1667. His father died before his birth, and his mother was in very poor circumstances. \* At six years of age, he was sent to the school of Kilkenny by his uncle, from whence, in due time, he was transferred to Trinity College, to be educated for the Protestant church, where, it appears, he made little progress in science or dry theological subjects, his inclinations leading him to the study, almost exclusively, of history and poetry. When examined for the degree of bachelor of arts,

he was rejected. In some years farther on, he obtained that honor by the interference of friends, which was granted to him as a *special favor*, being, in fact, a *mark of literary degradation*. But the learned of Oxford, in subsequent years, deemed this a mark of extra honor, and therefore threw open to Swift their academic portals.

By the aid of his uncle and other friends, he became known to the celebrated Sir William Temple, who introduced him to King William the Third. Temple, on dying, left Swift, whom he much loved, a handsome legacy, together with his posthumous works, which he collected, published, and dedicated to King William, and expected his majesty would promote him to a church living, in which, however, he was disappointed. He then returned, in dudgeon, to Ireland, and wrote against the king, whose very name he detested.

On the death of his majesty, a change of ministers occurred. Swift then got some promotions in the church. He changed his party, became a considerable person through the instrumentality of his writings, was recalled to England, assisted the tories in ousting the whigs, and, though never enjoying any office, was tossed about on the sea of politics for many years.

Swift was full of eccentricities. On being promoted to a rectory in the parish of Laracor, in Ireland, where Protestants were very scarce, he gave notice that he would read prayers in the church on Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent. But on entering the church on the first of these days, he found no one there but Roger Cox, the parish clerk. The rector, however, ascended the desk, and, rising up, very gravely began, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places," &c., and so proceeded to the end of the service.

In the course of subsequent years, he obtained the dignified post of Dean of St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin; but was so unfortunate, on the assumption of the office, as to incur the hostility of the populace, who pelted him with mud as he walked the streets; but, having subsequently engaged heartily on the popular side in politics, he rose rapidly into favor, and exercised unlimited sway over the national mind. The celebrated Bishop Burnet admits his powers, while he expresses towards him his jealousy and dislike.

In 1723, Dean Swift wrote his memorable appeals to the Irish nation, urging the use of their own manufactures, in which he counselled them "to burn every thing that came from England but the coals." In this patriotic movement, he led the way, teaching his countrymen, by his wit and knowledge, the nature and advantage of *nationality*.



About this time, the government gave a patent to one *Wood* to issue several thousand pounds in copper coin; but Swift attacked this coinage in his celebrated *Drapier's Letters*, and so completely inflamed the popular mind that Wood had to fly, and his halfpence were cried down. The government were greatly irritated at this, and issued a proclamation offering a reward for the discovery of the author of the *Drapier's Letters*. The author, however, was not discovered. The dean took care to have his public letters copied by a faithful servant before he sent them to be printed. The "*Drapier*" became the idol of Ireland. Acclamations and prayers for his prosperity attended him wherever he went, and his effigy was painted on signboards. He was consulted on all points relating to the trade of Ireland, and was more immediately regarded as the legislator of the weavers, who frequently sent deputations to him to consult upon the best means of promoting their prosperity. He was consulted by the corporations and other public bodies, and for many years reigned over the populace as an absolute monarch.

Dean Swift was full of the most extraordinary eccentricities. He did nothing and said nothing like other men. He treated his wife like a mistress. Though regularly married, he approached her with the utmost mystery; wrote her several pieces of poetry under the name of "*Stella*." He entertained towards another lady a romantic affection, to whom he addressed some poetry under the name of "*Vanessa*." The latter lady died broken-hearted from his neglect.

There are a thousand witty things attributed to him still related in Ireland. He wrote, besides several other works, the *Tale of a Tub*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Directions to Servants*, the *Drapier's Letters*. The first three abound in wit, the latter in patriotism. His tales and political pamphlets are numerous. In combating with English writers who ignorantly undertook to write about Ireland, he was laughably severe; in one of his "replies" there appears the following passage: "I have seen the greatest impositions passed upon them, [the English;] that the wild Irish were taken in toils, but that, in some time, they would grow so tame as to eat out of your hands. I have been asked by hundreds, and particularly by your neighbors, your tenants at *Pepper Harrow*, whether I had come from Ireland by *sea*! and upon the arrival of an Irishman in a country town, I have known crowds coming about him, and wondering to see him look so much better than themselves."

Again, we find the following left by him:—

“Britain, confess this land of mine  
 First gave you human knowledge and divine;  
 Our prelates and our sages, sent from hence,  
 Made your sons converts to God and sense.”

Towards the close of this extraordinary man's life, his mental faculties began to fail him. Walking one day with Dr. Young, he stopped and looked earnestly at a tree, whose branches were withered. Presently he exclaimed, “I am like that tree. I shall die at the top!” for he felt a presentiment of his fate. He appropriated, before his death, the bulk of his property to the erection of a hospital for those who were deprived of their mental faculties; and Swift himself was the first inmate. It is called, after him, “Swift's Hospital,” and is an admirable institution. Dean Swift's devious existence was terminated in 1745, in the 78th year of his age. He has been recorded, on the historical page of Ireland, as one of her sternest patriots; and the spirit of his writings fed the succeeding patriots, Lucas, Flood, and Grattan, who have conducted to our days the cause of liberty, strengthened and unsullied.

I may best sum up Swift's character in the words of the late Baron Smith: “On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry — her true patriot, her first, almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw, he dared. Above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic; remedial for the present, warning for the future. He first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she might cease to be a despot. But he was a churchman: his gown impeded his course and entangled his efforts. Guiding a senate, or leading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years' standing; and for those ten years did his personal power *mitigate* the government; but though no longer feared by the great, he is not forgotten by the wise. His influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of SWIFT.”

#### CHARLES LUCAS;

one of the founders of that national sentiment which Ireland breathed anterior to 1782. He was the boldest, bravest, purest patriot of his time. No language at my command will do justice to his char-

acter. He lived in an era when the nationality of Ireland was dead; when the majority of her people were excluded from the protection of laws; when the minority ruled by the force of terror, or by the aid of corruption; when subserviency to Britain was the universal instinct of both slaves and tyrants.

Such as Lucas was, O'Connell now is. Without the multifarious talents of the Liberator, Lucas possessed all his energy, bravery, love, and admiration of his native land. Lucas was a Protestant, within reach of all the national honors which then bloomed and blossomed for Protestants alone. He was a medical practitioner, and his daily bread was derived from a bigoted circuit of connections. The public opinion of Ireland had been perverted by the penal code. *English supremacy* in things commercial, political, and religious, was admitted by every party with a resignation and a settled quiet which seemed to forebode its eternal fixity.

At such a season in the years of Ireland, this extraordinary champion of nationality appeared. He stood forth to exorcise the demons of English supremacy and Irish despair. It was, indeed, an herculean attempt; but we shall see, by the following very brief outline, how well he performed the patriotic labor.

The parents of Lucas were humble farmers in the county of Clare. They settled in Dublin in 1713, about which time Charles was born. When of sufficient age to be able to earn a livelihood, he was apprenticed to an apothecary, for which he had been qualified by an excellent education bestowed on him by his father. We find his first public acts were performed when he kept an apothecary's shop at the corner of Charles Street, in Dublin. He had obtained the degree of M. D. from the dispensers of that dignity in Trinity College, and his medical skill was admitted by all, even by his most virulent political opponents.

Lucas first attacked, in pamphlets, the supremacy of British corruption. He then established the *Freeman's Journal*, which continues, to this day, the fearless asserter of Irish rights. He raked the power of Britain through the battery of his columns. An excitement grew up unprecedented in Ireland. The printing-press was, *for the first time*, brought to play regularly upon the outworks of British supremacy. He was soon distinguished by his fellow-citizens, solicited to become a member of the parliament, and was thus afforded a still more advantageous position from which to carry the war into the heart of the British citadel.

It would far exceed my limits to pursue this extraordinary man in his

wonderful battles with British corruption and power. He was a member of the Dublin corporation; and there, also, he distinguished himself, above all others, in his war on profligacy. He wrote addresses to his constituents on each new struggle with the agents of tyranny. Whether he succeeded or was beaten, his addresses appeared, cheering on the desponding and the timid, and animating the courageous. He was prosecuted for "sedition;" — of course he was. Dreading the infuriate vengeance of his opponents, who, with the aid of packed juries and partisan judges, could have transported him for life, he fled from their grasp, and remained out of Ireland for nearly ten years; during which he suffered a series of bitter privations. The seeds which he had strewed around were cultivated by Flood and by others. As government became stronger in their corrupt parliament, they became weaker out of doors. About the breaking out of the American agitation, the British ministry became more tolerant, because less powerful. Lucas returned to his friends, was received with magnificent demonstrations of joy, and resumed his place in the cause of his country. Flood, Grattan, and Charlemont, were now forward in the popular ranks. Lucas fell in, not as a leader, but as a commissary in the army of the people. The cause which he had so well cherished in its infancy, he now sustained by his pen and his press against the shocks of power, intrigues, and ministerial machinations.

He died in 1771, at the age of 58, ere he witnessed the triumph which awaited the systematic *agitation* he had begun. He was married three times; and from his first entrance into political life, no offers, promises, or denunciations, could seduce him from that untainted patriotism which characterized his early career. His funeral was attended by the lord mayor and corporation of Dublin, in state, together with all the distinguished characters then in the metropolis of Ireland. A most accurate and beautifully-chiselled statue of him, in white marble, was erected to his memory by the city. It stands in a niche in the grand staircase of the royal exchange of Dublin. His name, still more lasting, will pass down upon the stream of Irish history as one of the most FEARLESS, PURE, and ABLE PATRIOTS of the era in which he appeared.

#### THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT

is a name identified with the brightest days of modern Ireland. The founder of the house, Tobias Caulfield, came to Ireland, with a patent from James the First, to divide certain confiscated lands in the north of Ireland amongst the hungry plunderers of that reign. Like the saga-

icious monkey who was called upon by the contending cats to divide a piece of cheese equitably between them, he helped himself handsomely for his trouble. The *Caulfield estate*, on which was situate the borough of Charlemont, from whence the title is derived, was the reward of his labors, and it has passed down to the late Earl of Charlemont, of whom it is requisite an Irishman should know something.

Born in 1738, and highly tutored under his father's eye, he set out, when quite a youth, on the grand tour of Europe, to benefit a delicate frame, and improve his mind. He was accompanied by Mr. Murphy, one of his three tutors. With this elegant scholar he traversed, for several years, the classic lands of Italy, Greece, and Egypt, and learned from books and ruins the memorials of the mighty past. He dwelt alternately in Florence, Paris, Rome, Constantinople, and Vienna, acquiring a practical knowledge of the polite languages of Europe, and a thorough insight into its political economy. Whatever books, experience, observation, and sound advice, could effect in forming a finished gentleman and scholar, the young Lord Charlemont was in the enjoyment of.

On his return to Ireland, after full nine years' travel through all the most celebrated countries of Europe and Africa, he found the gloom of tyranny overhanging the land of his birth. He found the demon of British domination sitting in the chair of state, and influencing the councils of the country — if the cabals of plunderers and bigots may so be called. These plundering oppressors of Ireland were split into two factions, and the young lord was courted alternately by one or the other; but he had the tact and spirit to keep himself independent of both.

Being in London at the period when the Prince of Wales, late George the Fourth, was about to marry the Princess Caroline, that celebrated German lady was received, on her landing in England, by a grand procession of the peers and peeresses subject to the British crown; but before the princess landed, the Duchess of Bedford had orders to acquaint the Irish peeresses "that they were not to walk, or form any part in the ceremonial." This audacious insult on his country was taken up by the spirited young Irishman, who waited boldly on the king, and, though the cabinet had sanctioned the indignity towards the Irish peeresses, had the address to obtain the king's order to have the Irish ladies take their place in the procession according to their rank. This circumstance, small as it is, contributed not a little to kindle the patriotic ire of the young Earl of Charlemont.

Returning to Ireland full of indignant jealousy of British domination, he naturally cohered with *Lucas*, who, at that period, had begun a small

but intrepid band, that had sworn to put down the supremacy of Britain in their native land. Lord Charlemont had written the "History of Italian Poetry," and of "Irish Manufactures;" and from his rank, fortune, and elegant manners, naturally formed the head of this new-born party.

Before 1766, the members sent to the Irish parliament held their seats for life. By a vigorous opposition, headed by Charlemont, Flood, and Lucas, the *octennial* bill, which compelled them to vacate at the end of eight years, was forced through the Irish parliament. To the able pen of Lucas may this first victory be chiefly traced. The old parliament was dissolved, and the new members, borne into the house by the swell of popular enthusiasm, carried into it much of the patriotism existing without. Among the first members of this partially-reformed Irish parliament, who led onwards the popular sentiment, were, Hussey Burgh, Henry Flood, John Hely Hutchinson, and Dennis Bowes Daly. Subsequently Grattan joined, and invigorated the hardy band. They were the first soldiers of liberty who entered the citadel of the corrupt aristocracy, contended foot to foot with its mercenary guards, and, almost naked, cleft their way through armed ranks of the enemies of freedom.

The penal laws had worked out their objects in degrading, nay, brutalizing, the people. The English party in Ireland thought they had no security for their power and property while a single vestige of liberty remained to the Catholics. They recklessly passed those laws already described, which Burke said "were a disgrace to the statute-books of any nation, and so odious in their principles, that one might think they were passed in hell, and that demons were the legislators." The *octennial bill*, by occasioning frequent elections, produced a new element in agitation and sectarian strife. Every new election gave rise to new and more bitter animosities. A freehold, or profit rent, of forty shillings a year for thirty-one years, constituted every Protestant an elector. The result was that, every eighth year, the Catholic, whose farm had been cultivated for many preceding years by the labors of himself and his children, was turned out of possession, to beg, with his family, or to starve, in order to make room for the manufacture of as many *Protestant* freeholders as his land would admit. We might, indeed, doubt the credibility of history, which coolly tells us this terrible fact; but our doubts are silenced, while our indignation is roused against the vile progeny of that vile aristocracy, who play the same sort of pranks with the poor people in Ireland at the present moment. It is true the tenants are not turned out of the holdings tilled by their forefathers, to make room

for *Protestants*; for there is no longer either wealth or political influence to be realized by that operation; but the rearing of hogs and oxen are deemed by the English-Irish landlord far more profitable to his income than that of human beings. Hence the latter must give place to the former—must resign up their cottages for stables, and their well-cultivated gardens for pasture to the brutes. This is the nature and action of that “clearing system,” which daily wrings the hearts of the peasantry, and for which there is no remedy but repeal or revolution.

The first victory, in 1766, on Freedom’s side, brought down those terrible ills upon the unfortunate Catholics. They were again hunted as their fathers were in the times of Elizabeth and Cromwell. In 1768, Lord Charlemont brought a bill into the Irish house of lords, which might enable the poor Catholic peasant to take a lease for ninety years of a cabin and a potato garden. Owing to a thin house, he had it carried through the first and second stages; but, on the third reading, the trumpet of bigotry was sounded, the lords rushed in, voted Lord Charlemont out of the chair, “not wholly,” says his lordship, “unsuspected of being little better than a Papist.”

This petty overthrow frightened Lord Charlemont from ever again taking any step in favor of the Catholics. Notwithstanding that the majority of his personal friends and political associates were vehemently in favor of emancipating the Catholics, his lordship was so weak as to refuse to take any other step during his life in their behalf—an evidence, if no other existed, of his diminutive mind and imbecility. It is impossible to exaggerate the disastrous consequences to Ireland of this criminal imbecility. Had Lord Charlemont insisted on making the gradual emancipation of the Catholics part of his political creed, the party which he nurtured, and which grew under his command to national dimensions, would have adopted the sacred principle as theirs, — which, indeed, is amply proved by the liberality of the Protestant delegates of Dungannon in 1782, who placed civil and religious liberty on their banners, and thereby frightened England into justice. Besides this, his lordship had the folly to return a reply savoring of offensive bigotry to the armed volunteers, who were Protestant and Catholic, and who, when, by their courage and union, they had succeeded in forcing England to acknowledge their national parliament independent, prayed their generalissimo to lead on in its reformation, by which alone they could hope, as subsequent events proved, to secure the advantages that had been gained. Lord Charlemont replied to that address in the following

memorable and disastrous words: "That, however desirable parliamentary reform might be, and was, it was admissible only on the basis of *Protestant ascendancy*."

This single sentence produced the fall of Ireland! The volunteers, on whom her liberties rested, divided on this question. They formed two hostile parties, which the British minister encouraged to hate and battle with each other. A civil war was generated; foreign troops were poured into the country; the people were goaded into premature rebellion; spies were sent amongst them; their leaders were tracked and seized, and, undefended, they were butchered without mercy; in the midst of which, the British minister laid his hands upon the constitution, and carried the precious diadem away! [See the year 1783, page 864.]

### HENRY FLOOD.

One of the most honest politicians of the last century was Henry Flood. His father was chief justice of the Irish King's Bench; and the patriot was born, in 1732, in the city of Dublin. After completing his education, he was returned, in 1759, by the influence of his father, to the Irish house of commons, of which he was two years a silent member.

His first considerable effort in parliament was the legislative definition of Poyning's law. For more than a century, the ministers of England had so far overstrained the great powers given them by that unconstitutional act, that the Irish parliament became a mere cipher. This act, as I have already shown, prohibited the introduction of any measure into the Irish parliament which had not previously received the sanction of the cabinet of England, and further assumed that the parliament of England had authority to legislate for and bind Ireland. Poyning's act, passed in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and the sixth of George the First, chap. 5, completely disabled the Irish parliament. Flood's was the first parliamentary attack on these imbediments of English domination. He diminished their force by defining their power. The spirit which he evoked against them never rested till the acts were repealed — which was effected in 1782.

His next great work was the bill for limiting the duration of parliament to eight years. Previous to this, (1766,) members of the Irish parliament held their seats during the life of the king. This bill of Flood's was the true origin of that constitution and independence which Ireland soon after established.

Becoming now a very important man, government endeavored to



attach him to its interest. Before he accepted any office, he precisely stipulated with the crown for liberty to enforce all his well-known principles in parliament, as hitherto. This was conceded; and from the fervent advocacy of those principles he *never* deviated. He was appointed privy councillor of both kingdoms, and one of the vice-treasurers of Ireland. These offices he held for six years, and *voluntarily* resigned them in 1781, at the beginning of that moral, and nearly physical, revolution, in which he acted so distinguished a part.

Although Mr. Grattan, who was the more eloquent man, divided the worship of the million with Flood, yet the latter seemed, to a portion of his countrymen, the more clear-sighted politician. When Grattan obtained the consent of the Irish parliament and the British ministry to the simple repeal of Poyning's law, without the accompaniment of a *renunciation act*, Flood proposed that England should formally *renounce* all previously assumed authority over Ireland, *for the past and for the future*. This proposition was at first supported by only three members of the Irish house of commons; but soon the country outside perceived its value, and insisted on its adoption. A few weeks were sufficient for revolving this proposal in the public mind. The nation made up its opinion in favor of Flood's renunciation act. The ministry hesitated, then conceded: the act of 28th George the Third, already quoted, page 843, was the consequence.

In 1783, Flood was the prime mover of the national convention of Ireland. The volunteers were swayed by his powerful reasoning, and reposed unlimited confidence in his honesty. He presented a bill for the reform of parliament to the convention, and moved a resolution, which was carried, that himself and some members of the convention, who were also members of the parliament, should proceed forthwith to their places in the house of commons, with the plan for its reform, while the three hundred soldier delegates should continue, by adjournment, its sitting, to await the event. This was, it must be confessed, a bold measure, and Flood was its author.

Grattan was nominated by the convention to give this measure his support. Owing to the unfortunate quarrel which had grown up between himself and Flood, his support of this measure lost all it would have derived from a united and hearty coöperation with his great rival. The fate of that convention has been already told.

Flood never lost any opportunity to impart to his countrymen and their children a true notion of their rights, and the means by which they could be best secured. Phillips tells us, that he addressed the boys of

the Rev. Mr. Armstrong's school in Sligo, who received him in military uniform, in very remarkable words. "Your sports," said he, "are superior to those of the Spartan boys. But shall I call them sports? No; they are exertions which make youths men, and without which men are but children! Milton, in his treatise on education, has set apart precepts for military exercises, which your worthy teacher has brought into example; and I behold your early, but auspicious, exertions, with the same pleasure the husbandman contemplates the pleasing promise of a benignant harvest." This wise and eloquent lesson should not be passed over with neglect by the men who are endeavoring to make Ireland a nation. The boys of Ireland, like the boys of America, should be taught to make military exercises part of their amusements — amusements, however, which should be governed by *method*. —

Flood and Grattan now quarrelled publicly —

A quarrel sad, by which their country fell,  
And we survive the bitter truth to tell.

Their disputes infused a poisonous *animus* into the popular mind fatal to the vitality of freedom. It would have been well for Ireland had but one of those great men lived at one time for her. They were two suns, whose rays, by turns, dimmed or neutralized each other.

Soon after this unfortunate business, Mr. Flood retired from the Irish parliament, and accepted a seat in the British house of commons as representative for the English town of Winchester. He remained a member of the British parliament till his death; but his transplantation was fatal to his oratorical fame. He never could, it appears, summon all his faculties in the chilling legislature of Britain. He ever appeared in that assembly as the zealous advocate of parliamentary reform; and his peculiar *plan* for the reform of the English constitution was remarked by Fox to be "a scheme the most rational that ever had been produced on that subject."

Mr. Flood died at his seat in Kilkenny, in 1791, at the age of fifty-nine. He was married to a daughter of Beresford, Earl of Tyrone, but had no issue. He devised his whole estate (having first made some friendly bequests) to his wife, — to revert, at her death, to the University of Dublin, on the following extraordinary, patriotic conditions: —

"Willing and desirous that, immediately after the said estate shall come into their possession, they shall appoint two professors, one for the study of the native Erse or Irish language, and the other for the study of Irish antiquities and Irish history, and for the study of any other European language illustrative of, or auxiliary to, the study of Irish antiquities or Irish history; and that they shall give, yearly, two liberal premiums for two compositions, one in verse and the other in

prose, in the Irish language; and also two other liberal premiums for compositions in the Greek or Latin language — one upon any point of literature, ancient or modern, and the other upon some great action of antiquity, ‘seeing that nothing stimulates to great actions more than great examples.’ After these purposes shall have been answered, he directs that the remaining fund shall be employed in the purchase of books and manuscripts for the library of the university. And if his directions in these respects shall not be complied with, the devise to them is made null and void; and if by any other means they shall not take the estate so devised to them, according to his intentions, then he bequeaths the whole of his estate to Ambrose Smith, Esq., in fee simple, forever. And he desires that Colonel Valancey, if living, shall be one of the first professors.”

This splendid bequest, amounting to eight thousand pounds a year, for the exalted purpose of reviving the ancient language of Ireland, was litigated, after his lady’s death, by relatives. By some unlucky looseness in the bequest, and by the mischievous ingenuity of lawyers, his will was broken, and the patriotic legacy was diverted from its holy purpose!

History, sanctioned by public opinion, has placed HENRY FLOOD among the *purest* and *noblest* of the sons of Ireland.

#### HENRY GRATTAN.

The father of Henry Grattan was an eminent lawyer of the Irish bar, and was raised to the dignity of recorder of Dublin. Henry was called to the bar in 1771. He got little business, and indeed, his mind was so filled with the political concerns of his country, that he could hardly bestow a thought on any thing else. Lucas introduced him to Lord Charlemont, then the most patriotic and the most polished of the Irish nobility. By his lordship young Grattan was brought into the Irish parliament, as member for his borough of Charlemont. His private income, at this time, amounted, by his father’s bequest, to about five hundred pounds a year. His mind was ardent, his tongue eloquent, his ambition daring, and his prostrate country the goddess of his idolatry. With these feelings and attributes he devoted himself intensely, heart and soul, to the development of her neglected or benumbed resources. He studied oratory in retired groves, that he might launch its pointed arrows against her oppressors. He studied and imbibed the *national* lessons of Molyneux, Swift, Lucas, and Flood, which presented to his enthusiastic mind a national creed and constitution.

In 1778 the distress of the Irish manufacturers had reached an excessive degree of severity. Grattan proposed, as a remedy for their sufferings, the removal of the embargo, and the establishment of “free trade.” It was caught at by the nation. Flood, who was in office and a member

of the government, gave the motion his heartiest support. In the next year, Grattan moved an address to the crown, embodying the principle; it was seconded by Hussey Burgh, and, receiving the support of nearly all sides, government were afraid to oppose it. The question of "free trade" was thus carried. This triumph led the way for the next, and the victory of national independence was won. The reader, who would acquire a true conception of Grattan's brilliant services to his country, must read those pages in this book devoted to the history of the period, between 1775 and 1782 — a few brief years, but of supreme consequence to Ireland. It will not be expected that I should go over the ground again. It was, as I have remarked, unfortunate for Ireland that two such highly-gifted men as Grattan and Flood were bestowed on her at once.

Flood was first in the field, and strewed about those political seeds which Grattan came to reap. Flood had been seven years an officer of the government, which office he resigned, when his holding of it interfered for a moment with his duties to Ireland. Grattan, who had never been in place, was honored by a gift of fifty thousand pounds from the Irish parliament, and an offer from the lord lieutenant of the vice-regal palace, in the Phoenix Park, until his new house should be erected. Flood could not but feel chagrined at being passed over in the award of gifts by his country, on which he had conferred such substantial services.

An opportunity was not long wanted to explode the mutually pent-up feelings of dislike entertained by those great men towards each other. In the year 1783, on the motion of Sir H. Cavendish for retrenchment, Flood supported the motion, and Grattan opposed it. The debate became so personal between those rival orators, that they were both ordered into custody, and were never after reconciled.

Ireland, I repeat, suffered grievously from this unfortunate disagreement, and from the unaccountable weakness of Lord Charlemont. The British minister saw with delight the cracks in the national breastplate. Through these cracks he drove his spear into her heart.

A specimen of Grattan's virtuous oratory may be cited merely to give the casual reader an idea of his eloquence. He makes a charge against the Irish administration of 1790.

"Sir, I have been told it was said that I should have been stopped, should have been expelled the commons, should have been delivered up to the bar of the lords, for the expressions delivered that day.

"I will repeat what I said on that day: I said that his majesty's ministers had sold the peerages, for which offence they were impeachable. I said they had applied the money for the purpose of purchasing seats in the house of commons

for the servants or followers of the castle, for which offence I said they were impeachable. I said they had done this, not in one or two, but in several instances; for which complication of offences, I said his majesty's ministers were impeachable, as public malefactors, who had conspired against the common weal, the independency of parliament, and the fundamental laws of the land; and I offered and dared them to put this matter in a course of inquiry. I added, that I considered them as public malefactors, whom we were ready to bring to justice. I repeat these charges now; and, if any thing more severe were on a former occasion expressed, I beg to be reminded of it, and I will again repeat it. Why do you not expel me now? Why not send me to the bar of the lords? Where is your adviser? Going out of the house, I shall repeat my sentiments, that his majesty's ministers are guilty of impeachable offences; and advancing to the bar of the lords, I shall repeat those sentiments; or, if the Tower is to be my habitation, I will there meditate the impeachment of these ministers, and return, not to capitulate, but to punish. Sir, I think I know myself well enough to say, that if called forth to suffer in a public cause, I will go farther than my prosecutors, both in virtue and in danger."

Mr. Grattan was ever, through life, the able and zealous advocate of the Catholics, and actually had carried his bill for their relief through its first stages, in 1795, when the duplicity of Pitt became, for the first time, manifest. In 1795, the celebrated coalition between the Pitt ministry and the Irish whigs took place. Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform were to be carried, as the basis of this coalition. Earl Fitzwilliam was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, Grattan and the Ponsonbys were to support him, and the Catholic clergy were to be attached to the court by the most lavish distribution of power and patronage among their friends. Dr. *Hussey*, a Catholic ecclesiastic, who had been some time in communication with the government, undertook to arrange all things between the Catholics and them. Great promises were held out, on every side, to every body. Grattan unfortunately opened with a denunciation of the French, which disaffected towards him the feelings of a large part of the Irish people, who looked to French republicans more than British cabinets for an alleviation of their miseries. This weakened the popular power; Earl Fitzwilliam was recalled; and Grattan's bill, consequently, fell, for want of ministerial support.

"On the 15th of May following, 1797, Mr. W. B. Ponsonby moved his great question of parliamentary reform. A very spirited debate ensued, and Mr. Grattan closed an energetic speech with these words: 'We have offered you our measure; you will reject it: we deprecate yours; you will persevere: having no hopes left to persuade or dissuade, and having discharged our duty, *we shall trouble you no more, and after this day shall not attend the house of commons.*' From this time Mr. Grattan ceased to attend in the senate."

Mr. Grattan resided, during the next two years, in England. He was worn down in body, and distracted in mind. He saw his country the theatre of a terrific civil war, where the hell-hounds of religious vengeance were let loose, and the uplifted hand of a perfidious minister about to strike down the constitution ; and himself actually accused of high treason, before a privy council composed of his enemies, by Hughes, a common informer.

Enfeebled as he was, he returned to Ireland just in the crisis of her fate, when Lord Castlereagh's motion for the union was under consideration. Mr. Tigh, of Woodstock, offered him a seat for the borough of Wicklow. Castlereagh tried every way to delay the election, and to bring the debate to a division ere Grattan should make his appearance. The friends of independence, on the other hand, were equally determined to keep the debate open. On the memorable 15th of January, 1800, the discussion continued through the whole night, until the dawn of morning, when the spectral figure of Grattan was seen advancing into the body of the house, leaning on the arms of Ponsonby and Moore. Egan, the incorruptible, was actually referring, at the moment, to the charter of 1782, when the author of it entered the great door. His appearance electrified the house and galleries. Worn away, emaciated with sickness, his eyes sunken, his frame tottering, — the father of that constitution, now about to be destroyed, sat down to survey the ministers of death, and for a short time eyed them with a withering glance. At length he spoke. The minister became pallid at the first sound of his voice. It was a voice from the grave—it was the voice of Grattan ! His accents at first were feeble, but his soul lit up as he proceeded, and then he poured forth those prophetic words which live on in the hearts of his countrymen, and which blaze abroad in the realized conflagration of repeal agitation. We copy a few sentences of this celebrated speech, merely to give the reader an idea of his style.

“ I will put a question to my country. I will suppose her at the bar, and I will then ask, ‘ Will you fight for a union as you would for a constitution ? Will you fight for those lords and commons, who, in the last century, took away your trade, and in the present, your constitution, as for that king, lords, and commons, who restored both ? ’ Well, the minister has destroyed this constitution. To destroy is easy. The edifices of the mind, like the fabrics of marble, require an age to build, but ask only minutes to precipitate ; and, as the fall is of no time, so neither is it the effect of any strength. That constitution which, with more or less violence, has been the inheritance of this country for six hundred years ; that *modus tenendi parliamentum*, which lasted and outlasted of Plantagenet the wars, of Tudor the violence, and of Stuart the systematic falsehood ; even the bond and condition of our connection, are now the objects of ministerial attack.” \* \* \*

“How does the minister’s plan accomplish this? He withdraws the landed gentlemen, and then improves Irish manners by English factors. The minister proposes to you to give up the ancient inheritance of your country, to proclaim an utter and blank incapacity to make laws for your own people, and to register this proclamation in an act which inflicts on this ancient nation an eternal disability; and he accompanies these monstrous proposals by undisguised terror and unqualified bribery; and this he calls no attack on the honor and dignity of the kingdom. The thing which he proposes to buy is what cannot be sold — liberty. For it he has nothing to give. Every thing of value which you possess you obtained under a free constitution. If you resign this, you must not only be slaves, but idiots. His propositions are built upon nothing but your dishonor. He tells you (it is his main argument) that you are unfit to exercise a free constitution; and he affects to prove it by the experiment. Jacobinism grows, he says, out of the very state and condition of Ireland. I have heard of parliament impeaching ministers; but here is a minister impeaching parliament. He does more; he impeaches the parliamentary constitution itself. The abuses in that constitution he has protected; it is only its existence that he destroys: and on what ground? Your exports since your emancipation, under that constitution, and in a great measure by it, have been nearly doubled; commercially, therefore, it has worked well. Your concord with England, since the emancipation, as far as it relates to parliament, on the subject of war, has been not only improved, but has been productive; imperially, therefore, it has worked well. To what, then, does the minister in fact object? that you have supported him, that you have concurred in his system: therefore he proposes to the people to abolish the parliament, and to continue the minister. He does more; he proposes to you to substitute the British parliament in your place, to destroy the body that restored your liberties, and restore that body which destroyed them. Against such a proposition, were I expiring on the floor, I should beg to utter my last breath, and to record my dying testimony.”

I have given other fragments of this splendid speech at p. 1040.

On the adjourned debate upon this momentous question, Mr. Corry, the chancellor of the exchequer, personally assailed Grattan; they met, by arrangement, in deadly combat; Grattan wounded his antagonist, returned to the house, and resumed the debate. Caulereagh’s motion was carried. Corruption and intimidation triumphed. The minister was victorious — Ireland fell.

Mr. Grattan now retired from public life, and remained altogether in the secluded bosom of his family till 1806, when he was again drawn forth to support the whigs, who had come into power about that time. He was elected representative, for the city of Dublin, to the British parliament, for which city he continued a member until his death, in 1820.

He was ever the sincere and eloquent advocate of Catholic emancipation. He made an able defence for them before the committee of 1782, when few were found to support them; yet, towards the termination of his career, he incurred the hostility of the Dublin populace by voting, I

believe, for an insurrection act, or for a disarming act. It is probable he took a view similar to Daniel O'Connell's of all those secret or Ribbon societies that were, from time to time, formed in Ireland for the redress of grievances. He doubtless thought them dangerous to every one but the British government, and might be considered an honest man though bitterly repudiating the formation and midnight proceedings of such associations.

The speeches of Grattan—an invaluable collection of oratorical gems—have just been published by Mr. Madden, a young barrister of Dublin. They will form a study for the scholar, orator, and patriot.

It is stated by his son Henry, in his *Life and Times of Grattan*, that the great orator entertained in his youth some very loose doctrines on the subject of religion. He had been in communication with English infidels. Some of his letters exhibit anti-Christian doubts. An issue was raised on this and other grounds, in 1844, by the *Dublin Review*, with a view to expose his character to a more rigid analysis than his countrymen had previously directed towards it. The reviewer having gone the length of insinuating *corruption* against Grattan, Mr. WALSH, late of the *Boston Pilot*, entered into an able defence of the Irish patriot, in that paper. The *Review* was supported by the indomitable, the scholastic, and eloquent pen of PATRICK SANSFIELD CASSERLY, in the *Truthteller*, under the signature of "Sarsfield."

The latter very powerful writer, and deeply-read historian, was able to show several times and places, when and where Grattan, from wounded pride, from his quarrels with Flood, and from apathy, neglected or mistook his duties to Ireland; but I believe not one where he was guilty of the criminality of corruption in his treatment of Irish interests. Sir Jonah Barrington has left us the portraits of both these men:—

"Mr. Flood had become most prominent amongst the Irish patriots. He was a man of profound abilities, high manners, and great experience in the affairs of Ireland. He had deep information, an extensive capacity, and a solid judgment. His experience made him skeptical—Mr. Grattan's honesty made him credulous. Mr. Grattan was a great patriot—Mr. Flood was a great statesman. The first was qualified to achieve the liberties of a country—the latter to disentangle a complicated constitution. Grattan was the more brilliant man—Flood the abler senator. Flood was the wiser politician—Grattan was the purer. The one used more logic—the other made more proselytes. Unrivalled, save by each other, they were equal in their fortitude; but Grattan was the more impetuous. Flood had qualities for a great prince—Grattan for a virtuous one; and a combination of both would have made a glorious monarch. They were great enough to be in contest; but they were not great enough to be in harmony: both were too proud; but neither had sufficient magnanimity to merge his jealousies in the cause of his country."



Mr. Grattan died in London, May, 1820. His admirers in England were numerous, and they sent a deputation to his sons, Henry and James, to request they would allow his remains to be entombed in Westminster Abbey, in company with the great dead whose deeds and fame have gathered them to that celebrated shrine. The request was acceded to. Grattan sleeps beneath the floor of Westminster Abbey. The place of his temporary repose is indicated by a very simple slab, on which is inscribed the name, age, and quality of the deceased. It is level with the floor, and forms part of the grand promenade. When the freedom of his country shall be restored, then, possibly, the Irish nation, imitating the grateful French towards Napoleon, will claim his sacred dust. Till then, it must repose in the land of the stranger.

#### EDMUND BURKE.

The great Edmund Burke was born in Dublin, on the 1st of January, 1730. His father was an attorney, in the enjoyment of a good business, and an annual income of two hundred pounds a year, from a small estate. Young Burke was educated in the Quaker school of Balitore, under the care of the celebrated Mr. Shakelton. From this he was, in due time, removed to Trinity College; where, however, it does not appear that he made any distinguished progress. "If Burke won no university honors," writes his biographer, "neither did Johnson, Swift, Gibbon, Dryden, or Milton."

In 1753, he arrived in London, to pass the usual terms, required of a law student, in the Temple. It was here his talents began to bud. He soon put forth those blossoms, through the London periodicals, by which he derived some income and considerable reputation. Becoming acquainted with his countrywoman, Mrs. Woffington, the celebrated actress, she introduced him to the highest men of genius in London. Macklin, too, the first tragedian of that day, a countryman of Burke's, extended the circle of his acquaintance. Although he professedly read law, he gave himself to the study of the widest range of knowledge, particularly that which unfolded human nature, history, ethics, politics, poetry, and criticism.

His first essay of consequence was an ironical imitation of Bolingbroke's philosophical writings on natural society. The hit was happy; the style was so well sustained, that many believed it to be a new tract written by Lord Bolingbroke himself. Macklin, Warburton, and Chesterfield, were imposed upon, and did not detect the sting until they

found the writer leading them to principles destructive of their own order, dignities, and properties. His next, and probably his most splendid essay, was that written on the Sublime and Beautiful, which should be in the hands of every writer, speaker, or artist. This work exalted him to the first rank of literary society. Dr. Johnson, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the celebrated painter, proffered him their friendship. The latter deemed his book on the Sublime and Beautiful a perfect standard of taste, which he plainly acknowledges, in his own excellent work, on the same subject, delivered in the form of lectures. He also won the affectionate friendship of his great countryman, Oliver Goldsmith, who, having been his chum at college, was now his contemporary in the great mart for Irish genius.

In 1758, he began, for the publisher Dodsley, the Annual Register of the civil, political, and literary transactions of the times, which he contributed to and superintended for many years. He was induced by Hamilton, secretary to the lord lieutenant Halifax, to go back to his native country, in capacity of his secretary. Here he composed speeches for his patron, for which he was placed on the Irish pension list, at three hundred pounds a year. But Burke and his patron quarrelled, and, on Hamilton reminding him that he had taken him from *a garret*, Burke indignantly rejoined, "Then, sir, it was I that *descended* to know you."

When Lord Grenville was driven from office in 1765, by the excitement in the American colonies, the Marquis of Rockingham, who succeeded him, took Burke as his private secretary, and had him returned to parliament for the borough of Wendover, in England. Dr. Johnson said that in whatever society Burke was placed, he would shine, and this was soon realized by his splendid abilities in parliament. His was a life of study, of the acquirement and the display of knowledge. Poetry and history afforded him imagery and facts; philosophy, power. His reverential study of the fathers of the church, particularly those of the middle ages, taught him the nature and use of logic and subtile reasoning; and a vivid fancy and retentive memory gave him the command of the vast number of ideas and facts which an incredible extent of reading had stored in his mind. His first business in parliament was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with all its rules, precedents, usages, even to the most minute. One so well fitted for a debater could hardly fail of becoming, as he afterwards did, the first man of the nation.

Notwithstanding all these acquirements, he did not venture rashly into the parliamentary discussions: on the contrary, so anxious was he to

practise public speaking, that he became a member of the "Robin Hood Debating Society," for the purpose of acquiring ease and confidence. His maiden speech in parliament was delivered in favor of conciliating America. It produced a great impression through the country, and obtained the hearty applause of Mr. Pitt. On the fall of the Rockingham administration, Burke retired from parliament. He published a "defence" of that administration, and an ironical "reply" to his defence, that keenly lacerated the Pitt ministry, which succeeded. After this, he repaired to Ireland, his much-loved country, to see his friends and relatives. But he soon returned to parliament, where he led the opposition against the Pitt ministry. That administration fell, and was succeeded by that of Lord North, by whom coercion was commenced against the American colonies. And now grew up the famous excitement against *Wilkes*, which brought Burke forward as the majestic advocate of the right of the people to resist irresponsible and usurped government. The American colonists were cheered on in their opposition to unjust taxation by this eminent Irishman. His countrymen at home and abroad were appealed to in behalf of the struggling colonies; and the effect produced upon them may be measured by the remark of the Earl of Chatham, in the house of lords, when opposing the war with the colonies — "a great portion of the people of England have declared against this war, and Ireland to a man is against it."

At this time appeared, in the London Advertiser, the celebrated letters signed "*Junius*," which were attributed to Mr. Burke; but he most solemnly denied the authorship to Dr. Johnson. These letters were written, however, by *Sir Philip Francis*, another Irishman, which we shall notice when we come to treat of his life.

In 1774, Burke was called upon by the citizens of Bristol to stand for that city, as their representative. He was returned with Mr. Cruger, who was little of a speaker. Upon an occasion when he had delivered one of his best speeches, Cruger rose up, and said, "I say *ditto* to Mr. Burke, I say *ditto* to Mr. Burke!" Mr. Burke was a Protestant, but had been the consistent and eloquent advocate of freedom of conscience for the Dissenters and Catholics, and thus acquired a sort of sectarian popularity, that rendered him a *very influential* man, both in and out of parliament. The British parliament of 1774 was distinguished for the highest class of eloquence and talents. Fox, who had been a silent member for some time, now catching the blaze of the popular mind, gave vent to the most impassioned bursts of eloquence that ever proceeded from human lips in the British senate. He took the same general

view of the national questions which Burke did. Hence a friendship, of a hearty character, grew up between these two great men, that lasted some years.

Mr. Burke, in consequence of his strenuous support of the bill for relieving Irish trade from the many restrictions to which eighty years of the basest legislation had subjected it, and for his hearty and eloquent support of Catholic emancipation, lost the support of the Bristol electors, who rejected him in 1780; but he was again returned to parliament by the borough of Malton.

In 1781, the opposition in the British parliament included the most brilliant orators that England had heard of for ages. A motion, by Fox, for the house to resolve itself into a committee on the American war, was supported by Sheridan, Dunning, Pitt, and Burke. This distinguished phalanx continued to harass the North ministry, night after night, with speeches, motions, and divisions, until at length it fell before their well-arranged attacks. A new ministry was formed, of which Fox and Burke were members, the first being secretary of state, the latter paymaster of the forces. It was at this time that Grattan and the volunteers of Ireland stood forward to claim from England the acknowledgment of their independence. The English nation was too weak to resist the claim; and the ministry, liberal in its material, and decidedly friendly in its two leading members, Fox and Burke, yielded to Ireland that celebrated constitution, solemnly recited in the 28th of George the Third, so basely violated in 1800 by Pitt and Castlereagh.

This administration did not hold office long. Burke and Fox were again in opposition; and, after nine months of skirmishing, they found themselves once more in office; Lord North being joint secretary with Fox; Burke again in his old place, paymaster. It is not my purpose to follow these ministers through all the sinuosities of office and opposition. The interesting life and speeches of Burke will ever form an excellent study for the orator and politician.

In 1782, a committee of the British house of commons had been appointed to inquire into the execution of justice in India. Burke was a member of this committee, and resolved to drag Warren Hastings, the chief criminal against offended justice, to trial. His opening speech, in impeaching Hastings, will ever remain a model of political and forensic declamation.

On the breaking out of the French revolution, however, he threw himself into the arms of the aristocratic faction, which he had, from his first starting, opposed. He denounced, in his place in the house of

commons, the leaders of the revolution, while Fox and Sheridan, his brilliant associates, applauded them. This forever separated him from those great men. Mr. Burke, in the latter end of his career, differed materially from his former self. He soon lost that immense popularity which he had acquired in youth. The celebrated Tom Paine levelled a deadly shaft at him, in answer to his *Reflections on the French Revolution*. From this he never recovered. He became a pensioner of George the Third, and an enemy of every radical change in the government; he even opposed the freedom of the dissenters, because they had avowed French principles in Britain and Ireland. He died suddenly, in the 68th year of his age. As an orator, he had no equal in the British parliament; as a politician, he was vacillating; as an Irishman, he was ever a friend to the religious and civil equality of his countrymen; as a patron of the native genius of Ireland, he surpassed all others.

He introduced a new style into English composition and eloquence, which the ablest critics of England and Scotland admit. The *Edinburgh Review*, 1814, speaking of Curran's eloquence, thus alludes to Burke:—

“The wits of Queen Anne's time practised a style characterized by purity, smoothness, and a kind of simple and temperate elegance. Their reasoning was correct and luminous, and their raillery terse and refined; but they never so much as aimed at touching the greater passions, or rising to the loftier graces of composition. Their sublimity was little more than a graceful and gentle solemnity; their invective went no farther than polished sarcasm, nor their vehemence than pretty vivacity. Even the older writers, who dealt in larger views and stronger language, — the Hookers, and Taylors, and Barrows, and Miltons — although they possessed, beyond all doubt, an original and commanding eloquence, had little of nature, or rapid movement of passion, about them. Their diction, though powerful, is loaded and laborious, and their imagination, though rich and copious, is neither playful nor popular; even the celebrated orators of England have been deficient in some of their characteristics. The rhetoric of Fox was logical; the eloquence of Pitt consisted mainly in his talent for sarcasm, and for sounding amplification. Neither of them had much pathos, and but little play of fancy.

“Yet the style of which we speak (Mr. Curran's) is now familiar to the English public. It was introduced by an Irishman, and may be clearly traced to the genius of BURKE. There was no such composition known in England before his day. Bolingbroke, whom he is sometimes said to have copied, had none of it; he is infinitely more careless; he is infinitely less impassioned; he has no such variety of imagery, no such flights of poetry, no such touches of tenderness, no such visions of philosophy. The style has been defiled since, indeed, by base imitations and disgusting parodies; and in its more imitable parts, has been naturalized and transfused into the recent literature of our country; but it was of *Irish origin*, and still attains to its highest honors only in its native soil.”

Mr. Burke lost a son, who, during the lifetime of his father, exerted

himself in London as the paid agent of the Catholics. On the junction of Wolfe Tone with their committee, young Burke was discontinued; and it does not appear that he subsequently distinguished himself to an extent that calls for further notice.

#### DR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Dr. Thomas Sheridan, the friend of Swift, was born in the county Cavan, about 1684. He was the grandfather of the eminent Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of whom I shall presently speak. Dr. Sheridan kept an academy in Dublin, at which several very distinguished men received the rudiments of their education. His school gave to the world many eloquent scholars, who irradiated their light upon the times in which they lived. Dr. Sheridan was a learned man. He knew books better than men; was all abstraction, humor, wit, and eccentricity.

His eldest son,

#### THOMAS SHERIDAN,

was an eminent actor. He became lessee of the Dublin theatre, and was unfortunate enough to encounter a riot as manager and actor. This damaged his property, depressed his enterprise, and drove him from that mode of life. He then prepared and delivered lectures on elocution before the Dublin and Oxford universities, receiving the highest honorary degrees from these ancient seats of literature. He also compiled the celebrated Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. After passing through many vicissitudes incidental to a walk of life such as his, he died in 1788. His wife, Mrs. Frances Sheridan, wrote several pieces for the stage.

#### RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,

the third son of the preceding, became a most distinguished orator, statesman, and dramatist. He was born in Dorset Street, 1751. At eighteen years of age we find him in Harrow school, "indolent, witty, facetious, and entertaining." He never entered the university, as the affairs of his family would not afford it. He married at twenty-two, and entered the king's inns, as a law-student, in the same year. His wife was a public singer of the first distinction; but he withdrew her from the public exercise of her talents, by which he lost a considerable income.

Sheridan wrote many pieces for the stage. His first was the "Rivals;" his second was the "Duenna," a musical piece, which ran twelve nights longer than the Beggar's Opera. The music of the Duenna is delightful,

and much of it is drawn from the fragmental remains of ancient Ireland, which the gifted author translated, and modernized, from the old Irish.

Although those splendid talents would have been, in the possession of another, an independent fortune, to Sheridan they were the cause of poverty. His table was ever open to his admirers, and ever full; and his habits involved him in debt from which he never after could extricate himself. He was frequently reduced to the most miserable shifts to appease, or escape from, his creditors.

In 1776, he became a partner in Drury Lane theatre, and there brought forward his celebrated comedy, the "School for Scandal." This play so fascinated the fashionable world, that it filled the treasury of the house to overflowing, and continued to attract for many years. He soon after produced the "Critic," a capital farce, and intended to plague Cumberland, the dramatist. It drew crowded houses.

He would, perhaps, have continued to write for the stage, had not the secret whisperings of ambition impelled him towards the vortex of politics. An acquaintance with Charles James Fox ripened into friendship. A short time before that great man became minister, Sheridan was urged by him to enter parliament. He obtained a borough, for which he was returned, in 1780, to the English house of commons. He now abandoned the stage and the muses, and wooed public approbation as an orator and a patriot. He attended several public meetings; opposed the American war; attacked, with powerful sarcasm, Lord North's administration; and soon became as distinguished in the senate as he had been in the drama. When Fox became secretary for foreign affairs, he made Sheridan his private secretary. When he retired, Sheridan was again disconnected from the government. He then engaged in the publication of a weekly journal, called the *Jesuit*; and on the formation of North and Fox's celebrated coalition ministry, in 1783, he was called back to office as secretary of the treasury.

On the breaking up of that ministry, he was again at large; and now he employed himself with *Burke* in bringing forward the celebrated impeachment against Warren Hastings. This was preferred in 1786. A very remarkable evidence of his great ability — and such as no other man in Europe, past or present, can claim the honor of — was exhibited on the night of his closing speech against Hastings. The galleries of the English house of lords were filled to overflowing to hear what all expected would be a masterpiece of eloquence. Peers and peeresses were glad to obtain seats early in the day, in which they continued nearly the entire night, tumultuously overcrowded. On the same night, his play, the

*School for Scandal*, the best comedy on the British stage, was playing at one theatre, and his opera, the *Duenna*, the best in *its line* on the stage, was performing at another, while the gifted author was himself delivering to the entranced British senate the most eloquent harangue *ever delivered* within its walls.

Mrs. Siddons, the sister of Kemble, the first tragic actress of the day, was present in the gallery of the house that night. Familiar as she was with the simulation of passion, and the artifices of rhetoric, yet was she so fearfully excited, so thoroughly affected, by the hideous picture of Hastings's atrocities which Sheridan so truthfully and eloquently drew, that she shrieked and swooned in the midst of the spectators. Burke, the first orator of the age, pronounced a high eulogium on this speech, which I forbear to transcribe, because he may, as a countryman, be deemed partial to Sheridan. He said that this speech surpassed all he had ever heard or read, that it stretched beyond all he had conceived, and never could be equalled by another. To which I will add the following testimony from Byron, Pitt, and Fox:—

Mr. Fox said, "all that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapor before the sun."

Mr. Pitt said, that "it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed every thing that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind."

Lord Byron said of him, "Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do, has been, *par excellence*, always of the best kind. He has written the best comedy, (*School for Scandal*), the best opera, (the *Duenna*—in my mind, before that *St. Giles's* lampoon, the *Beggar's Opera*), the best farce, (the *Critic*—it is only too good for an afterpiece,) and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous *Beguinn* speech) *ever conceived or heard in this country*." It is remarkable that his first speech in parliament was a failure. Aware of his powers, he said to one of his friends, "*It is in me, and it must come out!*"

In his political principles, he was the purest. He adhered firmly to the political doctrines of Fox, and took opposite sides to his friend Burke on the French revolution. While Burke condemned that movement in principle and in means, Sheridan applauded the first while he deplored and condemned the latter. On the regency question, he took the side of the Prince of Wales, (afterwards King George the Fourth of England.) He was, indeed, the bosom friend and convivial companion of that scion of royalty, who, however, abandoned him to want in his old age and difficulties. The whole life of Sheridan was one continued scene of ex-



citement. The applauses of the public, wafted into his ears from all the cardinal points, completely intoxicated his brain, and when those public praises occasionally grew faint, he supplied the mental excitement so necessary to his existence by the bottle.

It is, indeed, painful to be thus compelled to write of one whose talents flung a lustre over the green isle of his birth. In 1806, on the death of Fox, had he been temperate, he would have been, says Moore, prime minister of England. In the progress of years, he plunged so heavily into intemperance and debt, that he was continually obliged to avoid his own house, or the public thoroughfares, to escape his creditors or their bailiffs!

He had, in the days of his meridian, mixed in the circles of royalty; was the welcome guest of dukes and earls; yet, when sickness overtook him, when poverty shut him up in the gloom of a garret, they all, prince and peers, lords and ladies, deserted him. In his utmost need, an application was made by a friend on his behalf to the Prince of Wales for some assistance. *It was refused.* Subsequently the prince relented, and sent him two hundred pounds. It came too late. It was returned by Sheridan's own order, for death was near; and he who might have been saved by a little assistance, given in time, now declined to receive any part of the tardy generosity.

The life of this extraordinary man is, perhaps, the most striking evidence in history of the dreadful evils of intemperance. Here was, indeed, a noble mind overthrown by alcohol! Nor was it effected all at once. Sheridan was, at first, a *moderate* drinker, by turns the hospitable host, or the welcome guest. He drank to make others happy around him, — to increase a mutual pleasure. Fatal disposition! At thirty years of age, he was, as we have seen, the first literary man in England — “orator, dramatist, minstrel, and all” — blessed with a wife, the paragon of conjugal love, one who was gifted with the highest musical talents, and other kindred attainments, calculated to heighten the happiness of him she loved so well! At forty he was a confirmed drunkard, and a ruined man — his brain suffocated or diseased, incapable of conceiving, and his body enfeebled, incapable of exertion; his wealth spent, his character lost, his friends avoiding him, and he tottering down the steps of taverns into the deepest slough of poverty and debasement; that tongue, under the spell of whose accents senates sat entranced, now incoherent or inarticulate; that eye beaming with the fire of genius, whose recognition, in the street or palace, was once sought for by peers and prelates, now dimmed, or dilated into frenzy; that brain, whose conceptions and creations filled congregated thousands in theatres with joy, or melted them into tears,

now the habitation of a thousand demons! O, it sickens the heart to contemplate so grand a spirit overthrown, so splendid and so mournful a ruin. Let the eye of rising genius but rest upon the page of this man's life, and take warning from the moral which it so forcibly inculcates.

Poor Sheridan died in 1816, in his sixty-fifth year, and received the honor of a public funeral. A foot procession, which was attended by many of the first men of England, followed his remains to Westminster Abbey.

Moore, indignant at the ingratitude of the great towards his gifted countryman, vented his feelings in the most scathing piece of sarcasm that ever, perhaps, was penned by man.

*"Lines on the Death of Sheridan.*

*"'Principibus placuisse viris.' — Hor.*

"Yes, grief will have way; but the fast-falling tear  
 Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those  
 Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career,  
 And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close;—  
 Whose vanity flew round him only while fed  
 By the odor his fame in its summer-time gave;  
 Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,  
 Like the ghoul of the East, comes to feed at his grave  
 O, it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow  
 And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;  
 To think what a long line of titles may follow  
 The relics of him who died — friendless and lorn!  
 How proud they can press to the funeral array  
 Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow;  
 How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,  
 Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!  
 And thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,\*  
 Incoherent and gross, even grosser had passed,  
 Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam  
 Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast;—  
 No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee  
 With millions to heap upon foppery's shrine,—  
 No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,  
 Though this would make Europe's whole opulence mine,—  
 Would I suffer what — even in the heart that thou hast —  
 All mean as it is — must have consciously burned,  
 When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at last,  
 And which found all his wants at an end, was returned! †

\* George the Fourth of England.

† The sum was two hundred pounds — offered when Sheridan could no longer take any sustenance, and declined for him, by his friends.

‘Was *this*, then, the fate’ — future ages will say,  
 When *some* names shall live but in history’s curse ;  
 When Truth will be heard, and these lords of a day  
 Be forgotten as fools, or remembered as worse, —

‘Was this, then, the fate of that high-gifted man,  
 The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall,  
 The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran  
 Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all —

‘Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art  
 From the finest and best of all other men’s powers ;  
 Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,  
 And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers ; —

‘Whose humor, as gay as the fire-fly’s light,  
 Played round every subject, and shone as it played ;  
 Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
 Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade ; —

‘Whose eloquence — brightening whatever it tried,  
 Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave —  
 Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide  
 As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave !’

Yes, such was the man, and so wretched his fate ; —  
 And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,  
 Who waste their morn’s dew in the beams of the *great*,  
 And expect ’twill return to refresh them at eve !

In the woods of the north there are insects that prey  
 On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh ;\*  
 O, Genius ! thy patrons, more cruel than they,  
 First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die !”

## CHARLES PHILLIPS,

one of the most eloquent and true-hearted sons of Ireland, deserves a place in the gallery devoted to her patriots and orators. He was born in Sligo, of a Protestant parentage, and was educated in the prejudiced atmosphere, which, in his youth, overhung every Protestant school or family in Ireland. Destined for the Irish bar, soon as he approached that first goal of youthful ambition, he gave evidences of his talent, and was admitted to the reputation and emolument it deserved.

He raised his voice in the gloomiest hour of his country’s history. Her parliament was gone ; her Emmets had bled ; her people were in slavery. It was treason to love, ruin to acknowledge, and death to

\* “Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there were found in its head some *large* flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them.” — *History of Poland*.

defend her. The only path to dignity lay through the churchyard where her nationality was interred; and the foot that would speed to power must trample irreverently on the sacred covering.

But Charles Phillips was not the man to gamble on the tomb of his country. A Protestant, he stood forward the friend of Catholic equality; an Irishman, he stood forth the unshaken champion of his country; an orator, he devoted his great powers to the advancement of civil and religious liberty.

His career at the bar, while yet a young man, was astonishing. He was employed in the most difficult cases, and won verdicts and wealth by the fascinations of his tongue. In cases of crim. con., breaches of promise of marriage, cases of oppression where pictures of human suffering were to be presented to a jury for their compensating award, no man in Ireland or England ever equalled him. His speech in the case of *Guthrie v. Sterne*, tried in Dublin, 1815, is one of the ablest appeals to a jury on record. His speech in the case of *Blake v. Wilkins* is one of the most skilful and effective.

Mr. Finlay, the Irish barrister, in his preface to a collection of those eloquent speeches, defines, in beautiful language, the brilliant peculiarities of Phillips's style, which being, in my mind, a most instructive page on elocution, and coming from a very eloquent man, I transcribe it entire.

"The great father of ancient eloquence was accustomed to say, that action was the first, and second, and last quality of an orator. This was the dictum of a supreme authority. It was an exaggeration notwithstanding; but the observation must contain much truth to permit such exaggeration; and whilst we allow that delivery is not every thing, it will be allowed that it is much of the effect of oratory.

"Nature has been bountiful to the subject of these remarks in the useful accident of a prepossessing exterior: an interesting figure, an animated countenance, and a demeanor devoid of affectation, and distinguished by a modest self-possession, give him the favorable opinion of his audience, even before he has addressed them. His eager, lively, and sparkling eye melts or kindles in pathos or indignation; his voice, by its compass, sweetness, and variety, ever audible and seldom loud, never hurried, inarticulate, or indistinct, secures to his audience every word that he utters, and preserves him from the painful appearance of effort.

"His memory is not less faithful in the conveyance of his meaning, than his voice. Unlike Fox in this respect, he never wants a word; unlike Bushe, he never pretends to want one; and unlike Grattan, he never either wants or recalls one.

"His delivery is freed from every thing fantastic; is simple and elegant, impressive and sincere; and if we add the circumstance of his youth to his other external qualifications, none of his contemporaries in this vocation can pretend to an equal combination of these accidental advantages.

"If, then, action be a great part of the effect of oratory, the reader who has not heard him is excluded from that consideration, so important to a right opinion, and on which his excellence is unquestioned.

"The ablest and severest of all the critics who have assailed him, (we allude of course to the Edinburgh Review,) in their criticism on Guthrie and Sterne, have paid him an involuntary and unprecedented compliment. He is the only individual in these countries to whom this literary work has devoted an entire article on a single speech; and when it is recollected that the basis of this criticism was an unauthorized and incorrect publication of a single forensic exertion in the ordinary routine of professional business, it is very questionable whether such a publication afforded a just and proportionate groundwork for so much general criticism, or a fair criterion of the alleged speaker's general merits. This criticism sums up its objections, and concludes its remarks, by the following commending observation—that a more strict control over his fancy would constitute a remedy for his defects.

"Exuberance of fancy is certainly a defect; but it is evidence of an attribute essential to an orator. There are few men without some judgment, but there are many men without any imagination; the latter class never did, and never can, produce an orator. Without imagination, the speaker sinks to the mere dry arguer, the matter-of-fact man, the calculator, or syllogist, or sophist; the dealer in figures; the compiler of facts; the mason, but not the architect, of the pile; for the dictate of the imagination is the inspiration of oratory, which imparts to matter animation and soul.

"Oratory is the great art of persuasion; its purpose is to give, in a particular instance, a certain direction to human action. The faculties of the orator are judgment and imagination; and reason and eloquence, the product of these faculties, must work on the judgment and feelings of his audience, for the attainment of his end. The speaker who addresses the judgment alone may be argumentative, but never can be eloquent; for argument instructs without interesting, and eloquence interests without convincing. But oratory is neither: it is the compound of both: it conjoins the feelings and opinions of men; it speaks to the passions through the mind, and to the mind through the passions; and leads its audience to its just purpose by the combined and powerful agency of human reason and human feeling. The components of this combination will vary, of course, in proportion to the number and sagacity of the auditory which the speaker addresses. With judges it is to be hoped that the passions will be weak; with public assemblies it is to be hoped that reasoning will be strong: but, although the imagination may, in the first case, be unemployed, in the second it cannot be dispensed with; for, if the advocate of virtue avoids to address the feelings of a mixed assembly, whether it be a jury or a political meeting, he has no security that their feeling, and their bad feelings, may not be brought into action against him; he surrenders to his enemy the strongest of his weapons, and by a species of irrational generosity, contrives to insure his own defeat in the conflict."

It is quite as true as it is extraordinary, that motions have been made in court to set aside verdicts obtained by Phillips, grounded on affidavits that the jury were blinded to the merits of the issue by the fascinating power of his eloquence. Extracts from his speeches have been en-

grafted in the school-books of America, as models of oratorical composition for her youth. His beautiful compliment to WASHINGTON, uttered at the Killarney dinner, is the most perfect combination of words and ideas in the English language. It is a sincere tribute from an Irish patriot to the heroic and successful soldier of American freedom; it is as appropriate as sincere, and it justly expresses the reverent feelings of the Irish nation towards the father of American liberty.

As a patriot in the worst of times, Charles Phillips challenges our grateful admiration. His speeches and addresses to his fellow-Protestants, repeated and re-repeated with all the variety which such a mind as his could impart to them, were valuable beyond our power to estimate in dispelling the prejudice, and ignorance, and animosity, which it was ever the policy of England to cherish in unhappy Ireland. He spoke for the Catholics in Ireland, in England, every where. In season and out of season his voice was raised for the right. "He was," says Finlay, "in the court as a flaming sword, leading and lighting the injured to their own; in the public assembly, exposing the wrongs of his country; exacting her rights; conquering envy; trampling on corruption; beloved by his country; esteemed by a world; enjoying and deserving an unexampled fame; and actively employing the summer of his life in gathering honors for his name and garlands for his grave."

Let me put on a record, which I hope will meet the eye of others who like me can feel grateful towards such an exalted patriot the following truthful and beautiful passage, part of a surpassingly eloquent speech delivered in behalf of Catholic emancipation at Sligo.

"Enter the hovel of the Irish peasant. I do not say you will find the frugality of the Scotch, the comfort of the English, or the fantastic decorations of the French cottager; but I do say you will find sensibility the most affecting, politeness the most natural, hospitality the most grateful, merit the most unconscious. Their look is eloquence, their smile is love, their retort is wit, their remark is wisdom; not a wisdom borrowed from the dead, but that with which Nature has herself inspired them; an acute observance of the passing scene, and a deep insight into the motives of its agent. Try to deceive them, and see with what shrewdness they will detect; try to outwit them, and see with what humor they will elude; attack them with argument, and you will stand amazed at the strength of their expression, the rapidity of their ideas, and the energy of their gesture. In short, God seems to have formed our country like our people. He has thrown round the one its wild, magnificent, decorated rudeness; he has infused into the other the simplicity of genius and the seeds of virtue. He says audibly to us, 'Give them cultivation.'

"This is the way, gentlemen, in which I have always looked upon your question; not as a party, or a sectarian, or a Catholic, but as an IRISH question. Is it possible that any man can seriously believe the paralyzing five millions of such a people as I have been describing can be a benefit to the empire? Is there any

man who deserves the name, not of a statesman, but of a rational being, who can think it politic to rob such a multitude of all the energies of an honorable ambition? Look to Protestant Ireland, shooting over the empire those rays of genius, and those thunderbolts of war, that have at once embellished and preserved it. I speak not of a former era. I refer not for my example to the day just past, when our Burkes, our Barrys, and our Goldsmiths, exiled by this system from their native shore, wreathed the 'immortal shamrock' round the brow of painting, poetry, and eloquence! But now, even while I speak, who leads the British senate? A Protestant Irishman! Who guides the British arms? A Protestant Irishman! And why, why is Catholic Ireland, with her quintuple population, stationary and silent? Have physical causes neutralized its energies? Has the religion of Christ stupified its intellect? Has the God of mankind become the partisan of a monopoly, and put an interdict on its advancement? Stranger, do not ask the bigoted and pampered renegade, who has an interest in deceiving you; but open the penal statutes, and weep tears of blood over the reason. Come, come yourself, and see this unhappy people; see the Irishman, the only alien in Ireland, in rags and wretchedness, staining the sweetest scenery ever eye reposed on, persecuted by the extorting middleman of some absentee landlord, plundered by the lay-proctor of some rapacious and unsympathizing incumbent, bearing through life but insults and injustice, and bereaved even of any hope in death by the heart-rending reflection that he leaves his children to bear, like their father, an abominable bondage! Is this the fact? Let any man who doubts it walk out into your streets, and see the consequences of such a system; see it rearing up crowds in a kind of apprenticeship to the prison, absolutely permitted by their parents, from utter despair, to lisp the alphabet and learn the rudiments of profligacy! For my part, never did I meet one of these youthful assemblages without feeling within me a melancholy emotion. How often have I thought, within that little circle of neglected triflers who seem to have been born in caprice and bred in orphanage, there may exist some mind formed of the finest mould, and wrought for immortality; a soul swelling with the energies and stamped with the patent of the Deity — which, under proper culture, might perhaps bless, adorn, immortalize, or ennoble empires; some Cincinnatus, in whose breast the destinies of a nation may lie dormant; some Milton, 'pregnant with celestial fire;' some Curran, who, when thrones were crumbled and dynasties forgotten, might stand, the landmark of his country's genius, rearing himself amid regal ruins and national dissolution, a mental pyramid in the solitude of time, beneath whose shade things might moulder, and round whose summit eternity must play. Even in such a circle the young Demosthenes might have once been found, and Homer, the disgrace and glory of his age, have sung neglected."

Again, the following passage from a speech delivered, in Liverpool, to Englishmen, will tell the world why Irishmen revere Charles Phillips.

"You may quite depend on it, a period is approaching when, if penalty does not pause in the pursuit, patience will turn short on the pursuer. Can you wonder at it? Contemplate Ireland during any given period of England's rule, and what a picture does she exhibit! Behold her created in all the prodigality of nature; with a soil that anticipates the husbandman's desire; with harbors courting the commerce of the world; with rivers capable of the most effective navigation; with the

ore of every metal struggling through her surface; with a people, brave, generous, and intellectual, literally forcing their way through the disabilities of their own country into the highest stations of every other, and well rewarding the policy that promotes them, by achievements the most heroic, and allegiance without a blemish. How have the successive governments of England demeaned themselves to a nation offering such an accumulation of moral and political advantages? See it in the state of Ireland at this instant; in the universal bankruptcy that overwhelms her; in the loss of her trade; in the annihilation of her manufactures; in the deluge of her debt; in the divisions of her people; in all the loathsome operations of an odious, monopolizing, hypocritical fanaticism on the one hand, wrestling with the untiring but natural reprisals of an irritated population on the other! It required no common ingenuity to reduce such a country to such a situation. But it has been done; man has conquered the beneficence of the Deity; his harpy touch has changed the viands to corruption; and that land, which you might have possessed in health, and wealth, and vigor, to support you in your hour of need, now writhes in the agonies of death, unable even to lift the shroud with which famine and fatuity try to encumber her convulsion. This is what I see a pensioned press denominates tranquillity. O, woe to the land threatened with such tranquillity; *solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*; it is not yet the tranquillity of solitude; it is not yet the tranquillity of death; but if you would know what it is, go forth in the silence of creation, when every wind is hushed, and every echo mute, and all nature seems to listen in dumb, and terrified, and breathless expectation, — go forth in such an hour, and see the terrible tranquillity by which you are surrounded! How could it be otherwise, when, for ages upon ages, invention has fatigued itself with expedients for irritation; when, as I have read with horror in the progress of my legal studies, the homicide of a ‘mere Irishman’ was considered justifiable; and, when his ignorance was the origin of all his crimes, his education was prohibited *by act of parliament!* — when the people were worm-eaten by the odious vermin which a church and state adultery had spawned; when a bad heart and brainless head were the fangs by which every foreign adventurer and domestic traitor fastened upon office; when the property of the native was but an invitation to plunder, and his non-acquiescence the signal for confiscation; when religion itself was made the odious pretence for every persecution, and the fires of hell were alternately lighted with the cross, and quenched in the blood of its defenceless followers. I speak of times that are passed; but can their recollections, can their consequences, be so readily eradicated? Why, however, should I refer to periods that are so distant? Behold, at this instant, five millions of her people disqualified on account of their faith, and that by a country professing freedom! and that under a government calling itself Christian! You (when I say you, of course I mean not the high-minded people of England, but the men who misgovern us both) seem to have taken out a roving commission in search of grievances abroad, whilst you overlook the calamities at your own door, and of your own infliction. You traverse the ocean to emancipate the African; you cross the line to convert the Hindoo; you hurl your thunder against the savage Algerine; but your own brethren at home, who speak the same tongue, acknowledge the same king, and kneel to the same God, cannot get one visit from your *itinerant humanity.*”

This is from a Protestant, and spoken to a Protestant nation. It is an



epitome the most compact in the English language of the operation, for centuries, of the British government in Ireland.

The professional fame of Mr. Phillips reached London, and he was tempted, by the advice of friends and the promptings of a natural ambition, to make that city the theatre of his more matured forensic abilities. About the year 1824, he joined the English bar, and soon got a considerable business. But the prejudice which had for centuries oppressed his country, met him on the road to wealth and eminence. Some of the judges conspired to discountenance his florid oratory, and one of them actually went so far as to interrupt him while addressing a jury, with the illegal and impertinent remark, "Mr. Phillips, consider the public time!" This received from the high-souled advocate a withering rebuke; but, notwithstanding, the "ears of the judges" were closed. His business at present, though very considerable, and yielding him some two thousand pounds a year, is not commensurate with his great abilities.

Mr. Phillips has not in latter years taken a prominent part in the affairs of Ireland. He is now past sixty years of age, and probably has not vigor sufficient to mingle in the popular debate; but that he is an Irishman to the core, every line of his beautiful poem, the "Emerald Isle," together with every action of his life, fully proclaims. That he views the present "union" between Britain and Ireland as a fraud and a curse, we have evidence in his own beautiful language. Addressing the temple of Irish legislation and eloquence in College Green, he exclaims:

"Thou mystic pile! our glory and our shame!  
 Ray of our pride and ruin of our name!  
 Where are the days when pure thy patriots rose,  
 To raise our greatness and redress our woes?  
 When Grattan thundered round thy ample dome,  
 And patriot genius found a kindred home?  
 When silver Burgh poured on the nation's ear  
 Strains such as Athens had been wont to hear;  
 While smiling Erin claimed thee for her own,  
 And reason hailed her decorated throne!  
 Alas! where once uprose the temple's porch,  
 And lively breathings woke the altar's torch,  
 Where patriot tongues their sacred music poured,  
 Now heartless traders heap their sordid board!  
 Rapine, exulting, spreads her impious spoil,  
 And withered Avarice affects a smile!"

The patriotic author alludes, in these pregnant couplets, to the old parliament-house in College Green, the most beautiful and classic structure

in Europe, — once the temple of Irish freedom, now turned into a den of money-changers; and thus vents his *repeal* principles in language still more distinct and eloquent.

“Of the Irish ‘*union*’—that infamous consummation of our calamities, begot in bribery and baptized in blood, which robbed the Irishman of the impulse of a name, degraded his country into a province, gave him an itinerant legislature and an absentee aristocracy, left him at the mercy of every ‘prentice statesman, and carried away his wealth to bribe his foreign masters into contemptuous civility, I shall not speak, because I trust it is but a fleeting spark, *and that Irishmen will never desist until the very memory of that penal statute on our national pride is obliterated and erased.*”—p. 145, note to *Emerald Isle*.

It is likely the prophetic orator will live to see his hopes and forebodings fully realized.

---

## MEN OF SCIENCE.

The preceding subjects, who may come under the designation of patriots, I have presented as samples of the eminent men which Ireland raised within the eighteenth century, whose eloquence fed the mind of England, and whose patriotism for a moment coerced her to be just. I shall now give the names and attributes of a few men of science which Ireland contributed to her sister, the rays of whose genius kindled up her enterprise, added to her wealth, and expanded her commerce. I have condensed the most of the following from various individual biographies and autobiographies.

### BLACK.

Black, the celebrated chemist, was born in Belfast, in 1728. His father was a wine-merchant, and resided some part of his life in France; and the youth spent much of his early days in Bourdeaux, became acquainted with the great Montesquieu, returned to Belfast, and entered the chief academy of that town, to study for the medical profession; from whence he afterwards proceeded to Glasgow to pursue his studies. Here he made those great discoveries in chemistry, which the scientific of the present day so highly appreciate.

Before his time, magnesia had been confounded with other absorbent earths, being conceived to be merely a modification of lime. Black’s

experiments proved that it was distinct from that substance ; and he then showed its affinity to acids. He made several beautiful discoveries in the nature of lime, acids, confined air, &c., which the learned chemist will admit to be the result of a great mind. It was he who first used the term *fixed air*, as applied to the atmosphere in a state of compression or confinement, and pointed out the distinction between *fixed* and *inflammable* air. His expositions of the combustive qualities of fixed air are luminous, and open to the mind of chemical philosophers a field which the expansive intellect of the most learned may range through with pleasure, and without impediment or limitation.

Several eminent men became his disciples, amongst whom may be noted Brownrigg, Cavendish, and Dr. Priestley. Black's theories were subsequently adopted by the chemists and philosophers of France, Sweden, and Germany. The present splendid system of French chemistry sprang from the fountain mind of this eminent Irishman.

In the progress of his inquiries, the subject of *heat* became a prominent object of his study ; the laws of which he laid open to the world, and which, it is admitted, *were the most wonderful as well as the most valuable discoveries of modern times*. Dr. Irvine and the celebrated Mr. Watt were his pupils, and from this great man's mind Watt drew most of the ideas and principles on which he constructed his steam-engine.

Black lectured publicly every year, in Glasgow and Edinburgh, on the theory of heat, and great numbers of foreigners came to learn of him. It is greatly to be regretted that he did not commit his lectures to print ; for, had he done so, such men as Laplace, Crawford, De Luc, and others, would not have dared to publish his ideas as their own. This eminent man was much beloved in society, had a fine musical ear, and played charmingly on the flute—particularly the tunes of his native land. He died while a professor of chemistry in Edinburgh, at the age of seventy-one, and his lectures were published, after his death, by Professor Robinson. Black earned a brilliant European reputation, and left to the world stupendous discoveries, in the different departments of chemistry, which are yet but partially developed.

#### THOMAS FRYE,

the original inventor and first manufacturer of porcelain, in England, was born near Dublin, in 1710. His natural bent and genius were towards portrait-painting. This arduous profession he followed with more or less success in Ireland, and subsequently in England. Having,

by his performances, attracted the eye of royalty, he suddenly came into notice. He was an adept in oil painting, and in mezzotinto engraving, — in the latter of which he surpassed all competition.

A scheme for the manufacture of porcelain, under his management, was heartily engaged in by a number of gentlemen, by whom the business was commenced at Bow, near London. This induced him to forego the pursuit of his favorite profession, and to devote his vast ingenuity to the development of the manufacture of porcelain; which, though not immediately profitable to the first undertakers, or to Frye himself, laid the foundation, in England, of that important branch of national manufacture which has since proved so profitable a source of national wealth. The beautiful porcelain vessels manufactured under Frye's superintendence are still highly prized by collectors.

From the ruins of the manufactory at Bow, those of Chelsea and Worcester have grown up. After fifteen years of incessant labor in the factory at Bow, during which he contended with the heavy taxes of government on South Carolina white clay, he betook himself again to painting and engraving. Some of his works are preserved in Saddler's Hall, Cheapside. He died of consumption, in 1762, fifty-two years of age.

#### SIR HANS SLOANE

was born in the county Down, in Ireland, 1660. Having come from a wealthy family, he received a good education. He travelled much, and displayed a strong taste for botanical science. His voyages and travels, in pursuit of botanical information, were unprecedented; and he was the first man who made Europe fully acquainted with the rich botanical treasures of America. In 1696, he published his celebrated works on Jamaica, and on foreign plants, and subsequently his extensive *Voyages in Quest of Botanical Knowledge*. He was the first to establish a botanical garden, in [Chelsea,] England, and at his death bequeathed it to the Society of Apothecaries, on condition of their presenting to the Royal Society fifty new plants every year, different from the others and from each other. This they regularly complied with, and have in latter years produced two thousand new specimens, which fully carries out the testator's curious will.

On the death of Sir Isaac Newton, in 1727, Sloane succeeded him as president of the Royal Society. He had now obtained great celebrity as a physician, and saw every body, rich and poor, who came to consult him. At this time he was physician to George the Second. He was a

great benefactor of the poor, and was governor of a score of hospitals in London. He resigned a useful life at the age of ninety-two, and left behind a library of *fifty thousand volumes*, and a museum containing *twenty-three thousand curious coins and medals*, besides innumerable prints, drawings, and curiosities, brought from almost every country in the world. There were also in the collection *thirty-six thousand specimens of natural subjects*. He ordered, in his will, that this extensive gathering should be offered to the public for twenty thousand pounds, declaring that they cost him fifty thousand pounds. The parliament purchased them, purchased Montague House for their reception, and then bought the collections of the Earl of Oxford, together with the Cottonian collection, and thus was founded the *British Museum*.

#### THE HONORABLE ROBERT BOYLE

was the fourteenth child of Boyle, the great Earl of Cork. He was born in Lismore Castle, January, 1627, received a careful education, travelled on the Continent, and became acquainted with the celebrated Galileo, whose ideas of the motion and shape of the earth were then newly broached. On his return to Ireland, he devoted his mind to chemical and astronomical studies, and occupied himself laboriously with experiments, in accordance with the conceptions and conjectures of his very original mind. Several valuable discoveries were the fruit of this. Amongst these was the *air-pump*, a machine which so accurately demonstrated the theory of the air, that a new and complete system of chemistry has been raised thereon.

In 1663, he published some works on experimental philosophy, on colors, on a diamond, &c. These books were stored with original ideas, and afforded, says Boyle's biographer, "much assistance to Sir Isaac Newton, in forming that complete theory which has since suffered so little alteration." He discovered several sorts of poison, as also a chemical preparation for discharging ink from paper, parchments, &c. But these he did not disclose to the world. In 1669, he published a work on the spring and weight of the air, and on the atmospheres of consistent bodies; and soon after he issued tracts on the temperature of the subterranean regions, the bottom of the sea, &c. These were published in Latin and English, for the advantage of foreign scholars. He published a paper on quicksilver growing hot with gold; another on the saltness of the sea, the moisture of the air, the natural and preternatural state of bodies. In 1684, he published the "Natural History of the Human

Blood, especially the Spirit of that Liquor," and experiments about the porosity of bodies. Late in life he published a treatise on hydrostatics, applied to the *materia medica*,— a most valuable tract. So numerous, indeed, were the tracts he published, during his long and useful life, that they fill three or four volumes. They were chiefly directed to scientific inquiries, and were wholly devoted, without any recompense, to the instruction of mankind.

#### JOHN BROOKS,

an ingenious mezzotinto engraver, was a native of Ireland; and it is to his instruction the world is indebted for two very celebrated mezzotinto engravers, M'Ardell, and Houston, who were both apprenticed to him.

The year that Brooks left Ireland is unknown; but on his arrival in England, he produced a specimen of an art which has since been applied and extended to a very considerable manufacture at Liverpool and several other places in England— which was printing in enamel colors to burn on china; which having been shown to that generous patriot, and worthy character, Sir Theodore Jansen, he conceived it might prove a national advantage, and readily embarked in it, taking York-house, at Battersea, and fitting it up at a considerable expense. One Gynn, a native of Ireland, a very ingenious designer and engraver, was employed, with the celebrated John Hall, who at that time was very young. The subjects they chose consisted, for the most part, of stories from Ovid and Homer, and were greatly admired, not only for their beauty of design and engraving, but for the novelty of execution, and were indefatigably sought after by the curious, for pendants in cabinets, or covers to toilet boxes.

Brooks was a convivial person, and spent most of his time in company with the keeper of a public house. His inventions, therefore, enriched others, while he lived and died in poverty.

#### BERKELEY,

the philosopher, was born 12th of March, 1684, near Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny. At the age of fifteen he entered Trinity College, from the provincial school of Mr. Hinton. He published, while yet only twenty-four years of age, a work on algebra, and Demonstrations in Euclid, which are evidences of the sound mathematical knowledge which he had thus early acquired. Berkeley was the tutor in college of the celebrated *Molyneux*, whose book on the rights of Ireland was the

germ of that Irish spirit which, in 1782, had grown so magnificently to the dimensions of national independence.

Berkeley published, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the *Theory of Vision*. In this work he drew a boundary between the senses of sight and touch. He subsequently published an improved work on the same subject, which has received the approval of the most scientific. He entered with considerable confidence into the nature of matter, and the attributes of a Creator, which prove only how great were his acquirements, and how bold and original his conceptions. He was the intimate friend of Locke, Swift, Pope, Addison, and Sir Richard Steele. For the latter he wrote several papers in his *Guardian*, receiving for each a guinea and a dinner. He delighted in metaphysical speculations, and enjoyed a European reputation — was distinguished in the diplomatic circles of England, and was once in Sicily, as secretary to an embassy. Swift's *Vanessa*, the celebrated Mrs. Vanhomrigh, appointed Berkeley her executor. She left eight thousand pounds, under the administration of himself and Mr. Marshall; but he had the good taste to suppress most of her correspondence with the eccentric dean.

In 1725, having been previously appointed dean of Derry, he turned his attention to the condition of the red man in the American wilderness, and proposed to government the idea of establishing, in some one of the Bermuda Islands, a college for the education of Indian missionaries, to be sent among that race. Although some fellows of college joined him in the scheme, yet, owing to the failure of government to make the promised advances, it fell to the ground; not, however, till he had given up his deanery and income, of eleven hundred pounds a year, and had come out to the United States. He used to preach in Newport, Rhode Island, the place where he first landed. On his leaving America, he gave one hundred acres of most valuable land, which he had purchased in Connecticut, together with a house and a large library, to *Yale College*, New Haven. He was a universal philanthropist; was a friend to the Catholics, and wrote in favor of their emancipation, for which he received their public thanks. He wrote and published an incredible number of books, and died at Oxford, at the age of seventy. Pope has the following line on this eminent man: —

“To Berkeley every virtue under heaven;”

and Phillips, alluding to his eccentric writings on the non-existence of matter, has the following beautiful tribute: —

“And, Berkeley, thou, in vision fair,  
With all the spirits of the air,

Shouldst come to see, beyond dispute,  
 Thy deathless page thyself refute,  
 And in it own that thou couldst view  
 Matter — and it immortal too.”

## HAMILTON.

Ireland gave birth to two very eminent philosophers and mathematicians of this name, about the same time. Hugh Hamilton, the Protestant bishop of Ossory, born in the county of Dublin, 1729, was educated in Trinity College, published his Treatise on Conic Sections in 1759, and was elected Erasmus Smith professor of natural philosophy. His luminous works were published by his son, in 1809.

William Hamilton was an eminent divine of the Protestant church, and a native of the county Antrim. He was educated at Trinity College, and was distinguished as a naturalist, geologist, and philosopher. His Letters on the Coast of the County of Antrim, containing an ingenious review of the opinions concerning the origin and productions of the basaltic strata, attracted not only a national, but a European attention. In 1788, he published an account of experiments for determining the temperature of the earth's surface in Ireland—a work highly valued by the learned, and which finds a place in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. It is painful to be obliged to add, that this distinguished scholar lost his life, in the north of Ireland, during a season of temporary insurrection.

## DR. YOUNG,

a native of Roscommon, born in 1750, was educated in Trinity College. In 1775, he rose to the enjoyment of the highest distinction of that university. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the Newtonian system of philosophy, and was the principal founder of the Royal Irish Academy—a society that has, for its short existence, conferred incalculable benefits on the neglected intellect of Ireland.

“In the intervals of his severer studies, he applied himself to modern languages; and the result of his labors may be seen in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, to which he also contributed largely on mathematical and philosophical subjects. Besides these, he published the following learned and ingenious works: 1. The Phenomena of Sounds and Musical Strings, 1784, 8vo. 2. The Force of Testimony, &c., 4to. 3. The Number of Primitive Colors in Solar Light: on the Precession of the Equinoxes: Principles of Natural Philosophy, 1800, 8vo., being his last publication, and containing the substance of his lectures in the college.



“In 1786, when the professorship of philosophy in Trinity College became vacant, he had attained so high a reputation in that branch of science, that he was elected to the office without opposition. His *Essay on Sounds* had been published two years, and it was known that he was engaged in the arduous task of illustrating the *Principia* of Newton. He now devoted himself to the duties of his professorship; and the college having been enriched with the excellent apparatus of Mr. Atwood, Dr. Young improved the occasion of carrying his lectures to a degree of perfection unknown in the University of Dublin, and never, perhaps, exceeded in any other. He proceeded, in the mean time, in his great work, the *Method of Prime and Ultimate Ratios*, illustrated by a *Commentary* on the first two Books of the *Principia*, and had nearly completed it in English when he was advised by his friends to publish it in Latin. He readily acquiesced, and thus had an opportunity, while translating it, of revising the whole, and rendering it fuller and more perfect.”

This distinguished scholar died at Whitworth, in Lancashire, in 1800.

---

#### AYLMER,

of Balrath, in Ireland, from being captain of a war ship, on the accession of James the Second, was advanced to the command of the British fleet, in the time of William the Third and Queen Anne. George the First made him, in 1718, Baron Aylmer of the Kingdom of Ireland; and in 1720, a rear-admiral of Great Britain. All these honors he won by his surpassing bravery and consummate skill. The fleet of England derived the most of its glories, for fifty years, from the example of his valor and the direction of his genius.

---

### AUTHORS, ARTISTS, MUSICIANS, ACTORS, &c.

Under this head, I will present a few leading Irishmen, who have distinguished themselves in the general walk of literature and art. It will be seen, even from the meagre outlines I give, that, in all those departments where genius, wit, taste, fancy, conception, and execution, are required, to embody, illustrate, or adorn, thought or action, the sons of Erin stand preëminent, and have laid their haughty neighbors of England under obligations which they never can return, and will be slow to acknowledge.

## GEORGE BARRET;

a poor journeyman print-colorer, of the poorest part of the city of Dublin. He manifested some taste in landscape sketches, and got introduced to Edmund Burke, who brought him into note. His first studies were made at West's Academy, in Dublin. The Earl of Powerscourt, at Burke's suggestion, subsequently patronized him. He was taken up by that nobleman to study the magnificent scenery of the Dargle, where he imbibed so thoroughly the images and colors of nature, that his pieces were eagerly sought for by the most distinguished of the gentry. He won premiums, from the Dublin Society, for landscapes in oil, and was finally induced to go to London, that market for genius. He came there in 1762, where his fame had previously arrived; and here this distinguished son of *Ireland* founded the ROYAL ACADEMY OF ENGLAND, for the promotion and encouragement of the fine arts. He was unequalled in his close resemblance to nature. His best pictures are in the collections of the Dukes of Buccleuch and Portland. He died in 1784, in the enjoyment of an income from the British government, and the honorary situation of painter to Chelsea Hospital.

## THOMAS PARNELL,

the poet, was born in Dublin, in 1679. His family were wealthy, and he received a good education. When he grew up, he soon found his way into the literary circles of London, and formed friendships with Addison, Pope, Steele, Swift, and others. He contributed many delightful papers to the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the arguments of which were conveyed in the medium of visions. His poetry is thus characterized by Dr. Johnson: "In his verse there is more happiness than pains; he is sprightly without effort, and always delights, though he never ravishes. Every thing is proper, yet every thing seems casual." He died in 1717.

## SIR RICHARD STEELE,

the contributor of a considerable number of the delightful papers of the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and *Tatler*, the bosom friend of Addison, and his equal in literary composition of peculiar beauty, was born in Dublin, 1671. His father was a member of the Irish bar, and took care to bestow on him a good education. He was, when approaching maturity, sent to the English Academy called the "Charter House," where he

contracted that friendship with Addison which resulted in the publication of those transcendent models of English literature, the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, &c.

Young Steele began life as a private soldier in the Guards. His talents recommended him to Lord Cutts, the colonel of the regiment, who made him his private secretary. From this he was promoted to a government office worth three hundred pounds a year. The office he filled was that of editor of the *London Gazette*, where he worked, "according to order," in recording government events.

He now employed his leisure hours in writing for the stage. His first piece, the *Funeral*, or *Grief-a-la-mode*, took admirably. In 1703, he produced the *Tender Husband*; in 1704, the *Lying Lover*. In 1709, he published the first number of the *Tatler*, the first of a series of essays on morals, science, and literature, which so excited London that several thousand impressions were daily sold. His name was now raised to an equality with the highest.

On the 2d of January, 1711, he discontinued the *Tatler*, without acquainting his friend Addison, and began the *Spectator*, which extended to several volumes, and which stands, to this hour, a monument of his knowledge, and a standard of style in English composition. Addison contributed to this work, and Parnell, his own countryman, wrote for it those beautiful moral pieces, under the head of "*Visions*," which are at once so instructive and fascinating.

After these came the *Guardian*, and other works of a like nature. In the production of these beautiful papers, his friends broke in upon him, and deranged and retarded his labors. Old Null, the original printer of the *Tatler*, declared that he actually saw one paper written by Steele in his bed, at midnight, while he was waiting to carry it to the office.

In the mean time, he wrote several political pamphlets in favor of the whigs, and relinquished his office to sit in parliament. He was ultimately returned to that assembly in 1714. It is unnecessary to pursue him through the stormy seas of politics, for which, indeed, he was totally unfitted. His soul was bent to literary compositions; to wit, to poetry, and the drama. Although his income was considerable, he was beset by the habitual error of his countrymen — *improvidence*. He was twice married; depended, in his latter days, on the property of his second wife; and died in 1729. His friendship for Addison continued during that gifted writer's life, and their joint works will live as long as the language in which they were so beautifully written.

## SIR PHILIP FRANCIS,

*the author of the celebrated letters signed JUNIUS*, was born in Dublin, the 22d of October, 1740. His father was a clergyman of the Church of England, who had distinguished himself by translations of Horace, and other classical works. The subject of our notice received a good share of his education in Dr. Ball's school, in Ship Street, Dublin. He was subsequently sent to London, where he studied for some time in St. Paul's School. An introduction to Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, led to his appointment in the secretary of state's office. From this he was appointed secretary to General Bligh, in which capacity he was present at the capture of Cherbourg. He was appointed secretary of an embassy to Portugal, and subsequently to the war-office, where he remained eleven years.

In 1772, having conceived that he was ill treated by Lord Barrington, he retired from that office. In that year, he travelled over the Continent, and on his return, in 1773, he reobtained the friendship of Lord North, who was then prime minister of England. Shortly after this, he was sent to India as a member of the commission appointed to reform the powers and government of the East India Company. The majority of the commissioners lost their health and died in India, leaving Mr. Francis to battle all alone with the celebrated tyrant and plunderer, *Warren Hastings*. A duel was one of the consequences of this struggle, in which Francis was shot through the body, but survived the apparently mortal wound in a wonderful manner. When fully recovered, he returned to England, having stopped, in his passage, a few months at St. Helena.

In 1784, he was returned a member of the British parliament, and opposed Pitt's India bill, which was intended to take away trial by jury from the natives. It was then he delivered an eloquent philippic against that minister, who, in consequence, never after forgave him.

In 1787, Francis moved the revenue charge against Warren Hastings, which he carried, by a direct majority of sixteen, against the crown. The hatred of Pitt rose in intensity towards one who seemed determined to make no compromise with corruption. When the managers for the prosecution of Hastings had been nominated by parliament, Pitt contrived, by a dexterous effort, to have Sir Philip excluded from the committee. Burke, who was chairman of that committee, to which he gave most valuable assistance in the impeachment of Hastings, prepared an address to Francis, which was signed by all its members, acknowledging his integrity, talent, and accurate knowledge of Indian affairs.

In 1792, he stood forward the champion of parliamentary reform, and wrote, in behalf of the principle, some of the most eloquent essays of the day. His denunciations of the traffic in slaves, then extensively carried on by the English aristocracy in all parts of the world, remain as examples of human equity and disinterested philanthropy.

In 1770—1772, he contributed to the Public Advertiser the celebrated letters signed Junius. These eloquent denunciations of corruption in government have been gathered and published in two volumes. That work has passed into every European language. It has been viewed as a model of eloquent political logic, satire, and invective. Sir Philip Francis kept up his incognito to the last; but during his life, a rigorous inquiry was instituted about these letters, which had now acquired such celebrity that many most eminent men were given to the world as their authors. A book was at length published entitled *An Inquiry into the Authorship of the Junius Letters*, from which I make the following extract:—

“Sir Philip Francis was undoubtedly Junius; for the premises are established on the clearest and most satisfactory evidence.

“With the ability and the opportunity, he had the *inducement* to write the letters. He is proved to have possessed the constitutional principles, political opinions, and personal views, of the author. His public attachments and animosities were the same. He had the same private friends, acquaintances, and opponents. In the country of his birth, in the mode of his education, in his opportunities of political instruction, early initiation into state affairs, and inclination to profit by his advantages; in having access to the first sources of information respecting the king, the court, the cabinet, and every department under government, with which Junius seems familiar, the resemblance is most strikingly preserved. It is heightened by his having the same disposition, hopes and fears, habits, pursuits, and even personal appearance. In attending parliament without being a member; in the practice of taking notes, and reporting speeches; in hearing the same debates, and quoting the same speeches, even at the time they were unpublished; in writing anonymously; and in employing, throughout all his works, similar phrases, metaphors, sentiments, illustrations, maxims, quotations, and trains of thought, the identity is still further apparent. But in his connection with the war office, in that excessive zeal and evidently personal feeling with which his own interests are maintained and his name is mentioned; in the critical period of his retiring from the public service; in the duration of his absence from England; and in the time of his return, with his consequent departure for India, we meet with proofs which inevitably show that he is Junius.

“It should also be observed that in a supplement to this work, *specimens of the hand-writing both of Junius and Sir Philip Francis are exhibited, in the general character, and even the minute peculiarities of which, the agreement is too prominent, too definite, to be overlooked or resisted.*”

Sir Philip died in London, 1818, 79 years old.

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

the author of popular Histories of England, Rome, and Greece, of the Deserted Village, Animated Nature, and several other valuable works in prose and verse, was born in the parish of Fores, in the county Longford, Ireland, 29th November, 1728. The poet's father was a clergyman of the Church of England, who had four sons besides himself. At sixteen years of age, he was put, by the efforts of his father's friends, to Trinity College, as a *sizar*, viz., a *working* scholar. Here he studied with moderate attention; but, having invited some young friends to a hall and supper in his chambers, was so unlucky as to be surprised in the midst of the festival by his tutor, who violently dispersed the company, and inflicted chastisement upon poor Oliver himself. This affair had such a dispiriting effect on his mind, that he would remain no longer in the college. He sold his books and clothes, and wandered forth into the strange city, with only one shilling remaining in his pockets. He soon left Dublin, wandered into the country, and, after encountering a variety of boyish trials and adventures, made his brother acquainted with his situation, who clothed him, brought him back to college, effected a reconciliation with the authorities there, and restored him to his studies. He did not, it seems, after this, make any remarkable progress in literary acquirement or academical honors.

He left college, and returned to the country. His father died. His uncle undertook to put him through the Temple as a law student; but Oliver was not made to fathom Coke or Blackstone. He gambled, and lost the fifty pounds which his uncle gave him to defray his expenses in London; then returned to the good man, was forgiven, and they now determined he should be a doctor, and sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine, under Dr. Monroe.

This place he quitted in 1754, and embarked, in company with some others, on a voyage of adventure to Bordeaux. The vessel was driven by a storm into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the passengers landed to refresh. Here they were all seized as the emissaries of Louis the Fifteenth. Young Goldsmith, with the others, was imprisoned several days, and subsequently made his way to the Continent. He is believed to have set out upon his travels with only one clean shirt, and no money in his pocket. He had, however, "a knack at hoping;" and, in a situation in which any other individual would have laid his account with starving, he undertook the tour of Europe.

It is generally understood that, in the History of a Philosophic Vaga-

bond, (*Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. 20,) he has related many of his own adventures. He played tolerably well on the German flute, which, from an amusement, became, at times, the means of his subsistence. "Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall," says he, "I played one of my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day; but in truth," his constant expression, "I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavors to please them." His learning also procured him a hospitable reception at most of the religious houses he visited; and in this precarious way of existence he arrived in Switzerland, where he first cultivated his poetical talent with any great effect, having despatched from hence the original sketch of his delightful epistle, the Traveller, to his brother Henry. And the circumstances described in the pathetic exordium of this beautiful poem, —

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," —

were doubtless frequently and severely felt by him during his excursion.

The affecting sentiment contained in the following can only be appreciated by wanderers like him.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,  
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

After visiting Italy, he returned through France on foot, and came to England in 1756. He had but a few coppers in his pocket on his arrival in London. Having obtained a situation as usher in a school, the employment kept him from starving. This place he quitted, and then tried, unsuccessfully, several apothecaries for employment. A chemist took him in, and gave him some assistance.

At length, his friend, Dr. Sleigh, coming to London, and finding him in this poor condition, took him by the hand, offered him his purse, and set him up as a practising physician. He was not very successful in this undertaking. Becoming acquainted with Dr. Milner, he was introduced through him to several publishers, and then ventured to launch the *Life of Voltaire* as his first work for publication. This was followed by his *State of Polite Literature in Europe*, and several other light publications. He was employed six or eight months to write for the *Monthly Journal*; then started a weekly paper, called the *Bee*, which fell at the eighth number.

He was introduced, through Smollett, to Newbury, of the *Public Ledger*, for whom he wrote the celebrated *Chinese Letters*, which were

afterwards collected into two volumes, entitled the *Citizen of the World*.

After this, he produced his *Vicar of Wakefield*, which he submitted to Johnson, who read and approved of it. Newbury gave him sixty pounds for the copyright. He then began *Letters on the History of England, the Art of Poetry, and the Traveller*. His fame was now established, and the booksellers sought him. His *Roman History* soon appeared, and he wrote a play for the stage, entitled the *Good-Natured Man*, which brought him five hundred pounds. He was now sought for, as Johnson was, to write prefaces for the productions of other authors. These compositions were done in so captivating a style, that one bookseller engaged him to write a *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*. He also wrote a *Life of Parnell*, and selected classical English tales for the boarding-schools.

In 1767, he produced his elegant poem, the *Deserted Village*. The objects and characters belong to his native village. Here is a specimen.

“Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,  
 Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,  
 And parting Summer's lingering bloom delayed;  
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;  
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
 How often have I paused on every charm,  
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
 The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,  
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
 How often have I blessed the coming day,  
 When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,  
 And all the village train, from labor free,  
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;  
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
 The young contending as the old surveyed;  
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
 And sleights of art, and feats of strength, went round;  
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;  
 The dancing pair, that simply sought renown  
 By holding out to tire each other down;  
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,  
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;



The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
 The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove:—  
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;  
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:  
 These were thy charms:—but all these charms are fled!"

In 1773, he produced the popular comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*. This brought him eight hundred and fifty pounds, and he received a like sum for his *Animated Nature*. But his convivial habits, added to gaming propensities, caused him to be almost forever in debt. He usually hired apartments at a farm-house in the neighborhood of London, where he labored incessantly in completing his literary works. These he brought into London, sold to the booksellers, and revelled on the proceeds, with all the wits of the age.

This unequal sort of life cut short his career. He died at the age of forty-five. His admirers have erected a marble monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, in the Poet's Corner, with an appropriate epitaph from Dr. Johnson; but his books, the very best written in the English language, are his best and most lasting monument.

#### ARTHUR O'LEARY,

a Roman Catholic clergyman, who would have conferred honor on any profession by the benevolence of his character, was a native of Ireland, which country he quitted, when young, for France, studied at the College of St. Malo, in Brittany, and at length entered into the Franciscan order of Capuchins. He then officiated for some time as chaplain to the English prisoners during the seven years' war, for which he received a small pension from the French government, which he retained till the revolution in that country.

Having obtained permission to go to Ireland, he obtained, by his talents, the notice and recompense of the Irish government, and took an early opportunity of showing the superiority of his courage and genius, by principally attacking the heterodox doctrines of Michael Servetus, revived at that time by a Dr. Blair, of the city of Cork. After this, in 1782, when there was a disposition to relax the rigor of the penal laws against the Roman Catholics, and establish a sort of test oath, he published a tract, entitled *Loyalty Asserted, or the Test Oath Vindicated*, in which, in opposition to most of his brethren, he endeavored to prove that the Roman Catholics of Ireland might, consistently with their

religion, swear that the pope possessed there no temporal authority, which was the chief point on which the oath hinged; and in other respects he evinced his liberality, and his desire to restrain the impetuosity of his brethren. His other productions were of a various and miscellaneous nature; and several effusions are supposed to have come from his pen which he did not think it necessary, or perhaps prudent, to acknowledge. He was a man gifted liberally with wit and humor, and possessed great acquirements. He was a member of the volunteer convention of 1783, and was deservedly respected by that patriotic body. He wrote on polemical subjects without acrimony, and on politics with a spirit of conciliation. For many years he resided in London, as principal of the Roman Catholic chapel in Soho Square, where he was highly esteemed by people of his religion. In his private character he was always cheerful, gay, sparkling with wit, and full of anecdote. He died at an advanced age, in January, 1802, and was interred in St. Pancras churchyard.

A collection of his miscellaneous tracts has been published in one volume, octavo; and Dr. Woodward, bishop of Cloyne, to whom one of them was written, acknowledges him to write with both strength and eloquence. Mr. Wesley also styles him an "arch and lively writer."

#### WILLIAM HALLIDAY,

eminent for his profound knowledge of the Irish language, was the son of a druggist of Dublin, and was born 1788. To a fine taste for the arts he added a critical knowledge of the classic and modern languages; but that in which he was most deeply versed was the Irish, with which, until the latter years of his life, he was wholly unacquainted. By a close application to the vellum MSS., assisted by some imperfect Irish glossaries, he attained so extraordinary a facility in understanding the most ancient writings of the country, as surprised those who spoke it from their infancy — a circumstance which should incite others to the study of a language so ancient, and which is by no means so difficult to acquire as many suppose. He constructed a grammar and glossary of the Irish language, and translated part of Keating's History of Ireland, but was cut off in his youth, and died at twenty-four years of age.

#### EDMUND MALONE,

the celebrated critic, and commentator on Shakspeare, was born in Dublin, 1741. He came from a respectable family, and was educated for the

bar, to which he was called in 1767. Having become suddenly possessed of a considerable fortune by legacy, he gave up his profession, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. His Commentaries on Shakspeare is a standard work. He wrote also a short Life of Dryden, whose scattered poetry he collected. He was the friend of Boswell, whose Life of Johnson, after Boswell's death, he superintended for the benefit of the author's family. He also wrote the Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and superintended the publication of his works. He was one of Sir Joshua's executors. He wrote a Life of Windham, which was the last performance of his life. His death happened in 1818, in the 70th year of his age. He was buried in Westmeath.

#### CHARLES MACKLIN,

the eminent tragedian, was born about 1690. His father was respectable, of the ancient Milesian family of *M Laughlin*, which, in his own words, he "*Englished to Macklin.*" In 1741, he first appeared in the London theatres as Shylock. Pope, who witnessed the representation, pronounced it to be "the Jew which Shakspeare drew." He suffered a variety of vicissitudes; was unfortunately cursed with a bad temper, which blasted almost all his prospects. *The Man of the World*, and *Love-a-la-Mode*, were two of the most successful pieces of his composition. He retired at one time from the stage, and opened a tavern and debating society. By this he became a bankrupt. His daughter was highly accomplished, and cut a considerable figure on the stage. He was the contemporary and friend of Garrick, Foote, Barry, Colman, and the other stars of that brilliant constellation. He lived to the age of eighty, and his friends made up a sum of fifteen hundred pounds to purchase an annuity. His pride and ill-temper prevented him amassing an independent fortune; for his talents, as author and actor, were varied, original, and sterling. His life, to a lover of the drama, is full of interest, and may be studied at length in the "*British Stage.*"

#### HUGH KELLY,

born on the banks of Killarney, 1739, was the author of several excellent dramatic pieces and political works; amongst which were the *Babbler*, in two pocket volumes, which had a great circulation in London, where it was published; a comedy, called *False Delicacy*, the success of which may be judged of from the fact that it was translated into the Portuguese, French, Italian, and German languages. He also

wrote the *School for Wives*, which holds its place on the stage to the present time.

Kelly was author of several other pamphlets and plays of lesser celebrity. He died in 1777, leaving a wife and five children in distress; but the admirers of his talents, including the celebrated Dr. Johnson, exerted themselves to have some of his plays performed for her benefit, the proceeds of which relieved her.

#### RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKEN;

a fascinating writer of small dramatic trifles, a charming poet, and the author of many popular ballads, among which was the *Groves of Blarney*, sung with such wonderful eclat by the lamented Power. Mr. Milliken was born in 1767, in Castle Martyr, in the county of Cork, and was one of the most leading wits and pleasing writers of his time. He was an artist, too, of considerable taste. He laid the foundation of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Cork, which fostered and developed such brilliant artists as Macliese, Hogan, O'Shea, and some others, who stand at the head of European art. Milliken died in 1815. In the course of his varied projects to amuse and instruct his countrymen, he established a little exhibition of puppets, named the *Patagonian Theatre*, in the present lecture-room of the Cork Institution. Never, perhaps, was more wit or ingenuity displayed than in the various bills of performance, and mechanical contrivances; and several of our most popular operas and farces were performed by these wooden actors in a very pleasing manner. The prologue usually spoken was written by Mr. Milliken, and is peculiarly playful: as a specimen, —

“ Look at the stage of life, and you shall see  
 How many *blockheads* act as well as we.  
 Through all this world such actors still abound,  
 With heads as hard, but not with hearts as sound.  
 Of real life to make the likeness good,  
 We have our actors from congenial wood:  
 For instance, Dr. Bolus here you'll see  
 Shake his grave noddle in *sage ebony*;  
 Soldiers in *laurel*; lawyers and the church  
 In *sable-yew*, and pedagogues in *birch*;  
 Ladies in *satin-wood*, and dying swains  
 In *weeping-willow* melodize their pains;  
 Poets in *bay*; in *crab-tree*, politicians;  
 And any *bit of stick* will make musicians;  
 Quakers in good *sound deal* we make, — plain folk, —  
 And Irish tars in heart of native *oak* !”

## SPRANGER BARRY, THE ACTOR,

who divided the laurels with Garrick for upwards of twenty years, was a native of the city of Dublin, born 1719. His favorite characters were Macbeth, Lear, Othello. For the imbodiment of the latter, it is said by his biographer, he seemed to have been born.

## JAMES BARRY, THE PAINTER,

the most eminent historical painter of his age, was born in Cork, in 1741. His father was a sailor, and young Barry frequently accompanied him in his coasting voyages. But his predilection for sketching soon indicated the bent of his mind, and he devoted his nights, as well as his days, to the passionate pursuit of his favorite study. He used to sit up all night drawing or transcribing from books. At two-and-twenty, he painted the first arrival of St. Patrick in the south of Ireland, and the baptism of the pagan king of Cashell. Edmund Burke, who was then at once the arbiter and patron of the budding talent of his native country, saw this picture; admired the original genius it displayed; brought him to England; provided him with the means of proceeding to Rome to prosecute his studies, which he pursued with a degree of intensity that may be gathered from his own letter — “My hopes are grounded in a most unwearied *intense* application. I every day centre more and more upon my art. I give myself totally to it, and, except honor and conscience, am determined to renounce every thing else.” On his return to England, he painted, for the Society for the Promotion of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, a series of allegorical pictures, illustrating the progress of human knowledge, which *now decorate* the great room of the society in London. This splendid work, consisting of six great pictures, — two forty feet square, and four twelve feet square, — cost him three years’ labor, during which he endured the greatest privations, living on *bread and apples* most of the time. It stands in London, exhibiting a “mastery of design, a grasp of thought, and a sublimity of conception, which secure to the author a triple wreath of immortality as an artist, a philanthropist, and a philosopher.”

His works stand, upon the proud walls of Albion, a lasting evidence of Irish genius. Dr. Johnson says, alluding to them: “There is a grasp of mind there you will find nowhere else.”

Barry was anxious to have a set of prints of his great pieces engraved, and proposed the matter to the Society of Arts; but, they taking a longer time to consider than he deemed necessary, “he,” says the British biogra-

pher, "in his usual independent method, boldly undertook and completed the work without any assistance, even to the writing and printing on copper, and finished them about the year 1793." He was soon after elected to the chair of painting in the Society of Arts, which was the official recognition of his supremacy over all the artists of England; indeed, he may be said to have founded the English Academy of Painting, of which he was the first president. But a dispute, or perhaps a jealousy, arose between himself and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the celebrated English painter, which occasioned a broil in the society, and created two parties; and that of Reynolds being the most numerous, Barry was removed by vote from the president's chair, into which Reynolds was inducted. He painted at least twenty first-class pictures, among which, "Venus rising from the Sea" is equal to the performance of Angelo. He also wrote a Dictionary of Painters, exhibiting a wonderful knowledge of history and biography.

This extraordinary genius died in 1806, in rather poor circumstances. The following account of his last scene is taken from Gould's Dictionary of Artists: After his death, the body was laid in state in the great room at the Adelphi, which is surrounded by his grand series of pictures; it might be truly applied to him, as to another great and neglected man, (Sir Christopher Wren,) "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" His remains were interred in a vault in the sub-structure of St. Paul's Cathedral, near those of Sir Christopher Wren and Sir Joshua Reynolds, covered with a flat stone, with the following inscription:—

THE  
GREAT HISTORICAL PAINTER,  
JAMES BARRY,  
DIED 22d FEB. 1806.  
AGED 65.

The funeral was attended from the society's rooms to the Cathedral by the following distinguished men: Drs. Fryer and Coombe, chief mourners; Sir Robert Peel; R. Clarke, chamberlain of London; General Watson; Caleb Whiteford; Dr. Powel; Dr. Taylor; all of whom were members of the society: together with several others who admired his genius and talent.

Phillips has dropped the tribute of Erin on his grave in the following:—

"Lo! by the sod where classic Barry sleeps,  
Genius, low bending, droops the wing and weeps."

## J. DIXON,

a mezzotinto engraver, born in Dublin, studied at the royal academy. He suddenly surprised the world with his admirable engraving of Garrick, in Richard the Third, which was never equalled. Dixon captivated the heart of a lady of rank and fortune, whom he married, by which the arts lost a distinguished votary.

## EDWARD SMITH,

the celebrated sculptor, was the wonder of his age. He was born in the county Meath, 1746, and was employed, to ornament several public works, to perpetuate the forms, in statues, of several public men. His first performance was that of Dr. Lucas, which is to be seen in the royal exchange, a monument of the artist's genius. His other works are the colossal heads on the arcades of the custom-house; the majestic figures on the old parliament-house, on the four courts, and king's inns. These and several other monuments of his genius stand before the admiring stranger who visits Ireland. He died in 1818, and his son, I have heard, now pursues his walk with credit.

## JOHN HICKEY,

a native of Dublin, became a statuary of the first order. He came to London under the patronage of Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds. His basso-relievo of the massacre of the Innocents won for him the admiration of England, and the gold medal of the Royal Academy.

## WILLIAM GARDINER;

an extraordinary genius, born in Dublin, in 1766, who, after the study of various branches of science and literature, in his own country and England, settled into the business of a copper-plate engraver, in London. He engraved many of the plates for Harding & Co., who first published the illustrated Shakspeare; and his correct conceptions of the ideas of the great dramatic author contributed not a little to the success and immense sale of Harding's publication. Gardiner established his fame by this performance, and was employed by Bartolozzi, who, as appears by Gardiner's memoir, put his own name on Gardiner's plates. His works enrich the artistical fame of London, but his fortune was adverse, and in a fit of spleen and despair he committed suicide.

## GEORGE M'ALLISTER

was born in the city of Dublin, in 1786. His original profession was that of a jeweller; but the art of painting on glass arrested his attention, and, with all the enthusiasm of youthful warmth, he devoted his hours unremittingly to patient investigation, and repeated experiment; until, without the aid of patronage, instruction, or pecuniary assistance, he appeared like a bright luminary, dispelling the darkness with which self-interest had hitherto shrouded this particular branch of the fine arts. The delight and approbation with which a discerning public viewed his advances in the art may be judged from this proof, that the Dublin Society, 3d of December, 1807, after a critical examination of his performances, presented this youthful artist (then under twenty-one years) with a diploma, signifying, in the most honorable and flattering terms, their unlimited patronage and approbation. He finished a superb window for the cathedral of Lismore — had proceeded on one of much larger dimensions for that of Tuam, and, anxious to finish it, by his incessant exertions, his bodily powers failed. The heat and fumes of the furnace brought on a fever and inflammation of the brain, and deprived the world of a life both benevolent and useful. He expired on June 14th, 1812, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, respected, admired, and beloved. He, however, communicated the principles of his art to his three sisters, who completed the windows of Tuam cathedral on his model, and still preserve and practise their brother's profession in his native city.

## JAMES M'ARDELL.

This eminent mezzotinto engraver was born, about 1710, in Dublin, which he left at an early period of life, and went to London. He was justly considered as one of the ablest artists in his branch of engraving that ever practised the art. The number of his plates is very considerable, the major part of which are portraits of persons of distinction, by the principal painters of his time. He also scraped a few plates from historical subjects, by Vandyck, Murillo, and Rembrandt, some of which are extremely fine. He died in London, 2d June, 1765.

## JOHN JARVIS,

an eminent painter on glass, was born in Dublin about 1749. He first practised his art in his native city, in the prosecution of which he was



much assisted by the chemical instructions of the late Dr. Cunningham. He then removed to London, where he was soon distinguished, and was employed to execute those beautiful works in painted glass at Oxford and Windsor, from the designs and under the inspection of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. President West. Jarvis died in London, in 1804, greatly regretted by the admirers of the fine arts.

ARTHUR MURPHY,

the celebrated dramatic author, was born in Roscommon, 1727, and was sent to St. Omer's, to receive his education. When at maturity, he was put into a mercantile house; but his bent being towards writing for the instruction or amusement of the public, he commenced the publication of a weekly paper, in London, principally devoted to the drama; after which he entered on the stage as a player, then became a lawyer, a political writer, and lastly a most successful writer for the stage. "The Way to Keep Him," "All in the Wrong," the "Citizen," "Three Weeks after Marriage," the "Grecian Daughter," are among his best pieces, and retain possession of the stage. His friends procured him a commissionership of bankruptcy from government. He died in 1805.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

Isaac Bickerstaff, the author of several dramatic pieces of sterling quality, was born in Dublin in the year 1732. He was son to the groom-porter of Dublin Castle, in the time of Lord Chesterfield. His turn being towards the stage, he wrote many charming musical plays, among which are "Love in a Village" and "Lionel and Clarissa," in which there are many popular ballads. He also wrote the admirable comedy entitled the "Hypocrite." It is supposed he wrote for some of the popular periodicals then published in London, viz., the "Guardian," "Spectator," "Rambler," &c. He died in London, in 1816, at the advanced age of 84, in very poor circumstances.

MOSSOP. — WILKS. — MRS. WOFFINGTON.

Mossop, the celebrated tragedian, was born in Tuam, in 1720. The stage at this period was the object of young ambition. The church was dull, and parliament was dead. Mossop shone brightly in the same horizon with Garrick, Barry, and Macklin. He frequently supposed himself the

identical person he represented; from which circumstance his imbodiment was generally complete, and won the applause of the public. Mossop died young and poor.

The celebrated Wilks and the no less celebrated Mrs. Woffington were the stars of comedy in Britain and Ireland for several years. They were both Irish, and unrivalled in their respective walks.

#### ARTHUR O'NEILL.

This celebrated bard was, like Carolan, blind. His performance on the harp was unrivalled; and we are credibly assured that many of the Irish national airs would have been lost, but for his retentive memory and pure taste. In Irish genealogy, in heraldry, and bardic lore, O'Neill was preëminent. He died at Maydown, in Armagh, towards the close of October 1816, aged ninety.

#### KANE O'HARA,

the author of the laughable burletta of "Midas," was a native of Ireland, and the younger brother of a genteel family. He had an exquisite taste in music, and uncommon skill in the burlesque. He died June 17, 1782, having for some years been deprived of his eyesight. He wrote the "Two Misers," a musical farce; the "Golden Pip-pin," and "April Day," both burlettas; and altered "Tom Thumb," originally written by Fielding, to its present form.

#### LAURENCE STERNE,

the author of "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey," was born in Clonmel, in the south of Ireland, in the year 1713. His father was a lieutenant in the army; and it has been conjectured, with some reason, that his affecting story of Lefevre was founded on the circumstances of his father's family. Sterne was educated for the English church, and, during his life, filled many offices in the establishment. He published a volume of sermons, which are standard models in that department of eloquence. His "Sentimental Journey through France" has been censured for the freedom which pervades it, and it must be owned there are pages in the book which it were better for his moral reputation had never appeared. After making this allowance, there is still so much brilliancy and sublimity in the book, that the reader will be forced to drop a tear over his errors, while he admires the philosophy and genius

of the writer. Sterne enjoyed the friendship of Swift and the other great lights of the day. He died in 1768.

•  
MICHAEL KELLY, THE MUSICIAN,

born in Dublin, about the year 1777, was the eldest of fourteen children. His father was a wine-merchant, and held the office of master of the ceremonies in Dublin Castle, which, he being a Catholic, was no small evidence of his talents in that bigoted era. At seven years of age, young Kelly (the subject of our sketch) showed a musical taste, which his father had carefully cultivated by placing him under the best masters. Morland and Dr. Arne gave him the chief instructions; and, having a fine voice, he sang on the stage in Italian opera at fifteen, and won unbounded applause. He was then sent by his father to Italy, to study the music of that nation. Here he so far succeeded in mastering this most difficult science, that he was engaged as first tenor in opera in various cities of that musical country.

From thence he travelled on the continent of Europe; was engaged at the Italian opera in Vienna, Paris, and several other fashionable cities. He next returned to Dublin, where his performances astonished and delighted his countrymen,—no small proof of his talent. Besides being a distinguished singer of Italian music, he played Macheath, Young Meadows, and kindred characters in English opera. Having obtained the approving stamp of Dublin and Italy, he was eagerly sought for by the London managers. Sheridan, his brilliant countryman, who was the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, gave him a permanent engagement; and he composed all the music for the new pieces brought out at that theatre. He was at the same time engaged as manager of the English Opera House, and chief music-master of the king's private band, and was for many years the personal companion of the Prince of Wales.

Kelly was a true melodist, and arranged, at the instance of George the Fourth, upwards of two hundred common tunes for the church, finding words to suit them in the Psalms of David,—all which have become part of the church music of England. He gives us, in his own charming "Reminiscences," many interesting opinions concerning music, and quotes the following from Haydn: "Haydn says it is the air which is the charm of music; patience and study are sufficient for the composition of agreeable sounds; but the invention of a fine melody is the work of genius. The truth is, a fine air needs neither ornament nor accessories in order to please. Would you know whether it really be fine, sing it with-

out accompaniments." And Kelly adds, in confirmation of Haydn, that he met with ninety-nine good musical theorists to one melodist.

Kelly occupied this distinguished position in England from 1800 to 1825, during which he wrote the music of sixty English operas and burlettas, exclusive of, at least, five hundred standard songs, which are now called *English!* And he may be said to have laid the foundation of an English musical school. Having opened a music-store near the Opera House in London, and left the concern to the management of dishonest assistants, he lost his accumulated wealth, and, at the close of his life, depended upon an annual benefit from the King's Opera House. In 1825, he wrote a most entertaining book, entitled his *Reminiscences*, in which the history of music, in Europe, for half a century, is delightfully told.

He has placed in that book the names of the various operas and musical pieces that he composed, many of which were burned on the destruction of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1808. Of all the men he ever became acquainted with, he says he loved Sheridan best of any.

Mr. Kelly concludes his book with the following surprising page, which contains a list of the pieces for which he composed the music:—

False Appearances.....	General Conway ...	Drury Lane.....	1789.
Fashionable Friends.....	.....	ibid.....	1789.
A Friend in Need.....	Prince Hoare.....	ibid.....	9th Feb. 1797.
Last of the Family.....	Cumberland.....	ibid.....	8th May, 1797.
Chimney-Corner.....	Walsh Porter.....	ibid.....	7th Oct. 1797.
Castle Spectre.....	M. G. Lewis.....	ibid.....	14th Dec. 1797.
Blue Beard.....	G. Colman.....	ibid.....	16th Jan. 1798.
Outlaws.....	Franklin.....	ibid.....	16th Oct. 1798.
Captive of Spielberg.....	Prince Hoare.....	ibid.....	Oct. 1798.
Aurelia and Miranda .....	Boaden.....	ibid.....	29th Dec. 1798.
Feudal Times.....	G. Colman.....	ibid.....	19th Jan. 1799.
Pizarro.....	Sheridan.....	ibid.....	24th May, 1799.
Of Age To-morrow.....	Dibdin.....	ibid.....	1st Feb. 1800.
De Montford.....	Miss Baillie.....	ibid.....	29th April, 1800.
Indians.....	Fenwick.....	ibid.....	6th Oct. 1800.
Deaf and Dumb.....	{ Translated from the French by Holcroft, and adapted to the English stage by Mr. Kem- ble..... }		.....ibid.....24th Feb. 1801.
Adelmorn.....	M. G. Lewis.....	ibid.....	4th May, 1801.
Gipsy Prince.....	T. Moore.....	Haymarket.....	24th July, 1801.

Urania.....	Hon. W. Spencer..	Drury Lane.....	22d Jan. 1802.
Algonah.....	Cobb .....	ibid.....	30th April, 1802.
House to be Sold.....	Cobb .....	ibid.....	17th Nov. 1802.
Hero of the North.....	Dimond.....	ibid.....	19th Feb. 1803.
Marriage Promise.....	Allingham.....	ibid.....	26th April, 1803.
Love laughs at Locksmiths.	G. Colman.....	Haymarket.....	25th July, 1803.
Cinderella.....	Mr. James.....	Drury Lane.....	8th Jan. 1804.
Counterfeit.....	Franklin .....	ibid.....	13th March, 1804.
Hunter of the Alps.....	Dimond .....	Haymarket.....	3d July, 1804.
Gay Deceivers.....	G. Colman.....	ibid.....	22d Aug. 1804.
Blind Bargain.....	Reynolds .....	Covent Garden..	24th Oct. 1804.
The Land we Live in.....	Holt.....	Drury Lane.....	29th Dec. 1804.
Honey Moon.....	Tobin .....	ibid.....	31st Jan. 1805.
Prior Claim.....	Pye and Arnold.....	ibid.....	29th Oct. 1805.
Youth, Love, and Folly...	Dimond .....	ibid.....	23d May, 1805.
We Fly by Night.....	G. Colman.....	Covent Garden..	28th Jan. 1806.
Forty Thieves.....	Ward.....	Drury Lane.....	8th April, 1806.
Adrian and Orrila.....	Dimond .....	Covent Garden..	15th Nov. 1806.
Young Hussar.....	Dimond.....	Drury Lane.....	12th March, 1807.
Town and Country.....	Morton .....	Covent Garden..	10th March, 1807.
Wood Demon.....	M. G. Lewis .....	Drury Lane.....	1st April, 1807.
House of Morville.....	Lake .....	ibid.....	23d April, 1807.
Adelgitha .....	M. G. Lewis .....	ibid.....	30th April, 1807.
Time's a Tell-Tale.....	H. Siddons.....	ibid.....	26th Oct. 1807.
Jew of Mogadore.....	Cumberland .....	ibid.....	3d May, 1808.
Africans.....	G. Colman.....	Haymarket.....	29th July, 1808.
Venoni .....	M. G. Lewis.....	Drury Lane.....	1st Dec. 1808.
Foundling of the Forest...	Dimond .....	Haymarket.....	9th July, 1809.
Jubilee .....	Arnold .....	Lyceum.....	25th Oct. 1809.
Gustavus Vasa.....	Dimond .....	Covent Garden..	26th Nov. 1810.
Ballet .....	Des Hayes .....	Opera House.....	1810.
Peasant Boy.....	Dimond .....	Lyceum.....	31st Jan. 1811.
Royal Oak.....	Dimond .....	Haymarket.....	10th June, 1811.
One o'Clock.....	M. G. Lewis .....	ibid.....	1st Aug. 1811.
Absent Apothecary.....	Horace Smith.....	Drury Lane.....	10th Feb. 1813.
Russians .....	T. Sheridan.....	ibid.....	13th May, 1813.
Polly, or the Sequel to the Beggar's Opera	}	ibid.....	16th June, 1813.
Illusion .....			
Pantomime .....	Dibdin .....	ibid.....	26th Dec. 1813.
Remorse.....	Coleridge .....	ibid.....	23d Jan. 1814.
Unknown Guest.....	Arnold.....	ibid.....	29th March, 1815.
Fall of Taranto.....	Dimond .....	Covent Garden..	1817.
Bride of Abydos.....	Dimond .....	Drury Lane.....	5th Feb. 1818.
Abudah.....	Planché .....	ibid.....	13th April, 1819.
Lady and the Devil.....	Dimond .....	ibid.....	3d May, 1820.

## AUGUSTUS WADE, POET AND MUSICIAN.

The London Illustrated News, of 19th July, 1845, gives us the following particulars about Wade:—

“Broken is the branch that might have grown full high,  
And withered is Apollo's laurel bough.” — *Marlowe*.

“Every lover of music and of poetry will regret to learn the decease of Augustus Wade, who died on Tuesday last, at 340, Strand, in his forty-fourth year. Mr. Wade's erratic career prevented him from assuming that position which his genius must have otherwise commanded; for a man of greater universal attainments has been rarely met with. He was a native of Ireland, and born at the residence of the celebrated Henry Grattan, where his mother was visiting at the time of his birth. When a boy, between nine and ten years of age, Mr. Wade left home, and presented himself at the gate of Trinity College, Dublin, and, addressing the porter in Latin, according to usage, obtained his admission. He was a pupil and especial favorite of Dr. Sands. Mr. Wade gained high academic distinction. He subsequently studied as a surgeon, but ultimately adopted music as a profession. His opera of the ‘Two Houses of Grenada’ was successfully produced at Drury Lane Theatre; and the easy, flowing style of his melodies afforded the hope that he would have maintained a leading position among our native composers. His ballads of ‘Love was once a little boy,’ and ‘Meet me by moonlight,’ attained an almost unprecedented popularity. He also composed an oratorio, called the ‘Prophecy,’ and was the author of the ‘Dwellings of Fancy,’ ‘Song of the Flowers;’ and his last work was the ‘Hand-Book to the Piano-Forte,’ with a very clever essay on the genius of that instrument, and a valuable introduction to harmony and counterpoint. Our columns have been often graced with many beautiful effusions of his music and musical inspiration. Mr. Wade was a classical scholar, a master of modern languages, an accomplished instrumentalist, and a profound theorist. He was agreeable and courteous in personal character and conversation, generous and frank in disposition.”

## MICHAEL O'CASEY;

an extraordinary person, who lived in Mitre Alley, in Dublin, about twenty years ago, and who practised, with astonishing success, as a

poor man's doctor. He lived to a great age, and had in his possession seventy-three very old and valuable volumes in vellum bound in modern covers. They contained *several thousand* recipes in the Irish, and also in the Latin language, written in a very beautiful, but very old Irish character. The title-pages of nearly all were defaced; but they were supposed to belong to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and to have descended traditionally from family to family. From some of these manuscripts O'Hickey made translations, by which it appears, says the learned Whitelaw, *that the circulation of the blood was described by the authors several centuries* before Harvey's time, to whom the discovery is commonly attributed.

#### EDWARD O'REILLY,

the author of the Irish Dictionary, was born in Harold's Cross, near Dublin, and educated in that city, where he had never heard Irish spoken. He applied himself to the study of the language by accident. In the year 1794, a young man of the name of Wright, who was to emigrate from his native country, had a number of books to dispose of, which consisted chiefly of Irish manuscripts. They had been collected by O'Gorman, who was some years before clerk to Mary's Lane Chapel—the person from whom Dr. Young, then bishop of Clontarf, and General Vallancy, had learned Irish. This library, which filled five large sacks, Mr. O'Reilly purchased from Wright, and, on examination, found himself possessed of a collection of rare and valuable manuscripts, for some of which he refused fifty guineas. Master of this valuable collection, he commenced the study of the Irish language, which he soon mastered; and has since published a dictionary of that hitherto neglected tongue, which is esteemed among the best extant.

#### RICHARD KIRWAN, THE CHEMIST,

was the most studious, laborious, and learned man of his day. He belonged to an old Milesian and Catholic family of Galway, which endeavored to preserve its property; was sent, when a youth, to the Jesuits' College at Poitiers, where he devoted himself to chemistry and philosophy. His elder brother, who possessed the family estate, dying while he was at college, he returned to the enjoyment of a good annual income. He then established himself in Dublin, where he spent his ample

fortune, not in idle dissipation, but in the most profound investigation of nature. He erected an extensive laboratory, and was attended in all his experiments by a servant as singular as himself, who remained with him for fifty years. Lady Morgan describes him as pale, lank, bilious, and thoughtful: he died a few days after his master, and both were buried in one grave.

Mr. Kirwan's chemical inquiries, for a period of fifty years, throw upon that interesting science a wonderful light. He acquired a European reputation, and left behind him many able works upon that subject. He was the first who published in Ireland the analysis of soils for agricultural experiment, — a work which laid the foundation of a new system of agriculture in England and Ireland. After his death, (at the age of eighty-two,) several gentlemen, admiring his works, formed a society, which they called, after him, the "Kirwanian Society," for carrying on those experiments to which Mr. Kirwan had devoted his valuable years and fortune. This society has gathered and published a good deal of knowledge connected with the topics which were the favorite study of the great man whose name they bear.

#### O'KEEFFE,

the author of many theatrical pieces and popular songs, was a true specimen of the humorous Irish bard, — witty, jovial, unsuspecting, and poor. He was born in Dublin, in 1747, as his own delightful autobiography informs us, and lived to the age of eighty-six. O'Keeffe was an amateur in music, and a good singer. In the course of a long life he wrote a great number of comedies, of which the "Gallant," "Wild Oats," "Agreeable Surprise," "London Hermit," "Young Quaker," "Fontainebleau, or, our Way in France," are amongst the most popular, for they retain their place in the English drama. Among a long string of songs of his composition that are in print, the following live in the memories (the sure test of beauty) of the Irish: "The Friend and Pitcher," "Let Fame sound her trumpet," "Ere around the huge oak," "Old Towler," "Search the wide creation." These, and many other of his songs, were introduced in his comedies and musical burlettas. His genuine talent and humor brought him under the notice of George the Fourth, who allowed him a pension of one hundred pounds a year, from the privy purse, which softened the asperities of old age. He died in 1834.



## BANIM

was born near Kilkenny, in 1790. While young, he displayed marks of talent. Ever fond of literature, he established, while yet a young man, two schools in his neighborhood, where, in the course of a few years, several hundred children received education. His first published literary production was the "O'Hara Family," a novel founded on the historical incidents of his country. This work is esteemed equal to some of Sir Walter Scott's best compositions. He has produced many delightful pieces of various sizes. No man labored harder to acquire knowledge, nor vented his stores in more agreeable language. His poetic sketches of scenery were taken from nature. He has travelled on foot over hill, and dale, and mountain, with his portfolio on his back, and a change of linen in his pocket, that Irish pictures in his novels should be true to nature. He had contracted a severe chronic disease, during his wanderings, which embittered the close of his life; and while he was writhing with torture, his active mind was engaged in creating those beautiful social pictures of life which live in his "Nowlans," the "Smugglers," the "Boyne Water," "Conscript," "Guerilla," "Ghost Hunter," and the "Dwarf." Although he received from his French bookseller (he was obliged to remove to France for the benefit of his health) a tolerable payment in promissory notes, yet that was his ruin: his bookseller failed; he was cast into prison for the unpaid notes, and soon after expired, in the midst of affliction. He died about three years ago. Application was made to Sir Robert Peel for some yearly maintenance for his widow. Twenty pounds a year was granted. The widow dying, the grant is now continued to Banim's daughter. He was a man of true genius, and an ardent lover of his country.

## MORSE, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Bartholomew Morse, a native of Maryborough, was a practising physician of Dublin about the middle of the last century. Inspired with an extraordinary philanthropy, he began the establishment of a charitable lying-in hospital in Dublin. After a few years' perseverance, he attracted the sympathies of the public so far as to commence the erection of that splendid public building, the Dublin Lying-in Hospital and Rotunda. The undertaking was finished by a liberal grant from the Irish parliament. It was according to the plans and principles of this institution (obtained from Morse) that Dr. Layard, of London, established a similar one in that city, 1747. Morse had projected many other philanthropic plans, but was cut off prematurely by death.

# LECTURE XXIII.

## O'CONNELL AND HIS TIMES.

FROM 1800 TO 1820.

*Destiny of Ireland. — Attributes of O'Connell. — The Sept O'Connell. — Romantic Scenery of Kerry. — O'Connell's Ancestors. — His Parents. — His Relations. — His Youth and Education. — Goes to the Bar. — First Speech. — State of Ireland. — The Pitt Ministry. — Deceives the Catholics. — Death of Pitt. — Coalition Ministry. — Whigs in Power. — Irish Catholics. — Their Condition. — Slavish Leaders. — Catholic Committee. — Mr. Scully. — Mr. Hay. — Death of Fox. — Napoleon's Genius. — The Veto. — Catholic Convention. — Arrest of Lord Fingal. — Prosecution of Sheridan and Kirwan. — Repeal Meeting of 1810. — O'Connell's Speech. — The Carders. — Peel. — Insurrection Acts. — Gloomy Condition of Ireland. — Fall of Napoleon. — The Veto again. — Cardinal Quarentotti. — Father Hayes. — Veto defeated. — Peelers, Spies, and Informers. — Packed Juries and False Judges. — Despotic Government. — O'Connell's Exertions. — His Duel with D'Esterre. — His Quarrel with Peel. — O'Connell's Vow. — His Annuity to the Widow of D'Esterre. — His Defence of M'Gee. — Sketch of his Person and Labors. — Lester's Opinion of him. — O'Connell's Oratory. — Portrait of him by Haverly.*

THE life and times of O'Connell form the last chapters of my eventful history. The greatest of the sons of Erin brings up the rear line of her heroes and her sages. Her integrity, her endurance, her glory, and her misery, have been unequalled in duration and intensity by those of any nation upon earth. Every generation of her children has brought forth some exalted spirits, who made known her deeds, her virtues, or her sufferings, throughout the world. At the end of three thousand years, at the close of a long succession of ages, after weighing and studying the various great men that gem her interesting history, impartial truth, which, I hope, pervades my work, impels me to declare DANIEL O'CONNELL TO BE THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL.

It would seem as if the Almighty, in times past, had been offended by the internal quarrels of the children of Ireland; that a long period of suffering was awarded to their crimes; and that, when their cup of bitterness had overflowed; when their agony had reached its highest intensity; when their chiefs were betrayed and slaughtered, and the

remnant of their race reduced to slavery ; when to the world's eye their doom of bondage was sealed forever, — that then a deliverer was to come. At such a period, this man rose amongst them, and, having every thing to contend with, and nothing to lean upon, gradually called up around him a class of thinkers and talkers, of sayers and doers, who formed, as they grew, other circles of their sect, multiplying to incredible numbers, until they embraced a nation of seven millions in their political association.

This great man preached the theory of the mind, the power of united intellect over united matter. As he taught his doctrine, he tested its efficacy. He demonstrated its superior power by hewing down, on every side, the barriers and bulwarks of physical combination. What he performed appeared to the eyes of men the work of superhuman hands. Few understood his science, and none its capacity.

On arriving at manhood, he found his countrymen reduced to the most helpless state of subjection that ever race or nation experienced — without a legislature, without laws, without property, without the assurance of an hour's liberty ; bleeding, prostrate, houseless, and subdued ; their armed tyrants rioting in their dwellings ; their religion scoffed at ; their priests hunted or hanging from gibbets, and the poor privilege of complaining denied them.

Gradually he dissolved the power, first of one band of oppressors, then of another. Hope inspired his disciples ; faith enabled them to conquer. His armies were unarmed, and his strife was with opinion. The chiefs of mighty hosts bent unto his command ; the affrighted laws, as he beckoned, resumed their seats ; freedom lifted her head when he spoke ; the barred gates of the constitution flew open at his knock ; and suffering humanity, throughout the world, leaped with joy on the pronouncement of his name.

In future ages, this mighty man will be deemed the creature of the fabulist. His labors will be doubted. The voice of history will be insufficient to attest them. Some mighty monument should be raised on which his triumphs could be engraved in brass or in granite ; for, although his labors ought to live in the hearts of his liberated countrymen to the remotest generation, yet the habitual apathy of mankind may blunt the recollection of his deeds of glory. Raise a Theban pyramid, ye men of Ireland, to his fame ! Carry it beyond the flight of your own eagle. Hang on its apex the harps of your country ; and when the beams of the morning sun shall strike upon their chords, the music of praise shall be heard for him, the greatest master of the human mind

that ever Ireland produced. Gather around its base on each returning anniversary of his birth; renew there your vows to freedom, and perpetuate to other ages the peaceful doctrines of her greatest champion.

Nor does Ireland alone feel and acknowledge the benefit of his labors. Other countries accord to him their obligations. The chief writers of the earth have recorded their high estimation of his worth. His fame will live in their literature, and his example will be followed by patriots that are unborn. His grateful and admiring countrymen have designated him, by way of eminence, the *Liberator* and moral regenerator of Ireland. They may heap upon him title upon title, epithet upon epithet, until the pyramid reach the very clouds; and yet the name alone by which posterity will recognize him, is O'CONNELL.

I am now about to detail a series of events connected with this great man's life. I am about to sketch an outline of Ireland's history for forty-five years. The "Life of O'Connell," and the "History of Ireland," for that period, are identified—the self-same work. It is impossible to separate them, and therefore, in the terms of a biography, I shall sketch the important and concluding events of Ireland's history to the present time.

The sept of O'Connell, from which the chief of Ireland is descended, held a distinguished position among the early Milesian clans. Their territory lay in the county Limerick, along the River Shannon. They bore a part in the wars against Denmark, which took place before the Christian era. They fought under Galtha Gouth, in his battles with the Romans, and they were distinguished soldiers during the two hundred and forty years consequent on the Danish invasion. The "O'Konayls" marched under Callaghan, in his celebrated battles with those early invaders.

On the partial surrender of a portion of the south of Ireland to Henry the Second and his followers, in 1172, the "O'Konayl" sept were compelled by *Raymond le Gros*, the son-in-law of Strongbow, to exchange their lands in Limerick, amounting to one hundred thousand acres, for a less fertile tract in the county of Kerry, which was then nearly a wilderness. The chief portion of the sept removed thither, and settled on those spots, beside lakes and amid mountains, which at this day appear so beautiful and romantic, around and near to the far-famed lakes of Killarney. There is preserved, in the British Museum, a manuscript History of Ireland, in the Irish language, written by one of the O'Connell family; it bears date 1245, and in it mention is made of a "Daniel O'Connell," who proceeded to the north of Ireland, at the head of a considerable body of men, to repel the incursions of an invad-

ing force from the land of Morven, supposed to be Scotland. The battle was long, and bravely contested on both sides. Daniel O'Connell and his men won the day, and then, according to the custom of the Irish warriors, the victors and the vanquished feasted together.

The district to which the sept "O'Konayl" removed was anciently called *Iveragh*. The chiefs of the sept enjoyed the dignity of *toparchs*, two grades beneath the chief monarchs of Ireland. They paid homage, as such to the kings of South Munster, who were chosen, for forty generations, from the illustrious house of M'Carthy.

Roots of the clan still remained in the old territory in the county of Limerick, and gave a race, which, though growing under the chilling influence of English domination, adhered ever to their country's cause, and offered a deathless resistance to her enemies.

But the Kerry clan, enjoying, for centuries after the English invasion, the substantial independence of native princes, preserved in their generations all the chivalry, nationality, and patriotism, which distinguished the chieftains of Ireland in the palmy days of their country's independence.

The country itself is the most romantic, wild, and beautiful that imagination can embody — skirting the south-west of Ireland, washed by the foaming Atlantic, whose wild waves roll uninterrupted for three thousand miles, and dash upon its ancient cliffs in terrible confusion. The rugged peaks of *Iveragh* seem to ascend beyond the clouds — the haunt of the deer and the eagle; waterfalls tumble from highland to valley along their base, forming here and there romantic lakes bordered by nature's loveliest banks. Chieftains' castles, inhabited and in ruins, are to be found around those lakes, and half-way up the mountains, suspended, as it were, 'twixt heaven and earth, attesting the ancient history of the clans and winning the admiration of the philosophic antiquary. Such a country was well calculated to nourish the loftiest sentiments of human nature; to lift men in feeling, thought, and action, beyond those who lived in the influence of crowded, contaminated haunts, or to expand the human mind, give courage to the heart, and sublimate the soul.

The ancestors of O'Connell, for six hundred years, on the father's side, inhabited this singular territory. In the bloody wars of Elizabeth, Charles, Cromwell, and William the Third, the family was fully represented, and their possessions paid the penalties awarded by the victors to resisting valor. I cannot find any of the sept who abjured the old religion of St. Patrick.

During the reign of Elizabeth, Richard O'Connell was the chief of the family; and it seems he made a submission of his diminished possessions to the queen, and received them back again — rendering the

estates, thereby, the property of the crown of England. There was no choice for him but to submit to the queen or be driven from the lands. He secured, however, but a fragment of the family property. In 1586, the eldest son of Richard O'Connell was high sheriff of Kerry. In the reign of James the Second, 1688, we find that Mr. John O'Connell, of this family, raised a regiment of horse, at the head of which he signalized himself at the siege of Derry, the battles of the Boyne, and Aughrim. From the accession of William the Third to the throne of England down to the present century, the O'Connell's, being Roman Catholics, were excluded from all employment in the government or army, and obtained all their distinctions abroad, chiefly in the armies of France and Austria.

The grandfather of the present Daniel O'Connell came, by the paternal side, from the Kerry line, and by his mother from the family of *O'Donoghue* Dhaw, or black chiefs. This patriarchal pair were blessed with *two-and-twenty children*; of whom upwards of one half lived to or *beyond* the age of ninety-five. One of these twenty-two children, Morgan O'Connell, was the father of our present great man. He married Miss Catharine O'Mullane; and the first fruit of their union was DANIEL O'CONNELL, the Liberator, who was born on the 6th of August, 1775, and was seventy years of age in August, 1845. Besides him, the eldest, his parents left two other sons, namely, James and John, who still live, and reside near the Killarney lakes.

The Liberator's uncles and aunts, extending to the unprecedented number of *twenty-one*, lived, as I have said, to very advanced ages. His uncle, Maurice O'Connell, of Derrynane Abbey, in the county of Kerry, died in the year 1825, at the age of *ninety-six*, leaving him fifteen thousand pounds in cash, and a landed estate worth four thousand pounds per annum. He left an equal sum of money to each of the Liberator's brothers, *John* and *James*. John married Miss Coppenger, of the county of Cork, connected with the family of the Duke of Norfolk; and his eldest son, Morgan John, has for some years represented Kerry in parliament. James married the sister of the late ——— O'Donoghue, who himself married the eldest daughter of John O'Connell.

Another uncle of the Liberator, the Count O'Connell, died at the age of *ninety-four*, about 1829, at Paris, where he had a magnificent mansion; and he presented the singular instance of an individual holding high military rank in both the English and French service. He was a colonel in the former and a general in the latter, and drew pay in both until his death. His baptismal name was Daniel, and the Liberator was

called after him. Count O'Connell was a decided adherent of the Bourbon family, and it was during the Napoleon sway that he became an officer in the British army, and rapidly reached the rank of colonel. Upon the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth, he returned to the French army with the full consent of the English government.

A first cousin of the Count O'Connell, [the *Baron O'Connell*,] died at a very advanced age, a few years since, at Vienna. He had, for more than twenty-five years previous to his death, held the office of grand chamberlain to the emperor of Austria; and the last of those "twenty-two children" died about two and a half years ago, near Killarney, at the residence of her son, Mr. Stephen O'Reiordon, at the age of *ninety-three*. I may mention here, furthermore, that when the Liberator was a young man, he could count *fifty* relations of his who bore command in the French and Austrian service, not one of whom was removed farther from him than second or third cousins.

To return to DANIEL O'CONNELL. He was the heir of his father's property. He was born in an age when persecution of the Catholics was the policy of government. They were excluded from all the chief schools and universities under the British dominion. Young O'Connell received his rudimental education from a Catholic priest, who was a constant inmate of his father's house. While quite young, he was sent to the French college of *St. Omers*, to complete his classical studies. *St. Omers* was one of the many Catholic colleges established in France and throughout the Catholic countries of Europe during the persecutions of the English reformers. The French monasteries were at that time the only schools open to the Catholic gentry of Ireland. The university of *St. Omers* was both lay and ecclesiastical.

Young O'Connell, while here, manifested some disposition to become a priest, and for that purpose studied theology; but his friends dissuaded him from the church. This has led many to suppose he was intended by his family for the priesthood, which is not the fact. A rumor of this nature having got into circulation about the year 1827, the distinguished subject of it wrote the following contradiction:—

*"To the Editor of the Evening Post.*

"DEAR SIR:

"They say it is right to be accurate even in trifles. If you think so, you will contradict a paragraph which appeared in your paper respecting me. It contains two mistakes: first, it asserted that I was born in the year 1774, and, secondly, that I was *intended* for the church. I was not *intended* for the church. No man respects, loves, or submits to the church with more alacrity than I do; but I was not intended for the priesthood. It is not usual for the Catholic gentry in Ireland

to regulate the religious destiny of their children; and, being the eldest son, born to an independence, the story of my having been intended for the church is a pure fabrication. I was not born in the year 1774. Be it known to all whom it may concern, that I was born on the 6th of August, 1775, the very year in which the stupid obstinacy of British oppression *forced* the reluctant people of America to seek for security in arms, and to commence that bloody struggle for national independence, which has been in its results beneficial to England, whilst it has shed glory, and conferred liberty, pure and sublime, on America.

“ I have the honor to be,

“ Your faithful fellow-laborer in glorious agitation,

“ DANIEL O'CONNELL.

“ *March 1st, 1827.*”

It is admitted on all hands, that while at St. Omers, young O'Connell displayed marked abilities. The following couple of extracts from a small tract, contrasting the state of education in France and England, written by him ere he quitted the university, may be taken as specimens of his early judgment:—

“ There was a time when England was superior to France in every point—in arts, sciences, and arms: their mode of education, their government, their religion, were then much the same, so that it is probable nothing but a superiority of genius in the people gave Britain the preëminence. Richelieu saw this, and he laid a plan for the future greatness of France. He knew that men, like land, were to be improved only by culture: he changed their mode of education; he established several academies: his successors added to them, and improved upon his design; so that there are in France numbers of seminaries, where youth may have every assistance, both in theory and practice, towards making themselves masters in any profession or art to which their genius or choice may direct them, whether in civil or military life, in arts or sciences. They have academies for politics in all their various branches, in which they are so minute as to have a particular one for the studies of treaties only. They have abundance of military academies; they have academies of sciences, academies of painting, sculpture, and architecture, academies of the belles-lettres, academies for the study of their own language and oratory. Out of these nurseries they constantly draw supplies of able statesmen, ambassadors, negotiators, and well-principled and skilful officers; excellent writers, in spite of the native poverty of their language, upon all sorts of subjects; ingenious artists of all kinds, by the improvement of whose taste in their several manufactories, France is supplied with a greater fund of treasure than she could have been by the richest gold mines; and what is most wonderful of all, admirable orators, never known to have sprung up before under an arbitrary government, and the most excellent compositions in eloquence that the moderns can boast of, in a language the least fitted of any for the purposes of oratory. By these means, she has made such a rapid progress in the career of glory as to astonish and dazzle the eyes of Europe, whilst England, which was a long time foremost in the race, must now yield the prize, or, if she attempts to vie with her in any of those arts, it must not be by a comparison of the living, but of the dead.”

“ That the present splendor of France is entirely owing to the improvements



made in their education, will admit of the most ample proofs. Let it be considered that, previously to these improvements, France made but a contemptible figure in Europe, notwithstanding her extent of territory and number of subjects. She had no reputation for arts, arms, or policy; her language was poor, her manners brutal; her lands were uncultivated, her commerce neglected, and her country was untrodden by foreign feet. What was she a short time after the institution of those seminaries? Let the reign of Louis the Fourteenth declare. What is she now? Is she not, in the most essential points, the mistress of Europe? Do not the youth of all countries go to pay homage to this queen amongst the nations, whilst her own subjects keep their state at home? Are not her laws of fashion and of dress every where obeyed? Is not her language the currency almost of the world? Her rapid progress in arms, in commerce, in polity, is too notorious to need being mentioned."

Although the great master of moral force has never ceased, in his political career, to instil the efficacy of that doctrine, above all others, into the minds of his disciples, it is pretty certain that, while at *St. Omers*, he was in the habit of using the opposite force with some of his coxcombical fellow-students, who were frequently made to *feel* the impropriety of flinging ill-natured jokes on the Herculean foreigner. His frame was large and athletic, and his height six feet; so that, in bodily powers, he was more than a match for any of his pugnacious opponents.

O'Connell's father died while he was yet a young man, and the interests of his future life now called him back to his native land. He had been in France during the bursting out and early progress of the French revolution. He had seen the altars of religion overturned, and the houses dedicated to the Lord converted into barracks and stables. He carried away from that country a lively horror of bloody revolutions; and it is probable this circumstance infused into his mind that abhorrence of physical force which he has never ceased to manifest with all the vehemence of sincerity.

He returned to Ireland about 1793, the period when the first chains were struck from the limbs of the Irish Catholics. It was a season of surpassing interest to them. After two hundred years of proscription and persecution, a reaction in their destiny seemed to begin. The relief bill of 1793 gave them the franchise, the right to purchase property, to educate their children, to enter the medical profession, command to a certain extent in the army and navy, and the high and valuable privilege of *pleading at the bar*.

Young O'Connell, availing himself of these concessions, entered the inns of court as a law student. He approached the study of the law with a comprehensive understanding, developed by a sound and careful education. After passing through the four years of probation required by the

rules of the profession, he was called to the Irish bar, at the age of twenty-three, in the memorable year of 1798.

Those who have glanced at the pages of this book which contain the recitals of that terrible period, may have some conception of the feelings of this young man on entering public life in the midst of scenes of carnage, such as he had learned to abhor in another country.

For the first two or three years after he was called to the bar, O'Connell did not obtain any business worth noting. His fate in that respect was the fate of Curran, Romilly, Erskine, Kenyon, Yelverton, Eldon, and others. People are not willing to hazard all that is dear to them to the management of a young man. Besides his youth, a natural impediment to the immediate success of a lawyer, O'Connell was a Catholic; and the bench, the juries, the sheriffs, and the attorneys of Ireland, were at that time exclusively Protestant. Who would risk their cause with one enjoying not the ear or smile of either sheriff, judge, or jury? The country, too, was soaked in the blood of the patriots of 1798, and to be *not* a government man, was presumptive evidence of being a Croppy.

The period of the union approached, and O'Connell was not yet known. The Catholics were promised emancipation, by Pitt and Cornwallis, from the parliament of England, if they consented to give their influence for a "union." This pledge, as I have shown, was given distinctly by Mr. Pitt, in a letter to Lord Cornwallis, the lord lieutenant, which was read to Dr. Troy, one of the Catholic archbishops of Ireland, and to several of the Catholic gentry. It had some effect in arresting the opposition of the Catholic aristocracy to the union, but none whatever on the people.

Foremost of the Catholic people, in opposition to the union, was O'Connell. He manifested this opposition in the midst of danger. I have already stated that public meetings, assembled to protest against the union, were dispersed by the military, at the point of the bayonet. A meeting of the citizens of Dublin was held at the Royal Exchange in that city, in the close of the year 1799, to petition against the measure. At that meeting, O'Connell, then but four-and-twenty years of age, attended, and delivered what may be called his public maiden speech. The following are a few passages from that speech, as recorded by Plowden, and acknowledged by the Liberator as his words: —

"Sir: It is my settled sentiment, and I am satisfied it is the sentiment not only of every man who now hears me, but of the Catholic people of Ireland, that if our opposition to this injurious, insulting, ruinous, and hated measure were to draw upon us the revival of the

whole penal code, in its most satanic form ; we would boldly, cheerfully, and unanimously endure it, sooner than withhold that opposition, and sooner throw ourselves once more on the kindness of our Protestant brethren, than give our assent for one moment to the political murder of our country.

“ Yes ! I know, although exclusive advantages may be, and are, held out to the Irish Catholic to seduce him from the duty he owes his country, that the Catholics of Ireland still remember *they have a country*, and that they never will accept of any advantage as a *sect*, which would debase them and their Protestant countrymen as a people.”

This speech was followed by peals of approbation. It is replete with genuine patriotism, sound philosophy, and political foresight. Whilst he was speaking, Major Sirr, with a file of military, entered the meeting, grounded their arms with a mighty crash, but did not intimidate the bravery of that heart which never yet knew fear. The major demanded to see the resolutions, which being acceded to, he did not think proper to interfere.

O’Connell may well be proud of having put those sentiments on record forty-five years ago, when he had emerged from boyhood, and that too in the presence of a military force, paraded round the meeting for the purpose of intimidation. Ireland may well be proud also of this protest on behalf of her Catholic millions. It rescues their character from the ignominy of having, for the sake of some sectarian privilege, surrendered the glorious independence of their native land.

This noble stand, thus early taken by O’Connell, marked him to the people as a young man of great promise. The gloom of Emmet’s unsuccessful effort hung for a few years round the prostrate people of Ireland. Robert Emmet’s execution took place in October, 1803 ; and from that to the accession of the whigs to office in 1806, Ireland was ruled by martial law. The *habeas corpus* act, and trial by jury, were suspended, and the jails and transport ships were crowded with the victims of military caprice or magisterial vengeance. No man durst utter his thoughts during this reign of terror.

O’Connell, during all this period of gloom, betook himself to intense study. He seemed to have a sort of presentiment, that the time would yet come when those professional acquisitions which he sought would be of signal service to himself and to his country.

During this fearful period, William Pitt was minister of England. He had promised emancipation to the Catholics before the union, and when

that measure was carried, he cheated the nation by a most disgraceful subterfuge. He retired from office when he found George the Third averse to the concession, but retook office very soon after, contrary to pledge and principle, without making emancipation a condition of his reassumption. And when the great petition of the Catholics was brought into the British house of commons in 1805, by Mr. Fox, Pitt opposed its being considered; thus proving to all the world his deliberate treachery towards the Irish Catholics.

It was in this debate that Mr. *Ponsonby* said to the minister of England, speaking of the Irish Catholics, "I know them well; and I know at the same time, that whatever there is good in them they owe to themselves; whatever is bad in them they owe to you. Yes, sir, I repeat, it is owing to your bad government." Mr. Grattan said at the same time, they, the English tories, "were running about like old women, or grown-up children, in search of old prejudices; preferring to buy foreign allies by subsidies, rather than to subsidize fellow-subjects by privileges." Mr. Foster, the last speaker of the Irish house of commons, said that, "under the union act, by compact, the Protestant boroughs were suppressed, and a compensation of one million four hundred thousand pounds paid to Protestant owners, and not one shilling to the Catholics."

The Catholic petition was rejected, on this occasion, by considerable majorities in lords and commons. In the succeeding year, Mr. Pitt died, it is said of a broken heart at the successes of Napoleon, particularly at Austerlitz. The British ministry was then made up from *three distinct parties in the state*. In this ministry was the celebrated Charles James Fox, the friend of the Catholics and the great rival of Pitt. The celebrated Brinsley Sheridan was also of this ministry, which, from the brilliant materials composing it, was called the "ministry of all the talents." The accession of such a ministry to power, and perhaps, too, the victories of Napoleon on the Continent, where he upset kings as if they were only tenpins, contributed to lighten the oppression on Ireland. Several popular appointments were then made there; Ponsonby, the friend of the Catholics, was made lord chancellor, and John Philpot Curran, the defender of the United Irishmen, was made master of the rolls. Other minor appointments followed, including Bushe, who was appointed attorney-general.

The constitution, which had been suspended so long, was now restored. The laws were again paramount, and faction hid its head. Hitherto the Catholics had hardly courage enough to demand their rights; their meetings were broken and unconnected, their bearing was sycophantic, and

their progress nothing. Their bill had been rejected (336 to 124) in the English parliament, and they were grievously dispirited by the treachery of Pitt and his party.

But now a new era was commencing. A very different class of men was coming forward from those who previously represented the crushed and broken-spirited Catholics of Ireland.

Foremost amongst the boldest was *Daniel O'Connell*. Previous to this, he had married a lady of his own name, to whom he was ardently attached, and of whom he ever spoke in the language of romantic affection. His legal business had very considerably increased. With the possession of vast powers of mental acquisition, strengthened by very early rising and most temperate habits, he had a memory that was astonishing. Sir Jonah Barrington describes him as having spent the early years of his life in bottling up legal knowledge, which subsequently astounded and perplexed the bench and the bar of Ireland.

The Catholic barristers, with the junior O'Connell as their leader, now, for the first time, appeared on the side of the people.

Before O'Connell's time, there were some half-Catholic, half-Protestant lawyers, who, though born and educated Catholics, forswore their faith to acquire legal privileges. These perjured mercenaries still affected in private to be Catholics, but abstained in practice from either one church or the other. They were the meanest tools of government — the most willing agents of its corruption and its tyranny.

O'Connell's second great service to Ireland was to destroy this noxious genus. He branded them with the burning letters of his indignant scorn. He held them up to the terrible gaze and loathing of the multitude, and finally destroyed their power, though perhaps he did not altogether extinguish the race. A new set of Catholic lawyers grew up around him, who formed, in a few years, a most important political phalanx, a most important *corps-avant* of the Catholic people.

About this time he joined the Catholic committee which then existed for the furtherance of the Catholic claims. The leaders from the aristocracy were, Lord Fingal, an elegant and well-bred gentleman of the old school; Lord Gormanstown, a timid nobleman; Lord Ffrench, from the west of Ireland, the very opposite of the others, a man who would as soon head an insurrection in the wilds of Connaught as wade through the perplexing mazes of a lengthened campaign of negotiation; Lord Trimbleston, who had lived a considerable portion of his life in France, where he conceived the most shocking opinion of a movement from the people, and from whence he fled to Ireland when the

revolution broke out. The untitled portion of the committee was made up of some lawyers of small note, save Mr. Scully, whose work on the "Penal Laws" had given him a preëminence. Scully was deep, silent, and well read, more of a statesman than an orator: exceedingly cautious, he considered well every word, and meditated every action, ere he committed himself. O'Connell, though combining all these qualifications for a leader, was bold, rapid, eloquent, unaffected, good-humored, insinuating to the most fascinating extent towards friends, fierce and destructive to enemies. Such qualifications eminently fitted him to be the leader of the Irish people. But his day had not yet arrived.

The Irish were the slaves of *hereditary* leaders, whose *blood* was a material ingredient in their qualifications. The management of Catholic affairs was confided to the hereditary heads of the body — to the lords and gentlemen already named, whom O'Connell was content to follow. *Scully* was then the prime minister of the Irish Catholics, and during his administration, the body erred little, retrograded little, but made little way. Mr. Edward Hay, the historian of the Wexford insurrection, was appointed secretary of this committee, which situation he filled with satisfaction to the body; but in the course of some years after, he quitted the committee in consequence of a quarrel with Mr. O'Connell.

The Catholic question was taken up as trading capital by the politicians of the day; and for many years it was made the sport and stock in trade of parties in England, who urged it without sincerity, and pleaded for it without success. Amid the Catholic prelacy and clergy, the chief men who took part in their political affairs were Drs. Troy and Duigenan of Dublin, and Dr. Milner of England. Dr. Duigenan uttered some antiquated opinions towards the Protestants, for which he was censured by the Catholics, after which he retired to Rome. Dr. Troy was an unambitious prelate, charitable in the highest degree, and the very opposite of avaricious. He died in debt, whilst, about the same time, three bishops of the church of England bequeathed four hundred thousand pounds, at their demise, to their relatives.

Meantime, the ministry of "all the talents" was broken up by the death of Fox. Like Pitt, Fox, who was secretary of state for foreign affairs, died of continental reverses. The battle of Austerlitz killed Pitt, the battle of Jena killed Fox. He refused to make peace with Napoleon without the concurrence of Russia. A combined army of Russians, Prussians, and English, was organized for the overthrow of Napoleon; but with his maps and compasses at the Tuilleries, he planned their destruction, and executed his plans with the velocity of a thunderbolt. A Tory ministry succeeded to power, whose head was the Duke of Port-

land, and whose limbs in Ireland were *Richmond*, lord lieutenant; Sir *Arthur Wellesley*, chief secretary; *Manners*, lord chancellor.

Such was the state of affairs abroad when young O'Connell began to approach the public as a political leader.

In 1808, the "veto" question was entertained in the councils of the Catholics, and produced a world of discussion and division. The British ministry gave out that, if the Catholics agreed to place the indirect nomination of bishops at the disposal of the king of England, no opposition to their emancipation would then be offered. The question was debated for seven years. Some of the aristocracy were for it; the people and the generality of the Irish clergy were against it, particularly O'Connell, who plainly foresaw the immense power it would confer on the government. In fact, it was suggested by the government with a view of creating a schism among the Catholics, — so Mr. Burke described the policy in his letter to Dr. Hussey, — but it was at length scouted from the Catholic councils, and that result was, indeed, a most fortunate one for Ireland. Had O'Connell then consented to the appointment of the bishops by the state, he would not now have the hierarchy and clergy of Ireland presiding over the repeal meetings, animating them by their example and their eloquence.

The parliamentary discussions of 1808 and 1809 were abortive to the Catholics. The veto question gave rise to nothing but idle, mischievous, unprofitable debates.\* Years passed over, and nothing was done. The Catholic committee resolved to convoke a general convention of their body from all parts of Ireland. But this call was contrary to the provisions of the convention act of 1793. That act was allowed to sleep for some years; but on the return of a tory government under *Perceval*, O'Connell saw that the act might be revived. To guard against this, he had the following resolution put on the books of the Catholic Board: "*Resolved, unanimously, That the noblemen and gentlemen aforesaid are not representatives of the Catholic body, or any portion thereof.*" This wise resolution was not adhered to. A meeting was held in Dublin of delegates from the Catholics of Ireland. Lord Fingal and many of those that met were arrested; O'Connell was not of the number, and he was thus at liberty, as a lawyer, to defend the imprudent men who rejected his advice. He was, however, at that time, but a junior member of the bar; Peter Burrowes was their leading counsel; but O'Connell planned the defence of Kirwan and Dr. Sheridan, two members of the convention, who were prosecuted by the crown, but acquitted by a Protestant jury. The delegates, contrary to O'Connell's advice, brought an action or

\* See Plowden, vol. iii., p. 657, for a full history of this question.

prosecution against Chief Justice Downs, for signing the warrant by which they were arrested; and thus the case was tried a second time, when the verdict of the jury went in favor of the judge, and, the triumph being pushed too far, the Catholics suffered a bitter reverse. The convention afterwards, to the number of three hundred, assembled, with the Earl of Fingal in the chair, and voted a petition to parliament. This was in October, 1811. On reassembling in Fishamble Street, in December, they were formally dispersed by a military force, and Lord Fingal was arrested.

In this state of Catholic stupefaction, O'Connell came more prominently forward as a leader — publishing an address to the Catholics, as chairman of their committee.

A remarkable meeting was held in the Royal Exchange of Dublin, in the previous year, to petition for a repeal of the union. The high sheriff of the city presided. F. W. Conway, of the *Evening Post*, was secretary; Lord Cloncurry, Mr. O'Connell, and several other eminent men, spoke in pathetic terms of the blight which that measure had already brought on the country. I subjoin an extract from O'Connell's speech on that occasion: —

“The union, sir, was a violation of our national and inherent rights — a flagrant injustice. The representatives, whom we had elected for the short period of eight years, had no right to dispose of their country forever. It cannot be pretended that any direct or express authority to that effect was given to them, and the nature of their delegation excludes all idea of their having any such by implication. They were the servants of the nation, empowered to consult for its good; not its masters, to traffic and dispose of it at their fantasy or for their profit. I deny that the nation itself had a right to barter its independence, or to commit political suicide; but when our servants destroyed our existence as a nation, they added to the baseness of assassination all the guilt of high treason. The reasoning upon which those opinions are founded is sufficiently obvious. They require no sanction from the authority of any name; neither do I pretend to give them any weight by declaring them to be conscientiously my own; but if you want authority to induce the conviction that the union had injustice for its principle, and crime for its basis, I appeal to that of his majesty's present attorney-general, Mr. Saurin, who, in his place in the Irish parliament, pledged his character as a lawyer and a statesman, that the union must be a violation of every moral principle, and that it was a mere question of prudence whether it should not be resisted by force. I also appeal to the opinions of the late lord high chancellor of Ireland, Mr. George Ponsonby, of the present solicitor-general, Mr. Bushe, and of that splendid lawyer, Mr. Plunket. The union was therefore a manifest injustice, and it continues to be unjust at this day; it was a crime, and must be still criminal, unless it shall be ludicrously said, that crime, like wine, improves by old age, and that time mollifies injustice into innocence. You may smile at the supposition, but in sober sadness you must be convinced that we daily suffer injustice; that every succeeding day adds only another sin to the catalogue of British vice; and that if the union continues, it will only make the crime hereditary, and injustice perpetual. We have



been robbed, my countrymen, most foully robbed, of our birthright, of our independence. May it not be permitted us mournfully to ask how this consummation of evil was perfected? for it was not in any disastrous battle that our liberties were struck down; no foreign invader had despoiled the land; we have not forfeited our country by any crimes; neither did we lose it by any domestic insurrection. No, the rebellion was completely put down before the union was accomplished; the Irish militia and the Irish yeomanry had put it down. How, then, have we become enslaved? Alas! England, that ought to have been to us a sister and a friend — England, whom we had loved, and fought and bled for — England, whom we have protected, and whom we do protect — England, at a period when, out of one hundred thousand of the seamen in her service, seventy thousand were Irish — England stole upon us like a thief in the night, and robbed us of the precious gem of our liberty: she stole from us 'that which in nought enriched her, but made us poor indeed.' Reflect, then, my friends, on the means employed to effect this disastrous measure. I do not speak of the meaner instruments of bribery and corruption. We all know that every thing was put to sale; nothing profane or sacred was omitted in the union mart. Offices in the revenue, commands in the army and navy, the sacred ermine of justice, and the holy altars of God, were all profaned and polluted as the rewards of union services. By a vote in favor of the union, ignorance, incapacity, and profligacy obtained certain promotion; and our ill-fated but beloved country was degraded to the utmost limit before she was transfixed in slavery. But I do not intend to detain you in the contemplation of those vulgar means of parliamentary success — they are within the daily routine of official management. Neither will I direct your attention to the frightful recollection of that avowed fact, which is now part of history, that the rebellion itself was fomented and encouraged in order to facilitate the union. Even the rebellion was an accidental and a secondary cause. The real cause of the union lay deeper, but is quite obvious. It is to be found at once in the religious dissensions which the enemies of Ireland have created, and continued, and seek to perpetuate among themselves, by telling us off, and separating us into wretched sections and miserable subdivisions. They separated the Protestant from the Catholic, and the Presbyterians from both; they revived every antiquated cause of domestic animosity, and invented new pretexts of rancor; but, above all, my countrymen, they belied and calumniated us to each other; they falsely declared that we hated each other, and they continued to repeat that assertion until we came to believe it: they succeeded in producing all the madness of party and religious distinctions, and while we were lost in the stupor of insanity, they plundered us of our country, and left us to recover at our leisure from the horrid delusion into which we had been so artfully conducted."

Several thousand copies of this speech, with a likeness of the author, were printed.

O'Connell, by his foresight, knowledge, and eloquence, obtained the reputation, not only of talent, but of great judgment and legal acquirements. A new board was constructed, in 1812, by the Catholics, under his general direction. It was called the "Catholic Board." This was the fourth general association that had been formed.

In 1813, the provinces of Ireland were disturbed by midnight associa-

tions, called *Carders*, who legislated in the darkness of midnight, under the obligation of secret oaths. Their object was to lower rents and abolish tithes; their means, threatening notices, and carrying those threats into barbarous execution, inflicting torture on the unhappy objects of their vengeance. This system of procedure only gave the government more power, and embarrassed Mr. O'Connell and the Catholic Board; for the adverse press readily attributed to him the fomentation of these lamentable outrages.

*Peel*, who succeeded Wellesley as secretary for Ireland, introduced a series of coercive enactments, entitled insurrection acts, which enabled the lord lieutenant to proclaim any district he thought proper in a state of rebellion; to suspend the trial by jury; and of course to hang, transport, or imprison men, by a bench of Orange magistrates. These insurrection acts continued, with little intermission, for nearly three-and-twenty years after the union; and it was not till O'Connell had gained considerable influence over the people, that the agrarian outrages began to subside. In fact, in proportion as he gained that influence, did those turbulent proceedings die away.

But that influence he was not able to establish fully for twelve or fifteen years after the period we are now considering. On the contrary, the proceedings of the Catholic Board dwindled down, from divisions and violence, to utter insignificance, and, in the course of two or three years, expired, without obtaining any additional privilege for the Catholic body. In the mean time, the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, and the utter hopelessness of the cause of freedom throughout Europe, gave the rampant aristocracy of Britain and Ireland an opportunity to renew their insolence, to resist all further concessions to the Catholics, and all reform in the state. The escape of Napoleon from Elba, and the short-lived power that awaited him, had no sensible influence on their conduct. They were resolved to trample on every privilege of the people, as well of England as of Ireland. In the midst of this season of vicissitudes, hopes and fears, the *veto* question was again introduced by the British cabinet, for no other purpose, as events prove, but to divide the Irish Catholics. The nature of that question I have already attempted to define. Its reproduction for debate, and the fact of the *Cardinal Quarrantotti*, the secretary of the sacred college of the Propaganda, in Rome, having actually conceded, by a special rescript, this veto power, in the appointment of Catholic bishops, to the kings of England, awakened the slumbering Catholics of Ireland. The imminent danger which threatened subdued their petty quarrels, and the great majority

heartily united in opposition to this new and still more dangerous grievance. Several meetings were held to denounce the proposition. The hasty, and, as it afterwards appeared, *unauthorized* interference of the secretary of the Propaganda, was condemned in unsparing language. Some of the Irish ecclesiastics were prominent in their repudiation of this Anglo-Italian conspiracy, which was evidently framed to subject the Irish church to the British ministry. A grand meeting of the Catholics of Ireland was held, and the Rev. Richard Hayes, a Franciscan friar, a clergyman of vast erudition and commanding eloquence, was appointed an ambassador to proceed to Rome, with an expostulation and remonstrance against the obnoxious measure.

Father Hayes, by the force of his learning and high bearing, backed by the voice of the Irish Catholics, was able to awake the sensibilities of the holy father and the sacred college to the subtle dangers of British policy; but in doing all this he displayed a world of knowledge and energy, spending months in negotiations, the details of which would fill a volume. In the course of this extraordinary conflict, Father Hayes unconsciously transgressed the canon law of the church, was imprisoned for his contumacy by the pontifical authorities at Rome, from which he was subsequently released, but ordered to depart the city; but his triumph awaited him in Ireland. The veto was abandoned. Cardinal Quarantotti was reprimanded, and the Catholics were once more in vigorous agitation for their rights—somewhat better united than before, their leaders bolder, better experienced, and their independence, in relation to Rome and England, better established in the mind of the whole world. Nor should I pass from a notice of Mr. Hayes, without mentioning the stand he took in 1821, on the introduction of a certain bill, by Lord Plunket, for the relief of the Catholics, which was so fenced around with bills, “vetos,” “boards,” and political snares, that it was denounced, by Father Hayes and O’Connell, as a “bill of pains and penalties.”

Father Hayes was a powerful preacher, and in the years 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823, attracted crowded congregations to the Catholic churches of Dublin, where he preached. These eloquent sermons he published, together with his “Catechism on the Veto,” which displays a world of research, and should be in the hands of the Catholics of the present day, when an attempt similar to that of 1815 is made upon their religious and civil independence, by “rescripts,” “concordats,” and “charitable bequest acts.” This distinguished clergyman died at Paris, in 1824, and is buried in Père la Chaise. He was thirty-six years of age, and was a native of Wexford.

During the long period of gloom and suffering, which extended over the years of Peel's secretaryship in Ireland, the business of spies, informers, and police, flourished. Any villain could get himself on the pay of Dublin Castle, by going into a district where oppressive landlords resided, and where the suffering people were easily excited to revolt against the laws. Peel took occasion to represent Ireland in so disturbed a state, that a strong police was required; and he readily got leave to place six policemen, with full military equipments, in every parish of Ireland. This new mode of government was previously unknown in either England or Ireland. It consists of a half-spy, half-military body, without possessing, however, one particle of military honor or chivalry — a force modelled after the *gens d'armes* of France, and called by the people, after the man who introduced it, — *Peelers*.\*

This iniquitous organization, with a full staff of spies, informers, expectants, place-hunters, Orange magistrates, Orange judges, Orange sheriffs, Orange juries, Orange attorney-generals, — *Saurin*, for instance, — kept Ireland, for twenty years, in a state which no description can picture.

It is not necessary to fill these pages with recitals of the petty tyranny practised on the people of Ireland by the ascendancy party, who held the corporate and government offices through Ireland. From this party nothing but insult was experienced by the Catholics. The government availed itself of the division which naturally grew from these animosities, to enslave and barbarize the people. Peel, who had an inveterate hatred of every thing Irish and Catholic, introduced, as a permanent system of government, the most despotic laws which the history of the past or the example of the present nations of Europe offered as a model. The curfew law, introduced into England by William the Conqueror, which rendered it criminal for a man to be out of his house after sunset, was introduced into Ireland by Peel. It was tacked to the insurrection act, which conferred on the lord lieutenant of Ireland the power, on receiving a request from seven magistrates, representing their district in a state of "disturbance," to issue his commands, directing all persons in the county or barony to remain within their houses after sunset, and not to come out before sunrise, under penalties of being *transported beyond the seas for seven years!* empowering any *two of these magistrates to try, convict, and punish*, under its provisions, *without appeal!*

Here was the establishment of the most galling and perfected system of tyranny that perhaps ever oppressed any nation. For three-and-

\* "Peeler, one who strips or flays; a plunderer." See *Walker's Dictionary*.

twenty years of O'Connell's public life, Ireland was subjected to this barbarizing tyranny. Twenty-one of the thirty-two counties of Ireland were, for those twenty-three years, brought within the rule of this species of government. The trial by jury was truly a "mockery," and the laws a "snare." In truth, the law was a scourge, its officers corrupt, the judges partial, the juries packed, and the government unprincipled and despotic. *Peel was secretary of state in Ireland, and Castlereagh secretary of state in England!* \* \* \* \*

During all this time, O'Connell had to struggle with a tyrannic government on the one side, and to keep his misguided countrymen out of their legal meshes on the other. He was employed continually as their counsel, in the courts of law; and upon every fit occasion, he addressed them publicly, and reasoned with them privately, against the destructive tendencies of their proceedings, showing them how they strengthened the hands of the tory government by their foolish opposition to the laws, and how these laws might be repealed by a moral combination and disciplined resistance in parliament.

The position which O'Connell assumed in the front ranks of his countrymen naturally begot for him the rancor of the government and its supporters throughout the nation. He had literally to fight his way to freedom. In the year 1815, he fought the celebrated duel with Mr. *D'Esterre*. It originated in this way: Mr. *D'Esterre* was a member of the Dublin corporation; O'Connell called it, in one of his speeches, "a beggarly corporation." *D'Esterre* wrote to him, requesting to know if he had used the words attributed to him by the newspapers. O'Connell replied as follows:—

"MERRION SQUARE, January 27, 1815.

"SIR:

"IN reply to your letter of yesterday, and without either admitting or disclaiming the expression respecting the corporation of Dublin, in the print to which you allude, I deem it right to inform you that, from the calumnious manner in which the religion and character of the Catholics of Ireland are treated in that body, no terms attributed to me, however reproachful, can exceed the contemptuous feelings I entertain for that body in its corporate capacity; although, doubtless, it contains many valuable persons, whose conduct as individuals I lament must necessarily be confounded in the acts of a general body. I have only to add, that this letter must close our correspondence.

"I am, &c.

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

Immense excitement was the consequence of this. *D'Esterre* was a retired captain of the navy, a very intrepid man, who had fought, under Sir Sidney Smith, in Egypt, as a "cutter out." He had become a merchant and government contractor in Dublin, and a member of the then

Orange corporation of that city. The Orangemen set D'Esterre on to insult O'Connell; but though the learned gentleman went conspicuously to the courts every day, yet, for five or six days, D'Esterre did nothing. At length he sent his friend, Sir Edward Stanley, to demand a meeting of O'Connell, who immediately appointed Major Macnamara as *his* friend.

A meeting was arranged to take place in Lord Ponsonby's demesne, thirteen miles from Dublin. The seconds fixed the combatants at ten paces' distance. Major Macnamara, having won the choice of ground, placed O'Connell in position first. Each gentleman was furnished with a pair of pistols. D'Esterre's second now came up to O'Connell's, and said, "Well, sir, when each has discharged his case of pistols, I hope the affair will be considered as terminated, and that we leave the ground." Major Macnamara answered, "Sir, you may of course take your friend when you like; you, sir, are the challenger, and you may retire when you like. It is probable, however, that there may be no occasion to use all the pistols." The word was given; both gentlemen fired: D'Esterre was hit under the hip, while his ball struck into the earth, at the foot of O'Connell! D'Esterre fell, and, in falling, called for another pistol. Major Macnamara walked up to him, and said, "If you are able to stand, Mr. D'Esterre, you shall have another shot." D'Esterre was not able to stand: the affair ended, and the friends of O'Connell gathered round that gentleman, hurried him to his carriage, and galloped to the city.

On the road, O'Connell's carriage was met by a band of armed Orangemen, proceeding, in a quick pace, from Dublin to the scene of action. They asked the driver which of the combatants was hit. He answered, "O'Connell!" They gave a cheer, and hied to the field of combat; and there they were grievously disappointed to find their champion mortally wounded.

D'Esterre died a few days after; and, as may well be imagined, the greatest excitement prevailed in Dublin. Scarcely had the affair with D'Esterre passed away, when O'Connell found himself involved in another affair, of a like nature, with Mr. Peel, then secretary of state for Ireland. This latter quarrel arose out of a speech delivered at a public meeting by O'Connell. The following is the passage: "All I shall say of him, (Mr. Peel,) by way of parenthesis, is, that I am told he has, in my absence, and in a place where he was privileged, grossly traduced me. I see his police informers here now, and I authorize them carefully to report these my words—that Mr. Peel would not dare, in my presence,

nor in any place where I am, to use a single expression derogatory to my interest or my honor."

Mr. Peel sent Sir Charles Saxton to demand a meeting of O'Connell. He was referred to Major Lidwell, and arrangements were made for an immediate meeting in the county of Kildare; but the castle people, hearing of the affair, and apprehending, no doubt, the fall of their champion, caused both Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Peel to be put under arrest. A long correspondence followed, and it was privately arranged between the friends of both gentlemen, that they should, with their seconds, proceed to *Ostend*, which they accordingly prepared to do. O'Connell went to the appointed place, but Peel was arrested in London, on his way; and, finally, the meditated encounter never took place. In the course of some years, the death of D'Esterre preyed upon O'Connell's mind so much, that he took a solemn vow never again to enter into personal conflict with any man. Many of the enemies of Ireland have challenged him since then; but he declined, on religious grounds, to enter the lists. These challengers have, however, been invariably called on by one or other of his sons, and by his friends, offering to take up the battle of the father of their country. There has not been an instance but one, I believe, in which the challenger of O'Connell has gone to the field with any of the brave men who have placed themselves in his shoes. His second son, Morgan O'Connell, fought with Lord Alvanley; the duel took place at six o'clock in the evening, near London. Three shots were exchanged without effect, when the combatants were separated.

It is highly creditable to O'Connell's character, that, soon after the death of D'Esterre, he sent a most respectful message of condolence to the widow of the unfortunate gentleman, and offered her, in the most delicate manner, a pension, during her life, of two hundred pounds per annum, from his own resources. This was accepted, and it is paid by the *Liberator*, to this day, with punctuality. The lady resides in the marine village called *Passage*, in the neighborhood of Cork; and further it should be mentioned, that this extraordinary man never passed the door of D'Esterre's residence, on the *Bachelor's Walk*, without lifting his hat, making the sign of the cross upon his forehead, and uttering a short prayer for the repose of the fallen man's soul.

Mr. O'Connell was, for a long time after this, annoyed by the challenges of his political opponents, of which, however, adhering to his vow, he took no notice. Amongst those who challenged him was Sir Henry Hardinge, another secretary of state for Ireland, under the administration

of the Duke of Wellington. O'Connell sarcastically replied, that the death of either of them would not decide the great dispute between them, which was one of principle, not personal. The sons and friends of O'Connell have been found so prompt to take up his challengers, that, in a few years, scarcely any were found to offer them; and, latterly, to challenge the Liberator to a duel is a sure way to get the challenger derided from one end of the British empire to the other.

O'Connell had now obtained considerable professional fame. Business flowed in upon him from every side. Even the Orangemen selected him as their lawyer in difficult or special suits; for his powers over a jury were unequalled at the bar. Up to this period, he was viewed as a most industrious, clever lawyer; but that which raised him beyond all competition was his celebrated defence of John M'Gee, the proprietor of the Dublin Evening Post, for libel. The "libel" consisted of a severe criticism on the jury who acquitted Lord Downs. For this libel he was prosecuted separately by each of the jurymen, and was held to bail in enormous and vexatious sums by Downs, who was chief justice of the King's Bench. Before the trial took place, Mr. M'Gee hit upon a very novel plan for the annoyance of his lordship. He rented a house and grounds immediately next to the judge's residence, outside of Dublin. Here he established all sorts of ridiculous games for the amusement and attraction of the rabble — such as donkey races, races of men tied in sacks, accompanied by the most horrible noise or music drawn from kettles, horns, and the like — which, having been continued for months, was felt as a severe persecution by Judge Downs, who, being one of the four judges who sat in judgment on M'Gee, notwithstanding O'Connell's powerful defence, (equal to the best effort of Erskine,) sentenced him to two years' imprisonment in Newgate.

This may be the best place to bring forward a sketch of O'Connell's personal habits. I quote an article published, nearly twenty years ago, in the English Monthly Magazine, attributed to Lady Morgan; but I believe it was by Shiel, — one of a series of articles on the Irish bar, nearly all of which were written by him: —

"If any one of you, my English readers, being a stranger in Dublin, should chance, in your return on a winter's morning from one of the small and early parties of that metropolis, — that is to say, between the hours of five and six o'clock, — to pass along the south side of Merrion Square, you will not fail to observe that, among those splendid mansions, there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from his fashionable neighbors'. The half-opened parlor shutter, and the light within, announce that some one dwells there whose time is too precious to permit him to regulate his risings with the sun's. Should you mount



the steps to reconnoitre the interior, you will see a tall, able-bodied man standing at a desk, immersed in solitary occupation. Upon the wall opposite to him, there hangs a crucifix. From this, from the calm attitude of the person, and from a certain monastic rotundity about his neck and shoulders, your first impression will be that he must be some pious dignitary of the church of Rome, at his devotions. But this conjecture will be rejected almost as soon as it is formed. No sooner can the eye take in the other furniture of the apartment — the clogged book-cases, the blue-covered octavos that lie about on the tables and the floor, the reams of manuscript in oblong folds, begirt with crimson tape — than it becomes evident that the party meditating amongst such objects must be thinking far more of the law than the prophets. He is unequivocally a barrister; but you will imagine of that home-bred, chamber-keeping character, that he is endeavoring to make up, by dint of labor, what he wants in wit and talent. But should you happen, in the course of the same day, to stroll down to the four courts, you will not be a little surprised to find the object of your curiosity miraculously transferred from the severe recluse of the morning into one of the most bustling, important, and joyous personages in that busy scene. There you will be sure to see him, his countenance glistening with health and spirits, surrounded with a palisade of clients and attorneys, with outstretched necks, and mouths agape to catch any stray or chance opinion that may be coaxed out of him in conversation, or perhaps listening to the counsellor's bursts of jovial and familiar humor; or perhaps he is touching upon his country's sufferings, and assuring his auditors that the hour of Ireland's redemption is at hand. You perceive at once that you have lighted on a great popular advocate; and if you take the trouble to follow him, for a couple of hours, through the several courts, you will not fail to discover the qualities that have made him so — his business habits, his legal acquirements, his acuteness, his fluency of thought and action, his unconquerable good-humor, and, above all, his energy and versatility. By the hour of three, when the judges rise, you will have seen him go through a quantity of business, the preparation for and performance of which would seem to require the labor of three persons at least, and calculated, too, to wear down an ordinary constitution. You naturally suppose that the remaining portion of the day must, of necessity, be devoted to recreation or repose; but here you will be mistaken; for should you feel disposed, as you return from the courts, to drop into any of the public meetings that are almost daily held in Dublin, to a certainty you will find the counsellor there before you, — the presiding spirit of the scene, riding in the whirlwind and directing the storm of popular debate, with a strength of lungs and a redundancy of animation, as if he had that moment started fresh for the labors of the day. There he remains till, by dint of dexterity or eloquence, he has carried every point. From thence, if you would pursue him to the close of the day's eventful history, you will, in all likelihood, have to follow him to a public dinner, which may be for the benefit of some charitable institution, where he toasts, with a prophetic expression, the prosperity and independence of Ireland! taking care, at the same time, to dilute his wine with a liberal proportion of water. Having flung off half a dozen speeches, full of laughter-stirring and soul-inspiring wit, he retires to realize a few hours' repose, that he may be up before the lark on the ensuing morning, when he will be found at his solitary post, recommencing the routine of his restless existence. Now, any one who has once seen, in the preceding situations, the acting, talking, able-bodied, able-minded, multifarious

person I have been just describing, has no occasion to inquire his name. He may be assured that he is and can be no other than Kerry's pride and Munster's glory, the far-famed DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The reviewer then describes his person with admirable fidelity:—

"His frame is tall, expanded, and muscular, precisely such as befits a man of the people; for the physical classes ever look with double confidence and affection upon a leader who represents, in his own person, the qualities on which they rely. In his face he has been extremely fortunate. It is ever comely. The features are at once soft and manly. The florid glow of health, the purity of temperate habits, and the burning soul within, light up a well-formed face with a radiant glow of national emotion. The expression of this combination of feature and spirit is open and confiding, and inviting confidence. There is not a trace of malignity or wile in his face. If there were, the bright, sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking that can be conceived, would repel the imputation. He is all restless vivacity. Body and soul are in a state of permanent insurrection. See him in the streets, and you perceive at once that he is a man who has sworn that his country's wrongs shall be avenged. A jury of Dublin Orangemen would find his very gait and gestures to be high treason by construction, so explicitly do they enforce the national sentiment, 'Ireland her own, or the world in a blaze!' As he marches to court, he shoulders his umbrella as if it were a pike, and marches as if he would kick Orange ascendancy before him. Every roll of his brawny shoulders appears to be an effort to shake off the slavery of seven hundred years! Even in the courts, where he observes the nicest punctualities of the law, the same Erin-go-bragh feeling is manifest in all he says and all he does. Give him the driest point of law to argue, and before he closes, he will interweave an episode on the humiliating domination of English rule. He tosses up a bill of exceptions to a judge's charge, in the name of Ireland! or while some prosy barrister is addressing the court, he is sketching, on the margin of his brief, the number of men in Ireland that are capable of bearing arms."

Never was there a more accurate description drawn of the man than this. Several sketches have been given of him by distinguished foreigners who have visited Ireland since O'Connell rose to his meridian. I select one of these because it is from the pen of a talented American, Mr. LESTER, the author of "The Glory and Shame of England."

"But there is one man in Great Britain who has done and is doing more for humanity than Brougham; one who has never tripped, halted, varied, or shifted his course; who has made more public speeches than any man now living, and always spoken like a republican; who abhors oppression with all his heart; who has been hated, courted, feared, (but never despised,) by every party; a man who has been a target for all Britain to shoot at for a whole generation; who has come victorious from every conflict, even when he has been beaten; who has never betrayed his principles; who is eternally, and with a zeal that never grows cold, demanding justice for all the subjects of the British empire; a man that now stands higher in the hearts of his countrymen, and in the opinion of the world, than ever — Daniel O'Connell."

Mr. Lester then describes his person : —

“He is at least six feet in stature, has a full and majestic person. He dresses with great taste and simplicity withal. He knows as well how to chain the attention of parliament as a great assembly in Exeter Hall, by the deep, rich music of his voice, keen Irish wit, classic diction, and elegant address.”

Mr. Lester saw him at a great meeting at Exeter Hall, and thus describes his style : —

“His speech was a copious outpouring of pure Irish wit, and genuine, large humanity. He was in his element — perfectly at home. He gradually unfolded his arms as the subject swelled. He uses his hands sparingly, but with consummate art, expression, and elegance. His whole action is chaste, tasteful, and effective; yet it is nothing to his utterance. His voice is the richest and of the sweetest compass I ever heard. The variety of intonation is infinite, and the tasteful and skilful management of it perfect; and his cadences are sweet, plaintive, and most musical. He began in a gamesome humor. He continued argumentatively in thoughts beautifully turned, and as he proceeded to the more serious part of his view of justice and humanity, the sentences became more delicately polished, and the cadences more nicely musical — that plaintive murmuring and earnest plaintiveness which make O'Connell's serious speeches the more striking; and as he talked of Ireland, of the widow's cry, the orphan's tear, and the oppressor's wrong, it was plain there was not a person in that vast assembly, comprehending representatives from nearly every civilized nation on earth, who was not brought completely under his sway.”

At this place, I shall present the reader with a portrait of this great man. It was taken by Haverty, in 1825, and is acknowledged to be the best likeness of the Liberator that ever was taken of him, in his meridian.



Your faithful Servant  
C. Daniel Cornell





*You faithful Swains*  
*Daniel O'Connell*



## LECTURE XXIV.

### O'CONNELL'S LIFE AND TIMES, FROM 1820 TO 1830.

O'Connell's Establishment. — Obstacles to his Course. — State of England. — Castle-reagh and Sidmouth Government. — Spies and Butcheries in England. — English Reformers. — Death of George the Third. — Accession of George the Fourth. — Prevalence of Ignorance in England. — Queen Caroline. — Her Trial. — Excitement. — Failure of the Prosecution, and Death, of the Queen. — King visits Ireland. — His Reception. — Conciliation. — Results of the Visit. — Death of Napoleon. — His Character. — O'Connell. — His Attributes and Objects. — State of the Catholic Question. — Revival of Orangeism. — Catholic Association founded. — Parish Meetings. — The Dublin Press in 1823. — First Sitting of the Association. — O'Connell projects the Catholic Rent. — Its Mode of Collection. — Action of the Association. — The Morning Register — Coyne's Rooms. — The Corn Exchange. — Committees of the Association. — The leading Members. — Progress of the Association. — Its English Friends. — State of Europe. — The Irish Clergy. — Bible Societies. — "Second Reformation." — Bible Discussions. — End of the New Reformation. — Results. — Doctor Doyle. — Agrarian Disturbances. — Glance at England. — Death of Castlereagh. — Prosecution of O'Connell. — Failure of the Prosecution. — Additional Power of O'Connell. — Influence of the Association — Bill for its Suppression. — O'Connell's Opposition. — The Wings. — Dr. Doyle's Examination. — Definition of Catholic Doctrine. — The Powers of the Pope. — Conversion of Brownlow and Dawson. — Speech of the Duke of York. — Failure of Negotiations. — O'Connell's Return to Ireland, and Reception. — Fourteen Days' Meetings. — Forty Shilling Freeholders. — Election of 1826. — Overthrow of the Aristocracy. — Landlord Persecutions. — The Lowth Freeholder. — Darrynane Abbey bequeathed to O'Connell. — Simultaneous Meetings. — Census. — Sympathetic Meetings Abroad. — Foreign Sympathy. — American Sympathy. — Affairs in England. — The Canning Ministry. — Wellington Ministry. — Duke of Wellington. — A Cry of No Popery. — O'Connell opposes the Duke. — O'Connell petitions in Favor of the Dissenters. — Their Emancipation. — Clare Election. — Major Macnamara. — Vesey Fitzgerald. — O'Connell stands for Clare. — His Address to the Electors. — Steele and O'Gorman Mahon. — Father Maguire. — Dominick Roynane, Shiel. — O'Connell enters Clare. — The Election. — Virtue of the Electors. — Their Triumph. — O'Connell elected. — O'Connell's Speech. — Shiel's Speech. — Chairing of O'Connell. — His triumphal Journey to Dublin. — Effects of the Victory — Lawless sent to the North. — Opposition. — Danger of a Collision. — Rev. Mr. M'Donough — State of the South. — Order of "Pacificators." — Military Processions. — Policy of Government. — Lord Wellesley. — Sir Abraham Bradley King. — The Marquis of Anglesey. — Lord Cloncurry. — Lord Anglesey favorable to Catholic Emancipa-



tion. — Eloquence of the Catholic Leaders. — O'Connell's Tactics. — Protestant Declaration. — Letter from the Duke of Wellington. — Letter from Lord Anglesey. — The Duke resolves to emancipate the Catholics. — Excitement in England. — O'Connell proceeds to England. — Peel assailed by his Friends. — Feeling in the Army. — Catholic Relief Bill. — The Forty Shilling Freeholders. — Speech of the Duke of Wellington. — Triumph of the Catholic Question. — O'Connell refused Admission to Parliament. — Discussion on his Case. — His Appearance at the Speaker's Table. — Refuses to take the Oaths tendered. — Confusion in the House. — O'Connell's Speech. — His Rejection. — Re-election for Clare. — Complete Triumph. — O'Connell's Companions in the Struggle. — BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of Shiel, Rt. Rev. Dr. Doyle, Maurice O'Connell, Henry Grattan, Lawless, Steele, O'Gorman Mahon, Barrett, Staunton.

THE preceding lecture was devoted to what may be called the first part of the great drama of O'Connell's life. The reader has by this time a pretty fair conception of the man whom we are endeavoring to depict. His previous twenty years were continually occupied in battling with tory judges and crown prosecutors; with Orange magistrates and corporations; with bigoted parsons and polemical gladiators; with "Carders," "White-boys," "Rockites," and "Ribbonmen;" with the envious members of his own creed and profession, who were mean enough to thwart his daily efforts for the instruction, amelioration, or disenfranchisement of his countrymen. His professional income amounted to some three or four thousand pounds a year, which was not more than sufficient to support his family in a manner suitable to their rank. His mansion in Merrion Square was elegant, his hospitality large, and all the details of his domestic establishment, with his carriage and liveries, were in corresponding style. A brilliant lamp, projecting immediately over the entrance to his house, proclaimed to the night traveller the legible "*O'Connell*," engraved on the tablet of his door.

The chieftain designation "*O'Connell*" was not set there without an object. It typified his Milesian ancestry, and his station as chief of his ancient sept. It was the mysterious symbol of his resolve to lead the Irish millions to the goal of freedom. He had not, at this time, inherited from his uncle the splendid patrimony of Darrynane Abbey and its wide domain; and yet the cost of the agitation for Irish freedom was mostly borne by this busy chieftain lawyer, who had then so little beyond his indomitable spirit and vast knowledge "to feed and clothe" him.

It is necessary that the reader should now have a glimpse at the state of affairs, about this period, in England. George the Third, who had been *sixty years* on the English throne, was, during the latter portion of his life, mentally incapacitated, and the kingly office devolved on his eldest son, *George, prince of Wales*. The last few years of the reign

of George the Third formed a period of reckoning and reflection. Half a century of continued war abroad; the expenditure of untold treasure and blood; the pensioning of so many armies of professional gladiators; the accumulation of a debt unprecedented in the annals of the world,—had, all together, afforded material enough for the discontent of the British people, and the bitter reflection of the sovereign. The days of peace were days of reckoning. The people had leisure to count the cost of the game. Napoleon was exiled, but England was bankrupt. The falling away of trade, the discharge from the pay of government of two hundred and thirty thousand men, the cessation of a Continental demand for manufactures, the stoppage of factories and banks, and the dismissal of hundreds of thousands of artisans and laborers, reduced England to the verge of internal insurrection.

The working classes knew little of the tactics of political agitation. They assembled in immense masses, they complained, they called for reform, and they threatened; but the Sidmouth and Castlereagh ministry kept up a standing army of one hundred and seventy thousand men, ready to suppress the first outbreak. Practised in the art of entrapping the people as the execrated Castlereagh was, he found means to break up the ill-formed political combinations of working men, sending among them spies and informers, such as he had employed, in the year 1798, with such terrible effect, in unhappy Ireland. The principal persons thus employed were *Oliver, Castles, Edwards, Franklin*, and the notorious *Thomas Reynolds*, who was the chief, though concealed, manager of this battalion of informers. These government desperadoes went into the meetings of the working classes, excited them to outrage by violent denunciations of the ministry and the king, obtained the adhesion of hundreds of men to their abominable conspiracies, who were afterwards prosecuted by them, and transported by the ministry, in order to frighten down complaint, or coöperation for redress. The wealthy and intellectual classes were driven off, by fear, from the ranks of the people. Lord Castlereagh brought in his celebrated sedition and combination bills, commonly called the “six acts,” by the authority of which he suspended the constitution, introduced martial law, empowered magistrates to enter houses at any time in the night to search for arms, and reduced all Britain to the condition of unhappy Ireland previous to the outbreak of 1798. Meetings were now suppressed by the military throughout England; and at one of these meetings, that at Peterloo, in Manchester, *four hundred persons* were killed or wounded by armed yeomanry cavalry, under the command of tory magistrates. They galloped in among the assembled people as in a battle-field, cutting down all whom they

could reach! This memorable butchery took place on the 16th of August, 1819.

The British people had but few leaders of talent at that period, and these were either unequal or unfit for the great work of political amelioration. *Sir Francis Burdett*, *Lord Cochrane*, and *John Cam Hobhouse*, were the only men in parliament who would speak a word for them. *Cobbett*, (who had just returned from America,) *Major Cartright*, *Sir Charles Wolseley*, *Wooller*, *Hunt*, and *Hone*, were the out-of-door leaders of radical England. They were weak. "Reform" was not understood. The very name was discountenanced by the government and the aristocracy. It was held to be a species of treason, and its open profession was punished by laws specially contrived for its suppression.

This was England in the latter days of George the Third, when the "tyrant of Europe" was enchained on a rock; when, in the appropriate language of O'Connell, "the great eagle of the creation was chained to a rock to be pecked at by the carrion crows of England."

That which added much to the power of the government, was the gross, the incredible degree of ignorance which prevailed among the working classes of England. Mr. Brougham, (now Lord Brougham,) as chairman of a parliamentary committee on the state of education, proved that, in the twelve thousand parishes of England, there were three thousand five hundred parishes, or nearly one third of the whole, "which had not a school, nor the vestige of one, for imparting instruction." (See Parliamentary Debates, 1820, and London Morning Chronicle.) That report further proved that the vast property formerly bequeathed by enlightened and pious donors for the purposes of popular education, and which, according to their wills, was directed to be appropriated by *clergymen* in paying teachers, and the other expenses of parish education, was, in a majority of cases, *appropriated by the clergy* to their personal support, though their tithes and glebe lands were more than sufficient for that purpose.

George the Third died 29th January, 1820, at the age of eighty-two, sixty years of which he reigned king of England. The Prince of Wales ascended the throne as George the Fourth. His kingdom of England was full of conspiracies and plots, which, it has since been proved, were generated by members of the cabinet from the home office. Some even of the Cato Street conspirators were in the pay of the ministry, although the avowed object of that conspiracy was to assassinate all of those very ministers! The same suspicious features marked the Scottish conspiracies, about the same period, where, in the south-west particularly, they went so far as to establish a provisional government, drew up

a state proclamation, and attempted — a mere handful of the common people — to raise the flag of rebellion. All these secret plots, as I have many times remarked, but contributed the better to establish the power of the aristocracy, by frightening to their support all persons who owned any property.

On the accession of the new king, Queen Caroline, his deserted wife, claimed the privilege of being acknowledged as his queen, and of being included in the honors of the coronation. This was refused by the prince, and all England divided for one side or the other — the king or the queen. Her majesty had been six years absent from England, and for the previous twenty-three had lived apart from her husband. Their union had been one of policy, not of choice. One child was the fruit, the unfortunate Princess Charlotte, who, it is said, was poisoned. Nature had not mated the prince and his consort. Dislike ensued, and separation followed. There was no divorce; but the prince, who was regent of the kingdom, frowned her out of “high” society. She wandered on the Continent, mingled with inferior grades, was suspected of infidelity to a bed from which she was excluded, was tried before the house of lords, where well-trained witnesses were suborned to impugn her chastity; but they broke down in their testimony, under the skilful cross-examination of Brougham and Denman, (afterwards chancellor and lord chief justice of England,) and the prosecution ended in nothing — but scandal. Lords Sidmouth, *home secretary*, Eldon, *chancellor*, and Castlereagh, *foreign secretary*, were the chief men of the cabinet, and the chief advisers of the king. They were covered with odium by this attempt to ruin an ill-treated and unfortunate woman. All England was in uproar. The king, who was grossly dissolute, and his palace, which was the centre of immorality, excited the disgust of the people towards him, and it knew no bounds. The great body of the English people took the side of the queen against the king. The wickedness of the ministers, the immorality of the king, and the butchery at Manchester, were the principal topics of public indignation. Indeed, the country was on the verge of rebellion, when, however, his majesty, in his speech to the parliament, mentioned his wife by name, though he still excluded her from the palace, but recommended a liberal grant for her support. Fifty thousand pounds a year was accordingly voted by parliament; but she did not live to receive the first instalment. She died broken-hearted.

It was under these circumstances, and with a view of attracting to his interest the affections of the Irish nation, by specious and plausible assurances of his good intentions towards them, that the king determined to

visit Ireland. His intention was made known, and it naturally created in the hearts of the Irish people the liveliest and most extravagant anticipations. He was the first British king that ever came to Ireland with the olive-branch of peace. He was a voluptuary ; but had been, when young, the friend of Burke and Sheridan, the great Irish orators ; and the Irish, willing to forget ages of suffering in the hope of some grand boon from their new king, prepared to receive him with a spirit of joy and welcome which the pen of philosophy cannot account for, nor the pen of history approve. Catholics and Protestants for a moment forgot old animosities, and cordially forgave each other, under the delusive idea that the king's visit would metamorphose the citizens of every religious communion into baronets and peers, and that Ireland would be transformed into a sort of happy Elysium. A committee composed of Catholics and Protestants was chosen to receive the king. The Catholic gentlemen were chosen by Protestants, and the Protestant gentlemen by Catholics. This was all right, and high were the expectations formed, on every side, of some coming greatness which nobody could define. His majesty at length landed at Howth, proceeded to the lord lieutenant's residence in the Phoenix Park, from whence he entered the city through Cavendish Row and Sackville Streets, where the trades of Dublin were drawn up in magnificent array to receive him. That long and noble street was lined, on both sides, to the house-tops, with the fairest forms that ever before met the eyes of an English monarch. It was August, and Erin was robed in her loveliest attire. The reception was grand, and the scene sublime. The king wore a large bunch of shamrocks at his breast, and another in his hat, and was accompanied by *Lord Castlereagh!*

The people of Dublin, foolishly forgetting the betrayer of their country in their temporary transport, gave themselves up to a wild enthusiasm. The king staid a few days in the country, condensed his good wishes for Ireland into a letter, in which he desired them to love each other, but omitted all allusion to the removal of the cause of their quarrels — the penal laws. Meantime, his queen, the source of his late troubles, died. He returned, by Scotland, to the palace of his fathers ; and he soon forgot his faithful people of Ireland, to whom his visit was one of great promise, but of no performance.

If the year 1820 was marked by the death of George the Third, the year 1821 was memorable for the death of his great enemy, Napoleon. After an imprisonment of six years in the Island of St. Helena, he yielded up his warlike spirit. His life will ever prove an interesting lesson to kings and people. Born of Italian parentage, but of Irish ancestry, — for his grandfather, according to the learned O'Donovan, was

Gaul Burke, an Irish soldier who left Ireland on the fall of James the Second, and settled in the Isle of Corsica, where the hero of Lodi, one of nine brothers and sisters, was born,—and having acquired a good military education, he entered the service of the French republic as a soldier, but soon distinguished himself in the field by his science and bravery. After the treachery of Dumourier, he became the leading star of the French armies. His deeds of heroism are written upon every battle-field of Europe. His passage over the Alps, with an immense army, baggage, provisions, and artillery, was a feat not performed since the days of Hannibal the Carthaginian.

One of O'Connell's allusions to this extraordinary man is the most eloquent and striking ever conceived or uttered respecting him.

“Are these the circuitous routes by which he was hitherto known to march to the attainment of his object? When he came to the foot of the Alps, did he stop there until their eternal snows were dissolved into dew-drops? No! He crossed them with the steep flight of an Alpine eagle, and came down upon Italy like an avalanche. When he came to the banks of the Danube, did he stop there for the purpose of tracing out inlets in its sands with his fingers? No! He crossed it like a fairy apparition. His stratagems were those of a Vesuvius fire, and tempest, and thunder, and consuming lava!”

It would have been well for the teeming millions of Europe had Napoleon been endowed with the wisdom and sublime moderation of Washington. Had he given to France and those nations which he liberated the benefits of republican government, for which the French people fought and bled, how glorious would have been his name to the most distant generations! Napoleon, the liberator of the old world, would have ranked in the page of history with Washington, the liberator of the new. But he followed, unfortunately, the cruel and ambitious Cromwell, rather than the brave and virtuous Washington. All his valor was vainly expended. All the blood shed by his command was wasted. All his stratagems, with the finest army in the world, were unable to sustain his inglorious ambition. Fearful of criticism, he dispersed “the council of five hundred.” Anxious to be master of spiritual and temporal power, he seized the pope, and brought him captive to Paris. Determined to found a monarchical dynasty, against which he first drew the sword, he put away Josephine, his lawful wife, for want of issue, and took the daughter of the Austrian emperor, who betrayed and abandoned him. Ambitious to have France the mistress of nations, he rifled the shrines and museums of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa, to make her one mighty museum for the world, taking from every nation which he conquered all that was most valuable in art, or venerated in

history. Ambitious to be acknowledged master of this great nation, he had himself proclaimed her *emperor*; and, to the disgrace of France, one man only was found patriot enough to say *nay* to his elevation on the day of his coronation. That man was the great *Carnot*, whose name deserves to be transmitted to posterity in characters of fire. His *personal* ambition being thus proclaimed, Europe took the alarm, and his disastrous expedition to Russia, by which he lost near a quarter of a million of his best men, completed his fall. Nor did his temporary exile in Elba, and his romantic escape, and reëstablishment at the head of the French armies, teach him wisdom or moderation. The wise proposition of La Fayette at this juncture, on behalf of the French people, to establish a simple republic, like that of the United States, was rejected. He sallied forth to meet the combined kings of Europe at the head of an unsustainable army, with a kingly sword in his hand, and the *imperial* eagles, instead of the cap of liberty, on his standards. Abandoning the *principle* which was the secret of his early success, his power rested *solely on the sword*, which is a frail dependence. He fell, to rise no more!

Lady Morgan, who, Napoleon admitted, was the most talented woman in Europe, describes his career in a sentence: "The caps of liberty, which still adorned the milestones near the French capital in 1813, and which were to have been effaced in order to make way for *Napoleon's eagle*, were supplanted, at the restoration of the Bourbons, by the *fleur-de-lis*. This is the history of the French revolution in a single sentence."—*Book of the Boudoir*.

The chief service which Napoleon conferred on France was that revision of her laws called the *Code Napoleon*—a work so comprehensive, yet so brief, that every man can read and understand the laws he is required to obey; but her liberty he left in a more distressed state than he found it. His remains were demanded from England by the French government in 1840, and the present Louis Philippe sent his son to St. Helena, and brought them to Paris to the *Hôpital des Invalides*, where they were interred amid the most extravagant honors.

The work of freedom, which Napoleon could have so easily performed, remains to be done; and we shall now see, in the career of Daniel O'Connell, that he took up that duty where Napoleon laid it down. We shall, with the reader's indulgence, follow O'Connell, step by step, in his brilliant career, and mark his unequalled labors in the cause of human liberty. With no crown upon his head, and no sword in his hand, no armies at his back, his tongue and pen his weapons, the press his artillery, and no shield or fortress but public opinion; yet, breaking down

monopolies, subduing powers — the tory powers of haughty England; compelling that military chieftain, to whom Napoleon gave his sword, to open the guarded temples of the British constitution, which he and his had sworn to keep closed forever. We shall see the ground he has passed over, the lessons he has taught, the triumphs he has won, the freedom he has extorted, and the portion of his mighty object which is yet to be attained; we shall see the crowned heads of Europe tremble at his name, and learn how suffering humanity throughout the world leaps for joy on its enunciation.

The year 1821 passed away, and the Catholics of Ireland were still shut out from the British constitution. Mr. Plunket in that year brought their cause before the house of commons. Their freedom, with a series of fettering accompaniments, was voted by a small majority in the house of commons, but rejected in the lords by a majority of thirty-nine. The hollow king took no pains to influence the house of lords, and the question was set at rest for a season. Meantime the wretched No-Popery cry was again raised; the Dublin corporation men and some of the Orange magistrates of Ireland assembled, and raised the cry of "No surrender." Sir Abraham Bradley King, who, on behalf of the Orangemen of Ireland, had, when the king arrived, given to the Catholics a pledge to extend towards them a brotherly affection for evermore, now "doffed his surtout," as he termed it, and was once more the violent fomenter of those wretched animosities which had kept Ireland so long in distraction and misery. The Orange system was revived through Ireland and England, and it was sanctioned and introduced into the army by the immediate agency of the royal Duke of Cumberland, and Lord Kenyon, with the secret object of seizing on the crown of England, on the first favorable opportunity, for the former.

The "Catholic cause" had long been the capital of trading politicians in parliament. It had become alternately the question of the "ins" and the "outs." While some members of the parliament were truly sincere in their advocacy, there were many who looked upon the question only as a means to an end — that end their political elevation. It was tossed about in this way from party to party. The Catholics, divided by the veto discussions, were broken into factions. All their boards and committees were dead, their leaders scattered or apathetic, and their claims rejected. The torpor of slavery had eaten its way to their hearts, and the lifeless mass seemed almost incapable of reanimation.

In this pitiable condition of their affairs, O'Connell, having consulted with a *few* of the leading men, called an aggregate meeting of the



“Catholics of Ireland,” which was held in Townsend Street chapel, Dublin, on the 23d of April, 1823. It was well attended, and he delivered on that occasion a most powerful address. I had the satisfaction to hear that speech. It was the first I ever heard the Liberator speak, and I shall never lose the impressions which it made upon my youthful heart. His first words were, “My countrymen, I am to speak to-day of six centuries’ sufferings. I know not where I shall begin, and when I have begun, I know not where I shall end.” This address occupied three hours in the delivery. It was grandly conceived and powerfully spoken. He shadowed forth the majestic plan of a national association and a national fund. The plan was applauded; the “Catholic Association of Ireland” was formed. The qualification fee of each member was fixed at one pound per annum. Some twenty or thirty gentlemen put down their names; and the *association*, thus formed, resolved to meet weekly, under regulations assimilating as near as possible to those of parliament.

Parish meetings were next to be held, to sustain in funds and sympathy the action of this association. The first parish meeting was that of St. Mary’s, which was held in the old Catholic chapel in Liffey Street. O’Connell attended, but there were not beyond a score of persons present. It was a miserable failure. This was the first of the parish meetings called to express approbation of the great plans proposed at the aggregate meeting, *and it was a failure!*

Here was sufficient to break the spirit of an ordinary man. But O’Connell was not an ordinary man. He addressed that pitiful meeting. I was present, and heard that speech; it was touching, eloquent, and encouraging. He concluded by moving an adjournment. He said, “he would test his plans fairly by the opinions of his countrymen. He would go around from parish to parish through the city; he would unfold each part of his political machinery. Every wise suggestion, coming from any quarter, should have force with him, and he would then see who, among his fellow-Catholics, were willing to yield to the influence of despair and the galling chains of slavery.” He concluded by moving an adjournment of the parish of St. Mary for one week.

The press gave the proceedings of this meeting to the public. The hostile editors attacked the project with ridicule or bitterness. These attacks served it. The people were roused by the abuse of the Orange papers, and believed there was something in a plan which called forth their loud hostility. Curiosity, if not patriotism, was excited; and the next meeting, in Liffey Street chapel, was crowded to overflowing.

O'Connell was splendid on that occasion. I remember it well. "The Catholic Association of Ireland" was approved and confirmed by resolutions; a committee was appointed to coöperate with it, and the thanks of the meeting enthusiastically voted to Daniel O'Connell, Esq.

Some of the other parishes of Dublin followed St. Mary's example, and the new association was apparently launched in safe waters. It met regularly at three o'clock, every Saturday afternoon, in the drawing-rooms of Mr. Coyne, bookseller, in Capel Street. Some early meetings were held also in a room in Homes's arcade, in College Green, but here an organized faction, retainers of the Orange corporation, opposed its proceedings with threats of personal violence. Some portion of Mr. Homes's beautiful room was damaged; and Mr. O'Connell, to deprive his enemies of a chance to create a riot, carried a resolution that none be admitted to witness their proceedings but members, and moved the sittings of the society back to Coyne's rooms.

The association, thus cabined up in a room twenty feet square, the public shut out, and no channel to convey its words to the hearts of men but the comparatively lifeless newspapers of that day, lingered sickly on, and almost died out for want of air and food. The papers which then advocated, in Dublin, the rights of the Catholics, were — first, the Freeman's Journal, then owned by the father of the present Mrs. Henry Grattan, and edited by one O'Connor; second, the Dublin Evening Post, edited by Magee, and sub-edited by F. W. Conway. Mr. Staunton, who was a working printer on a southern newspaper, had established the Weekly Register. These three papers were friendly, but feeble. Saunders's News-Letter was then, as it is now, owned by Potts, apparently neutral, but obliged to lean to the ascendancy party; and Carrick's Morning Post, edited by Lonergan, a half-Orange Papist, abused O'Connell with diurnal regularity. The evening papers opposed to the association were the Orange Dublin Correspondent (since called the Packet) and the Patriot. These were Orange to the back-bone. To cap the ascendancy press, there was the Antidote, governed by Sir Harcourt Lees, whose language O'Connell likened to his writing, which was such a scrawl as a spider would make that jumped out of an ink-bottle on a sheet of paper.

The sickly, skeleton reports of the speeches delivered before the association, given by those papers, produced little or no effect. The members did not increase, the money came slowly in — not near sufficient to defray the expenses of rooms, printing, and advertisements. Indeed, it may be proper here to mention that, for several years, the entire expense

of managing the Catholic cause fell upon Mr. O'Connell and three or four others. O'Connell contributed sums as large as fifty to one hundred pounds at a time, and three hundred pounds a year is not an underestimate of his pecuniary outlay in this cause during the eight or ten years previous to this period.

The members of this infant Herculean association, who attended its first sittings, were Lord Killeen, the O'Connor Don, Sir Edward Bellew, Daniel O'Connell, Rev. Dr. Hayes, Nicholas Mahon, Eneas M'Donnell, Richard Shiel, R. Lonergan, Ignatius Callaghan, John Joseph Scanlan. Counsellor O'Gorman was the secretary. Seldom could there be a quorum (ten) or "house" got together upon any one subject, although Catholic clergymen were admitted, by virtue of their mission, to the privilege of membership.

The mighty project of the "Catholic rent" was at length matured in the recesses of O'Connell's brain. It was framed to act nationally after a local model. He had ever been the ardent supporter of every charity in the city of Dublin; and in a parenthesis I may say, there is not a more charitable city in the universe. There are in it many societies for the relief of the sick, for the protection of orphans, for the relief of the poor, the aged, lame, &c. Most of these societies are supported by small weekly collections of pennies and sixpences, and by an annual sermon or an annual dinner. Young men volunteer to act as collectors of those pennies, and go out on their charitable mission weekly; and the aggregate of collections forms a considerable sum. O'Connell invariably presided at these society dinners, and brought around him a full company. The admission tickets generally left something handsome to the charity. This great man, perceiving how much was done in the city by the collection of pennies, foresaw that, if the Catholics of Ireland, consisting then of at least six millions, could be but partially organized, an immense annual revenue could certainly be realized to sustain the agitation of the Catholic cause.

The thought was matured and the plan prepared. He brought forward a calculation, showing that, if only one million, out of the six millions of Irish Catholics, were to subscribe each but one penny a month, — twelve pennies a year, — it would yield him an annual fund of **FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS** per annum. With such a fund at their command, he demonstrated that the association would be able to oppose successfully any government which refused them equal rights.

This plan was approved of by some of the Catholics, and contemned as chimerical by others. However, the great artificer gave notice of his

intention to submit his plan formally to the association, and through them to the people of Ireland. The day of meeting came, and the question was postponed a week for want of a "house." Upon the succeeding Saturday, no better prospect was visible. The hour (three o'clock) arrived for proceeding to business; but not more than eight persons had yet arrived, and no "house" could be formed. Here was a dilemma! Let us in idea look into the heart of Daniel O'Connell at that moment. Let us behold, if we have visual conception, the anxieties he felt during that momentous half hour! Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, the secretary, was a man of punctilious observances; he frequently looked at his watch. The meeting must adjourn in a few minutes if some two or three more members did not come up. In this extremity, Mr. O'Connell stepped down stairs, and, luckily for his project, found in the shop a couple of young clergymen of Maynooth College, who were purchasing books. These young gentlemen he persuaded to walk up to the meeting, and by this means formed the "house," before which he propounded that plan which compelled the cabinet of England to yield Catholic emancipation.

The grand plan was now issued to the world in the shape of a "Report on the best means of establishing a national fund for the legal purposes of the Catholic Association." It contained an earnest appeal to the interior parishes to establish forthwith the penny-a-month subscription. A few only of the parishes took up the work. I remember that, in the parish of St. Nicholas-without, in Dublin, in which I resided, the rent was collected almost immediately after the issue of the report; and proud do I now feel that I was one of those who, under the superintendence of Mr. Lawrence Finn, our treasurer, worked in the service of the Catholic Association, as a rent collector, during the entire struggle. All the collectors, treasurers, and secretaries, of this fund, both in the cities and counties, worked without pay. St. Andeon's and a few other of the Dublin parishes very soon commenced the collection, and in six months after the system was got agoing, the weekly income of the Catholic Association amounted to five, seven, or ten pounds. During the first year, it seldom reached twenty pounds a week; yet O'Connell was now satisfied his project had taken root.

The meetings of the association became now more and more interesting. The body not only devoted itself to the repeal of the penal laws, but to the redress of general political and municipal grievances. It also offered legal advice and protection, free of charge, to the people. If an Orange magistrate was guilty of an oppression on his poor Catholic neighbors, the association, on being requested, took up the grievance,

called on government for an investigation, to which the Catholic Association sent a lawyer and attorney at its expense, and wrung from an unwilling government justice and satisfaction for the people. If any of the judges, saturated with Orange prejudices, as some of them were, misdirected a jury in a case where Protestants and Catholics were at issue, a petition charging the facts was instantly drawn up and sent to Sir Francis Burdett or Henry Brougham, for presentation to the house of commons, when England was made to ring with the echoes of the delinquent's name.

In proportion as the occasions arose for the interference of the association in matters of local oppression, did its influence over the people extend. The people began to experience some of the good consequences which it promised them. The magistrates, police, parsons, and all others enjoying authority, became more cautious and respectful in their bearing to the people; and this, perhaps, more than any other circumstance, tended to induce the great body of the Catholics to believe that the association, if it could not procure all it proposed, would at all events do *some good*. The rent gradually increased, towards the close of 1824, to thirty or forty pounds a week.

Mr. O'Connell felt the sad deficiency of an effective reporting press. The skeleton notice of their proceedings which appeared in the Daily Freeman, Saunders's Morning and Evening Post, conveyed little of the important matter which he flung out weekly before his little senate in Coyne's back room. A new daily paper, with a regular corps of reporters, was proposed, and Mr. Staunton, the indefatigable proprietor of the Weekly Register, assumed the great undertaking. It was at the time a "great undertaking." The press of Dublin then labored under a most oppressive stamp tax of twopence (four cents) for every impression issued, also two shillings and sixpence (sixty cents) duty levied on every advertisement; besides which, twenty-four hundred pounds security for the proper conduct of the paper was required by the government. When it is known that the first issues of the Morning Register (now lying before me) did not exceed three hundred a day, with so heavy a duty payable to the government, and the expense of reporters, printers, and paper, it may readily be supposed it did not long survive. Ten or twelve were the number of its days, and its fall was no small source of triumph and ground of satire to the Orange press of Ireland.

Mr. O'Connell still saw the absolute necessity of a good reporting daily paper, to meet the calumnies of the Orange press, and to give life and circulation to the proceedings of the association. A new arrangement was had with Mr. Staunton, by which, I believe, a weekly payment was

made to him by the association for his daily papers, thereby forcing a circulation through the country. Mr. Staunton was thus enabled to resume the publication of the *Morning Register*, in which elaborate reports of Catholic Association proceedings regularly appeared. These reports were remarkable, alike for their accuracy and eloquence. They were principally furnished by Mr. W. B. Macabe, since a distinguished member of the London press, and by Mr. Carew O'Dwyer, since a member of parliament, and at present the recipient of a handsome salary from a law office in Dublin. These gentlemen and some others, whom I may not know, caught, as it ascended, the patriotic vapor of O'Connell's heart, and transferred it, full of life and heat, to their page, stamped with the image of his great soul. They were the unseen agents of that intellectual power, more quick and subtle than the electric fluid, which O'Connell wielded at his pleasure.

The association now began to assume a national aspect. The members increased, the correspondence increased, the rent increased. Coyne's little room was crowded to suffocation, and the master spirit of all seemed to grow in eloquence, and to expand, with the occasion, in wit and knowledge. A larger room for their proceedings was demanded by the public voice, and the *Liberator* concluded a bargain with the trustees of the Dublin Corn Exchange for the use of their assembly room on lease at two hundred pounds a year. Little as such an affair would be regarded in our days, it was then a most important step in advance.

The association having now removed its sittings to a room nearly as large as that of the British house of lords, an increased interest in its proceedings was thereby generated. It looked now so like a parliament; its proceedings were conducted with so much system; its committee rooms, "above stairs" and "below stairs;" its committees of "finance," of "law," of "correspondence," of "grievance," and "petition," — all looked so parliamentary, that public confidence was strung up to a high tone. The young lawyers who gathered round O'Connell, and the young gentlemen of other professions who were anxious to distinguish themselves among their countrymen, were assigned places on all those committees. They worked ardently and incessantly. The same men, when brought together, formed a general committee, a sort of privy council, before which the general questions intended to be discussed in the great assembly were previously submitted, and there, after a patient discussion, were shaped for the public eye. These gentlemen performed their allotted parts as members in the open debates of the association, or as delegates to the county or parish meetings. They were ready for

every change in the political game, completely under the control of the great leader, perfectly at his command, willing to travel, to write, to speak, or die, at his nod.

The association now daily swelled into importance; the rent increased in its weekly average, and the members in number. Several truly eloquent speakers joined in its debates. If eloquence be the cement which binds together great bodies of men who pursue a common object, then sufferings, oppression, and misery, are the food on which eloquence feeds; and never, surely, in the history of mankind, have there been such unremitting supplies flung up by any country as by Ireland.

Amongst those who joined the Catholic Association in the early stages of its career, and who, next to O'Connell himself, adorned its debates with extraordinary eloquence, was RICHARD LALOR SHEIL, the young Catholic barrister. As I intend to give a short sketch of Sheil and other members of the association when I come to the dissolution of that body, I shall pass on without dwelling further on him than to remark, that, according to Mr. Wyse's account, Mr. Sheil met O'Connell at a dinner party in Wicklow, in 1823, where a compact between those great men took place, the object of which was the emancipation of their Catholic brethren throughout the British dominions. Although this bond of union was established in the manner stated by Mr. Wyse, yet I do not remember that Mr. Sheil attended the Catholic Association regularly during the first twelve or eighteen months of its progress. It is true he attended the annual, or special aggregate meetings of the Catholics of Ireland; but I do not remember to have seen or heard of him *frequently* during the first year's sittings of the association. However, towards the close of the year 1824, he became more regular in his attendance, and emitted many a brilliant irruption of burning eloquence from the volcano of the Corn Exchange.

JOHN LAWLESS, the talented editor of the Belfast Irishman, who was a most graceful and eloquent speaker, became also an active member of this body. There was O'Gorman Mahon, an able speaker, a young, chivalrous, fearless gentleman, of some landed property in the county Clare; Thomas Wyse, Jun., of Waterford, descended from the old Catholic gentry, a young gentleman of great literary acquirements, of graceful manners, and elegant address. Besides these, there was a strong phalanx of lawyers, some of whom rose afterwards to professional eminence and judicial dignities.

Among these were CHARLES WOLFE and MICHAEL O'LOUGHLIN, both of whom ascended the bench; BRIC, who fell in a duel, greatly la-

mented, and PRIGOR, who became solicitor-general during the lord lieutenancy of Lord Normanby; Eneas M'Donnell, who, after emancipation, joined the tories; Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, who was promoted to the office of assistant-barrister, worth five hundred pounds a year, on the triumph of emancipation; together with several lawyers of lesser note, who obtained appointments in the colonies and in various ways, on the successful issue of the agitation. There were many Protestant lawyers in the society, who were also promoted: among these is the present Judge Perrin. Besides all these, there were a great number of clergymen and country gentlemen, who occasionally spoke in the association, and who served as conductors of its electricity and flame through the nation.

An association composed of such able men as those could not but attract the support of the Irish Catholics, and the jealousy of the tory portion of the British parliament — both the consequences of the same course of action, extending and expanding in an incalculable proportion.

The proceedings of the Irish Catholic Association became more absorbing to the interests of the Irish people than those of the British parliament. The speeches delivered in the Corn Exchange, full of complaint, wit, and invective, were far more eloquent and more beautiful than those delivered in the parliament. As the association proceeded, it handled questions of still greater and greater import. Not only did it debate Catholic emancipation with freedom, but the tithe question, corporate abuses, grand jury jobbing, petty magisterial oppressions, Orange violence, and even the foreign policy of the British government.

The able manner in which O'Connell, the head of this formidable body, brought forward all these questions, generally arranging beforehand the order of the debate and the men who were to speak, was admired even by his enemies. Every speech told, every eloquent shot took effect. There was no nonsense uttered. Men were selected who were able to treat the question in hand in an able manner. There was no bombast. The debates of the assembly were conducted with precision, eloquence, and energy.

It became important that an agent should be established in London, to attend to the members of the British parliament who were favorable to the Catholics, to see about the presentation of petitions, attend to the press, and correspond with the association. Eneas M'Donnell was selected for this duty, and was appointed with a salary of five hundred pounds a year. I believe this trust was filled with talent, energy, and fidelity; for Mr. M'Donnell was, and is, an able writer, a master of history, statistics, imagery, sarcasm, and invective.



The members of the British parliament who patronized this formidable body were Mr. Grey, afterwards Lord Grey, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir James Mackintosh, Henry Brougham, and Joseph Hume. Cobbett and the London Times were the principal writers in their favor. The *Times* was then anti-tory. Its leaders were contributed by Brougham, Grey, Mackintosh, Denman, and others of the reform party, and its poetic arrows by Tom Moore, who had ten pounds a week paid him by the paper, for sustaining that department of the war.

The reformers of England felt a strong sympathy towards the members of the Irish Catholic Association. They looked upon it as a very powerful auxiliary in their warfare on the tories, who had so long monopolized the profits and dignities of place. The leaders of the Irish agitation were frequently attacked in the house of commons by their enemies, and were as frequently defended by their eloquent friends. This attack and this defence of course increased their power, influence, and celebrity — the thing of all others, for the sake of their cause, the most to be desired.

The state of Europe, about this time, demands our consideration. Spain, Portugal, and Italy, were in the throes of revolution; and even the dominions of the Sublime Porte were agitated, which extended into the Morea, and generated that sanguinary struggle between the Greeks and Turks which led to the independence of the former. Brazil was separated from Portugal, and the provinces of South America were in arms, under Bolivar, to shake off the dominion of Spain. The European irruptions were suppressed by the interference of the French, and the combination of the Holy Alliance of crowned heads, who sat with closed doors, and dictated a uniform system of absolute government to all Europe.

1825. The association had now been working two years, producing the most astonishing combination of the people, from the peer to the peasant. Most of the Catholic aristocracy joined heartily in the movement. It included 1400 Protestants, 2600 priests and 24 Catholic bishops. Every man in the body acknowledged its powers; all saw that if ever emancipation was to be obtained, this machinery was certainly able to extort it.

The "rent," a term that seemed at first to imply a debt legally due, was cheerfully paid by the people. The only difficulty was, to get sufficient persons to give their time to the collection; but this was secured by the lucky expedient hit upon by O'Connell — that of selecting two active men in each parish to see to its regular collection, and to discipline in a legal way the aspiring spirits of the parish. These two officers were called "churchwardens," and were rewarded by the frequent

laudatory remarks of the great leader and of a weekly newspaper. These men conducted information through the ranks of the people. They explained the uses to which the pennies were applied, read the speeches of O'Connell and the proceedings of the association to the people, and thus instilled the doctrines of the association into their minds, and rooted the association in their hearts.

The Catholic clergy who had been, for the previous thirty years, educated in Maynooth College, were drawn, for the most part, from the farming and middle classes of the Irish, and were now spread through Ireland. Brought from the farm-house to the college, the student carried thither with him all the sense of wrong which his relatives experienced from the dominant government. While he read his divinity, he also read the history of other nations, and he imbibed the doctrines of Locke and Paley more deeply than those of Bellarmine or Bossuet on the divine right of kings. When his period of probation was over, he returned amongst the people with an enlarged, instructed mind — with a zeal and sympathy equal to the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen.

There are about two thousand five hundred Catholic parishes in Ireland, and one, at least, of these educated, national, anti-English clergymen was placed in each parish. The parishes of Ireland vary in population; the average may be set down at three to four thousand Catholics in the rural districts, and much more in cities. The priest was naturally the standard of religious and moral conduct in all the surrounding circle. He influenced the opinions of all his flock. As a clergyman, he could not be prominent in the political agitation; still his approbation of the Catholic Association, of their acts, of their revenue, was felt throughout his walk. He gave his pound a year to the association with hearty good-will, and this was enough. A unity of feeling and action pervaded nearly the entire priesthood of Ireland.

Some few of them, indeed, came forward more prominently than the rest as polemical and political controversialists. The Bible societies, and the lords and ladies who distinguished themselves, in that day, as agents of a "second reformation," contributed very materially to boil up public excitement to the necessary point. The holy business into which these titled male and female apostles entered with so much zeal was the entire conversion of the Catholics of Ireland to some one of the Protestant forms of faith which prevailed. They argued, logically enough, that, *if* the Irish could be made thoroughly sensible of the idolatry, superstition, and damnability of their church, they would abandon it, and thereby effect very simply their political emancipation; and to carry this great

object, a spirit of proselytism was evoked by means of letters, pamphlets, speeches, and public assemblies, of which neither the annals of England nor Ireland afford a parallel.

The Irish and English aristocracy of the high tory class joined heartily in this "second reformation." Thousands upon thousands of pounds were subscribed. Bibles and pamphlets were printed by the million, and distributed in every cottage in Ireland. Titled ladies travelled on foot through bogs and swamps to bring the tidings of salvation to the benighted Irish. Clothing and money were very frequently presented as collateral and substantial blessings to the objects of their solicitude, and a few hundred women and men, of every faith, enrolled themselves on the books of these reformers for the sake of realizing a little of the good things of the present world, while getting a better glimpse at the world to come.

Some of the Catholic clergymen, and even a few laymen, entered the lists of polemical discussion with the leaders of the second reformation. At Carlow, a regular discussion was arranged between three priests and three of the prominent missionaries of the Bible societies. The priests were the Rev. Messrs. M'Sweeny, Clowry, Nolan, Maher, and Kinsella: the other side was represented by Messrs. Pope, Daly, and Wingfield. The discussion was ended by the Socinian point made by M'Sweeny, which confounded the disputants. The celebrated Dr. Doyle directed and privately assisted in this famous discussion. In Cork, Messrs. O'Connell, Sheil, and Bric, defeated a party of these reformers in a public discussion, which added very considerably to their previously-acquired laurels; and the celebrated Father Tom Maguire engaged single-handed with Mr. Pope, the greatest champion of the new reformation, in a regular discussion, arranged with great ceremony and order. It took place in Dublin. Two chairmen were appointed: these were Admiral Oliver and Daniel O'Connell. Each disputant spoke half an hour. Pope began by offering objections to the Catholic religion; Maguire replied, and then started points for the other; and thus the debate continued several days, producing a deep-felt excitement in the public mind. Every word that fell from either champion was published by the press; besides which, there were special reporters paid by both sides, to record minutely the entire discussion, which was published in a bulky volume, octavo, and is considered an excellent exposition of Catholic and Protestant doctrines.

The fanaticism of the hour ran into the most fantastic extremes, and extended into the "highest circles," as they are called. Ladies Lorton and Farnham distinguished themselves in this reformation by distributing

*bacon* every Saturday to their new converts, and the Earl of Roden had his extensive library carried out and flung into his fish-pond, reserving only the Bible from destruction, which he deemed alone necessary for all human purposes. Hundreds of such things might be quoted as evidence of the ruling madness — the Bible mania.

The benevolent ladies and gentlemen, who had carried on their labors with such persevering and disinterested zeal, and with such liberality withal, found their converts, in a little time, somewhat numerous, and, supposing the principles they had so eloquently propounded might now stand alone on their inherent truth, began to withdraw the support of *bacon, clothes, and money*, from the "converted." The bubble burst; the converts, denied access to the flesh-pots, returned to the idolatry of Rome. Not even a dozen of the late Popish recusants were found firm in their new faith; and after six or eight years of unparalleled excitement, after the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds in printing, speaking, travelling, and writing, Popery seemed fastened deeper and deeper in the hearts of the "benighted people."

These discussions were attended with the very best consequences to the agitation of the Catholic claims. O'Connell saw and seized on the favorable bearings of the proselytizing movement. It knitted the leaders of the association and the Catholic clergy more intimately than they were before. The triumph of Catholicism, in this contest, — for triumph it did, — flung round the lay and clerical combatants the rays of popular glory. It combined the bishops and the agitators in a union for self-defence, and also for the common attack of the army of intolerance. And now the Catholic rent swelled to a formidable figure. A hundred to two hundred pounds a week was announced; the machinery for its collection was extended, methodized, and kept in motion. The whole received momentum from the swelling and continuous streams of O'Connell's eloquence.

The memorable public letters of the celebrated Dr. Doyle did much in this contest. He was bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and signed his publications with the letters J. K. L., the initials of his titular signature *James Kildare and Leighlin*. He was the most powerful writer of that day, uniting in his style the originality and illumination of *Paine*, the sarcasm and power of *Francis*, (Junius,) and the compact eloquence and pointed antithesis of *Grattan*. I shall devote a couple of pages to his eventful life when I conclude my narrative of the Catholic agitation. The following letter of his on the necessity of collecting the Catholic

rent, addressed to one of his priests, will disclose the mind, spirit, and literary style of J. K. L.

“ OLD DERRIG, *October 18, 1824.*”

“ MY DEAR SIR :

“ I was highly gratified by the receipt of your letter of the 15th instant, enclosing a copy of your resolutions at Maryborough.

“ There is no sentiment expressed by the respectable and intelligent meeting at which you presided, if I except those which regard myself, in which I do not most heartily concur.

“ The treaty of Limerick was most perfidiously and disgracefully violated ; and the stain of that crime, which is spoken of throughout the civilized world, cannot be effaced from the soul of England — no, not even by our emancipation.

“ Our allegiance and loyalty have not only been chivalrous, but almost chimerical ; yet they have been badly requited. Franklin is apotheosized, who has written on his tomb, ‘ *Eripuit celo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis ;* ’ whilst we continue enslaved, who have adopted the motto of the last of the O’Neils, ‘ *Pro Deo et pro rege.* ’

“ The Catholic rent is undoubtedly the most efficient measure ever adopted by the Catholic body. The Israelites would never have been restored by Cyrus, had they not been kept together in exile by a domestic government. England will either *disso’ve* the association or emancipate the Catholics.

“ You do well to identify yourselves with the Catholic Association ; they represent every interest and sentiment in our body. If they be wise and temperate, they will achieve much ; and the Catholic who is not for them, is against his religion and his country.

“ It is right to publish your sentiments ; I wish it were done also in the English papers. Much is granted to prayer ; much to importunity ; much even to clamor ; but the silent slave will be converted into a beast of burden. ‘ Arise,’ says an apostle, ‘ and Christ will enlighten thee ; ’ and another, ‘ He that is in filth, let him lie in filth still.’

“ I remain, my dear sir, always your obedient servant in Christ,

“ + J. DOYLE.

“ TO PETER BRENNAN, Esq.”

This and similar encouragements from other prelates aided O’Connell considerably in evoking public sentiment, and giving it an effective direction. One impediment, one only impediment, did he experience in the work of national regeneration. This came from the societies banded together in the south and west of Ireland under the name of “ Captain Rock’s Men.” Their object was to procure the lowering of rents, the mitigation of the tithe system, and to prevent the ejection of the tenantry by the great landlords. They legislated at midnight, and enforced their decrees with terrible celerity. They grew into importance in the years ranging from 1821 to 1825, and derived either their origin or principal support from the oppressions practised by the agents of the “ Courtenay estates,” a considerable landed property in the county of Clare, the agent

to which began a wholesale ejection of the small tenants from the lands. These dispossessed men, maddened by despair, plotted together for the destruction of those whom they looked on as the authors of their ruin. Several murders by assassination were the consequence, and a full crop of approvers, hangings, and transportations followed in regular succession. The peasantry in the west and south of Ireland, oppressed almost to death by rack-rents, ejectments, and tithes, leagued with the "Captain Rock" societies to intimidate the gentry. Vast districts became infected, disturbed, and subject to insurrection laws; special commissions for the trial of offenders, and a long train of congenial evils, followed as the only remedies at the disposal of government.

●Connell, the bishops, and several of the clergy, issued incessant addresses and appeals to these misguided men, whose sufferings were so intense, that all advice to bear with them patiently, fell on their ears with no more effect than the voice of birds. Mr. Moore has given, in his memoir of the imaginary "Captain Rock," an interesting account of these disturbances, and suggested remedies which the government have not *yet* applied; and the original disease lies yet untouched at the root of society in that unhappy country. It is to be found in the landlord laws of primogeniture, ejectments, non-tenure, tenure, and the permanent absence of the owners of the soil.

It may be proper, at this stage of my narrative, to open to the reader a glimpse of the state of England about this time. The principal advisers around George the Fourth, on his accession to the throne, were Eldon, Sidmouth, and Castlereagh, to whom, in 1822, were added the Grenvilles, Peel, and some others. In order to conciliate the Irish Catholics, Mr. Plunket, their most powerful advocate, was promoted to the office of attorney-general, instead of Mr. *Saurin*, who had held that office, and ruled with a rod of iron, for twenty years; and the Marquis Wellesley, brother to the Duke of Wellington, was appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, with Goulburn for secretary.

Brougham and Denman, the attorney and solicitor-general to the late Queen Caroline, became the centre of a new party of the whigs of England, whose natural aim was the prostration of the tories, and the possession of their offices. They raised the cries of reform, retrenchment, civil and religious liberty; they cheered on the Irish Catholics, aided the dissenters, and raised the hopes of the working classes.

In the midst of their preparation for future action, Lord Castlereagh, the betrayer and butcher of Ireland, died by his own hand, at North Cray, in Kent. Borne down by the remembrance of the dreadful deeds

he had perpetrated towards his country, he sank beneath the summary vengeance of his own will. It may be worth remarking that, when his coffin was taken out to be interred, the populace of London rent the air with their acclamations. His place as foreign secretary was filled by George Canning, the most elegant speaker in England, and it may be noted that his parents were Irish, and he called himself an Irishman.

Canning was a whig and a liberal. His junction with a half tory cabinet brought on him the scathing denunciation of Brougham. The cabinets of England and Ireland were now formed of tessellated materials. They agreed to differ on the Catholic claims, and endeavored to carry on the government on this principle. Ireland was blessed by a pro-Catholic lord-lieutenant and an anti-Catholic secretary, a pro-Catholic attorney-general, and an anti-Catholic lord chancellor. The Marquis Wellesley, in answer to an address from the Catholics, said he came to Ireland not to alter but administer the laws. The object of the British king was to have the laws carried impartially into execution, without altering their *partiality*. The policy failed of course.

The Marquis Wellesley, resolving to "put down both sides," issued a proclamation, in November, 1822, to prevent the usual decoration of the statue of William the Third, which was a favorite and long-observed custom of the Orangemen. This offended them seriously; and, when his excellency, shortly after, visited the theatre, he was pelted with broken bottles and other missiles by a party of Orange rioters: they were arrested and prosecuted by the attorney-general, Mr. Plunket, and ably defended by their council, Mr. North; and the prosecution ended — in smoke.

On the other hand, Mr. Goulburn, the Irish secretary of state, issued a proclamation against the Catholic association, which was treated by that body with scorn.

Again, the pro-Catholic attorney-general indicted Mr. O'Connell for sedition and treason, alleged to be spoken by him at a meeting of the Catholics in a house in Stephen Street, which was denominated, at the time, the "parliamentary intelligence office." It was an extensive building, having a large, open space in the rear. The concern was formerly used as a sugar-bakery. Here, upon an inverted tub, the Irish Liberator delivered that terrific speech which disturbed the peace of government.

I had the honor of hearing him deliver this celebrated harangue, which was afterwards designated the "Bolivar speech." The passage singled out by Plunket, as evidence of sedition and treason, was the

following: "I warn the British minister against either intimidating or coercing the people of Ireland. They are a brave and a chivalrous race, whose valor the history of all Europe attests. If ever they shall be driven to the field, to vindicate their liberties, they may not want another Bolivar to animate their efforts!" Bolivar had just then triumphed over the arms of Spain in South America, and had established the independence of the provinces; and the allusion was too plain to admit of any second interpretation: yet the grand jury, perceiving the hollowness of the government, and being composed mostly of Protestants, who owed Plunket a grudge, ignored, or flung out, the bills of indictment. The announcement was made by their foreman, Mr. HICKMAN KEARNEY, a Protestant, who, followed by all the jurors, appeared in the box, and flung down the monster roll on the table, exclaiming, in an audible and significant voice, "NOT FOUND." The crowded court rang again with applause, which was soon communicated to the populace without; and quick as lightning the glad tidings flew through the interior of Ireland, stirring up the coldest heart to animation in the cause of civil and religious liberty.

A triumph such as this over the government—aided by Protestants too—raised the association and its leader higher than ever in the estimation of the people. Their debates were attacked by the British press. In order to criticise, they printed them; thus giving circulation to that very poison which they dreaded most. Moreover, they sent their reporters to the Irish meetings, and gave to their readers, *in extenso*, the seditious sentiments of the Catholic patriots. These speeches were charged with fire. They breathed the flame of universal liberty. They joyed for the success of Catholic revolters to a Catholic government in South America; they cheered on the Greeks in their heroic efforts to recover their long-lost liberties; they applauded the revolt of Egypt; they evoked the spirit of slumbering Poland, applauded the English reformers, and encouraged the struggles for liberty every where. They attacked the rottenness of England in every root and every branch. History was familiar to the speakers, eloquence at their command, and an awakened world stood listening with delight. A thousand different newspapers, like so many mirrors, reflected the images of their vivid minds. The press carried their sentiments along the highways of civilization. Its accents articulated the voice of O'Connell in every nation. The seeds of liberty were carried into the bosom of every family, and grew there. The most Orange or most bigoted were not safe. The sweet influence of liberty charmed the spring-tide of the young heart.



Son was arrayed against father, brother against brother, by the spell and influence of the Catholic Association.

O'Connell no longer confined his demands to "simple emancipation." He petitioned for reform in the corporations, reform in the grand juries, and an abatement of all the church grievances, comprehending tithes, church cess, ministers' money, &c. These were followed by demands for an equitable and comprehensive system of education, from which the seeds of proselytism must be totally excluded — demands which alarmed England: even Earl Grey and Mr. Brougham, in presenting petitions to this effect from the Catholics, in 1824, condemned the policy of demanding so much.

The Catholic Association had now become the powerful rival of the British parliament. Its eloquence was fresh, beautiful, and racy of liberty. That of the British parliament grew pale within the rays of its reflected blaze. The aristocracy was beginning to dread its power. Should it go on, it would monopolize public attention, attract the young and the talented, and subvert the institutions of corruption — things greatly dreaded by the governing party. The ministry resolved to put it down by express enactment. But to impart to their measure the hue of justice, they worded their "gagging bill" so as to comprehend "all political associations" in Ireland. This was intended to include as well the Orange Lodges as the Catholic Association.

Mr. Goulburn, the Irish secretary, was the person chosen by the ministry to bring in this bill of coercion. Its disabling provisions declared illegal any body which, under pretence of petitioning parliament, continued its proceedings or existence for a longer period than fourteen days. Mr. Goulburn declared, on introducing the bill, that the Catholic agitators had kept so strictly within the law, that they were unassailable by any of its existing provisions, and that such powers as he then sought were necessary to carry on the government of Ireland. Mr. Brougham contended, inch by inch, against it. He charged the government with delusion, in appending the letter *s* to the object of their jealousy. He said, and said truly, that though *associations* were named in their bill, the *Catholic Association* alone was that intended to be struck down. A debate of six days' length followed, when the bill finally passed.

At the same time, committees of both houses of parliament were appointed to inquire into the general condition of Ireland. O'Connell, at the head of a deputation from the Catholic Association, arrived in London during the debate on the *suppression bill*. That deputation consisted, besides him, of Lord Killeen, Sir Thomas Esmond, Sheil,

Lawless, and a few others: their appearance in London created a wonderful sensation. O'Connell and some members of the deputation were examined at great length before these committees, on the general condition of Ireland, including Catholic grievances, Orange lodges, agrarian disturbances, securities to government to accompany emancipation. These latter measures were designated as the "wings" of the Catholic bill, and were intended to abolish the forty shilling freeholders, and appropriate an annual provision from the state revenue for the payment of the Catholic clergy, or for the purchase of glebe farms for their use. The proposition was shaped after the compact which, for some years past, had existed between the Presbyterian clergy and the government.

O'Connell gave his sanction to these measures, as the compact by which he was willing to accept Catholic emancipation. Mr. Lawless differed from the great leader, and wrote a letter to his Irish friends, denouncing the "wings," as he denominated the collateral measures required by the government.

The leading Catholic bishops were also summoned over to give evidence on the state of Ireland, religion, education, &c., before these committees. Their Rt. Reverences Drs. Curtis, Murray, Doyle, Kelly, and M'Gaurin, were the individuals selected. These committees were composed of men of all parties. The examination of the Irish bishops and agitators opened upon England a flood of new light, which marked the way for an entire revolution in public opinion.

The bearing and answers of Dr. Doyle to the committee produced an extraordinary impression. He appeared daily before them, occasionally clothed in the canonical habiliments of his church. The self-possession he manifested, the accurate historic recollection, and the illimitable stores of knowledge he displayed, astonished the members of the committee, some of whom were bishops of the Church of England. The dignity of the exalted ecclesiastic — his dress strictly in conformity with the rules of the holy see — must have brought before the selected wisdom of England a vivid image of the *Columbanuses* and *Becketts* of other ages.

As the definition, on oath, of the pope's power in Ireland, and other doctrines of the Catholics, by a Catholic bishop, is a true definition of that power in France, America, and other countries beyond the papal states, it is of consequence to the citizens of this country to have it published. The following questions put to Dr. Doyle, and his answers extracted, from the records of the British parliament, anno 1825, comprehend the case: —

"You are the Roman Catholic bishop of Kildare and Leighlin?" — "I am."

"According to the principles which govern the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, has the pope any authority to issue commands, ordinances, or injunctions, general or special, without the consent of the king?" — "He has."

"If he should issue such orders, are the subjects of his majesty, particularly the clergy, bound to obey them?" — "The orders which he has a right to issue must regard things that are of a spiritual nature; and when his commands regard such things, the clergy are bound to obey them."

"Does it not happen frequently that there is such an intermixture of spiritual and temporal power in such cases, that it is very difficult to know where the spiritual power ends, and where the temporal power begins?" — "Such difficulties have occurred from time to time; but I conceive that at present, and even for some centuries past, the limits between the temporal and spiritual things which such commands of the pope might affect, are so well ascertained, that no mistake could, morally speaking, possibly at present occur."

"Is the authority of the pope, in spiritual matters, absolute or limited?" — "It is limited."

"Is it limited by the authority of councils?" — "It is limited by decrees of councils already past; it is limited by usage, also, in this respect — that, when he directs any decree respecting local discipline, to any nation whatsoever, beyond the limits of his own territory, (I mean, by his own territory, what is called the patrimony of St. Peter, or the Papal States,) the assent of the bishops of such country is necessary, in order that his decree shall have effect."

"Would it be possible, according to the discipline of the Roman Catholic church, to hold a council in Ireland without the consent of the pope?" — "It would be possible to hold a council in Ireland without the consent or the knowledge of the pope; but such decrees of that council, if it were a national, or even a provincial one, as would regard faith or discipline, would not have force unless they were approved or sanctioned, after they were passed here, by the pope. But every bishop, within his own diocese, has the power of holding a diocesan synod or council, the decrees of which have force independent of the pope, and without his being made acquainted with them."

"In the case of Catholic emancipation being granted, would the Catholic clergy feel any objection to an arrangement being made, by which they might receive a salary for the performance of their ecclesiastical duties?" — "Upon that subject I could not make known to the committee the sentiments of the clergy as a body, or even of many of them as individuals; but I can tell what I think myself upon the subject: I should be adverse to the receiving of any emolument or compensation whatever from the crown; and I should prefer receiving the slender support which I receive at present from the people whom I serve." \* \* \* \*

"Where would the trial of a bishop take place?" — "The trial of a bishop is one of the *causæ majores* mentioned in the council of Sardis, and should be referred to the see of Rome. That council was held some thirty or more years after the first council of Nice, and it decreed that the *causæ majores* should not be definitely settled without the concurrence of the pope, whenever such concurrence was thought necessary by any of the parties who happened to be aggrieved; those *causæ majores* [chief causes] included cases where the faith was concerned or heresy broached, and also criminal accusations of bishops; so that, when a bishop is accused of any crime, in the first case, if he be a suffragan, the charge can be

preferred before his metropolitan; he can appeal from the metropolitan; formerly he could make such appeal to the provincial council; but as now provincial councils are seldom or never held, he can appeal from the metropolitan directly to the pope; and that usage has remained in the Catholic church from the beginning, and was decreed at Sardis, a little after the middle of the fourth century, and still holds good."

"Then the evidence by which the person in that situation would be affected, would be remitted from Ireland to Rome?"—"Yes."

"Would the evidence be taken upon oath?"—"The evidence would be taken upon oath." \* \* \*

"When crimes, such as murder or treason, are revealed in confession, is the confessor bound not to disclose that?"—"He is bound not to disclose it in any case whatever."

"Has not such disclosure been allowed at Rome?"—"Never."

"Not in the case of a conspiracy against the pope?"—"No. That statement has been made. It is a matter which I have taken pains to ascertain."

"It is said by one Du Thou, in his History, that it has been allowed in France."—"I would not believe, on the authority of Du Thou, nor any authority whatever, that it could have been allowed; for we hold universally, in the Catholic church, that the revealing of any secrets confided to the priests, in confession, is contrary to the law of nature and the authority of God, in respect of which no pope or council can dispense, or exercise any authority, unless to enforce such law."

"It must frequently occur, that a person comes before the priest, who has been engaged in plans for doing mischief, either public or private. What is the uniform conduct of the priests in your church, in such cases?"—"Our uniform conduct is to oblige such person to withdraw himself from any wicked society of men with whom he may have been connected; to make reparation to the full extent of his power for all the injuries which were done by him, or by the party with which he was associated."

"In cases of mischief intended to be done, either to the public or to an individual, would not every priest of your church feel it his bounden duty to prevent that mischief being done, without disclosing the name of the individual, by apprizing either the state or the party to whom the mischief is intended to be done?"—"We can make no use of any knowledge derived from confession; but it is uniformly our practice to dissuade the penitent from the intended crime; and I myself have frequently prevented the commission of mischief, by obliging the person who felt compunction at being concerned in plotting some evil, not at first to inform, but to dissuade his companions from doing the intended wrong; if he did not effectually succeed thus, then by obliging him to warn the person concerned of the danger, or to give such information to him or to a magistrate, or other proper authority, as would effectually prevent the intended evil."

"In the event of the introduction of any of those illegal conspiracies into any part of the country, was not one of the earliest signs of the existence of those disturbances the absence of the peasantry concerned in them from confession?"—"Yes, it was. The persons who entered into conspiracies of that kind uniformly absented themselves from confession."—*Commons' Committee*, p. 196.

"Will you have the goodness to explain what is meant by the infallibility of the pope?"—"There are so many divines who have written on that subject, and they

have given such very long definitions of it, that I should do much better by referring your lordships to them, than by giving a definition myself. Melchior Cano has a long treatise on the infallibility of the pope."

"Is the pope's authority received by the Irish Roman Catholic church as supreme, in matters of faith and morals?" — "We recognize him as the head of our church, and therefore give him the executive authority; but that is limited by the sacred canons. *He cannot create new articles of faith.*" — *Lords, March 21, 1825. Report, p. 387.*

"Is the creed of Pius the Fourth the creed acknowledged in the Irish Roman Catholic church?" — "Yes; every Catholic acknowledges that creed."

"Does not the last article but one of that creed declare every thing done in that council (*of Trent*) binding?" — "That regards faith, and not discipline." — *Lords, March 21, 1825.*

"When Roman Catholics are required to profess their assent to all things declared and found in the canons of councils, what councils are meant?" — "The canons universally received by the church, or such parts of them as are received by the church."

"The whole of some, and parts of others?" — "Just so."

"What is the most approved and authentic summary of the creed of the Roman Catholic church?" — "The most approved and authentic summary of the creed of the Roman Catholic church will be found in the decrees of the council of Trent, and in the profession of faith by Pius the Fourth, and in what we call the Roman Catechism, or the Catechism of the council of Trent. The latter work, particularly, is perhaps the most authentic summary, because, in the council of Trent, many things are mixed up with the declarations of faith; whereas the Catechism of the council is confined, I believe, exclusively to matters of faith and morals." — *Lords, March 21, 1825.*

"If the pope were to intermeddle with the rights of the king, or with the allegiance which Catholics owe to the king; what would be the consequence, so far as the Catholic clergy are concerned?" — "The consequence would be, that we should oppose him by every means in our power, even by the exercise of our spiritual authority."

"In what manner would you exercise that spiritual authority?" — "By preaching to the people that their duty to God, as Catholics, required of them to oppose every person who would interfere in any way with that right which the law of nature and the positive law of God established in their prince, a prince whom we as subjects were bound to support; we would therefore exercise our spiritual authority by preaching the gospel to the people, and by teaching them to oppose the pope, if he interfered with the temporal rights of our king." — *Commons, March 18, 1825. Report, p. 192.* \* \* \* \*

"In the address of the Roman Catholic bishops to their clergy, published at the end of last year, and to which your name is affixed, it appears that you object to the possession of the Bible by the Roman Catholic laity. Does that apply to the Bible attempted to be circulated by the Bible Society, or does it equally apply to any other version of the Scriptures, such as that called the Rheims or Douay version?" — "It applies to the version sought to be circulated by the Bible Society amongst us, and not to the Rhemish or Douay version, which is sanctioned by our prelates. That we have no aversion to the reading of the Bible, and to the possession of it

by the laity of our church, is best proved by the great many editions it has gone through in Ireland, under our express sanction, and to which editions there is affixed a rescript of Pius the Sixth, directed to a prelate in Italy, called Martini, who had translated the Bible out of the vulgate into the Italian language. We prefix this rescript of Pius the Sixth to our editions in English of the Bible, in order to show, that not only we, but the head of our church is joined with us in exhorting the faithful to read the word of God. We have not only procured editions of the Bible, I believe three by Coyne, two by O'Reilly, and one by Cross, (perhaps it is two,) but this very year we have procured a stereotype edition of the Bible, of a small print and low price, to circulate among all; so that, of all the things said of us, there is not any thing said of us more opposed to truth, than that we are averse to the circulation of the word of God." — *Lords, March 21, 1825.*

These explanations, on oath, of the leading tenets of Catholic doctrine, confirmed as they were by the sworn testimony of the other bishops, by that of Mr. O'Connell, and several members of the delegation, removed a world of prejudice from the minds of the British people. The examinations were printed daily by the London press, and passed into the minutest artery of civilized society. Several distinguished opponents of Catholic emancipation became converts to that measure: amongst them were Mr. Brownlow, a stanch Protestant, and Mr. Dawson, the brother-in-law of Mr. Peel, both of whom were members of parliament for Orange constituencies in Ireland. These conversions worked wonders in the public mind; and now Sir Francis Burdett introduced his celebrated resolutions in the house of commons, which comprehended the complete emancipation of the Catholics, together with the two memorable measures called "wings." These resolutions were carried in the commons by two hundred and forty-seven to two hundred and twenty-four; upon which basis, enactments were founded and brought into parliament. Similar resolutions were brought forward in the lords, but rejected by one hundred and seventy-eight to one hundred and thirty.

On this occasion it was that the Duke of York made his celebrated speech against the Catholics, in which the following blasphemous passage appears: "Twenty-eight years had elapsed since the subject was first agitated; that its agitation had been the source of the illness which clouded the last ten years of his father's [George the Third] life; and that, to the last moment of his existence, he would adhere to his Protestant principles — so help him God!"

This charitable bishop and prince (for he was both) never gave another vote on the Catholic question. He died in about eighteen months after the utterance of this blasphemy.

On the rejection of the Catholic relief bill in the lords, the bill for the disfranchisement of the forty shilling freeholders was withdrawn in the

commons, and that for a provision for the Catholic clergy was never brought into parliament.\* A great excitement now grew up in Ireland. The Catholic Association, on which the people rested all their hopes for freedom, was suppressed; their emancipation refused; their brave forty shilling freeholders threatened with extinction; and an oath registered against them in heaven, by the heir presumptive to the throne. Nor did O'Connell himself, or the other members of the delegation, escape from the popular indignation, which was somewhat increased by certain explanations made by Dr. Doyle at a meeting in Carlow. These explanations seemed to censure the delegation for having yielded a sanction to the "wings"—measures which were now doubly unpopular, owing to the failure of the entire negotiation for the freedom of the Catholics. Mr. O'Connell came in for more than his share of popular criticism. But his countrymen were not then adepts in his system of compromises, by which he has been able to wring so many great advantages from a powerful enemy.

At the close of this examination, Mr. O'Connell and his friends returned to Ireland. The association had not assembled for some time. Its meetings had ceased under the action of the suppression act, but the great agitator was prepared with his plan for the reorganization of his scattered columns. His ready answers to a multitude of questions before the lords and commons raised his fame higher, and his friends in Dublin determined to give him a public entry, on his arrival into the city.

Nothing can so distinctly mark the low state of public intelligence in Ireland, at that period, as the circumstances attending this public entry. The Liberator was to arrive in Howth, from Holyhead, on a Monday morning. From thence he was to be escorted into town by a cavalcade of his countrymen. On the same Monday morning there happened to be a prize fight near the city, between a pugilist named Byrne and another, whose name I forget. Thousands upon thousands went out on horseback, on cars, and on foot, to witness this brutal exhibition; and a few hundreds only were found conducting the champion of their liberties to his home. I thank Heaven I was among the latter. It will ever be to me a source of pleasure to remember it. And I mention the circumstance, degrading as it is to our national character, to present to the mind of the reflecting reader a full idea of the work which lay before O'Connell—that of lifting his countrymen to the state on perceiving their degradation, and its cause, and gradually melting away the chains that bound them in slavery and ignorance. I can proudly contrast that day with many others, that have since fallen upon Ireland,

\* A provision for the payment by the state of £250,000 a year to the Catholic clergy.

when O'Connell has been accompanied into and out of the city by hundreds of thousands. I have myself witnessed this mighty change in public sentiment in less than eight years afterwards ; and in this changing of the public sentiment is to be found the greatest of O'Connell's triumphs.

The suppression bill, as I have said, forbade a longer existence to any political body than *fourteen days*. The framers of this bill would not dare to take away from the people the right of petition, and they thus left to the aggrieved fourteen days to assemble, and send forward complaints. This open was quite enough for the giant mind of O'Connell. He soon framed a new combination of his countrymen, in defiance of this gagging act. His plan was simply to call meetings of the Catholics in districts, counties, and cities, for the term of fourteen days ; at the termination of which all such meetings were dissolved. The speakers, that usually attended the old Catholic Association, were present at those meetings ; the same complaints were heard against the government, the same reporters reported, and the same newspapers published them, that gave the world the fiery elements of the old association. Fresh men from the provinces were drawn into the vortex of agitation. A new rent was collected, "for all purposes not prohibited by law," and in a few months the association was reëstablished with tenfold power ; for, though *one* association was suppressed, twenty others were established through the provinces, each breathing its vivifying breath into the nostrils of the torpid people : each reflected, like the scattered pieces of a broken mirror, the entire grievances of the nation, and appalled the discomfited ministry of England by their aspect and number. In fact, had Mr. O'Connell a seat in the British cabinet, he could hardly have devised any plan better calculated to advance the objects of his heart, than that which the suppression act drove him to adopt.

"Fourteen days meetings" were now held in all the chief cities of Ireland. The excitement grew on as the agitators proceeded on their circuit. The suppression act was called by a new name—the "Algerine act." In the mean time, the parliament of England was dissolved, and a new one was to be chosen ; and now came a trial of strength between the associated agitators and the tory oligarchy of Ireland. It was a moral revolution, in fact, brought about by the indomitable courage and unparalleled public virtue of the Irish forty shilling freeholders, who, before this time, were little supposed to possess virtues which stand unequalled in the most chivalric ages of the past.

In the year 1793, the Catholics were admitted to the elective franchise. The qualification consisted of a clear income of forty shillings



per annum, from land, or house, or both. The Protestant gentry, in order to swell their political influence, had cut up their estates into small farms, of two to five acres, which they let to their tenants and their tenants' sons, with a view to tell on the parliamentary elections. Small houses were built on these patches, and the humble occupant was, by his labor and exertions, enabled to aver that he possessed at least forty shillings per annum of a beneficial interest, after paying rent, tithes, and taxes, from this little holding. These classes generally held their farms "at will;" that is, during the pleasure of their landlords. Their votes for "his honor" were considered as part of the rent. The question, as to whether their votes were their own or their landlord's, was never raised. Indeed, custom, for the previous seventy years, had given the landlord a sort of right to his tenant's vote, which his relations of landlord and creditor to the tenant enabled him to enforce. So generally was this bad custom established, that a duel was fought at an election in Wexford, between two Protestant gentlemen, on the ground that one charged the other with canvassing the votes of the other's freeholding tenants, which had been promised by that other to a third party.

Such, and no more, was the political power of the forty shilling freeholders of Ireland, previous to the year 1826. In number, the Catholic voters far exceeded the Protestant, of the same class, especially in the southern counties. In Waterford, they stood as forty to one. For the previous couple of years, the press had made its way into the cottages of Ireland. The peasantry, in groups, thronged around the village agitators on Sunday evenings, and heard the burning speeches of O'Connell or Sheil read to them. Their hearts had been, for a long time, receiving the fluid of patriotism, from the fountain springs in the great agitator's heart. They were informed of their own power, and they were now called upon, in the name of country, religion, and liberty, to exert it.

The general election of 1826 approached: the Catholic Association addressed the forty shilling freeholders of Ireland in powerful language. It told them that the liberties of Ireland were in their hands. It adjured them, as they loved their country, and panted to see her

"Great, glorious, and free,

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,"

not to vote for those who voted against their freedom. This address was seconded by the voice of the Catholic clergy, and followed up by eloquent delegates, from the association, to those places where anti-Catholic candidates presented themselves for parliamentary honors.

The aristocracy, firm in their hold of the forty shilling vote, treated the

address with contempt, and the delegates and priests with scorn; nor dreamt they that a miserable constituency of Irish peasants, depending for existence itself on their wills, could think of voting against a candidate whose nod could send them out on the highway to beg or starve! No! it could not be. The agitators would find themselves miserably deceived, baffled, and defeated.

The eventful week of the election at last arrived. Many were the rumors; many the defections of the forty shilling freeholders: a revolutionary epidemic seized the heart of the nation. "Down with the tories!" was heard on every side. The landlords expostulated, — offered bribes, but to no purpose. Gold was trampled in the dust. Threats were then uttered freely; but these had no terrors for brave men, determined to be free. Catholic freeholders rushed like the foaming mountain-torrent to the polls, and would have rushed on the armies of their enemies with equal impetuosity, if required. The contest was soon over. The Irish tory ascendancy was overthrown forever — overthrown by the poorest, but most virtuous of the people, some of whom held up the bank notes, in open court, which they had received as bribes for voting against their country, but which they now publicly flung back in scorn to their depraved enemies.

The counties of Waterford, Louth, Meath, Kilkenny, Longford, Cork, Tipperary, Limerick, and other places, were emancipated from the shackles of landlordism. It was a glorious triumph. The power of the Catholic Association was now felt through Ireland. It was palpable at last. The government acknowledged, but could not control it. It rose in the public estimation, and the rent increased from hundreds to thousands a week. A system of persecution was now commenced by the discomfited landlords towards their tenantry. Those who voted for the pro-Catholic candidates were thrust out of their holdings without mercy. That the reader may be able to form an opinion of the patriotic heroism of those brave men, I will quote Sheil's character of *one* in the county of Louth: —

"I saw a man brought up to the hustings, of an athletic form, and a countenance upon whose strong and massive features passion had set a deep stamp. Although a peasant of the humblest class, he bore the traces of a rude but vigorous sensibility. He at once attracted my attention. I felt a curiosity to learn for whom he should vote, for I perceived that there was a strong contest of emotions going on within him. When asked for whom he should give his first vote, he answered, 'Mr. Fortescue;' but when the deputy inquired for whom his second vote was to be given, I perceived that the question went through his heart. The poor man stood silent, agitated, and aghast. A succession of various and contending feelings passed rapidly over his face. He leaned upon the piece of wood which formed the

boundary of the hustings for support ; his whole frame was shaken by the violent passions which rushed upon him ; his knee became slackened ; his chest lost its openness and dilatation ; and, while he grasped his arm with the force of one who endeavors to work himself into determination, I could perceive that quivering of the fingers which is peculiarly indicative of emotion. The deputy repeated the question, and still he gave no answer ; but it was easy to conjecture what was passing in his mind : it was evident that he was contemplating the fulfilling of what he felt to be his political and religious duty. He was revolving the results of his landlord's indignation. He stood like the martyr who gazes upon and half shrinks from the rack. 'Poor wretch !' I whispered to myself. 'He is thinking of his family. His cottage and his fields have come into his imagination. He sees his wife and his children gathered about him ; he stands at the door of his wretched habitation, and sees the driver entering his little farm, seizing his unreaped corn, mowing down his meadow, carting his potatoes, and driving his only beast to the pound. This vision of misery has disturbed him. The anticipations of calamity press upon his heart, and assume the aspect of reality in his mind. He beholds himself expelled from the little spot of earth where he was born, and where he hoped to die — turned with his children upon the public road, without roof, or food, or raiment — sent in beggary and nakedness upon the world, with no other hope to cheer him but that of death, and no eye to pity him but that of Heaven. The cries of his children pierce into his nature, and his bosom bursts with that fearful agony that breaks the husband's and the father's heart.' It was thus that I explained to myself the agitation of the wretched man that stood before me, when the deputy repeated the question for the third time, and asked him again for whom he gave his second vote ? What do you think he did ? With all that dreadful scene in his imagination — with all that spectacle of misery present to his mind — with woe, and want, and sorrow, and utter destitution before him — with nature pleading in his bosom — with the cries of his children in his ears — after an interval of horrible suspense, the miserable man called up all his energies, and, with all the valor of despair, answered, 'I vote for Dawson !' \* \*

Mr. O'Connell immediately applied the "rent" to compensate those poor men, and to provide them with new farms. It was a happy application of the national funds. It caused the national heart to beat high. The landlord persecutions extended far and wide. At length O'Connell threatened to buy up the incumbrances on their estates, foreclose their mortgages, and sell them out. The estates of the majority of the gentry being encumbered, this threat had a most salutary effect. The Catholic rent amounted at the time to several thousand pounds. Very many of the Catholic merchants could command sums of from thirty to fifty thousand pounds. O'Connell himself had just then obtained the estate of Darrynane, worth four thousand pounds a year, the bequest of his uncle ; besides which, his professional income was rising six thousand pounds a year ; — so that the means of retaliation were pretty ample in the hands of the Catholic leaders ; and in the course of a little time the persecutions began to die away.

\* Dawson was the popular candidate, in opposition to the aristocracy.

Mr. Sheil had brought forward two important measures in the association, which began now to work their intended effects. The first was the simultaneous assemblage of the Catholics around every altar in Ireland, on a given Sunday, to petition for freedom; and the second was the census, showing the relative numbers of the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland. Both of these bold propositions were carried out by the agency of the association. The simultaneous assemblages alarmed the government, for they showed that the people were at the command of their leaders; and the census proved to the people their overwhelming numbers, as compared with their supposed opponents, the Protestants. The Catholics were found to be six to one — a proportion not materially disturbed by the progress of the last twenty years, though the stream of emigration from Ireland flows mostly from the Catholic part of the population.

The late triumph of the Irish peasantry, at the elections, had flown on the wings of fame throughout Europe and America. It is no figure of speech to say that, from pole to pole, the admiration of civilized man was avowed in their behalf. From the borders of the frozen Baltic to the stormy regions of Cape Horn, their deeds were celebrated and their cause enshrined in the hearts of men. Meetings were held to sustain them and their cause in several parts of the old world. The French press rang through Catholic Europe with their virtue and their sufferings. The friends of freedom in America were not idle. A meeting was held in New York, at which the late Dr. Macneven brought forward an encouraging address, and at which T. A. Emmet, William Sampson, Thomas O'Connor, Patrick S. Casserly, T. W. Clarke, and others, took a part. The address and subscription were forwarded to Ireland. A meeting was held in Boston, at which Mr. James, Mr. M'Gowan, Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. J. Murphy, and other friends, assembled, and sent to Ireland their contributions. Associations were formed in Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and at several other points of the United States, for the purpose of coöperating with O'Connell and Ireland. In Washington, Mr. Hoban and Mr. Moore were among the foremost. In Philadelphia, J. Binns, Matthew Carey, Joseph Doran, (now a judge,) were the leaders. The disposition to sympathize extended to Canada and the British provinces, to several places in South America, and even to the British possessions in the East Indies. From all these remote regions, subscriptions came pouring into the volunteer exchequer of Ireland.

The name of Daniel O'Connell, when sounded in the different associations, operated on the Irish heart like the talismanic harmony of

Moore's Melodies on the travelled feelings of Irish exiles. The poorest laborer on the canals of this country heard the swelling enunciation of "O'Connell" as the Irish militia heard, with rapturous enthusiasm, the strains of Oisian's harp on the Caledonian hills. That name conjured up in his bosom the thrill of national emotion, raised the image of the Liberator in his imagination, and poured out a flood of endearing associations and recollections on his awakened sense.

Several distinguished foreigners—French, German, Prussian, and American—visited Ireland for the express purpose of witnessing the proceedings and enjoying the eloquence of O'Connell. They published their impressions of Ireland, on their return to their respective countries. These travels were rapidly translated into all the Continental languages. English travellers were confronted, in every foreign circle, coffee-house, and stage-coach, with their cruelties to Ireland. The "glory of England" was dimmed by the shame of Ireland's sufferings. Europe was well disposed to sympathize with the Irish patriots, for there was no part of it free from symptoms of internal dissatisfaction. Spain, Italy, Belgium, France, Greece, and Egypt, were either actually in revolt or preparing for it, while Ireland, under O'Connell, confined her exertions to *moral* combat. The electricity of her eloquence shot through the hearts of men of every tongue and nation. The principles of liberty are the same every where. They were powerfully developed in the Catholic Association, where the rights of man seemed to be best inculcated.

Mr. Wyse, in his History of the Catholic Association, estimates, in the following page, the power of the friends of Ireland in America, and the influence of their sympathy on the destinies of Ireland.

"The American papers were filled with the subject. Ireland often formed their heading article. The debates of their associations were given with the same punctuality, and read with an earnestness scarcely inferior to that which generally attended the proceedings of the Catholic Association of Ireland. The entire people became kindled by the subject, and every day the conclusions to which it tended were more and more perceptible. The last document from that country (it arrived in Ireland but a short time after the dissolution of the association) states, that in every hamlet in the land similar bodies were ere long to be established, and that delegates of the friends of Ireland (it was thus the Philhellenes precluded to the liberation of Greece) were to assemble in general congress from all parts of the Union at Washington, there to consider and devise the best means of assisting the efforts making in this country for emancipation. The exertions of individuals were favored by the government: the local authorities often presided; and it has been stated on the best information, within these last few days, that the president himself, General Jackson, had just expressed his intention of subscribing the first thousand dollars to the patriotic fund."

“Little doubt can exist, that if this sort of collateral or accompanying organization in America had been suffered to proceed, and thus to spread itself over every part of the states, the most alarming, and perhaps the most fatal, consequences might have ultimately resulted to this country. The suppression of the association in Ireland, (even if practicable,) in such a state of things, would literally have effected nothing. No English statute could have travelled to the other side of the Atlantic; the exasperation produced by so arbitrary an act, on the temper of the Irish Catholics, would in an instant have communicated itself to their brethren in America. Indignation, legitimate indignation, would have added new fuel to their zeal: the associations would of course have increased; their funds would have augmented; and a spirit very different from the spirit which now exists would very probably have directed their future application. To prevent the introduction of such sums into Ireland would of course have been utterly impossible. They might have been lodged in the name of Mr. O’Connell, or in the name of any other individual, in the American, French, or English funds. Such a government as ours, so vitally dependent on its commercial honor, could not dare to interfere with private property, and would thus have been compelled to witness the existence of such resources, without having it in its power to restrict or prevent their application. Nor would this have been the whole of the evil. It must be remembered that America is a very different power from what she was at the period of the last rebellion. Her connection and sympathy with Ireland are infinitely closer. The survivors of that eventful period occupy some of the highest stations in her government. They cannot be supposed to have lost much of their old antipathies. They have long watched with anxiety every chance of retaliation. They have the will, and would not have been long under such circumstances without the means to effect it. They would have found in Ireland a most powerful coöperation. The delay of emancipation on the one side, and the habit of discussion on every topic connected with government (generated by the debates on the Catholic question) on the other, had produced views incompatible with the connection in the mind of a large body of the population. Many began to adopt a tone of thinking quite in harmony with the first addresses from America. They began to consider even Catholic emancipation but a very partial remedy for the political and moral evils of Ireland. They looked to a regeneration far more sweeping and decisive: they believed that Ireland had outgrown the connection, and could now set up for herself. Reasoning on past experience, they were disposed to treat with distrust and contempt all overtures from England. They had in history proof that she had never made concessions to Ireland, except upon compulsion. They looked only to such a crisis as might, by its appalling force, loose the iron grasp altogether, and liberate the country forever from its dependence. They laughed at any thing less than self-government in its amplest sense; separation and republicanism were the two head articles of their political creed. Such a party has, within these last three years, been rapidly increasing in Ireland — far more formidable than the French party which haunted the imagination of Mr. Grattan, and which he so often denounced in parliament. It based its projects, not on the fanciful theories of the French revolutionists, but on the practical model which it saw in America, expanding to a greater maturity and vigor every day before them. They compared the resources, the advantages, the population, the energies, the intelligence, of the two countries. They opposed the oppression and wretchedness of one to the freedom and prosperity of the other. They calculated that there was no other emanci-

pation for Ireland than the absolute assertion of her independence; and that the attempt, if conducted with ordinary prudence and perseverance, quietly husbanding and augmenting their forces, and awaiting with patience the propitious and certain hour for the experiment, could not ultimately fail of the most entire success."

If, twenty years ago, a party such as this existed in Ireland and America, whose power was so estimated by the moderate *unionist* Mr. Wyse, what may the extent of that party be now, increased, as it has been within the last twenty years, by immigration and the growth of population? More than a million of the oppressed and maddened peasantry of Ireland have, since that writing, emigrated to the United States. Thousands of them were dispossessed from their farms, in political vengeance, by their landlords. Many of them, also, had relations who were shut up in dungeons or transported for political offences. Some whom I myself have met in this country had relatives shot by the title-gatherers at Newtown Barry, or at the widow Ryan's; some whose relatives were killed by the police at Ennis, or at Castlepollard; and *every* immigrant having *some* treasured grievance, resentment, or unavenged wrong, awaiting a favorable moment for *satisfaction*. There are, at this moment, associations of Irishmen established and well organized in every city and village, from Newfoundland to St. Louis. These associations have among them some men of great wealth. They are all held in coöperative motion by two principles — love of freedom, fatherland, and a desire for revenge on their former oppressors. There cannot be less than *two hundred thousand men enrolled* in this Irish population of four millions; and the enrolment is proceeding daily. All these have but one mind and one heart. I record, as Mr. Wyse, a lord of the English treasury, did before me, the state of feeling which I now find existing. Others, who follow us, may have to record a variation in its extent, depth, and tendency. Both the living and the unborn will have to deal with its power.

Ere we hasten to the grand triumph of the Catholic Association at Clare, we had better glance again at the condition of affairs in England.

The spirit of *reform* — resistance to the old monopolies in church and state — began to walk abroad in England. A shifting in public opinion was observable. It reached even the councils of the king. The Earl of Liverpool, head of the cabinet, suffered an apoplectic stroke, and his ministry was thereby broken up. The political trade-winds of England blew so violently and contrarily, that no cabinet could be formed for upwards of two months. At length the king, after experiencing the most worrying perplexities, sent for Canning, and made him prime minister. That eminent statesman formed an essentially liberal cabinet, in which

were included Huskisson, Palmerston, Lansdowne, Abercrombie, *Lyndhurst*, (then a liberal,) the Duke of Clarence, (afterwards King William the Fourth,) the Marquis of Anglesey, the Duke of Devonshire, the Hon. Mr. Lambe, (the present Lord Melbourne,) as secretary for Ireland, with a set of like-thinking men.

This was a whig cabinet—the most, if not all, of whose members were favorable to Catholic emancipation, and to the general amelioration of Ireland. It was formed in May, 1827. Great expectations were excited in Ireland by the friends of ministers there. Catholic emancipation was left an open question. Each member of the cabinet was free to speak and vote as he pleased in reference to every question affecting Ireland. The existence of such a cabinet at all was a tribute or concession to the changed opinion of the public, and was extorted from the king by the pressure of that opinion on the royal fears. A treaty for the recognition of the independence of Greece, principally brought about by Mr. Canning, approved by his own government and the ministers of Russia and France, added considerably to public enthusiasm, and attracted to his cabinet the hearty support of the people of Britain and Ireland. In the midst of this state of political progression, Mr. Canning suddenly died. The greatest consternation prevailed among the people on both sides of St. George's Channel. The cabinet which succeeded Canning's, headed by Lord Goderich, held together for about a year, with some few adhesions from the tory side; but it finally gave way in January, 1828, to the WELLINGTON MINISTRY. That memorable cabinet, from which emancipation was forced, included, among others, the following remarkable men: Duke of Wellington, *first lord of the treasury*; Mr. Goulburn, *chancellor of the exchequer*; Lord Lyndhurst, *lord chancellor*; Robert Peel, *home secretary*; Lord Aberdeen, *foreign secretary*; V. Fitzgerald, *president of the board of trade, &c.*; Marquis of Anglesey, *lord lieutenant of Ireland*; Lord Leveson Gower, *secretary of Ireland*; Mr. Joy, *attorney-general*; Mr. Doherty, *solicitor-general*.

The Duke of Wellington was called from the command of the army to that of the nation. It was a promotion as unexpected by his grace as by the people. A little before his elevation, he himself, in reply to a rumor then afloat, declared his unfitness for the office of prime minister. His own remark in parliament was, he should be *mad* to give up his office of commander-in-chief of the army, for which he was suited, for that of prime minister, for which he was neither suited nor qualified.

The Duke of Wellington is an Irishman. He was born in Grafton Street, Dublin, in the house now occupied by the Irish Archæological



Society. His father's country residence was Mornington, in the county of Meath, at present a neglected mansion. The duke, when young, was a page to the Irish lord lieutenant of the day; was next secretary to the lord lieutenant; then promoted to a command in the army; served in India during the governor-generalship of his brother, Lord Wellesley; was almost disgraced there by the mismanagement of the division placed under his command, but vowed to reëstablish his military character. Serving under Sir John Moore, in Spain, on the death of that great man, the command of the British army in that country devolved on him. He distinguished himself in the peninsular war more by prudent manœuvres than by brilliant achievements, though his career was not without a fair share of successful exploits. At the great battle of Waterloo he had the chief command of the British army, and, as Britain took the lead in opposition to Napoleon, so her general had ceded to him the honor of commanding the field. On the duke's return to England in triumph, a pension, for life, of fifty thousand pounds per annum was conferred on him by parliament, which he continues to receive. Though his grace, during the last thirty years, has received a million and a half pounds sterling, and though one eighth part of that sum was drawn from Ireland, he never put his foot on his native land in all that time; and it is acknowledged by historians that his Irish soldiers were chiefly instrumental in giving him victory at Waterloo.

This was the man that now undertook the management of the British government — one who had uniformly voted against the emancipation of his Catholic fellow-countrymen; who had ungratefully neglected, and almost denied, his native land. The majority of his cabinet were opposed to the Catholic question, and a No Popery cry was raised from the precincts of the palace, which passed along the nerves of government officials throughout the wide extent of the British empire.

O'Connell and his compatriots in the Catholic Association saw these wonderful and disastrous changes with some anxiety, but without dismay. The association had now among its members several hundred Protestants. It was well represented, and had many steadfast friends, in the Protestant parliament of England; and these were instructed to join the ousted ministers, and to give the Duke of Wellington every possible parliamentary opposition in their power. The duke's government was denounced by the chief of Ireland. The duke himself was held up to the scorn, and even the derision, of his countrymen. Addresses were issued by the association to the constituencies of Ireland, urging them to vote against any candidate who was known to be favorable to the Wellington ad-

ministration. The freeholders were called on, in the name of country, religion, and liberty, to oppose the anti-Catholic government, and to instruct and urge their representatives to a similar opposition. Ireland was in a flame, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.

The dissenters of Great Britain and Ireland had long been excluded from parliament and from all participation in the dignities and emoluments of governmental office. By certain legal impediments, called "*test acts*," they had been excluded from the offices and honors of the three great universities, Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. In no one of these could any but Episcopalians (High Church Protestants) obtain the honors of bachelors, masters, or doctors' degrees, or fill the professors' chairs, &c. Nor could any but high church Protestants acquire the higher degrees of medical and scientific dignities. Besides this, dissenters, that is to say, the numerous classes of believers comprehended under the denominations of Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, Wesleyans, Independents, &c. &c., were excluded from parliament, from the bench, from the privy council, from the honors of the law, from the civic corporations, &c. They had for a long period petitioned for their liberties without success. Their petitions fell unheeded upon the bigoted, stultified ears of parliament. O'Connell, at the suggestion of his confessor, the Rev. Mr. L'Estrange, drew up a petition in their favor, had it signed by eight hundred thousand Irish Catholics, and it was not upon the table of the house of commons three weeks, when the Duke of Wellington, though previously opposed to them, brought in his famous bill for the relief of the dissenters — *the repeal of the test and corporation acts*.

Lord John Russell, in his joy at this triumph, wrote to O'Connell, counselling him to withdraw the anti-Wellington resolution. In that spirit of conciliation and deference to the opinions of friends, which has ever characterized every act of his, the Liberator did actually propose to withdraw the proscriptive resolution; but finding himself so universally overruled by the people, he relinquished his intention, and pushed it home with all the vigor he could summon, in the memorable political campaign of 1828, into which we are about to enter.

Mr. W. Vesey Fitzgerald, the Protestant member for the county of Clare, was the son of an honest parent, Mr. James Fitzgerald, a member of the Irish parliament, one of the virtuous minority of one hundred and fifteen that voted to the last against the union. Neither bribes, dignities, nor intimidation, could induce this patriot to vote for the subjugation of his country. This son had inherited his father's honorable name.

Vesey Fitzgerald, was a universal favorite with both the people and gentry of the county of Clare, and was one of the members for that county in the British parliament. He was an accomplished scholar and statesman, had uniformly voted for Catholic emancipation, and stood deservedly high in the estimation of the empire.

The Duke of Wellington conferred upon this highly-gifted gentleman a seat in his cabinet, with the important posts of *treasurer of the navy* and *president of the board of trade*. By accepting office under the crown, he, by a wholesome law of parliament, vacated his seat for the county of Clare, and must, according to the usage established in such cases, pass formally through the ordeal of a new election before he could again appear in parliament. There had been, up to this time, so few instances of popular opposition to any administration, manifested at the hustings, that the presumptuous idea of opposing Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald was scouted by the aristocracy, particularly that portion of it which belonged to Clare.

The Catholic Association determined to oppose the Wellington ministry at the Clare hustings. They had a fund accumulated of some eight thousand pounds. They remembered the triumphs of the brave forty shilling freeholders of Waterford, Louth, and Longford, and doubted not but that the same class of men in Clare would perform equal feats of patriotism. The association fixed upon Major Macnamara to contest the county with Fitzgerald. The major was a Protestant, a gentleman full of chivalry, and of the nicest honor. He was a popular magistrate, possessed of property, and traced his ancestral line back to the Milesians. He was head of the Macnamara clan, by whom he was regarded as second only to the monarch. Major Macnamara was, in truth, the *beau idéal* of a finished gentleman. His personal resemblance to George the Fourth, and the peculiar elegance of his dress, made him an object of admiration in every circle. He was the friend of the Catholics, and the second of O'Connell in his duel with D'Esterre. He combined in his person every quality calculated to excite popular enthusiasm.

Such was the man fixed on by the Catholic Association to oppose a member of the most powerful cabinet that had governed England since the days of Pitt. The association, in sending him their request to stand the contest, offered, at the same time, to bear all his expenses. The people were wild with enthusiasm. Expectation was excited to the utmost. The ascendant party were alarmed, the cabinet surprised, and all were astounded by the boldness of the enterprise.

The aristocracy of Clare were unanimously in favor of Vesey Fitz-

gerald. The bare fact that O'Connell and the association opposed him, was quite enough to rouse the Protestant prejudices of the county in his favor, to heal up all differences among the aristocracy, and unite them, to a man, in favor of the Wellington candidate. The offices he filled in the government of England opened to him the sources of vast patronage. The *navy*, with its promotions, appointments, victualling, stores, contracts, and outlays, displayed to his numerous personal friends a hundred roads to fortune. As president of the board of trade, the commerce of England lay at his feet. The Indies, East and West, the "colonies" scattered all over the earth, wheresoever the drum of England beat, were at his command. The excise and customs operated under the action of his eye; and, in truth, his patronage was second only to that of the premier himself. Already the fond mothers of second and third sons, whose chances in the church or at the bar were dubious, rejoiced in their hearts at the gladdening anticipations of appointments at the hands of their county member. Every father, son, and mother of the Clare aristocracy was in motion to secure the election of Mr. Fitzgerald. Their poor tenants were visited in their comfortless cabins. Their ragged children were caressed; their names learned and pronounced over and over again in the soft euphony of the drawing-room; their rent arrears remitted; presents of various kinds freely given to the voters' wives. Wonderful and sudden was the kind relation that grew up, as if by magic, between the landed gentry and the peasantry of Clare. The Catholic clergy were invited to every table. Their eloquence in the pulpit was the theme of fashionable discourse. Many Protestants began to think more favorably of the Catholic religion, while some actually went to mass, and sprinkled themselves with holy water!

The Catholic Association, on the other hand, were not inactive. The press, under its influence, was brought to bear on the people, like artillery on a resisting fortress. Some ten or twelve days had elapsed since the invitation was sent to Major Macnamara. No answer had yet been returned. It was whispered that he declined the canvass, and that the Catholic clergy of Clare were pledged to support Vesey Fitzgerald. In the midst of the consternation which these various reports created in the association, Dean O'Shaughnessey appeared among them. He entered the room while the question was being discussed whether the Catholic clergy of Clare would or not favor the candidate of the anti-Catholic government. Although the dean denied that himself or any other of the Catholic clergy favored Mr. Fitzgerald's side, he studiously avoided to give any intimation of encouragement to the candidate of the association. His speech was a damper. Men looked despairingly at each other.

Still O'Connell was not to be driven from so promising an enterprise. No answer having arrived from Major Macnamara, and it being conjectured that his hesitation arose from pecuniary difficulties, a vote appropriating *five thousand pounds* to the expenses of securing his return was, on motion of Mr. O'Connell, unanimously carried, and Messrs. O'Gorman Mahon and Tom Steele were despatched to the major's residence, in Clare, with the formal offer of pecuniary support. O'Gorman Mahon brought back Major Macnamara's answer, which ran thus—that his obligations to Mr. Fitzgerald were such that he was bound in honor not to oppose him.

This intelligence was discouraging indeed. The Catholics were overwhelmed with sadness, while the tory Protestants and the whole government party were in ecstasies. Their contemptuous sneers towards the members of the association went beyond all former bounds. "No respectable man in the county of Clare," they said, "would stoop so low as to become the nominee of the Catholic Association."

In this exigency, O'Connell urged on the committee of the association the absolute necessity of following up their project; and, having examined the election and penal laws, he announced that he could stand the contest, and, if elected, could pass to the speaker's table in the house of commons without taking any objectionable oath. He would there be able to debate the question in the house itself, and the novelty of the movement, together with the exhibition of the association's power, could not but give a new impetus to the Catholic question—an impetus fully equivalent to the cost of the undertaking. Mr. O'Gorman, the secretary, opposed this proposition; but it was, after a long and anxious discussion, carried.

O'Connell immediately issued the following powerful address to the electors of Clare:—

“TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF CLARE.

“DUBLIN, June, 1828.

“FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:

“Your county wants a representative. I respectfully solicit your suffrages to raise me to that station.

“Of my qualifications to fill that station I leave you to judge. The habits of public speaking, and many, many years of public business, render me, perhaps, equally suited with most men to attend to the interests of Ireland in parliament.

“You will be told I am not qualified to be elected. The assertion, my friends, is untrue. I am qualified to be elected, and to be your representative. It is true that, as a Catholic, I cannot, and of course never will, take the oaths at present prescribed to members of parliament; but the authority which created these oaths

(the parliament) can abrogate them; and I entertain a confident hope that, if you elect me, the most bigoted of our enemies will see the necessity of removing from the chosen representative of the people an obstacle which would prevent him from doing his duty to his king and to his country.

“The oath at present required by law is, ‘that the sacrifice of the mass, and the invocation of the blessed Virgin Mary, and other saints, as now practised in the church of Rome, are impious and idolatrous.’ Of course I will never stain my soul with such an oath. I leave that to my honorable opponent, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. He has often taken that horrible oath. He is ready to take it again, and asks your votes to enable him so to swear. I would rather be torn limb from limb than take it. Electors of the county of Clare! choose between me, who abominate that oath, and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, who has sworn it full twenty times! Return me to parliament, and it is probable that such a blasphemous oath will be abolished forever. As your representative, I will try the question with the friends in parliament of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. They may send me to prison. I am ready to go there, to promote the cause of the Catholics, and of universal liberty. The discussion which the attempt to exclude your representative from the house of commons must excite, will create a sensation all over Europe, and produce such a burst of contemptuous indignation against British bigotry, in every enlightened country in the world, that the voice of all the great and good in England, Scotland, and Ireland, being joined to the universal shout of the nations of the earth, will overpower every opposition, and render it impossible for Peel and Wellington any longer to close the doors of the constitution against the Catholics of Ireland.

“Electors of the county of Clare! Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald claims, as his only merit, that he is a friend to the Catholics. Why, I am a Catholic myself; and if he be sincerely our friend, let him vote for me, and raise before the British empire the Catholic question in my humble person, in the way most propitious to my final success. But no, fellow-countrymen, no; he will make no sacrifice to that cause; he will call himself your friend, and act the part of your worst and most unrelenting enemy.

“I do not like to give the epitome of his political life; yet, when the present occasion so loudly calls for it, I cannot refrain. He took office under Perceval, — under that Perceval who obtained power by raising the base, bloody, and unchristian cry of ‘No Popery,’ in England.

“He had the nomination of a member to serve for the borough of Ennis. He nominated Mr. Spencer Perceval, then a decided opponent of the Catholics.

“He voted on the East Retford measure, for a measure that would put two virulent enemies of the Catholics into parliament.

“In the case of the Protestant Dissenters in England, he voted for their exclusion, that is, against the principle of the freedom of conscience; that sacred principle which the Catholics of Ireland have ever cultivated and cherished, on which we framed our rights to emancipation.

“Finally, he voted for the suppression of the Catholic Association of Ireland!

“And, after this, sacred Heaven! he calls himself a friend to the Catholics.

“He is the ally and colleague of the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel. He is their partner in power; they are, you know, the most bitter, persevering, and unmitigated enemies of the Catholics; and, after all this, he, the partner of our bitterest and unrelenting enemies, calls himself the friend of the Catholics of Ireland.

"Having thus traced a few of the demerits of my right honorable opponent, what shall I say for myself?"

"I appeal to my past life for my unremitting and disinterested attachment to the religion and liberties of Catholic Ireland.

"If you return me to parliament, I pledge myself to vote for every measure favorable to radical REFORM in the representative system, so that the house of commons may truly, as our Catholic ancestors intended it should do, represent all the people.

"To vote for the repeal of the vestry bill, the sub-letting act, and the grand-jury laws.

"To vote for the diminution and more equal distribution of the overgrown wealth of the established church in Ireland, so that the surplus may be restored to the sustentation of the poor, the aged, and the infirm.

"To vote for every measure of retrenchment and reduction of the national expenditure, so as to relieve the people from the burdens of taxation, and to bring the question of the REPEAL OF THE UNION, at the earliest possible period, before the consideration of the legislature.

"Electors of the county of Clare! choose between me and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald; choose between him who has so long cultivated his own interest, and one who seeks only to advance yours; choose between the sworn libeller of the Catholic faith, and one who has devoted his early life to your cause, who has consumed his manhood in a struggle for your liberties, and who has ever lived, and is ready to die, for the integrity, the honor, the purity, of the Catholic faith, and the promotion of Irish freedom and happiness.

"Your faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL"

The appearance of this address caused an indescribable sensation on all sides. "Is O'Connell in earnest?" asked the ascendant party. All was surprise and confusion in the castle. If Bonaparte had risen from the grave and reappeared in France at the head of his legions, there would hardly have been greater commotion. O'Gorman Mahon and Tom Steele were despatched at once to Clare, with the requisite funds, and several thousand copies of this address. Both of them were gentlemen of the county. Steele was a Protestant, O'Gorman Mahon a Catholic. They embodied in their persons a living impersonation of patriotism, chivalry, and courage. Both were of large stature, easy carriage, eloquent address, full of the fervor and the passion of liberty, and willing, at any moment, to risk their lives in its behalf. These heralds, on their arrival, lost no time in blowing the trumpets of political and religious freedom. They traversed the county day and night. Some of the clergymen gave them their churches, in which to harangue the people. Meetings were held in barns, churches, and the open air, by the light of the sun or by the light of torches. The county of Clare was in a blaze.

John Lawless was next despatched to the scene of action. His influence over a popular meeting was surprising. His name was revered

through all Ireland as the friend of the forty-shilling freeholders, and his appearance in Clare gave to the contest a tone of deeper fervency.

Another missionary to the Clare men appeared in the person of the Rev. Father Maguire, familiarly called "Father Tom." He had obtained great celebrity by his religious controversy with Mr. Pope, and was not unjustly considered the champion of Catholicism in Ireland. He was under obligations to Mr. O'Connell for his able defence of him against a conspiracy prosecution, and he now gratefully volunteered his services in his behalf in the mighty struggle with the aristocracy of Clare. The lamented Dominick Ronayne, a barrister, and a leading member of the association, accompanied the reverend gentleman. Both spoke the Irish language, and they infused into their addresses, through that powerful idiom, an appeal which the freeholders, feeling at the core, were unable to resist. Wherever these missionaries appeared, they changed the people from their political allegiance to their landlords.

All England was awakened by this novel contest. The London newspapers — those unerring barometers of the public mind — gave up their columns daily to a lengthened detail of the most trifling proceedings in the Clare mountains. Every remarkable saying of the country people was telegraphed to London. A whole corps of reporters had already arrived on the political battle-ground. The Wellington ministry, the parliament, and the king, seemed all to be forgotten, and the Clare election only dwelt in the public recollection. An immense army was drawn to the neighborhood of the hustings, to preserve the peace. All things indicated the magnitude of that contest which was hourly approaching.

Mr. Sheil, the chosen counsel of O'Connell, arrived two days before the election began. He was brought at once to a meeting of freeholders held in Corofin, the head-quarters of the aristocracy. It was Sir Edward O'Brien's own town, and here the assembled freeholders pledged themselves to vote for O'Connell.

At length the great agitator, accompanied by his eldest son, Maurice, arrived in Ennis, the capital town of the county. It was on the morning of the election that he made his first appearance. Thirty thousand of the bold peasantry of Clare welcomed his approach. The priests were heartily with the people. Bands mingled in the processions. Every one bore a green bough, or other device, in his hand. Beautiful females graced the popular pageant. They waved their handkerchiefs, on which the portrait of O'Connell was printed, enthusiastically over their heads. The old and the young partook of their emotions. The strictest sobriety



pervaded all, for the delegates from the association exacted a pledge from the freeholders, that not a drop of whisky should be tasted in the county of Clare during the election; nay, more, that not an insult should be given, not a blow should be struck or resented, till the election was over. Never did devotees more religiously keep their vows, than did these brave and virtuous peasants. During the whole of that eventful week, not a drop of spirituous liquor was drunk by those high-minded patriots, though sixty thousand people, of both sexes and of all ages, were congregated in the town, under a burning sun. It was truly a proud spectacle for Ireland. It was remarked on by the London press, and it told on England.

The business of the election began. The court-house was thrown open, and the interior soon exhibited an extraordinary spectacle. The following sketch from an eye-witness is given entire to the reader:—

“The election opened, and the court-house, in which the sheriff read the writ, presented a very new and striking scene. On the left hand of the sheriff stood a cabinet minister, attended by the whole body of the aristocracy of the county of Clare. Their appearance indicated at once their superior rank and their profound mortification. An expression of bitterness, and of wounded pride, was stamped in various modifications of resentment upon their countenances; while others, who were in the interest of Mr. Fitzgerald, and who were small Protestant proprietors, affected to look big and important, and swelled themselves into gentry upon the credit of voting for the minister. On the right hand of the sheriff stood Mr. O'Connell, with scarcely a single gentleman by his side; for most even of the Catholic proprietors had abandoned him, and joined the ministerial candidate. But the body of the court presented the power of Mr. O'Connell, in a mass of determined peasants, amongst whom black coats and sacerdotal visages were seen felicitously intermixed, outside the balustrade of the gallery on the left hand of the sheriff. Before the business began, a gentleman was observed on whom every eye was turned. He had, indeed, chosen a most singular position; for, instead of sitting, like the other auditors, on the seats in the gallery, he leaped over it, and, suspending himself above the crowd, afforded what was an object of wonder to the great body of the spectators, and of indignation to the high sheriff. The attire of the individual who was thus perched in this dangerous position was sufficiently strange. He had a coat of Irish tabinet, with glossy trousers of the same national material; he wore no waistcoat; a blue shirt lined with streaks of white was open at his neck, in which the strength of Hercules and the symmetry of Antinous were combined; a broad, green sash, with a medal of ‘the order of Liberators’ at the end of it, hung conspicuously over his breast; and a profusion of black curls, curiously festooned about his temples, shadowed a very handsome and expressive countenance, a great part of which was occupied by whiskers of a bushy amplitude. ‘Who, sir, are you?’ exclaimed the high sheriff, in a tone of imperious melancholy, which he had acquired at Canton, where he had long resided in the service of the East India Company. ‘My name is O’Gorman Mahon,’ was the reply, delivered with a firmness which clearly showed that the person who

had conveyed this piece of intelligence thought very little of a high sheriff and a great deal of O'Gorman Mahon. The sheriff had been offended by the general appearance of Mr. Mahon, who had distracted the public attention from his own contemplation; but he was particularly irritated by observing the insurgent symbol of 'the order of Liberators' dangling at his breast. 'I tell that gentleman,' said Mr. Molony, 'to take off that badge.' There was a moment's pause, and then the following answer was slowly and articulately pronounced: 'This gentleman (laying his hand on his breast) tells that gentleman, (pointing with the other to the sheriff,) that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, while he has got the arm of a gentleman to protect him.' This extraordinary sentence was followed by a loud burst of applause from all parts of the court-house. The high-sheriff looked aghast. The expression of self-satisfaction and magisterial complacency passed off of his visage, and he looked utterly blank and dejected. After an interval of irresolution, down he sat. 'The soul' of O'Gorman Mahon (to use Curran's expression) 'walked forth in its own majesty;' he looked 'redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled.' The medal of 'the order of Liberators' was pressed to his heart. O'Connell surveyed him with gratitude and admiration; and the first blow was struck, which sent dismay into the heart of the party of which the sheriff was considered to be an adherent."

The first person that spoke after this consternating incident was Sir Edward O'Brien, of Dromoland house. He is the lineal descendant of Brien Boromhe, monarch of Ireland anno 1014. He proposed Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald as a most fit and proper person to represent the county in parliament. He spoke in a very feeling manner, and shed tears at several parts of his address. Mr. Fitzgerald himself then came before the assembly. He was a dexterous and an able speaker. In the course of an eloquent speech, he dwelt on his fidelity to the Catholic cause, his services to Maynooth College, the patriotism of his father in resisting the union, and the fruitlessness of a contest in which, were he even to be defeated, his opponent could not possibly avail himself of his victory, for still the doors of parliament would be closed against him. His address was so artful and well delivered, that a burst of applause followed its delivery.

O'Connell now rose to reply. He saw that an extraordinary effort was required to efface the impressions made by his antagonist's address. He first applied himself to Sir Edward O'Brien and Mr. Gore, the mover and seconder of Mr. Fitzgerald, and then he fastened on the gentleman himself. Having drawn a picture of the late Mr. Perceval, he turned round and asked of the rival candidate, with what face he could call himself their friend, when the first act of his political life was to enlist himself under the banners of "the bloody Perceval." This epithet (whether it be well or ill-deserved is not the question) was sent

into the hearts of the people with a force of expression, and an impassioned, a startling, a vivid vehemence of voice, that created a great sensation amongst the crowd, and turned the tide against Mr. Fitzgerald. "This, too," said Mr. O'Connell, "is the friend of Peel; the bloody Perceval, and the candid and manly Mr. Peel; and he is our friend! and he is every body's friend! The friend of the Catholic was the friend of the bloody Perceval, and is the friend of the candid and manly Mr. Peel!"

The first day was spent in hearing the candidates. On the second, the polling began. At its close, Fitzgerald and O'Connell were nearly equal on the tallies. Fitzgerald's committee gave O'Connell's voters every possible opposition for the purposes of delay. On the third evening, O'Connell was reported far above his opponent on the poll; and great was the rejoicing thereat. Mr. Fitzgerald wanted to give in, but the gentry were determined to poll to the last man, to enable them to discover the O'Connellites, for the purpose of marking them for future vengeance. Charges of undue influence were occasionally brought forward, which exhibited the character of the election in its strongest colors. One incident we particularly remember. An attorney employed by Mr. Fitzgerald rushed in and exclaimed that a priest was terrifying the voters. This accusation produced a powerful effect. The counsel for Mr. O'Connell defied the attorney to make out his charge. The assessor very properly required that the priest should attend; and behold Father Murphy, of Corofin! His solemn and spectral aspect struck every body. He advanced with fearlessness to the bar behind which the sheriff was seated, and inquired what the charge was which had been preferred against him, with a smile of ghastly derision. "You were looking at my voters," cried the attorney. "But I said nothing," replied the priest, "and I suppose that I am to be permitted to look at my parishioners." "Not with such a face as that!" cried Mr. Dogherly, one of Mr. Fitzgerald's counsel. This produced a loud laugh; for, certainly, the countenance of Father Murphy was fraught with no ordinary terrors. "And this, then," exclaimed Mr. O'Connell's counsel, "is the charge you bring against the priests. Let us see if there be an act of parliament which prescribes that a Jesuit shall wear a mask." At this instant, one of the agents of Mr. O'Connell precipitated himself into the room, and cried out, "Mr. Sheriff, we have no fair play; Mr. Singleton is frightening his tenants; he caught hold of one of them just now, and threatened vengeance against him." This accusation came admirably apropos. "What!" exclaimed the advocate of Mr.

O'Connell, "is this to be endured? Do we live in a free country, and under a constitution? Is a landlord to commit a battery with impunity, and is a priest to be indicted for his physiognomy, and to be found guilty of a look?" Thus a valuable set-off was obtained against Father Murphy's eyebrows.

From the window of Mr. O'Connell's room in the hotel, a large platform was projected, supported by posts from the street: this platform was decorated with green boughs, and capable of holding twenty or thirty persons. Around this platform moved, from morning to night, a continually-floating populace, who were successively addressed by some one of the twenty or thirty able speakers of the association. The crowd diminished or increased according to the interest which the speaker created; for the most ignorant crowd cannot be kept together without real ability and genuine eloquence in the speaker who addresses them. The wits and orators of the Catholic Association found this platform a fine theatre for the display of their varied powers. It proved to the opposite party a perpetual battery, from which they were assailed, day after day, with argument and invective.

The gentry made it a point, during the contest, to march into the town at the head of their freeholders, threatening to shoot any man that interfered or spoke to them as they passed on to the polls. Upon one very remarkable occasion, Mr. Vandeleur, of Kilrush, in the southern extremity of the county, came into the town at the head of his freeholders; they numbered upwards of three hundred, and followed him in military procession. On arriving near the scene of the election, Mr. Vandeleur got out of his carriage, and placed himself on the footman's stand behind it, for the purpose of keeping his eye on what he deemed his "vassals." In this position, he and his tenants entered the town. As they passed O'Connell's hotel, the Liberator appeared on the platform. A shout was sent up that rent the skies. O'Connell raised his majestic arm, and began an address to the passing freeholders. Mr. Vandeleur's carriage passed on, but his tenants gathered round the platform. The crowd enclosed and completely separated them from their landlord. He shouted to them from behind his carriage, but it was in vain! Not Pharaoh's hosts were more completely swallowed by the Red Sea than was that band of voters by the illimitable crowd that now enveloped them. Soon they melted under the influence of O'Connell's eloquence, and were fused in the surrounding mass.

But we must hasten to the close of this extraordinary moral contest. On the fourth day, the majority for O'Connell was so over-

whelming that all hope of success fled from the opposite parties. Bribes and threats were freely used; but still few, very few of the Catholic freeholders voted against O'Connell; although destruction awaited all those who enrolled their names upon his tally. This they expected; they knew it would come. Their little patches of land were the only means of existence which they possessed under heaven. These, it was quite certain, would be wrested from them, and the dreadful future opened to their affrighted visions nothing but glimpses of beggary, starvation, or exile. With all these horrors imaged forth in the scowling brows of their landlords, these incorruptible patriots went boldly up to the hustings, voted for O'Connell, for the emancipation of their country, and for their own certain ruin.

Is there any thing on the page of history more heroic, more glorious, than this self-immolation of whole masses to liberty? If there be, it has escaped my notice.

The hour of triumph arrived. The poll was closed, and the sheriff proceeded to the court-house to announce the result. The scene instantly shifted from the streets to the interior of the building. It was crowded almost to suffocation. Mr. Fitzgerald was there, surrounded by the serried but crest-fallen aristocracy. That proud phalanx which a week before treated the opposition of O'Connell with the most contemptuous insolence, was now at the bar of fate, awaiting, with presaging countenances, its anticipated award. After the preliminaries were gone through, the sheriff rose to announce the result of the election. Every breath in that vast concourse was suspended, as if by the hand of death. His first sentence was distinctly heard amid the stillness; but his second, which announced the return of Daniel O'Connell, was interrupted by the loudest peal of acclamation that ever filled a public building. The shout was echoed and reëchoed without, and carried that day, from man to man, to the remotest parts of the county of Clare, to all the surrounding counties, and through the entire nation. The hills of the counties of Limerick, Clare, and Tipperary, blazed that night with bonfires — a brilliant index of the fiery enthusiasm of myriads of brave men. O'Connell, surrounded by his eloquent and faithful friends, was seated in the same part of the court-house, from which, in the beginning of the contest, he assailed the government and the aristocracy.

The enthusiastic cheering at length subsided in the court-house, more from the physical exhaustion of the people than from obedience to the repeated calls of "silence" from the high sheriff. O'Connell then rose to return his thanks and congratulations to "the men of Clare," whose

victory, accompanied as it was by unparalleled good order and sobriety, would be perpetuated in the fondest memories of Irishmen to the latest generation. Being the victor, he could afford to be generous to his fallen opponents; and he did use his victory, as he always does, with the most charitable moderation. He begged that Mr. Fitzgerald would forgive him for the use of any harsh things which might have escaped him on the first day. Mr. Fitzgerald promptly interrupted the honorable gentleman with the expression of his most hearty forgiveness for any thing that had occurred during the election, and was hailed by the people with a loud burst of approbation. The Liberator concluded a most eloquent address by requesting the congregated thousands to return in good order to their homes, and to avoid all unseemly manifestations of triumph.

After Mr. Fitzgerald, who bore his defeat with cheerfulness and good-humor, had addressed the assembly, Mr. Sheil rose, and closed the memorable proceedings with the most thrilling speech that he probably ever delivered. I give a few extracts as a specimen of this powerful address:—

“Mr. Fitzgerald was promoted to a place in the Duke of Wellington's councils, and the representation of this great county became vacant. The Catholic Association determined to oppose him, and at first view the undertaking seemed to be desperate. Not a single Protestant gentleman could be procured to enter the lists; and in the want of any other candidate, Mr. O'Connell stood forward in behalf of the people. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald came into the field encompassed with the most signal advantages. His father is a gentleman of large estate, and had been long and deservedly popular in Ireland. Mr. Fitzgerald himself, inheriting a portion of the popular favor with a favorite name, had for twenty years been placed in such immediate contiguity with power, that he was enabled to circulate a large portion of the influence of government through this fortunate district. There is scarcely a single family of any significance among you, which does not labor under Mr. Fitzgerald's obligations. At this moment, it is only necessary to look at him, with the array of aristocracy beside him, in order to perceive upon what a high position for victory he was placed. He stands encompassed by the whole gentry of the county of Clare, who, as they stood by him in the hour of battle, come here to cover his retreat. Almost every gentleman of rank and fortune appears as his auxiliary; and the gentry, by their aspect at this instant, as well as by their devotedness during the election, furnish evidence that in his person their own cause was to be asserted. To this combination of favorable circumstances, to the promising friend, to the accomplished gentleman, to the eloquent advocate, at the head of all the patrician opulence of the county, what did we oppose? We opposed the power of the Catholic Association, and with that tremendous engine we have beaten the cabinet minister, and the phalanx of aristocracy by which he is surrounded, to the ground! Why do I mention these things? Is it for the purpose (God forbid that it should be) of wounding the feelings or exasperating the passions of any man? No! but in order to exhibit the almost marvellous incidents which have taken place, in

the light in which they ought to be regarded, and to present them in all their appalling magnitude. Protestants who hear me, gentlemen of the county of Clare, you whom I address with boldness, perhaps, but certainly not with any purpose to give you offence, let me entreat your attention. A baronet of rank and fortune, Sir Edward O'Brien, has asked whether this was a condition of things to be endured; he has expatiated upon the extraordinary influence which has been exercised in order to effect these signal results; and, after dwelling upon many other grounds of complaint, he has with great force inveighed against the severance which we have created between the landlord and tenant. Let it not be imagined that I mean to deny that we have had recourse to the expedients attributed to us. On the contrary, I avow it. We have put a great engine into action, and applied the entire force of that powerful machinery which the law has placed under our control. We are masters of the passions of the people, and we have employed our dominion with a terrible effect. But, sir, do you, or does any man here, imagine that we could have acquired this dreadful ability to sunder the strongest ties, by which the different classes of society are fastened, unless we found the materials of excitement in the state of society itself? Do you think that Mr. Daniel O'Connell has himself, and by the single powers of his own mind, unaided by any external coöperation, brought the country to this great crisis of agitation? Mr. O'Connell, with all his talents for excitation, would have been utterly powerless and incapable, unless he had been allied with a great conspirator against the public peace; and I will tell you who that confederate is; it is the law of the land itself that has been his main associate, and that ought to be denounced as the mighty agitator of Ireland. *The rod of oppression is the wand of this potent enchanter of the passions, and the book of his spells is the penal code. Break the wand of this political Prospero, and take from him the volume of his magic, and he will evoke the spirits which are now under his control no longer.*

\* \* \* \* \*

“Do not, therefore, be surprised that the peasantry should thus at once throw off their allegiance to you, when they are under the operation of emotions which it would be wonderful if they could resist. The feeling by which they are now actuated would make them not only vote against their landlords, but would make them rush into the field, scale the batteries of a fortress, and mount the breach. I hear it said, that before many days go by, there will be many tears shed in the hovels of your slaves, and that you will take a terrible vengeance of their treason. \* \* \* But you will ask, Wherefore should they prefer their priests to their landlords, and have purer reverence for the altars of their religion, than for the counter in which you calculate your rents? Ah, gentlemen, consider a little the relation in which the priest stands towards the peasant. Let us put the priest into one scale, and the landlord into the other, and let us see which should preponderate. I will take an excellent landlord and an excellent priest. The landlord shall be Sir Edward O'Brien, and the priest shall be Mr. Murphy, of Corofin. Who is Sir Edward O'Brien? A gentleman who has a great fortune, who lives in a splendid mansion, and who, from the windows of a palace, looks upon possessions almost as wide as those which his ancestors beheld from the summit of their feudal towers. His tenants pay him their rent twice a year, and they have their land at a moderate rate. So much for the landlord. I come now to Father Murphy, of Corofin. Where does he reside? In an humble abode, situated at the foot of

a mountain, and in the midst of dreariness and waste. He dwells in the midst of his parishioners, and is their benefactor, their friend, their father. It is not only in the actual ministry of the sacraments of religion that he stands as an object of affectionate reverence among them. I saw him, indeed, at his altar, surrounded by thousands, and felt myself the influence of his contagious and enthusiastic devotion. He addressed the people in the midst of a rude edifice, and in a language which I did not understand, (the old Irish;) but I could perceive what a command he has over the minds of his devoted followers. It is not merely as the celebrator of the rites of divine worship that he is dear to his flock: he is their companion, the mitigator of their calamities, the soother of their afflictions, the trustee of their hearts, the repository of their secrets, the guardian of their interests, and the sentinel of their death-beds. A peasant is dying; in the midst of the winter's night, a knock is heard at the door of the priest, and he is told that his parishioner requires his spiritual assistance; the wind is howling, the snow descends upon the hills, and the rain and storm beat against his face; yet he goes forth, hurries to the hovel of the expiring wretch, and taking his station beside the mass of pestilence of which the bed of straw is composed, bends to receive the last whisper which unloads the heart of its guilt, though the lips of the sinner should be tainted with disease, and he should exhale mortality in his breath. Gentlemen, this is not the language of artificial declamation; this is not the mere extravagance of rhetorical phrase. Every word of this is the truth — the notorious, palpable, and unquestionable truth. You know it; every one of you knows it to be true; and now let me ask you, can you wonder for a moment that the people should be attached to their clergy, and should follow their ordinances as if they were the injunctions of God? Gentlemen, forgive me if I venture to supplicate, on behalf of your poor tenants, for mercy to them. Pardon them, in the name of that God who will forgive you your offences in the same measure of compassion which you will show to the trespasses of others. Do not, in the name of that Heaven before whom every one of us, whether landlord, priest, or tenant, must at last appear, do not persecute these poor people; don't throw their children out upon the public road; don't send them forth to shiver and to die. \* \* \* Protestants, awake to a sense of your condition. Look round you. What have you seen during this election? Enough to make you feel that this is not mere local excitation, but that seven millions of Irish people are completely arrayed and organized. That which you behold in Clare, you would behold, under similar circumstances, in every county in the kingdom. Did you mark our discipline, our subordination, our good order, and that prophetic tranquillity, which is far more terrible than any ordinary storm? You have seen sixty thousand men under our command; and not a hand was raised, and not a forbidden word was uttered in that amazing multitude. You have beheld an example of our power in the almost miraculous sobriety of the people. Their lips have not touched that infuriating beverage to which they are generally attached, and their habitual propensity vanished at our command. What think you of all this? Is it meet and wise to leave us armed with such a dominion? Trust us not with it; strip us of this appalling despotism; annihilate us by concession; extinguish us with peace; disarray us by equality; instead of angry slaves, make us contented citizens; if you do not, tremble for the result!"

The next scene in this grand drama was the chairing of Mr. O'Con-



nell. This is a custom at Irish elections, rendered almost legally necessary by immemorial usage. The successful candidate is put in a triumphal car, and drawn at the head of a procession of his friends through the principal streets of the town in which an election is held — a sort of public identification of the future hope of his party. We may readily imagine the numbers and enthusiasm of that procession which followed the triumphant O'Connell. The humblest peasant in that vast crowd comprehended the national advantage of this county victory. Each man felt himself exalted by sharing even slightly in this glorious enterprise. The military, which had been brought to preserve the peace among all parties, partook of the national enthusiasm, for many of them were Irishmen. The people, during the entire contest, cheered the soldiers, and the soldiers cheered the people! — a circumstance awfully instructive to the Duke of Wellington. As Mr. O'Connell passed the military quarters, he halted and cheered. It was partially returned by some of the men, and a sergeant of the thirty-sixth regiment, in the exuberance of his joy at seeing O'Connell a member of parliament, absolutely flung his cap into the air. These were the symptoms that told upon the British government.

The election was won, and O'Connell, with his staff of agitators, prepared to return to Dublin. The brief language of Cæsar to the Roman senate, reporting one of his victories, "*Veni, vidi, vici*," — I came, I saw, I conquered, — would have been an appropriate despatch from O'Connell to the Catholic Association. His journey from the field of glory to the metropolis was a continued series of multitudinous processions. The people came many miles to the great road through which he was to pass. Wild with joy, forgetful of food or sleep, they thronged this long road for one hundred and twenty miles, awaiting to greet the victorious champion of their faith and country. His entry into Limerick was a grand spectacle. He passed around the stone of the violated treaty. Here he paused, and with uplifted arm and prophetic voice proclaimed from that spot to England, that the conditions of that treaty **SHOULD** be fulfilled!

Although Mr. O'Connell, his son Maurice, Sheil, and some others, travelled to Dublin by night as well as by day, their carriage was accompanied, throughout all the line, with new processions from town to town, until he entered Dublin, where he arrived on the third day of the journey, greeted by the overwhelming acclamations of its delighted citizens.

The moral of this mighty achievement of a week soon began to develop itself. The defeat of Vesey Fitzgerald was but dust in the

balance. The demonstration of an extensive combination, numbering millions of dissatisfied men, well governed and disciplined, was every thing. That immense power, with all its complex machinery, was arrayed against the government, and it was wielded by the leaders of the Catholic Association; and the last week's events proved their omnipotence. They worked with the arms of the law to break down the constitution. The Irish millions were ready to rise at their call, and yield to them their votes or their lives. The military, it was proved, were infected with this national frenzy, nor could they be relied on to butcher their countrymen, should the government decide on so wild a policy.

The significant moral began to act on the coldest portion of the Irish people. The rent came pouring in; the persecuted freeholders were well sustained. But the north of Ireland had not yet yielded that pecuniary harvest which it was believed capable of producing. To bring it within the culture of the association, Mr. Lawless was sent amongst the people in that part of Ireland. This was a most delicate mission, and Mr. Lawless was the least-fitted man of the whole body to undertake it. Instead of proceeding discreetly and silently into the north for the purpose in view, he congregated large meetings on the frontiers of the province, and called up the unfounded apprehensions of the Protestants of that part of Ireland.

The "Brunswick clubs," a series of Protestant associations, which had recently been established, in opposition to the Catholic Association, on the ruins of the old Orange lodges, were now in motion. The clubs of Ulster resolved on opposing with physical force Mr. Lawless's entry into the north. Mr. Lawless, on the other hand, urged on by several thousands of his countrymen, was resolved on proceeding on his mission. Finding this affair well described by Mr. Wyse, I adopt his words.

"The exertions of Mr. Lawless were indefatigable. His success exceeded his anticipations. The numbers of his auditors had augmented as he advanced; a corresponding enthusiasm grew up with their numbers. Throughout all this, too, the temper and order of the populace were marvellous. They had studied with success the lessons of Waterford and Clare. Though thousands and tens of thousands were grouped around him, a single violation of good order had not yet taken place. These were emphatic proofs that the spirit of organization, as well as agitation, had spread through every part of the country. But Mr. Lawless was carried away — no extraordinary case — by his own victories. The time now seemed arrived for the subjugation of the 'black North.' Mr. Lawless determined to enter it at Ballybay. He was accompanied, it is said, by one hundred and forty thousand peasants, all well clothed, and, it is added, well armed; but their arms, on closer inquiries, have been reduced to a certain number of bludgeons and pistols, concealed under their

frieze coats. This was of itself imprudent, but it was without the cognizance of Mr. Lawless. There were circumstances which rendered it infinitely more so. The Orangemen were alarmed, and prepared for defence against what they termed a hostile incursion. They were impressed with an idea that Ballybay was devoted to destruction by the Papists, and their allies were summoned from every part of the country to support them, without delay. Five thousand Orangemen took possession of the opposite hill, immediately above the town. They every moment expected reinforcements. The next day it is very probable they could have counted a force of from ten to twenty thousand men. The two armies — for literally they were such — were now very near each other, and no sort of disorder had yet marked the conduct of either. It was a singular sight, in the midst of perfect peace, and a general in his majesty's service — General Thornton — standing close by. In a happy moment, ere it was quite too late, Mr. Lawless perceived his mistake. He had trusted too far to his sway over the multitude. To a certain point such rule is omnipotent; beyond, it vanishes into air.

“Mr. Lawless adopted the only best course to that of not having appeared there at all. The people took his entreaties to peace and order as words of course, plausible pretexes for the better concealing of real intentions, and were, for the most part, persuaded that he intended heading them in military array against their enemies. They hurried him on in his carriage to within a very small distance from the town. In a moment the difficulty and the danger flashed upon him. He rushed with a sudden effort from his carriage, mounted a gray horse, instantly dashed through the crowd, and fled. In the very moment of his escape a partisan of his own is said to have presented a pistol to his breast, indignant at the failure of the expedition. It happily missed fire. What the consequences might have been, it is not very difficult to conjecture. Ballybay might have been entered, but a rebellion that very night would have commenced in Ireland. A Catholic young man was murdered by the Orangemen that same evening, on the Renorry road.”

A Catholic clergyman, the Rev. Mr. M'Donough, — now the pastor of St. John's church, Albany, in the state of New York, — accompanied Mr. Lawless in his carriage. He described to me the whole transaction in nearly the foregoing words, and added that General Thornton, who was a most humane officer, came from Ballybay to remonstrate with Mr. Lawless upon the danger which he would expose himself to if he attempted to pass through the town. Should a collision take place, the king's forces were not sufficient to prevent the two parties from destroying each other. He moreover suggested to bring the people on their intended journey by another road, which did not lead through the town. Mr. Lawless, most willing to comply with this considerate suggestion, proposed it to the people. But they firmly and disdainfully refused to go on by any other road than that originally suggested. It was then that Mr. Lawless mounted a horse and fled from the crowd. The Rev. Mr. M'Donough then mounted the driver's seat of the carriage, and succeeded in persuading the people to proceed to Balintra Chapel, in the parish of Ballybay, where they held their meeting constitutionally, and were addressed by

Mr. Teeling, author of the "Narrative of the Irish Rebellion," Rev. Mr. Tierney, repeal martyr, Rev. Mr. Oscar, and others.

It appeared, by General Thornton's despatches to the Marquis of Anglesey, that the majority of his men would have joined Mr. Lawless that day, had there been a conflict.

While society in the north exhibited these portentous features, the south presented a convulsed aspect, not less alarming to the government than to the Catholic Association. The custom of family or faction-fighting, a barbaric remnant of the old feudal warfare, had unhappily lingered among a portion of the people of the south and the west of Ireland. Certain chiefs of ancient families kept up the border strife of by-gone ages, though lands, castles, tributes, and titles, — all that could dignify so rude a practice, — had long since been seized by the foreign despoiler. These clan-battles, like the people, had degenerated in every thing but physical impulse, and had become a foul scrofula on the national character. The influence of religion could not subdue, nor the angry law suppress them. These faction-fights at fairs, markets, and even at places of worship, were food for the police, magistrates, jailers, and lawyers. The Catholic Association looked on these disgraceful and brutal battles with pain, and saw in them one chief source of national weakness, one chief source of English domination.

With a view to reconcile these maniac factions to each other, to heal the bleeding wounds of his country, O'Connell addressed them on the folly and mischief of their senseless proceedings. He showed them that they strengthened the arm of foreign oppression, and weakened his own; and he followed up this address by establishing a new "order" in Ireland, which he denominated the *Order of Pacificators*. The members of this order were to take upon themselves to reconcile all contending factions with each other, to establish peace and unity in every direction. The Catholic clergy became members of this order, and exerted themselves every where to carry its beneficent intentions into effect. O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele were installed "head pacificators" of Ireland, and were despatched as delegates to such districts as were most disgraced by those senseless contentions. No men could be better fitted for this enterprise. Combining in the configuration of their persons the outlines of guerilla chieftains, eloquent in their address, fiery in the denunciation of Ireland's enemies, fearless in the exposition of the principles of freedom, and gloriously triumphant in their late contest in the county Clare, they were every where hailed with acclamation. Opposing factions melted into one people at their approach. The leaders

of deadly opponents shook hands before the altars of religion in presence of these ambassadors of peace, and in presence of the priests of their religion. In a few weeks the whole of Tipperary was pacified, and the delegates proceeded under orders from the association to other parts of Ireland. It may truly be said that, in the course of half a year, a perfect reconciliation and a general forgiveness of all old animosities were effected through Ireland.

From this general peace a new order of things arose. The people every where believed that all this peaceful preparation was intended to be followed by a general revolution, whenever O'Connell deemed his time arrived. They could not comprehend O'Connell's policy, nor see any way of opening the Gordian knot but one — namely, cutting it with the sword. Assuming this to be the secret intent of O'Connell, notwithstanding he had so frequently and emphatically denied it, — a denial, however, which they looked on as necessary to the success of his enterprise, and anticipating an outbreak as inevitable, — the Tipperary men, in order to be first and most distinguished in the coming war, marshalled their countless thousands in military processions, which were preceded by bands, directed by officers, and moved in martial array, to the beat of music and the bold voice of command. The various officers in these peasant armies were decorated with scarfs and sashes of green calico. One house in Cork supplied six hundred pounds' (three thousand dollars') worth of calico for this purpose. Although these processions were conducted with order and peace, they were exceedingly embarrassing to O'Connell, from which he was at last relieved by a proclamation from Lord Anglesey, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, directed against all public processions, whether orange or green.

Ere we come to the grand closing scene of Catholic agitation, it is necessary that the reader should know something of the secret workings, at this period, of the British government in Ireland.

From the appointment of the Marquis Wellesley to the lord lieutenancy of Ireland, in 1822, some little change in the government of the country followed. The Orangemen and Catholics had, during King George the Fourth's visit, entered into an apparent reconciliation, and pledged themselves to future brotherly love. And though Sir Abraham Bradley King, one of the Orange chiefs, soon after the monarch's departure, "flung off his surtout" of conciliation, as he termed it, and disclosed the naked Orangeman again, treating "conciliation" as a humbug, yet the Catholics adhered to their pledge of moderation, toleration, and patience. Lord Wellesley, who had been sent to Ireland to carry

out unequal laws with an equal hand, did considerable in breaking the neck of the Orange party. He discountenanced party badges and customs, prevented the annual decoration of King William, married a Páapist lady, (the granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton,) suffered her to go to a Popish mass house in state, and entertained occasionally a Catholic bishop and a Catholic chaplain at his table.

It is true that Lord Wellesley was coerced and governed by his secretary, Mr. Goulburn, and he, in turn, by the under-secretary, Mr. Gregory, who was in eternal correspondence with all the Orange magistrates and officials of Ireland. Yet his lordship deserves the merit of *beginning* a system of equity, in the government of Ireland, which, for its novelty and its after consequences, deserves to be gratefully remembered.

On Mr. Canning's elevation to the premier's chair, a change in the Irish government followed. Lord Anglesey was sent to Ireland in the room of Lord Wellesley. The new lord lieutenant was a soldier; the retiring nobleman was a diplomatist. Lord Anglesey had served in all the Continental wars, against Napoleon, as a cavalry commander, and at Waterloo lost a leg by a cannon-ball, while leading a charge. He was the bosom friend of the Duke of Wellington, the idol of the army, and the proclaimed enemy of the Catholics. On the Catholic debate, in 1825, he declared, in the house of lords, he would never consent that the Catholics should have power, and that with ten thousand men he would undertake to overrun Ireland, and reduce the agitators to the quietude of the conquered. In this rash boast he was sustained by the rasher oath of the Duke of York. And yet he was the warm friend of the Catholics in 1803, and quitted some minor office in the government with Mr. Pitt. In the course of time, and under the influence of association, he abandoned these liberal opinions, and joined the enemies of religious liberty. He took office, in 1826, from Canning, the most eloquent champion of Catholic emancipation, and was willing to carry into effect, in Ireland, a new order of government.

Before he proceeded to Ireland to undertake the responsible duty of her government, in the performance of which so many great men had previously failed, he invited to his residence in London some leading men of all parties. He learned and reflected on the opinions of every man worth consulting. He commenced with his bosom friend, the Duke of Wellington, who was then seated in the Horse-Guards, the commander-in-chief of the English army. He had an interview with the king, and received from monarch and from minister full powers to govern Ireland according to the circumstances which should arise. Invested

with this unprecedented authority, Lord Anglesey proceeded to Ireland with a new secretary, Lord Leveson Gower, and a new sub-secretary, Colonel Gossett. He was determined to see every thing with his own eyes, and order every thing himself, and be, in reality, the "chief and general governor of Ireland," according to the terms of his title and patent.

The Orangemen considering him their friend, the Catholics treated him as an enemy; but both parties soon changed their opinions. His lordship's answers to the various corporate addresses on his arrival, soon disclosed his high-minded and disinterested intentions. He made himself acquainted with men of every party; those the most opposed in politics met at his table, and were mutually surprised to find how well they could agree.

One of Lord Anglesey's guests deserves our notice, from the patriotic associations connected with his name — I mean Lord Cloncurry. During the troubles of 1798 to 1803, this Protestant nobleman distinguished himself as the enemy of the Beresford faction, which, more than any other of the ascendant families of Ireland, superinduced the bloody persecutions of that time. Lord Cloncurry was seized, on the information of some castle leech, and cast into the Tower of London, as a "dangerous man." The constitution was, at this time, suspended, and the drum-head and curfew law alone prevailed. Lord Cloncurry, as I have mentioned elsewhere, was confined in the Tower for two years, denied a trial, unacquainted with the charge against him, refused the use of pen, ink, or paper: his friends were denied access, and in the end he was discharged without any investigation, and, owing to the *indemnity act*, passed in favor of ministers, debarred of any redress. From that time ever after, Lord Cloncurry was deemed by the Orange party a rebel; by the Catholics, a martyr and a patriot.

The Marquis of Anglesey selected Lord Cloncurry for a constant and convivial friend. He consulted him upon almost all matters connected with the government of the country, and most of his measures partook of the hue of Cloncurry's opinions. Lord Cloncurry was not only openly in favor of Catholic emancipation, but of a repeal of the union. At one period he wanted O'Connell to suspend the *Catholic* agitation, and raise the national agitation for repeal.

Such was the lord lieutenant of Ireland, on the accession of the Duke of Wellington to the premier's chair of England. He was the personal friend of the premier. He had kept Ireland in good temper, and the duke was disposed to continue him in the office. Lord Anglesey be-

came convinced, before he was six months in Ireland, that Catholic emancipation must soon be conceded, or worse would happen. He made no secret of this in his despatches to the home office. The Clare election, and the symptoms of disaffection exhibited by the troops, convinced Lord Anglesey that all further resistance to those claims was not only futile, but worse than madness. He emphatically communicated those his opinions to the Duke of Wellington. His excellency's sons, the Pagets, had repeatedly visited the Catholic Association, accompanied by distinguished Englishmen, to listen to the eloquence of its members; and a well-founded opinion prevailed through Ireland that the marquis himself was decidedly friendly to the Catholic leaders.

The language of O'Connell, Sheil, Lawless, O'Gorman Mahon, Steele, Barrett, Wyse, and other leaders in the association was of the highest order. Lord Anglesey refused to interfere with them, and their souls breathed forth the majestic language of freemen. They felt already as if emancipated, for they saw in their organization and their victories, in their peace and in their unity, a combination which no government could suppress. To coerce them was impossible: concession was the only dissolvent of their power. They felt all this, and they spoke it. Their eloquence partook of the courage and confidence of their hearts. It was a continuous emission of purest flame from the human soul, before the altar of liberty. It ascended high in the view of nations. Admiring worshippers came from afar, guided by the illumined horizon, that overhung the Corn Exchange. O'Connell and Sheil were justly deemed the living realization of Demosthenes and Cicero; the first, powerful, denunciatory, and moving; the second, polished, sarcastic, and irresistible: both were the united champions of a suffering people; — unequalled, throughout Europe, in the highest order of eloquence.

These, with a hundred other bright appendages of a conquering cause, attracted the gaze of admiring nations. It was not in Ireland alone, or in Britain, that surprise and sympathy were evoked. On the banks of the Ganges and the Siene, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, there were men who felt the burning glow of admiration for her patriots, and enthusiasm for her cause. The British army was infected with her fever, and millions of her own peasantry were prepared to die for her liberty.

The association now met on Mondays and Thursdays, and the Catholic rent was coming in at the rate of a thousand pounds a week — the original estimate of O'Connell. Reporters from the London press occu-



pied permanent seats at its meetings, and two reporters from the government were in regular attendance, to catch any stray word which could possibly be construed into prosecutable treason.

O'Connell, for some months after the Clare election, had attended the association. His position was truly anomalous: he was an elected member of the British parliament, but had not yet taken his seat. He was in no hurry, notwithstanding all the taunts of cowardice, and so forth, from the Orange press: he seemed determined to "bide his time." He used his franking privileges like any other parliament man, and was humorously designated, by the opposite party, "the titular member for Clare." He had not yet appeared at the speaker's table to take the oaths, and his seat; nor did parliament appear inclined to summon him to its councils. Both parties seemed to pause: it was the pause like that in battle, which precedes the fiercest encounter.

In the midst of this political calm, the great neutral aristocracy of the land, who had kept aloof from the Catholic Association, on the one side, and the Brunswick clubs on the other, woke up. They saw the two great parties of the country arrayed in fierce hostility against each other, and they saw that nothing could save them from a civil war but a settlement of the Catholic claims, upon some principle or other. The heads of this aristocracy were consulted. It was agreed that the most effectual way to manifest their sentiments to the king and the nation, was by a declaration of those sentiments, in respectful language, addressed to his majesty. This "declaration" was accordingly drawn, and the signatures of a powerful array of wealthy and dignified men were procured to it. The gentlemen who were most prominent and industrious in obtaining these signatures were Sir Charles Morgan, the husband of "Lady Morgan," Mr. Pierce Mahony, the eminent solicitor, the Reverend Edward Groves, a Protestant clergyman, and Henry Arabin, the present lord mayor of Dublin.\* A meeting of those declarationists was held in the Rotunda, at which the Duke of Leinster presided. The declaration was read, and it was found to contain the signatures of two dukes, seven marquises, twenty-seven earls, eleven viscounts, twenty-two barons, two counts, twenty-two baronets, fifty-two members of the house of commons, and upwards of two thousand gentlemen of the highest mercantile and landed station. This document was transmitted to the Duke of Wellington, by his grace of Leinster, for presentation to the king. The military premier returned a very laconic note, merely acknowledging the receipt of a *tin case*, but not so much as adverting to its contents.

\* Anno 1845.

In the course of a few days after this, the public were surprised by the appearance, in the public prints, of a letter from the Duke of Wellington to the Most Rev. Dr. Curtis, the Catholic primate of Ireland, in which, clothed in ambiguous words, a gleam of hope was offered to the Catholics. It is true they were desired by his grace to "bury their claims in oblivion," and rely upon the growing intelligence of the age. This letter made a world of noise. O'Connell refused to bury the question in oblivion. The primate sent the duke's letter to the Marquis of Anglesey, who wrote, in reply, a letter remarkable for its avoidance of all diplomatic phraseology, in which his excellency recommended the Catholics to persevere in their "constitutional agitation," and concluded by the significant admonition to be found in the following words: "*Agitate, agitate, agitate.*" This letter was sent, under the seal of the strictest privacy, to Dr. Curtis. In the mean time, the ministry determined on recalling the Marquis of Anglesey. When the letter for his recall arrived in Dublin, he felt himself at perfect liberty to speak his mind, and he accordingly gave Dr. Curtis permission to publish his remarkable and ever since celebrated letter. The sentences of this letter were committed to memory, and repeated, by the Catholic orators. They formed apt texts for the public writers. The letters of the duke and the marquis — the first an ambiguous text, the second a liberal commentary — soon produced a remarkable agitation in the public mind. The Catholics were raised to the highest pitch of expectation. In the parliamentary session of 1827, their emancipation was carried in the house of commons by a majority of six, but lost in the lords by a majority of forty-four. A question so near its triumph must not be thrown back; yet the recall of the Marquis of Anglesey looked like the precursor of a hostile movement. The Brunswick clubs and their organs became ferocious in language, and altogether it was a trying crisis to the Irish Catholics.

The Duke of Wellington, having surveyed all his ground, found that he must carry the Catholic bill through the house of lords, or carry a war into Ireland. Should he succeed in the former, he saved the empire a revolution, and insured the permanency of his own income of fifty thousand pounds a year. Should he adopt a civil war, with an army disaffected, and the masses of England and France dissatisfied, there was no calculating the consequences. He chose the wiser alternative.

#### THE DUKE RESOLVED TO EMANCIPATE THE CATHOLICS.

It would take very many pages, which I have not at command, to describe the excitement, the commotion, the shifting of public opinion, the

intrigues, the cabals, the uproar, which now filled all England. "The duke is mad!" says one; "The duke 's a traitor!" says another; "A coward!" cried a third. The Marquis of Winchelsea called him some offensive name, and said he acted disgracefully, which produced a hostile meeting between the noble personages, at which one round only was fired, the Marquis of Winchelsea firing in the air, and expressing sorrow for having used the objectionable language.

The ever-memorable parliamentary session of 1829 opened on the sixth of February, and all the world was surprised by the contents of the king's speech, which recommended the favorable consideration of the Catholic claims, with a view to their final adjustment. The Catholic Association, and all other political associations, were to be suppressed by special enactment, and the franchise of the forty-shilling freeholders was to be abolished. The duke was determined, as he expressed it, to *legislate*, and not negotiate; and therefore none of the Catholic advocates were consulted by his grace, on the principles or details of his measures.

O'Connell, accompanied by sixty-three delegates, and a great number of friends, had come to London, for the purpose of formally taking his seat in parliament. Great were the rumors, great the suspicions and excitement of the hour. The English Catholics, consisting at that time of about a million, were a cold-hearted, stoical set of slaves. Some of the brightest names of England adorned their ranks; a *Norfolk* and a *Shrewsbury* were among them, but they moved in such an aristocratic gait, that their feeble appeals for justice were never accounted any thing by any ministry. On O'Connell's arrival in London, they crowded round him with their adulatory congratulations.

Very soon after the opening of parliament, Mr. Secretary Peel brought the Catholic relief bill into the house of commons — that very Peel, who, not quite eleven months before, declared his unchanged hostility to them and their freedom. On the 10th of May, 1828, Mr. Peel, in his place in parliament, speaking in reference to the Catholic claims, had "ranked himself among those in whose minds no disposition to change existed, but who rather found their original belief strengthened by consideration." In April, 1829, he brought the bill for their emancipation into the house of commons! The consternation among the tory circles of England is not to be described. Mr. Peel was viewed from every side as a traitor, and assailed with the most opprobrious epithets; and it was ludicrous to hear him declare, in his own defence, that *necessity alone* compelled him to join in emancipating the Catholics.

While those debates in parliament were going on, symptoms of a conflict quite different in character were observable in Ireland. The following, from the London Times, will explain : —

“A most serious affray between the rifle brigade of the sixtieth regiment and the thirty-sixth regiment has taken place in Limerick. The quarrel originated in a dispute about O'Connell and the Clare election. The thirty-sixth declared for O'Connell ; and after a furious contest in the streets of Limerick, in which much blood was spilt, and it is apprehended some lives were lost, the thirty-sixth were declared the victors. The war-cry of the sixtieth was, 'Bloody Papists!' of the thirty-sixth, 'O'Connell forever!' You will see contradictory accounts of this affray in the Limerick papers, but they concur in stating that a man belonging to the sixtieth was the original assailant; and it has been mentioned, I know not with what truth, that, notwithstanding the *esprit de corps* prevalent in the army, a number of the sixtieth, who are Catholics, refused to join their companions. This is one of the consequences of the policy which decided on another Clare election. A moiety of the soldiers, indeed — I have heard three fourths — now in Ireland, are Catholics and Irishmen. Even the greater part of the Highland regiments, it is well known, belong to this country. They have manifestly been inoculated with the feelings of those among whom they live, and from whom they were taken; they experience the disorder of that enthusiasm with which the political atmosphere of this country, and particularly of the south, is at this moment charged. I repeat it: if such occurrences as those of Limerick and Carrick-on-Suir (where the very esteemed vicar, Mr. Grady, lost his life) had taken place before the relief bill passed, consequences might have followed which a man of the stoutest nerve might shudder to contemplate.” — *Times*, June 23, 1829.

Symptoms such as these were not to be disregarded. The Duke of Wellington having made up his mind to carry the Catholic bill through both houses, or to resign, proceeded in a very summary way to deal with all opponents of the measure who held office or dignity under the crown. One of the Beresford family, who held the office of master of the ordnance, and a seat in the house of commons, intimated to the duke that he could not conscientiously vote for the Catholics. His grace replied, with his usual brevity, that Lord Beresford might vote as he pleased, but that the master of the ordnance should vote for the government measure. Innumerable petitions were got up, in various parts of England, against the Catholic bill; but the duke, being determined to settle the question, treated them with the coolest indifference. The English people were roused to petition against the bill, by bigoted appeals to their prejudices. The tables of both houses of parliament were loaded with petitions; but the government and crown truly calculated the consequences of rejecting the bill, and therefore treated those petitions as waste paper. The Catholic bill was carried through both houses, and received the royal assent, in three weeks from the day it was first introduced!

Sir Robert Peel carried the bill through the commons, on the third reading, by a majority of three hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty. This took place on the 13th of April, 1829. The bill for disfranchising the forty-shilling freeholders, which had been withdrawn in 1825, was also introduced by the minister. O'Connell, who, in 1825, was totally unaware of the heroic metal of which the forty-shilling freeholders were made, — for, since 1793, they had been driven to the polls like sheep to a market, by their landlords, — now viewed them as the saviors of their country. He accordingly drew up a protest against the bill for their disfranchisement, which was signed by the remaining sixty-three delegates, on behalf of the Irish Catholics, and which set forth their unwillingness to accept emancipation on the condition of their political annihilation. This petition was disregarded by the ministry, their reply being, “*they would legislate, but not negotiate.*”

The question was introduced about the same time into the house of lords, by the Duke of Wellington. The lords had hitherto been an impassable barrier to the progress of Catholic emancipation. Several times it had passed the commons, but in the lords it uniformly encountered an immovable resistance. The greatest difficulty of the minister was to drive it through their lordships' house. The Duke of Wellington felt this, and, having alarmed the king for the safety of the empire, and obtained from his majesty a pledge to create a sufficient number of new peers to outvote his opponents, should they be required, he proceeded with confidence in the work of emancipation.

His grace's speech upon that occasion was not a little extraordinary. It confessed the power of moral agitation; it admitted the inability of the physical resources of England to cope with it; it disclosed the genius of British government, which cannot be just till influenced by fear. A few extracts from that memorable speech deserve a place here, being at once curious and instructive. The Duke of Wellington, on moving the second reading of the Catholic relief bill, in the house of lords, on the 2d of April, 1829, remarked, —

“There had been an organization of the people — a considerable organization of the people — for purposes of mischief. This organization he might take to be proved, not only by the declarations of those who formed it, but likewise by the effects which it had produced on the elections of churchwardens throughout the country; in the circumstances which attended the election for the county of Clare last year; in the circumstances which followed that election; in the proceedings of a gentleman who went at the head of a body of men into the north of Ireland; in the simultaneous proceedings of various bodies of men at Thurles, Clonmell, Templemore, and other places; in the proceedings of another gentleman in the

King's county; and in the recall of the former gentleman from the north of Ireland by the Catholic Association. In all those circumstances, it was obvious to him that there was an organization of the people, and that they were directed by some superior authority." \* \* \*

"In the last autumn, the Roman Catholic Association was called upon to deliberate on the propriety of adopting measures for ceasing all dealings between Roman Catholics and Protestants. Was it possible to believe, supposing that this measure had been carried into execution, *which he firmly believed was in the power of those that deliberated on it to have effected* — was it possible to believe that *those who could thus cease their dealings, would not likewise have ceased to carry into execution the contracts into which they had entered?* Would any man say, that people in that situation were not verging towards a state in which it would be impossible to expect from them, that they would be able to perform the duties of jurymen, and to administer justice between man and man, for the protection of the lives and property of his majesty's subjects? This was a state of society to which he wished to direct their lordships' attention, and for which he asserted it was necessary parliament should provide a remedy.

"Before he proceeded to consider what that remedy should be, he wished just to show their lordships what effect this state of society had upon the king's prerogative. His majesty could not create a peer, and the reason why he could not was this: his majesty's servants could not venture to recommend *to him to incur the risk of an election in another part of the country*, at which accidents might occur that would lead to the shedding of blood, which *might have led to an instantaneous civil war in the country*. That was the principal reason why ministers could not advise his majesty to exercise his prerogative in the creation of a peer: but he confessed that he had also another reason — he felt the strongest objection to give *another triumph* to the Roman Catholic Association. They were told, 'Why not carry the law into execution?' Why, their lordships would observe, that, in all he had stated hitherto, *there had been no resistance to the law*. The magistrates *were not called upon to act*. There was *no resistance to the king's troops*; indeed, except in the case of the procession to the north of Ireland, they were never called *into duty*. There was no instance, therefore, in which *the law could be carried into execution*. When he heard gentlemen reproach government for not carrying the law into execution in Ireland as it was carried into execution in England, he must say their observations showed that they did not *understand the state of things in Ireland*. It was true the law *was carried into execution in England in 1819*.\* [!!] There were then large bodies of people assembled *for illegal purposes*; they *resisted the orders of the magistrates directing them to disperse*, and having resisted these orders, the magistrates called *on the troops to disperse them*. In the recent cases, no orders were given to the people to disperse. No orders had been given, because *no magistrates appeared*; and if the orders had been given, *there were no troops to disperse them*." \* \* \*

"Supposing parliament had given government a bill to put down the Roman Catholic Association, — even such a bill as they had passed this year, — would that be a remedy for the state of things which he had already described as existing in Ireland? Would it, he asked, do any one thing towards putting an end to the

\* His grace alluded to the Manchester Massacre.

mischievous consequences of that organization? Would it do any thing towards giving the means of getting a better state of things? But it was said, 'If this will not do, let us proceed to blows.' What he supposed to be meant by 'blows' was civil war. He believed that every government must be prepared to carry into execution the law of the country by the force placed at its disposal, (not by the military force, unless it were absolutely necessary,) in case the disaffected or ill-disposed be inclined to resist the sentences of the law and authority; but in this case, he had already stated, *there was no resistance to the law*. There was nothing that could be called resistance to the law; and he might go further, and say he was positively certain that this state of things, bordering on civil war, and being attended with all the evils of civil war, — the state of things which had existed in Ireland during the last year and a half, might have continued a considerable time longer, to the injury and disgrace of the country; and nevertheless those who managed this state of things — those who were at its head — would have taken care to prevent any resistance to the law, which must have ended, they knew as well as he did, in the only way in which a struggle against the king's government, backed by law, could terminate. They knew that they would have been the first victims, in case of resistance being offered to the execution of the law; but knowing that, being *sensible and able men*, and perfectly aware of the materials with which they were working, this state of things might have existed for years without government having an opportunity of *putting it down in the way which some noble lords wished*. He would say, however, that supposing he was certain of possessing such a means of putting down this state of things, he should have considered it his duty to avoid resorting to them.

"He had probably passed a longer period of his life in the occupation of war than most men, and principally, he might say, in civil war; and he must say this, that, if he could avoid by any sacrifice, even that of his life, one month of civil war in a country to which he was attached, he would cheerfully make it. *There was nothing which destroyed property and the resources of prosperity in the same degree as civil war*. The hand of man was raised against his neighbor, of brother against brother, of father against father; the servant betrayed his master, and the whole scene ended in confusion and devastation. This was the resource to which government must have looked; this was the last resource to which they could have looked for putting an end to the existing state of things in Ireland, if they had not made the option of bringing forward the measure before their lordships, for which he was responsible." \* \* \*

"Having now explained to their lordships the grounds on which this measure was brought forward; the state of Ireland; the inconvenience *attending the continued agitation of the question; the difficulty, nay, the impossibility of finding any other remedy for the state of things in Ireland*; the state of public opinion on the question; the divisions of the government and of the parliament thereon; the pretences, — for so he must call them, — which had been urged against the claims of the Catholics, founded on acts passed previous to the revolution; — having stated likewise the provisions of the measure which he proposed as a remedy for all those inconveniences, he would trouble their lordships no further, except by beseeching them to consider the subject with that coolness, moderation, and temper, recommended in the speech from the throne."

The bill, after several days' discussion, passed the house of lords by

a majority of two hundred and thirteen to one hundred and nine, and on the 13th of April, 1829, received the royal assent.

And thus, after the repeated declarations of the tory leaders, Peel and Wellington, for several years previous, against the Catholic claims, notwithstanding the hostility of the king and all his brothers, save the philanthropic Sussex,—this great question, urged by O'Connell's superhuman power, at length completely triumphed. A few months before the Clare election, the Duke of Wellington, writing to Lord Anglesey, alluded, in the following passage, to the king's hostility to emancipation, in reply to the frequent suggestions so warmly urged by the noble marquis for the settlement of those claims: "The Catholic question is a *subject which the king never hears or speaks of without being disturbed.*" The duke frequently admitted that his efforts to obtain the king's consent were repeated, urgent, but ineffectual, until a few days before parliament assembled. And "thus," remarks the eminent Protestant writer Huish, "thus had Mr. O'Connell and his association, as representing the united voice of Catholic Ireland, and of the liberal Protestants, changed, in one year, a majority of forty-four against them, in the lords, to one hundred and five in their favor. *Fear* was found to argue more powerfully in Downing Street and St. James's Palace than conscience. The friends of the cause could not pass a relief bill when the Catholics petitioned; but their enemies carried the bill with alacrity when they showed their power."

With the act of Catholic emancipation cut and ready in his hand, and already almost passed through parliament, it will surprise posterity to find that the duke and his government opposed Mr. O'Connell's entry into the house of commons.

That opposition was little. Having resolved on emancipating seven millions of Irish and English Catholics, the exclusion of the chief man of the body from the enjoyment of his well-earned privilege and dignity was a miserable ingredient in a great measure of enfranchisement. Yet, so it was. A factious opposition was offered to O'Connell by that government which had resolved on emancipating his countrymen — an opposition which took from the great measure all the grace of concession, and rendered it plain to the living, as it will be to the unborn, that the mighty chief of Ireland wrung the freedom of his country from the reluctant heart of the conqueror of Napoleon.

A petition had been lodged by certain voters of Clare against Mr. O'Connell's return. A committee of the house was appointed to try its validity. A long legal debate was entered on, principally rest-



ing on the innumerable technical weaknesses of the several acts that referred to the oaths required to be taken by members of parliament. These "loop-holes" in the law were pointed out by O'Connell himself, in a very able address, directed to the members of the house of commons. Able English lawyers entered on a pamphlet discussion, taking opposite sides on the question "whether O'Connell, as member for Clare, could, or not, take his seat in the house of commons, without subscribing the objectionable oaths." Meantime, the committee finally reported to the house by its chairman, Lord William Russell, (brother to Lord John Russell,) that Daniel O'Connell was duly returned.

The next grand step in this important drama was the ceremony of Daniel O'Connell taking his seat as member for Clare. Excitement was at its highest pitch. The 15th of May, 1829, was the day fixed for the interesting ceremony. The house of commons was besieged in the forenoon by the aristocracy of England. They had all heard a great deal about O'Connell; but, before this moment, few of them had ever had an opportunity of seeing or hearing him. Their anxiety to be present was boundless. A member's "order" to admit a fair auditor to the house was, on this day, a most desirable privilege.

When the members assembled at four o'clock, and when the speaker rose to "request that the member to be sworn would be pleased to come to the table and take the oaths," a thrilling sensation swept through the house. The stillness of death was on them, and every eye was turned towards the bar, through which the representative of Catholic Ireland must enter. The aristocracy of England had long made up their minds, from the sketches of him presented in the tory press, as to the sort of person O'Connell must be—a coarse, vulgar, noisy demagogue, a sort of Henry Hunt, with a strong brogue. He entered leaning on the arms of two noble lords, Ebrington and Dungannon—one of England, the other of Ireland. His carriage from the bar to the speaker's table was grace and dignity personified. O'Connell's air, naturally that of the chieftain, was softened, on this occasion, to a combination of the majestic and the courtly. He took the peeresses of England by surprise. The glance of his penetrating blue eyes, and the graceful combination of smile and dimple in his expressive face, instantly revolutionized their opinion. Well might the poetic beauties of Britain exclaim with Shakspeare,

"See what a grace is seated on his brow!  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself!  
An eye like Mars', to threaten and command;

A station, like the herald Mercury  
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;  
 A combination and a form, indeed,  
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man !”

When he approached the table to be sworn, the clerk of the house handed him the pasteboard card on which the *old* oath of abjuration and supremacy, averring the Catholic religion to be idolatrous and damnable, was printed. O'Connell took the card, read it aloud, and handed it back with ineffable scorn, remarking, in an audible and indignant tone, “ *I refuse to take this oath, because there is some portion of it which I do not believe to be true, and another portion of it which I know to be false !*” This reply being communicated to the speaker, that functionary rose and declared that the honorable gentleman at the table having refused to take the oaths prescribed to members of that house, but offering to take the oath prescribed by the recent relief act for Roman Catholic members, which, as the said act had not come into operation at the time of the honorable gentleman's election, he, the speaker, conceived that he could not have the benefit of; it therefore became his duty to state to the honorable gentleman that he must withdraw.

O'Connell bowed politely to the speaker, and retired backwards, bowing to the members on either side, as he left the body of the house, and took a place on the back benches.

The house, during all this time, was quite still, but, on the honorable member's withdrawal, became tumultuous. Brougham rose to demand that Mr. O'Connell be heard in his own behalf on his right to sit in that house as member for Clare. Peel was the first to oppose the proposition. A long debate ensued, remarkable only for the ignorance displayed by the speakers as to the proper mode of treating the novel case before them. Some were for admitting O'Connell to address them from the *speaker's table*, others from without the *bar*, and very many were averse to his being heard at all. When all the leading speakers of parliament had exhausted their lungs and their ideas, the speaker then put the question, “ Is it the pleasure of this house that Mr. O'Connell be called in ?” which having been carried in the affirmative, the honorable member soon afterwards advanced to the bar, and was then addressed in the following terms by the speaker: “ Mr. O'Connell, the house has resolved that you shall be heard at the bar, either by yourself, your counsel, or agent, in respect of your claim to sit and vote in parliament without taking the oath of supremacy.”

Mr. O'Connell: "I cannot, sir, help feeling some apprehension when I state that I am very ignorant of the forms of this house, and therefore that I shall require much indulgence from you, if, in what I am about to say, I should happen, by any thing that may fall from me, to violate them. I claim my right to sit and vote in this house, as the representative of the county of Clare, without taking the oath of supremacy. I am ready to take the oath of allegiance provided by the recent statute, which was passed for the relief of his majesty's Roman Catholic subjects. My desire is to have that oath administered to me, and of course I must be prepared to show that I am qualified in point of property; and whether the house thinks I can take the oath or not, if I am required to take both, I am willing, at my own hazard, to sit and vote in the house. My right is in its own nature complete. I have been returned as duly elected by the proper officer. It appears by that return that I had a great majority of the county of Clare who voted for my return. That return has since been discussed in a committee of this house, and has been confirmed by the unanimous decision of that committee. I have as much right to sit and vote in this house, according to the principles of the constitution, as any of the honorable or right honorable gentlemen by whom I am surrounded. I am a representative of the people, and on their election I claim the right of exercising the powers with which their election has invested me."

Mr. O'Connell then continued, for better than two hours, a most eloquent and argumentative speech, in which familiarity with history, legal knowledge, euphonious and appropriate language, were combined. His majestic person, graceful action, and melodious intonation, charmed and astonished the house. At the conclusion of his speech there was a general burst of applause, and it was several minutes before the remarks of members and the buzz of excitement could be subdued by the repeated cries of "order" from the speaker.

The solicitor-general of England was the first to obtain a hearing in opposition to O'Connell's claim. I insert the few opening sentences of his speech, as evidence of the impression which the chief of Ireland produced even on his enemies.

"The honorable member for Clare having now withdrawn from the bar of the house, after stating his claim to the right of sitting and voting, without taking the oaths of supremacy and abjuration, with that degree of ability which we expected from so distinguished a member of his profession, I trust the house will permit me to say that the temper which he has shown *does him great credit as a man and a gentleman.*

It now becomes the duty of this house, first to discuss and deliberate on the question on which he has addressed us at the bar, and then to come to some determination upon it; and I am sure that all the members of this house will make an endeavor to do so without any thoughts of party feeling, as this is a question that justly deserves to be considered as one strictly judicial."

Another long debate now ensued, the result of which was a majority against the admission of Mr. O'Connell, and the issue of a writ for a new election in the county Clare. The proceedings of parliament on this question are very long, but would be lumber in such a work as this. O'Connell was unseated. He addressed the Clare men in a spirited letter of considerable length, called on them to return again to the glorious field of moral combat, and reëlect him as their representative, when he would devote every energy, every capacity of his mind and body, to carry out all the pledges which he ever made.

An aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland was called on Mr. O'Connell's return to Dublin, a sum of five thousand pounds of the Catholic rent was appropriated to the new election, and great public rejoicings took place in Ireland. A revision in the Clare constituency was had, by which the panel of the franchise was considerably diminished; but when the day for a new election came, O'Connell found no opponent in the field. He was returned without opposition, and with little expense. His journey from Ennis to Dublin, about one hundred and twenty miles, was one continued triumphal procession. It was a day of glory to Ireland,—one that marks an epoch in her history.

DANIEL O'CONNELL took his seat in the British house of commons, as member for Clare, on the first day of the session of 1830, and was the first Catholic who had sat in the English or Irish parliament for the previous one hundred and forty-five years. His subsequent career in that parliament has been marked by the characteristic strife which for centuries marked the struggles of the two nations. The tory members combined against him. They first tried to sneer him down, then cough and bellow him down, then to threaten and bully, and lastly they obtained the coöperation of the reporters and the press to misrepresent his speeches; yet he triumphed over all. He compelled a respectful hearing for his country in the foreign senate, and, if Heaven spares him a few years longer to his countrymen, he will most certainly obtain for them a national parliament perfectly independent of English influence.

## THE COMPATRIOTS OF O'CONNELL IN THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

The reader may desire, at this stage of the narrative, to learn something of the men who assisted O'Connell in effecting this bloodless revolution in the very heart and stronghold of the British government. There were not more than some ten or a dozen principal individuals who worked the Catholic Association — who affected the public will.

I give their names as they occur to me: RICHARD LALOR SHEIL, Right Rev. JAMES DOYLE, JOHN LAWLESS, HENRY GRATTAN, MAURICE O'CONNELL, THOMAS WYSE, O'GORMAN MAHON, THOMAS STEELE, RICHARD BARRETT, MICHAEL STAUNTON.

I shall say a few, a very few words, upon each of those distinguished men, some of whom live and labor for Ireland, and some are in a better world; but all of whom shall be enshrined in the amber of immortal history by their connection with O'Connell and Catholic agitation.

### RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

Mr. Sheil was born within four miles of Waterford, on the Kilkenny side of the Suir. He is the son of a respectable Catholic gentleman, and received a part of his education in the Jesuits' school in Kensington, near London. He subsequently went to the celebrated English ecclesiastical college of Stonyhurst, in Lancashire. He was intended for the priesthood; but his mind and his destiny changed in the progress of years, and he selected the profession of the law. During his school days, he made the acquaintance of many of the first Catholic families in England. At about eighteen years of age he entered Trinity College, during the gloomy period that succeeded Emmet's fall.

His walks through the classic halls of Trinity College, it is said, fired his young mind with ambition. Inhabiting the same rooms once inhabited by Swift, by Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, Curran, Moore, and Emmet, — reading the authors which they loved to study, nay, the self-same books, — filled his heart with the glory which they won, and fired him with a resolve to imitate their patriotism. To the Irish bar he turned with aspiring confidence. It was the theatre on which he hoped to win a brilliant fame, if not a brilliant fortune. About 1811 he "entered his terms," as it is called, with the intent of passing four years,

according to custom, in company with Coke and Blackstone. While wrapped in the murky studies of the law, he found time to cultivate dramatic composition; and, while yet a beardless youth, produced his first tragedy, "Adelaide," which the Kembles brought forward at Covent Garden with great success. About the same time, he appeared on the stage of Catholic agitation, a fervent orator, rushing from the temple of the law to the assemblies of the people. Welcomed by the applauding hands of excited assemblies, he conjured them by memories of the past, and animated them with prophetic visions of the future. He was considered a surprising youth; and wherever he appeared, the voice of fame went before him, and his countrymen welcomed him with an instinctive hope.

In 1815, the great question of the veto divided the Catholic body. Mr. Sheil took opposite sides to O'Connell. This naturally produced a bitter controversy between those eminent men; but O'Connell, taking the national and popular side of the question, and Sheil the aristocratic, the former triumphed. Sheil then withdrew from the Catholic agitation, and did not again return to it till 1823, when, having accidentally met O'Connell at the table of Mr. Fitzsimons, in the county Wicklow, a reconciliation took place, and a new compact of agitation was formed. Sheil had then been six or seven years at the bar, and had distinguished himself as an impassioned advocate in a few special cases. He had also written the "Apostate," an affecting tragedy which still holds possession of the stage. He wrote "Evadne," a tragedy, and some lesser pieces. All his plays possess uncommon poetic power and beauty. Mr. North said that "Sheil erred in the choice of a profession. Had he cultivated the drama instead of the law, he would have equalled Shakspeare."

The Catholic Association opened to his imaginative and ambitious mind a splendid theatre. The drama enacted within its limited walls was real, was national. The characters to be presented to the public eye were the multitudinous patriots, soldiers, sages, lawgivers, apostles, kings, and courtiers, of Ireland, for a hundred generations; the traitors, the invaders, their stratagems, their wiles, their wickedness, and the horrors which followed their footsteps. The perfidy of England, the treaties she broke, the wholesale butcheries and confiscations she perpetrated, her plethoric church, her mock morality, and her disgusting poor-houses,—these, all these facts and features of Irish history, furnished Sheil with material enough for a succession of scenic combinations which far surpassed in interest any thing that Shakspeare gathered from history, or conjured from his brain.

Sheil felt himself to be one of the outcast nation; sprung from the people, and mixing with the peerage; feeling a real sympathy with the humblest peasant, which he had the ability to extend to the noblest peer; the equal of the one in birth and feeling, of the other in education and ability. Encountering in his profession, at every turn, the barriers of an intolerant and a foreign domination; deprived of the station due to talent, of the reward due to industry, of the dignity due to grade; scoffed at for his religion, and, as an irritated, indignant, but *an educated slave*, condemned for his nation,—he rushed into the midst of his assembled countrymen, overcharged with burning emotions,—his soul on fire, kindling, by a succession of electric explosions, all that came within the sound of his voice or the lightning of his eyes.

Deficient in language to describe him fully, I press into my aid the powers of an "Irish barrister." "The galvanistic eloquence of Sheil was the shock of a voltaic battery to the assembly. The effect somewhat resembled that reported to have been produced in Edinburgh when Bruce's Address was first sung at the National Theatre. From the commencement of the association to its close, his appearance was always hailed with a piercing cry, half exultation, half enthusiasm. His biting and bitter satire, polished as Juvenal's and vehement as Mirabeau's; his fascinating and dazzling poetry, conveyed in a luminous pomp and prodigality of words; his elegant balance of sentences, constructed not only to satisfy, but attach the ear; his ever-springing profusion of imagery and fancy, like the energy of vegetation; the exaggeration of his sentiments, and fervid inflation of his style; his earnest labor under the paroxysms of patriotic inspiration, until he seemed to vibrate on the very verge of delirium,—all produced such an effect on the sensitive minds of an Irish audience, that they seemed more like a crowd of maniacs than men gifted with reason. His soul alone appeared to animate the living mass: his harsh and shrill voice, yet pleasingly regulated in its cadences, and conveying, in its rapid flow, feelings of deep and absorbing emotion, rang through the room, unimpeded by a single murmur, till the the close of a period taunting England with her perfidy, or fermenting the audience with a recollection of the brilliant triumphs of America — when a loud, convulsive shout interrupted the burning progress of the orator."

Such was Richard Lalor Sheil in the Catholic Association — a little man, of dark complexion, shrill voice, and fiery eyes; his hair thin and undressed, carelessly coiling, in snake-like locks, yet eloquent in their confusion when the heart was convulsed; his dress unaffectedly negli-

gent; his age about thirty; the round impress of the Milesian race stamped upon his features; his brow round, full, projecting; his lips thin, and, when excited, emitting foam; his voice, varying from alto to treble, pierced every heart; and his whole bearing as irresistible as an Alpine avalanche.

He generally entered the association at about half-past four o'clock. The business was about one third done. O'Connell, the great master of the scene, had delivered a dozen of short speeches upon every conceivable topic that flitted across the public vision. The remittances from the country; the admission of new members; the junction of some Protestant squire or barrister with the cause of civil and religious liberty, (now looking up;) the attacks of the opposing press on the association, — generally the *Dublin Mail, Packet, or Warder*, or the *London Courier, Herald, or Post*, (the *Times* was then under the influence of Brougham, and was favorable to Ireland;) — all these topics — prolific to such a master of fact and figure — were touched; the finance account was closed; and O'Connell was up on the "great business of the day," according to notice given a week before. The appearance of Sheil at the door was the signal for a burst of indescribable acclamation, which continued during his elbowing progress to his seat. O'Connell would seize upon the interruption, concentrate and infuse the enthusiasm of the assembly into the next few sentences, and convert to the purposes of his address the applause and the interruption created by the entry of his "eloquent young friend, whose genius and power were unequalled by the orators of Greece or Rome, in the days of their brightest glory."

Sheil sat invariably at the reporter's table, at a considerable distance from the chair. He did not frequently rise when O'Connell concluded. Lawless most commonly followed the *Liberator* in a sort of opposition speech. When Sheil felt his time come, he rose, and there was a calm. The association was already two or three hours in debate. The entire assembly were warmed to boiling heat. They had laughed and wept at least a dozen times while O'Connell addressed them. They were affected to cheering and stern resolve by the short but eloquent harangue of Lawless; but though their dinners cooled, their wives waited, and their business suffered, not one left his seat when Sheil was to speak. During the short days of winter, the rooms of the association, from five to six o'clock, were brilliantly lighted from gas chandeliers. "The inspired slave" rose, amid his illuminated audience, like Kean in *King Richard*. His first few sentences were restrained; but soon his fiery soul broke loose, careering, with regular irregularity, through an unbounded heaven



of time, matter, and thought. It was with him a continued irruption of flame or fiery lava. Wit, invective, resolve, indignation, would come flash upon flash, till his voice became stifled in the applauding and tumultuous echoes it called forth.

He invariably dressed in black, with snow-white neckcloth and frilled shirt. He wore close-fitting black gloves, one of which he would pull off towards the peroration of a thrilling passage, and exhibit a delicate, white, outstretched hand, appealing convulsively to Heaven, trembling with the terrors he was conducting from the throne of Justice upon the guilty wretches who oppressed his country. In the pause afforded him by the applauding tumult that followed, and which sounded like the threatening thunder of the spheres, he would fling a lozenge into his foaming mouth, draw on his glove again, fit it close upon each finger, as if adjusting his armor and lance for another furious onset, and then resume the assault upon his country's foes. His shafts were winged abroad by the elastic and devoted press. They pierced unerringly the hearts of proud barons. Princes and ministers of state were struck, and died. His weapons were barbed with a deadly poison, from which there was no escape. The ancestry of the aristocracy was analyzed, their abilities scanned, their motives and actions examined, their speeches and compositions criticised, by a scholar slave. Their bad grammar and their bad acts were made equally the objects of ridicule and indignation. Their gait, their air, their pomposity, and their manners, were mimicked by a master in mimicry; their vice and profligacy laid bare to the world, sent flaming on the wings of a wide-extending press, enshrined in witchingly rare and appropriate language. These were the spells and the weapons of his power, and before them the proudest of England quailed. His speeches generally occupied an hour. When he stopped, and sat down, the assembly rose simultaneously to their feet. They were inflamed to madness. They would have rushed that moment on the oppressors of their country. Their applause was a mixture of exultation and defiance. Each went away to his own circle, mad for vengeance, heating all around him, expecting to be suddenly called to the field by O'Connell.

Mr. Sheil has the merit of originating two very important measures highly conducive to the triumph of the Catholic Association; the first, the census of the people, to make out which put the clergy and volunteer churchwardens into healthy activity; and the second, the simultaneous meetings. By the first measure, the overwhelming proportion of Catholics over all the other sects was clearly established; and by the

second, these vast numbers were brought to act politically as one body, at all parts of Ireland, on the same day. Meetings to petition parliament were held in *fifteen hundred chapels* on Sunday, the 21st of January, 1828. These measures, carried out with promptitude by the clergy and people, proved to be most powerful ingredients in the national agitation. They helped to terrify the British government by showing the completeness of the organization that had been established.

Nor was this extraordinary man deficient in courage or daring. He more than once entered the confines of treason. I remember the day that he entered the association, determined to make a special speech, bringing with him, for a text-book, the *Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone!* He began that speech with the ominous sentence, "I hold in my hand the *Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone.*" The book had just then been brought into Ireland. He held it aloft, and read from it passage after passage, dilating as he proceeded, and concluding each fearful comment with a loud clap of his little kid-covered hand upon the open page. On he went, like an enraged prophet, foretelling, from the past, the inevitable severance of Ireland from England, if justice were not speedily administered. "Let England," he said, "beware of another *Wolfe Tone.* Let her not rely for safety on her old protectors, the *winds!* She may call upon them in her hour of peril, but they may not come, or should they volunteer their force, it will be subdued by the power of steam. A vote of the Catholics of 1793 procured for Tone an introduction to the French directory, and the sympathy of its legions. Let England remember that the Catholics of 1825 are more than double those of 1793. The hair of Samson has grown again! Should oppression drive the Catholics to the field, England will not find the Catholic altars of the nineteenth century barriers to their impetuosity and revenge!"

The government reporters were prompt in presenting this dreadful speech in naked and authenticated characters before their employers. A prosecution was resolved on. Great was the excitement. Sheil was already, in the imagination of the ascendant party, consigned to Newgate for a couple of years; but in the midst of the official preparation, the Liverpool ministry fell to pieces, George Canning ascended the premier's seat, and the prosecution was quashed by his order. The Marquis of Anglesey was sent over as lord lieutenant, with a "message of peace." The pregnant womb of Ireland cast forth events that overwhelmed all opposition. The Catholic question triumphed, and Sheil, the second in command in the glorious phalanx of its chiefs, was canonized in the hearts of grateful, admiring, and emancipated millions.

I am not writing the life of Sheil; it is but a crayon sketch. His life, when written; will be an interesting volume. Soon after the emancipation bill passed, Mr. Sheil stood for the representation of the county Lowth, but was defeated by one of the Bellevs. The Marquis of Anglesey, who entertained for him a warm friendship, then introduced him into parliament as member for Melbourne-port, a borough in his lordship's gift. About the same period, he fell into popular disrepute by accepting a retaining fee of three hundred guineas to act as counsel for Lord George Beresford in his contest for the representation of the county Waterford. Lord George's agent came to Dublin with orders to engage Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Sheil as agents for his lordship. This offer was made in conformity with a general spirit of forgiveness and reconciliation, which seemed to grow up after the passing of emancipation — a doctrine preached by no one more frequently than by O'Connell himself. The agent came first to Mr. O'Connell's residence in Merrion Square, with an offer of six hundred guineas as his fee to act as leading counsel for Lord George, and intimating that he had orders to offer three hundred guineas for Mr. Sheil to act as second counsel. Mr. O'Connell declined to give any answer just then to the application, but desired the agent to go to Sheil and learn what he would do. Sheil accepted the retainer, but, on consideration, O'Connell declined it; and this circumstance, though unimportant in a national sense, aroused the hostility of that people towards Mr. Sheil who would have previously laid down their lives in his behalf. No reasoning could separate in their minds the legal agent from the political partisan. "Sheil has taken the Beresford gold!" was the popular cry; and a certain Clonmel bootmaker delivered a singularly-humorous and sarcastic philippic against the great orator, which, owing to its humor, travelled far and near. This person, who was of the common people, was very popular, and had lost a leg, said he "would hop on his one leg from Clonmel to Lowth to vote against Sheil."

Mr. Sheil, for some years after this, faded from the public eye. His speeches in parliament were unfrequent, but, whenever delivered, were brilliant. Having identified himself with the Anglesey party, that nobleman obtained for him the honor of a silk gown as king's counsel, an honor not offered to O'Connell. It was thought that Sheil ought not to have accepted any favor from the government which was at the same time withheld from his great chief. The first day he appeared in the hall with the badge of official dignity, O'Connell jocularly exclaimed, as he passed, "Make way for the king's counsel!"

In 1832-3, the repeal agitation began, and Sheil again came towards

the national standard, and placed his hands upon it. He was returned to parliament, on the repeal principle, by the great county of Tipperary, and voted for the repeal motion in 1834, in the distinguished minority of 38. In 1836, he was appointed, by the Melbourne and Mulgrave administration, commissioner of Greenwich, which post he relinquished; and, at a later period, was appointed vice-president of the board of trade, and judge advocate. The latter posts brought him twenty-five hundred pounds a year. He held office for about four years, and, during that time, made many a brilliant attack on the tories. He generally either replied to Peel, or was replied to by him.

On the resignation of the whig ministry, in 1841, Sheil retired with his party.

His style of oratory in parliament is unapproached by any one in the house. He has been as successful a speaker in the British Senate as he was in the Catholic Association. His style is thus described by an English critic: "The impetuosity of Lord Stanley is mildness to the vehement torrent of his eloquence; the studied diction of Mr. Macaulay, prose itself, in comparison with the flood of metaphor, imagery, and happy illustration, which that torrent bears along its rapid course. Knowing no paucity of words, and uttering them with a rapidity surpassing belief, he is yet sparing in their use. All his words are ideas, and, in American phrase, he thinks lightning. Perhaps the finest instance of his power was his celebrated effort of 1837, after Lord Lyndhurst's memorable speech against the Irish, whom he described as aliens in blood, in language, and in religion. The noble lord happened to be in the house of commons, when Sheil broke out thus, "Where was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, when those words were uttered? Methinks he should have started up to disclaim them.

'The battles, sieges, fortunes, that he passed,'

ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat, which has made his name imperishable;—from Assaye to Waterloo,—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies were filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his name has been crowned.

"Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moat of Badajos?"

All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory — Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest. Tell me, for you were there, [pointing to Sir Henry Hardinge,] I appeal to the gallant soldier who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; tell me, — for you must needs remember, — on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers upon them; when the artillery of France, levelled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example, of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the contest; tell me, if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the *aliens* blanched? And when, at length, the moment for the last, decisive movement had arrived; when the valor, so long wisely checked, was at last let loose; when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain exclaimed, ‘Up, lads, and at them!’ tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of your own isle precipitated herself upon the foe! The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream on the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together. In the same deep pit their bodies were deposited. The green hue of spring is now breaking on their commingled dust. The dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?”

The critic describes the effect of this burst as thrilling. The impetuosity of the speaker, his remarkable action, the exquisite intonation of his voice, all combined to make it a splendid retort upon the men who countenanced, by their assent, the reckless insulter of Ireland.

Before Mr. Sheil entered parliament, or, at all events, before he accepted governmental office, he contributed largely to the London magazines. His *Sketches of the Irish Bar*, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, which was edited at that time by the lamented Thomas Campbell, are inimitable portraits of his friends and contemporaries at the Irish bar. Whig and tory, Catholic and Protestant, are faithfully delineated, and elegantly draped. The work is done by a master of the human heart. They were honest and impartial sketches, which never can be altered without departing from the likeness.

While Sheil enjoyed office and government influence, his constituents in Tipperary, and his political friends generally, were the better for it. He promoted many to office who, without his influence at court, would never have been noticed.

Since 1841, he has not taken any part in Irish politics. There is no room for him to speak, except on the repeal platform, and he has not as yet thought proper to join that body; but as in 1833 he proclaimed his resolve to pay no more taxes if the union were not repealed, so it may be naturally believed that Mr. Sheil is a repealer.

He was employed on "the state trials" as counsel for John O'Connell, and made a very able speech on that occasion. From the few opening sentences annexed, the reader may form an opinion of the remainder: —

"May it please your lordships, and gentlemen of the jury, I am counsel for Mr. John O'Connell. The importance of this case is not susceptible of exaggeration, and I do not speak in the language of hyperbole when I say that the attention of the empire is directed to the spot in which we are assembled. How great is the trust reposed in you! How great is the task which I have undertaken to perform! Conscious of its magnitude, I have risen to address you, not unmoved, but undismayed. No, not unmoved; for, at this moment, how many incidents of my own political life come back upon me, when I look upon my great political benefactor, my deliverer, and my friend! But of the emotion by which I acknowledge myself to be profoundly stirred, although I will not permit myself to be subdued by it, solicitude forms no part. I have great reliance upon you; upon the ascendancy of principle over prejudice in your minds; and I am not entirely without reliance upon myself. I do not speak in the language of vain-glorious self-complacency when I say this. I know that I am surrounded by men infinitely superior to me in every forensic, and in almost every intellectual qualification. My confidence is derived, not from any overweening estimate of my own faculties, but from a thorough conviction of the innocence of my client. I know — and I appear, in some sort, not only as an advocate, but a witness, before you — I know him to be innocent of the misdeeds laid to his charge. The same blood flows through their veins. The same feelings circulate through their hearts. The son and the father are in all political regards the same; and with the father I have toiled, in no dishonorable companionship, for more than half my life, in that great work, which it is his chief praise that it was conceived in the spirit of peace, that in the spirit of peace it was carried out, and that in the spirit of peace it was brought by him to its glorious consummation. I am acquainted with every feature of his character, with his thoughts, hopes, fears, aspirations. I have — if I may venture so to say — a full cognizance of every pulsation of his heart. I know, I am sure as that I am a living man, that from the sanguinary misdeeds imputed to him he shrinks with ab-

horrence. It is this persuasion, profound, impassioned,—and I trust that it will prove contagious,—which will sustain me in the midst of the exhaustion incidental to this lengthened trial; will enable me to overcome the illness under which I am at this moment laboring; will raise me to the height of this great argument, and lift me to a level with the lofty topics which I shall have occasion to treat in resisting a prosecution to which, in the annals of criminal jurisprudence in this country, no parallel can be found.”

Mr. Sheil has been twice married. His first wife, to whom he was united at the age of three-and-twenty, was a niece of Sir William M'Mahon. He then resided in Denzill Street, Dublin, and subsequently in Leinster Street. He became a widower in the height of the Catholic agitation, and won the heart and fortune of Mrs. Power, the wealthy widow of Mr. Power, of Long Orchard, in the county of Tipperary. This lady brought him a fortune of four thousand a year, which, like most of such fortunes, is settled on the lady herself. Owing, it is believed, to family connections, he now resides principally in London.

Mr. Sheil is politically connected with the whig party, who are now (1845) expecting the dismissal of the tory ministry, and may yet be an agent, as a minister of the British crown, in effecting the great national settlement between England and Ireland, when the Irish parliament shall be about to be reestablished.

Since the foregoing was written, there has been published, in Dublin, a splendid edition of his speeches, and a memoir of his life; compiled by Thomas Macnevin, the eloquent barrister.

#### THE RIGHT REV. JAMES DOYLE.

The most distinguished among the Irish Catholic hierarchy of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, was the Right Rev. James Doyle, bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. Ireland stands deeply indebted to his pen. His words of truth fell upon the hearts of men like the rays of prophetic illumination. They quickened the slave and humbled the tyrant.

He appeared at that era in Irish history when the people were yet in the most torpid state of slavish despair, when nothing appeared in the surrounding gloom but objects horrible to the sight. He entered, with spirit, with honesty, and with unbounded acquirements, the great political and religious controversies which then shook the British empire. Every thing that came from his pen or his tongue had weight. His mind was unfathomable. His thoughts were things, maxims, axioms, shaped in the mould of justice, learning, philosophy, and religion. He

cherished a most tolerant spirit. He felt kindly towards all those sects which differed from him. At one period, he threw out a suggestion for a junction of Catholics and Protestants, which was not reciprocated; but the charitable suggestion, coming from a Catholic bishop, dissolved a large portion of the prejudices that had been growing for centuries in Ireland. During the twelve or fifteen years of his public life, he astonished the wisest, the most brilliant, and the most profound in the British empire. His memorable replies to the lords and commons committees of England will remain conspicuous among the records of English history and the dogmas of Catholic theology. His public letters to various statesmen of England, signed "J. K. L." the remarkable initials of his official title, and which, when published in one volume, he dedicated to Daniel O'Connell, may be referred to again and again without tiring. Every new reading reveals new beauties. The style, the knowledge, the force, the simplicity, the argument, which characterize every paragraph, must forever establish them in the schools as standard models in composition and spirit. They are fit companions for the Letters of Junius, for the Speeches of Curran and Grattan, or the Essays of Bacon.

The illustrious subject of this sketch, James Doyle, was born in New Ross, Wexford county, Ireland, in 1786. He was sent by his parents, who were respectable, to the best schools. When he had, as he grew up, manifested a disposition to enter the priesthood, he was sent to the college of Coimbra, in Portugal, where he was educated for the Catholic church. While young Doyle was a student in this college, Napoleon invaded Portugal; and, like Dr. Curtis and his companions in the Irish college of Salamanca, Doyle and his fellow-students in Coimbra doffed the cap and gown for the helmet and sword, and banded themselves in defence of the country of their temporary adoption. The Duke of Wellington received from those expatriated Irish Catholics considerable assistance in his wars of the peninsula. This was acknowledged in his despatches, and in his public acts when prime minister of England. To the Catholic primate of Ireland, (Dr. Curtis,) in 1829, did the duke first communicate his intention of carrying the emancipation of the Catholics.

Dr. Doyle describes, in his third letter on the state of Ireland, the surrounding influences of his college life in the following simple, but surpassing paragraph:—

"I had scarcely finished my classical studies, and had entered college, when I found myself surrounded by the disciples or admirers of D'Alembert, Rousseau, and Voltaire. I frequently traversed, in company with them, the halls of the Inquisition, and discussed, in the area of the holy office, those arguments or sophisms for



the suppression of which this awful tribunal was ostensibly employed. At that time the ardor of youth, the genius of the place, the spirit of the time, as well as the example of my companions, prompted me to inquire into all things, and to deliberate whether I should take my station amongst the infidels, or remain attached to Christianity. I recollect, and always with fear and trembling, the danger to which I exposed the gifts of faith and Christian morality which I had received from a bounteous God; and since I became a man, and was enabled to think like a man, I have not ceased to give thanks to the Father of mercies, who did not deliver me over to the pride and presumption of my own heart. But even then, when all things which could have influence on a youthful mind combined to induce me to shake off the yoke of Christ, I was arrested by the majesty of Religion. Her innate dignity, her grandeur and solemnity, as well as her sweet influence upon the heart, filled me with awe and veneration. I found her presiding in every place, glorified by her votaries, and respected or feared by her enemies. I looked into antiquity, and found her worshipped by Moses; and not only by Moses, but that Numa and Plato, though in darkness and error, were amongst the most ardent of her votaries. I read attentively the history of the ancient philosophers as well as lawgivers, and discovered that all of them paid their homage to her as to the best emanation of the one supreme, invisible, and omnipotent God. I concluded that religion sprang from the Author of our being, and that it conducted man to his last end. I examined the systems of religion prevailing in the East; I read the Koran with attention; I perused the Jewish history, and the history of Christ, of his disciples, and of his church, with an intense interest, and I did not hesitate to continue attached to the religion of our Redeemer, as alone worthy of God; and being a Christian, I could not fail to be a Catholic. Since then, my habits of life and profession have rendered me familiar at least with the doctrines and ordinances of divine revelation, and I have often exclaimed with Augustine, 'O beauty, ever ancient and ever new, too late have I known thee, too late have I loved thee!'

The influences of battles, sieges, politics, infidelity, and warring creeds, which thickened round this young but great mind, called forth the uncommon powers of his intellect. Military science, the philosophy of government, the canons, practice, and history of the church, Jewish and Christian, with all their kindred and connected mines of knowledge, formed his unremitting studies.

Shortly after the retreat of the French from Portugal and Spain, in 1812, Dr. Doyle returned to Ireland, and entered the ecclesiastical college of Carlow as a teacher. On the evening of his arrival at the college, while walking with the superior in his garden, the latter asked him what office he would accept in the house. Dr. Doyle, in a respectful but dignified tone, — a tone peculiar to himself, — answered, "Any place you please, sir, from Cordery to canon law." He was now but twenty-seven years of age, and his surprising acquirements soon won for him the admiration of all the professors, while his mild and affectionate manners attached to him the love of all the students. He was first appointed a professor of

classics, and soon after to the chairs of moral and natural philosophy and mathematics. At this age, he had already committed to memory all the controversial texts of the sacred Scriptures; all the most luminous passages of comment on them delivered by the fathers and councils; and was equally familiar with all the favorite arguments of the infidels and sectaries, and had arranged in his mind volumes of replies to all.

As a preacher, he was self-possessed, argumentative, learned, fluent, easily understood, and powerfully persuasive. No man who heard him could, during his discourse, admit any other thing to his mind but the matter which poured from his tongue. No man who listened to him could think lightly of religion, its mysteries, or its ceremonies. The dignity of his bearing, the majesty of his action, the melody of his voice, and the profundity of his knowledge, possessed the hearts of all those who heard him, to the exclusion of all light and irreverent matter, and worked therein a revolution favorable to holiness and God.

In answer to the scandalous assertion of anti-Catholic writers, "that the Catholic church locks up the Scriptures," he has shown, in his *Vindication of the Religious and Civil Principles of the Irish Catholics*, (p. 55,) "that the doctors of the Greek and Latin churches are earnest and zealous in recommending the perusal of the sacred Scriptures." "There is no Christian church in Europe," says he, "which uses so many, or more, inspiring forms of prayer than ours; there is no church in which so many works of piety, and on the gospel morality, have been written; there are no people on earth more devoted to their perusal, or more desirous of reducing them to practice, than the well-educated of the Irish Catholics; there is no priesthood in the world more anxious for their diffusion than the Catholic priesthood; and there is no church that has been more steady and uniform in recommending to her children the perusal of the sacred Scriptures, where such perusal was not exposed to danger or liable to abuse, than the Catholic." (p. 52.) "On the same grounds, therefore," continues he, "that the Catholic church exhorts her children to the reading of the Scriptures, she requires them to read them with caution, with humility and faith, and commands them not to interpret the meaning of any part of them contrary to the unanimous opinion of her approved doctors and holy fathers." (p. 58.) And in his examination before the lords, March 21, 1825, he says, "*Of all the things said of us, there is not any thing said of us more opposed to truth, than that we are averse to the circulation of the word of God.*"

Among the books Dr. Doyle recommended, as containing a clear elucidation of the Catholic doctrine, were the Catechism of the Council of

Trent, Bossuet's Exposition, Veron's Rule of Faith, and Holden's Analysis. He also thought much of Gother's Papist Misrepresented and Represented. He entertained a great opinion of the celebrated Case Stated, by the Reverend Robert Manning, against Lesley, and went so far as to say, that "he must have written that great work at the foot of the cross, and was inspired by the Holy Ghost to unravel the sophistries, and refute the errors, of the enemies of the faith."

I insert, for its profound truth and its surpassing beauty, the following eloquent tribute from his mind to the majesty of EDUCATION: —

"Next to the blessing of redemption, and the graces consequent upon it, there is no gift bestowed by God equal in value to a good education. Other advantages are enjoyed by the body; this belongs entirely to the spirit. Whatever is great, or good, or glorious, in the works of men, is the fruit of educated minds. Wars, conquests, commerce, all the arts of industry and peace, all the refinements of life, all the social and domestic virtues, all the refinements and delicacies of mutual intercourse, — in a word, whatever is estimable amongst men, owes its origin, increase, and perfection, to the exercise of those faculties whose improvement is the object of education. Religion herself loses half her beauty and influence when not attended or assisted by education; and her power, splendor, and majesty are never so exalted as when cultivated genius and refined taste become her heralds or her handmaids. Many have become fools for Christ, and, by their simplicity and piety, exalted the glory of the cross. But Paul, not John, was the apostle of the nations. Doctors, more even than prophets, have been sent to declare the truths of religion before kings, and princes, and the nations of the earth. Education draws forth the mind, improves its faculties, increases its resources, and, by exercise, strengthens and augments its powers. I consider it, therefore, of inestimable value; but like gold, which is the instrument of human happiness, it is, and always must be, unequally distributed amongst men. Some will always be unable or unwilling to acquire it; others will expend it prodigally, or pervert it to the worst ends; whilst the bulk of mankind will always be more or less excluded from its possession."

Having spent five years in Carlow College, during which he infused his own great spirit into the hearts of all around him, and contributed largely to the exposition of the true principles of his own church, through the medium of those memorable "Bible discussions" which took place in Carlow, and in other parts of Ireland, at that period, he was, at the age of thirty-two, promoted by his holiness the pope to the bishopric of Kildare and Leighlin, at the *unanimous* request of the clergy of the entire diocese — a very rare tribute indeed to the character of any candidate for so high a dignity.

As bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, he shone a continued light among the faithful. There never was any bishop who took more pains to inform himself of the character, abilities, fitness, and general demeanor of

the priests under his jurisdiction, and, as far as he could ascertain it, of the religious and social condition of the numerous flock intrusted to his care. He kept a correct register of his priests, of their capabilities, and a census, also, of their respective flocks; had the charge of forty-seven clergymen of all degrees, and *two hundred and sixty thousand souls*. His whole heart was bent on imparting to them religion, infusing charity and knowledge into all; promoting their education, alleviating their distress, winning them from vice and violence, vindicating their name, and aiding them in the struggle for their liberties. For wealth he cared not, and worldly ambition he had none; he embodied in his life the precepts, beauty, and poetry of religion; he pointed the way to heaven with a hand untrammelled with, and unencumbered by, grasped wealth. His precepts were delivered in fascinating spells of eloquence, unbroken by any allusion to money, to house, or lands. The income for his support was small, and was derived from the voluntary contributions of his lay flock, or his priests. It was small, but more than ample for all his purposes; the surplus was divided among the poor, and he died, as a priest should die, without an accumulated shilling.

He exhibited, during his bishopric, the learning, charity, and toleration of Fenelon, combined with the heroic independence of St. Thomas à Becket. St. Paul and St. Augustine were his favorite authors and models. His years were few, but glorious. Ireland will treasure his memory to the latest generations. But he describes his own character better than any pen can aspire to: "I am a churchman; but I am unacquainted with avarice, and I feel no worldly ambition. I am attached to my profession; but I love Christianity more than its earthly appendages. I am a Catholic from the fullest conviction; but few will accuse me of bigotry. I am an Irishman, hating injustice, and abhorring with my whole soul the oppression of my country; but I desire to heal her sores, not to aggravate her sufferings."

This great man was first brought out as a public writer in the year 1822, by a certain offensive "charge" delivered by Dr. Magee, the Protestant archbishop of Dublin. In that charge, several insulting passages appeared; amongst others the following: "Whilst the Presbyterians had a religion without a church, the Romanists had a church without a religion!"

In four days after this charge appeared, Dr. Doyle published a reply to it, which produced as great a sensation among the Protestant church

dignitaries of Ireland, as ever the letters of "Junius" created among the ministers of George the Third. It first appeared in the Dublin Evening Post; but it soon passed, in pamphlet form, through several editions. The first sentence of that celebrated reply begins thus: "My Lord Archbishop: In the report of your grace's charge to the clergy of your arch-diocese, there are many passages better calculated to give offence than to produce conviction." The construction of the Episcopal church establishment of England was examined; its title to its enormous possessions was decried; its tithe oppressions terribly portrayed; and, in short, the general condition of Ireland, as superinduced by that establishment, pictured forth in such exciting colors, that the whole nation was soon after in arms against the establishment. Lord Wellesley, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, on reading the reply, openly declared that the Protestant archbishop had "got the worst of the fight." The spirit evoked by this celebrated reply expanded year after year, and at last prostrated the tithe system, and struck off ten bishops from the Protestant establishment.

In a letter to the Marquis Wellesley, entitled "A Vindication of the Catholics," there is the following remarkable passage:—

"It was the creed, my lord, of a Charlemagne and of a St. Louis, of an Alfred and an Edward, of the monarchs of the feudal times, as well as of the emperors of Greece and Rome; it was believed at Venice and at Genoa, in Lucca and the Helvetic nations in the days of their freedom and greatness; all the barons of the middle ages, all the free cities of later times, professed the religion we now profess. You well know, my lord, that the charter of British freedom and the common law of England have their origin and source in Catholic times. Who framed the free constitutions of the Spanish Goths? Who preserved science and literature, during the long night of the middle ages? Who imported literature from Constantinople, and opened for her an asylum at Rome, Florence, Padua, Paris, and Oxford? Who polished Europe by art, and refined her by legislation? Who discovered the new world, and opened a passage to another? Who were the masters of architecture, of painting, and of music? Who invented the compass, and the art of printing? Who were the poets, the historians, the jurists, the men of deep research, and profound literature? Who have exalted human nature, and made man appear again little less than the angels? Were they not, almost exclusively, the professors of our creed? Were they, who created and possessed freedom under every shape and form, unfit for her enjoyment? Were men, deemed even now the lights of the world and the benefactors of the human race, the deluded victims of a slavish superstition? But what is there in our creed which renders us unfit for freedom? Is it the doctrine of passive obedience? No; for the obedience we yield to authority is not blind, but reasonable. Our religion does not create despotism; it supports every established constitution which is not opposed to the laws of nature, unless it be altered by those who are entitled to change it. In Poland, it supported an elective monarch; in France, an hereditary sovereign;

in Spain, an absolute or constitutional king, indifferently; in England, when the houses of York and Lancaster contended, it declared that he who was king *de facto*, was entitled to the obedience of the people. During the reign of the Tudors, there was a faithful adherence of the Catholics to their prince, under trials the most severe and galling, because the constitution required it. The same was exhibited by them to the ungrateful race of Stuart. But, since the expulsion of James, (foolishly called an abdication,) have they not adopted, with the nation at large, the doctrine of the revolution — ‘that the crown is held in trust for the benefit of the people; and that, should the monarch violate his compact, the subject is freed from the bond of his allegiance.’ Has there been any form of government ever devised by man, to which the religion of Catholics has not been accommodated? Is there any obligation, either to a prince, or to a constitution, which it does not enforce?”

In another letter, speaking of the supposed dispositions of the Catholic clergy, in case the people should be driven to the field to seek with the sword that freedom which is denied to their petitions, he has the annexed significant passage:—

“The minister of England cannot look to the exertions of the Catholic priesthood; they have been ill-treated, and they may yield for a moment to the influence of nature, though it be opposed to grace. This clergy, with few exceptions, are from the ranks of the people; they inherit their feelings; they are not, as formerly, brought up under despotic governments; and they have imbibed the doctrines of Locke and Paley more deeply than those of Bellarmine, or even of Bossuet, on the divine right of kings; they know much more of the principles of the constitution than they do of passive obedience. If a rebellion were raging from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear, no sentence of excommunication would ever be fulminated by a Catholic prelate; or, if fulminated, would fall, as Grattan once said of British supremacy, like a spent thunderbolt, — ‘some gazed at it; the people were found to touch it.’”

I have elsewhere given a few of his luminous answers to the parliamentary committees. I wish sincerely I could present all his splendid writings to the American public. The specimens I have already given will assuredly beget a strong appetite for the remainder, — one that will guaranty to any publisher, who may undertake the reprinting of his works, a sufficient return.

Dr. Doyle left behind him three important works in manuscript, which, I believe, are not yet published. The first, a dissertation on Popery; the second, on the abolition of tithes; the third, on the repeal of THE UNION. These essays, when published, will still further exhibit the powerful intellect of the illustrious author.

In the latter years of Bishop Doyle’s life, his health began to decline. His physicians wished him to give up his bishopric, and travel on the continent of Europe, with the view of restoring his health; but he did

not adopt this advice. As his strength declined, he foresaw his end approaching, and, like a shepherd careful of his flock, provided for the contingency of his death by requesting the holy father, Gregory the Sixteenth, to order an election of a coadjutor bishop to his diocese. This election accordingly took place in the year 1834. The new bishop was Dr. Nolan.

Bishop Doyle died the 15th of June, 1834, of consumption; he resigned his spirit with the hope and fortitude of a Christian. His coffers were literally empty; and his poorly-furnished chamber presented a picture of apostolic simplicity, which accorded with the vows of poverty made by him on entering the brotherhood of the priesthood. He was followed to the grave by twenty thousand mourners.

A public subscription had been raised by his admirers to erect a monument to his memory. The committee of that fund employed the talented Cork artist, HOGAN, to execute a full length statue of him, which is placed in Carlow College, the scene of a portion of his labors. This beautiful memorial reflects credit on the genius of Irish art, while it perpetuates the remembrance of genuine piety, patriotism, and worth.

#### JOHN LAWLESS

was of a highly respectable Catholic family, and was educated for the medical profession. Mr. Lawless, I have heard, received a portion of his education in the Belfast Institution. Arriving at manhood, he started a newspaper, in Belfast, called "The Irishman." Through its columns he advocated the broadest democratic liberty. "The Irishman" continued for some years to be the northern organ of honest politics. Mr. Lawless gathered round him a strong phalanx of the friends of civil and religious liberty; in truth, he may be said to have formed that party in the north. Before his time there was scarcely, in the whole province of Ulster, a single newspaper that could afford a good word to the Catholics, at least since the era of the Northern Star.

The Catholics of Belfast, and of the north of Ireland generally, were calumniated in the most shameful manner by the Orange press; and few, before the time of Lawless, were courageous enough to publish a sentence in their defence. The Tones and Russells of other days had been cut off. Public opinion, formed by a vicious press and a dishonest aristocracy, had settled down against the freedom of the Catholics. That city, from which in times of yore the voice of liberty sounded loudest, was, during the reign of Castlereagh, Peel, and Saurin, encircled by an

overhanging cloud of bigotry and intolerance. To Lawless must the honor be given of dispelling this noxious vapor; his able pen and his eloquent tongue were incessantly working in behalf of truth; and he succeeded, at length, in forming a counter-eddy in the public mind, somewhat more favorable to Catholic liberty. Calumny was abashed in his presence. His fearless and eloquent sheet was placed on the tables of the northern hotels; it confronted, or subdued by its knowledge, style, and high bearing, the audacity of Orange virulence.

Mr. Lawless was a most graceful and effective speaker. His frequent appearance at the public meetings of Belfast obtained for him a place in public estimation; he became, at length, in Ulster, a distinct *power*.

In 1823, when O'Connell projected the Catholic Association, Lawless mingled in the meetings of the metropolis. He was generally well received. His speeches were short, nervous, full of passion, and delivered with much grace. His person was remarkably well made; a well-formed head, with commanding brow, prominent aquiline nose, very fine, dark eyes, a well-chiseled expressive mouth, a deep tenor voice, whose dominant tones sounded authoritatively. He invariably appeared in a dark, well-fitting brown frock coat, buff vest, black stock or cravat; a handsome eye-glass was suspended from a broad, black ribbon, that hung round his neck, which he twirled about while speaking, or applied to his eye when surveying his auditory; and when he flung open his coat, pushing the lappels back upon his shoulders, and presented his broad chest to the assembled democracy, his breast visibly expanding, as he sketched, perhaps, the gigantic powers of his countrymen, he then really looked heroic.

He spoke as though he were a messenger from some high authority, the God of justice or of freedom. He appeared the representative of powers higher than those around, or than those with whom he contended. His acquaintance with the illustrious sages of the past, with the orators, poets, and historians of the classical eras, and with the Ollamh Fodhla, Cormacs, Brien Boroimhes, and O'Neills of Ireland, gave to his speeches and his carriage an air of conscious superiority, that added great force to his language. He never joked or related anecdotes, as O'Connell did, but preserved a fine, earnest style throughout. It was passionate, honest, elegant, and chivalrous.

This was John Lawless, designated, from his contempt for all circuitous paths to the temple of Liberty, "honest Jack Lawless."

When Mr. Lawless had plunged into the ocean of the Catholic



agitation, the financial department of his paper gave way, and he was compelled ultimately to relinquish its publication. The cause of popular liberty in the north passed from thenceforward to the advocacy of the Northern Whig, edited by Mr. Finlay.

I have already, in describing the Clare election, the deputation to the north, and the deputation to London in 1825 and 1829, sketched at some length the prominent share which Mr. Lawless took in the great struggle, which the reader has noticed ere this. In the debates of the Catholic Association, Mr. Lawless most generally led something like an opposition to O'Connell. He generally rose when the great leader concluded his speech, reviewed the various prominent topics or plans developed, and gave in this way a life-like parliamentary air to the national assembly, which added mightily to the interest of its proceedings.

After the emancipation bill was passed, and when the repeal agitation began, Mr. Lawless became a candidate for the county of Meath, on repeal principles. Some of the Catholic land-holders offered to qualify him by a transfer of freehold property, to the extent, at least, of six hundred a year. His address was published, the freeholders were ready to vote for him, and all Ireland expected to be gratified with the news of his return for that county; but, all on a sudden, he changed his mind, withdrew from the contest, and nearly lost for the time, by his indiscretion, the most independent county in Ireland.

This was deemed so criminal in the eyes of the Meath Club, and so many exclaimed against him, charging him with receiving a bribe for surrendering the county, that a jury of twelve sworn men was appointed to investigate the whole transaction. The decision of the jury, however, while it acquitted him of the turpitude of accepting a bribe, distinctly condemned him for his indiscretion. On proposing Mr. Lawless as a member in the Dublin Trades Union, on the 22d of March, 1832, Mr. Ruthven said, "they had seen Mr. Lawless tried by twelve respectable men, and they on their OATHS acquitted him of corruption." Mr. Lawless was admitted a member of that honest association by a great majority, if not by acclamation.

In 1835, he attracted the friendly notice of Lord Mulgrave, (Normanby,) and, with the pecuniary aid of some friends, he became a law student, with the view of being called to the bar in four years, and practising the profession for a livelihood. His son had, in the mean time, received an office in the Irish police, from Lord Mulgrave, worth three hundred pounds a year, which enabled him to sustain his father in the expensive ordeal. In due time he was called to the bar, took

his oaths, and was saluted "barrister at law." Lord Mulgrave, true in his friendship to poor Lawless, made him assistant barrister to a county, the income of which was worth eight hundred pounds a year; but, ere he enjoyed the sweets of the first quarter's salary, *he died*. He was then about sixty years of age. His soul was noble. I think he was incapable of a mean action, though it might not be difficult to prove him guilty of a rash one. He was an original character, the like of whom will not soon appear among the agitators of Ireland. Two of his brothers survive him; one is Mr. Barry Lawless, of Dublin; the other, Judge Lawless, of St. Louis, in the United States.

#### HENRY GRATTAN.

Henry Grattan is the second son of *the illustrious Grattan* of 1782. He is a Protestant, but one of those men who struggled harder for Catholic liberty than very many of the Catholics themselves. Henry Grattan is worthy of such a father, — full of his fire, full of his love of country, full of his courage; an efficient speaker; and second in talent only to his father, to O'Connell, or to Sheil. Mr. Grattan has ever been found in his place in parliament, honestly struggling for the rights of his country. During the "experiment" of whig justice, from 1834 to 1840, he did not enter conspicuously into the various popular associations that were started by the Liberator. For a while there did not exist, between these distinguished men, that reciprocal cordiality which the friends of Irish freedom could desire; but when the repeal movement was begun in earnest, in 1839–1840, Mr. Grattan joined it heartily, in an eloquent letter. *He was the first member of parliament*, with the exception of the O'Connells, *who joined the standard of repeal*; and from that hour to the present he has ably coöperated in the movement.

When the movement for Irish manufactures began, in 1840, Mr. Grattan threw himself heartily into it. He animated his countrymen by his eloquence and example; he attended and spoke at the parish meetings, at the central board, and brought around the native manufacture agitation some of the rusty glory of 1782; his name and his presence were a talismanic spell.

In parliament he is feared by the tories. His honesty or his indignation carries him sometimes to the verge of treason. He has uttered to the teeth of England more direct treason than O'Connell, — yet he has never been prosecuted. Within the last few years, the friendship

between himself and the Liberator has been restored; and it is now as firm and affectionate as that subsisting between the latter and his sons.

Henry Grattan is now between forty-eight and fifty years of age; his person is well made; his head very handsome, presenting a good profile; his forehead and eye are good; his nose boldly aquiline; and his enunciation distinct and loud enough. He has several children. His amiable and accomplished lady was the daughter of a gentleman who was proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal* for many years. That paper became the property of Mr. Grattan by his marriage; but under his management it failed to be profitable, and he subsequently sold it to the late Patrick Lavelle, whose widow in turn sold it to Messrs. Drs. Gray and Atkinson, its present proprietors.

A newspaper requires two men, first in their way, to make it prosper—the one an active financier, the other an able writer. These are elements seldom united in one person, and a newspaper will not live without them. Indeed, the financier stands a far better chance of succeeding alone, for he can pay for his matter, or receive it as gifts, or wheedle the generous and talented out of their thoughts for a little hospitality and the show of friendship. But the mere writer will be soon shipwrecked; his *debts* will multiply prodigiously; that is, there will be vast debts due to him, at the same moment that he will be irretrievably in debt himself.

Henry Grattan belonged to the latter class; he is a vigorous writer, and a persuasive speaker; but in finance he is a novice, and therefore the *Freeman's Journal* became a dead weight in his hands.

What I have said must not be construed into the supposition that Mr. Grattan is financially embarrassed. He is in the enjoyment of a good estate, situate in the most romantic part of the county of Wicklow, overlooking the beautiful River Liffey, at the interesting and celebrated spot called the "Lover's Leap." This property is part of the estate purchased by the Irish parliament for his father, in 1783, for a sum of fifty thousand pounds, as a mark of their gratitude and admiration for his exertions in working out their independence.

He is now, and has been for some years back, member of parliament for Meath. Meath is the most patriotic county in Ireland, and would have no man to represent it but a genuine patriot; in Mr. Grattan they have all they could require.

Mr. Grattan has written the life of his father, in two volumes,—a valuable link in Irish history. It is so highly esteemed by the Repeal Association, that they circulate it at their own expense among the repeal reading-rooms of Ireland.

He voted, in 1834, with O'Connell, on the motion for a repeal of the union. But his brother James, who has been in parliament for many years, was absent on that memorable division. *He is a negative quantity*, unworthy the father whose name and parentage he claims; but Ireland has in HENRY GRATTAN all that she could desire in a representative.

In 1839, England was greatly excited by the belief, almost universally entertained, or propagated, by the reform party, that the queen would be personally unsafe in the hands of a tory ministry, or in the care of tory ladies. Mr. Grattan uttered something to this effect as his own opinion, in the house of commons, and he was for this very grossly handled, in the house of lords, by the Marquis of Londonderry and Lord Brougham; but Grattan instantly demanded, of both the noble lords, retraction, or a meeting. Lord Brougham completely explained away his words; but Lord Londonderry, after three or four equivocal letters explanatory, consented to give him a meeting; at which only a single exchange of shots took place. Lord Londonderry, having stood the fire of his challenger, fired his pistol in the air; after which, according to the rules of duelling, the affair terminated.

Mr. Grattan attended many of the monster meetings, during the years 1843 and 1844. He spoke well and boldly. There are many of his speeches, during that memorable season, which might be given to his father. He was often far more rebellious than O'Connell or Steele; and it is surprising he was not included in the government prosecution. Mr. Grattan feels the slight, for such he considers it; he certainly *deserved* to be punished far more than the lamented Father Tyrrell. While the government were pushing the bill for disarming the Irish people through parliament, Mr. Grattan offered a most fiery opposition to the measure; and when it passed, he publicly withdrew all his confidence from the British parliament, and went over to France for a short time, from whence he returned to Ireland. On passing through London, he refused to enter the house of commons, and deposited his arms with a friend in England, rather than subject them, in his own country, to the branding process of Lord Stanley.

When O'Connell was in prison, he went regularly to the Repeal Association meetings, where he uttered the most fearless language in the ears of the government reporters. He dared the government, in the most provoking language, to prosecute him. Probably his turn would have come, had the first prosecution been successful.

Henry Grattan dreads not the worst power of Britain. He belongs to three agitations — the “Catholic Agitation,” “Reform,” and “Repeal.” The first two terminated in peaceful success; the latter I pray Mr. Grattan may live to see accomplished.

#### MAURICE O'CONNELL.

Maurice O'Connell is the eldest son of DANIEL O'CONNELL, the LIBERATOR. He is about thirty-eight or thirty-nine years of age, and, at present, represents the town of Tralee in the English parliament. When the Catholic Association was established, the first-born of O'Connell was but a youth, whose classical studies were scarcely finished; nevertheless, he was a prominent and enthusiastic young member of that national assembly. He was always heard by the people with pleasurable feelings, — first, because he was the eldest son of O'Connell, and, next, because he was young, handsome, spirited, and eloquent. He has said many good things, many fearless things. I remember that some one of the British statesmen once, in parliament, attacked his father for his violence, and called his hearers and followers a *mob*, composed of coal porters and carters. Maurice O'Connell retorted in a fearless speech, in the course of which he reminded the English sage that *these* were the very men who would load and ply the cannon, and mount the breach, if the people were driven to revolution. The English orator did not repeat his attack.

It will not be expected of me that I should give many of the particular services which each of those distinguished men performed, whom I have included in the list of “the compatriots of O'Connell.” To be selected from among their seven millions of fellow-countrymen, and placed before the world as the band of patriots who worked out their religious freedom, is, in itself, so high an evidence of their services, that little in the way of detail is required.

Maurice O'Connell continually *worked* in the Catholic agitation. He was an active member of the committees, the delegations, &c.

He was prompt in resenting any offence offered to his father, or his country, and has had, in consequence, more than one “affair of honor.” His election contests, in the county of Kerry, brought him frequently in dangerous contact with the conservative bloods of that chivalrous district. In parliament he is a ready debater, and has been found a spirited assistant to his father. His known courage, self-possession, and prompt-

itude to "go out," as it is termed, has procured him the deferential respect of the tory side in the house of commons.

Mr. Maurice O'Connell is tall, delicately formed, and bears the impressed *features* of his mother. He has had a dash of romance flung across his career, which imparts to his life an additional feature of interest.

### THOMAS WYSE.

Thomas Wyse, the present member for Waterford, is a Catholic, and has performed a very distinguished part in Irish politics. His father was one of that illustrious triumvirate, MESSRS. SCULLY, O'CONNOR, and WYSE, who first arrayed and opposed themselves to the bloody penal laws. When these great men raised the standard of Catholic agitation, it was really treason to love Ireland. The reader, who may chance to light upon this page, is requested to peruse that gloomy period in Irish history, ranging between 1691 and 1782, when Catholics were supposed by the laws and the judges *not to exist*. The Catholics who, in those dreadful times, dared to breathe an aspiration for freedom, had the courage to face death; and many of them did suffer it. Judges, who were partisans; jurors, who were packed, and prejudiced, and perjured; prisons, that were gloomy; scaffolds, that were terrific; and transportation, that tore them from all that was dear,—awaited, in those times, the audacious agitators for freedom.

Such men as *Molyneux*, *Swift*, and *Lucas*, highly patriotic though they were, in a *national* sense, were, nevertheless, the patriots of complaining Irish Protestants, aggrieved by England. They hardly recognized the existence of the Catholics; and did not deem that they endured any grievance. Mr. Wyse, united with Mr. Scully, of Tipperary, and Mr. O'Connor, of Balanagar, in Roscommon, were the founders of the first organized resistance to the penal laws. Mr. Scully wrote his celebrated Review of these laws. Mr. O'Connor wrote his Dissertations on Irish History; and Mr. Wyse agitated. This was from 1760 to 1775.

The next band of agitators reaped, in 1777 and in 1793, some portion of the harvest which these men planted and cultivated.

It is not surprising that the son of such a sire should enjoy the homage of the Irish Catholics. Thomas Wyse received a finished education. Inheriting from his father a moderate property in the neighborhood of

Waterford, he was enabled to travel much upon the continent of Europe; and he there made himself familiar with most of the institutions, political, religious, and educational, of that great community. He spent some time in Paris, where he became acquainted with the widow of one of Bonaparte's brothers, to whom he proposed his hand, and was accepted. She was a beautiful woman, and her announcement and presence in the fashionable circles of Waterford, Dublin, and London, as *Madame Bonaparte Wyse*, never failed to create a lively interest wheresoever she appeared.

Mr. Wyse did not join the Catholic Association for two years after it was established, or, rather, until the first was put down by act of parliament, the provincial meetings established, and the new Catholic Association formed. He "came out" first, in 1825, at the great monster meeting held in Waterford; at which he delivered a powerful speech, full of the knowledge engendered by education, travel, and the study of history.

From this time, Mr. Wyse became a prominent actor in the great drama of Irish politics. His speeches were sparingly delivered, but prepared with care, and always told on the public mind. His manner of speaking was aristocratic; he never tried to impress his hearers with the conviction that he was one of themselves, as O'Connell never failed to do. With the question of education he linked himself more closely than any other member of the association; and even now heads the movement for collegiate education in Ireland.

At length Catholic emancipation triumphed. Then Mr. Wyse was one of those Irish Catholics who were returned to the British parliament. I cannot do full justice, in this narrow sketch, to his career in parliament; respect, rather than admiration, was the prize he won in that political lottery. Mr. Wyse was principally instrumental in extorting, in 1831, a board of national education for Ireland, which, within the last few years, with all its imperfections and errors, has done a great deal towards irradiating the light of knowledge on the neglected intellect of Ireland.

In 1832, when the repeal standard was raised through Ireland, Mr. Wyse, having refused to pledge himself in favor of that measure, lost, at the same time, the popular favor and his seat in parliament. His Catholic principles and all his services were forgotten, the moment he turned off from the great high road to national independence.

During the "experiment" of whig legislation, from 1835 to 1840, Mr. Wyse was again returned to parliament; and when, according to

the settled policy of the whig ministry, the doors of office were thrown open to the Catholic leaders, Mr. Wyse, with Mr. Sheil, and Mr. More O'Farrell, were honored by offices in the administration, next in dignity and pay to the members of the cabinet.

Mr. Wyse, with his friends, retired from office in 1841, and awaits with Sheil, O'Farrell, and some others, the restoration of a whig ministry, to reoccupy their former places in the imperial government. Sir Robert Peel has shown a marked respect to Mr. Wyse in the debates, and the latter still represents Waterford in the house of commons. When he brought forward, in the session of 1844, his celebrated motion for the establishment of provincial colleges in Ireland, and for the more equal distribution of the enormous wealth of Trinity College, the prime minister complimented him highly, and went so far as to assure him that government would introduce a bill upon the subject, which, if not deemed satisfactory by *him*, should be placed in his hands, when the government would willingly support his (Mr. Wyse's) measure. This admission of the principle for which Mr. Wyse contends, in respect to education, has thrown the ultra Tories of Ireland into the utmost state of alarm. "The university is to be given over to the Catholics," is now the common cry of their press. This concession, however, is offered to the repeal agitation. It will be accepted; but it will not subdue the unceasing demand for national legislation.

#### O'GORMAN MAHON.

James Patrick O'Gorman Mahon was one of the most prominent and remarkable men of the Catholic Association. He is tall, well formed, remarkably handsome, graceful, eloquent, and brave as Cæsar. His enthusiasm, energy, and patriotism knew no bounds. He would as readily have leaped down the crater of Vesuvius, if O'Connell desired it, as plunge into a bath. He was an effective speaker, with a handsome person and an eloquent eye; gifted with a nobility of look, a melodious voice, distinct enunciation, and the most graceful action. The Irish chieftain of the chivalric ages was stamped on his person, and sounded in his name. "*The O'Gorman Mahon*" was his agitating title. His family belonged to the county of Clare, and were truly Milesian. He was a Catholic, and panted for equality with Protestants. He was well educated, and despised the aped superiority of the conservative oligarchy; and was, in every respect, a cavalier of the highest order.



The reader may easily imagine the power of such a man over the mercurial populace of Ireland. He traversed the country as the delegate of the Catholic Association; sometimes in company with Steele,—another singular character,—and sometimes a sole delegate. During the ten or fifteen days that preceded the Clare election, in 1828, he might be traced from parish to parish, and from mountain to mountain, through the county, by the multitudes who followed him. He slept not, nor suffered others to sleep. No hour of the day or night was either too sacred or improper to gather around him an assembly of his countrymen. The daily and nightly agitation, by himself and Mr. Steele, through the county of Clare, would furnish matter enough for a series of interesting political pictures. The freeholders, half dressed, coming down from their mountain homes, in the midst of the night, to the barn or the church where the tidings of liberty were to be proclaimed; the half lighted building; the agonizing anxiety; the fear of landlord persecution; the bold resolve to be free; the delight, the hope, alternately exhibited by the audience; the athletic, earnest, and impressive figures of the speakers;—all these would furnish to another Barry, or to Maclise, endless material for life-like sketches.

O'Gorman Mahon was among the first band of Catholic gentlemen, who were returned members to the English parliament, on the concession of Catholic emancipation. In that aristocratic assembly he soon became distinguished, not for his labored speeches, but for his prompt and *courageous* replies. A conspiracy was formed by the English tories, to run down the Irish Catholic members, who were considered the supporters of O'Connell. The enmity, felt chiefly towards O'Connell, was directed to every Irish member who supported him. The *mode* of this exalted opposition was as follows: when an Irish member spoke, to cough, bellow, talk loud, or cry out, "Question! question!"

O'Gorman Mahon, Maurice O'Connell, Carew O'Dwyer, Morgan O'Connell, and a few more of the junior members from Ireland, were determined to put down this opposition, and, accordingly, on the first symptom of undue interruption, O'Connell denounced it as "*bestly bellowing*," and "*ruffianly interruption*." The tory members, unprepared for this, were up on their feet in an instant. "Chair! chair!" "Order! order!" was echoed and reëchoed; in the midst of which, O'Gorman Mahon, and the other members I have named, walked across the floor, and handed their cards to the ringleaders of disorder. These were so many summonses to the field. It is impossible to picture the consternation of the tory benches. Explanations followed, which pro-

vented any hostile meeting. The tory members, though more peaceful, were still very sore; and it was not till O'Gorman Mahon cowed Sir James Graham, and that Morgan O'Connell challenged and fought Lord Alvanley, that a fair hearing could be obtained in the British parliament.

O'Gorman Mahon was a very accurate shot. He was fearless, too, and despised in his heart the bloated puppyism of English insolence. Upon one occasion, when he returned to Ireland, on the morning following an excited debate, in which he took a prominent part, while dining in one of the Liverpool hotels, he overheard two English gentlemen, who sat at an opposite table, discussing, from the "Times" newspaper, the topics of "O'Gorman Mahon's speech," delivered on the previous evening in the house of commons.

One of the gentlemen remarked that "O'Gorman Mahon was a vulgar Irish bully," or some words to that effect. Mahon rose deliberately from his table, approached the gentlemen, asked and learned their names in the most courteous manner, and then presented them with his card, containing the ominous "O'Gorman Mahon," requesting one or the other to give him instant satisfaction with swords or pistols. They hesitated, stammered; but finally apologized, and reduced that apology to writing.

Such was O'Gorman Mahon, a bright and valuable appendage to the Irish cause. I must refrain from going into the particulars of his unhappy differences with the O'Connells, and with Mr. Steele. These will be,—I should rather say, *are* forgotten; and the day, I hope, is not far distant, when the brave, and patriotic, and accomplished O'Gorman Mahon will be again in the front ranks of his country's most distinguished battalions.

I should have noted that Mr. Mahon won the fair hand of a rich Irish heiress,—Miss O'Brien, of Merrion Square, the only daughter of the eminent merchant of that name, who died, about thirty years ago, in Dublin. The lady's fortune amounted to fifty thousand pounds, which was chiefly settled on herself; the income from which, together with Mr. Mahon's own property, enables him to live in a style of elegance suited to his taste and position. He has not, for some time past, taken any prominent part in the struggle for his country's freedom. There is no length to which his heart is not prepared to go for her deliverance; and it is hoped that ere long he will be in his proper place, battling, among the first ranks of his countrymen, for their just liberty.

## THOMAS STEELE.

Thomas Steele has been a prominent agitator from the years 1824–1825 to the present time. Inheriting a competent landed property in the county of Clare, receiving a classical education in the University of Cambridge, and belonging to the Protestant church, he was, in his early career, received in the proudest circles of the gentry of that communion.

When, in 1823, the communities of Europe had caught the revolutionary fever of that era; when liberty-loving Greece battled with the merciless Turk, and Italy heaved with insurrectionary emotions; the "Constitutionalists" of Spain appeared, a willing, armed band, in the heart of Old Castile, to fight for "the rights of man." The object of these Constitutionalists may have been, at first, to procure an enlargement of civil rights; to wrest a constitution from the absolute Ferdinand, who had broken his pledges to the Spanish people. But their subsequent conduct proves that they meditated a seizure of all the church and abbey lands of Spain, and an appropriation of those lands, from their original uses, to that of private purposes, after the plan of Henry the Eighth.

To carry this project out, a negotiation was opened with the Jews of London for loans of money. "Scrip," or "bonds," were issued in the name of the Constitutionalists, which were sold in London by the aid of whispers about the great wealth, the gold and silver vessels, the lands and flocks, which the monasteries contained. The agents, who circulated this "scrip," dwelt encouragingly on this great store of wealth, as one of the prizes for which they struggled. The press of England and Ireland was set a-going; a false issue was placed before the public; a cry of "Freedom!" was raised; and many volunteers appeared, even in Catholic Ireland, ready enrolled, who appointed their commanders, and were ready to venture life and limb in support of the constitutional cause in Spain.

Among those who led in this apparently patriotic movement was Mr. Steele. He went farther than most men in Ireland; he mortgaged his property for some eight or ten thousand pounds, with which he freighted a ship with warlike stores, and went on board himself with a few companies of armed volunteers, at whose head he was prepared to fight for the overthrow of monarchy in Spain.

Mr. Steele arrived safe in the port of Trocadero, landed his little band, fought, and was overpowered by the royalists; the ship and munitions of war were seized, and the whole enterprise ended in failure. The

*Duc d'Angoulême*, sent by the king of France, had crossed the Pyrenees with one hundred thousand men for the support of the king of Spain. The "Constitutionalists" and the London Jews were put down, and monarchy was more firmly established in Spain than before. "Spanish scrip" became, of course, a worthless security, and a hundred pounds' worth could be purchased for as many shillings.

Years rolled on; the French revolution of July, 1830, and the Belgian revolution, about the same time, raised once more the hopes of the discontented in Spain, and gave new hopes to the holders of Spanish scrip in England. A plot was formed to revolutionize Spain. Meetings were held in London, called under the title of Spanish refugees. Volunteers for a new revolution in that country openly enrolled their names. General Evans was placed at their head, and a new scrip was issued, which guaranteed to those who held the former scrip full payment, on the establishment of a *constitutional* government in Spain, — i. e., the government of the London money-lenders and their adventuring agents.

Several years of the most shocking war succeeded. The *pretence* of setting up a child as queen of Spain, in opposition to another branch of the royal family, was resorted to. The priests and monks opposed with all their might the English interest. They were overpowered by the treacherous Espartero; and the "young queen," with Espartero as regent, was proclaimed the constitutional monarch of Spain.

The monasteries, abbey lands, and hospitals, from which the poor were always supported, were seized, the religious people turned out, and the taxes and revenues were doubled on the people, to pay the interest on the London Spanish scrip, which now rose, old and new, "passive" and "active," to near par. Espartero was the farmer-general in Spain of the London money-dealers; the most grievous excesses were committed in that country under his government. That ancient nation was, in fact, reduced to the condition of an English colony.

The persecuted priesthood appealed, through their ecclesiastical head in Rome, to the whole Catholic world. A prayer was sent up to Heaven from a million of altars, throughout the universe, for the overthrow of the moneyed despotism which crushed down Spain. The prayer was heard. A counter revolution took place; and, in little less than two years from his elevation and triumph, the power of Espartero melted away. He fought no battles. He made no resistance. The people simply rose and put him down. He took refuge in an English ship,

and sailed to London, where he now remains, under the protection of the British government. And Spain is liberated from the grasp of England.

It may be useful to remember, in connection with this matter, that two volunteer armies were put together in England, in the course of twenty years, for the avowed purpose of aiding the rebellious subjects of the kings of Spain for the overthrow of their government, although Spain was at the time at peace with England.

It was necessary to make this digression, for the purpose of giving the reader a true idea of that enterprise which Mr. Steele originally joined, which, I am quite confident, presented to his mind a far different aspect to that which it really bore beneath the mask of freedom.

When Mr. Steele returned from Spain, he joined the Catholic Association. He was a useful auxiliary; being a Protestant enhanced the value of his support. I have already noticed, in my narrative of the Clare election, the distinguished services he rendered in company with O'Gorman Mahon. He was, indeed, a host on the side of the Catholics. In the subsequent agitation he performed a distinguished part while traversing the south of Ireland, in company with O'Gorman Mahon as "pacificators," where they succeeded in reconciling all differences among the people. When Catholic emancipation and the reform bill were carried, a calm succeeded which ill suited the fiery spirit of Mr. Steele; but an opportunity was not long wanting to call forth his undoubted energy and patriotism. The repeal flag was hoisted in 1831. Lord Anglesey prosecuted the leaders. O'Connell, Barrett, Steele, and a few others, were arrested, and were to be tried for disobeying the lord lieutenant's proclamation, by attending a repeal meeting. The prosecution was ultimately defeated, and Mr. Steele, with his mighty chief, came proudly forth unscathed.

During the whig experiment, from 1834 to 1840, Mr. Steele was again politically idle. He had the misfortune to have a misunderstanding with O'Connell, which grew, it is said, from a proposal of marriage made by him to a young lady, a near relative of the Liberator, which encountered the disapprobation of the latter. The people were much pained by this coolness, which lasted nearly two years.

During this unpleasant interval, Mr. Steele occupied his volcanic intellect with philosophical subjects. He is a profound mathematician; has made a decided improvement in the diving-bell, and has frequently been down in the bosom of the sea with the improved diver, giving practical illustrations of his inventions.

Mr. Steele stands high as an engineer in the republic of science; he suggested a great many improvements in the great plan for rendering the River Shannon navigable, which have since been carried into effect. He claims the honor of first bringing this question before the public, for which he never was in the slightest way requited. He is a great admirer of Newton, and proposed to the English people to erect a magnificent testimonial in London to that celebrated astronomer.

When there was, in 1837, some danger of a new rupture between Belgium and Holland, Mr. Steele went over to Leopold, king of the Belgians, with an offer of ten thousand Irish volunteers. The offer was kept under consideration; but Holland agreeing to terms, it was thereby rendered unnecessary.

The repeal agitation of 1840 brought Mr. Steele back again into political activity. He is now O'Connell's lieutenant, pacificator, and companion, and is identified with every act and deed of the Repeal Association. During the monster meetings of 1843-44, when a quarter, a half, or a whole million of men assembled, every three or four weeks, in some part of Ireland, then was Tom Steele really in his glory! It was to him sublimity realized. There was he to be found, in the midst of the ocean multitude, directing the foaming waves in regulated channels. There he stood, at O'Connell's right hand, willing to obey his "mighty leader" in any command, either of peace or war; for he really believes O'Connell can do no wrong. And had Steele been directed at Mullaghmast or Tara to lead five hundred thousand volunteers against England, he would, without a moment's hesitation, or even consideration, have led the men to battle. Though he is bland, gentle, and courteous, yet he has no sense of personal fear.

When Lord De Grey, in 1843, was preparing for battle, fortifying his barracks and forts, the repealers, who had no intention of doing battle with England,—especially at a moment when her entire army and navy were unoccupied in any continental war,—cracked their jokes upon the head of the bewildered lord lieutenant. Mr. Steele increased the fun by showing his excellency how easily Richmond Barracks could be taken at any one of *three* unprotected points, notwithstanding that the government generals and engineers had exhausted their ingenuity in fortifying that fortress. The publication of Mr. Steele's plan for attacking the barracks created great merriment, which increased when it was acknowledged by some eminent English commanders that Steele was right, and still more when his excellency ordered the weak points, noticed in his letter, to be strongly fortified!

When the Clontarf meeting was suppressed, and when O'Connell, his son John, Barrett, and Ray, were made aware that they were arrested, Steele, who was with the *Liberator* at the time, and who was not included in the first arrests, felt deeply mortified at being passed over as unworthy of prosecution. He walked up and down Mr. O'Connell's large parlor, full of indignation. But, in the course of the afternoon, he was relieved from his disagreeable situation by receiving notice to attend before Mr. Justice Burton, to enter bail for his appearance under a charge of conspiracy, &c. This restored him to self-satisfaction; he attended accordingly, and proudly passed, with the others, through the conspicuous ordeal of martyrdom.

In the Repeal Association, Mr. Steele never makes what is called a speech. When he does speak, it is generally to second a motion, or to give an explanation; and then he is sure to introduce some anecdote or illustration from the ancients or the moderns, or from his contemporaries, which he dresses in his own exalted diction, and which comes from his mind with his image stamped upon it. He always reports to the press his own speeches, and no one can mistake them for any body's else, though his name be not written above them.

He never speaks more than a few minutes at a time, and seldom more than once at a sitting of the association; and always pays due deference to others. His manner of speaking is characteristic of his mind—heaving, incoherent, and full of passion. His gestures body forth images that his tongue dare not name. The government reporters catch every word he utters, but they cannot transfer his looks to their tablets; and if they did, there is no statute yet framed to construe *looks* into treason. Steele *looks* rebellion; *shells*, and *assaults*, and *separation*, and *independence*, are pictured in every gesture. But he is able to vent his mind in words which convey constitutional ideas to the government reporters, and, after all, there is no man in the association who talks rebellion in more careful and legal phraseology.

Mr. Steele is now about fifty-six years of age. He is in robust health, unmarried, and devoid of any family encumbrances. He stands nearly six feet high; has a brave, military air; his body and arms are massive, and his head the finest that nature ever modelled. His forehead is broad and projecting; his eyes are good, and sit easy in their sockets; his mouth has lost some of its expression in the loss of one or two teeth; but his face presents a nervous, flexible, luminous system of features, which plainly exhibit every emotion of his soul. His dress is eternally the same—a blue frock-coat, buttoned tight to the chin, and

light-colored pantaloons, which sometimes look white, and are never strapped; it is the same in winter as in summer. There is nothing affected in his manner; every word, look, and step, is natural. His income—if some fifty pounds a year allowed him by the possessor of his estate can be so called—is about sufficient to maintain him with the merest necessaries of life, and he despises any thing further. He has never sought or accepted any office or income from the government or the people. He is poor in pocket, but exalted in nobility of soul, and would not exchange situations with Louis Philippe.

It might be easy to prove him rash, but impossible to prove him mean, dishonest, or dishonorable. I do not remember that Steele was ever engaged in a duel; he is truly the least offensive of men. He is a finished gentleman, but not a refined politician. He would make a brave but not a cunning general. In an age of chivalry and military honor, he would be selected the chief of patriot legions; but he has not sufficient stratagem or cunning to cope with the tactics of the present day. He embodies what we conceive a knight templar to have been, and would prove an unequalled lieutenant under a Washington, a Napoleon, or a Bolivar. Indeed, I question whether either of those heroes had around them braver metal. Steele is truly the man for a forlorn hope! He would sit composedly on a mine, and suffer himself to be blown into the air, if O'Connell thought it necessary to the freedom of Ireland. The action of such a one, revolving ever round the sun of Irish agitation, flings a variegated ray of chieftainry on its path, and infuses into the minds of the Irish millions indescribable emotions of enthusiasm. Steele was shaped by the hand of nature to fill his present office. He was born to revolve round O'Connell; amenable to his chief as a child, and ready at his nod to let slip the dogs of war, or to wave the branch of peace. The people love, and the government fear him.

Such are my recollections of Steele. The last day but one which I passed in Ireland, was in his company. It was at Barrett's country-house, where Steele is always a welcome guest. There were a few cherished friends there, and I was happy and honored in such company. It was a delightful day in June; Nature was clothed in her loveliest apparel—and where does she look lovelier than in Erin? The repeal of the union was the leading idea of the party, and the all-engrossing topic of conversation. When night came, and all were preparing to return to the city, (three or four miles distant,) Steele informed us he intended to pass the night in the Wicklow mountains, (seven miles



off,) and trace, through its beautiful windings, the depths of the River Liffey. He set off across the fields with that design. I saw him no more. I sailed for America the next day but one.

#### RICHARD BARRETT,

the proprietor of the *Pilot*, and the steady friend of O'Connell, stands prominent among the effective agitators for Catholic emancipation. Mr. Barrett being a Protestant, his disinterested advocacy of the Catholic cause before he became a journalist, enhanced considerably the value of his support. I may here remark, that public dinners were hit upon by O'Connell as one part of his system of agitation, by which he warmed up public sentiment to the boiling heat. It may be truly said that the Catholics ate their way to emancipation. In most of the public dinners which they had for the purpose of gathering, feeding, and animating public sentiment, Mr. Barrett generally responded to the toast, "The liberal Protestants of Ireland."

Mr. Barrett's family were originally of English extraction; they came over with some of the first Norman invaders, and settled in the south of Ireland. Mr. Barrett was intended and educated for the Irish bar; but, I believe, a change in the circumstances of his family prevented the realization of his wish. The barriers, which the legal profession of Ireland interpose to the advancement of young men to the Irish bar, are insurmountable to those who are not fortified by a full purse. Mr. Barrett turned his attention to a mercantile walk, and became a salesman to the respectable firm of A. Guinness and Sons, the eminent brewers of Dublin.

In this capacity he became generally acquainted with the Catholics of Dublin, learned their religious and political principles from themselves, and thus formed an opinion of them and their cause somewhat different from that which school and family prejudices had established in his mind. Having an addiction to public writing, he contributed regularly, in 1822-1823, to the *Patriot*, which was then a government paper.

When Mr. Barrett joined in the advocacy of Catholic freedom, his intimacy with O'Connell, and the necessity there existed for an evening organ of the Catholic Association, led to the establishment, about 1827, of the *Pilot*, which was printed in the *Morning and Weekly Register* office, and partly made up from the current matter of those journals.

The *Pilot*, from thenceforth, became the vehicle through which the

chief of Ireland promulgated his letters and peaceful rescripts. This imparted to the paper an additional interest, and secured a pretty fair circulation. Mr. Barrett must be admitted, even by his enemies, to have ever been a faithful advocate of Catholic rights, and a fearless denouncer of their opponents. He has encountered *several* government prosecutions, and was thrice imprisoned. "The Queen *versus* Barrett" is frequently called up in the Queen's Bench of Dublin.

The Pilot is an eyesore to both the whig and tory governors of Ireland. Upon one occasion they refused him stamps for his paper, at the stamp office. [My American readers ought to be informed that no newspaper can be published in Ireland without leave of the crown, and the payment of a penny stamp duty, on each paper.] Mr. Barrett defeated the government in a very curious way. He issued an evening, or second edition of the Morning Register to his subscribers, containing the matter which usually appeared in the Pilot, and bearing this singular title: "*The Morning Register—THE PILOT having been suppressed.*" The paper with this title was still more eagerly sought for than before. The attempt to suppress it only tended to increase its circulation.

One of these prosecutions was that for the publication of O'Connell's terrific letter against the whigs, in 1833, which first appeared in the London Morning Chronicle. The Liberator offered to avow himself the author; but Barrett, feeling that he himself could be better spared from the public cause than O'Connell, generously offered to bear the brunt of the government prosecution in his own person. A strong defence was prepared by his lawyers, and Sheil was appointed to reply to the attorney-general. The day of trial approached; and every thing which legal ingenuity could devise was put in hasty requisition to break down the government prosecutor; when, all on a sudden, Mr. Sheil, the evening previous to the trial, became ill, or else feeling unequal to the responsibility of the task, returned his brief. A consultation was immediately held at Mr. O'Connell's house, when it was finally agreed that he himself should be the leading counsel, on the next day, for Mr. Barrett. Thus he appeared in court, to defend another for the crime he himself committed. It was unprecedented. I intend to describe this trial, in an advanced page of O'Connell's life. Barrett was found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He suffered with composure. The public were roused into admiration. Subscriptions were sent to the martyr from all sides, even from America; and he was rewarded for his fidelity to the Liberator by an enlarged patronage, and an enthusiastic support to his paper.

Under the administration of Lord Anglesey, Barrett had the honor of being prosecuted, in company with O'Connell. That prosecution, after a bitter struggle, fell to the ground. During the "experiment" of whig legislation, from 1835 to 1840, when any body who possessed a little name and influence among the people was eagerly bought up by the government, Mr. Barrett never applied for any office. I am quite convinced, remembering the great numbers who obtained places from the ministry, that, had he applied, he would have obtained an office. It is due to him to say, that he was amongst the few public men who remained, at that time, unemployed by the government.

In 1838, when the Bank of Ireland sought a renewal of its charter, Mr. Barrett opened a battery on it from the columns of the *Pilot*. The author had the honor of writing many of those articles which roused the public mind to a sense of the danger of that tremendous monopoly. Mr. Barrett never relinquished his attacks upon the Bank of Ireland; and when the whig administration paltered with this wicked corporation, when Mr. Spring Rice, the chancellor of the exchequer, actually sanctioned a bill for a renewal of their charter, the *Pilot* then gave up the whigs as rotten, and raised in its columns the cry of "Repeal; nothing but repeal!"

With the author originated also several of the *repeal* articles which appeared in the *Pilot* from 1839 to 1841. That question, though now so plain to every one, required then a world of discussion and explanation. The *Pilot* has the merit of being the *first* paper in Ireland which began the repeal agitation in earnest, from which it has never since swerved in the slightest degree.

Mr. Barrett had the singular honor of being a second time included in the same indictment with O'Connell. He was one of the seven martyrs in the late state prosecution. This, of course, raised him in the estimation of his countrymen. He is the bosom friend of the Liberator, and accompanied him in many of his journeys to the monster meetings of 1843. Mr. Barrett is about fifty or fifty-three years of age; stands five feet ten; speaks well when he does speak, but is not over anxious to hear his own voice. His writing is characterized rather more by a stern vigor than by nicety of diction; in truth, he is not studious of style; his labors are bent solely to the ruin of the enemies of Ireland.

## MICHAEL STAUNTON,

the proprietor of the Morning and Weekly Register, contributed a large proportion of aid to the Catholic agitation. Mr. Staunton began the publication of the Weekly Register in Dublin, about the year 1822. He had been previously a compositor, and was engaged upon a Cork newspaper. The establishment of the Weekly Register, at that time, was a work of no small enterprise. The security required by the government, amounting to *two thousand four hundred pounds*, was in itself an almost insurmountable bar to the establishment of a newspaper; few persons would willingly become sureties for so serious an amount, in the face of a hostile government,—besides which there was the heavy stamp-duty. Mr. Staunton was able to surmount all these difficulties, and to get his paper started. About two years after the establishment of the Weekly Register, he commenced the daily issue of the Morning Register. The miserable papers, which were then published in Dublin, gave very limited reports of the Catholic Association proceedings; and, with a view of spreading a knowledge of its important debates before the public, Mr. O'Connell strongly urged Mr. Staunton to make the experiment.

I have already described the circumstances connected with the enterprise of starting a daily paper under the influence of the Catholic Association, in the pages devoted to the years 1823–1824, which the reader, I presume, has seen.

Mr. Staunton happened to escape the rancor or prosecution of the government during the whole of his publishing career—no small evidence of his great prudence. During the agitation of the “poor law for Ireland” question, he was found in opposition to O'Connell.

This was a position very disagreeable to his feelings, into which nothing but a stern conviction that he was right could have drawn him; but he sustained his opinions all through it with a courteous demeanor; and when the poor-law bill became law, Mr. Staunton was offered an office in connection with it,—I believe *commissioner*,—which he declined. Mr. Staunton has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the statistics of Ireland; and has continuously presented her claims to justice, sustained by close columns of arithmetic. Cobbett appreciated Staunton's productions, because, unlike the majority of Irish essays, they abounded more in figures of arithmetic than fancy. Mr. Staunton published several useful pamphlets, full of the most valuable statistics relating to Ireland, and is now deservedly an alderman of Dublin; and will in turn fill the chair of the first magistrate of the Irish metropolis.

## LECTURE XXV.

### O'CONNELL'S LIFE AND TIMES,

FROM A. D. 1830 TO 1845.

Triumph of the Catholic Association. — Its moral Effect. — Similar Societies formed in England; also in France and Belgium. — French Revolution of July. — Belgian Revolution. — Death of George the Fourth. — Accession of William the Fourth. — Popular Discontent. — Reform Cry. — Dissolution of Parliament. — Irish Elections. — Reformers' Triumph. — The Grey Ministry. — Lord Brougham. — Dublin Trades Union. — Repeal. — Doneraile Conspiracy. — Doherty. — O'Connell's legal Triumph. — Lord Anglesey's Arrival. — His Proclamations. — Repeal Breakfasts. — O'Connell and others prosecuted. — Failure of the Prosecution. — The Reform Bill in Parliament. — Change of Ministry. — Popular Commotion. — Triumph of Reform. — Irish Coercion Bill. — Tithe Slaughters. — Carrick Shock. — Tithe System. — The Parson's Horn-Book. — The Widow Ryan. — History of Tithes. — Resistance to Tithes. — Their partial Abolition. — The Repeal Agitation. — Orange and Green. — General Election. — Return of Repeal Members. — A. Bradley King. — Dublin Election. — Chairing of O'Connell. — Lord Anglesey's Tour. — Dr. Baldwin. — The Coercion Bill. — Its Enactments. — Hostility of the English to it. — Piece of Plate to O'Connell. — Suppression of the Volunteers, and the Trades Union. — Prosecutions of Walsh and Brown. — Prosecution of Barrett. — O'Connell's Defence of him. — Triumphant Result. — O'Connell the Originator of the Ballot. — Repeal Question in Parliament. — Meeting of the Irish Members. — The Reporters and O'Connell. — His Exertions for the Dublin Merchants. — Cobbett's Character of him. — Repeal in Manchester. — Approach of the Repeal Discussion. — The Debate. — O'Connell's Speech. — Temper of the House. — The Division. — Influence of O'Connell in England. — His Plans of Reform. — Changes in the British Ministry. — Dissolution of Parliament. — Violent Struggle. — The Melbourne Ministry. — The "Experiment." — English Corporate Reform. — Lord Mulgrave, (Normanby.) — The Marchioness of Normanby. — The Irish Court. — Its Patronage. — Justice. — Lord Morpeth. — Promotions. — Orangeism. — Its Suppression. — Freemasonry. — O'Connell's Influence abroad. — Opinions on America. — His Law Struggles with Government. — *Raphael*. — O'Connell's Popularity. — Mr. Ruthven. — Irish Poor Law Question. — Condition of Ireland. — Poor Laws established in Ireland. — Death of William the Fourth. — Accession of Victoria. — State of Parties. — Coronation of the Queen. — Tory Movements. — Resignation of the Whigs. — Sir Robert Peel. — His "Difficulty." — The Whigs recalled. — The Chartists. — Feargus O'Connor. — Commercial Distress. — Commercial Agitation in Ireland. — The Bank of Ireland. — The Bank Charter. — The Railway Commission. — Irish Fisheries. — Beet-Root Sugar. — Irish Tobacco. — English and Irish Taxation. — Absentees. — Drain of Irish Wealth. — Rental of Ireland. — Debt and Revenue Drain. — Bank and Insurance Drain. — The Manufacture Drain. — Patience of Ireland. — Her Advantages. — State of England. — Attempts on the Queen's Life. — Attack on O'Connell. — Precursor Society. — Abatement of Public Spirit. — Condition of Dublin. — Revival of Repeal. — The Trades Union. — O'Connell's Letter to the Author. — Repeal Meetings. — Corporation Bill. — The National Repeal Association. — O'Connell's Vow. — Reports on Repeal. — State of England. — Attempts on the Queen's Life. — The China War. — East India Company. — Their Plunder in the East. — Their Power in England. — Character of their Wars. — The English Aristocracy. — Foreign Policy of England. — Stanley's Bill. — Defeated by O'Connell. — Disturbance in England. — Repeal. — Father Hughes. — Provincial Meetings. — O'Connell in the North. — Munster Repeal Meeting. — O'Connell's Exertions. — His Talents. — Physical Powers of Irishmen. — The Clearing System. — Temperance Movement. — Irish Manufactures. — Board of Trade. — Resources of Ireland. — Population and Agriculture. — Produce. — Exports. — State of Irish Manufactures in 1840. — The Board of Trade. — The Repeal Agitation. — Voice of America. — Repeal in the

United States.—The Peel Ministry.—Irish Corporate Reform.—Corporate Income.—O'Connell Lord Mayor of Dublin.—Lord Mayor at Mass.—Arrival of Lord de Grey.—Lord Mayor at his Levee.—O'Connell's Year of Office.—State of Repeal.—State of England.—Chartists petition for Repeal.—Peel's Difficulties.—His Measures.—Whig and Tory Rule.—Spies.—Prosecutions of the Press.—Charles G. Duffy.—Repeal Agitation.—The "Nation" established.—O'Connell's Catechism.—His Memoir of Ireland.—Repeal in the Corporation.—Mr. Butt.—The Debate.—Its Effects.—Building of Conciliation Hall.—Peter Purcell.—Monster Meetings.—Ministerial Threats.—Ireland's Answer.—American Sympathy.—Superseded Magistrates.—Invasion of Ireland.—Smith O'Brien's Motion.—Monster Meetings.—Tara Meeting.—Meetings at Loughrea, Clifden, Lismore.—Arbitration Courts.—French Sympathy.—Ledru Rollin.—The Congress of Three Hundred.—Donnybrook Meeting.—Mullaghmast.—Clontarf Meeting.—Its Suppression.—Lord de Grey's Proclamation.—O'Connell's Proclamation.—O'Connell and eight others arrested.—Feeling in England.—Conciliation Hall opened.—Accession of W. S. O'Brien.—State Trials.—Father Tyrrell.—The Jury List.—Before the Trial.—The Court and Council.—The packed Jury.—The Attorney-General.—The Witnesses.—The Charges.—The Defence.—Speeches of Counsel.—Threatened Duel.—Whiteside's Speech.—O'Connell's Speech.—Pennafather's Charge.—The Verdict.—State of Public Feeling.—O'Connell in England.—English Sympathy.—The Sentences.—THE THIRTIETH OF MAY.—The Captivity.—Public Sympathy.—Public Addresses.—War against Flags and Buttons.—Retirement of Lord de Grey.—The Martyrs in Prison.—Appeal to the Lords.—Lord Denman's Opinion.—Reversal of the Judgment.—Traversers liberated.—Triumphal Proceedings.—Effects of the Prosecutions.—Grey Porter.—Federalism.—The Bequests Act.—The Concordat.—Secession of Members from the British Parliament.—The Irish Senate.—Character of the Ministry.—Their new Policy.—Reduction of Taxes.—Grant to Maynooth.—Provincial Colleges.—Tenure Bill.—Peel's Admission.—Eighty-two Club.—Their first Banquet.—The National Assembly at the Rotunda.—Declaration of Right.—Names of the Delegates.—End of the History.

WE are now to conduct the reader through the interesting fifteen years from the triumph of emancipation to the reassembling of the incipient Irish parliament, in 1845. Great are the events encompassed by this brief period. Would that we had space sufficient to do them ample justice!

The reader has seen how the great man, whose deeds I have been endeavoring to portray, had broken down all the legal barriers which stood between him and the privileges of the British constitution. This extraordinary achievement was not destitute of deep moral effect on the reflecting portion of the people of England and Europe. The action of the Catholic Association had long been watched and weighed by the votaries of liberty throughout the world. It was triumphant. It subdued the mightiest power on earth, and its machinery and principles became an object of solicitude and imitation to all those who smarted under tyranny.

The oppressed people of England had long vainly sought for an amelioration of their burdens; but there was no hope in parliament, and they had little faith in their leaders. The miraculous triumph wrought by the Catholic Association begot in them a new spirit. They saw in its mechanism a model to follow, and in its leaders artificers to construct the

assaulting machinery which was to procure them a reform of the parliament, the corporations, the church, and the debt.

All England was thrown into a fever of agitation. Trades unions and political unions were established in every direction. These consisted chiefly of the working classes, upon whom the burdens of the idle aristocracy principally rested. A most powerful society was formed in Dublin, of a kindred character, called the *National Trades Political Union of Ireland*; and there were other still more powerful associations formed in Manchester and Birmingham about the same time, denominated the *Birmingham Political Union*, and the *Manchester Trades Political Union*. All these were open debating societies, whose members met once a week to discuss grievances and insist on remedies. They collected funds, extended their numbers, influenced the press, controlled elections, public opinion, and the government. They were all similar to each other in their mechanism, nearly so in their objects, and closely modelled after the Irish Catholic Association. Based on penny and shilling subscriptions, they accumulated considerable funds, and extended, in the years 1830, 1831, and 1832, through all the most populous cities of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Nor were these societies confined to the narrow islands of the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." Kindred associations grew up in Paris, Lyons, Brussels, and other cities of France and Belgium. In 1815, on the fall of Napoleon, a member of the old Bourbon family was restored to the throne of France by the force of two hundred and fifty thousand bayonets. The restored dynast and his legitimate successor, Charles the Tenth, forgot the lessons taught them by the previous thirty years of suffering and slaughter. *Aristocracy*, and privilege, with all their attending evils, were to be forced back on the French nation. The triumphs, in 1823, of the royal army of France in Spain and Portugal, the establishment of absolutism in those neighboring countries by French soldiers, led Charles and his minister, the Prince Polignac, to suppose that the same instruments would be equally efficacious in smothering the efforts for responsible government at home. Confident in the power of the sword, a new scheme of taxation for enriching the aristocracy was, at the instance of the king, brought forward in the French chambers. In this grand project was included an estimate for thirty millions of francs to compensate the "emigrants" — French loyalists who had been driven from the country in the course of the revolution. This project was attacked by the press, by the debating societies, and by the popular members of the chamber. In return, the minister, through his agents,

interfered in the popular elections; ousted, by bribery and a perversion of the election law, several sturdy members opposed to him; and made no secret of his intention to invade the great charter of the nation. New peers were created for the purpose of carrying the ministerial measures in the chamber. The basis of the constituency was diminished by a controlling election law, and the number of members reduced from four hundred and thirty to two hundred and fifty. The chambers resisted, and they were dissolved. A new chamber was elected, which was rather more hostile to the king than the preceding. The press proclaimed the national discontent, and it was placed under a new and stricter censorship. No article touching the government was suffered to appear in the journals without the approbation of the king's censors. The opposition papers came out in *blanks*. The editors wrote their accustomed leaders, which, when rejected by the censors, were not altered, but withdrawn, and the places which they should fill were left blank in the journals. This produced, probably, a greater effect on the popular mind than the suppressed articles would have produced if published.

The king and his ministry then determined to suppress, by proclamation, the intended meeting of the new chamber, and followed up this by forcibly seizing on twelve newspapers. On the 26th of July, 1830, the famous *ordinances* to this effect were promulgated. On Monday, they appeared in the *Moniteur*; on Tuesday, the people threatened; on Wednesday, they took up arms, fought, and bled; and on Friday, they were masters of the nation. The battle was long and furious. All Paris was in arms. The streets were torn up; heavy stones were carried to the house-tops, which were hurled on the king's troops wherever they appeared. Men, women, and boys, were in the thickest of the fight. The youths of the Polytechnic School joined in the *mêlée*, and led the contest, which lasted but three days, and ended in the complete triumph of the people. La Fayette was called by the victors, who now formed a national guard, to form a republic and be its chief. He declined, and recommended the *Duc d'Orleans*, who was accepted, and is the present Louis Philippe, king of the French. A charter of liberty was tendered to him, which he swore to uphold; but by stealth he has since wrested from the French people nearly all those rights which they so bravely fought for and won in the field.

Scarcely was this revolution concluded, when a similar one broke out in Brussels, the capital of Belgium. Belgium is nearly a Catholic country. It was bound to Holland, a Protestant country, by the dicta-



tion of the allied monarchs, in 1815 — an unnatural union, which generated oppression on the one side and discontent on the other. The king of Holland was king of Belgium. He restrained the trade of the Belgians, imposed natives of Holland on them for governors and magistrates, interfered in the education of their youth, and excited the hostility of their trusted clergy. In short, he attempted to govern that country as England has too long governed Ireland. The example of Paris was an exhortation not to be resisted, and a revolution broke out in Brussels almost immediately after that of Paris. The clergy fought with the people, and they soon repealed the unnatural "union," and established their complete independence. In their new constitution the Belgians proclaimed liberty of conscience for all. Protestants and Catholics sit, as they ought, in the same chamber, without religious tests being administered to either. Belgium called Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (the husband of the Princess Charlotte) to the head of the nation; and, governed as that country is by liberality, limitation, and responsibility, it is making the most rapid strides to happiness and greatness.

These events were calculated to shake Europe, and to influence the destiny of England and Ireland very materially. Italy, Germany, and Poland felt the shocks, and reeled under their influence. Having given this glimpse at the condition of Europe in that eventful era, we shall now return to the consideration of affairs in England.

Almost simultaneous with this crisis in France happened the death of George the Fourth, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and the tenth of his reign. His last moments were attended by the most painful circumstance. His person had, for two or three years previous, become offensive to society, and he saw none but official attendants. He confined himself to Windsor Castle, and made that ancient seat of royalty a solitude. A man of a most corpulent body, more than two hundred and fifty pounds weight, and of voluptuous habits, his dissolution was disgustingly painful, and his moans, the day and night of his death, were heard by the sentinels in the distant quadrangle of the palace! His character may be summed up in a sentence — *a heartless, indolent sensualist, an accomplished master of ceremonies, without soul, sentiment, or feeling.*

The Duke of Clarence, the third son of George the Third, ascended, as William the Fourth, the throne of England, in July, 1830. The new king had been head of the navy for many years — was plain, bluff, and unsophisticated. He found the Wellington ministry in power, and made no alteration in the government. Anxious to win and enjoy the

affections of the people, he attended all the public places of amusement, mixed most condescendingly in all their frivolities, and, upon some occasions, in moments of enthusiastic enjoyment, flung his hat into the air in the midst of his subjects.

The triumph of the people over their rulers in France and Belgium; the triumph of the Catholic Association in Ireland; the triumph of the dissenters, who were now eligible, like the Catholics, to the whole range of governmental offices; the death of George the Fourth, a tyrant in his heart, and the elevation to the vacant throne of a jolly sailor king; the swell of young hope, the expansion of mind, the impulse of popular enthusiasm, and the influence of success—rendered it impossible for the English aristocracy to live any longer idly on the people. Reforms were called for on all sides. Every institution in the state required reformation. The government, the colonies, the law, the public companies, the army, navy, church, corporations, police, civil list, annuitants, were altogether one leavened mass of corruption. Robbery, peculation, dishonor, and dishonesty, had been engendered in the habits of the English aristocracy, during many previous generations, and had now arrived at a pitch thoroughly intolerable to the industrial classes.

The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were still the chiefs of the government. O'Connell and Lord John Russell had called for reform. They were met by the ministers with stout declarations in the negative. More than two thirds of the representatives of England sat in the house of commons for rotten boroughs, such as existed in Ireland at the "union," which the reader will find described in the lecture under that head. These borough privileges were as much the properties of certain lords as their lands and dwellings, were sold for money, and transferred in deeds like any other species of property; and "property" they certainly were, for the man that could command them, could, by virtue thereof, command the places and benefices in the gift of the crown. One of those boroughs, *East Retford*, was disfranchised for the proved exercise of perjury and very gross abuse of its privilege; and it was moved by the reform members to transfer its franchise to Manchester, Birmingham, or Leeds, great manufacturing cities which had grown up within the previous fifty years, and which had not been favored with the privileges of parliamentary representation on the establishment of the constitution in 1688.

The unwilling ministers of religious toleration, Peel and Wellington, had lost the support of most of their former friends, the High Church thick and thin tories; and, pledged against all further reform, they could no

longer count on the support of the whigs, who had in the two previous sessions sustained them for the sake of the dissenters and Catholic relief bills which they had, though with so ill a grace, carried through parliament and the palace.

On the accession of a new monarch to the throne of England, it is customary to dissolve parliament for the purpose of affording the new king a new national council. The British parliament was accordingly dissolved, and a new election took place in the summer of this year. Great was the excitement, great was the struggle! The battle lay between reform and corruption. A volume could well be filled in describing this mighty contest. Ireland was in a flame, from sea to sea. The great leader, O'Connell, was every where riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm. Crippled as the Irish franchise was by the abolition of the forty-shilling freeholders, yet the mighty leader was able to move a sufficient force of *ten pounders* — the familiar designation of the new voters — to overthrow the tory majority of Ireland. Some Catholic members were returned from Ireland; among them O'Connell, one or two of his sons, O'Gorman Mahon, O'Connor Don, Mr. Wyse, Mr. Roach, Mr. Bellew, &c. Sheil was returned for Lord Anglesey's borough of Milborne port.

The opposition to the duke's ministry was led on with great power in parliament, and on a motion for a revisal of the civil list, by Sir Henry Parnell, which the ministers resisted, the votes were two hundred and thirty-three for, and two hundred and four against, the duke. His grace resigned, and the Grey ministry succeeded, upon the pledge of "*peace, reform, and retrenchment.*"

Earl Grey was made prime minister, Mr. Brougham was created lord chancellor, Melbourne home secretary, Lord John Russell paymaster of the forces, the Marquis of Anglesey lord lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Stanley his chief secretary, and Plunket Irish chancellor. These were the bone and sinew of the new government, and, according to their pledges, set about the reform of the parliament and the whole frame of government, civil, military, and municipal.

There was one man of that ministry, whom, though discoursing of Ireland, we cannot pass over in the ordinary way. He was HENRY BROUGHAM, a Scotchman by birth, and a lawyer by profession. He brought into public life a Celtic impetuosity, a legal sharp-sightedness, and a Scottish perseverance. He stood before the world as an educator and a reformer; was one of three who worked the Edinburgh Review, and one who perpetually contributed to the London Times. These publications were then, as they are now, first among the influencers of

English public opinion. His profession yielded him a large income, for he stood at its head. During his probation upwards, he was the fervent friend of the Catholics; defended them on all occasions, and contributed to the success of their cause. He was a man of astonishing knowledge, and of extraordinary industry. He originated societies for the diffusion of knowledge; agitated among the masses in person; stood at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand armed men in Birmingham, who threatened to march on London if reform were refused. When successful in overthrowing the Wellington ministry, Earl Grey sent him the appointment of attorney-general, which he indignantly refused, tearing the letter before the messenger's face, and sending no further reply. The new ministers then sent him the chancellor's seals. He fell out with his party, and has become a partisan of the tories. He might have been the prime minister of England, had he better temper and steadier principle.

O'Connell, on the other hand, at the head of the National Trades Union, raised the standard of REPEAL, agreeably to his pledge to Ireland at the Clare election. That sturdy body met at Swan's Rooms, on Bachelor's Walk, and also at the circus, in Abbey Street. The proceedings became an object of great solicitude to the government. They were very jealous of O'Connell's influence, and, in order to counteract it, sent over, as lord lieutenant, the Marquis of Anglesey, who had been, in 1829, so deservedly popular with the Irish people. But Lord Anglesey's reception was a different exhibition to his departure from Ireland a short time previous. Mr. O'Connell was fully apprized of the intentions of the whigs toward himself and Ireland. They had appointed some of her bitterest enemies to high office. Among these was the promotion of, first, Mr. *Blackburne*, as attorney-general, the avowed opponent of Catholic emancipation, an ultra tory, one who opposed the offer of a tribute of respect from the Irish bar to the illustrious Curran.

The second person promoted by his lordship was the present Judge *Doherty* to the chief-justiceship of the Common Pleas, and here I should apprise the reader of a very curious encounter which took place the previous year between Mr. Doherty, as solicitor-general and prosecutor of the Doneraile conspiracy, and Mr. O'Connell, the defender of the "conspirators."

The south of Ireland had been, for several years, more or less disturbed. The magistrates belonged, for the most part, to the ascendancy party, and felt no sympathy with the common people. Rents and tithes were exacted with great rigor, and a bad feeling between the payers and

some of the recipients was the consequence. The latter kept spies among the people for the purpose of watching every opportunity to foment plots to justify prosecutions. Conspicuous among them was one *Patrick Daly*, who was proved to be in the pay of *George Bond Low*, a magistrate who resided near Doneraile. Daly concocted a plot which implicated some thirty persons, who, he alleged, conspired to shoot *George Bond Low*, *Pierce Creagh*, and *Admiral Evans*. *Low* had been fired at upon two or three occasions, which gave some confirmation to *Daly's* stories. Informations were sworn by *Daly* against upwards of twenty persons, whom he circumstantially described as having, in a tent, signed a paper binding each other to murder a great many gentlemen obnoxious to the peasantry. This conspiracy made a great noise. A special commission of judges was sent up by the government to try the conspirators. They were prosecuted in batches of four, and *Doherty*, who was then solicitor-general, made a violent opening speech against the first four who were arraigned. They were found guilty, and ordered for execution. One of those four was a respectable old farmer, named *Leary*, upwards of seventy years of age, who rented a large piece of land, for which he paid two hundred and twenty pounds per annum. His landlord gave him an excellent character; but it availed him not. The evidence of *Daly* was circumstantial, and sustained by other approvers. *Leary* was condemned, and there was no hope.

All was terror among the people. The attorney for the prisoners immediately despatched a messenger on horseback to *Darrynane Abbey*, sixty miles distant, where *O'Connell* was then recruiting his health, imploring his professional assistance to defend the other prisoners. The messenger left *Doneraile* on Saturday evening, and arrived at *Darrynane* on Sunday. The *Liberator*, on reading *Mr. Doherty's* speech, and the evidence on which the men were found guilty, immediately set out in a one-horse light chaise for the scene of action. He travelled all that night, and arrived in *Doneraile* on Monday, just as the solicitor was arraigning the second batch of prisoners. Application had been made to stop the trial until the arrival of *O'Connell*, but the crown prosecutor would not suffer it. On he went, in a "murdering speech," as they called it, and in the midst of it, a loud hurrah announced the arrival of the great advocate. He came from his chaise directly into the court, in his green travelling surtout, bowed and apologized to the bench for appearing in his travelling dress, and sat down to listen to the solicitor-general. *O'Connell* had his breakfast, consisting of a bowl of milk and toast, sent into court after him, and, as the solicitor-general proceeded, *Mr. O'Connell*,

with his mouth full, frequently interrupted him with the exclamation, "That's not law!" and the bench agreeing with the great advocate, it discomposed not a little the previously self-satisfied tone and temper of the learned prosecutor. A running fire was kept up, during the entire trial, between the crown prosecutor and the eloquent defender of the accused. On nearly every point raised, O'Connell was triumphant. The humiliation of the solicitor-general was complete. At length, O'Connell began the cross-examination of *Daly*. He made him confess himself an unprecedented villain. He asked him where he got his new hat. *Daly* answered on oath that he *bought* it. Mr. O'Connell took it up, examined the inside of the lining, and found "*George Bond Low*" written on it. He then made him strip off his clothes on the table before the court, to show that every article he wore was given him by Mr. Low, in whose pay he had been. The judge handed down to Mr. O'Connell the *original testimony* sworn before the magistrates, which, on comparing with the testimony just given in court, exhibited a material discrepancy, so material, indeed, that the jury, on hearing O'Connell's speech to the evidence, and the judge's charge, returned a verdict of *not guilty*. The conspirators, on Tuesday, were acquitted on the self-same evidence that their companions were found guilty upon and condemned to death on Saturday. The prosecution, of course, fell to the ground; the condemned men were subsequently liberated, and the attorney-general was covered with odium and execration.

This extraordinary result added not a little to the professional fame of the Liberator, who had been for six-and-twenty years engaged as the defender of the people against the crown on that circuit; but it did much more — it called down the odium of the entire country on Doherty, who must have been conscious of the rottenness of the evidence on which he extorted from an excited jury the lives of four innocent men. The liberal press of the whole empire rang with condemnation of the crown officer. The matter was brought before parliament, where Mr. Doherty defended himself with considerable vigor; but nothing could remove from him the odium of knowingly proceeding to the extremity of convicting a number of men on evidence so foul and rotten as that of *Daly*, the spy.

Yet the Marquis of Anglesey, ere he assumed his second lieutenancy in Ireland, conferred upon this over-zealous prosecutor the dignified office of chief justice of the Common Pleas; and it was done, it is said, to spite O'Connell.

With those circumstances surrounding him, Lord Anglesey entered, in 1830, on the government of Ireland. On the day of his arrival,

O'Connell issued a proclamation requesting all those people who approved of Doherty's elevation to the bench, and Blackburne's to the attorney-generalship, to go out and meet Lord Anglesey, and all those who disapproved of those tory appointments to stay at home — a proclamation which had the desired effect. Few except the military and the formal, official pack, whose duty compelled them to be present, appeared to welcome his lordship. Lord Anglesey was astounded. Great as he knew O'Connell's influence to be, he did not suppose it to be as great as *that!* War was declared against Anglesey from the popular ranks, and his lordship, in return, announced his determined hostility against the repeal agitation.

His excellency commenced the war by issuing a proclamation against all public meetings called for political purposes. This bold step was taken under the act which preceded emancipation, and which, having in view the suppression of the Catholic Association, on the passing of the emancipation act, was submitted to by the people, as a sort of *pro forma* instrument of coercion never to be carried into operation. Now, however, under the advice of Lord Plunket, (the chancellor,) its prohibitive clauses were imbodyed in a proclamation signed and published by Lord Anglesey, following which he paraded all the military of the garrison through Dublin, preceded by a park of artillery; but these had very little terrors for the disciplined people of Ireland, with O'Connell at their head. The great leader treated the lord lieutenant's proclamation with contempt. He held public breakfasts at Homes's Hotel, and public dinners at Hayes's tavern, where he discoursed upon repeal with a cup of coffee in his hand, or a piece of roast beef upon his plate. Even here he was followed by the myrmidons of the law; and this public eating and drinking, and talking about repeal of the union, was deemed a treasonable infraction of the allegiance due to the lord lieutenant or his majesty, and therefore indictable.

An indictment consisting of *two-and-twenty counts* was accordingly drawn up by the advice of Lord Plunket, under which O'Connell, Barrett, Steele, Reynolds, and Redmond, were arrested and brought before the magistrates of the head office, where bail was entered for their due appearance at court.

Lord Anglesey was determined, from the time of his arrival in Ireland, to do his utmost to suppress all meetings connected with repeal, and the repealers were as equally resolved to carry the agitation on. He procured the leading anti-Irish whigs to offer him adulatory or encouraging addresses in support of his unconstitutional course. Place, and

honors, and entertainments, were showered on all those who stepped forward to applaud him, or abuse the repealers. Mr. Pierce Mahony was instrumental in getting up a declaration against repeal, which was signed by the Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, by all the directors of the Bank of Ireland, and by very many of the merchants under their influence. This declaration indecently halloed on Lord Anglesey in his unconstitutional course; and when O'Connell and his companions were called upon for trial, it was found that seven of the twelve men who were packed to try them, had signed this declaration or address, thereby prejudging their case. This lawsuit created great excitement. The defendants pleaded guilty to some of the counts, which were mere allegations of meeting, but not guilty to the charge of *criminality* imputed—a plea that gave a legal opportunity to argue on demurrer, which retarded the trial and judgment until the act expired under which the prosecution was begun, and which took place during the midst of a general election; and the act was not again renewed. The prosecution thus broke down, and Lord Anglesey took nothing by his bold and unconstitutional step but the contempt of the nation.

And now we must return to England, to look after the proceedings of the reform ministry. Earl Grey had committed his ministry to a reform of parliament, and the particular *plan* was drawn up by that able and honest Englishman, Mr. Lambton, (afterwards Lord Durham,) assisted by Lord J. Russell, Sir J. Graham, and Lord Duncannon. It was introduced into parliament by Lord John Russell, in the commons, on the 1st of March, 1831, and rejected after a stormy debate. The king, by the advice of his ministry, dissolved parliament. A tremendous struggle and excitement followed.

A new parliament was returned still more determined to have reform than the preceding. The bill, which abolished sixty boroughs, distributed their privileges among the large towns, equalized and diffused the franchise, and provided wholesome restraints on bribery, perjury, and profuse expenditure, was again introduced by Lord Russell, and carried in the commons by a majority, of which the Irish members formed the principal numerical and moral ingredients. Sixty-four out of the eighty-two Irish members present in the debates on the bill, voted in its favor. This, in truth, made the victory certain, both on the first introduction of the bill, when there was only a majority of ONE, and on the second and subsequent divisions, when the majority increased and fluctuated. The speech of O'Connell on the reform debate, and that of Macaulay, the Scotch member, were considered the best of all delivered.



The bill was "obstructed" by Lord Lyndhurst and the house of lords, and tarried in parliament more than three months; but Earl Grey and Lord John Russell came to the determination of resigning. The king sent for the Duke of Wellington, and he with Lord Lyndhurst tried to form a ministry; but, at this juncture, O'Connell raised the people of London against them, and hardly one of the "obstructive lords" dared venture out of his house. It is indeed a curious scrap for history, that this rebel agitator of Ireland should have obtained more power over the citizens of London, at this juncture, than the hereditary lords of England, headed by the conqueror of Waterloo! but such was the fact. O'Connell rode the whirlwind of English fury as securely as he rode to triumph in Clare, though he could not, to the same extent, restrain the riotous, who destroyed the property of those who became obnoxious to them, and thereby tarnished the sacred cause they would uphold. The political unions were active in every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and were of immense service to the reform ministers, though the latter subsequently declined their friendship and disavowed their aid.

The Wellington ministry fell in less than six months. The reform ministers were called back to their places, with a *carte blanche* from the king to create as many new peers as were necessary to carry the reform bill through. The lords, on witnessing this, ceased in their opposition; the "obstructives" absented themselves from the house, and the bill was passed in silence.

This second great triumph over the firm and knitted aristocracy of Britain, in the course of seven years, must, in all candor, be placed to the credit of O'Connell. He first taught his own countrymen how to unite and agitate, and become formidable, without breaking the laws framed to keep them in slavery. He next taught his doctrine to Englishmen, by means of which they cut a lane for a portion of their liberties. And although Ireland herself gained but five additional members, — a sorry advantage from that great triumph, — still her people and their representatives toiled with sincerity in the cause of freedom, even when that freedom was to benefit those exclusively from whom they were accustomed to receive injury and insult.

The Grey ministry were now (1831, 1832,) firmly seated in the chairs of power in England. They were pledged to the reform of corporations, law, public charities, a retrenchment in expenditure, the education of the people, and the general amelioration of their privations. During the late exciting period, Ireland did not intrude her cares and woes upon the overburdened attention of ministers. The Irish people

thought those ministers friendly ; but they were soon undeceived. Lord Anglesey called for a fresh coercion bill, and the fears or jealousy of ministers towards O'Connell induced them to prepare it. Safe in power, England conciliated, sustained by a powerful majority in the house of commons, and disliking the influence which the *LIBERATOR* exercised in England, these paltry ingrates deliberately sat down to forge new fetters for Ireland.

That hapless land was besmeared with the innocent blood of scores of persons who were just then slaughtered by the police in Castle Pollard, or by the yeomanry in Newtown-Barry. Upwards of twenty persons were killed and wounded at the former, by a chief of police and eighteen of his men, against whom bills of indictment were tendered, but ignored by a grand jury. And thirty-five persons were slaughtered or dangerously wounded at Newtown-Barry, at a tithe sale, by the deliberate firing of the yeomanry. Bills were tendered against the murderers ; but here again the sympathizing gentry interfered : the coroner's jury refused to find a verdict, and the murderers escaped.

The state of Ireland was fearful at this moment. The "repeal of the union" was called for by the cities, the "downfall of tithes" and the "abatement of rents," from the agricultural districts. The opposition to the tithe system was quickened materially by the publication, at this period, of a celebrated work, illustrated with wood-cuts, entitled the "*Parson's Horn-Book*," written by Messrs. BROWN and SHEEHAN, who, on the success of this work, subsequently established the "*Comet*" newspaper — one of the most scathing journals towards the aristocracy that had appeared in Ireland for many years. The effect of this book was electric ; the people every where refused to pay tithes. Upon one occasion, the cattle of Mr. PATRICK LAWLER, of Tinna-Kill, in the Queen's county, were seized by the parson and brought to auction ; but no person would bid for them. They were then driven to Dublin to be sold in Smithfield ; but their history preceded them, and not one butcher in Dublin would as much as ask their price. They were shipped to England, and thither their character had travelled. Public opinion in England had already made up its verdict against compulsory church dues, in any shape, and these mute hostages of the dominant church of Ireland were suffered to enter and depart the cattle-markets of England without finding any one to purchase them ! Such is the mighty power of public opinion. The fate of tithes was sealed. Opposition to church rates was soon after very frequent in Birmingham, Manchester, and several other great towns of England, and the name of church taxes of any sort became odious throughout the empire. There were now,

and for some years after this period, many tithe sales in Ireland, at which immense gatherings of people attended, to watch the bidding; but in truth no one bid. At some of these the enraged parsons, and the military who came to support them, fired on the multitude, and killed several. In December, 1831, a party of thirty-three policemen, under two chief constables, Gibbons and Brown, proceeded to Ballyhale, a village near Kilkenny, to serve processes for tithes due to the Rev. Mr. Hamilton. The people were resolved to oppose the service of the law process, and assembled in great numbers to resist them. As the police were passing through a lane which led to the residence of a tithe defaulter, several hundreds of the people jumped from the ditches, and called on them to deliver up the process server. This was refused. They then insisted on getting the *processes*, which was also refused. The people had now completely blocked up the avenue, and the police could not move. The chiefs ordered the police to fire; they discharged their muskets in a volley, wounding several persons, and killing two. Maddened by the sight of their bleeding companions, the people now rushed simultaneously on the police, before they had time to reload, and with pitchforks, stones, and other weapons, felled them to the earth, disarmed and killed nineteen, including Captain Gibbons, wounded badly several more, three only of the entire body escaping. Their guns and swords were broken in pieces and left with the dead. Soon after, another tithe affray occurred at Moncoin, near Waterford, where twelve persons were shot and thirty wounded. A little time previously, at a tithe affray in Rathcormac several were killed. There was nothing to be heard of, from newspaper or speech, but "Blood upon the earth! blood upon the earth!" An account of one of these affrays we will hear from the widow Ryan, who lost a son on the occasion:—

"When I first heard the sogers were coming, I was knitting a stocking for Dick. 'May the great God forgive him all his sins, and rest his soul in peace this day!' And I knelt down, and prayed God that there may be no murder in the parish that day. And it was not long till I heard they were coming down to my own haggard; and 'twas God's will they began to fire soon. At the first shot, I ran out through my own barn and down through the orchard, as fast as my old legs could carry me. When I got to the ditch, I cried out, 'O, dear Christians, help me over; let me save my life.' In the middle of the next field I met my son Daniel. 'O, Dan,' says I, 'where is Dick? I am afraid he is down.' 'I don't know,' said Dan. 'Have courage, mother, God is good: the shooting is stopped now; do you go back and look for Dick, for they won't have the heart to hurt or harm an old woman like you; and tell "Black Billy" (Archdeacon Ryder) that you will pay him his tithes, or they will destroy our haggard and burn our house, and you must walk Ireland in your old days.'

"With that I turned back, and I met my daughter in the *Bohreen*, and she went

with me, guarding me with her hands round my neck. I met eight or nine soters and their sergeant. I cried out, 'O, where is Ryder, till I pacify him!' and when I got to the door of my own house, Ryder rode up to me, looking very black. 'Widow Ryan,' says he, 'you would not come to me till I showed you the law was too strong for you.' I told him then I would pay him his tithes, to save my children's lives. 'Will you pay me now?' says he. 'No, for I have not so much in the house; but I'll pay you some day in the week.' With that he put his hand in his pocket for a book, to swear me in my own barn, and it full of bloody corpses; but thank God I took no oath, and I will never pay him now. He then went to look for Captain Collis, and I went to look at the dead bodies, to see would I know their faces. I turned two of them on their backs, and they were strangers. I then looked down to the end of my barn, and I saw my fine boy stretched on his back, looking at me with the whites of his eyes, and his mouth open. I staggered down to him, and I caught his pulse, and he had no pulse; I put my mouth to his mouth, and he had no breath. I then began to shut his eyes and to close his lips; and Dick Willis cried out to me, 'Don't stop his breath.' 'O, Dick,' says I, 'he has no breath to stop, and no heart to beat.' With that I caught his head, and my daughter caught his feet, and we stretched him in his blood where he lay; and though my eyeballs are like two burning coals, I cried no tear since."

Tithes were ever a burden and a grievance in Ireland. They were first heard of in Christian Europe about the seventh century, and were generally established, under the protection of the civil power, by Charlemagne, in the eighth. In the next century they were partially introduced into England, and were more generally established there after the Norman conquest, in the eleventh. On the invasion of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans, in the twelfth century, Henry the Second established tithes at the Cashell synod; but they were not generally paid farther in Ireland than the English Pale. At the reformation, however, they were universally fixed as a tax, by means of the sword.

When tithes were first instituted, they were mildly collected, and expended back again upon the people, in education or charity. As the sun attracts or evaporates the sea in clouds of moisture which are again scattered over the earth in fertilizing showers, so tithes, under the old administration, were drawn from the people by the church, and scattered over the country again, irrigating the mental soil of Ireland. True, some portion of the tax found its way to Rome, and never returned, and to that extent a strong objection lay against the impost; but otherwise the payment was not regarded as a serious grievance. When the reformation came, the tithes were seized by the new clergy; while the Abbey lands were given, for the most part, to laymen, who now set up as lords, and earls, and dukes, on the sacred spoils.

The new clergy were particularly objectionable to the people. They exacted the *tenth sheaf*, the *tenth animal*, and the *tenth blade of grass*,

which the husbandman raised. The crops and herds were viewed once or twice a year by the parson's *proctor*, a return of the working man's harvest and herds made, and a tenth of all he raised was demanded by the parson, every year, under the authority of an act of parliament and a company of soldiers. The sum annually collected under this impost amounted to the *tenth of the entire produce* of the nation. As the gross produce is worth thirty-six millions sterling per annum, so the tithes amounted to three and a half millions per annum. The Protestant parsons preached a doctrine which the people refused to receive. They were without hearers, but not without vast incomes, which were grudgingly paid. They had wives and families, and servants, and chariots, and luxurious mansions, and the people viewed them as a sore burden—the more so when laws the most galling were passed against their own favorite and trusted clergy.

Independent of the payment of a *tenth* part of the produce and labor of eight millions of people to the ministers of about one fifteenth of the population, there was appropriated to the use of this "richest hierarchy in Europe" another mine of undefined wealth: these were the "bishops' lands," special domains, set out in times of old for the support of the bishops and the maintenance of public hospitality. No accurate account has ever been given to parliament of the extent and value of those vast domains; but judging from the fortunes accumulated by a few of the mitred incumbents, it must be enormous. By a return laid before parliament, in the session of 1845, on the Maynooth debate, by Captain Bernal Osborne, who took the trouble of obtaining copies of the probates of the wills of seven of the Protestant bishops of Ireland, who died within the last fifty years, it appears that these seven left behind, in ready money, the enormous sum of £1,700,000, or more than *seven millions of dollars!*—and this in the midst of an ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-educated people—the most miserable in Europe—frequently visited by periodical destitution, which those pampered prelates seldom contributed to relieve.

Such was the tithe system, on the triumph of Catholic emancipation and the reform of parliament. The people of Ireland, who had toiled and sacrificed much to accomplish both these moral revolutions, sighed for some advantage to themselves; for as yet they derived no tangible benefit from all their triumphs. The tithe was an impost at once the most palpable and the most galling, and this they were determined at all hazards to get rid of. They had heard of the success of the French people, and how, in Brittany and other parts of France, they refused to pay the government taxes, and how the government was not able to gather its revenue

from an unwilling community ; and they resolved, particularly through the south and west of Ireland, to pay no more tithes. The liberal press encouraged the resolve, and many of the secondary agitators attended public meetings to denounce the impost, and encourage passive resistance to its collection.

In writing so far I have rather anticipated my narrative some four or five years ; but, reluctant to part with this subject without finishing it, I shall present the image of the tithe system unbroken.

Several prosecutions followed this resistance. Many substantial men were indicted for "conspiracy to defraud;" and under sundry other charges, MESSRS. REYNOLDS, COSTELLO, POOLE, and M'GRAH, together with several respectable farmers of Dublin, were criminally prosecuted for attending an anti-tithe meeting in Ballinascorney, near Dublin. They were sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine. These were called "tithe martyrs," for whom subscriptions and sympathy were freely gathered by the people. The struggle lasted over five years; many hundreds of substantial people were deprived of all their property, liberty, and very many of life, in this awful conflict. The government sent in additional troops to Ireland, and, at the instance of Lord Stanley, passed a bill giving greater facilities to the collection of tithes ; but after a year of tithe-hunting, with the military and police, his lordship was not able to gather more than some twelve thousand pounds, though it cost the government nearly thirty thousand pounds extra to collect this insignificant sum.

The parsons, foiled in their military crusade, now applied to the law ; and through the instrumentality of attorney Smith, of Merrion Square, commonly called "Rebellion Smith," sued out "writs of rebellion" from the Court of Exchequer to all those who were indebted to the parsons. This new and unheard-of process worked terribly on the people. The proceedings presupposed the persons attached to be in a state of "rebellion" or "outlawry," and forced them to answer and plead, at a crushing expense, in the highest court. Whole parishes were included in those attachments, and the utmost consternation was every where spread through Ireland.

The church was now committed against the people legally, morally, and physically ; every parson was a litigant in the law courts, hated and persecuted by the people, and obliged to turn his dwelling into an armed fortress. A fierce struggle ensued, during which the parsons collected no income whatever. They were literally begging. This continued for better than two years. No money came into the church, while on the

people's side the law costs were enormous ; yet they collected extraordinary sums to defray those costs, and to indemnify those who suffered the most by the warfare. At length parliament interfered, on the petition of the Protestant clergy of Ireland, and granted them a million sterling, nominally as a loan, but really as a gift ; for little or none of it has ever since been paid.

A general parliamentary discussion on the merits of the church establishment ensued, which extended over several sessions, and a very considerable reform took place in that religious corporation, the particulars and the circumstances of which, would fill a hundred octavo pages. Suffice it to say, that ten bishops were lopped off from the previous number of twenty-two. Twenty-five per cent. was deducted from the average tithes ; the residue was charged upon the land, in the shape of a crown rent or primary tax, that took effect before the owner's claim ; and thus the open and vexatious collection of tithes was abolished, the burden partially removed from the frieze-coated men to the shoulders of those clothed in broadcloth and fine linen, and one fourth of the entire tax annihilated. But, I must add, the church has substantially lost little by this change ; for, though the income be nominally diminished, the residue is so much better paid that it is rather a good arrangement for the parsons, whilst the remaining bishops are untouched in their overgrown wealth.

O'Connell, who, in the house of commons, was prominent in the settlement of this question, was censured very keenly by some of his countrymen for his acquiescence in the compromise ; but he did not acquiesce till he saw that a longer resistance would be fruitless, and then he deemed it prudent to make the best compromise he could for the people. The abatement of *one fourth* of the entire tax, and the curtailment of ten bishops, the abolition of closed vestries, the general accountability and discipline, to which in latter years the established church has been subjected, are nearly all to be traced to the indomitable spirit and resolution of the people guided by the able tact of their great leader. Nor has all this been accomplished without the ruin of many comfortable farmers, who entered courageously into the conflict with the church, whose properties were seized under the process of the law, and who were, in too many instances, inadequately compensated by their fellow-countrymen. There are hundreds in America, at present, who were driven from house and home, and country, by the ruinous litigation of the tithe war. They may be adduced to posterity as evidences of that vital love of freedom which, in every age, has characterized the sons

of Ireland. They offered up all their worldly wealth, and they would have freely added their lives, as sacrifices at the altar of civil and religious liberty.

We return now to the repeal agitation. It was judiciously laid aside by O'Connell, in 1831, for the reform agitation. He well knew that, by helping on in the general reform of political institutions in England and Ireland, he would attract to his support all those who worshipped general liberty, and he struggled, with superhuman zeal, to sustain the king and his reform ministers against the combined power of their political opponents. In truth, he alone raised the democracy of London against the "obstructive lords," and absolutely frightened down that opposition, which neither justice, argument, nor the influence of the crown, could overcome. He expected much in return for his oppressed country. He expected that at least the one third of the privileges obtained for the general empire would be bestowed upon Ireland. Vain expectation! While the open towns of England got sixty new representatives, Ireland got only five. This and other indications soon convinced him that there was no gratitude for himself abiding in the hearts of English statesmen, and no justice for his country.

It is true, the ministry, while the struggle for office was going on, conferred on him the honor of a patent of precedence at the bar, by which he ranked next to the senior serjeants, and from which privilege he gained considerable facilities as a barrister; and it was pretty distinctly made known to him, that office was open to his acceptance, provided he relied on the generosity of ministers towards Ireland. While this was in agitation, the newspapers were active in their conjectures, pro and con, about the propriety or impropriety of his taking office.

But no sooner was it made known that the people of Ireland required substantial reform—at least twenty-five additional members in the parliament, and an extension of the franchise—than the evil genius of England appeared. Ireland was not to be treated as part of the empire, and O'Connell fell back on the National Trades Union of Dublin, one of the bravest and most incorruptible societies ever established in Ireland. Mr. Stanley, as secretary of Ireland, brought into parliament his celebrated arms bill, and the whole country was in the highest degree of excitement. The government had re-armed the northern yeomanry, appointed tory peers lord lieutenants of counties, and appointed magistrates who were obnoxious to the people.



O'Connell was now incessant in his attendance on the Trades Union. Its proceedings were full of interest, and its members were principally the working tradesmen and shopkeepers of Dublin. Another association had been established by Mr. O'Connell, to enable him to aid in the struggle for the reform bill, called the "National Political Union." This he dissolved, forming then a new society, called The "Volunteers," whose object was a repeal of the union, the reform of the corporations, and the abolition of tithes.

In the mean time, some of the Protestant corporations became favorable to repeal. Every such manifestation was heartily applauded by O'Connell, and the honorable gentleman put on an orange and green sash, and advised all the leading men on his side to do the same. The sentiment was reciprocated by some at least of the Orange corporations, and Ex-sheriff Scott, with all his guild, entertained Mr. O'Connell at his house in Harcourt Street, when the great agitator, for the first time, drank, "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of William the Third," to convince the Orangemen how little, after all, stood between the orange and green. This line of proceeding had an excellent effect. Mr. Scott aspired to the representation of Dublin, as a repealer, on the new reform bill coming into operation. O'Connell, who was member for Kerry, promised his support to Mr. Scott; but the Trades Union insisted on the Liberator standing with Mr. Ruthven for Dublin, which he ultimately consented to. It may be noted that Mr. RAY, the present efficient secretary of the Loyal National Repeal Association, was at this time secretary of the Trades Political Union—an office which he filled to the general satisfaction of its members.

The whig government had made themselves very unpopular in Ireland, by their tithe prosecutions, and their unfair mode of objecting to liberal Catholics and Protestants in the composition of juries. They packed juries with well-known partisans of the church and her kindred ascendancy. They prosecuted the press with the utmost recklessness. But the spirit and determination of the people at this period knew no bounds. Preparations were making in every part of Ireland to return pledged repealers to parliament. It was the first use which the people seemed determined to make of their newly-acquired privileges. Fergus O'Connor was in the field for Cork county—Sheil for Tipperary—Ronayne for Clonmel—Maurice O'Connell for Tralee—John O'Connell for Youghall—Morgan O'Connell and Henry Grattan for Meath—A. C. O'Dwyer for Drogheda—Fitzsimons and Locke for the county of Dublin—O'Connell and Ruthven for the city of Dublin. Indeed, sixty of the parliamentary seats of Ireland were

about to be contested. It was a mighty struggle. The repeal candidates were triumphant almost everywhere. There were *eight O'Connells* returned to this parliament.

The spirit of unity and brotherly affection was quickened and cultivated by the conciliatory tone of O'Connell. His services to Sir Abraham Bradley King, the rampant grand master of the Orangemen of Ireland, who had been the king's stationer in Ireland under an old patent, which the whig ministry broke in their over-anxious desire for retrenchment in Ireland—were universally appreciated by the ascendancy party. The following extract from O'Connell's speech before the Trades Union, together with KING's letter, exhibits all the bearings of this peculiar case:—

“When the question was brought on by Mr. George Robert Dawson, he hopped upon both sides of the gutter; he said a little for Sir A. B. King, and a great deal for himself. He praised himself much, and did very little for his client; and Sir A. B. King gave up his cause in despair when he saw it so badly managed. I declared myself as counsel on the same side, and told them that, if they got the value, they should give the price of it. The ministry, however, maintained a majority on that occasion. The next day Sir Abraham King told me he had been made a bankrupt, and that he knew not what to do. I advised him not to abandon his claim, for that I never yet knew a man having a just claim who did not succeed. Mr. Lefroy and I coöperated together to assist him. I proved his case to be a most just one; and the consequence was, that the government acceded to it, and Sir Abraham King, instead of being in a state of destitution, has his two thousand five hundred a year. [Cheers.] Let me now, then, read for you, after this preface, the letter which the Deputy Grand Master of the Orangemen writes to a Catholic agitator. [Hear.]

“BARNETT'S HOTEL, *Spring Gardens*, August 4, 1832.

“MY DEAR SIR:—

“The anxious wish for a satisfactory termination of my case, which your continued and unwearied efforts for it ever indicated, is at length accomplished.

“The vote of compensation passed last night.

“To Mr. Lefroy and yourself am I indebted for putting the case in the right to my Lord Althorp, and for his lordship's consequent candid and straightforward act in giving me my full dues, and thus restoring myself and family to comparative ease and happiness.

“To you, sir, to whom I was early and long politically opposed— to you, who, nobly forgetting this continued difference of opinion, and who, rejecting every idea of party feeling or of party spirit, thought only of my distress, and sped to succor and support me— how can I express my gratitude? I cannot attempt it. The reward, I feel, is to be found only in your own breast; and I assure myself that the generous feelings of a noble mind will cheer you on to that prosperity and happiness which a discriminating Providence holds out to those who protect the helpless and sustain the falling.

"For such reward and happiness to you and yours my prayers shall be offered fervently, while the remainder of my days, passed, I trust, in tranquillity, (by a complete retirement from public life, and in the bosom of my family,) will constantly present to me the grateful recollection of one to whom I am mainly indebted for so desirable a closing of my life.

"Believe me, my dear sir,

"With the greatest respect and truth,

"Your faithful servant,

"ABRAHAM BRADLEY KING.

"To DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., M. P."

The mighty struggle of 1833 gave to Ireland about forty members pledged to the repeal of the union in the British house of commons. The people were high in their hopes. The efforts of the Dublin Trades Union are beyond the power of estimation. Night and day they were at work, and they triumphed over every opposition by a majority of fifteen hundred votes in the return of O'Connell and Ruthven. The chairing of O'Connell and Ruthven was the grandest scene that took place in Ireland since the entry of the delegates into the Rotunda, in 1783. They were chaired in a magnificent chariot, specially built for the occasion, at the expense of the Trades. The two members were placed in it. On the dickey was an ancient Irish harper, and before him, on a special seat, was Tom Steele. The carriage was drawn by six beautiful horses, and a hundred thousand of the Dublin tradesmen formed a procession, bearing with them their flags and banners, and preceded by O'Gorman Mahon, in his carriage, as marshal. This procession passed through the principal streets; and as it came before Kilmainham, where Reynolds and Costello were imprisoned, they gave three cheers. The streets, to the very house-tops, were lined with applauding spectators. Indeed, all description must fall short of conveying a true idea of this grand pageant of triumph.

Addresses came pouring into Ireland from the manufacturing districts of England where Trades Unions had been formed, expressing sympathy in their sufferings and encouragement towards working out their freedom.

Lord Anglesey made a journey through Ireland, previous to the election, with a view of counteracting the repeal influence. Hopes of place and favor were held out to all those who seemed likely to apostatize. He tampered with the press, the magistracy, and the clergy.

A curious meeting took place at Cork, between the noble marquis and a deputation from St. Mary Shaudon, on the subject of military interference with the privileges of the people, and on the necessity of

encouraging Irish manufacture, in the course of which, his lordship, alluding to the repeal agitation then going on, remarked, that "four gun brigs would be sufficient to blockade the ports of Ireland;" to which Dr. Baldwin, for the deputation, replied, "that, though England could undoubtedly boast of a great navy, and though Sir P. Malcolm could blockade Ireland with four gun brigs, yet Ireland, he assured his excellency, had within herself ample means for her prosperity and defence." This firm, cool, and patriotic reply had an excellent effect on the statesmen of England, and Dr. Baldwin won by it the representation of Cork city.

The reformed parliament met on the 19th of February, 1833, and Earl Grey, on the earliest opportunity, moved for the introduction of the "coercion bill." That bill comprehended the following oppressive clauses:—

The lord lieutenant may suppress, by order, the meeting of any assembly deemed by him dangerous to the public safety, and may suppress any adjourned or continued meeting of the same: every meeting so proclaimed shall be deemed unlawful, and the members of it punishable for a misdemeanor. Empowers two justices to enter, by force, any house where a meeting may be supposed to be assembled. Enables the lord lieutenant to declare, by proclamation, any county in a state of disturbance, and to require the application of this law—orders the inhabitants in such district to remain in their houses between sunset and sunrise—no meeting to be permitted in such district, under pretence of petitioning parliament for the redress of grievances, without the consent first obtained of the lord lieutenant. The lord lieutenant may appoint any commissioned officers of the line to try offences under this act—five to be a court—three to be a majority, and to have all the power of the judges of the land, to imprison, punish, transport, or hang! They are to be assisted by a law serjeant for advice as judge advocate. Enables the police, on being refused admission at any hour of the night, to break open the doors—prevents appeals from the decisions of these courts-martial, or redress for outrages committed by the crown officers in prosecution of the law—*habeas corpus* act suspended—offenders not bailable, &c. &c.

Such was the "boon" to which Ireland was treated on the first assembling of the reformed parliament. But let justice be done to the great body of the English people. They were as indignant against this bill as any portion of the people of Ireland. The Birmingham Political Union, guided by Attwood and Muntz, petitioned against the bill—

also the Manchester people. The National Union of the working classes, London, over which Dr. Wade presided, denounced the bill, and called for a run on the savings banks and a resistance to taxes, as one means to stop the ministry in their atrocious attempts on Ireland. The people of Edinburgh, guided by Mr. Tait, indignantly protested against it. O'Connell was received at the Crown and Anchor tavern by thousands, with the greatest enthusiasm, and ministers were denounced in the strongest language.

Nor should we forget that, even in this emergency, the friends of Ireland in America were active against the measure. Their voice of sympathy mingled in the tears and sighs of Ireland, from New York and Washington particularly. The New York TRUTH-TELLER, of 1833, bears eloquent evidence of their support of Ireland.

Lord Milton, who was president of the "Volunteers," sent in his request to dissolve the body; but Mr. Barrett made explanation, and, on the suggestion of O'Connell, the volunteers of Ireland resolved not to dissolve until put down by force. A vote also passed on the proposition of as honest a man as ever appeared in the ranks of Irish agitation, — JOHN REDMOND, — after the example of the American congress, in respect to Washington, — that the whole power of the association, and of the people of Ireland, be placed in the hands of Daniel O'Connell.

The coercion act passed, in the face of these national protests. O'Connell, from that moment, foretold the fall of the whigs. All the associations were now dissolved, and O'Connell, by the formal vote of the volunteers, centred in his own person the whole power of Ireland. He quickly proposed a new sort of united agitation, which was to act on the registration courts, to secure the influence of the people on the elections, and to keep the public instructed and united through the press.

Lord Anglesey made the first use of his new powers by proclaiming the city of Kilkenny in a state of insurrection. He also proclaimed down the "Volunteers' Society" and Trades' Union, as illegal. Mr. Steele was arrested in Limerick, for having uttered a libel on the government at a public dinner; and nothing but prosecutions, terror, and imprisonment, was to be heard of. Ireland was now completely under the control of the "red coats." But O'Connell cheered up the people by his continuous letters from London, through the True Sun newspaper. Such enthusiastic admirers of O'Connell were the working classes of England, that they entertained him at a public banquet, and presented him with a splendid piece of silver plate, which is described by the True Sun as follows: —

“It is a banquet candelabra, or tripod centre-piece, and cost, we understand, two hundred guineas. Among other devices are three figures, emblematic of the three kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland. The inscription is —

“Presented to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P., by the working classes resident in London, natives of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the European and American continents, as a testimony of their esteem and admiration for his splendid and successful exertions in the cause of civil and religious liberty. — LONDON, *May 15, 1833.*’

“On the other side are the following lines:—

“Look centuries through of penalties and pains,—  
 One picture still—the Irishman in chains!  
 A crime his speech, his hair, his garb, his lyre!  
 His creed denounced, his child, his wife, his sire.  
 O'Connell comes!—his chains fall off; he's free;  
 And millions shout, O'Connell—liberty!  
 Glory of Erin! still thy mighty mind  
 Devote to Ireland, England, all mankind.’

“On the other side of the splendid piece of plate are the O'Connell arms, with a motto underneath, in the Irish character. The English of the motto is, ‘Erin's Prop—the Clan O'Connell.’”

O'Connell was invited by the Birmingham Union to be present at a field meeting, where thirty thousand persons were regularly marshalled by MUNTZ and ATTWOOD. He was received as enthusiastically as he could possibly be received by his constituents of Dublin. A petition to the king for the dismissal of ministers was carried, and vengeance was vowed against “the base and bloody whigs.” Prosecutions were now the order of the day. Mr. J. Walsh, now a barrister, was prosecuted by the whig attorney-general, Blackburne, for denouncing the “union,” and quoting the language of Saurin, Plunkett, and Bushe, in reference to it. He was very ably defended by Mr. Sheil, but was sentenced by Judge Jebb to six months in Newgate, fine, and sureties. Mr. Brown, the proprietor of the Comet, was prosecuted for a libel on Blackburne, for which he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate. From this vile durance he was released by Lord Anglesey, on condition, like Wolfe Tone, of going into exile. He came to the United States, and has eventually pushed his way to the confidence and employment of the American government; having been for many years engaged on the Washington Globe, and was one of the ablest reporters in Washington. He has at length obtained a government employment.

O'Connell, as I have said, wrote several letters against the whig government in the London True Sun, which were so vehement, that few of the Irish papers in that reign of terror dared republish them. Mr. Barrett, of the Pilot, however, braved all the danger. He republished,

from the London paper, all the dreaded letters signed by DANIEL O'CONNELL, and thereby incurred the jealous hostility of the watchful government. For one of these most scathing epistles, Barrett was prosecuted. The Liberator wrote him a letter, offering to acknowledge the authorship to the government, and take upon himself the responsibility. Mr. Barrett promptly declined the offer, saying that he could, with less detriment to the popular cause, go into a prison than the Liberator of Catholic Ireland.

A defence was prepared, and it was arranged that SHELL should reply to the attorney-general. The briefs were cast, the most enlightened counsel were employed, and O'Connell was not to appear in the case at all. Every thing was going on satisfactorily, in this direction, until the very day before the trial was to commence, when Mr. Sheil suddenly declined the responsibility of conducting the defence. On him the brunt of the legal battle devolved, and now he was unable or unwilling to sustain it. In this dilemma, a consultation was held at Mr. O'Connell's, when it was agreed, on all hands, that he must himself undertake the reply to the crown officers.

He consented, and appeared, the next day, as the nominal defender of Barrett, but really as counsel for himself. It was a new and unprecedented situation. The crown lawyers were thunderstruck, and knew not what to make of it. The trial went on. The letter on which the indictment was founded was read; it stated the rights of Ireland to legislative independence, and quoted many of the speeches of the most eminent men of the day in support of the claim. The crown lawyers addressed the prejudices of judge and jury against the unfortunate publisher.

O'Connell rose at length to reply. The court was crowded with anxious hearers. Ireland was on trial at the bar, and O'Connell was pleading as her counsel. He spoke for five hours. For the first hour and a half, he was cold, unhappy, and ineffectual. Mrs. O'Connell, with some of her family, was in the grand-jury gallery. She betrayed some anxiety at his apparent embarrassment. At last his genius flashed—he was himself—the genuine O'Connell, the advocate of Ireland, the denouncer of her brutal and bloody persecutors. Every eye beamed with joy, every heart was throbbing. The judges could not conceal their emotion, nor the jury their agitation, nor the crown counsel their anxiety. Mrs. O'Connell left the court in rapture. To every one who questioned her about the trial, her reply was joyous—“O, he is himself! he will triumph!”

The chief judge was BUSHE, the eloquent opponent of the union in the Irish house of commons thirty-three years before. He had been solicitor-general of Ireland for nineteen years, and was, only a year previously, appointed to the chief judge's seat in the King's Bench by the liberal Lord Wellesley. O'Connell treated the case of his client with the utmost dexterity, admitted that his client and the jury might not agree in politics, read over the long letter, commented on each passage, and asked, if his client was to be punished for sentiments spoken by Plunkett, Saurin, Jebb, and Gould? After reading extracts from the speeches of these great men, he came to that of Bushe himself. "But, gentlemen," said he, "there is one in that array of immortal names conspicuous above all for the sublimity of his genius; renowned for every virtue that can dignify man; whose memory will be handed down through distant ages, and will find a monument in the heart and history of Ireland." Here the judge lost his composure; his face became suffused in a dewy moisture, and he looked at the eloquent advocate in an imploring look, beseeching him to spare his feelings. But he went on. "Yes, gentlemen, there was one who stood in the breach of the constitution, and shot the thunderbolts of his indignant eloquence at the unprincipled oppressors. If one man could protect the sanctuary from pollution, he was that man. What does he say?" O'Connell then quoted his celebrated speech against the union, to be found at page 1039, and asked, "Whose were these inspired words? Who thus defended the altar of liberty from profanation? The illustrious member for Callan, *Charles Kendal Bushe!*" There was a pause — a moment of the deepest silence and sensation. The judge melted into tears. The recollection of other times was brought back to his mind. He thought of the great men with whom he was once associated in defending his native land. He remembered his youthful aspirations, his country's freedom, his prophecies and his fears realized by the union, and the faded glories of his country now revived before him by the master touches of O'Connell. All this came rushing on his mind in an overwhelming torrent, and tears streamed down his furrowed cheek. But the jury, the packed jury, found Barrett guilty, and he was condemned to the lightest penalty the law would sanction — six months' imprisonment, and a fine of £500.

The excitement and effect connected with this prosecution was second only to the excitement of the late state trials. As in the latter case, reporters were in Dublin from all the newspapers in London. The letter, and O'Connell's terrible speech in its support, were all published in a thousand different newspapers, and read by millions of men, who



probably would not and did not read the original libel. The government soon found that though they punished a printer, they thereby propagated repeal principles a thousand-fold; and this the Mail and Standard confessed, whilst they deplored the imbecility of a government that could give to O'Connell such a theatre as the King's Bench for the discussion of *the repeal question!*

The Irish Liberator deserves the honor of first agitating the *ballot* in parliament. When he first introduced that question into the house of commons, but twenty-eight members voted for it. In 1833, one hundred and five voted for it; and subsequently it was so generally urged by Mr. Grote and others that the numbers in its favor increased.

In June, 1833, Feargus O'Connor put a notice on the order-book of the house of commons, that the union, after an experience of thirty-two years, was a measure of bad policy; that all the conditions of it were violated, &c. Mr. O'Connell gave notice (close of July) that, on the first day in the ensuing session, he should move a resolution for the introduction of a bill for the reëstablishment of the Irish parliament, with a view to secure the connection between the two countries. A meeting of the Irish members was held in London on the question whether a motion for repeal ought not to be brought forward then or early in the ensuing session. The O'Connor Don was in the chair. Feargus O'Connor urged the bringing forward of the measure. O'Connell urged the postponement to next session. A division took place, and the following members voted

*For immediate Discussion.*

Col. Butler, Kilkenny county,  
Dr. Baldwin, Cork city,  
Finn, W. F., Kilkenny county,  
Fitzsimon, N., King's county,  
Lalor, P., Queen's county,  
Blake, —, Galway,  
Ruthven, E. S., Dublin,  
Ruthven, E., Kildare,  
Ronayne, D., Clonmel,  
Walker, Charles, Wexford.

*Teller.*

O'Connell, Daniel.

*For Postponement.*

O'Connell, Maurice, Tralee,  
O'Connell, Morgan, Meath,  
O'Connell, Charles, Kerry,  
Fitzsimon, C., Dublin county,  
Lynch, A. H., Galway town,  
Roche, William, } Limerick  
Roche, David, } city,  
Major Macnamara, Clare,  
Barry, G. S., Cork,  
Grattan, Henry, Meath.

*Teller.*

O'Connor, Feargus.

The question was, however, postponed to the ensuing session.

At a public meeting, and in a letter to the people of Ireland, the Liberator complained of the London reporters, that they designedly suppressed his best speeches on Irish affairs, or, if they reported them, gave

them a false or nonsensical aspect. The reporters took offence, and entered into a combination not to report him at all. Eleven reporters from the Times published a declaration in the public papers, stating that they would not report another line of O'Connell's speeches until he retracted his observation. There was a warm altercation in consequence. The night after this publication, he brought the subject before the house as a breach of privilege. He was outvoted. The reporters stood up in the gallery and folded their arms in the most contemptuous attitudes, refusing to report his speech. Sir Robert Peel, alluding to the circumstance, remarked to the honorable member for Dublin how powerful was passive resistance as evinced by the passive idleness of the reporters. This produced a horse laugh in the house and in the reporters' gallery. But a different feeling succeeded when the member for Dublin exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, I observe strangers in the gallery. I move that the serjeant proceed to take them into custody!" The presence of any strangers in the house was actually an infringement of its privileges. An extraordinary scene followed. The reporters were removed, and the remainder of the sitting was conducted with closed doors. The political world was a blank the next day. The reporters' occupation was gone. The insolence of the London press was fully chastised by the Irish agitator; and the bullying Times and its eleven reporters came out with a declaration that they would report well and truly the honorable member for Dublin, and thus the affair terminated—a triumph for O'Connell, the first ever obtained by any member of parliament over the London press; for, previously, whomsoever they chose to slay, he was slain.

O'Connell, by his exertions in this session for the Dublin merchants, obtained for them a compensation from government for their dreadful losses by the great fire which took place in the custom-house stores, September, 1833, when a million sterling worth of merchandise, in bond, was destroyed. The remainder of this year was devoted, by this great man, to drawing public attention to the repeal question, and the necessity for reforming the Irish corporations. I think this an appropriate place to insert Cobbett's opinion of O'Connell, from his Register of September, 1833:—

"Upon this occasion, it is impossible for me to refrain from expressing my admiration of the things done by Mr. O'Connell. I never had before an opportunity of witnessing his surprising quickness, and the irresistible force of that which drops from his lips. His sincerity, his good-humor, his zeal, his earnestness, his willingness to sacrifice every thing for the cause of the people, for the cause of those

who never can serve him in any way whatsoever, — it is only necessary to be a witness of these, to explain why it is that the people of Ireland love him and confide in him, and why it is that he is hated and detested by every one who has a tyrant's heart in his body. There is another description of men, too, of whom it is necessary to speak upon this occasion. I mean those who are actuated by *envy*; and I do not here allude to any amongst his own countrymen, for they all seem perfectly willing to acknowledge his superior claims to the confidence of his country. If he have any fault, it is that of letting the kindness of his disposition get the better of his justice; but perhaps this is inseparable from those other qualities which have caused him to have such predominant sway over the minds of the industrious classes of his country. It is impossible to see the conduct which is observed towards him, without being convinced that his enemies are thoroughly persuaded that Ireland must have justice done her, or he must be destroyed. If all my readers could hear the words uttered with regard to him, could see the looks accompanying those words, they would all have this conviction; and if every man in England could see this sight and hear those sounds, all England, with one united voice, would pray to God to protect him against all his enemies. In short, without him, Ireland would be dealt with just as the government pleased, without the opposition of any resistance at all; and, for my part, I should deem myself one of the worst of all mankind if I did not lend him all the support in my power. I may not, in all cases, be exactly of his opinion, even in matters relating to Ireland; but, seeing him beset, as I do, — leaving out of the question the probability of my opinion not being so correct as his, — it is not for me to split hairs in such a case, to perk up my opinion in opposition to his, and, under that pretence, leave him to be torn to pieces by his merciless foes. Last night, he filled every body with astonishment at his powers, and especially at his surprising quickness. There he was, the mastiff, surrounded by that which I will not describe, every one taking his bite, one behind, another before; and he turning first to one, and then to the other, and laying them sprawling upon the earth. To be able to do him justice, you must see him with thirty-four men at his back, with three hundred and fifty roaring out against him, and with twenty or thirty lying quiet in smug silence, bursting with envy still more deadly than the open hatred of his foes. There will be reports of the debates. These reports will be as full and correct as circumstances will permit; but it is not in the power of man to do justice, not a tenth part of the justice due to his zeal and his exertions on this occasion. For my part, I sat and looked at him with astonishment until eleven o'clock, when, finding that there would be no division that night, I came away. But my colleague, whose judgment is not inferior to any man, staid the debate out, and told me that Mr. O'Connell carried on the war against his foes in a manner to surprise him beyond any thing he had ever seen in his life. Very often have we seen in the English papers, and particularly in the *Times*, sneers at the Irish people, for being so wrapped up and devoted to Mr. O'Connell. They have called the people deluded. Faith! it is no delusion. They know him well; they know not only his friendship, but his efficiency; they know that he is worthy of their confidence. He has, indeed, as great a reward as they can bestow upon him. To see him in the house surrounded by his sons, members of counties or great towns, he himself the member for the great metropolis of Ireland, — to see him thus enjoying the greatest

glory, the most heartfelt satisfaction that man can possibly enjoy, must give delight to every heart in which the base and venomous passion of envy has not taken up its residence."

I hope it will be allowed me by the fastidious to allude in this place to the little services which I may have rendered to the cause of my country. Some one of the Roman writers has remarked that a man ought to feel proud of doing something worthy of record; and the next best thing is to record the worthy actions of others. The old bards of Erin were guided by this maxim; for it was their practice, when recording the valiant deeds of their heroes, to put in some stanzas of praise to themselves. I shall not affect any undue modesty, and will not, I hope, fall into the opposite extreme. I will describe what I have done for the repeal struggle in the same way as I describe the exertions of others — nothing extenuate and nothing set down in egotism.

In 1833, I resided in Manchester, England, and, though immersed in private business, I entered heartily into the repeal agitation. I can take on me to say that, for several months before the grand discussion commenced in parliament, I was active and successful in organizing the Irishmen of that great manufacturing district. I searched them out in their workshops and club-rooms; urged and rallied them to combine for the restoration of their country's freedom; established several branch repeal societies; carried agitation beyond into the adjoining towns, where kindred bodies were formed, linking many liberal Englishmen in the agitation. I was fortunate enough to obtain the use of the columns of the Manchester and Salford Advertiser, through which I made known to the working classes the bearings of the repeal question, the privations of the Irish people, and the advantages which repeal, by giving freedom to Ireland, would necessarily confer on the working men of England; extending a demand for manufactures, and raising the standard of wages in Ireland, by which the pressure from that country on the labor market of England would necessarily be relieved.

I put this general idea in a variety of aspects before the Englishmen of that region, and can honestly assert that a considerable effect was produced on their minds, as we shall see.

On the approach of the important parliamentary discussion of the 22d of April, we got together a great meeting of the friends of Ireland in Manchester, which was held on St. Patrick's day, in George's Field, where more than ten thousand persons attended. At that meeting, Mr. CROFT, an English gentleman, the friend of Mr. Cobbett, took the chair, and a petition for the repeal of the union — the first that ever was sent

from any part of England in favor of the question — was adopted at that meeting, which the author and a few others got signed to the extent of *twenty-seven thousand signatures*, the one third of which were the signatures of Englishmen.

That petition was sent by me to Mr. Cobbett for presentation, who, however, was ill at the time, and transferred it to Mr. Feargus O'Connor. The expenses of that petition were borne principally by me; and when the chief of Ireland brought the question on, in a speech admitted by his opponents to be a masterpiece of oratory, I had ten thousand copies of that immortal address printed, at my own expense, and circulated all through the north of England, which went some length in making known the true nature of the repeal issue.

Petitions were also sent from Oldham, Stockport, Blackburn, and several other neighboring towns, in which the branch associations had been established; and this preparatory agitation contributed to fill the minds of the people of that busy district with an affection for Mr. O'Connell, which was soon after nobly manifested in the magnificent reception which he experienced on his entry into Manchester.

We shall now come to the great discussion of the repeal question. It was fixed for the memorable 22d of April, 1834. O'Connell and the repeal members had been indefatigable in their exertions to rouse public attention, to combine Protestant with Catholic, and to procure petitions in favor of the measure. A meeting of the Irish repeal members was had in Dublin, at which the mode of proceeding in parliament was settled upon, and immediately after, the Irish members sailed in a body for London.

The ministry, although quite sure of a numerical majority, could not disguise their embarrassment. Their press had been actively employed working an adverse feeling in the public mind. Ministerial cajolery, patronage, and entertainments, were showered upon such Irish members as could be seduced from their duty to Ireland. To mark the opposition by features peculiarly distasteful to Ireland, two Irishmen were procured to resist O'Connell's motion. The first was Mr. *Spring Rice*, the secretary of the treasury, formerly member for the city of Limerick, but then member for the University of Cambridge. The second was Mr. *Emerson Tennent*, member for Belfast. Mr. Rice had been busy, for months before, obtaining, through the excise and custom offices, returns of imports and exports, which were to be exhibited to prove that Ireland had increased in her traffic since the union. No effort was left untried by the ministry to mark the opposition to the motion with all

those features which were to set the question forever at rest, to suffocate all hope in the heart of Ireland. A "call of the house" was enforced by ministers. The members for England and Scotland were summoned to the debate, under the penalty attached to disobedience, and every indication gave portentous note of the importance of the approaching struggle.

At length, the 22d of April arrived. Every seat in the house of commons was filled from an early hour of the day. The speaker took the chair at half past four, and from that moment until the beginning of the debate, nothing was heard but the presentation of petitions, by the Irish members, for "REPEAL OF THE UNION." More than half a million of signatures were attached to the petitions presented upon that and the previous evenings. A solitary petition was brought up by Mr. Emerson Tennent, from the town of Belfast, against the measure, with two thousand two hundred signatures, which drew out a hearty cheer from the ministerial supporters; but this was happily subdued by the presentation of the Manchester petition, with twenty-seven thousand signatures.

After this, the speaker called on Mr. O'Connell to proceed with his motion. The house was crowded to suffocation. At this instant, there were nearly six hundred members in their seats, while the galleries were thronged to their extremest capability. The moment was one pregnant with the great question whether Ireland should longer be dragged at the chariot wheels of England. The detail of motions, or measures, or speeches was nothing, the sole question being whether Ireland should be permitted to enjoy the right of private judgment in things temporal and spiritual; whether government and religion were to be made free to the people of that unhappy country. O'Connell felt keenly that this was the true issue, and, conceiving accurately the real feeling of the serried columns before him, he began, in a frolicsome tone, by relating an anecdote of a member of the house who, in conversation with himself some time before, said, "The Canadas are endeavoring to escape us; America has escaped us; but Ireland shall *not* escape us!" This beginning was not a little discomfiting to the house. It fell like a shell among the members, taking them quite by surprise. The honorable member then proceeded with his extraordinary indictment against England. He laid the foundation of his case, as he expressed it, "wide and deep," entering into a complete history of the connection between the two countries from the beginning. It was, indeed, a great effort of a great mind. He spoke not for the unwilling ears of his auditory. He spoke to the ears and hearts of mankind. He met, at first, with some

little interruption; but he instantly reproved it, and, calling upon the speaker to enforce "order," that functionary, in a commanding tone, obtained the unwilling stillness of the house while the representative of Ireland detailed the horrors of six hundred years of unparalleled oppression inflicted by them and theirs on his unfortunate country.

He concluded about twelve o'clock at night, and then Mr. Spring Rice rose to reply; but the house adjourned to the next evening, when this champion of England entered upon her case, dwelling on the benefits which Ireland had derived from the union, by exhibiting masses of figures, returns of the exports and imports of Ireland. But these flippant and illusive arguments could not wipe away the great fact that two and a half millions of the people were periodically subject to destitution, while the rich produce of their soil was hourly carried off before their eyes. Mr. Spring Rice occupied an entire night in the reply. Feargus O'Connor, Sheil, Grattan, and the other leading members from Ireland, kept up the debate with great spirit, and frequently forced the opposition to listen by threats of the pistol! It lasted a week; and at the conclusion, when O'Connell was heard in reply to all, the division was impatiently called for by the ministerialists, when the numbers were five hundred and twenty-three against the motion to thirty-eight for. One Englishman, Mr. Kennedy, voted for Mr. O'Connell's motion. Mr. Cobett would have voted for it, but was too ill to attend the house.

The following Irish members voted for and against the question:—

*Irish Members who voted against the Repeal of the Union.*

Acheson, Viscount	Corry, H. L.	Martin, John
Archdall, General	Daly, J.	Meynell, H.
Bateson, Sir R.	Dobbyn, L.	Moxwell, H.
Belfast, Earl of	Evans, J.	O'Callaghan, C.
Bernard, W. S.	Ferguson, Sir R. A.	O'Ferrall, R. M.
Browne, J.	Fitzgibbon, Hon. R.	O'Grady, S.
Browne, D.	Forbes, Viscount	O'Reilly, W.
Carew, R. S.	Gladstone, T.	Oxmantown, Lord
Castlereagh, Viscount	Hayes, Sir E.	Perceval, Colonel
Chapman, L. M.	Hill, Lord Arthur,	Perrin, L.
Chichester, Lord	Hill, Lord M.	Shaw, F.
Christmass, W.	Howard, R.	Stawell, Colonel
Clements, Lord	Jephson, C. D. O.	Steward, Sir H.
Cole, Lord	Jones, T.	Talbot, J.
Cole, Hon. A.	Knox, J. H.	Tennent, J. E.
Connolly, E. M.	Lambert, H.	Verner, W.
Cooper, E. J.	Lefroy, Dr. T.	White, S.
Coote, Sir C.	Lefroy, A.	Young, J.
Copeland, W.	Martin, T.	

*Irish Members who voted for the Repeal of the Union.*

Baldwin, Dr.	Lynch, A. H.	Roche, W.
Barron, H. W.	Macnamara, W.	Roe, J.
Bellew, R. M.	Macnamara, F.	Ronayne, D.
Blackney, W.	Mullins, F. W.	Ruthven, E.
Blake, J. M.	Nagle, Sir R.	Ruthven, E. S.
Butler, Hon. B. S.	O'Brien, C.	Sullivan, R.
Callaghan, D.	O'Connell, D.	Talbot, J. H.
Finn, W. F.	O'Connell, Morgan	Vigors, N. A.
Fitzgerald, T.	O'Connell, Maurice	Walker, C. A.
Fitzsimon, N.	O'Connell, John	
Fitzsimon, C.	O'Connell, C.	<i>Tellers.</i>
Galway, J. M.	O'Connor Don	O'Connor, F.
Grattan, H.	O'Dwyer, A. C.	Sheil, R. L.
Lalor, P.	Roche, D.	

Against, 57; For, 39..... 96

*Absent* — O'Neill, General; Keane, Sir R.; Grattan, James.... 3

*Did not vote* — Barry, G. S.; French, F.; Wallace, T..... 3

*Vacant* — Carrickfergus, Dungarvan, Monaghan..... 3

105

Ministers, immediately after the division, brought forward a series of resolutions, declaring the union as at present existing with Ireland forever indissoluble; but pledging parliament and the king to redress all proved abuses to be found there.

At the same moment that the repeal question occupied the attention of parliament, another very important question was forcing itself on the ministry. This was the right of meeting and discussing grievances, which the people of England were endeavoring to maintain. On the 21st of April, 1834, about fifty thousand London tradesmen marched in procession to the home office, with a petition praying for the pardon of the six convicted unionists of Dorchester. These men had consulted O'Connell, as their standing lawyer, in all their movements, and, under his direction, had marched in a body to the secretary of state's office, with the monster petition. Their march was singularly regular and dignified. It struck the military men of the day with no small surprise, for it was apparent there were among the peaceful army men who understood the science of discipline. The feature of this movement which stands out most prominently to the eyes of Irishmen is the guiding influence of O'Connell, under which it moved.

It is impossible to exaggerate the influence which Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator, now exercised over the industrial part of the popula-



tion of England and Scotland. The confidence placed in him by the *Trades Unions* of London was only part of the confidence reposed in him by the kindred associations spread all over the British empire. No man in England, not even the king, was so popular as he. Wheresoever he went, through England or Scotland, thousands or hundreds of thousands greeted his approach. He proclaimed the necessity of a further reform in the British constitution; demanded the reform of the house of lords, by the abolition of hereditary privileges; demanded annual or triennially-elected parliaments, the ballot, and universal suffrage, and for his native country the fullest measures of equal political privileges with England, or the restoration of her native parliament. These demands were seconded by the English millions.

O'Connell, the Liberator of a creed, was now called upon to lead on in the liberation of an empire. He was invited to banquets and public meetings by the men of Birmingham, of Manchester, of Liverpool, of Edinburgh, of Glasgow. Wherever he appeared, the cities became solitudes; for the inhabitants went out to meet and welcome the idol of their hearts, and the anchor of their hopes.

His peculiar plan for the reform of the house of peers deserves our special notice here, because it is probable it will yet be taken up and enforced by the people. There are six hundred and twenty peers of England, Scotland, and Ireland; about two hundred are Irish. He proposed to create one hundred and eighty new peers, and to limit the future house of lords to *one hundred and fifty*, to be elected by the people from the grand panel of eight hundred, the house to be elected every five years, one fifth to go out annually, but to be eligible for reëlection, the king to retain the power of creating as many peers as he pleased, but the people, in their respective districts, to have the exclusive power of electing them.

About this time, on Mr. Ward's motion for a revision of the Irish Protestant church, supported by some of the ministers, Lord Stanley, Sir J. Graham, the Earl of Ripon, and the Duke of Richmond, withdrew from the ministry. Soon after, Earl Grey resigned the premiership, and was succeeded by LORD MELBOURNE, whose companions in the ministry were made up from the most liberal leaders in the whig ranks. This ministry, however, was soon dissolved by the king, who sent for the Duke of Wellington, who advised his majesty to appoint Sir Robert Peel to the premier's seat. This was acceded to. Lord Lyndhurst was made chancellor of England. The Irish arrangements were, the

Earl of Haddington lord lieutenant, Sir Henry Hardinge secretary, Sir E. Sugden chancellor, E. Pennefather attorney-general, and Mr. Jackson solicitor-general.

O'Connell, who had previously assailed the Melbourne ministry in a series of letters addressed to Lord Duncannon, now formed a new association, denominated the *Anti-Tory Association of Ireland*, whose object was the ejection of the Peel ministry from office, &c. This association was the nucleus, in Ireland, of all the whigs and the repealers; for opposition to the tories was the test of admission. There were embraced in its membership upwards of fifty members of parliament, besides many of the titled aristocracy. The Peel ministry having called on the king for a dissolution of the parliament, in the hopes of diminishing, by landlord influence on the electors, the reform members of the house, a general election took place. Parties in England were pretty nearly balanced; but Ireland gave preponderance to the opposition. O'Connell was again returned for Dublin, and, in his address to the electors, he declared himself then and forever a repealer. "Sink or swim, live or die," said he, "I am for repeal."

The new parliament assembled, and, on a trial of strength led on by Lord Morpeth, appeared to be *anti-tory* by a majority of *seven*, in a house of six hundred and eleven. Sir Robert Peel soon after announced his leading measures, among which his celebrated Irish tithe bill was prominent. By this, tithes were abolished in name, reduced twenty-five per cent. in amount, removed from the shoulders of the occupiers, and transferred to those of the proprietor in fee, the million pounds lent to the Protestant clergy remitted, and a pretty general settlement of that vexatious question effected. Indeed, many of the measures proposed by the tory chief were as remedial and reforming in their spirit as those of his predecessor, Lord Melbourne. Yet so determined in hostility were the whigs, that they followed up the passing of the tithe bill by a resolution, moved by Lord John Russell, to appropriate any surplus that might remain, after providing for the spiritual wants of the members of the established church of Ireland, to the *general education of all classes* of Christians. This resolution became the battle-ground of the two great parties; and, after three worrying debates in the commons, and experiencing a numerical majority on each against him, Sir Robert Peel and his associates in office resigned. Yet this very principle was afterwards abandoned by the whigs in-office.

Lord Melbourne was thus forced back upon the king, and chiefly by the power of O'Connell; for without the Irish votes at *his* command,

there was a virtual majority in favor of Peel. The following formed the principal members of the new ministry: *Lord Melbourne*, first lord of the treasury; *Lord Lansdowne*, president of the council; *Lord Palmerston*, foreign secretary; *Lord John Russell*, home secretary. The principal members of the Irish government were, *Lord Mulgrave*, lord lieutenant; *Lord Morpeth*, secretary; *Lord Plunkett*, lord chancellor; *Mr. Perrin*, attorney; and *Michael O'Loghlin*, solicitor-general. Lord Brougham was not included in the new arrangements. It appears he was personally objectionable to the king, and the great seal was put in commission.

The new ministry made pressing overtures to O'Connell and his friends, proposing the most sweeping and satisfactory reforms in Ireland, if repeal were given up. The chief of Ireland conditionally accepted these promises, suspended the repeal agitation, and commenced that probationary system of negative tactics commonly known as the "experimental agitation." The definition of the conditions of that experiment we have supplied to us from the pen of O'Connell himself.

"Here I am, for one, fully determined to contribute all I can to the success of this experiment. The union, fairly tried, may, as some expect, produce honest and good government, and consequent tranquillity and prosperity, in Ireland. If it do so, all that we desire to obtain by the repeal will be realized — a result which I fervently hope for, but cannot bring myself to say I confidently anticipate. But such a result would please every body, and, in the comfort and prosperity of Ireland, her patriots would have their glorious reward. If, on the other hand, the experiment fails, and then, after honestly applying all the powers of a friendly but united legislature to the amelioration of the condition of the Irish people, it is proved to demonstration that nothing can cure the evils arising from provincial degradation, from the absence of the nobility, gentry, and great landed proprietors, but a domestic legislature in a nation of more than eight millions of inhabitants, why, then we will demand 'the repeal' in a voice of thunder, and we shall be joined in the cry by all the rational and right-thinking men of Great Britain." — *Letter on the New Ministry, May, 1835.*

Lord John Russell, as the leader of the ministry in the lower house, introduced his celebrated measures for the reform of the municipal corporations of England and Wales. These measures were founded upon reports of the commissioners of inquiry, previously appointed, which disclosed the grossest jobbing, plunder, and immoral practices, that previously prevailed in those corporations, and which stood unparalleled in the history of England. The new bills vested the municipal power of the towns in the inhabitants who were rate-payers, and subjected the application of the corporate funds to the wholesome check of public scrutiny.

The reform of the corporations of England was the work of one whole

year of the new ministry. Nothing was done for Ireland beyond sending her an excellent lord lieutenant and chief secretary, both of one mind, and both heartily resolved on doing *all in their power* for her prosperity.

The liberal character and intentions of the new lord lieutenant, who arrived in May, 1835, soon became generally known in Ireland. His very first dinner-parties and levees proclaimed his mind. He came, the representative of reform, triumphant reform. He succeeded Lord Had-dington, a fool and a bigot; one who sat quietly in his box in the theatre while an Orange flag hung suspended over his head, and the Dublin Orangemen waved their insulting symbols around and about him. He came, the successful champion of negro emancipation; for he was the zealous friend and advocate of the African race while governor of Jamaica. He came with a *carte blanche*, to administer in Ireland the kingly functions; and he resolved to mark his name on her history, and on the grateful hearts of her people.

Bred in courts, he was an accomplished diplomatist and a finished gentleman. His father, the old Earl of Mulgrave, was a member of the household to George the Third; and the present eminent man grew up to manhood in the atmosphere and practice of kingly diplomacy. He was elegantly skilled in literary composition, and had written some two or three novels, which were in the drawing-rooms of the fashionable. He was young, of handsome person, prepossessing exterior, and fascinating address. He talked well, looked well, dressed well, rode well, danced well. He was a wit at table; a gallant in the drawing-room; a trotter, and galloper, and bettor, on the race-course; a courtier at the levee; a statesman, patient, deep, and resolute, in the cabinet; a dashing traveller through the country, attending all the dinners, balls, and races, that were got up on every side to entertain him: the wave of his hand was inimitable, and his bow was better than Kemble's; his manners were at once the most refined, most fascinating, and most unaffectedly plain and popular; convivial and hospitable, dashy and cavalier in his air, he was the soul of a ball-room, an assembly, or a race-course, and soon became the idol of the people.

But inside of this glittering exterior there dwelt a *heart*, there reigned a *mind*, there shone an exalted *soul*, which gave grace to frivolity, and dignity to amusement; which gave, above all, to the administration of the great powers intrusted to the king's lieutenant in Ireland a healthy and an impartial impulse. Nor were these all that recommended him to the confidence and affection of the warm-hearted Irish. He was

blessed with a most amiable, charitable, accomplished, indeed, lovely lady, who devoted her income, her time, and her influence, to the amelioration of distress, to the enlargement of human happiness. She was equally distinguished for beauty and the very highest accomplishments. She was under forty, and had two or three growing boys that appeared with her in public. Her ladyship was the constant patroness of every charitable institution. The Catholic clergy found her a friend — every orphan charity, every Catholic church celebration, every lady's fair, every public institution, was sure to receive her ladyship's hearty support. She was in the midst of every public assembly which had for its object the mitigation of human misery; and, unfortunately for Ireland, her neglected and oppressed population offered but too many opportunities for the exercise of her ladyship's benevolence. Her evening parties were the most delightful. They were not composed of "long-faced gentry," but of the happiest souls, the most joyous and the most elegant congregation of beings in the whole world. The Catholic circles of respectability were admitted, — admitted to the vice-regal entertainments for the first time in three hundred years. Thus the groans and pains of Ireland were lulled by a course of political opium, which set the people into the most delightful dreams. Every body — priest and layman — expected "something would be done at last for Ireland." But what that something ought, or was likely, to be, no one seemed able to define in his own mind. It was an idea without shape, a chaotic thought.

Never, since the bright days of the Irish parliament, was the vice-regal court at Dublin so splendidly sustained. Never, surely, was majesty so attractively presented or represented. The tory aristocracy, men and women, combined against Lord Mulgrave's court, and rejected his society, or neglected his levees. He was just the man to deal with these triflers. Instead of feeling offended by their neglect, he drew friends around him from wider and honester, though less sophisticated circles. The patronage of England was at his command, for he was sent by ministers to subdue the repeal cry by the exercise of the most extensive promotions. His appointments and promotions in the law, in the magistracy, in the revenue and police, soon proclaimed him the man of the people. The friends and leaders of popular rights were, in all cases, sought for and appointed. Place was given to almost every talented man found in the popular ranks: The colonies, the Indies, the ministerial offices in England, the church, army, and navy, besides *all* the places connected with Ireland in the gift of the crown or of the lord

chancellor, were opened to the young men of Ireland. A tempting scene was exhibited to their view. A "sugar plum" policy was now pursued everywhere. Office was widely flung open to the repealers. Every lawyer, who had even a color of name, was promoted. Every village attorney got government business of some sort or other. The post-offices in the country were given to those who were conspicuous in the ranks of the people. The police and the revenue were thrown wide open. Dashing young fellows, sons of "gentlemen farmers," were made chiefs in the one branch or the other of the "public service." This wide and wholesale distribution of British patronage and British gold drew off the leaders of the public mind. I speak of his five years' administration of the Irish government. In the course of that period I do not remember beyond three or four men of talent or influence in the popular ranks who were not promoted to place; and this general promotion extended into the family of O'Connell: his son Morgan was appointed to a lucrative situation in the Court of Exchequer; and his son-in-law, Mr. Fitzsimons, was appointed to another in the Hannaper office. His son-in-law Mr. French was appointed to the stipendiary magistracy; and he himself was offered a judge's seat, worth four thousand pounds a year; but he refused it.

Lord Mulgrave made himself thoroughly acquainted with the minutiae of Irish politics. He travelled through all Ireland, visited the jails, inquired into the circumstances of the prisoners, and liberated many who had been confined for petty debts, political offences, or tithe arrears. Amongst others, his lordship liberated Mr. T. Reynolds, who had been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for an alleged riot at the Dublin election. In the south, he hunted the stag, in the Killarney Mountains, with the brother of Daniel O'Connell. In the north, he compelled the unwilling Orange mayor of Derry to accompany him in his vice-regal visits to the public institutions of that "maiden city." Wheresoever he appeared, he proclaimed one law for all, equality, civil and religious liberty, and justice. The Catholic and the Presbyterian clergy were equally welcome to his presence; but the Episcopalian clergy held aloof. His replies to public addresses, which he always wrote himself, and his dispatches to the prime minister, and other public functionaries, proclaim him an able statesman.

Lord Morpeth, the chief secretary, was the equal of Lord Mulgrave in goodness of disposition towards Ireland. The son of the Earl of Carlisle and the member for the West Riding of Yorkshire, the brother of the richest woman in England, (the Duchess of Sutherland,) inheriting

the blood of the Howards, which he ennobled by his conduct, rich and unmarried, eloquent and approachable, the friend and admirer of O'Connell, it is no wonder that *he*, too, won upon the affections of the Irish people.

Such were the two men to whom the destinies of Ireland were committed during that period in our history which we must denominate the “*experiment*.”

The people were dazzled. Their chief men were appointed to lucrative places. Sheil and Wyse, and More O'Farrell, and Perrin, O'Loughlin, Fitzsimons, young O'Connell, O'Dwyer, and very many others of secondary degree, were filling high and lucrative office, for the first time, under the British crown. Catholic clergymen were frequently the guests of the lord lieutenant or his secretary. Whatever place or appointment they sought for their personal friends, was generally given. O'Connell himself, too, had dined once or twice with his excellency; and mighty was the noise which the London tory press made thereat. The police, and revenue, and board of works, were thrown open to the humbler place-hunters; and what between those who had obtained office, with the friends within their influence, and those who *expected* office, the country was brought under a spell. People thought there would be very soon “something done for Ireland,” seeing so much done for her leaders; though they had no definite idea what that *something* was to be.

O'Connell found himself out-generalled for the moment, not by British arms, or by British legislators, or British law-prosecutors, but by British gold. It was showered on his countrymen unexpectedly, contrary to all human foresight; and it is no disparagement to O'Connell to say, he did not, *could* not have provided for the contingency. He made the most of his means and his position. He was deserted by all the leaders of the slightest power in the commonwealth of mind, and nothing remained to him but an uneducated, unthinking, unreflecting multitude. He had no political colonels, captains, sergeants, or corporals. The men of whom these necessary officers in agitation could be made, were nearly all bought up by the government. Many of them were placed in office in England; many of them sent to the Indies and the British colonies as “assistants,” in one office or another. They were thus made away with, or silenced; and, without this class of men, no effective agitation could be raised. The Liberator, therefore, submitted to what he could not overcome. He “bided his time,” and waited on the “experiment” of justice to Ireland, as promised by the house of commons and king when

they rejected his motion for repeal. The people naturally expected much of public and substantial service from a government which had so suddenly opened the sluices of patronage on Ireland—on *Catholic Ireland*. A thing so new in the history of the connection absolutely turned men's brains; and no one dared so much as whisper "Repeal," lest doing so might embarrass a ministry that was "doing so much good for the country," and that "would do ten times as much if the Tories would let 'em." This was the language of the day in every liberal circle in Ireland. For every office that fell vacant, there were at least forty applicants; every one of such applicants vowing all the time that never before was there such a government in Ireland.

O'Connell had, in various provincial meetings,—at Cork, Limerick, Galway, Kilkenny, Waterford, Dublin,—at public dinners and public meetings, pledged the Irish people to adhere to their part of the experiment which promised to do full and satisfactory justice to Ireland. All sections of liberals and repealers were disposed to put trust in this ministry and their able representatives in Ireland. One of the first Irish measures which this government attempted, was the suppression of the Orange system throughout the British empire. The management of this important matter was confided to Mr. HUME, the laborious Scottish member, and to Mr. W. F. FINN, the member for Carlow borough, and brother-in-law to the Liberator.

Parliament, at the urgent request of Mr. HUME and W. F. FINN, granted a committee to inquire into the Orange system; and, after several months' inquiry, it reported, August 4, 1835,—

1st. "That it appears, from the evidence laid before this house, that there exists at present in Ireland more than fifteen hundred Orange lodges, some parishes containing as many as three or four private lodges, consisting of members varying in number from sixteen to two hundred, acting in communication and correspondence with each other, and having secret signs and pass words as bonds of union, and all depending on the grand lodge of Ireland.

2d. "That the Orange institution of Ireland is unlimited in numbers, and exclusively a Protestant association; that every member must belong to a private lodge, to which he is admitted under a religious sanction, and with a religious ceremony, carrying a Bible in his hands, submitting to certain forms and declarations, and taught secret signs and pass words."

*Ernest*, the king's brother and the present king of Hanover, was the grand master of the society. It extended through England, Ireland,



and Scotland, through all the colonies, and into nearly every regiment under the crown; and its object has been most reasonably supposed to be, to seize illegally on the crown on the death of William the Fourth; or, in case that monarch should suffer his ministers to proceed further in reform. And, by placing Prince Ernest by force of arms on the throne, exclude the Princess VICTORIA, (the present queen,) whose opinions, and those of her excellent mother, the Duchess of Kent, were known to be liberal.

Proof of this general design was said to exist, in the "correspondence book" of the chief directory of the society, and the secretary was summoned to produce it before the parliamentary committee; but he suddenly absconded, taking with him the *secret book*, and thus frustrated part of the object of the inquiry. A law was then passed by parliament against all and every kind of secret societies, in which the freemasons, and other social and friendly brotherhoods, were included, and which completely suppressed the Orange system in Ireland, and in the army.

This was naturally a great triumph to the Irish people, who had been for so many years oppressed by the infatuated bands called "Orangemen." It was a fine feather in the beaver of the Earl of Mulgrave, who followed up this by dismissing Colonel Verner from the commission of the peace, for having drunk "the Battle of the Diamond," at a public dinner. Our readers, who have looked over the pages devoted to the year 1795, will understand the lamentable event celebrated by that memorable toast.

The freemason society changed some of its ceremonies, so as to comport with the law. There was a good deal of discussion at that time concerning its principles, and O'Connell subsequently published a letter in reference to their system, from which we make an extract. It is dated London, April 19, 1837, and is addressed to the Dublin Pilot.

"It is true that I was a freemason and a master of a lodge. It was at a very early period of my life, and either before an ecclesiastical censure had been published in the Catholic church in Ireland, prohibiting the taking of the masonic oaths, or, at least, before I was aware of that censure. I now wish to state that, having become acquainted with it, I submitted to its influence, and many, very many years ago, unequivocally renounced freemasonry. I offered the late archbishop, Dr. Troy, to make that renunciation public, but he deemed it unnecessary. I am not sorry to have this opportunity of doing so."

O'Connell derived considerable *éclat* from the success of the two prominent measures of this parliament — the triumph of the English

corporate reform bill, and the suppression of the Orange lodges. He was hailed through England as the leader of reform. Nor were his fame and popularity confined within the British empire. His name and his speeches were as familiar on the lips of the Parisian politicians as they were among the members of the Dublin trades; and he was actually invited by some French prisoners of state to undertake their defence before the tribunal of that country, but declined for this, the chief reason, "That though he understood and spoke the French language, yet his command of it was not sufficient to enable him to translate his ideas as he went along, in speaking, without embarrassing his powers of thought, and diverting them, in the search for words, from the attention necessary to reason the points with effect."

The Liberator, at this period, took frequent opportunities to praise the United States; and while he ever took exception to her slavery laws, he never failed to hold up her general government to the admiration of mankind. Thus, at the Dublin election in 1835, he eloquently alludes to the glorious republic: "To that revolution glorious America may be thankful that she is hourly increasing in wealth, hourly accumulating strength, and hourly extending liberty. She is the only state in the world in which there is not one penny national debt now due; the only state in the world in which is recognized that impress of God upon the soul of man, affirming him the superior to other creatures, 'but making him the inferior of no created being.'"

We find him, throughout the whole of this year, at war with some one section or leader of the tory party. The Duke of Wellington charged him with having been a "*convicted* conspirator," and with having "more power than any man in England." The Liberator's reply was able and happy; and as to the *convictions* obtained against him, he thus disposes of the accusation: "The return was printed by order of the house of commons; it was in your hands; it showed that there were eleven indictments against me, several of them charging me with sedition, and a conspiracy for seditious purposes; but every one of them, every indictment charging me with any moral offence, *abandoned on the record* by the attorney-general. There remained one indictment; it was for disobeying a proclamation. I insisted that it was no offence to disobey a proclamation; and, relying on that plain principle of the law, I refused to plead to that indictment; having first secured these terms, that no attempt should be made to proceed to judgment without giving me the full power to have the twelve judges in Ireland, and finally the house of lords, decide whether or not it was an offence to disobey a

proclamation. Thus I was not only *not convicted*, but I was not *tried* at all."

The animosity of the tory party was excited to an intense pitch. The whig reform had already laid hands upon the church, upon the English corporations, and upon the Orange system. Further reforms were threatened. O'Connell was travelling among the English masses, preaching the reform of the lords, the shortening of parliaments, the ballot, and universal suffrage. A circumstance now occurred which arrested for a moment the career of the Liberator; it was the *Raphael* affair, the outline of which is this: *Alexander Raphael*, a wealthy London alderman, was ambitious of getting into parliament as a reformer. Knowing the great influence which O'Connell possessed in Ireland, he applied to him to introduce him to the constituency of some popular county or city. O'Connell was just then looking out for a wealthy reformer to stand the Carlow contest in company with *N. Vigers*, against the overflowing joint-stock purse of Bruen, Cavanagh, and the county Carlow tories. After one or two interviews, the Liberator informed Alderman Raphael, that, for a subscription to the Carlow fund of two thousand pounds, he would be returned with *Vigers*; one thousand pounds of the money to be paid on Raphael's being put in nomination, and the remainder to be paid when he was returned. The terms were accepted, and the money was paid to Mr. O'Connell. It went to Carlow, and was expended in the contest, under the inspection of Mr. *Vigers* and the Rev. Mr. Meaher. Every shilling of it was expended in Carlow; and Mr. O'Connell actually paid fifteen pounds more than he received from Raphael to the Carlow committee. Raphael and *Vigers* were returned to parliament, but they were petitioned against, and the former refused to defend his position, alleging that O'Connell was bound to sustain all the attending expenses. Their return was annulled; and then Raphael published all the private correspondence, which, until explained by the actual vouchers from the Carlow committee, made the Liberator appear to the world as a trafficker in the parliamentary privileges of his country.

The mist, however, soon cleared away, and the true issue became apparent. A motion was made in the house of commons to vote the transaction a breach of its privileges; but the majority, for the innocence of O'Connell, overbore all opposition, and the honorable gentleman came from the ordeal completely triumphant.

After this, several of the chief cities and towns of England invited and entertained him at public dinners, and presented him addresses of con-

fidence and congratulation. The degree of respect which he enjoyed from the great body of the English democracy is indeed almost incredible. His reception in Liverpool was more brilliant than any other man, even Canning, ever received from the inhabitants of that commercial *entrepôt* of the world. The corporation of the town entertained him in the most costly and magnificent style. Similar entertainments, attended by immense processions of the people, awaited him in Manchester, in Nottingham, York, Hull, London; and, finally, this sympathy suddenly transmuted itself into a substantial gift: a sum of eight thousand pounds was subscribed by his English friends towards his personal revenue, to enable him, as they said, to withstand the ruinous expense to which his tory enemies were driving him. Never, surely, had any native of Ireland so great an ascendancy over the British empire as this extraordinary man now possessed. And it is impossible to resist an expression of regret to find that it has not continued at least to the same extent.

About this time Mr. Ruthven died. He was the colleague of O'Connell for the city of Dublin, and may be deemed one of the honestest men that ever entered parliament. He was a northern Protestant, a member for a northern county, and first recommended himself to the affections of the Irish people by his disinterested and able defence of O'Connell from some rabid attack upon him in parliament. His remains were followed to the Glasnevin burial-ground, by ten thousand tradesmen of Dublin; where a monument has been erected to his memory.

The session of 1836 was one of storm and party thunder in parliament. In Ireland the most exciting agitation reigned. O'Connell had not only to defend his position in parliament against the tories, but had to battle with a species of back-water opposition at home, on the poor-law question, led on by Mr. Staunton (of the Register) and the Rev. Mr. O'Mally. He had this year abolished the *Anti-Tory Association*, and formed a new one, which he denominated the "General Association of Ireland;" the admission fee to speak and vote in which was one pound per annum. One of the most prominent questions brought up for discussion in this body was a "provision for the Irish poor." The *pros* and *cons*, upon this exciting topic, were urged by these gentlemen with great pertinacity and vehemence. O'Connell, finding himself unable to cope with his opponents in debate, moved that the whole question be referred to "the committee up stairs," which took it out of the General Assembly into one more compact and less impassioned.

In the mean time, Lord John Russell moved, in the house of commons, for a commission to inquire into the state of the poor of Ireland, with a view to introduce a system of relief into that country; and very soon after, Mr. Nichols was despatched by his lordship into Ireland, to inquire into the condition of the poor. After a sojourn of a couple of months, he made his celebrated report to parliament, upon which the Irish poor-law bill was founded. Although Mr. Nichols did not give himself sufficient time to judge of the applicability of a wearing system of poor laws to Ireland, — for, instead of two months, he should have staid there two years, — yet the facts which he gathered and published are of unquestionable authenticity and value: He states that the wages of the agricultural laborers varied from sixpence to twelvecence a day; the average was about eight and a half. The earnings of laborers, on an average of the whole class, did not exceed two shillings to two shillings and sixpence a week, for the whole year round; from which miserable income a man and his family were to feed and clothe themselves! The number of persons out of work, and in distress, during thirty weeks of the year, was estimated at 585,000; and the number of persons dependent upon *them* for support, at not less than 1,800,000, making, in the whole, 2,385,000, or one fourth of the entire population, who may be said to be dependent upon charitable support for six months in every year; that the support of the poor fell exclusively on the farming and cotter class; and the voluntary relief afforded by these he values at near a million sterling per annum.

As a remedy, he proposed to divide Ireland into one hundred unions, each to have a local board of guardians, and a large workhouse. The whole number, he calculated, would accommodate about 80,000 poor people, to be supported by a tax raised on landed and house property, one half to be paid by the occupier, and the other half by the lord of the soil; out-door relief to be abolished, and residence in the workhouse to be a necessary preliminary to relief.

This measure encountered a world of discussion during 1836–1837. It was, however, recommended in the king's speech in 1837, and passed into a law that session, after an unflinching but ineffectual opposition from O'Connell and some of the Irish members, and from most of the grand juries of Ireland. In 1839 and 1840, it was very generally carried into effect through Ireland, though at an enormous outlay; the workhouses alone costing near eight hundred thousand pounds; each board and house were officered by a very expensive staff, whose salaries, generally speaking, came to nearly one third of the cost of the food con-

sumed by the poor; in addition to which, there were four English commissioners appointed to carry it into operation, with salaries of two thousand pounds (10,000 dollars) a year each, which, all taken together, generated suspicion and discontent.

This measure has proved a signal failure. The people, in most cases, refuse to pass a rate. There is no money to be found by the commissioners; and the consequence is the poor, in many places, are discharged upon the country, and live upon the bounty of the charitable, as they formerly did. In this affair O'Connell is eminently triumphant.

During the years 1836 and 1837, a great many improvements were effected in the criminal law, in church laws, in the navy regulations, and in corporate or municipal laws. A more liberal system of education was established, which was extended to still wider circles than formerly. Yet the condition and food of the working people throughout the British empire remained unimproved. A plethoric expansion of paper by the Bank of England had generated a false capital. A large speculative business was driven in the commercial cities of England, but all was hollow and rotten, as we shall see in the sequel.

On the 20th of June, 1837, King William the Fourth died, in the 73d year of his age, and the seventh of his reign. He was succeeded by the Princess VICTORIA, daughter of the Duke of Kent, who ascended the throne of Britain in the eighteenth year of her age.

The excitement consequent upon the death of one monarch and the accession of another — that successor a young and lovely girl, the daughter of parents endeared to the nation by their virtuous lives, their liberal opinions, and their benevolent deeds — is not to be described. There seemed to be a simultaneous pause in the clash of politics. A dissolution of parliament was necessarily at hand, and both of the great parties buckled on their political armor for the approaching struggle. It seemed to be a return of the battles of the roses. The young queen gave assurance to Lord Melbourne that he should retain the sword of state. The preparation for her coronation commenced; the business in parliament languished; the Irish corporation bill was stopped in the house of peers, and a motion was tried in the house of commons to abolish altogether the corporations of Ireland. The attention of parliament could scarcely be kept alive to any thing, and as soon as it was dissolved, and a new election followed, the uproar of clashing parties through the empire exceeds my space or powers to describe.

After the election, it was ascertained that the new parliament was made up very equally of whigs and tories. The latter had gained

upon the former some dozen of votes since the previous election, and it was soon found to be a matter of some difficulty to determine which party conducted the government, "her majesty's ministers," or "her majesty's opposition."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S coronation took place in 1838, and certainly it was the grandest pageant that probably ever took place in England. Westminster Abbey was fitted up for the performance of the ceremony at an expense of seventy thousand pounds. It was benched on every side up to the ceiling, like an amphitheatre. Seats for twenty thousand persons were fitted up. Wealthy strangers from all parts of the British empire, and from many parts of Europe, thronged to London to witness this grand sight. Every vehicle, from the fleet railway cars to the country farm carts, which could be procured, was filled with human beings, bearing to this grand centre. Many distinguished Irish characters could not get to London for want of conveyances. The late Chief Baron O'Loghlin, with some of his friends, was left on the road in some country town in England. The influx of strangers to London to witness this brilliant ceremony was officially announced by Spring Rice, the chancellor of the exchequer, at four hundred thousand persons, whose expenditure, at thirty shillings apiece, came to more than *half a million sterling a day*; and the great majority of them remained in London for two or three weeks, by which at least **TEN MILLIONS STERLING** (fifty millions of dollars) were distributed among the London tradesmen.

All the European nations sent special ambassadors to represent them upon that occasion. The equipages, costumes, and trappings of these delegates of royalty realized the splendors of fairy land. The ambassadors of France, Austria, and Russia made very grand displays. The American minister, as became him, went in a plain equipage. The procession, of which all these grandees formed a part, together with her majesty in her state carriage alone, and the principal members of the royal family in six or seven grand carriages, followed by a long line of principal officers of state, and the peerage of England, passed in review before the thronging citizens, from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey. The route through which all this pageant moved, was lined, on either side of the streets, by tiers of benches, hastily fitted up, and let at a guinea a seat; so that the journey appeared to be one grand theatrical procession through a scene formed by the finest streets of London.

As her majesty arrived at the ancient portal of Westminster Abbey, a discharge of twenty-one guns announced the fact. The twenty thou-

sand inmates, who had been fixed in their seats from an early hour in the morning, exhibited a galvanic impulse. Plumes and coronets were in motion, and when the queen appeared, the whole assembly, by one electric impulse, rose to their feet. The after ceremonies were solemn and tedious. When all was concluded, and the crown upon her royal head, and her majesty placed sitting in St. Edward's chair, in which the old Irish stone of *Láigh Fail* is encased, the "royal shout" was given, echoed by the discharge outside of forty-one pieces of cannon. This old Irish ceremony, now presented to the senses with so grand an accompaniment, could not but affect all present. The ceremony ended, the queen returned to her palace, the nobility and gentry to their various homes, where banquetting and joy reigned paramount for several days and nights. The theatres, the gardens, all places of amusement, were crowded. It was July, and nature was robed in loveliness. Business was forgotten. Pleasure reigned in every breast. Money was freely spent. Reason was asleep; and the young queen of England sat proudly and happily on the throne of the Edwards and Henrys.

But shortlived was all this quiet and glory. The new parliament assembled. The tories had formed a well-organized opposition to the queen and her ministers. Sir Robert Peel had been entertained at a public dinner in London by three hundred and twenty members of the house of commons—a sign fearfully significant to the whig cabinet. On the very first night of the assembling of the new parliament, Lord John Russell, in view of the tory organization, and with the design of attracting some of Sir Robert Peel's auxiliaries, declared that his associates in her majesty's service were opposed to the ballot, or to any further reforms in the state—a declaration at once disgusting to the nation and disastrous to his ministry. The ministry of which his lordship was a prominent member was thrice ushered into power on the principle of progressive reform; and the nation that sacrificed so much to uphold them, beheld, with natural dismay and disgust, the promulgation of that haughty dictum which, eight years previously, lost to the Duke of Wellington the proud position of minister of Britain.

The tories, encouraged by this grand mistake, were now led on by Sir Robert Peel to the seizure of office. The debates in the house of commons soon disclosed to the inconsistent, ungrateful, and unwise ministry, that their days were numbered. They were beaten by tory majorities in several divisions—majorities small in numerical preponderance, but vast in numerical substance, ranging generally from three hundred to three hundred and twenty in a house of six hundred.



The whig ministry saw that it was impossible to carry on the government in the face of so worrying an opposition, and they resigned.

Her majesty sent, of course, for Sir Robert Peel, the head of the tory phalanx. He came to her palace *in state*. He was offered and accepted the office of prime minister, and soon appeared in the house of commons as the premier of England. His cabinet was nearly formed, and all his arrangements were complete; but a difficulty was unexpectedly encountered by the tory chief. In the arrangements between her majesty and Sir Robert every power was given to the minister to construct his *male* cabinet. The premier omitted all stipulation about the female portion; and now, when the tory ladies connected with the ministry were about to take their places about her majesty's person, in the bedchamber or boudoir, they found the ladies of the late ministers in possession, whom the queen refused to part with. The principal ladies connected with the late ministers were the Marchioness of Normanby and the Duchess of Sutherland, the wife and sister of the lord lieutenant and secretary of Ireland. Sir Robert Peel demanded the dismissal of those ladies; but her majesty steadfastly refused, and hereupon the premier called a cabinet council, placed before them the grave obstacles to his progress, when it was agreed by the tory leaders to relinquish office.

Sir Robert Peel resigned after enjoying power three days. This affair gave rise to the most extraordinary rumors. It was broadly insinuated by the whigs that, if the queen allowed the tory ladies around her person, they would poison her. The fate of the unfortunate Princess Charlotte was present to her majesty's mind, and the dark and dimly shadowed designs of toryism upon her sacred person were industriously presented to the public mind by the whig newspapers. The whig and radical portion of the empire was in ecstasies at the firmness of her majesty. Lord Melbourne and his ministers were recalled. The government of Ireland was left in the hands of Lords Mulgrave and Morpeth, and the populace in both countries shouted *Io pæans* at their deliverance from tory rule.

The whig ministry neglected to profit by this accident. Instead of conciliating the people of either country, they were sluggish and morose. The chartists, led on by Lovitt, Stephens, Feargus O'Connor, and many others in England, had organized, and were demanding the concession of the people's "CHARTER." This demand was comprehended in five chief articles, viz., universal suffrage, the ballot, the annual election of members to parliament, the abolition of all property qualification in members, and their payment from the public taxes for their services.

These five points were previously sanctioned by Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Attwood, Mr. Hume, Colonel Thompson, and some other leading members of parliament. A most extensive organization had been established throughout England and Scotland to carry this charter. Considerable sums of money were collected and expended by the chartist leaders. They established newspapers and conducted them with commanding ability; and, although the cause is now apparently backward, it should be recollected that reform was far more backward twenty years ago.

Chief among this new party stood Mr. FEARGUS O'CONNOR. He had recently established, as a chartist newspaper, the *Northern Star*, then published weekly in Leeds, but since removed to London. With the exception of the *Despatch*, this paper acquired the greatest circulation of any newspaper ever published in England. It ranged from twenty-five to thirty-five thousand copies a week, and exercised an omnipotent influence over the working classes of England and Scotland. The Irishman who could thus acquire such extensive sway over the masses of England, deserves to be particularly described to the reader.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR is son to the late Roger O'Connor, author of the translation of the *Chronicles of Eri*, and nephew to ARTHUR O'CONNOR, the distinguished exile of 1798, at present in France. Feargus was born in Dugan, in the county of Meath. His father retained some fragment of the ancient patrimony of the family, and in subsequent years, Feargus was bequeathed a small estate in the county of Cork, and held, besides, his uncle's property of Connorville, partly in trust, from all which he enjoyed an income of six or eight hundred pounds a year. Mr. O'Connor was educated for the law; was well versed in Irish history, and deeply saturated with her inspiring poetry; had studied Oisín, and formed his style of writing or speaking after that sublime and passionate author; was a graceful and pleasing speaker; possessed a musical voice, and spoke with a chivalrous air, conscious that kingly blood coursed through his veins. About thirty years of age; his looks were earnest; his cheeks and brow were, for a young man, somewhat care-marked; his stature large, shoulders massive; brown hair, a retreating forehead, and a good expressive eye; possessing all the impetuosity of the Celt, all his pride and poetic passion.

Such was Feargus O'Connor when the reform bill was carried, in 1831, and the country about to take advantage of its privileges through the issue of a general election; and his first appearance in the great political drama took place in 1832, at a public meeting in Cork, called by the whigs of that city to consider of the most fit and proper persons to

be put in nomination as members of parliament for the county of Cork — a county whose population was very close to eight hundred thousand. This meeting was attended by the chief whigs of the county of Cork, and the proceedings had gone on in a manner smooth and gratifying to the assembled aristocracy of that most aristocratic part of Ireland, when a seeming stranger rose amid the crowd to address the president of the meeting. He proposed some amendment to entitle himself to speak, and astonished and delighted the democratic part of the assembly by the melody and eloquence of his address and the radical honesty of his principles. "Away with this canting whiggery!" he cried; "repeal, and nothing but repeal, will do for Ireland!" He was cheered to the echo. The foundation of his fame was laid. But who is he? asked many voices. *Feargus O'Connor!* was the reply. And when he told the whig and tory borough-mongers of Cork, who had contrived, for better than a century, to keep the representation of the county a family privilege among them, that *he* was determined to open the county, doubt, and dismay, and surprise came over them; and he immediately set about the canvass of the county upon repeal principles.

In this canvass he was eminently successful. His addresses upon repeal and the nationality of Ireland came home to the hearts of men, and to help him in this enterprise, he was fortunate enough to obtain a public letter of recommendation from O'Connell. The Trades Association of Cork was newly formed, and to that body Mr. O'Connor looked for public support; nor was he disappointed. They received him with a heartiness equal to their political honesty; and very soon after this, *Daniel Callaghan*, the conservative and unionist, a member of parliament, and the first merchant in Ireland, declared himself a repealer. The sentiment spread through the vast county. The day of trial came, and Feargus O'Connor was returned the repeal member for Cork county. Astounding was the effect of this triumph on the popular mind. Already was it over-excited about tithes. Blood from both parties had besmeared the earth. Feargus O'Connor rode upon the whirlwind of the public passions. He was returned to parliament; was a conspicuous speaker on the repeal question, and took a more than moderate part in urging it on for discussion. In this matter he rather displeased the Liberator, for he seemed resolved to take the question out of his hands; and, at one period, he actually put a notice on the books of parliament with the intention of bringing on the discussion himself. He seconded O'Connell in his motion for repeal in 1834. In the succeeding summer, a dissolution of parliament took place, and Mr. O'Connor was opposed at the hust-

ings by Colonel Longfield, one of his own relatives. Mr. O'Connor's majority was overwhelmingly beyond his opponent; but, on a petition of Longfield against O'Connor's *property* qualification, the latter was unseated, much to the chagrin of the county, and somewhat to the damage of his political character.

Mr. O'Connor from thenceforward mingled much with the English democracy, and brought into a tangible demand the discontented grumbling of the working classes. Hence came the *charter*, as I have already described it, which Mr. O'Connor urged with great energy, power, and eloquence, throughout England. He set up the *Northern Star*, to advocate and instruct the English masses on their rights and duties.

In 1840, the chartist leaders had committed themselves so far against the laws, that sixteen or seventeen of them were prosecuted for sedition, and were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Mr. O'Connor was imprisoned in York Castle; but the whole term of his imprisonment was not insisted on by the whig ministry. In 1841, the chartists again revived; and they sent forward a petition to parliament signed by *three and a half millions!* This monster petition was drawn up by Feargus O'Connor, and presented by Mr. T. Duncombe, and it prayed for the *CHARTER*, and, among other measures, for the *repeal of the union* between England and Ireland. In 1842, Feargus O'Connor was again prosecuted by the ministry for sedition, and found guilty; but he set the verdict aside on motion for a new trial, and the government, after an expenditure of thirteen thousand pounds in his case, abandoned the prosecution. Mr. O'Connor has at this moment a very extensive influence in England. His paper yields him five or six thousand pounds a year. It confers upon him both wealth and power.

In 1836, it became apparent in O'Connell's speeches that a mutual dislike had grown up between O'Connor and him. Soon it became a public quarrel, and from thence a painful and protracted recrimination. The dispute between those two prominent men continued for several years; but the fire of conflict on both sides seems to have been pretty well exhausted; and certainly, during the black days of the "captivity," Feargus O'Connor, anxious to manifest a generous friendship for an enemy whom he could not but respect, and, notwithstanding all, sincerely loved—marshalled one hundred thousand men at Sheffield in a public meeting, at which an address of condolence was passed and sent by Feargus O'Connor from that meeting to O'Connell's prison. In London, too, where Mr. O'Connor is very popular, he was also conspicuous in getting up a grand public meeting, at which he submitted an address to

O'Connell in prison — all which are signs satisfactory of his desire for a reconciliation with the father of his country. And let me here express a public hope, as I have long cherished a private one, that the day may soon arrive when those distinguished men will be reunited in the great struggle for Irish independence. I have no hesitation in saying that there are four Irishmen living sufficiently powerful, if united, to strip any ministry in England of its power, and to give to their native land her freedom. These are Daniel O'Connell, Feargus O'Connor, Richard Lalor Sheil, and Tom Moore. It is much to be deplored that these men of fire, of soul, of strength and power, cannot bury their unfriendly feelings, and form one glorious combination for the liberation of their common country.

It was necessary, before we proceeded beyond the year 1838, that the reader should have a glance at the leader of the British chartists, and an idea of the nature of those demands which they had associated to enforce.

England was thoroughly discontented. A revulsion of commercial credit had taken place. Many of the banks had suspended payment, and those that remained in action were so cramped in their business that they afforded very little aid to public enterprise. Manufactures and general business were paralyzed. Multitudes of men were thrown out of employment, who were found on every side discussing their hard fate and the supposed political cause.

In Ireland another species of discontent was growing up. The enterprise of the people, so long checked and discouraged by the tory merchants, in whose exclusive hands the monetary power of Ireland had long been deposited, now began to burst forth, in spite of the antiquated restrictions by which it was on every side encompassed. An abolition of the monopoly of the Bank of Ireland was called for; new railroads were projected; a board for the protection and encouragement of the fisheries was asked; and a general fosterage of Irish enterprise was urged upon the government, which owed so much to, and so thoroughly depended for existence on, the Irish people.

The call for a fair and open system of joint-stock banking was openly resisted by Mr. Spring Rice, the chancellor of the exchequer, one of the most prominent men of the administration. All financial questions connected with the government of Ireland were, by cabinet etiquette, referred to the chancellor of the exchequer. Though Lord Morpeth and Lord Mulgrave (marquis of Normanby) were members of the cabinet, they could not be held responsible for the financial operations of Mr. Spring

Rice. The directors of the Irish monopoly were in close communication with the directors of the still greater monopoly, the Bank of England; and, as the charter of the latter was to expire in the year 1844, they naturally sympathized in every endeavor of the Irish bank directory to effect the perpetuation of their exclusive privileges. Those members of the British parliament who are directly under the influence of the Bank of England—a powerful phalanx—were therefore ready to vote for the renewal of the Bank of Ireland charter.

The Bank of Ireland has a history of its own. It was chartered in 1784, with a capital of six hundred thousand pounds, to continue for twenty-five years; renewed, at the expiration of that term, for another cycle; its capital allowed to increase at various periods, until it amounted to THREE MILLIONS sterling, old Irish currency. Its circulation of notes exceeded three millions, and the public and government deposits amounted to three and a half millions. The aggregate means of the company amounted to some TEN MILLIONS sterling, (about fifty millions of dollars,) and the utmost it lent to commercial men, upon the best kind of security, did not exceed one fourth of their means; the residue was locked up in government securities. For fifty-seven years the bank did not lose by bad debts so much as it realized in clear profit in any ONE year of all that time, and therefore it could, with safety, extend its aid to enterprise, without materially increasing its risk. But to do so was against the interest and the genius of that Orange clique, who were placed, in days of bigotry and ignorance, in the exclusive management of the national credit.

The charter originally granted to this corporation contained religious tests as part of the qualification of the directors. All the old bigoted and senseless oaths against Popery were to be sworn to by the directors on entering office. The bank was to discountenance Popery by refusing to discount the bills of Papists; and it carried that bad policy out, for more than half a century, with terrible fidelity. Protestant merchants, Protestant manufacturers, and Protestant enterprise, were alone recognized, by this Orange corporation, as worthy of its support; nor could a Catholic clerk obtain employment in any of its offices—and it employed beyond two hundred in Dublin alone. The Protestants of Ireland formed about one seventh of the population, and the Catholics the remaining six sevenths; yet this bank, whose capital and credit were chiefly supplied by Catholics, was worked rather as an engine to depress than a means to aid their enterprise.

But the tyranny of the thing did not stop here. The charter originally

conferred upon this corporation the exclusive liberty of forming a joint-stock banking company in Ireland. This clause forbade all competition from large companies, while it admitted the competition of weak private banks, which were by law prohibited from giving the public the security of an extended proprietary and a large paid-up capital. In 1826, some modification of the bank laws took place, when six or seven joint-stock banks were formed; but still under such severe restrictions, that but a moderate and unsettled benefit was enjoyed by the trading community; for, a circuit of fifty miles around Dublin was reserved for the exclusive operations of this bank, which circuit embraced the operations of the capital and one third of the population of Ireland.

In a political sense, too, this bank was a cruel tyranny. Its directors and their friends, being all violent tories, were generally called upon as juries to try political offenders, and never failed to condemn the unfortunate agitators who were arraigned before them. In contested elections, these directors, their clerks, and their immediate connections in business, who hung upon them for credit, were the busy or secret agents of the tory candidates. Their look or their word, in commercial circles, was sufficient to coerce opinion; for few were independent of their influence.

Such was the Bank of Ireland when its charter expired in 1838. The whigs were in power, and this bank, through its thousand agencies, opposed them. Yet, when its directors sought a renewal of that exclusive monopoly, there were none so prompt to secure it for them as Thomas Spring Rice, the whig chancellor of the exchequer. But he was defeated by the indomitable exertions of O'Connell.\*

\* I had the honor to be among the foremost in struggling for this open system of banking for Ireland, and of opposing the renewal of the Bank of Ireland charter. I wrote, for two years, in the Dublin Pilot, against that wicked charter: and, for those two years, my pen alone moved against it. I showed my countrymen, in a hundred articles, the injurious tendency of that monopoly. I believe I may say, without incurring the charge of egotism, that I was the first and most prominent man outside the walls of parliament in opposing the renewal of this charter. I got up meetings at my own expense; made the iniquity of the system familiar to the people; and went so far as to purchase their stock, that I might have an opportunity of opposing them in their own board-room. I did oppose them there, in the presence of the greatest number of their stockholders which ever assembled; and although, upon the first attempt, they suddenly adjourned the meeting, they were obliged, on the next sitting, to bear me for more than two hours, when I showed, without contradiction, to the nation the rottenness, and injustice, and tyranny, of their system.

There was a great excitement, and their stock fell, in seven days, fifteen pounds per one hundred pound share. Still they had in parliament a firm friend in T. S. Rice. He was their advocate and their counsel; yet he was vigorously opposed in parliament by O'Connell and Hume, with others. There never was such an opposition offered in

The zealous support tendered to this corrupt Orange corporation by a leading member of the whig cabinet, naturally created distrust among the people, and that distrust was increased when they perceived the undue interference of the government with the railway enterprise of the day. In 1836, several railway speculations were started. Lines were levelled from Dublin to the north, from Dublin to the west, to the south, and to many intermediate points. Very large capitals were already subscribed; bills for many of the undertakings were carried, at a great expense, through parliament, and the workmen were generally about to begin the cuttings, when, all on a sudden, a railway commission for Ireland was issued out from parliament, under the auspices of the whig chancellor, Spring Rice, to "inquire into the capabilities of Ireland to sustain railways by the return of a sufficient profit on the outlay, and the most fitting routes for such." The commissioners came to Ireland, travelled, and inquired, and sat and digested a huge report, which, all together, cost the queen's exchequer *five-and-twenty thousand pounds*, and which promulgated one disastrous idea; namely, that no railway in Ireland could possibly realize more than three and a half per cent. per annum on the capital invested.

This report, from authority, fell like a thunderbolt among the shareholders of the various projects that had actually been commenced.

parliament to any measure, as that offered by the Liberator to the renewal of this charter. He debated every clause, and divided the house at every stage. He moved adjournments or amendments, Mr Hume seconding him. I had uttered my belief, at a public meeting, that Mr. Rice was bribed by the bank. Of this he complained in the house, and denied the imputation; but O'Connell well replied, "he would not say that the honorable member was bribed, but *if he had been bribed* by the bank, he could not struggle more heartily in its favor." The opposition of the Liberator was continued upwards of two weeks, during which he originated forty-seven motions against the renewal of the charter, and pledged himself that he would die on the floor of the house ere he would suffer it to pass. It was, after a fruitless effort of its abettors, postponed from year to year, giving the directors only an annual lease of their illegitimate privilege. During the succeeding years, the directors became more liberal, in obedience to an excited public opinion; and while I write, I have the satisfaction of hearing that their monopoly is altogether abolished, and a free trade in banking proclaimed in Ireland, and that by the tory, Sir Robert Peel. It is a triumph as great as Catholic emancipation, and second only in importance to a repeal of the union.

I may be pardoned by the reader for dwelling so long upon this topic, when I inform him that I lost both wealth, connections, and time, in opposing this monster; that I should to-day rank among the proudest merchants of Ireland, but for my opposition to this incubus; that it hired a venal press to traduce me, and stimulated and rewarded those who exerted themselves to hunt me down. I cannot therefore deny myself the expression of those emotions of exultation which I naturally feel on learning that this wicked monopoly is at length abolished.



Shares which, like the "Dublin and Drogheda," the "Belfast and Ar-magh" lines, were actually selling in the market at three to five pounds premium upon a paid instalment of ten pounds, fell immediately below par. Those who had paid in money to them were willing to forfeit all they had paid, and refused to pay another shilling. All was panic and commercial disaster; and this panic extended to banking and other shares, and produced a run upon the banks, and the utmost commercial confusion in the country; and all this time the crooked chancellor of the exchequer had actually in view to induce the government to undertake the railways of Ireland as a vast job, in which he and his personal friends were to be the special managers. This, however, was frustrated by Peel and the English tories, who absolutely outvoted the proposal, and refused the ministerial demand of three millions of the public money to the furtherance of railroads in Ireland.

But the feeble or inimical disposition of the government towards Ireland did not stop here. A few gentlemen in Dublin, who had been connected with the Irish fisheries, who saw with regret the rich mine of national wealth which they offered so completely neglected by the government, brought the matter under the observation of Lord Morpeth and the Irish executive. It was shown to his lordship that, during the existence of the Irish parliament, a fishery board had been liberally sustained by annual grants, whose duty it was to supervise the fisheries of Ireland, to build harbors, superintend the building and outfit of proper boats, the proper curing of the fish, and check the undue interference of foreigners with the enterprise of the natives. Under the action of this board, the fisheries of Ireland thrived, and upwards of sixty thousand men and boys were constantly employed thereby, forming an excellent nursery for a commercial or protective navy. When the parliament was suppressed in 1800, this board was very soon after discontinued, and the fisheries of Ireland ceased to afford that wealth and employment which they previously had done. In succeeding years, the Scotch and English fishermen, who are to this day sustained by fishery boards, and an annual grant of ten thousand a year to that of Scotland, came upon the Irish coast, and with larger and better equipped vessels, caught and carried off that inestimable wealth of the waters which Providence had directed, in immeasurable shoals, to the Irish coast. A bounty was and is actually paid from the exchequer of the empire to these Scotch fishermen for each barrel of herrings they catch and cure; and by this system of legerdemain they actually draw from impoverished Ireland three hundred thousand pounds every year, chiefly for that very fish which they catch in her own waters.

These things were represented to Lord Morpeth by Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Jagoe, Mr. J. Redmond Barry, and some others, and his lordship framed a bill to reconstitute a fishery board for Ireland, to be sustained, like that of Scotland, by an annual grant. When it had passed through the first reading, and was printed, forty of the Scotch members came to his lordship in a body, and informed him that if he proceeded with the bill, they would in a body vote against the government upon every other measure. Lord Morpeth dropped the bill, for the ministry durst not encounter the opposition of the sturdy Scotchmen.

A further evidence of the inability or disinclination of an English parliament to treat Ireland fairly is offered in the beet-root sugar question. About the year 1837, the growth of beet-root, and the manufacture of it into sugar, were begun in the north of Ireland. It had been, for one or two years previously, very extensively cultivated and manufactured in France. Indeed, one third of all the sugar consumed in that country is extracted from the beet-root. Some enterprising merchants in Hillsborough, in the north of Ireland, at the head of whom was Mr. Grimshaw, formed a company for the encouragement of the growth of beet-root and the manufacture of it into sugar. A capital of sixteen thousand pounds was paid in and invested by the company in buildings and apparatus for the business. They were getting on very well, giving employment to very many, and obtaining a fair return for their outlay. Other companies were about to start; and it is probable Ireland, in a few years, would have been able to supply all the sugar she required, and have had some to export. But the ministry, the whig ministry, (which was kept in power by Ireland,) actually carried a short bill through parliament, which PROHIBITED the manufacture of beet-root into sugar in Ireland; and what adds to the enormity, Mr. Grimshaw petitioned for compensation, but never received one shilling from the British parliament. All the capital and machinery of his company was sacrificed, without cause or compensation, to the Moloch of British domination.

But this was part of that system which a half dozen years previously had suppressed, by act of parliament, the growth of tobacco in Ireland. In 1832 and 1833, there were hundreds of luxuriant fields of tobacco growing in the counties of Wexford, Waterford, and Kilkenny. It yielded the farmers a large and profitable return; but lest it might, as in the sugar question, diminish the revenue which England draws from Ireland (*unjustly draws*) by sixpence in the year, they brought in a crushing bill, which forbade the growth of tobacco in Ireland, and which ordered the burning of all that then existed in the country; and "commissioners"

were actually sent through the south of Ireland to collect and burn the tobacco grown upon the soil, having compensated the owners for the stock destroyed. Surely such things as these would not be suffered in any country in the world but in patient, down-trodden Ireland.

But all this was far from all the injustice inflicted on Ireland. In the previous ten years, there had been, by the 59th of George the Third, and by another act the last year of William the Fourth, a sum of £4,700,000, borrowed by exchequer bills, "to advance public works in the United Kingdom." £4,500,000 of this sum were expended in England, and but £200,000 in Ireland; that is, wealthy England obtained *twenty-one times* as much of the public money to aid her public works as miserable Ireland, though Ireland contributed the *eighth part* of the whole revenue of the United Kingdom. Another item, growing out of the reduction of taxation, is equally illustrative; the amount of taxes repealed in England since the fall of Napoleon was forty-seven millions; the amount of taxes repealed in Ireland during the same period was *one million and a half*.

These are samples of the mode in which England legislates for Ireland; and here I may introduce a glimpse at the landed and commercial relations of the two countries.

The giant grievance of the land is the absentee drain; and this has been a grievance from the times of Edward the Third. Many of those Englishmen who obtained estates in Ireland, lived, at that time, out of the country; — King Edward viewed this to be a serious injury to his interest and authority, and he passed an act laying a heavy tax upon all such absentees. In the year 1368, an ordinance of 42 Edward the Third states, "*les dits mals (the conduct of the absentees) aveneez en perdition la dite terre.*" This tax, in the course of time, fell into disuse, but was renewed by other monarchs, and, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, was vigorously revived, when six shillings and eight pence in the pound was laid upon all property in Ireland, owned by absentees, by which many Englishmen lost their Irish estates. In the subsequent wars, this tax again fell into disuse. In 1601, a writer on the affairs of England and Ireland avers that the amount of drainage of wealth by absentees, in various ways, was £136,000 per annum. In 1729 a work, ascribed to Thomas Prior, contains a list of the then absentees, and their draughts of wealth from Ireland amounted to £627,000 per annum. Arthur Young, in 1779, affirms it to have been then £732,000. An alphabetical list of names, published in 1782, made it then £2,223,000. From 1782 to 1797, the healthy action of the Irish parliament, and the brilliancy

of the court and of Irish society, brought back some of the Irish absentees, and for some years the drain was kept down to under a million a year; but, the parliament extinguished, the legislators were brought by necessity to England; and each carrying with him his own circle of friends, it gradually increased, year after year, according as the wealthy classes were drawn to England or elsewhere; and it stands now at the enormous sum of SIX MILLIONS STERLING (*twenty-seven millions* of dollars) per annum. To this is to be added four millions per annum drawn over to England in revenue, besides the incredible sum that is drawn off imperceptibly.

Aware of the objection which most readers have to look into masses of figures, I shall not load my page with them, to prove, in detail, the general assertions which I am now about to make. But if those assertions are disputed by any authority worthy of notice, I have the necessary details at hand to sustain, through public letters or otherwise, the general propositions I advance.

Ireland is annually robbed by England of EIGHTEEN MILLIONS STERLING, equal to *eighty millions of dollars* a year.

It is drawn off from her in the following ways:—

Rents to absentee landlords, . . . . .	£6,000,000
Revenue to absentee government, . . . . .	4,000,000
Profits to absentee manufacturers, (the policy of England, and the consequent poverty of Ireland, forbids Ireland to manufacture for herself,) . . . . .	7,500,000
Annual payments to English insurance companies, English banks, and capitalists, . . . . .	500,000
	£18,000,000

There are fourteen million acres of cultivated land in Ireland, and about six million acres of bog, lake, and unprofitable mountain. The cultivated land is sub-let twice or thrice over. Between the lord of the soil and the cultivator of the soil there are very generally two or three intermediate landlords. The cultivator pays for the land an annual rent of from twenty shillings to forty shillings an acre. These are the average rates of the entire island, and the mean rate may be safely fixed at thirty shillings a year per acre. The total annual rental would be, therefore, TWENTY-ONE MILLIONS. The chief proprietors draw about fifteen shillings an acre as their share, and about two thirds of them are constantly absent. Most of the intermediate proprietors, whose income amounts to £500 a year and upwards, live in France or Italy, for economy, pleasure,

and fashion. Indeed, the absentee drain will be found, on a close calculation, to exceed this estimate; yet, some four or five years ago, the leading repealers set down the landlord drain at three millions only. The author has lived to see the six million estimate, which he frequently put forth in the *Dublin Pilot*, adopted and proclaimed by the *Liberator* himself.

The taxes imposed by the British parliament upon all the necessaries and luxuries consumed in Ireland amount to five millions eight hundred thousand pounds. The whole of this is not collected in Ireland, for a portion of the taxed articles consumed there—tea, sugar, coffee, and spices for instance—generally, though not invariably, pay duty in the English custom-houses, and are transhipped to Ireland by the wholesale dealers, duty paid. But the whole revenue extracted from Ireland by customs and excise amounts to five millions eight hundred thousand pounds—a sum, nearly equal to the entire revenue of the United States. The cost of governing Ireland comes to about one million per annum, and the interest upon thirty millions of the debt (and we will not allow that she owes more) comes to another million; and as this much of the public debt is owned by residents of Ireland, and the interest mostly spent there, we do not put it down as a heavy grievance. The residue, amounting to about four millions per annum, is drawn over by the English tax man to pay the interest of a debt which we had no voice nor will, nor hand or part, in contracting. Since the year 1843, the quartering in Ireland of an immense army has disturbed this calculation about £900,000, which is about the cost of maintaining the *additional* troops, latterly brought in to check the repealers, so that the repeal agitation has actually suspended the flow of the absentee drain to the extent of near a million a year.

By insurance companies and banking companies, Ireland is drained at every pore. Most of the professional and mercantile men of Ireland insure their lives for the protection of their families or their creditors. There are about twenty of the chief insurance companies of England that have agencies in every chief town of Ireland. The “Royal Exchange” draws fifty thousand pounds per annum out of Ireland; the “Globe” draws about twenty thousand; and the others, sums varying from five to ten thousand a year. The “Provincial Bank” and the “National Bank,” both of which are based chiefly on an English proprietary, draw, between them, ninety thousand pounds a year out of Ireland. It may be answered that men who invest their money in Ireland have a clear right to the interest. Certainly. But in the case of those banks, though the proprietors are good and solvent, the Irish people *furnish them*

all the capital required, by taking their notes and making deposits; the aggregate of which amounts, at this moment, in the case of these two establishments, to FIVE MILLIONS sterling, which they are *indebted* to the Irish people, and for the *use* of which notes and deposits the Irish pay them a heavy yearly interest.

In the case of the insurance companies, there is no capital whatever introduced into Ireland. The English company opens its office, and begins sucking the vitals of the country from the hour of starting.

The loss which the Irish sustain by buying English and Scotch manufactures, and not manufacturing for themselves, is beyond the power of figures to calculate. Ireland takes nine millions' worth of manufactures every year from England, and this is the one sixth part of all she (England) exports. The cotton-manufactured articles come to three millions sterling, and the intrinsic value of the raw material does not exceed one hundred thousand. The woollen cloth and stuff taken by Ireland amounts to three millions, and the intrinsic value of the wool does not exceed five hundred thousand pounds. In hardware and pottery, the proportion stands the same. The value of raw material of nine millions' worth of English and Scotch manufactures does not exceed one million and a half; the balance, of seven millions and a half, being a tax which Ireland pays for her poverty; for, though her capital and labor are abundant, the first is swept off annually before her eyes by a species of legerdemain unparalleled in the history of nations, and the laborer pines neglected at home, or seeks a market in foreign lands. When we consider, too, that all the fish in her prolific waters, and even the wild fowl that fly over her moors, are seized on by land agents, prepared and packed to the absent landlord; that her people are disarmed by those in power, and held down by an armed force, while this vast robbery is annually committed,—we shall then, probably, have an image of her distressed situation.

When we consider all these things, we shall cease to wonder at the poverty of Ireland; we shall wonder only at her patience. A nation that can bring into the field a million and a half of valiant men, the most athletic and enduring in the world, with such grievances as these crushing them to the earth, must be written down the most patient people in the universe. I must confess it,—which I do with humiliation,—that I have never read of, and do not know, any other nation, with equal means of self-vindication, or indeed with any, that has suffered itself to be robbed so tamely.

Nature has done every thing for Ireland that nature could do—inlaid her with a crust of purifying limestone; covered her with the richest soil, which is irrigated by the saline vapor of the wide Atlantic, and which

produces the loveliest verdure; placed her in the midst of ocean waters; indented her all round with safe and capacious harbors, that are never closed by frost, and that stand in the very highway of commerce; given her, in a thousand rivers and mountain streams, incalculable water power; given her lakes and natural canals in every direction; given her coal and peat, iron, lead, copper, silver, sulphur, marble, slate, granite, flint, potter's clay, minerals of every kind, wool, leather, fur, fruit, cattle, corn, milch cows, butter, fowls, fish, vegetables, in the most lavish abundance. With an overhanging climate, ever mild, impregnated with a healthy vapor, flung around her by the spray of the wild Atlantic, which purifies her earth and air, and intercepts the scorching rays of the summer's sun, nourishing the fecundity of her soil, while the frost of winter never chills it into sterility,—green and lovely vegetation ascends to the summits of her hills, and rewards the husbandman, in highland and valley. She is blessed beyond all nations, and should be happy; placed in the Atlantic, thirty miles from any other land, and nourishing eight or nine millions of people, she should be independent; yet she is neither independent nor happy.\* And now my next duty shall be to detail briefly the efforts which her living men have made to give her freedom.

The years 1838, 1839, were occupied by O'Connell in the endeavor to obtain a good corporate reform bill for Ireland. The attempt to renew the Bank of Ireland's charter was defeated. A parliamentary by-battle, between the whigs and tories, about the Irish church, was going on. Repeated discussions on the Irish poor law, and the all-engrossing debates about the Canadian rebellion and Lord Durham's mission, occupied the parliament. Ireland was seldom thought of, except when threatened by Lord Stanley with some new coercion bill, in the shape of an "arms act," for diminishing the right of keeping arms, or a "registration act," for diminishing the power of the people to vote at elections. England was in a state of unprecedented uproar—the Chartist masses on the one side, armed and meeting in thousands and tens of thousands by torch-light, and de-

\* The summer throughout Ireland is remarkably temperate. The heat is never sultry or oppressive; the west wind, which generally prevails, is bracing and elastic; and the aridity of the season subdued by seasonable showers. Fahrenheit's thermometer seldom exceeds seventy-eight. The longest day is sixteen hours forty-six minutes. From the 3d of May to the 13th of July, night is never dark, for the northern horizon is lighted by a crepuscular illumination. The winter is mostly mild and open; cattle remain night and day unhoused. Certain herbs, which in England and the Netherlands perish to the roots, in Ireland flourish all through the winter. This is peculiarly the case of the primrose, violet, and cowslip,—pretty wild flowers that blossom in the hedges during the winter. In spring, the daisies cover over the hills with their white heads; and nothing is to be seen in summer but rich green fields and white blossoms—a delightful dress of Nature. — *Whitlaw. Walsh.*

manding, in menacing language, the "people's charter;" the rejected Tories, on the other hand, threatening to dethrone the queen, proclaiming her *Jezebel*, and causing her to be abused in the *Times*, as an immoral, unconstitutional sovereign, — describing Lord Melbourne, her prime minister, in the very coarsest language, — and exciting the infuriate mob to attack her majesty. To such a degree did this violence extend, that one *Bradshaw*, a magistrate, and *Roby*, a man of some standing, reminded the queen, at a public dinner in the North of England, of the fate of James the Second; where also some officers of the army refused to drink her majesty's health, and in a little while after, two or three attempts were publicly made upon her life by firing at her with bullets from pistols, as she was taking the air in her carriage.

The tory party, who were now a majority in lords and commons, ruled every thing as they pleased. Without the responsibilities, they exercised all the dictation of a government. The whigs had lost the confidence and support of the masses, by the unwise declaration of Lord John Russell against all further reform, by their protection of the Bank of Ireland, and their mismanagement of Canada.

O'Connell had lost a great deal of his popularity in England, by his continued support of the whigs, and his frequent attacks upon the chartists; and even in Dublin the enthusiasm of the trades was considerably abated, by the part which he took in reference to the combination practices of the tradesmen of that city. Where there are many hands and little employment, there will naturally be a competition among those hands for that employment. The decay of trade in Dublin, since the union, naturally created a struggle among the workmen for the little work which remained; and as the competition of so many naturally produced lower and lower wages, the oldest hands were prone to combine together to fix a standard, below which no man was to work, on pain of offending the body, and incurring a drubbing or some other species of ill treatment. This led to a great many grievous outrages; besides, by discouraging public enterprise, it defeated the very object the men had in view — that of increasing work and wages.

The **LIBERATOR** dealt with those men very summarily. He called a meeting of the Trades at the Royal Exchange, and there condemned some of the heads of them by name, with his usual authoritative vehemence. This produced an indescribable scene. Some few of those men were so galled by his attack, that they sprang towards him with the intention of inflicting on him bodily injury; and had he not been protected by two or three personal friends, there is no doubt but they would



have carried their wicked attempt into execution. A body of police was instantly sent for, who guarded Mr. O'Connell from the Exchange to the commercial buildings, in which he took a sort of refuge from the fury of his assailants.

The "Precursor Association," founded by the Liberator in August, 1838, which, as its name imports, was specially formed to obtain full justice from England, or else to seek for a repeal of the union, was the theatre of some angry discussions between himself and Mr. Sharman Crawford, the latter charging him with giving too much support to the ministry, with accepting a very unsatisfactory tithe bill, and with neglecting to vote for many motions made by himself (Mr. Crawford) for reform. To all these charges the answers of the Liberator were deemed satisfactory by his constituents.

Another very unpleasant altercation took place between him and Mr. Peter Purcell, about the finance book of the Precursor Association — a thing in itself of very little consequence; but it produced the severance of Mr. Purcell from the body, and which, with the other circumstances just noted, tended to diminish O'Connell's popularity. Mr. Purcell was and is an eminent coach proprietor in Dublin, and drove coaches upon many of the great roads through Ireland; had a beneficial contract from the government for carrying mails and parcels, and was undoubtedly a very active agitator in the popular ranks.

The Precursor Association was soon after dissolved by O'Connell, and a new one formed, denominated the "Registration Society," for the purpose of sustaining the registries with popular voters. The tories had by this time eaten away the popular majorities in many of the cities and boroughs of Ireland. The enthusiasm of the people was materially abated. The persecutions they encountered in the previous eight or ten years, from their tory landlords, for voting with the popular movements of the day, were extensive and severe. There were few families in Ireland who had not belonging to them some persecuted relatives — men who had been driven from their farms by the tory landlords, and who were houseless and broken-hearted; and it should be remembered that six sevenths of all the landed property in Ireland is owned by men of this political sect, who had thus the power to persecute, in cold and heartless detail, an entire nation.

Such was the general state of political and social feeling in Ireland in those years. The whig ministry had lost popular favor. O'Connell, their great main stay, had been assailed on every side for supporting them. The Trades had abandoned him, and had ceased to meet; and

the Registration Society, which met in the Corn Exchange weekly, never ascended beyond the character of a society for the promotion of young barristers to office. It was miserably attended, and excited no passionate interest in the public mind.

In this relaxed state of popular agitation, a few humble men met together, to talk over the state of Dublin, and the condition and prospects of Ireland. The new poor law was just then introduced, and a heavy rate was imposed upon us. The whig experiment had continued four years, and we had seen ourselves, our neighbors, and the city generally, growing worse every day. Many whom, a few years previous, we saw in the enjoyment of competence, were now slowly entering the poor-house — the stage preparatory to the grave. Shops and stores, on every side, were becoming untenanted; the sheriff was busy enforcing the recovery of debts; and the Gazette was filled with the names of insolvents. A commercial panic had passed over the land, like a desolating hurricane. All was dismay, and distrust, and poverty, and squalid misery. Seventy thousand of the inhabitants of Dublin were recipients of charity. In the parish of St. Nicholas, in which I resided, there were four hundred houses untenanted, or returned by the public taxman as "pauper." In the neighboring parish of St. Catherine's, there were eleven hundred houses in the same condition. The whig government was four years promising "something" to Ireland. Almost all the people's leaders were in office, and *two hundred thousand* further applications for office were on the lord lieutenant's table, from men who were awaiting the smiles of government, as *that* "something" which was to benefit and exalt their country.

In this state of things, the few humble men to whom I have just alluded, resolved to put an end to the "experiment;" and the first step in that direction was the presentation of an address to O'CONNELL, our representative, and only chief, calling on him to fling both whigs and tories to the winds, and to lift once more and forever the STANDARD OF REPEAL. I had the honor of drawing up that address, and, in company with eleven others, some of whom were members of the Trades Union, proceeded to his residence in Merrion Square, and read it to him in his study. Mr. Barrett, of the Pilot, Mr. O'Brien, president of the Trades Union, Mr. Martin, its secretary, Messrs. Lagan, Walsh, Holbrook, and Keating, were among the deputation. The Liberator was much pleased with our business, and expressed himself heartily of our opinion, that nothing now remained for Ireland but repeal. He entered heartily into the spirit of our mission, and advised us to go on vigorously with

the agitation, to revive the Trades Union, and to look for support in every quarter. He was then about to set off for Darrynane Abbey, and he promised to advise with us by letter as we proceeded.

We proceeded with the agitation, holding meetings in the Corn Exchange, but we here found some obstacles interposed to our progress, by the gentlemen who composed the committee of the Registration Society. In short, they refused to give us the room to agitate the repeal question, for the question was angrily discountenanced by the government. In this dilemma, I hired the Adelphi theatre, from Mr. Dolan, at one hundred guineas a year, taking a lease of the premises, in the names of Mr. J. O'Brien, Mr. M. Lagan, and myself; and here, in 1839, in our own house, we commenced the re-discussion of that mighty question which has since enveloped Ireland in one brilliant blaze of agitation.

I hope my egotism will be forgiven, when I state that I was the most active individual in this new assembly; but it is not mere vanity that prompts me to speak as I now do. It is a motive more pardonable, which has in view the dispersion of misrepresentations. As an evidence of what I advance, I insert here one of several letters which I received at that time from the Liberator, which has an historical importance, together with the natural interest which every letter from him must possess.

"DARRYNANE ABBEY, *September 27, 1839.*

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I was very much pleased with your letter, and at bottom not the less so, probably, for its containing exaggerated praise. But there was more sterling material in it, which I hope was a cause of my satisfaction.

"Now is the time to begin to work. See whether you can enlist Sharman Crawford. If you can, he will be valuable. Make the attempt; you will not be worse, even if you fail. Let him have a cordial and a flattering address. The Trades may fear that I would not relish his being praised overmuch. Have no such apprehension. I would not care if he were put in prose and verse beyond all living men, provided we can get him to join for the repeal. Your next care must be to recruit as many Protestant repealers as you can. It may be an attempt to "bell the cat," but it must be tried. I pause upon this part of my experiment — the getting Protestant support. Any money for a Protestant repealer! This is the principle on which I now agitate — the making the repeal a national, in contradistinction from a sectarian move-

ment. It goes farther. We must strike sectarianism out of our political vocabulary.

“Let me, therefore, have your assistance in this first and most important stage in which I am courting Protestant support. You will think me tedious, and perhaps unwise, in the repetition of my wishes on this subject, but I will not *progress* (as the Americans say,) until I have exhausted every effort to place the repeal on the footing of *unsectarian* support.

“It is well—it is very well—that the Trades Union have got a habitation of their own. Now you can show the sincerity of your repeal principles, by pressing on in that body. My fears and jealousy are at an end. I only apprehended something that might serve as an excuse to the registration-men to desert their post. As the repealers are now severed from the Corn Exchange, any pretext to abandon the plan of registry agitation is taken away.

“I therefore resort to the mode of action suggested at our interviews. Exceed me in repeal energy. Drive me on. Procure the greatest moral force you can. There must, however, be nothing secret—nothing illegal—all the open and unconcealed action of the Trades Union.

“Again I return to my point—the organization of Protestant repealers. Do much for this purpose, if you can. Do something, at all events.

“This is the first stage of repeal agitation—the combining Protestant assistance with the struggles of the Irish people.

“I recommend the formation of a permanent committee; the extension of the number of the members of the Trades Union; the canvassing for coöperation at every side and in every quarter.

“All this will be preliminary to my general, and, I may say, national organization; but every step must be taken deliberately, and with caution. The bounds of the law must not be exceeded. But within those bounds, our motto is, *Agitate, agitate, agitate.*

“I have the honor to be,

“My dear sir,

“Your faithful servant,

“DANIEL O’CONNELL.

“THOMAS MOONEY, Esq.”

According to these instructions, I had the honor of submitting to the association an address to Mr. Sharman Crawford, in which the condition and the rights of Ireland were plainly described; and, after alluding

to his well-known patriotism, we called on him, in the name of Ireland, to join us for the repeal. Mr. Crawford replied to us in a very lengthy letter, which was replied to in an equally lengthy letter by the Liberator, addressed to the secretary of the Trades Union.

The question was now fairly launched. We met every week — had always a new “report” to present upon some one of the many grievances which Ireland endures, which brought forth our speakers, and filled the minds of a crowded audience and the press with matter for thought and action. We presented, in the course of six or eight months, eighteen reports on public grievances, of which ten or twelve were drawn up by me. A good many Protestants joined our society, distinguished amongst whom was WILLIAM MOLLOY, Esq., justice of the peace and of the quorum for the county of Leitrim, one of the most influential men of that county.

The parliamentary session of 1840 now came on. The tories were still in the ascendant in both houses, though the whigs held possession of the queen’s good-will and public office. They saw the grand mistake which Lord J. Russell had made, and determined to do all in their power to regain their standing in the popular estimation. O’Connell had attended but one or two meetings of the Trades Union, and had not yet thrown himself heartily into the repeal agitation. He was in treaty with ministers for the reform of the Irish corporations—a point to which he devoted nearly four years of incessant labor. The bill had been passed through the commons, and was obstructed in the lords. But the noise we were making about repeal alarmed the queen and the ministry, and a hint was given to the “obstructionists” in the lords, that a new creation of peers would be resorted to by ministers, rather than not carry that bill. After a world of discussion, delays, and compromises, the bill was finally forced through the lords, though shorn of many of its popular clauses. It, however, opened the corporations to all religions, subjected the taxing powers to public scrutiny, but provided that the old officers should not be removed without ample compensation.

O’Connell thought it better to accept the bill, limited though it was, than wait the chances of another session; and events proved that he was right. The bill passed, but did not come into operation till the year 1841.

And in the mean time, now that this important bill was safe, the Liberator turned all his great energies to the repeal struggle. In the year 1840, he came from London to Dublin, with the intention of

forming the new Repeal Association. He sent for the committee of the Trades. We attended at his home, and he there proposed to dissolve the Trades Union, and to establish the new association. We objected to *dissolve* the Trades Union, because it was formed upon a resolution "never to dissolve until the union was repealed," but proposed to *adjourn* it from year to year, and to join him heartily in the new association. This was agreed to, and was the basis of the new repeal movement. He at first called the new society the "Justice or Repeal Association of Ireland;" — but, upon acquainting him that the Trades were not satisfied with this title, that it implied some alternative which might admit of the possibility of a further "experiment" upon English justice, and that nothing but a simple repeal association would satisfy them, the Liberator at once abolished the alternative, and proclaimed his new association the "LOYAL NATIONAL REPEAL ASSOCIATION OF IRELAND," which has continued unchanged in name and object to the present day, and which is pledged to the world *never to dissolve until the UNION IS REPEALED*.

At first, a few only of O'Connell's personal followers joined the society. The committee of the Trades Union joined when the alternative of "justice" was taken away from the title, and in a few weeks, some few of the Trades Societies, in bodies, were induced to join as associates, paying a shilling each.

The repeal question had been so often postponed, that a doubt seemed to possess the public mind as to O'Connell's sincerity. Upon the presentation of an address and subscription from a society of bakers of Dublin, the honorable gentleman PLEDGED himself to the question in a very remarkable manner. The following address was drawn up by me at the request of the Bakers' Society, and may as well have a place on this page. It was read in the association by Mr. O'Connell, who said: —

'Sir, I have now the honor to read for the meeting a most important communication from the operative bakers of the city of Dublin, enclosing their subscription of ten pounds.'

He then read the following letter: —

"DUBLIN, July 18, 1840.

"HONORED SIR:

"We, the registered society of operative bakers of the city and county of Dublin, meeting at 38 Church Street, beg leave to approach you with our most heart-felt congratulations on your late signal triumph over that relentless enemy of Ireland, Lord Stanley.

"We consider it an omen of your future success in the regeneration of your native land. We are firmly convinced that no palliative measure which can be

obtained from the imperial parliament, will ever return to us the proprietors of the soil, or retain amongst us the capital which the soil generates; which is as much our birthright as the air we breathe.

“ We look for the restoration of our landed proprietors, and the retention of our native capital, solely to a domestic parliament; and we therefore feel that it is a perfect wasting of the national energies, and of your own, to agitate for any secondary measure. No other measure, we are convinced, can confer those benefits on us, or secure them to our children; and we therefore heartily respond to your call on ‘the young blood of Ireland’ to join you in the great struggle to which you have solemnly pledged yourself; which pledge we willingly confide in and abide by.

“ We implore you to banish from your mind all idea of seeking justice from a British parliament. We implore you to look at our decaying streets, our declining employers, our unemployed fellow-tradesmen, and their starving families.

“ We scorn the relief which a poor-house confers, and which the revelling, reckless, heartless absentees, think good enough for us; we reject it; we demand the use and enjoyment of the produce and the capital of our native country. The people of every nation have a primary right to the produce of their native soil, conferred on them by the mighty Creator of all.

“ We do not want to be fed idly, but we demand to be employed on our native earth, and to be paid for that labor to an extent sufficient to feed and clothe ourselves and our children.

“ We reject, with equal scorn, the various schemes for our emigration, or rather for transporting us to distant, unknown lands. They are delusive and deceitful. We will not quit our native country. We know it is fully capable to maintain us, and maintain itself against the commercial or political competition of all other nations. We see that it exports annually eighteen millions’ worth of the most valuable merchandise on earth. We know that nearly one third of this vast sum goes to pay a debt in England, in the contraction of which the people of this country had not hand nor part. We know that another third goes to support heartless absentee landlords, who spend our earnings in any country and upon any people, rather than their own; and the remaining third is carried over to pay for the manufactures of England and Scotland, which are rendered more cheap and desirable than our own, by the use and force of our capital, which an absent government and an absent proprietary draw over to the aid of England and English enterprise.

“ So long as this system continues, so long will labor be paid for at home at a starvation point. Every succeeding year convinces us more fully of this truth. It is well known that there are millions of able-bodied men and boys in Ireland, whose labor will not bring more than sixpence or eightpence per day; and it has been stated last week by a Protestant clergyman, (the Rev. Mr. Gregg,) before the lord mayor, that an employer of men in New Row paid only fourpence a day to his hands, and obtained fourteen hours’ work for that.

“ We know, of our own knowledge, that employment never was so hard to be obtained; wages never were so low, and provisions of every kind never were so dear. We attribute this frightful state of things to the want of a local parliament; and, as a means of saving us from the horrors of a bloody revolution, we

call on you, in the name of the living God, to aid us in obtaining for our native country her parliament and her prosperity.

“ We hand in ten pounds, as a subscription of two hundred members of our body; and we request that you will propose the first ten names on the list as members of the National Association, and the others as Associate Repealers; and we conclude by imploring the blessing of Heaven on your exertions.

“ I have the honor to be, honored sir, for self and associates,

“ THOMAS MURRAY, *Secretary.*

“ To DANIEL O'CONNELL, the Liberator.”

“ This is from the bakers of the city alone, and I am sure the other members of the trade in every town in Ireland will follow this bright example. This is a cheerful proof of the genuine feeling of Irishism which exists amongst this useful body of men, [cheers,] who now come forward to assert their rights — their free-born rights. O, sir, a country producing operatives, capable of uniting in this manner, deserves a better fate. [Loud cheers.] *I don't like to take an oath, as I respect the sacred name upon which we call, and the solemnity of such a proceeding; but I NOW DECLARE, IN THE FACE OF HEAVEN, FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, NEVER TO LOOK FOR ANY THING FOR THIS COUNTRY BUT A REPEAL OF THE UNION.* [Immense cheering, which lasted several minutes.] Sir, I cannot put this paper out of my hand without telling you how much I feel. *No document I have ever read affected me so much.* [Hear! and cheers.] *It is admirably written — well and powerfully conceived; and I again ask, Is it not delightful to see a document of such a nature emanate from such a body? [Hear! hear!]*”

In the progress of the day's proceedings, Mr. O'CONNELL rose and said: —

“ I rise, sir, in the performance of a most important duty, and with a full sense of the solemnity and awfulness of the undertaking and of the occasion. I rise to put an end to all species of doubt, and any pretence of disguise. I rise to move that the name of this association may be altered; as its purposes are single, and for one sole purpose. When we framed this association, it was entitled the Loyal National Association for Justice or Repeal: the parliament was then sitting, as it continues to drag on its lazy existence to the present moment; but it was then in the full investigation of public business. During the session, there was no hope of rescuing Ireland from the situation in which she was placed by the Union. I entertained no hope that parliament would rescue her from that position; but, in proposing the formation of a Repeal Association, I wished to give the British nation, I wished to give the British government, I wished to give the British parliament, the alternative of justice or repeal. I stated at that time, that that was an offer which I made to satisfy the feelings, and perhaps gratify the vanity, of others, but with the impression that that alternative would be totally neglected — that the opportunity of doing us justice would be totally neglected. [Hear! hear!] I have not anticipated any thing that has not occurred, and the prophecy I made with respect to offering that alternative has been more than justified by subsequent facts. [Hear! hear!] It is therefore idle to expect justice for Ireland from an imperial parliament, and I have come forward now to expunge the alternative, and to call this association what it really is —



the 'Repeal Association.' [Loud cheers.] The Hon. Mr. French calls upon me for this pledge. The different letters which have been read during the day from operatives and others, enclosing their contributions, call on me for a similar declaration; and *that admirable letter from the bakers* has convinced my reason, if I wanted conviction on the subject, that all pretence of obtaining relief from other than a domestic parliament, is idle and vain, and that it would be an attempt at delusion on my part that would be rejected by the Irish people, any longer to hold out hopes of obtaining justice from an imperial parliament. [Hear! hear.] Therefore I rise to move that we call this association what it is—the 'Repeal Association.' [Cheers.]”

[The association was formed on the 15th of April, 1840. From that time to July, three hundred and thirty-five pounds were received, and formed the first contributions of the repeal rent.]

This took place the 18th of July, 1840. From thenceforward the trades and parishes began to flock round the national standard. A succession of meetings now took place in the neighborhood of Dublin, to which some three or four agitators were despatched. The chiefs in those days were John O'Connell, M. P., Mr. Barrett, Mr. O'Neil Daunt, Mr. Tom Reynolds, and the author. John O'Connell had, for the first time, entered the mazes of the metropolitan agitation. He brought to the duty a patient, active disposition, and the most gentlemanly and winning manners. A few young barristers joined the repeal roll; but, with the exception of Mr. Clements and Mr. Stritch, they all fell away soon after. In truth, there was hardly a man of talent connected with the popular ranks, with the exception of O'Connell, three of his sons, and Barrett, that had not been in the government employ. Mr. Staunton is another exception, but he had not at this time joined the Repeal Association. Mr. Steele was, I believe, in Belgium.

Henry Grattan was the first member of parliament, after the Liberator and his sons, who joined the repeal standard by his letter; but for the first year or so, he did not take any part in the proceedings in the Corn Exchange. Lord French, and Dr. M'Hale, the archbishop of Tuam, Mr. Valentine Blake of Menlo Castle, the Count de Salis, and a few more less prominent in the public eye, were also among the very first enrolment. The association had issued a series of very able reports, which probed the whole condition of Ireland—her relations with England, and the business and duties of Irishmen. In this labor, Mr. O'Connell, notwithstanding his parliamentary struggles to ward off tory inflictions, and uphold the whig ministry, devoted a great proportion of his time. These reports will ever prove the best statistical records of the times they treat of for the historian of Ireland. Many

were compiled by Mr. O'Connell, on the volunteers, and the means by which the union was carried; some by John O'Connell, Esq., on the absentee drain, and the financial robbery of the union; one by Mr. Jago, on the fisheries of Ireland; one by O'Neil Daunt, on the comparative crime of England and Ireland; one by Mr. Ray, on the past and present condition of the manufactures of Ireland; one by the author, on the assistance rendered by the Irish parliament, after its independence, to the enterprise of Ireland, and another on the opposition offered to the union by English statesmen.

Such were the circumstances attending the revival of the repeal agitation in the summer of 1840.

We will now open to the reader's view, the state of England, its sovereign, parties, people, and foreign relations, about this time.

The queen was married in March, 1840, and gave birth to a daughter in the ensuing November. Between her marriage and the birth of this child, her majesty was the object of the most ferocious newspaper attacks. The *Times* impugned her virtue, and the Quarterly Review, the sober and regulated dispenser of tory essence, gravely called for the enactment of a *salique* law, such as prevails in other states of Europe, and which excludes females from the throne. These assaults were the envenomed expression of the disappointed politicians, who had grasped power by raising a false issue, and had been overthrown by the heroic resolution of a young lady not yet twenty-one years of age. They poured every species of filth upon her majesty's name, though I firmly believe in my soul, that never did a more virtuous woman sit upon the throne of England.

This reiterated abuse of the queen, continued through the press, was very nigh depriving her of life, by assassination. In July of this year, (1840,) while in a state of pregnancy, she was shot at, while taking the air with her husband, in their carriage. The assassin, *Ernest Oxford*, deliberately stood before the carriage, and discharged a pistol at her head. The bullet missed her majesty, and passed over against a brick wall, on the opposite side of the road, where it was found. The assassin was seized and tried. He pretended to be a maniac; but documents belonging to a secret society, called "Young England," were found about him, and he publicly expressed the very opinion uttered by the Quarterly Review, namely, that "*no woman should be suffered to reign over England.*" Oxford was spared. He is at present a close prisoner in the Tower; but no doubt remains on any one's mind, that he was an instrument in the hands of some persons at present unknown.

The foreign relations of England were about this time in serious disorder. There was, first, the *China question*, which was a topic of parliamentary dispute between the whigs and tories, affording material for several debates and divisions. The whig ministry, however, carried their policy by a nominal majority, and they sent out negotiators and an armed fleet to the Chinese authorities, demanding money or blood.

For the information of children, I may mention here, that this China dispute grew out of a long-continued system of tyranny and plunder, practised in the East, by the East India Company, under the auspices, protection, and encouragement, of the various kings and ministers of England, for the last one hundred and fifty years. The footing of Britain in the East was at first slender, and sustained under the pretence of trading. The British were not discoverers of the vast territories, but only followed the tracks and settlements of the Spaniards, Portuguese, and French, who had established trading settlements along the coasts and rivers. These powers they overthrew one by one, penetrated the wide interior, conquered the Indian nations one after the other, by acts of the deepest treachery and bloodiest butchery that ever disgraced the most ferocious conqueror; and, after nearly a century of ceaseless murder, continued up to this moment, the British government obtained sovereignty over a boundless eastern continent, and a *population of one hundred and forty millions of human beings*, at a cost, let it be noted, of the *murder of fifty millions of men*.

The "East India Company" was a society of land pirates and plunderers, incorporated in 1708, under the pretence of trading; and to this society, for many years, was intrusted the exclusive privilege of pillaging, murdering, and trafficking in the East. This corporation was governed by twenty-four directors, who sat in London, and were empowered to raise and equip armies and fit out fleets to plunder the inhabitants of the East. They have amassed an enormous capital to sustain this system—some fourteen millions sterling, which is called, on the stock exchange of London, "India stock," and is purchased by the lords and ladies of the aristocracy, by the provident members of the church, and by the merchant princes of England.

The annual interest upon this stock is paid from the sheer plunder of the inhabitants of the East. The plunder is "*realized*" in this way. Millions upon millions of square miles of territory have been seized by this Company, the native princes and owners butchered, and the common people reduced from their ancient independence to a state of serfship slavery; their lands seized, and their labor mortgaged forever, without

the means of redemption, to this monster banditti. They are compelled to cultivate their lands, and yield two thirds of their crops annually to the Company. Proctors, or valutors, are in their fields in all directions, in the harvest time, to take up the chief produce of their soil and labor, leaving insufficient to feed them. The wretched people (as in Ireland) are visited with periodical famines, which carry off hundreds of thousands. They are compelled to live half naked. Few of their females have more covering than a couple of yards of calico, wrapped round the waist. They work in the fields, are obliged to nurse their children while they work, and are kept perfectly ignorant of any letters, or of the Christian religion. Their idolatry of *Juggernaut* is encouraged by the Company, who pay a considerable pension annually to the priests of the great idol, under whose colossal wheels thousands of poor fanatics annually fling themselves to be crushed to death. They are compelled to cultivate whatsoever the Company's agents direct; and as they direct the culture of whatever is most salable abroad, not what is most required by the people, human food is not raised in sufficient quantities for the maintenance of the population. Their fields and their labor are devoted to the culture of the *poppy*, a plant from which *opium* is manufactured. This deleterious drug is brought home by the Company in immense quantities, and sold in all the markets of Europe. For several years they sold it to the Chinese, who became fonder of it every day; for, like alcohol, it creates an insatiable appetite for itself. And this brings us to the China war.

The emperor of China saw with dismay the ravages which the use of opium had made among his subjects in mind and circumstances. He learned that thousands upon thousands had become insane by its use, and hundreds of thousands impoverished by trafficking their teas and silks for it with British agents; and he passed an imperial edict, as he had a perfect right to do, forbidding the import of any more opium into any of his harbors, warning the English traders, at the peril of loss of their ships and cargoes, against bringing any further shipments of the poisonous drug. By an underhand management between the agents of the Company and some of the Chinese mandarins, large quantities of this opium were still brought in a clandestine way; upon learning which, the emperor suddenly seized upon all the ships in his harbors containing opium, and sunk them.

The government of England was called upon by the directors of the East India Company to procure them redress; and we may readily believe that no ministry of England could resist the demand; for the

directors of the East India Company, some of whom are directors also of the Bank of England, have more power in the state than the crown and the parliament put together. England is ruled by six hundred and fifty-eight members of the house of commons, and about four hundred members of the house of lords; and I solemnly assert, as I firmly believe, there are not over *two hundred* of the whole thousand and fifty-eight, who are not over head and ears in debt to those directors, and who would as soon think of voting against their behests, in parliament, as voting for their own admission into the workhouse. These directors of the East India Company have been humorously denominated the “four-and-twenty kings of Leadenhall Street;” and well and right truly do they deserve the appellation.

This war upon China was carried on in support of a dishonest, brutal, and bloody cause. Blood enough was spilled; and the simple Chinese were robbed of three millions sterling, and part of their territory; and — grieved are we to write it — the army that perpetrated these butcheries, and that sustained the flag of England in all its unrighteous wars, was and is at this moment composed of two thirds *Irishmen*. The valor of Sir Richard Keene, of Sir Hugh Gough, of Sir Henry Pottinger, and other Irish commanders of less note, reflects not honor upon our nation, but the deepest disgrace, and makes us hang our heads with shame in a foreign land.

We have heard a great deal from our countrymen about American slavery. It is very bad, and I am the last man on earth that will palliate it. But what a miserable, hypocritical exhibition is the annual anti-slavery meeting of Exeter Hall, in London, — called together principally, as it would seem, to abolish slavery in America, — presided over sometimes by Prince Albert, and joined in by the lords and ladies, and merchant princes, *who own the India stock!* People may call buying and selling men “slavery,” and robbing and murdering them, “government.” The world will ever be deceived by cant, and this is a tremendous instance of its liability. Let no man say I wish to hide the iniquity of keeping two and a half millions of people in bondage *here* by the shadow of the mightier crime of pillaging and enslaving one hundred and fifty millions *there*. No. I wish only to dispel delusion and to instruct my countrymen; to make them sensible of the atrocity and hypocrisy of the British aristocracy — which would fall to pieces in seven short years, amid the exulting shout of the whole earth, if they (*my countrymen*) did not support them, unconsciously support them, in every field of slaughter.

Yes! let Irishmen be made sensible that it is *they* who have so long

given power to this aristocracy to rob and butcher the whole world ; to plant their blood-stained banner upon the four corners of the earth ; *they* who enable them to follow the sun in its course with the sounds of their drum — a sound which, wherever heard, calls up the echo moans of suffering humanity. Irishmen, yes, *Irishmen* used to fight for this aristocracy in the days of intoxication, stupefaction, despair, and ignorance.

O, it is no wonder we are ourselves in slavery to this monster power ! It is a just, a *deserved*, a natural punishment from Heaven, for sharing in their unparalleled crimes against mankind. The storm of the wrath of the avenging God is gathering. That London, which is the concentration of all the refined criminality upon earth, will be smitten. The instruments of Heaven will be those poor and oppressed slaves of Ireland, whom they have so long ground to the earth, and of whom I am one. This book will be denounced, and the press in the pay of this wicked aristocracy will sneer at its style, and dispute its chronology and its facts. There never yet was a book published, which placed England and Ireland truly before the world, that did not encounter the most determined opposition. We are prepared for the ordeal, and shall consider ourselves exalted by their opposition. Let our countrymen open their eyes. Rather than sell themselves to crime and death for the "Saxon shilling," let them come out to the United States. There is ample room for two hundred millions more of people here ; plenty of land to till, and plenty of employment for the industrious ; where a few years' labor will secure a competence for declining years. Let them prefer this virtuous freedom to the criminal slavery of fighting for the most wicked aristocracy that is known to history.

The second difficulty England was involved in, about this time, (1840,) was her war in Syria. Syria and Egypt had been, for near a thousand years, provinces of the Turks. Greece was also the serf of Turkey ; she revolted, and established her independence ; and her example exhorted Egypt to a like enterprise. Led by Mehemet Ali, Egypt flung off her tyrant, proclaimed and sustained her independence. Syria, her neighbor nation on the south-eastern bank of the Mediterranean, — which felt equally the lash of the Turk, — followed her example, and placed herself under the protection of Mehemet Ali. But England interfered here, under a secret treaty with the sultan, and, without consulting France, sent a fleet under Admiral Napier, who, having stormed and taken Beyroot, one of their chief cities, compelled the Syrians to come again under the scourge of the Grand Turk.

The third difficulty of that era was that of the eastern boundary question with the United States, and the M'Leod affair. The British minister demanded M'Leod, under the authority of his monarch; but the Americans refused to give him up, until they tried him, by law, for the destruction of the Caroline steamer. At the same time, the governor of Maine ordered off the English intruders from the American soil. England sent no fleet here to settle these questions; but she sent a negotiator in the person of Lord Ashburton, who, after several months' delay, finished the affair in peace.

While all these foreign-difficulties and dangers surrounded the flag of England abroad, her aristocracy and her people were torn by intestine struggles at home. The unprecedented rally of the tories, under Lord Stanley, to force upon Ireland a registration bill, which would have diminished the voters of Ireland by one third, and have thereby settled the entire representation of the country in the quiet possession of the aristocracy, called up all the energies of O'Connell and the Irish people. It is impossible to describe the energy and ability which the Liberator, who was then member for the city of Dublin, evinced in rousing the wealthier classes of liberals, to join with the Irish masses to oppose the tories. Himself and his political friends, Irish and English, opposed this bill in every clause, and so detained, procrastinated, and impeded its progress, that, although Stanley had a small majority in his favor, he could not keep them together, in their attendance in the house, all through the hot weather; while O'Connell and his friends were determined to die on the floor of the house ere they would suffer it to pass. This irresistible opposition induced Stanley to postpone his measure to the ensuing session, when, however, he was again defeated.

The great body of the English people were plunged in the utmost gloom and dissatisfaction, owing to the heavy burdens of the aristocracy. An ill-concerted outbreak, under Frost and some other half-crazy men, took place in Wales, which gave the government an excuse to put on the screws of tyranny. In the north of England, some eighteen leaders of the Chartists had been arrested for sedition, tried, and condemned to twelve and eighteen months' imprisonment each. Amongst these was FEARGUS O'CONNOR, who was imprisoned in York Castle, and, at first, very cruelly treated, until the press on all sides cried, "Shame upon the government," and thus procured a mitigation of his dungeon sufferings.

There was a species of terror exercised at that time in England, by the whig government, which the tories, in their palmiest days, could hardly have ventured upon. They introduced a rampant, insolent

police into all the towns and rural districts — a thing unknown before to the laws and usages of England. They opened the letters of every man whom they suspected of being in the people's confidence, and introduced a system of espionage and petty tyranny through England, which the tories were happy to imitate when they succeeded to office. Meantime, the chartists remained unbroken in their resolve to stick to their demand, though somewhat divided about the means of obtaining it. They awaited the termination of the sentences of their friends in prison, determined to rally again for the accomplishment of their darling and rightful measure of freedom.

We shall now return to the progress of the repeal movement in Ireland. We shall follow it, step by step, through a succession of successes, impediments, reverses, and triumphs, until we behold it firmly established beyond the power of the British minister to suppress, or of local treachery to defeat.

The Liberator's return to Ireland, after compelling Lord Stanley, — who stood at the head of a tory phalanx of over three hundred members of the house of commons, — to postpone his obnoxious bill, was hailed with a degree of delight which it is impossible to describe. The people were wild with joy, and ready to receive him in all their might, in every part of Ireland. Invitations awaited him from many places, to come and hold great district meetings for the furtherance of repeal. The first great gathering of the interior was that held on the plains of Mayo, in the province of Connaught, at which Sir Samuel O'Malley presided, and at which Dr. M'Hale, archbishop of Tuam, Lord Ffrench, the Liberator, Mr. Robert Dillon Brown, the Rev. James Hughes, and very many other leading gentlemen of all religious persuasions, were present, together with forty thousand of the people. That meeting was remarkable for the array of talent, respectability, and great numbers present, and remarkable, also, for the enunciation of an unprecedentedly bold political dogma. Here is the celebrated passage in a most eloquent speech delivered by the Rev. James Hughes of Claremorris: —

“ I feel it right, and my duty, to protest *in limine* against the doctrine which Mr. O'Connell is perpetually preaching and inculcating; and that is, that he shall not resort to or seek for a separation of Ireland from England. That doctrine, with proper qualifications, I do not want to condemn or dissent from; but, to take it in the unlimited sense in which it proceeds from the lips of the Liberator, is what no Irishman of common sense can any longer listen to. I must tell the Liberator that we have got too much of that doctrine, and that the time is come when such



views of Irish politics are both ludicrous and mischievous. Let it not be understood that I am desirous, or that any Irishman should be desirous, of a separation from England. What Ireland wants, and what she shall no longer do without, is a parliament of her own, a repeal of the union with England; and if that cannot be achieved, or accomplished, except by separation, I feel convinced, as every other Irishman must, that a separation would be a blessing to Ireland."

This bold but faithful exposition of the Irish mind, uttered by the lips of one of the most revered of the priesthood, careered like the roar of thunder over Ireland. The English press were on fire. "Prosecute him! prosecute him!" was the cry on every side. The government, however, did not prosecute. The sentiment has generally assumed, through Ireland, the shape of a settled political maxim, and will pass to the next generation, stamped with the approbation of the present.

The next great meeting was held in Galway, where fifty thousand were present. This and the previous one were held in July, 1840; and in September the repealers of the county of Meath, to the number of twenty thousand, assembled. Nicholas Boylan of Hilltown, the Mullens, M'Canns, and the reverend clergy of that district, were present. Westmeath assembled immediately after, to the number of eighty thousand, at which there were present two bishops and a great number of the gentry.

In some parts of Munster there were many meetings, of a lesser magnitude, held for a like purpose. In October, the grand Leinster meeting was held on the plains near the city of Kilkenny, where two hundred and fifty thousand men were present. JOHN O'CONNELL, the member for Kilkenny, was in the chair; and this great gathering may be taken as the chief monster meeting of that era. It is hardly necessary to say that resolutions, breathing the most exalted patriotism and the most valorous resolve, were here proclaimed. In the same month, and immediately succeeding, was held the great meeting of the county and city of Waterford. The trades went out in procession, with banners and music, to meet the apostle of their dawning freedom. The procession was adorned by carriages containing the families of the wealthier classes of the Waterford repealers, who conducted the Liberator to the place of meeting, where Sir Benjamin Morris, the deputy lieutenant of the county, presided. There were at the least one hundred thousand persons at this meeting.

In the north, the sentiment for repeal had spread widely. Drogheda received the Liberator with its fifty thousand men, including the Trades,

with their banners and music. A grand repeal dinner was held in the Linen Hall.

In December, active preparations were made to entertain O'Connell in Belfast. For several days the note of action was heard in the Athens of Ireland ; that sober, intellectual, enterprising city was about to make known its fervent sentiment upon the repeal question. The *Liberator* rather discouraged their desire to have him dine with them ; and it was only after the most solemn resolve on the part of the Belfast people, who insisted on his coming, that he consented to be present. But such were the imbittered feelings of some wretchedly foolish Orangemen, prompted by some of those whose profit and promotion are drawn from English domination, that they conspired to waylay O'Connell on the road to Belfast, intending to assassinate him. But he disappointed them by publicly naming one road and day for his journey, and going on another. He was accompanied by Mr. Steele and one or two other friends, who were well armed. The dinner was a very grand demonstration. Upwards of seven hundred persons sat down to table, and O'Connell, for the first time in his life, partook of the public hospitality of the north. The repeal pledge and the national vows were solemnly taken, and, in a day or two after, the *Liberator* returned privately and safely to Dublin.

In the same month, the *Liberator* was received in Limerick by the congregated trades, who came out in a gorgeous procession, with banners and music, headed by Mr. Steele, their president. They conducted O'Connell to the *Treaty Stone*, where a hustings was erected, and where the breach of the TREATY of Limerick, with all the hideous features of British perfidy, were presented to the thousands present, and telegraphed in fiery characters to the surrounding nations. Here, upon that day, a vow was registered by one hundred thousand men of Clare and Limerick, that the TREATY signed with Sarsfield, upon that stone, in 1691, shall be observed.

In January, 1841, the great county and city of Cork, already leavened by the ardor of the *Liberator*, who had held one or two preparatory or explanatory repeal meetings in the city, presented the splendid spectacle of a provincial assembly for national independence. The chair was filled by Edward B. Roache, member of parliament for the county. Daniel Callaghan and F. B. Beamish, both also members for the city, were present and participated in the repeal. The meeting was attended by an immense assemblage, probably one hundred and fifty thousand persons, including many of the Catholic clergymen of the

district. Here, as in other places, the people pledged themselves to eternal and ceaseless devotion to the repeal struggle, and to be satisfied with nothing short of legislative independence.

The whig government, as represented by Lord Ebrington, discouraged the agitation by every means in its power. His lordship publicly declared he would confer no government employment upon any man connected with the agitation. This had the good effect of winnowing away some place-hunting lawyers who had mixed in the movement.

These leading demonstrations of public sentiment were all made during the latter six months of the year 1840. The Repeal Association met regularly, on every Monday, in the Corn Exchange. O'Connell endeavored to be always present at those weekly meetings, travelling night and day to accomplish this, and to be again, in the course of the week, at some provincial gathering, and back again to his post in the association, conducting from the city to the county, and from the county to the city, the burning, enthusiastic life-blood of each district, and warming up all to the necessary sensibility and resolve. It is impossible to describe, or even conceive, how he accomplished all this labor; how he endured this wear and tear of body and mind; and, above all, how he was, under *such* circumstances, able to group into his harangues the eternal freshness, richness, anecdotes, novelty, statistics, and arranged facts, blending all with such beauteous imagery and melting pathos as pervade the speeches, delivered at that busiest moment of his existence.

On Monday, he speaks in Dublin; on Tuesday, in Waterford; on Wednesday, in Dungarvan; on Thursday, he travels back to Dublin, and addresses, as he passes to the city, a dozen groups, that watch his approach; on Friday, he speaks at some parish or ward meeting in the city; on Saturday, he is closeted with his committee in deliberation; on Sunday, after divine worship, he appears at some rural assemblage near town; and on Monday again at his regular work in the association; and this is repeated week after week, and year after year, with a vigor that never fails, a motion that never slackens, a resolve that never languishes, a caution that is never caught off its guard, a variety that ever charms, and a fascination that ever enchants. He paints his country at all those meetings, in a thousand different colors — green, or bloody — gloomy, or glorious — free, or enslaved — fertile, or miserable — robed in the national uniform, or covered with rags. You can see it all — you believe it all. Who would not love the Eden he thus so accurately describes? “O, I dearly love this land. She is superbly abundant in her produce. No burning sun ever scorches her

into sterility. No winter's snow ever chills her fecundity. Ever green, ever lovely, her mountains rise to the heavens, and her streams roll down those mountains' sides with a voice of music, that speaks as from eternity, proclaiming the salubrity of the stream, the greenness of the valley, the majestic sweep of the mountain's brow, and the fertility of the plains beneath." Or who would not respect the most athletic men of Europe, so proved by philosophical demonstration, as follows:—

"Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, (the able successor of Leslie in the chair of natural philosophy,) has recently made a series of experiments upon the physical differences between English, Scotch, Irish, and Belgians, the results of which constitute the most interesting information we are able to lay before the reader, with respect to the comparative heights of sub-varieties of Caucasians. The following is a table drawn up by Professor Forbes, to exhibit the relative heights, at different ages, of the students attending his class during a series of years, and belonging respectively to England, Scotland, and Ireland. The Belgian measurements were probably derived from other sources. The number of individuals subjected to examination was very considerable, so many as eighty Scotch and thirty English being occasionally measured at once.

HEIGHTS — FULL DIMENSIONS WITH SHOES.

Age.	English.	Scotch.	Irish.	Belgians.
	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>
15	64.4	64.7	—	61.8
16	66.5	66.8	—	64.2
17	67.5	67.9	—	66.1
18	68.1	68.5	68.7	67.2
19	68.5	68.9	69.4	67.7
20	68.7	69.1	69.8	67.9
21	68.8	69.2	70.0	68.0
22	68.9	69.2	70.1	68.1
23	68.9	69.3	70.2	68.2
24	68.9	69.3	70.2	68.2
25	68.9	69.3	70.2	68.3

"This table places the Irishman uppermost in the scale of stature, the Scotsman second, the Englishman next, and the Belgian lowest.

"Professor Forbes extended his inquiries among his students, English, Scotch, and Irish, to bodily weight, adding examinations of a similar, and also of mixed classes of Belgians. The results were as follow:—

WEIGHT IN POUNDS, INCLUDING CLOTHES.

Age.	English.	Scotch.	Irish.	Belgians, (not mixed classes.)
	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>
15	114.5	112	—	102
16	127	125.5	129	117.5
17	133.5	133.5	126	127
18	138	139	141.5	134
19	141	143	145.5	139.5
20	144	146.5	142	143
21	146	142.5	151	145.5
22	147.5	150	153	147
23	149	151	154	148.5
24	150	162	155	149.5
25	151	152.5	155	150

"Here, again, the superiority lies with the Irish, the others holding the same relative positions as in the case of stature. The mixed classes of Belgians, in whose case the weight of clothes was deducted, ranked exceedingly low, 134 lbs. being about the average. We have it in our power, fortunately, to compare the conclusions of Professor Forbes with those of other inquirers, in as far as the English and Belgians are concerned. The eighty students of Cambridge, weighed (with the clothes) in groups of ten, gave an average, as we are informed by Quetelet, of 151 lbs. — the precise mean, it will be observed, of the Englishmen of twenty-five years of age weighed by Professor Forbes.

"The superiority of the Irish in point of stature and weight is remarkable. We shall find it borne out by a corresponding superiority in physical power, as shown in the table of Professor Forbes having reference to that characteristic:—

LUMBAR STRENGTH, IN POUNDS.

Age.	English.	Scotch.	Irish.	Belgians.
	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>
15	—	280	—	204
16	336	314	—	236
17	352	340	369	260
18	364	360	389	280
19	378	378	404	296
20	385	392	416	310
21	392	402	423	322
22	397	410	427	330
23	401	417	430	335
24	402	421	431	337
25	403	423	432	339

"The same relations are here preserved as in the previous tables; and as, with respect to weight and height at least, there could be no mistake, the probability that the last table is correct is much strengthened by the conformity in question. The difference between the Irish and Belgians is immense, the former exceeding the latter in strength by nearly *one fourth*.

"We have been informed that the mere physical power of the different companies of men to whom the Duke of Wellington was opposed in his campaigns, was always with him an object of serious consideration.

"In the force of his blow, the Irishman stands in relation to the Englishman as 432 to 403, to the Scotchman as 432 to 423, to the Belgian as 432 to 339. The experiments of Field, the London engineer, proves that in raising weights by means of a crane,

The utmost efforts of an Englishman was 24,255 lbs.

" " " " a Welchman " 15,112 "

" " " " an Irishman " 27,562 "

"Let those who copy what I have now read," remarks the Liberator, "remember that it is no creation or assertion of mine; that the experiments were made by a Scotch philosopher, who would be naturally anxious to place his own country in the most favorable point of view, but who clearly proves, that even in point of physical powers we are superior to any of the other people of Europe."

And when O'Connell dwells upon the moral virtues of his country-

men and countrywomen, and quotes Lord Morpeth's attestation in the house of commons, who admitted that in her majesty's dominions there were no people so moral and so virtuous as the Irish, you cannot avoid feeling for their distressed situation.

Again, when you hear him taunt the Duke of Wellington with winning almost all his glories by Irish valor, recount the battle-fields on which his countrymen fought, and conclude by telling the brilliant circumstance connected with Waterloo,—how a prize was subscribed for by English gentlemen, to be given to the bravest man that appeared under the English standard on that memorable field, the judgment to be given by the Duke of Wellington, and how an IRISHMAN, named JAMES GRAHAM, *obtained the prize*,—when you hear these things from such lips, you must be stony-hearted not to feel, and move, and sympathize with him in all he says and requires.

Nor was his eloquence confined to beautiful or boastful descriptions of his country or her people. Their miseries were, indeed, his constant theme; and facts were unfortunately made for him by the extermination or "clearing" system, practised by the Irish landlords, ever since the forty-shilling franchise was abolished. The following details from one publication of the *Dublin Pilot*, March, 1840, will give the American reader an idea of this unnatural persecution. I might introduce many thousands of such facts, if it were necessary, which indeed it is not, to prove the extent and nature of that suffering under which the Irish people groan. But this will suffice as an ordinary sample of all:—

"We have a recital of suffering that took place at a 'levelling'—for the thing is as common now as a football gathering—on the estate of Lord ——, not many miles from Carlow. We have it under the hand of the sub-sheriff, Mr. Colles, who has transmitted the account to the *Morning Chronicle*.

"'Who could behold,' says Sub-sheriff Colles, 'without the deepest anguish, a wretched old woman removed, who inhabited a hovel constructed of large loose stones and a little thatch? "My children," says she, "were *born in it*—my husband *died in it*—I have *grown old in it*, and I thought to have died in it myself; but I must now be turned out, *though I owe no rent*." This is but one of many instances. The wailing of women—the shrieks of children—the men standing with folded arms, whilst the tear of sorrow and indignation started down their masculine cheeks. These tears I have beheld, and think, with Sir Walter Scott, that

"Woe awaits a country when  
She sees the tears of bearded men."

"Unarmed and unprotected, I have delivered possession of twenty or thirty habitations, on two hundred and fifty acres, in an unfrequented neighborhood, where one fourth of those looking on would have exterminated the whole party of levellers, and left none to tell their tale. At my request, they submitted, shifted all

their worldly substance to the road side, and stood by whilst their habitations were levelled to the earth by their landlord's agents and followers. Neither the military nor police appeared on the ground. I departed after performing this painful duty, leaving behind me, houseless on the road, upwards of a hundred individuals of all ages, from the tender infant to the decrepit grandmother, bent with age and infirmity.'

"Sacred God! how long shall this last? This statement, be it remembered, is made by the sub-sheriff officiating on the heart-rending occasion. A committee of inquiry, forsooth! Why, is there a day passes that some shocking fact or facts like these are not printed in the *Pilot*? Our very last impression contained a similar melancholy recital of the eviction of one hundred and eleven souls, cast forth in the Queen's county, who *owed no rent*, and who, when driven forth, 'owned not a spot in all the world,' and who resorted to the ditches and hedges for shelter. We expect in a post or two another horrible history of similar outrage in the name of a Limerick parson. The thing presses; the people hunger, and *may avenge*—and yet they talk of a committee!

"When an emergency arises connected with the acknowledged interests or safety of the rich, we know how they gallop a bill through the legislature; but the exterminating system is only the apparent case of the poor, and therefore we are to have it referred to a committee!"

Such was, and such *is*, alas! the condition of unhappy Ireland. We will leave her great leader, arousing and combining her energies and battling in parliament with her foes, and pass to the contemplation of the progress of two ideas of great national importance, which sprang up collaterally with the repeal agitation. I mean the **TEMPERANCE** movement, and that for native **MANUFACTURES**, both of which began in 1840.

The temperance reform was, as all the world knows, brought prominently before the Irish nation by the Rev. **THEOBALD MATHEW**. As the reader will find a brief biographical sketch and a portrait of this distinguished character towards the end of the book, I shall not here dwell at length upon his wonderful exertions. Nothing in the elements of Ireland's moral or physical power could so advantageously work in aid of the repeal agitation as this movement. The reverend gentleman had spread his principles widely, in the year 1839, through the south, converting thousands upon thousands to the doctrines of teetotalism. In March, 1840, he visited Dublin for the first time, and preached in the Cathedral, Marlborough Street. A *posse* of horse and foot police was necessary to keep the people from crushing each other in their eagerness to get into the church, or to see or touch his person.

He appeared, the next morning, on the high steps under the north portico of the custom-house, and before him was a dense crowd of the citizens of Dublin, poor and rich. He preached upon the moral and

physical effects of temperance, explained the pledge, and proposed to administer it to those around him. Thousands knelt, and followed his solemn voice, repeating each word of the teetotal pledge, and departing in files, with his blessing on them, to make way for the next set. For several days the reverend gentleman thus preached and thus converted. In a week, upwards of fifty thousand persons, of all ages, classes, and degrees, enrolled themselves upon his moral record. Very soon after this period, his postulants swelled from thousands to millions, as the world, with so much pleasure, has witnessed. The effects of his labors were soon visible to every eye. The most abandoned classes in the towns and cities (for in towns and cities was drunkenness chiefly to be found) soon became healthy-looking, better clothed, industrious, and moral; and it was a miraculous and a gratifying sight to behold the quay porters and boatmen, previously, by means of drink, the most abandoned of men, now appear on Sundays with good fresh clothes, sober, and decorous, with their wives and children, going to or coming from the house of God, restored to a social community with their fellow-citizens and their Creator.

The movement for the revival of Irish manufactures had its rise in the following way. The author had the honor to prepare an address to Daniel O'Connell, for the parish of St. Nicholas, in which he resided, explaining our reasons for urging the repeal of the union. This address boldly put forth (and for the first time among the popular declarations) the astounding loss which Ireland sustained by buying English manufactures, instead of manufacturing for herself. The *Liberator* was pleased to applaud this document in a peculiar manner, by endorsing its general truth, and moving that it be transmitted to Mr. Sharman Crawford, as a brief answer to his several letters against the repeal agitation. A mark of approval so distinguished attracted the criticism of the London press, and particularly that of the *Morning Chronicle*, which condemned and ridiculed the assumed power of Ireland to supply her own wants.

This attack naturally called from the author a lengthened reply, in the association, in which he took up the question of Ireland's manufacturing capabilities, demonstrating from the intrinsic cost, and the manufacturing profits of each article, the annual loss of six or seven millions sterling, which we paid to England under that head. This reply is on the pages of the *Dublin Pilot* and the *Morning Chronicle* of that period; and, in order to follow up this argument by a practical demonstration, he purchased two packs of purely Irish wool, and had it



manufactured into cloth. He then called on his fellow-parishioners, accompanied by Mr. Morgan Lorgan, and induced them to take each as much of this cloth as would make a garment. The cloth was good, enduring, and cost us only *one half of that which we were accustomed to pay for English cloth*. This practical argument awakened the enterprise of the citizens, whose attention was turned to the vast though neglected powers which lay in their own hands. Several meetings were held, at which the details of manufacturing profits were calculated and published; and from these meetings grew the formation of the BOARD OF TRADE, of which the Very Rev. Dr. FLANAGAN was chosen president, and to which the author was appointed secretary.\*

This Board soon called together the citizens in their parishes, who were required to send deputies to its sittings. All topics of religion and politics were strictly excluded. Men of different religions and politics met amicably upon this neutral platform, and rubbed off, by friendly intercourse, some portion of that asperity which grew from habits of political conflict. It was indeed truly gratifying to all patriotic Irishmen to witness the kindly feelings that sprung up from these meetings. Mr. Butt and Mr. O'Connell spoke on the same platform, met at the same board, and showed their countrymen that, in the cause of Irish manufactures, they could be united Irishmen to the core.

The author, having previously published, for six or seven years, a weekly sheet, devoted exclusively to trade and manufactures and the improvement of machinery, which circulated exclusively among the manufacturers of Ireland, was in possession of a great quantity of statistical information connected with its capabilities. His immediate connection with employers and workmen, as secretary of the Board of Trade, added much to the previously-acquired stock; and from those resources, aided by the scientific, able, and invaluable work of Dr. Kane, recently published, he will now lay before the reader a brief outline of the

\* I here introduce, needlessly, perhaps, the resolution of a public meeting of manufacturers, held in the Royal Exchange, which, while it appointed me secretary, recorded the share which I took in forming the Board.

Resolution written by the Very Rev. Dr. Flanagan, and passed at a crowded meeting of the manufacturers and operatives of Dublin, held in the Royal Exchange, on the 10th of November, 1840:—

“Resolved, That Mr. T. Mooney, who has acted with so much zeal and efficiency in the FORMATION and ORGANIZATION of this Board of Trade for the revival of Irish manufactures, be hereby confirmed in the situation of secretary to the National Board of Trade.”

## MANUFACTURES OF IRELAND.

*Woollen Manufacture.* — I have shown, in numberless places, through these lectures, that Ireland was a manufacturing country in the long course of ages during which she enjoyed a national independence. It is not easy to believe that a country now so low could once have been the exporter of woollen cloth and linen to all the nations of Europe. But the fact is attested by the most credible historians. Italy, Germany, France, England, and Scotland, were then purchasers of Irish serge, flannel, cloth, linen, &c. Anderson, in his *History of Commerce*, the most authentic work of its kind extant, states that so celebrated was the Irish serge, (a thin fabric resembling the French *mousseline de laine*, which is now *manufactured principally of Irish wool*,) that the Italians preferred it to any other textile fabrication whatever, and one of their eminent poets, *Fazio Delli Uberti*, the date of whose work is 1357, extols it in the following stanza : —

“ Similmente passamo en Irlanda,  
La quel fra noi è degna di fama,  
Par le nobile saie che ci manda.”

*Cap. 24, lib. 4.*

Passing likewise to Ireland,  
So connected with us, and so deserving of fame,  
By the noble cloth they send us.

Upon which the late Earl of Charlemont remarked, in his *History of the Woollen Manufacture of Ireland*, “The superiority of the fabric and the extent of the manufacture must have been invariably acknowledged and extensively known, to have entitled the country to the character of *degni di fama*, and the manufacture to the epithet of *nobile*.”

Long before the English landed a hostile band upon the shores of Ireland, they were in the constant practice of buying the woollen cloth of Ireland, and using it as their dress. Maddox\* tells us that in the reign of Henry the Third, about 1220, a considerable export of Irish woollen cloth to England had existed for many years. In the time of Edward the Third, 1327, large quantities of Irish cloths were imported into England, and it was specially provided by the English parliament that it should be received free of duty. Whitelaw, in his *History of Dublin*, p. 980, says, “In the year 1482, not only serges, but other kinds of woollens, and the very fashion of the country, were held in such

\* *History of the Exchequer*, vol. i. p. 550.

estimation on the Continent, that the pope's agent obtained from Richard the Second a license to export, duty free, mantles made of Irish cloth." In the reign of Henry the Eighth, an act was passed to regulate the dress of his Irish subjects, in which *woollen yarn* is recited as an article of considerable manufacture. In the 13th of Elizabeth, 1560, it is recited that the Irish merchants had been exporters of woollen yarn for one hundred years before and upwards. By this act several severe and prohibitory penalties were laid upon Irish linen, which tended to prevent its export; upon which, the Irish turned more of their attention and capital to the manufacture of woollen cloths, in which branches they excelled the sister country. In the reign of Charles the Second, Irish cattle and Irish wool were prohibited from being brought into England; and this, instead of injuring Ireland, as intended, rather increased the woollen manufacture; for the merchants, cut off from the English market for their wool, converted it into cloth of every kind, which they exported to all parts of the Continent. But, in 1673, Sir William Temple and Lord Essex, then the chief governors of Ireland, published, in Dublin, an overture for the relinquishment of the woollen trade, except in the lower branches, that it might not interfere with that of England, and urged the superior fitness of Ireland for the linen trade; but this proposal passed at the time unheeded.

The peace which succeeded the restoration of Charles the Second tended to reanimate every species of manufacture; and the direct and hearty encouragement afforded to Irish enterprise by the short-lived parliament of James the Second, from 1685 to 1688, tended to stimulate this branch in a wonderful degree; insomuch that a number of English manufacturers, owing to the abundance of wool, the expertness of the hands, and the cheapness of provisions, in Ireland, were induced to leave England and settle there—a fact sufficiently attested in the Bristol petition presented to William the Third.

On the triumph of William over James the Second, the long-treasured jealousy of England towards Irish manufactures broke loose; that monarch pandered to this bad feeling, and reduced it to a diabolical enactment of his legislature. The woollen manufacture of Ireland was put down. (See page 816.) The population of the whole island did not then exceed a million and a quarter, and one fifth of them were employed upon this single branch. Its destruction, therefore, drove to ruin two hundred and twenty thousand of the people, who wandered into other countries in quest of employment; but the destruction of the woollen manufacture extended injuriously to all the other trades, manufactures,

and shipping of the nation ; so intimately is one great branch of manufacture connected with the other.

From that period to the time of Swift, the trade and manufacture of Ireland can hardly be said to have existed. Swift had repeatedly advised the Irish to use their own manufacture in preference to English, and a budding sentiment in conformity grew up in consequence. In the year 1773, the manufactures of Ireland were taken under the protection of the Dublin Society. That patriotic body opened a warehouse in Castle Street\* for the exclusive sale of Irish woollen cloth, and the patriots of that time, at the head of whom were Charlemont, Flood, and Grattan, went there to purchase their cloth. The Irish privy council were, at the same time, compelled, in obedience to public opinion, to issue an order to the commandants of Irish regiments to have them clothed in Irish manufacture. This stimulated the torpid loom, and, what with the aid soon after rendered by the emancipated parliament in 1782, (see page 844,) the general expansion of a national spirit, and an active enterprise, the woollen trade was again revived in Ireland, and, in the course of twenty years from that period, gave employment to vast numbers in Cork, Limerick, Galway, Birr, Wexford, Carrick-on-Suir, Kilkenny, and Dublin. In the latter city, in 1795, there were eight thousand hands employed upon this single branch, who supported at least forty thousand human beings.

The history of the woollen trade of Ireland, since the union, is easily told. It languished day after day. The capital and customers of Ireland are drawn off to enrich England. The wealthy manufacturers of England are enabled, by the banking facilities around them, and by the maturity of their machinery, knowledge, and capital, to give the Irish shop-keepers longer credit than the miserable manufacturers of Ireland can afford. This credit is extended beyond all precedent, whenever any attempt is made to revive the trade of Ireland, while the stringent action of the Irish banking laws prohibits any aid from the native credit of the country ; and thus is Ireland held in slavery by the double action of political and commercial laws, in the enactment of which she has but one voice to five.

*The Linen Manufacture.*—From the most remote era recorded in Irish history to the present, flax formed an article of Irish agriculture, and linen an article of its manufacture. The periodical overflowing of the River Shannon served to prepare the adjacent soil for its growth, as the Nile fertilized the great valley of Egypt, where, from almost the

\* This house is still continued by Mr. Andrews.

infancy of the human race, flax was grown and linen was made. Having, I trust satisfactorily, traced, in the early pages of this work, the remote connection of the Egyptians and the first settlers in Ireland, it will not be here necessary to go over the same ground to show that the ancient Irish were well acquainted with the growth of flax, and the manufacture of it into linen. In truth, they were, many centuries ago, as they are at present, great exporters of the article. We find traces of their export in the *Irlandic Chronicle*, A. D. 1129,\* and the fashionables of Europe in those days made it their study to clothe themselves in profuse habiliments made of Irish linen. These dresses, as worn by females, required *thirty* yards of linen. The Irish imparted to their linen a bright or saffron yellow and a purple color, the first of which they obtained from the wild *buidhmor*, a flower which grows in great abundance in the island, and the second from the *purpura*, a small shell-fish, which abounded round their coast.

In the days of Henry the Eighth, his subjects of England, and within the Irish Pale, dressed most extravagantly in Irish linen, which that monarch regarding as a grievous tax upon his people, he passed a law restraining its wear, and prescribing that the shirt or smock was not to contain more than *seven yards*.

It cannot be truly asserted, that either the Earl of Strafford or Ormonde founded, in the seventeenth century, the linen manufacture in Ireland. They invested their private wealth in the business; and while they realized a profitable return, they stimulated and improved the manufacture. They are entitled to this, and no more. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the linen manufacture of Ireland had increased so much that the government under Lord Ormonde instituted a board to regulate it. This board sat in the castle, but ultimately acquired a grant from parliament, from which they built the Linen Hall, to which, about the year 1728, they removed. The Hall was opened for the sale to foreigners of the surplus linens manufactured in Ireland, and was subjected to very strict regulations.

The Williamite government did not interfere with this branch. On the contrary, it *affected* to encourage it, as an equivalent to the Irish for the ruin of their woollen trade. But, in 1726, the encouragement of printed linens became an object of the leading men connected with the trade, and large quantities were shipped, raw and printed, to England. Here, again, the jealousy of the sister country operated injuriously to this branch. The silk and woollen manufacturers of England, with

\* Whitelaw.

their men, complained to parliament that the stains and stamps of Irish linen were injurious to their trade, and they prayed they might be prohibited entering England; and prohibited they were; for we find the trustees of the Irish linen board petitioning the British parliament for liberty to send those printed linens *at least* to the colonies and plantations.

From the establishment of the linen board in 1728 to the establishment of parliamentary independence in 1782, the linen manufacture obtained from the Irish parliament an annual grant; but on the success of that great measure, the general manufactures of Ireland received an unprecedented attention and support. The annual grants to the linen board varied from thirty to fifty thousand pounds a year, and the trade augmented in a remarkable degree.

In 1821, the parliamentary grant to the linen board was withdrawn, and the trade was left to contend with the manufacturers of Scotland, England, and the Continent, whose ample capital enables them to exceed Ireland in the extent of their exports, but not to equal her in the excellency of their manufacture.

*The Silk Manufacture.* — Those who have read the earlier pages of this volume need not be retold that silk was an article of dress among at least the ancient chiefs and gentlefolks of Ireland. That it was manufactured to some extent in Ireland is very probable; for the process of rearing the worm in the East, particularly on the south-eastern banks of the Mediterranean Sea, and the manufacture of the thread into every species of garment, was known in the times of Moses, and there is hardly any of the arts that were known to the ancients of that region that were not also known to the ancient Irish.

After the revocation of the edict of Nantz, when the French Protestants were persecuted by a political clique in France, great numbers of them fled for an asylum to Ireland, which seems to have been viewed, by the persecuted of all ages, as the safe harbor for the shipwrecked of every clime. Nor were these French *Huguenots*, as they were called, disappointed; no more than those Bristol Protestants who fled to Ireland in the time of Queen Mary. They were hospitably received, and experienced every possible encouragement to settle in Ireland. Some of them became teachers of their own language, others of dancing, fencing, music, &c., to make a living; and those who understood the silk business began the manufacture in the south side of Dublin. They introduced that peculiar branch denominated the poplin and tabinet, for the manufacture of which Ireland has, from that period to the present, continued to be celebrated, not only through Europe, but America.

For several years after that period, the manufacture made a steady way; and, in 1764, that excellent institution, the Dublin Society, took it under its fostering protection. The society immediately established a silk warehouse in Parliament Street, and placed it under the superintending management of twelve noblemen and twelve weavers, who examined all goods sent in for sale. The Dublin Society paid a premium of five per cent. upon all Irish manufactured silks sold in this establishment. The sales soon amounted to seventy thousand pounds a week. In consequence of this encouragement, and that which grew from a patriotic public sentiment, the silk manufacture prospered in Dublin.

But here, again, the jealousy of Britain interfered to stop this growing prosperity. Two acts of parliament were passed in obedience to English avarice — the 25th Geo. III. chap. 62, and the 26th Geo. III. chap. 43, in which all premium upon sales of Irish manufactured silk was abolished, and the payment of it rendered illegal, the preamble of the act alleging, with astonishing effrontery, that the application of the premium did not answer the ends proposed.

The silk manufacture, notwithstanding this untoward operation, having experienced a healthy impulse, continued to be a thriving business during the existence of the Irish parliament; for the nobility and gentry of Ireland, and the merchants and mechanics of the metropolis, felt an exalted pride in wearing their native manufactured silks. At the period of the union, from ten to twelve thousand persons were employed at this trade in the city of Dublin; but on the consummation of that fatal measure, the manufacture received its death-blow. Power looms, and the multiplied machinery lately discovered, have enabled the wealthy capitalists of England to beat down the sickly remnant of this once prosperous branch of Irish manufacture. The miserable mechanics that remain are destitute of capital or bank credit, and therefore cannot cope with England in machinery or power. They rely for their bread on their hand looms and the fitful custom of patriotic ladies, and, between occasional employment and occasional destitution, spin out an existence which, in familiar phrase, may be termed half living, half dying. There are about three hundred persons, out of the whole population of Ireland, now employed upon tabinets, poplins, and ribbons, and they earn about seven shillings a week on the average. The houses, in which they formerly enjoyed affluence by their industry, are mouldering down, and rapidly commingling with the dust — a melancholy index of the nation's decline.

*The Cotton Manufacture.*—This great branch of human industry appears to have been set a-going in Ireland coeval with its commencement in Britain and France. Up to about the middle of the eighteenth century, Germany, France, Britain, and Ireland, received their cotton goods from the East, principally through the hands of Turkey merchants. On the establishment in England of the East India Company, that corporation imported largely of the cotton manufactures of the East Indies. They were then articles of great luxury and high price. The English merchants soon began to import Eastern spun thread, which they wove and printed in England; and they finally imported the cotton in the raw state, which they employed women to spin with the fingers, using the common spinning-wheel.

About the year 1776, Hargrave, a cotton-weaver in England, discovered a plan for spinning eight threads of cotton at the same time by one person. He called in Mr. Peel, (father of the present prime minister of England,) a weaver, to look at his improvement, under a pledge of secrecy. The mob of Blackburn soon after gathered and drove off poor Hargrave. Peel afterwards went to Nottingham, where, meeting with Arkwright, a barber, who had been engaged upon the same project that occupied Hargrave's mind, they formed a partnership, obtained a patent for their invention, and then began the application of the multiplying power of machinery to the manufacture of cotton. The manufacture was begun in France in 1780. In the year 1718, it appears that an application was made to the trustees of the Irish linen board by two persons, Arthur and George Sherston, for some encouragement in the establishment of the cotton manufacture in Dublin; but it was not followed up by the applicants. About the year 1760, there were two manufacturers of cotton in Dublin, who employed six hundred looms. Their principal fabrications were jeans and common cottons.

In 1777, the manufacture was introduced into the north of Ireland, as a means of employment to the pauper children in the poor-house. Messrs. Joy and M'Cabe brought over a man from Scotland to teach the paupers; but the governors, unwilling to embark in a manufacturing undertaking, declined to encourage it to a serious extent, whereupon M'Cabe formed a partnership with M'Cracken, and began the manufacture with the best machinery which was then discovered, and which, through the agency of a skilful weaver whom they sent to work in the English factories, they at last obtained. The children who had received instruction in the poor-house were now placed in connection with their machines, and they soon became successful cotton-spinners. But, to



their honor, they did not conceal their machinery. On the contrary, they exhibited it to all; the consequence of which was, the very general establishment of the manufacture through Ireland.

In 1779, the spirit and resolve of the Irish people had won a free trade from Britain. Ireland felt the impulse of freedom. Enterprise was lit up through the nation. Every branch of industry prospered, and the cotton manufacture more rapidly than any. The gentry of Ireland caught, for once, the mania of commercial industry, and rushed impetuously into some branch or other of manufacturing business. A Mr. Brooke, who had returned to his native country after a long residence in the East, where he amassed a large fortune, entered, with all his means, into the cotton manufacture. He purchased an estate in the county of Kildare, on which he expended eighteen thousand pounds in the erection of houses and looms. This town he called *Prosperous*. He received a grant of twenty thousand pounds from the Irish parliament, and, in a few years, he had eighteen hundred hand looms working. The same spirit animated other wealthy men. Machinery and well-instructed men were brought from England. The cotton manufacture soon swelled to national dimensions. But, like all other branches, it received a serious check by the removal of the Irish parliament and the consequent drainage of the wealth of Ireland. While England has exported to foreign countries, within the last sixty years, upwards of fifteen hundred millions of pounds sterling worth of manufactured cottons, and supports near three millions of her people by this branch; while France, limited in fuel and water power, employs a million of hands; while the United States, though the manufacture is but twenty years old in the country, employs more than five hundred thousand persons — Ireland, where provisions, labor, power, and intellect abound, does not employ in cotton over thirty thousand persons, though the profits upon this branch of manufacture are still greater than upon any other.

*Hats.*—The Irish, in remote ages, manufactured hats from their wool and rabbit fur. The shape of their hats was conical, and the material was rendered impervious to rain. Irish wool is peculiarly well calculated for cohering together in the felting process, and the English manufacturers use it chiefly in the formation of the *body* or shell of the hat. The fur obtained from the Irish hare and rabbit is considerable, and is mostly all sent to England in the raw state, where it is used to *tip* or finish the hats. About half a million sterling per annum is sent to England for those fine hats, three fourths of which is clear profit to the foreigner.

## GENERAL RESOURCES OF IRELAND.

*Fuel.*—There are seven chief coal formations in Ireland—one in Leinster, two in Munster, three in Ulster, and one in Connaught. Those towards the north yield bituminous or flaming coal. Those to the south yield only stone coal, or anthracite, which emits no flame. The coal is to be found extending into eleven or twelve counties.

The Leinster formation occupies the greater portion of the counties of Kilkenny, Carlow, and the Queen's. The Rivers Nore and Barrow, which afford means of conveyance, run immediately at the base of the colliery hills. Iron stone is found here. These collieries were worked in the beginning of the last century, but abandoned; but since the use of the steam engine was discovered, they have been reworked.

In Tipperary and Kilkenny, the best mines are found, and are now worked with some energy and success. In Tyrone, there is an excellent field, though small, of bituminous coal. It is worked with spirit, at present, by several companies.

The old Antrim coal mine, now neglected, was worked many ages ago, as we learn by the antiquity of certain tools found by modern miners, in abandoned chambers. Dr. Kane gives the following description of the Shannon:—

“The Shannon, the largest river in the British islands, falls into the Atlantic Ocean, dividing the counties of Clare and Kerry, and cutting through the centre of the Munster coal formation. Expanding in its inland course into a chain of extensive lakes, it intersects, through a line of two hundred and forty-seven miles, some of the richest lands in Ireland, washing the banks of ten of the thirty-two counties of which our island is made up. It has its origin in the recesses of the Leitrim hills, where it springs almost with its full power from a vast gulf, the depth of which has not yet been ascertained, and, almost immediately expanding, forms Lough Allen, of which the area is eight thousand nine hundred acres. The picture of this district, as I saw it some two years since, has never left my mind. The dark-brown hills, heather clad, rose abruptly from the water, excepting towards the south, where they were separated from the lake by level spaces of marshy bog. The patches of cultivation, small and rare, far from relieving the aspect of the scene, served but to render its dreariness more oppressive. The lake, smooth as a mirror, reflected the brilliant sky of midsummer. No wave disturbed it; the noise and bustle of active industry were far away. The melancholy solitude of my walk was only broken by the approach of some wretched men, who had heard of the phenomenon of a stranger's presence in their wilds, and pressed around, asking whether I was about to do any thing for the country, ~~to give~~ <sup>to give</sup> employment. Alas! it was not in my power. As I walked on, there lay around my path masses of iron ore, equally rich with the best employed in England. I knew that in those hills, whose desolate aspect weighed on my mind,

there were concealed all the materials for successful industry; a population starving, and eager to be employed at any price; a district capable of setting them at work, if its resources were directed by honesty and common sense."

The coal-fields surrounding Lough Allen form an area of one hundred and fourteen thousand acres. They extend to parts of the counties Roscommon, Sligo, Leitrim, and a portion of Cavan in Ulster.

The bogs of Ireland are no other than coal formations in an incipient state. In succeeding ages they will become coal, and thus supply fuel for an eternity. There are about three million acres of bog, formed of vegetable matter in all its variety, but saturated with a moisture the drainage of which would be very expensive.

Latterly, machinery has been invented by Mr. Williams for compressing the bog peat, and all the steaming done on the Shannon is worked by this fuel, at a cost of five or six shillings a ton. The Irish bog peat, when pressed and properly prepared with a mixture of tar, makes better charcoal than wood; and it is proved that, for the manufacture of gunpowder, being very inflammable, it is preferable to any other. It stood the several chemical tests, and was twenty per cent. more inflammable than the charcoal obtained from wood.

*Water Power.* — The Shannon rises in one coal formation, and empties itself into the sea through another. At and near Killaloe, there is a fall of ninety-seven feet of the entire river, which equals thirty-nine thousand nine hundred horse power. Between Lough Dherg and Lough Allen, the falls offer thirty-three thousand horse power. The Shannon, in about seventy miles of its course, offers a power equal to seventy-two thousand horses, which would drive eighteen hundred factories, allowing two twenty-horse engines for each, and employ within the walls seven hundred and twenty thousand hands, allowing four hundred hands for each. Cotton can be brought, for about the same freight, from New Orleans to the Shannon that it can from New Orleans to Massachusetts.

The River Lee, which rises in Kerry, and passes through a mountainous country to Cork, affords, by its rapids, incalculable water-power, as it drains five hundred and sixty square miles of country, and produces one hundred and sixty-nine horse power, per foot of fall. The Baun, in the north, running from the mountains of Mourne to Lough Neagh, turns machinery all the way, affording about a third, or probably a fourth, of the power of the Shannon. The falls of Lough Erne, in its passage to the sea, afford quite as much power as those of the River Shannon. These, connected with the Connaught lakes, offer, by Dr. Kane's accurate calculation, nine thousand two hundred and eighty horse power, and there are very many rivers whose power is not calculated, but

which, tumbling from the mountains, offer, in their fall, an incalculable power. As in the manufacture of flour, so in that of cotton or silk, water motive is more equable than that of steam, produces finer work, and does not wear out the machinery near so fast. In fact, cotton and flour manufactured by water have always commanded a higher price than those manufactured by steam. The steam engine gives to each revolution of the machinery an eccentric jerk, which disturbs the even action upon the material of superfine manufacture. The total mill power in England appears, by a return to parliament, to be eighty-two thousand horse-power, of which three fourths are produced by steam, and one fourth by water. The water power of Ireland is at least four times greater.

*Iron.* — Some two hundred years ago, Ireland was covered over with small iron furnaces which were heated by turf peat and wood, and which made the very best sort of malleable iron for fine work. Such is imported to Britain and Ireland from Germany and Sweden, at present, at very high cost. Iron was found through Ireland in bogs, in mountains, and in the solid rocks. It can be found at this day peering through mountain sides in Leitrim; near Lough Erne; in the county of Cavan; in the county of Tyrone; in King's county; near Mount-Rath and Mount-Melick; in many parts of Connaught; in the county of Clare. There is one mountain near Lough Allen, called, in Irish, *Slew-Neven*, (Iron Mountain,) so emphatically is it a mountain of iron, the ore of which can be dug down from its iron sides by the laborers with the common spade. The ancestor of the Duke of Devonshire realized a princely fortune, two hundred years ago, by working his iron mines in Munster. It is said that in a short time he realized one hundred thousand pounds, which equals five hundred thousand pounds of the present day; and the iron was then an article of considerable export from Ireland to England, and it excelled the German and French iron in every respect. The bog iron ore, formed by concretion in swamps, is peculiarly fitted, from its fine plastic quality, to be made into trinkets. It grows from masses of insects, and forms mysteriously in bogs and morasses. It is of this sort of ore, obtained in the bogs of Prussia, that the fine trinkets which come from Berlin are manufactured. Superfine malleable iron is brought from Russia and Sweden to England and Ireland, because it is smelted and refined by wood, which creates a purer article than coal fuel. It costs the importers twenty-five to thirty-five pounds per ton, while the ordinary price of English iron is six or seven pounds. Now, the iron ore of Ireland is the richest worked in Europe. Its bog peat is the very best for tempering it, and it only requires that a sufficient capital shall be accumulated, and honest men placed at the head of it, to make the

Arigna coal mountain the foundation of a western Sheffield; and as, in Bavaria, in France, and in other parts of the Continent, where coal is scarce, bog turf, like that of Ireland, is used, to produce very fine iron, it follows that Ireland can, in this respect, compete with any nation of Europe. The Arigna iron mountain is at present owned by an English company, who refuse or decline to work it, probably under the influence of national jealousy, or interest, for we cannot discover any other motive.

*Copper.* — There are at present three chief copper mines open, and successfully and profitably working, in Ireland — one in the county of Wicklow, in the valley of the beautiful Avoca; the second in the county of Waterford, at Knockmahon; and the third in the southern parts of the counties of Cork and Kerry. The Wicklow copper pyrites, or round yellow lumps of earth, in which the copper is concealed, contain also sulphuret of zinc, antimony, and lead.

There are occasionally found, through Ireland, strata of quartz, having immense beds of iron and copper pyrites, usually found in slaty lumps. In the Avoca valley, there are found, in great abundance, iron and sulphur pyrites, and the Irish mining company have, within ten years, doubled their produce and profits in this and the Dungarvan district. Indeed, it is proved by scientific researches published by Dr. Kane, that the mountains which, especially on the western shore, surround Ireland from the sea, are full of *quartz* — a species of stone formation which contains various metallic ores, especially lead, which, in scientific language, is the matrix of the metal. From Skibbereen to Kerry, the coast mountains are full of metallic ore, but imperfectly worked at present. The mountains which so beautifully environ the lakes of Killarney are full of copper ore. There has also been discovered there *cobalt*, a most valuable mineral, from which the blue glass and smelt blue are made. The mountains in the north of Tipperary are found to contain innumerable small and large metallic lodes, some of which have latterly been worked. One of these mountains is called *Silver Mines*, from the quantity of silver formerly obtained from its lode-ore. Sulphur in vast quantities can be had here. On the eastern coast, near Dublin, there are small copper mines, irregularly worked. Very rich copper ore is found in Tyrone, near Dungannon, one lode producing from seventy to eighty per cent. of pure copper. All this copper is sent to Swansea, in Wales, to be smelted, where the thin, poor ore of Cornwall and that of Cuba meet and are smelted together in one mixture for commerce. The gross quantity of copper raised in Ireland amounts now to about twenty-five thousand tons per annum.

*Lead* is more generally found through Ireland than copper. The

granite districts, running from Dublin around Wicklow, abound with it. The classic vale of Glendalough affords a great and profitable lead mine, the ore yielding seventy per cent. of fine lead. There are here found white lead ore, sulphuret of zinc, copper pyrites, and phosphate of lead. This mine is well worked, and is the principal source of profit of the Irish mining company. In *Caime*, (Wexford,) there is another lead mine worked by that company. In the mountains of Louth, Armagh, and Down, several lead mines have been opened. Near Newtownards, in Down, is another mine worked in a moderate way. In Ardmore, in Waterford, and in Kenmore, in Kerry, are lead mines opened and partially worked. The granite hills of Connemara, in the west of Ireland, which look out upon the Atlantic, are full of lead ore; but as yet enterprise has not reached that romantic solitude. This remark applies to the towering mountains which surround the counties of Donegal and Sligo. The flat interior of Ireland is full of lead ore; but the expense of draining is at present too great to admit a profitable return. In Kilkenny, Longford, and Kildare counties, lead has been found and partially exhumed. In 1833, a lead mine of great value was discovered in the county of Clare, proved to be in quality the richest in Europe; for the ore yields seventy-seven per cent. of lead, and fifteen ounces of silver to each ton. This treasure lies imbedded in a boggy field. Indeed, all the lead of Ireland is more or less imbued with silver, which was but very lately discovered. Formerly, says Dr. Kane, Irish lead was deemed brittle and inferior, and sold at a depressed rate. It was purchased by foreign miners, who *extracted the silver* it contained, (the cause of its brittleness,) and sent it back to the Irish markets *purified* of its valuable dross. Now, however, the silver is extracted by the Irish miners on the spot; and, while their lead bears the highest price in the English markets, the silver found in the ore increases their profits and rewards their enterprise. In some instances, from twenty to one hundred and twenty ounces of silver per ton of lead have been extracted. The copper, lead, silver, and sulphur, raised and exported from Ireland, amounts, at present, to about five hundred thousand pounds (two million five hundred thousand dollars) per annum; and this industrial enterprise, after a long season of civil war, has been resumed with serious activity only within the last twenty years. Twenty years more will, it is hoped, exhibit a striking advancement.

*Gold.*— I have repeatedly noted, in the early pages of this work, the profuse wear of gold which attended the early pageants of kings and chieftains. There is no doubt upon any man's mind who has made Ireland his study, whether historian, antiquarian, or geologist, that mines of

gold were worked in Ireland many, many ages ago. The laws of primogeniture which were introduced by the English conferred, most unjustly, on the lord of the soil a right to all the coins, metals, and mines found beneath the surface. For this reason, when any deposits of ancient coins or ornaments were found by the country people, they were melted down in secret, and sold to the gold and silver smiths. Notwithstanding the destructive action of such a custom upon our ancient relics, abundant has been preserved (now in the London and Dublin Museums) of art and curiosities to establish the general assertion as to the plentifulness of gold in Ireland in past ages, and the great skill also of the workmen. The most celebrated of the gold mines were that in Wicklow, and that near Ross, in the county of Wexford, in which the royal mint of Leinster was once established. But these mines, though not altogether exhausted, have not been worked in latter years. It appears that, some forty years ago, a new protrusion of golden ore was discovered by the country people in the glen and stream beds of *Croghan Kinshela*, in the county of Wicklow. Lumps of the purest gold, connected, in some instances, with cakes of iron and stone, were washed down into the valleys by the rains. The country people gathered it, washed out the pure ore from the matrix incrustations in which it tumbled down, sold it to the goldsmiths of Dublin, and thus, for some years, realized a considerable wealth, which diffused itself among the common people. But the British government, ever jealous of the slightest advance of Irishmen beyond the level of serfs, seized upon the district in the name of the king, and commenced, upon a grand scale, the exploration of the gold beds and the realization of the ore. After the prosecution of this dominant enterprise for two years, the government found, at an immense expense, that the native ore of Ireland spurned their unholy hands, for, in a little time, it totally disappeared! and they were obliged to relinquish the pursuit. The collection of it has again fallen into the hands of the country people, who occasionally find some little prize to reward their industry.— This circumstance calls to my mind one of a kindred character, related by *Shaw Mason*, in his descriptive and statistical work on Ireland. The Protestant parson of a certain parish on the Wexford coast, at one time took it into his head to establish a *tithe tax* on the herrings and other fish caught by the poor fishermen within his ecclesiastical dominion. His reverence demanded, for his spiritual services, the tenth part of all their fish. It was a thing unheard of before. The former parson sought it not. The claim was resisted, and a tithe war in the heretofore peaceful district was, of course, the natural consequence. While the war was raging between the spiritual missionary

and his flock, the case was settled, not by lawyers or soldiers, both of whom were occupied in the affair, but *by the herrings; for they absolutely and totally abandoned that part of the coast.*

*Tin.* — Dr. Kane says that the occurrence of tin stone in Ireland is of very considerable importance, as this metal, indispensable in the arts, and of high price, is one of the most valuable elements of mineral industry. Hitherto it has been only disseminated through the auriferous soil of Wicklow; no workable deposits of it having been met with.

*Various Minerals.* — *Manganese* is found in Howth, in the vicinity of Dublin, in Wicklow; but especially in Glandore, on the southern coast of the county of Cork, where the ore is the true peroxide. The earth magnesia (Epsom salts) so much used in medicine and manufactures, is prepared from a mineral, called *dolomite*, of which, remarks Dr. Kane, there are vast quantities in Ireland. It is sent to Glasgow in the rough stone, and there manufactured; but no use is made of it at home. *Antimony* is found in the lead mines of Clare county, and is of peculiar and *unequaled* quality. It consists of sulphuret of antimony, united to sulphuret of lead, naturally united in the same proportions as they are in the manufacture of printing types, so that this ore, when smelted, would give a natural type metal. The minerals of *nickel*, *chrome*, *arsenic*, and *bismuth*, have been found near Armagh. They are manufacturing copperas in Tyrone, from the copper pyrites found there; and there are materials for its manufacture in many other parts of Ireland.

The production of *sulphur* has latterly been a source of great profit to the inhabitants of the romantic vale of Avoca, in the county of Wicklow — a vale rendered immortal by the classical pen of Moore. The development of this new enterprise in Ireland arose in the following way: In the year 1836, the government of Naples placed an exorbitant price on the sulphur with which the manufacturers of England had previously been supplied from the volcanic districts of Sicily; they were driven to find a substitute at a cheaper rate, and thus had recourse to the copper and iron pyrites found so plentifully in Wicklow. It was found that these produced thirty per cent. of sulphur ore, of the best quality. The demand set in, and the quantity sent to England from that favored locality amounted soon to one hundred thousand tons per annum. Although, from the relaxation of the Neapolitan tariff, the English market has been again contested by Sicilian sulphur, yet the sulphur mines of Wicklow, which appear to be inexhaustible, promise employment to the spirited people of that region for centuries.

*Alum.* — It appears the Tipperary coal mountains, and those running



beyond forty miles, on the western shore of the counties of Kerry and Clare, present, according to Kane, the very best pyritic shales in Europe, and the most extensive, too, for the manufacture of alum.

*Potter's Clay.* — The *Mourne* mountains, in the county of Down, possess decomposed granite, or *kaolin*, similar to that of Cornwall, from which all the English pottery and delf are made. At Kilranelagh, near Baltinglass, similar clay is found, and also in Wicklow, Carlow, and Wexford. And here it may be noted, that it was an Irishman (Mr. Frye) who introduced the manufacture of porcelain into England. See "FRYE," in my biographical sketches (Lecture 22.) Dr. Kane says, "No person has yet essayed the manufacture of China clay in this country. The materials for it appear, from all evidence, to exist abundantly." Large quantities of pipe-clay have been exported to England from near Cahir, in Tipperary, but no use has ever been made of it at home. In Roscommon county, similar qualities of clay have been found, from which the country people have begun to manufacture rude tobacco pipes.

*Fire Clay.* — In nearly all the coal-fields of Ireland, the coal is bedded in clay, admirably fitted for furnace purposes, making fire blocks, tiles, and crucibles, of the best quality, equal, and by Griffith thought to be superior, to those made of *Stourbridge* clay. Mr. Mallet produced some crucibles at the Board of Trade made of this clay, which he assured the committee were found better for his melting purposes than any ever imported from England. For the manufacture of China and glass, there are abundant materials all over Ireland. The chalk of Antrim contains abundance of flints. The great masses of quartz in Donegal and Mayo, on Howth and Bray Hills, and capping various mountains, afford an unlimited supply.

In the mountains of Donegal, there is sand of unequalled purity. It is purely white, chemically pure, excelling, in this respect, the fine sand of the south of England. In several of the bays of Donegal, the sand thrown up by the Atlantic is singularly pure and fine, and very well fitted for the glass manufacturers. Fine crystalline sand, prized for polishing and whetting, is found at Lough Grana and Lough Coora.

*Stone, Slate.* — The plenteousness of stone of all kinds in Ireland, for building purposes, is so notorious that I shall not dwell upon it. In Wicklow and Killaloe, slate quarries abound, and are partially worked. Slates of eight to ten feet square are produced from the quarry of Killaloe. That alone has latterly produced ten thousand tons of slate per annum, and is gradually progressing; for the quarry covers an area of twenty square

miles. Valentia quarry, in the extreme south, produces slabs or flags thirty feet long, and six to twelve inches thick. These are bought for the London market. Slate quarries are worked at Clonakilty and Kinsale.

*Marble.*—There is marble found in every county of Ireland. That of Kilkenny and Galway is, perhaps, the most beautiful and celebrated. The Kilkenny marble, when first cut, is quite black; but, in the process of manufacture, beautiful white streaks are found all through it. That of Galway is marked with gray streaks, takes a splendid ebony polish, and is in great demand in Dublin, London, and New York, for chimney-pieces. A considerable trade is carried on in this article, from the port of Galway, where the marble is brought from the quarries, near Lough Corrib. Near Annagh is found a marble speckled with red, brown, and golden tints, not very inferior to the Parian marble of Italy. A similar marble, variegated with yellow and purple, occurs at Churchtown, near Cork. The primitive limestones of Connemara and Donegal supply pure white marble; in Kerry there is black and white variegated marble; in Down, Tipperary, and other places, it is black; near Shannon harbor, beautiful black and dove color are found; green and white marble is found in abundance at Clifden, in Connemara, which is exported in great quantities.

Dr. Kane, at the conclusion of his interesting chapter on minerals, remarks as follows:—

“It results, from these inquiries, that by far the greater portion of this island is constituted of mineral formations, analogous to those of the principal mining districts of England and of the continent of Europe; that in almost every quarter, valuable deposits of the more important metals, rocks, and minerals have been found, and the quantity of ores raised and sold is annually on the increase. In many cases, mines and quarries, formerly abandoned, are now being worked with advantage, owing to increase of economy and skill.”

<i>Agriculture and Population.</i> —The population of Ireland, in 1841, was . . . . .		<u>8,173,966</u>
Of these, there were employed,		
In agriculture, . . . . .	5,466,743	
In trade and manufactures, . . . . .	1,953,698	
In other pursuits, (including the idle aristocracy,) . . . . .	<u>813,535</u>	
		8,173,966

Ireland is cut up into

306,913 farms, from 1 to 5 acres each.
251,128 " " 5 to 15 " "
78,954 " " 15 to 30 " "
48,312 " " above 30 " "

Total, 685,309 "

The average sizes of the farms are computed by Dr. Kane thus : —

In Leinster,	29 acres each.
In Munster,	23 " "
In Ulster,	14 " "
In Connaught,	14 " "

The agricultural laborers are mostly Catholics ; the aristocracy, are Episcopalian Protestants ; and about one third of those engaged in manufactures and trade are Presbyterians. The Episcopalians number about six hundred thousand ; the Presbyterians and all other dissenters, about the same figure ; and the remainder, or *seven millions*, are Catholics ; half of these are females, and half of the other half are able-bodied men, — say one million seven hundred and fifty thousand, who are now laborers, but who could, in an incredibly short time, (a month,) and at a small expense, (one shilling each,) the price of a pike blade, be converted into an armed army. They labor on the land at an average rate of seven pence a day, (fourteen cents,) and most of them have somebody belonging to them, — wife, children, father, mother, sister, or brother, to support, and *do* support, from this pittance, as well as they can.\*

It would be a waste of time to go into a description of the productive qualities of the soil. I once heard Cobbett (and he was a profound agriculturist) say, in a public lecture, that "one acre of ordinary Irish land would yield as much produce for the sustenance of man, as two acres of the ordinary land of England." Arthur Young, the secretary of the English Board of Agriculture, says, "You must examine into the soil before you can believe that a country which has so beggarly an appearance can be so rich and fertile." It may well be described, for

\* The government poor-law commissioners have found that the average wages of the agricultural laborers of Ireland, the year round, is two shillings and six pence (or sixty American cents) *a week*. Now, the average wages of the laborers of the United States is at least sixty cents *a day*, where provisions of every sort are for *half* the price they are in Ireland. Thus a common laborer will earn more in *six hours*, in the United States, than in six days in Ireland. And this is, perhaps, the most practical measure which can be used, to mark the difference between rational liberty and selfish slavery.

its great fertility, in the words of Willis, "the Eden of the west of Europe." Its total area is but twenty and a half millions of acres, of which *three* are bog, and *three* and a half lake and mountain; leaving fourteen million acres to produce support for a teeming population of about eight and a half millions; \* the half of which is torn from them annually by an absentee proprietary and an absentee government. Beneath and nearly throughout its verdant surface is a broad bed of lime-stone, an eternal purifier and reproducer of its soil. For two hundred miles across its centre, the majestic Shannon courses in swelling tides, seasonably overflowing, for many miles, the neighboring banks that lie upon its sides, annually depositing, like the bountiful Nile, nourishment for perpetual harvests. It is girt all around by the fresh and bounding Atlantic, whose vapory spray dancing over its surface, from shore to shore, — purifying with its salty impregnation, and irrigating by its gentle moisture, — creates an herbage for man and beast, sweeter and healthier than any other land of the whole earth.

It is indeed a most fruitful land, unequalled in the world, supplying not only its own crowding population with food, but the one third of all that is consumed in the manufacturing districts of England; as may be seen by one year's return of its general exports, which I transfer from *Wade's History of England*. If in one pound of bone there is nutriment for twenty-eight pounds of wheat or two hundred and fifty pounds of potatoes, (as alleged by *Dr. Kane*,) we may, by this standard, estimate the annual loss to the soil of Ireland of all the cattle annually exported. If their bones were returned to Ireland when the flesh was eaten by our English taskmasters, it would, to some extent, replenish the soil; but even the bones are ground up and spread over the barren soil of England, to nourish its agriculture; otherwise its inhabitants would actually hunger from deficient harvests.

*Exports from Ireland to England in the Year 1835, (since which date no account has been kept.)*

Cows and oxen, number, . . . . .	98,150	Flour, in cwts. of 112 lbs., . . .	1,984,480
Horses, ditto, . . . . .	4,655	Potatoes, ditto, . . . . .	223,398
Sheep, ditto, . . . . .	125,452	Bacon and hams, ditto, . . . . .	379,111
Swine, ditto, . . . . .	376,191	Beef and pork, ditto, . . . . .	370,172
Wheat, in quarters, . . . . .	420,522	Butter, ditto, . . . . .	827,000
Barley, ditto, . . . . .	168,946	Lard, ditto, . . . . .	70,267
Other grain, ditto, . . . . .	39,637	Eggs, number of . . . . .	52,244,800

\* The births in Ireland preponderate over the deaths at the rate of 1000 a day About 200,000 persons emigrate every year, the half of whom come to America.

Ditto, in boxes,.....	13,000	Cotton, yards,.....	1,079,088
Feathers, cwts.,.....	6,432	Cotton yarn, lbs., .....	13,458
Hides and calf-skins, number,...	57,657	Linen, yards, .....	70,209,572
Wool, lbs.,.....	764,184	Silk manufacture, yards,.....	8,400
Flax and tow, cwts.,.....	163,499	Woollen manufacture, ditto, ...	100,294
Lead and copper ore, cwts.,...	477,650	Other articles, value,.....	£369,294
Spirits, gallons,.....	459,473	Foreign and colonial produce } reexported, } 110,489	
Beer and porter,* ditto,.....	2,686,680		
Value of the above in sterling money,.....		£16,693,685.	

The English authority from whom I take this return, estimates the money value of that year's exports (1835) at the enormous sum of sixteen million six hundred and ninety-three thousand six hundred and eighty-five pounds sterling, or SEVENTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS; but it is much more. The cost of Irish labor in producing all this property is below the standard rate of labor upon the face of the earth — less than the average rendered to the American slaves in the south, or those belonging to the aristocracy of Russia.

It is a well-established theorem in political economy, that a nation really gains nothing by exporting and importing. Such traffic is a wear and tear on the community. With the exception of France, England, and perhaps one or two of the German states, who send abroad their manufactured trifles, with which they manage to pay foreigners for all the commodities they require of them, no nation gains any thing by export. A large export and import is a tax upon the industrial classes. An aristocracy creates the chief imports of a nation, by giving birth to artificial wants, investing the gratification of them with a species of honor, and to supply which the mass of the people are compelled to toil like slaves, and yield up the most valuable products of their soil and labor.

But in the case of Ireland, where the food of the people forms the chief material of export, where the workman is paid at the very lowest standard for the rudest kind of labor, where the produce is shipped away in its raw and least profitable state, and where, finally, the chief part of it is required to pay a foreign aristocracy, and the interest of a foreign fraudulently-contracted debt, the producers receiving neither necessaries nor luxuries in return, — then, indeed, an export trade of the

\* The item of porter is understated. The house of Guinness & Co. alone exports five million gallons annually. Nor has Wade included the vast quantities of fish caught round the coasts and in the rivers, which resource is now, by the aid of parliamentary bonuses monopolized by English and Scottish fishing companies. The Irish fish ought to be credited five hundred thousand pounds per annum.

most injurious kind that can possibly be conceived is established. As well might a people bring the rich produce of their fields once a year to the sea-side, and throw it to the fishes, as to continue an export trade on such a principle.

Ireland draws from England full nine millions' worth of her manufactured articles, and while the wages paid for producing the *eighteen* millions of Irish produce does not exceed five millions of money, the wages and profits afforded to the English population on the manufactures taken by Ireland exceed six millions, most of which Ireland can realize by manufacturing for herself. In familiar language, the labor of one Englishman pays for the labor of three Irishmen; and this may be illustrated by the value imparted by skill and labor to three or four of the leading articles of common consumption.

A pound of cotton, which costs the Lancashire manufacturer about 7d., by spinning it into cotton yarn, is worth 15d.; by weaving it into common calico, 25d.; by printing it, 40d.; by spinning it into fine muslin thread, 500d.; by spinning it into lace thread, 2000d.; by weaving it into fine lace and other fineries, 5000d.

A pound of wool, bought in Ireland (and the woollen fibre of Ireland is the whitest, easiest cleansed, and most enduring of any in the world) at 12d., when manufactured into cloth, stuffs, or blankets, in England, is worth 60d.; when mixed with Saxony wool, and manufactured into fine cloth, 120d.; manufactured into curtain merino, or worsted, or coach trimmings, 200d.; when mixed as the basis of cashmeres, mousseline de laines, or hats, 500d.

A ton of clay, brought from Cornwall to Staffordshire, with a due proportion, of flint, brought from the *Mourne* Mountains, in Ireland, costs about £18; manufactured into common pottery, it is worth £200; into house delf, £500; into China, &c., £1000.

The quantity of cast iron, worth £1 sterling, becomes worth the following sums, when converted into

Ordinary machinery, . . . . .	£ 4
Larger ornamental work, . . . . .	45
Buckles, . Berlin work, . . . . .	660
Neck chains, " " . . . . .	1386
Shirt buttons, " " . . . . .	5896

The quantity of bar iron, worth £1 sterling, becomes, when formed into

Horseshoes, worth . . . . .	£ 2 10s.
Knives, (table,) . . . . .	36 0

Needles, . . . . .	£ 71	0
Penknife blades, . . . . .	657	0
Polished buttons and buckles, . . . . .	897	0
Balance springs of watches, . . . . .	50,000	0

Now, these are the chief articles of demand in all civilized nations. Ireland consumes of the cotton manufacture of England near three millions' worth a year; of English woollen goods, two millions; of iron manufactures, two millions and a half; of delf and China, about half a million. These eight millions create a profit for English artisans, capitalists, and land-owners, of at least five millions per annum, and a loss to the same classes in Ireland of an equal amount.

With all these rare natural advantages, the manufactures of Ireland were, in 1840, in a most miserable state. The genius of British government for so many centuries in Ireland, its wars of oppression, its crippling legislation, its suppression of education, its taxation monopolies, and neglect, had reduced the intellectual, the moral and the physical energy of the people to a woful state of despondency. We may take our criterion from the trifling number of persons employed in the production of the leading articles of manufacture in all Ireland at the formation of the Board of Trade in 1840.

The manufacture of broadcloths and fine woollens employed, in all Ireland, nine hundred persons; average weekly wages, twelve shillings.

The manufacture of silk poplin and tabinet gave employment to one hundred persons; average weekly wages, ten shillings.

There were only four glass factories in all Ireland, employing six hundred persons; average weekly wages, eighteen shillings.

The manufacture of fine hats employed forty persons; average weekly wages, twenty-two shillings.

Machine hosiery employed three hundred and fifty persons; average weekly wages, eight shillings.

The manufacture of carpets (one factory) employed seven persons; average weekly wages, fifteen shillings.

The manufacture of cutlery employed about fifty persons; average weekly wages twenty-five shillings.

Ship-building employed six hundred persons; average weekly wages, twenty-five shillings.

The ribbon, tape, and trimming manufacture was completely annihilated. There were three manufactories of thread. Only six hand looms were working on velvet, and but three or four pin factories in the whole island. It is true, the linen manufacture had been com-

paratively in healthy activity in the north of Ireland, and is steadily advancing; and it may here be noted that it is an historical fallacy to attribute the introduction of flax or its manufacture into Ireland to Englishmen. The Irish, as has already been stated, cultivated flax long before the birth of Christ; for it was introduced by the early settlers from the valley of the Nile, where it had, in the course of many previous ages, been cultivated by the Egyptians. The flax annually grown in Ireland is estimated to be thirty-six thousand four hundred and sixty-five tons, worth fifty-five pounds per ton, equal to two millions of pounds sterling; the linen exported, to four millions; and that consumed in Ireland, to about as much. From some of this flax the most beautiful cambric is manufactured. Connected with this matter, the following interesting page from Dr. Kane's inestimable work is appropriate: —

“Mr. William Blakely, a tenant of the Dean of Dromore, on the town land of Corcelany, near Waringstown, grew, last season, three statute acres (about 1a. 3r. 16p. Irish measure) of flax, which he managed strictly according to the directions of the ‘*Society for the Improvement of the Growth of Flax in Ireland.*’ The produce of this field has been recently purchased for 15s. per stone, by Messrs. M'Murray and Henning, of Waringstown, the eminent cambric manufacturers, who say it is equal, if not superior, to any flax they ever saw before, and that they have given 36s. per stone for foreign flax, of an inferior quality.

“A large portion of this flax has been delivered to Messrs. M'Murray and Co.; but some still remains to be dressed by the celebrated machinery of Mr. Henry, of Keady. Should this part be as productive as that already furnished, the entire produce of the three acres will be 120 stones; which, at 15s., will give to the farmer £90; but he has a *certainty* of 100 stones, which will realize him £75.

“This flax is now in process of conversion into cambric pocket handkerchiefs; it is capable of being spun to thirty hanks to the pound, and is to be spun by hand. Mark, now, the employment this will give.

“It will give constant employment, for twelve months, to 158 women to spin it; eighteen weavers will be occupied a like period in weaving it; and it will employ forty women for a year to hemstitch (or vein) the handkerchiefs, thus giving constant employment, for twelve months, to 210 persons.

“It is curious to trace the result of the process which this flax is now undergoing. It will produce 210 webs of cambric, each web containing five dozen handkerchiefs; each dozen will be worth 50s., and the entire, when finished, will be worth £2600.

“If arguments in favor of the Flax Improvement Society were needed, the case specified in the above letter would furnish them. The farmer alluded to was induced to try what he could do in the way of growing flax, by reading a small tract issued by this society, which accidentally fell into his hands. The land on which he sowed the seed was the most barren part of his farm.”



But, after all, what is the fact? The little Scotch town of Dundee manufactures as much linen for export as all Ireland. The Scotch and English linen, however, it should be noted, is made partly of cotton and partly of flax, a mixture called "union linen," and is sold in the United States for "Irish;" but latterly the fraud has become, to some extent, known, and buyers are more cautious in their selections. The linen so manufactured does not wear near so well as the genuine Irish linen. After all, I repeat it, the linen manufacture is miserably below what it ought to be in Ireland.

The manufacture of wheaten flour and oatmeal had been gradually on the increase. As it is nearly all produced by water-moved machinery, and the raw material is brought fresh from the grower to the mills, it generally equalled, and frequently excelled, the best brands made in England. This was a manufacture that, like the linen, was greatly encouraged by the Irish parliament, whose nurturing policy blooms and blossoms in the successful progress of this great branch of industry.

As for canal and railway communication, it will be only necessary to glance at a comparative table of this branch of national enterprise in England and Ireland, to enable us to see the real condition of the latter.

There are at present in operation in England one thousand seven hundred and thirty-two miles of railway. In Ireland there is but *sixty-four miles*, and till within the last year, but eight miles. Total miles of

Railway, . . . . .	England, . . .	1742; . . .	Ireland, . .	64:
Canals, . . . . .	England, . . .	2678; . . .	Ireland, . .	362:
Navigable Rivers, . . . . .	England, . . .	1820; . . .	Ireland, . .	330:

though the area and population of England is little beyond one half more than that of Ireland.

Such was the condition of the manufactures of Ireland as surveyed from the Board of Trade. An agitation was created by that board. Meetings were held in the metropolis and neighboring parishes. Pledges were taken by the people to purchase or wear nothing but their own manufactures. An instant, a universal demand for Irish manufactures grew up through all parts of Ireland—a demand which far exceeded the powers of the artisans or the existing machinery to supply. Several mechanics were called home from England, who found immediate employment; many elderly ones were taken from the poor-houses, and set to work on their long-abandoned looms. Four new hat factories were erected. The cloth manufacturers could not supply half the demand. Messrs. Willans sold twenty thousand pounds' worth of their fine cloths

in a few weeks, and had received more orders than they could execute in several months. Country associations in conjunction were formed in Waterford, Limerick, Cork, and Kilkenny, the latter the seat of a blanket manufactory. Orders came pouring into Kilkenny for blankets and coarse woollens, to Mount Mellick for woollen stuffs. A universal emotion animated the people. The press reflected their glowing sentiments. The clergy of every persuasion, most heartily joined in this practical and immediately beneficial movement. O'Connell, his son John, Mr. Fitzsimmons, with all their families, lent the movement their most energetic support. George A. Hamilton, Mr. Butt, and the tory press, were equally encouraging.

It was successful. It was worked, in the commencement, with zeal, energy, and fidelity to Ireland. As a witness to this, I produce the following from among many similar paragraphs which appeared in the Dublin papers of the day, from the Dublin Pilot of February 1, 1841 :—

“The ills of Ireland have their origin in the enormous drain for absentee government, absentee proprietors, and absentee manufacturers. We have shown, in another place, that the drain is twenty millions annually, the half of which goes away for manufactures. Now, if one says, ‘To stop half of this drain we must have home legislation,’ we are met directly with, ‘The thing, sir, is impracticable.’ If we urge the utility of home manufacture, we are stopped by another, who says it is a hot-bed cultivation of our resources, pregnant with future ruin. So how are we to proceed? There is no reasoning with slang, and we shall not waste our pages in attempting it. Some three months ago, we believe, the Liberty and its environs were poor and spiritless; the few cloth factories we had were upon less than half time; there was but one hat manufacturer in all Dublin; many trades were altogether extinct; and now what do we find? The woollen factories are working night and day; there are, we hear, three new hat factories established; the hands employed are more than trebled; the silk trade quite animated; and to our own knowledge, the woollen drapers have cloth and velvet bespoke weeks before they get it! And is all this nothing? Did three months of any other agitation ever produce the like results? What! to set hundreds upon hundreds of idle hands at profitable work, to inspirit the public feeling, and to purify the public mind; to give a movement to all Ireland; and to keep the movement steady but animated.— is all this nothing? We have read, with feelings which we shall not describe, attacks made upon the foremost in guiding this movement. But their attacks are understood.

“What question was there that ever benefited so directly the citizens of Dublin? What men, therefore, deserve more from the citizens than those that have produced this grand effect? Prosperity in commerce is the parent of more prosperity.”

Though, doubtless, I shall be condemned by some for allowing *myself* to appear in this History, yet I believe that all just-thinking men will allow that, having done impartial justice to others, I should also be just to myself.

If I have been the organizer of this movement, — if I have been *one*, at least, of its chief propellers, — if I have worked it through the press, and before public meetings, into the public mind, day and night, until it swelled to national dimensions, and commanded national success, yielding employment to thousands who were previously idle, — then I should enjoy the pleasure of relating it to the growing youth of Ireland, to show what can be done in each locality by resolute and unwearied exertion.

But I was separated from that board in three months after it was thus placed upon an eminence to direct the nation. Certain persons connected with the government plotted my removal. The managers of the board were weak, were deceived, and I was dismissed. I do not blame them. They were promised the countenance of the court and the aristocracy, for their manufactures, on moderating their tone and checking the agitation. I was deemed too violent and too coarse for such exalted society. *Honorary* secretaries were appointed to that place which I filled; and, without casting the slightest blame upon the zealous and patriotic president, DOCTOR FLANAGAN, I must say that I was slid from my position in a most delicate but effectual manner. The gentlemen who succeeded me, though possessed of ability and talent very far beyond mine, seem not to have had such good luck in the movement, for in three months from their appointment, the board was dissolved. The excitement which bore it along had subsided.

I shall now bring the reader back to the repeal agitation, from which I was obliged to digress to give him a brief history of the collateral movements, which, in some measure, may be said to have grown from it.

The reader remembers that I described a series of parish, county, and provincial repeal meetings, which were held through Ireland in the year 1840, and the beginning of 1841. The whig lord lieutenant had denounced the agitation, and pledged himself against giving a single appointment to any one connected with it. This was no insignificant damper, when it is remembered that more than *two hundred thousand applications* for government appointments, of one sort or another, were before his excellency, and that all these applicants were influenced, in their relation to repeal, by their hopes and fears concerning the vice-regal dispensations.

In spite of this, the "repeal" had stricken deep in the public heart, and was budding from every mind. The more the question was stirred by the winds of agitation, the more powerful it grew. The government, observing this, did all in their power to draw O'Connell from the question, with the usual delusive promises of "English justice" — a

term, in connection with Ireland, of doubtful meaning, if not a thorough nonentity. Lord Morpeth busied himself that session opposing Lord Stanley, the former offering Ireland a little enlargement of the franchise, the latter endeavoring to diminish it. It was a struggle for place, but not for Ireland, though Ireland was, for the hundredth time, the battle-field of the rival parties. It appeared, by the reform bill, that in England there is one voter for every seventeen of the inhabitants; in Ireland, one voter for every one hundred and fifty. Lord Morpeth's bill tended to make some little way towards assimilating the franchise of both countries.

However, the whigs, by the aid of O'Connell and the liberal Irish members, triumphed. Lord Morpeth's bill was carried by a majority of five. The numbers were, for Morpeth's bill, two hundred and ninety-nine; Stanley's, two hundred and ninety-four; majority, five. O'Connell had proposed to bring in a bill to increase the number of Irish members in the imperial parliament, and actually prepared such a bill, proposing to add (I believe) twenty members to those sent to parliament; but the courtesy of allowing this bill a first reading was refused, and that by the whig Lord Morpeth, the Irish mouthpiece of the ministry.

After this, O'Connell surrendered the whigs to their fate. They survived the struggle with the tory party only to the end of the parliamentary session of 1841. Having governed ten years almost on tory principles; having lost the heart and affection of Ireland by their senseless declarations against repeal; having repelled the friendship of the working classes—their parliamentary supporters began to diminish; for, in a few of the elections of that year, caused by deaths or promotions, tories were returned instead of whigs. Beaten in some important divisions, the whigs retired. Sir Robert Peel was sent for, and received from her majesty the premiership of England, which he has retained in uninterrupted possession from that to the present time.

In tracing out the fate of the whig ministry, I was obliged to anticipate my general narrative by a few months.

The repeal agitation, as I have shown, was spreading through all parts of Ireland. It required the incessant repetition of political truths to make the masses understand the true issue. The government press was constant in asserting that, if Ireland insisted on separating from England, England would open her ports to the farmers of the north of Europe and America, and thus cut off the present market enjoyed by Ireland for her agricultural produce. The people were to be undeceived by the active members of the association, who went about preaching political truths and increasing the number of their converts.

In the midst of this nervous, uphill agitation, a voice was heard in Ireland which awoke her millions to hope and joy. It was THE VOICE OF AMERICA! Two communications were received at the association, one of which came from BOSTON, signed by Messrs. JAMES, TUCKER, BARRETT, WALSH, YOUNG, ROGERS, KEARNEY, M'KAY, DONOHUE, O'CONNELL, DEE, M'KENNA, HIGGINS, M'GOWAN, and M'HUGH, accompanied by one hundred pounds, enclosed in a letter from S. J. Rogers, the secretary of the Boston Association of the Friends of Ireland; the second from PHILADELPHIA, signed by Messrs. DONAN, BINNS, FAYE, DOYLE, DIAMOND, KILLION, MULLEN, M'DAVELL, M'LAUGHLIN, DOUGHERTY, M'GUIRE, SWEENEY, STOKES, KELLY, and some others, accompanied by a subscription of two hundred pounds.

The communications were couched in language at once the most correct, eloquent, enlightened, and encouraging that had ever been received by any class of bondmen struggling for their freedom. The "address" from Boston, drawn up by JOHN WARREN JAMES, Esq., will be preserved in the archives of Ireland while there is one memorial of her history existing. Though written by one who had never seen Ireland, never been connected with her by blood or interest, yet it comprehended her case, and established her right to self-government so unanswerably, discussing the history of Irish rights and wrongs, instituting a comparison between the relative pretensions of Ireland and other nations to independent government so ably, that the LIBERATOR expressed his admiration of it in language the most exalted, declaring it must have been the joint production of several learned men. "I will stand," said he, "upon this document as upon a pyramid, and I will proclaim in the ears of England and of the world that Ireland is entitled to, and must have, her native parliament." I remember well the effects which those addresses produced in the association. I never in my previous experience witnessed such emotions of awakened hope and new-born resolve. An unexpected vista opened to our view, through which we could distinctly see our road to freedom. Doubt, and difficulty, and danger, were chased from around us. The friendly sympathy of America, where millions of our persecuted countrymen had found a home, came to cheer us, as the voice from heaven to the Israelites in the wilderness.

For my own part, the gorgeous prospect of obtaining a large American sympathy worked my mind into a state of intoxication. I proposed to some of the repeal committee to send Mr. Steele to America with an address of thanks to those who had thus stretched forth their hands to aid us; but it was deemed at least premature, if not rash. I did not

think it so, and I quickly formed in my own mind the resolution of going myself among those great-hearted people who had so opportunely put forth their friendly signal. I communicated my design to Mr. Barrett of the Pilot, and two or three other friends, pledging myself to them that, if I landed safe on the shores of America, I would carry the repeal agitation through the length and breadth of that great country. The Boston and Philadelphia addresses arrived in Ireland in April, 1841, and I found myself in New York in the beginning of July — a sort of Wolfe Tone upon a very small scale. Two days after my arrival, I was introduced to the New York Repeal Association, by my valued friend Charles J. Leahy, Esq., of that city. I can never forget the kindness with which I was received, and the affectionate sympathy the New York repealers, old and young, evinced towards Ireland. The venerable Thomas O'Connor was the president of the New York association. In the course of a few weeks, a remittance of a thousand dollars was sent from that city. It was soon followed by a second sum of an equal amount.

Branch associations and an extended agitation were soon organized, and a delegation appointed to bring the western districts under the influence of the repeal agitation. It cannot be over egotistical in me to mention that I entered actively into this duty. I undertook, in fact, a grand tour of the United States, north, west, and south. Being pretty competent to explain to the American public the true issue and nature of the repeal question — I opened the illimitable press of this Union to the cause, and sent forth the case of Ireland upon the bosoms of millions of messengers of truth. I was nobly sustained by my countrymen wheresoever I found them, having no introduction, no appointment, no pomp nor circumstance to give me influence, or obtain me friends. With IRELAND alone upon my card, and her freedom my polar star, I found my way to the confidence and friendship of every class of the citizens of America, from the humblest laborer to the most exalted of her statesmen, the senators, governors, and presidents of her people.

I was more than rewarded in the perilous enterprise by the powerful expression of sympathy which was borne, day after day, tide after tide, from America to Ireland. Her courts of justice and her senatorial halls were thrown open to me to speak in. Her official dignitaries responded to my appeals in eloquent replies and liberal contributions. The tide of sympathy for Ireland gradually swelled across the land, and some of the most exalted men of America were happy to be the unpaid, unbought, undaunted friends of Ireland. Amongst these will never be forgotten the great services of Ex-Governor SEWARD, of New York; Colonel R. M.

JOHNSON, ex-vice-president of the United States; the lamented General ANDREW JACKSON, ex-president; MARTIN VAN BUREN, ex-president; GEORGE WASHINGTON P. CUSTIS, the adopted son of WASHINGTON; J. R. PORTER, ex-governor of Pennsylvania; BUCHANAN, now secretary of state; LE GRAND, Esq., secretary of state of Maryland; Ex-President TYLER, and his son ROBERT TYLER, Esq., of Philadelphia, who, through evil and through good report, has adhered to the cause of an oppressed people; J. W. JAMES, Esq., of Boston, the long, and faithful, and indefatigable friend of Ireland; ISAAC H. WRIGHT, Esq., of Boston, whose enthusiasm in behalf of Ireland is not surpassed by any of her own sons. These, with very many other American statesmen, whose names are recorded in the GREAT BOOK, the *Sanachy More* of the Repeal Association in Dublin, will be ever remembered by the grateful people of Ireland, for whose liberty they have so steadily toiled.

The prominent expression of friendly sentiments by these distinguished men contributed to form throughout America that settled public opinion in favor of Ireland, which was so vividly imbodyed at two general conventions, and at several large gatherings, at one of which—that in the Park at New York, which took place about two and a half years ago, twenty thousand persons were present, from whence an address was sent to France, conjuring the “great nation” to put forth once again the word of sympathy to suffering Ireland. That address was drawn up and signed by MAJOR DEVEZAC, a French officer, who had measured swords with the British at New Orleans; and it was signed also by the Honorable JOHN M’KEON, of New York, and T. W. WYMS, Esq., of Paris, by whom it was borne and presented to his fellow-citizens, and not without effect, at a public dinner in that city.

It was necessary to glance at the American agitation, which poured itself into the struggle like a stream of liquid fire, ere the reader could come to form an accurate conception of the dimensions of the present agitation in Ireland. Ere I quit this branch of the subject, I shall speak once more, and for the last time, about myself.

I entered on the American agitation without appointment or pay from any society in existence. I am far from saying that the agitation would not have gone on had I never come here; but I may venture to assert that my continuous passing from town to town, from state to state, from meeting to meeting, over the entire surface of society, for more than four years, contributed to keep up that perpetual motion, that perpetual preaching, which is so necessary in the propagation of Christianity, or

temperance, as well as civil liberty. The venerable chief of Ireland, DANIEL O'CONNELL, has noticed my exertions in terms of kindness, while he took care to confirm what I stated on my arrival in New York, namely, that "I was not a delegate from the Dublin Association." Twice he did me the honor to move the special thanks of Ireland to me. The latter vote was sent to me in the following communication from Mr. CREAN, the second secretary of the association : —

"CORN EXCHANGE ROOMS, DUBLIN, Nov. 3, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"In the absence of our respected secretary, Mr. Ray, it becomes my pleasing duty to transmit to you the accompanying vote of thanks, which, on the motion of 'Ireland's Liberator,' passed unanimously at the weekly meeting of the Repeal Association of Ireland, held on last Monday, the 31st ultimo; and to which well-merited compliment to your zealous and most invaluable services in the sacred cause of our suffering country, in the course of your extensive travels through the independent states of liberated America, I will only add my most sincere and ardent hope that, with all true and virtuous Irishmen, you may long live to enjoy the fruits of your patriotism in the regeneration, peace, prosperity, and national glory of your native land.

"I have the honor to be,

"My dear sir,

"Yours most faithfully,

"MARTIN CREAN,

*Sec. pro tem."*

"THOMAS MOONEY, Esq.

#### RESOLUTION.

"At a meeting of the Loyal National Repeal Association, held in their great rooms, Corn Exchange, Dublin, on Monday, the 31st October, 1842, JOHN THOMAS DEVITT, Esq., barrister at law, in the chair, the following resolution was moved by the Right Honorable DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P., Lord Mayor of Dublin, seconded by acclamation, and unanimously adopted : —

"Resolved, *That the secretary be requested to convey to THOMAS MOONEY, Esq., the grateful thanks of the Loyal National Repeal Association of Ireland, for his zealous services in collecting the repeal rent in America, in attending so many repeal meetings, and in detailing at length the VIEWS, OBJECTS, HOPES, AND WISHES, OF THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.*

"JOHN THOMAS DEVITT, *Chairman.*

"MARTIN CREAN, *Secretary pro tem."*



We shall now return to the agitation in Ireland. The reader will remember that, in 1841, the whig ministry, being closely measured in the house of commons, and frequently outvoted by the tories, came to the resolution of dissolving parliament, and trying the sentiment of the country by a new election. This step was energetically urged by T. B. Macaulay, who was then secretary of war, and a member of the cabinet. The election took place in the autumn of 1841. The tories raised the No-Popery cry, squandered unprecedented sums of money in bribery, exercised the terrors of landlord intimidation to an unheard-of extent, and were successful in obtaining many seats previously occupied by supporters of the whig government. The new parliament met in the winter. It was seen that the whigs were in a minority in the house of commons. They resigned, and the queen then sent for Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, who formed that ministry, tory all through, which has continued in office from that period to the present. The chief men of this government were Sir Robert Peel, premier; Lord Lyndhurst, lord chancellor; Sir James Graham, home secretary; Lord Stanley, colonial secretary; Lord Aberdeen, foreign secretary; Mr. Goulburne, chancellor of the exchequer; Earl De Grey, lord lieutenant of Ireland; Lord Elliot, secretary of state; Sir E. Sugden, lord chancellor of Ireland; T. B. C. Smith, attorney-general.

Sir Robert Peel, who now fills so large a space in the world's eye, served his apprenticeship in politics in Ireland. His father was a working cotton-weaver, who, by a fortunate acquaintanceship and partnership with Arkwright, the barber, who invented the spinning-jenny, became the richest and most extensive manufacturer in England. Sir Robert was well educated at Eton and Oxford; and, when a young man, was forced into parliament for the Irish borough of Cashell, though he never saw its old rock. Soon after, about 1814, he was made secretary of Ireland, thence secretary of the home department, and finally premier of England.

The Irish corporate reform bill took effect in October of this year, (1841.) It was the chief prize wrung from England by the previous five years' agitation; and valuable as these years undoubtedly were in the age of a people, and doubly valuable in the advanced age of their chief, then approaching his seventieth year, still it must be confessed that the attainment of the Irish corporations by the repealers was a solid gain of sufficient import to repay the time lost in coaxing and bullying for it; for by these tactics was it won. To get possession of the corporations, and to get the bench filled with honest judges, O'Connell gave the whigs his hearty support. He was content to let his personal friends, and some of his nearest relatives, accept office from them; he was con-

tent to lose some of his popularity in England, to incur the universal hostility of the chartists, who condemned him for his thick-and-thin support of the whigs, — of the virulent hostility of the tory press of England and Ireland, — to hazard the loss of the deep-felt affection of some of his own impatient countrymen, who regarded the experiment as far too long and wasting: he made all these sacrifices to keep the great whig party of England on his side, and with their aid he rooted the old nests of toryism from every city and town in Ireland, conferring the whole power on the people.

I have alluded to this triumph in previous pages, but I cannot exaggerate its importance. These corporations, for three hundred years past, had been the nurseries of bigotry, jobbing, and speculation, and formed the garrisons of English domination in Ireland. They offered a nucleus in the midst of each chief district, where the county bigot, and the town peculator, and the English tyrant, joined in design to pillage the surrounding people. For two hundred years, this was effected by arms, by simple robbery, with murder. For the last hundred years, it was effected by legislation, by coercion, insurrection acts, and by corrupt taxation. The grand juries through the counties were extended branches of the corporations. Unlimited taxation, profligate expenditure, bigotry, and cruelty, were the emphatic characteristics of the county and the city corporations. These formed that hue which they imparted to every transaction. Linked with these in sympathy, interest, and cruelty, was the monster corporation, the church establishment, whose pastors, in one great family, cohered with political corruption, and invited English arms to uphold it.

The town corporations were possessed of enormous property, which had, in the progress of time, accumulated in value. It consisted of houses, lands, water privileges, customs, and the uncontrollable power to tax the inhabitants, the great majority of whom, being Catholics, were excluded from any office, and from the power of voting for any officer. This vast patronage and wealth was enjoyed by one party for three hundred years. The American reader acquainted with corporate jobbing, even under the very eye of freedom, may conceive the extent of that corruption which had been reduced to a permanent reproductive system by the vilest ingenuity.

The corporation of Dublin levied annual taxes on the citizens to the extent of between forty and fifty thousand pounds sterling per annum; besides which, their real estate in houses and lands, and rent charges, amounted to some ten thousand per annum. Here was an annual fund

of a *quarter of a million of dollars*, which the corporate reform bill put into the management of the popular party, that is, the repealers of Dublin. The wealth and patronage of Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Wexford, Galway, Athlone, Sligo, Tralee, Drogheda, Dundalk, Newry, &c., bore, according to population, a fair proportion to that of Dublin. The corporations of Belfast, Derry, Armagh, and Coleraine, are still under anti-repealers, and I leave them out of calculation. From a rough estimate, I find that the annual outlay at the disposal of these other towns and cities amounts to near one hundred and ten thousand pounds, to which add Dublin, and we have full one hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum wrested from the hands of a power subservient to England, and placed at the disposal of the Irish repealers.

O'Connell foresaw this great advantage. The outlay of so much money every year would, he knew, naturally convert hundreds of thousands of those who believe in money, and in little else, to the doctrine of nationality; and besides, there was the additional influence of honors and distinctions which this bill put into the hands of repealers to bestow. All these advantages, as subsequent events abundantly have proved, were well worth the pains and time expended in obtaining them.

I will not attempt to describe the preparations, the bustle, the struggles, which preceded and attended the corporate elections of 1841, when, for the first time in three hundred years, (with the exception of the three or four years of James the Second's reign,) all religious tests in Irish corporations were abolished, and their privileges, honors, and emoluments, thrown open to the householders of towns and cities. Great indeed was this excitement through the kingdom. Repealers were generally preferred by the people. The town council of Dublin consists of *sixty*. The great majority returned under the new bill were Catholics and repealers, and their first act was to elect DANIEL O'CONNELL the LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

This was a triumph which made the very heart of Ireland leap with joy. November the 1st, 1841, the day on which this animating ceremony took place, was one of rapturous joy to the citizens of Dublin. William Street, in which the municipal assembly house is situated, was literally blocked up, from an early hour of the day, with human beings, and every avenue to it crowded so that hardly any vehicle could pass. The carriage of the Liberator with great difficulty was forced slowly through the applauding crowd. The popular members, as they entered,

were loudly cheered, and all persons in the vast gathering behaved with decorum and kindness.

At length O'CONNELL, the Catholic, the repeal agitator, the active and unceasing enemy, for forty years, of the old bigoted corporation of Dublin, the first Catholic admitted to the honor since the days of James the Second, came out upon the platform erected before a window of the assembly house, robed in the insignia of his office as LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN. The moment he was recognized, a shout arose which rang through the heavens. It was echoed and reëchoed, for it was the hearty ebullition of men who now felt themselves emancipated, of men who had that moment broken and cast the shackles from their limbs which had bound them for centuries. They beheld their beloved chief clothed in the habiliments of those, whom, by his valor, eloquence, energy, and patriotism, he had vanquished and overthrown. There was scarce a man in that vast crowd who did not feel the victory his own, the glory his own. The triumphant chief addressed his countrymen with good-humor and wisdom. His first words, jocularly alluding to his robes of office, which consisted of purple velvet, trimmed with fur and lace, silk stockings, knee and shoe-buckles, with shoulder-knots of satin, large gold chain, &c., &c., were,—“Boys, do you know me?” which conveyed to the vast crowd, in that keen drollery for which the Irish people are proverbial, the idea of his triumphant metamorphosis. Having addressed them on the victories they had achieved, and on the necessity of a new and more vigorous agitation for repeal, he dissolved the congregated mass, and each returned to his home, pleased with the glory of that memorable day.

Very soon after this day of joy, another, no less remarkable for novel incidents, full of historical interest, succeeded. The new lord mayor and the Catholic members of the corporation determined to assist, on the Sabbath, at the holy sacrifice of the mass in the Church of the Conception, Marlborough Street. But the bigoted legislators of the British parliament, foreseeing such a contingency, had previously taken care to impose a penalty of £100, and the forfeiture of office, on any mayor or other member of a corporation in Ireland, who appeared at Catholic worship in his robes of office. O'Connell was determined to “drive his coach and six,” as he termed it, through this bigoted enactment. Accordingly he was driven in the city state coach, followed by nearly all the members of the corporation, Catholic and Protestant, who formed a splendid procession, from his own house to the cathedral. The streets and houses, to the very tops, were lined with human beings. Horse

and foot police were in attendance, to keep the entrance to the church open. The excitement and enthusiasm was indeed beyond my powers or limits to describe. Arrived at the church door, the lord mayor deliberately unrobed his person of his velvet gown, cocked hat, and chain, laying them on a table placed at the outer porch for their reception. The other members did the like. Two ecclesiastics, of superior rank, waited at the church door to receive the chief of Catholic Ireland. They conducted him, one on each side, to the front of the grand altar, where there was a *throne* erected for his use; thus tendering him the ceremonial of respect which is usually rendered to monarchs in Catholic countries. The religious ceremony of that day was chiefly designed as an offering of thanks to God for the complete emancipation of the Irish Catholics. It was indeed a memorable ceremony, and brought before us a vivid picture of the ancient coronation of the Christian monarchs of Ireland in the archiepiscopal church of Armagh. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Dr. Miley; and, at the conclusion, the lord mayor and his official associates returned to the door, where they again robed themselves in their civic insignia, and proceeded to their homes, amid the joyous plaudits of a hundred thousand people. And thus the miserable bigotry of the framers of the corporate reform bill was contemptuously defeated, amid the jeers of the whole Irish nation.

Soon after these brilliant demonstrations took place, the *Earl de Grey*, the new tory lord lieutenant, the representative of the Peel ministry, arrived in Dublin.

It is customary for a new lord lieutenant to hold a grand levee soon after his arrival. Lord de Grey's levee took place in December, 1841, and was attended by the entire circle of the tory aristocracy of Ireland, including the bench of bishops, and near three hundred ministers of the Church of England. It was indeed a very great gathering of the titled, wealthy, and influential men of Ireland, belonging to that party. The noble thoroughfare from Trinity College to the castle was literally blocked up with the coroneted equipages of the great; and very curious, and, to the Irish people, very consolatory, was the fact, that all this grand gathering had to remain in the streets until the carriage of Daniel O'Connell, the repeal agitator, their most dreaded enemy, but now lord mayor of Dublin, passed into the area of the castle yard, and until he, according to his legal rights, had been *first* presented to his new excellency. After him the titled crowd, lay and clerical, came before the image of royalty, to absorb its smiles. O'Connell, however, divided the attention of that crowd with the representative of England. It was

a curious scene. In that brilliant apartment were gathered the gilded cormorants of the land, and there was HE, who, for forty years, battled against their concentrated power, now acknowledged by vice-royalty as first in station. He was the observed of all observers; and, to render the glory of his triumph the more distinct, he wore that day the celebrated chain of gold and miniature of William the Third, presented to the mayor of Dublin, by that monarch, soon after the treaty of Limerick. This trophy was bravely won and proudly worn by O'Connell. The circumstance called up the heroic action of the Irish monarch Malachi, who, in the tenth century, won a similar trophy from the Danish invader, so beautifully linked to immortal verse by Moore: —

“Let Erin remember the days of old,  
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,  
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,  
Which he won from her proud invader.”

The festivities, drawing-rooms, and levees of the lord mayor were kept up, during his year of office, with as much splendor as those of Lord de Grey. The hospitalities and evening festivities of the mansion-house were presided over by the accomplished Mrs. Fitzsimons, the talented and highly-gifted daughter of the Liberator.

As to the mayor himself, he never passed a busier year. The business of his office, to superintend the city, and administer justice in his court, to preside over public meetings, would, of itself, be quite enough to employ the whole time of an ordinary mortal; but he had, besides, the Repeal Association to work, and parliament to attend. Many persons in the United States imagined that he must resign his office of mayor, if he attended parliament. But this was not required by any law. Whenever he left Dublin, he appointed a deputy to act in his absence. Others I have heard say, that his salary of mayor was considerable. To this I reply, that he spent during his year of office, *in consequence of that office*, three times the amount which he received.

O'Connell, as lord mayor of Dublin, administered the office in a manner to satisfy all parties. He said, when entering on the duty, that no man should, while he filled the office, be able to discover his politics in the performance of any municipal duty which it became him to perform. And he kept his word. One of the earliest acts of the corporation was to have the statue of William the Third, which stands in College Green, painted in bronze, instead of in orange and blue, as was the custom of the Orange corporation. This change gave satisfaction

to the moderate of all parties. At the conclusion of his busy year of office, he received a *unanimous* vote of thanks from the corporation. Every thing connected with that body was conducted with the greatest harmony and good temper. Mr. Roe, a Protestant, was put in nomination as the succeeding mayor, and he was unanimously elected. The same kindly spirit pervaded the provincial corporations; in all of which it was determined, in imitation of the metropolitan body, to select a Protestant and a Catholic alternately for their chief magistrate, — a rule which continues, and I hope ever will continue; for it works the most beneficial effects in uniting Irishmen in a national and holy brotherhood.

During the summer of 1842, there was a very general apathy in the repeal agitation. The rent, which is always so necessary to feed the flame of agitation, and so unerring as an index of the popular feeling, came in unusually slow — in the merest dribbles. The novelty of the new corporation debates, the new dignities attained by many of the repeal agitators, and the lucrative offices, too, which some few of them obtained, served to draw their attention somewhat from repeal to the more immediate victory which they had just won. O'Connell, too, was drawn to London, by the repeated struggles of the great reform party during that session, contending against the tories.

England was at this time in a very excited state. Wales was all but in open rebellion against turnpike tolls, town duties, magistrates, landlords, &c. The queen had been twice shot at, while riding in her carriage, and Mr. Drummond, the secretary of Sir Robert Peel, was assassinated by a Scotchman, who took him for the premier himself. A new and most powerful association had been established in England, denominated the anti-cornlaw league, whose object was the abolition of all duties and taxes on the importation of foreign food. This society was supported by all the manufacturers of England and Scotland, and had established a "rent," or voluntary tax, upon its supporters, which yielded fifty thousand pounds a year, from which lecturers and newspapers were paid, and a system of agitation, modelled from O'Connell's, was established from sea to sea. The chartists were active, sullen, and determined. They had presented a monster petition to the house of commons, setting forth their grievances, demanding the charter, and praying to be heard at the bar of the house in support of their claims. This extraordinary petition was signed by three and a half millions of inhabitants of England and Scotland, and may be supposed to comprehend the great mass of the industrial classes of Great Britain.

*It should ever be borne in mind by Irishmen, with gratitude, that this national petition contained a demand, as part of its prayer, FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.*

Such a significant fact should ever be kept before the Irish people, for it unerringly proclaims that the great majority of the English masses are not inimical to the freedom of Ireland.

Although Sir Robert Peel and his party forced their way to power by means of tory prejudices, tory interests, and the delusive and diabolical cry of "No Popery," yet when, at the summit of their ambition, they surveyed the agitated surface of mighty waters beneath, they found they could not carry on the government of the country on those principles. The minister heard the anti-cornlaw league calling, with a well-disciplined voice, for cheaper food; the rude voice of the chartists, calling for a reorganization of the constitution; the vehement voice of Ireland, demanding repeal and an overthrow of the church establishment; while, at the same time, the treasury of the government was empty, and its revenue unable to meet its expenditures. A policy must be pursued totally different from that connected with those principles on which he scaled the ramparts of Downing Street. Amid all his troubles, Ireland stood before him, as he himself confessed, his "greatest difficulty."

A new policy was found inevitable. And the first symptom of this change was the total abandonment of Lord Stanley's Irish registration bill. The next was the modification of the corn laws, by which the duty on the import of foreign grain was considerably reduced. The next was the admission, at a low duty, of the beef, pork, butter, lard, &c., of foreign nations. The next was an annual tax upon property, real and personal, by which the land and funds were reached to the extent of three and a half millions annually, from which tax Ireland (by the terror of her repealers) was excluded, while those permanent Irish absentees, residing in England, were included in the general schedule of the minister. The next was a reduction of the duty on foreign timber, iron, hemp, drugs, and other leading materials connected with buildings, manufactures, and shipping. These were all measures pregnant with *change*, such as, if proposed by any radical reformer before the triumph of Catholic emancipation, would be deemed "revolutionary"—measures such as the whigs, when in power, had not the courage to propose. All these important concessions to the English people were brought forward in the first and second years of Sir Robert Peel's ministry, and, as we shall see by and by, have been followed up with



concessions more whiggish than even the whigs, when in office, ever proposed.

The system of government adopted in Ireland by Sir Robert Peel was quite different from that which he put into operation in England. Having made those vast concessions — vast for a tory minister — to the English, he naturally felt he could be a little stout in dealing with Ireland. The Orange party, not ostentatiously, but covertly, were exclusively promoted to office, and smiled upon from the vice-regal observatory. Repeal and repealers were checked and discountenanced. The bigotry of the olden days was in some sort revived, by the rampant members of the dominant church, who, now, quartered as a first charge upon the land, thought themselves secure from all future molestation. Spies and informers were again let loose among the people, to irritate and betray. Orange juries were packed in the north, to adjudicate upon riot cases between Protestants and Catholics; and the liberal press, for commenting on the government, was bitterly prosecuted. This was the Irish policy of Peel; and it presents a compact and instructive synopsis of the eternal policy of Britain, in respect to that unfortunate country — one law for England, and another for Ireland. The tories are whigs in England, but tories in Ireland; and the whigs are whigs in England, but still tories in Ireland. Spies and traitors, and press prosecutions, and an infernal system of “detective police,” disgraceful to the worst tyranny existing in Europe, have been as much used by one party as by the other.

During the secretaryship of Lord Morpeth and the “lamented Drummond,” the spy system was carried on in Ireland with a refinement that exceeded the best days of Castlereagh or Peel. Villains, in the pay of the government, were out in all directions among the people, to discover plots and conspiracies. These, of course, to keep themselves in pay and idleness, fomented plots and conspiracies, and boldly prosecuted to transportation their unfortunate victims. But still more insidious — two public taverns were set up in Dublin, at the expense of the Irish government, where secret meetings of Ribbonmen and chartists were held, and where the wretches receiving the government pay were acting as the chief officers. One of these taverns was opened in Little Ship Street, at the lower castle gate; the other was in Henry Street. I know some of the persons who were concerned in both these diabolical houses; and two of the very letters, written by Lord Morpeth himself, to one of those wretches, enclosing him sums of money, (£50 and £30.) were put into my hands, in New York, in the year 1841, which I could easily

identify as his lordship's handwriting, (having some of his letters, addressed to myself, in my possession.) I made copies of these two letters, and published them in the *New York Freeman's Journal*, of September in that year, and, if found expedient, I shall republish them in the appendix to a future edition of this work.

Having whig and tory precedent for the employment of spies, we need not be surprised to find that the Peel government had recourse to such often tried and valued auxiliaries in "government." They were out like hounds. One *Hagan* distinguished himself in the north for his ultra villany. He admitted that, having been arrested on a charge of Ribbonism, he was pardoned, employed by the government as a spy, sent back among the country people, whom he inveigled into the meshes of Ribbonism, swore against, and some of whom he had transported. This fellow was stopped in his infamous career, at the Armagh assizes, in 1842, by the able cross-examination of Mr. *WHITESIDE*, who afterwards so highly distinguished himself in the "state trials." Mr. *Whiteside*, though belonging to the tory party, was so shocked by the horror of the system of which the infamous *Hagan* was an agent, that, in his address to the jury, he denounced the government in the most eloquent and indignant language.

In the case of some riots which took place in that unhappy part of Ireland, the north, between Orangemen and Catholics, the government lent its protection and countenance to the Orange party. In two of those trials, Catholics were altogether excluded from the juries, by the challenge of the crown prosecutors; and verdicts and punishments were had accordingly. The press attacked the executive for this one-sided administration of the law. The *Belfast Vindicator* and the *Newry Examiner* were singled out by the attorney-general for prosecution. The *Examiner* compromised and explained, but the editor of the *Vindicator*, *CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY*, (now of the *NATION*,) entered the lists with the crown, determined to prove all he had alleged, and employed for counsel the talented Mr. *Whiteside*. The present *Baron Pennefather* tried the case in July, 1842, and *Duffy*, of course, was convicted. But the whig press of England interposed, and the *London Morning Chronicle* actually republished the "libel" from the *Vindicator*, in a leading article of its own, and dared the attorney-general to prosecute. The matter was allowed to drop, the crown not deeming it prudent to call for judgment.

During the summer of 1842, the repeal agitation, as I have before remarked, lagged and halted. The *Liberator* saw that a new effort was

required to rouse the feelings of the people. With this view, he projected a series of provincial meetings in Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and Ulster. To conduct these meetings on a uniform plan, he sent Mr. Steele to the north, his son John to Connaught, Mr. Ray to Munster, and he undertook, with the aid of Mr. Daunt, to agitate Leinster himself. These missions were attended with very excellent effects. Each province or district watched and was stimulated to exertion by the other.

In the autumn of this year, the *NATION* was established by CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY. It issued weekly from the metropolis, and soon attracted the attention of the Irish people, by the unequalled ability which pervaded its columns. Its prose articles were highly instructive, and its poetry was most inspiring; and it is a matter which belongs to history to record, that no public journal ever established in Ireland displayed so much ability, knowledge, boldness, and talent; nor was there ever one before which acquired one third of its circulation or celebrity. The electric sentiments of nationality emitted weekly from this powerful paper filled the hearts of the Irish millions with a new spirit. Its establishment was a memorable event in the history of Ireland.

Another thing that roused the Irish to a sense of their slavery was the weekly publication of the *Repeal Catechism*, by O'Connell. These were a series of familiar dialogues between repealer and anti-repealer, well calculated to make the farmers and laborers comprehend the true nature of the repeal question. They were indeed admirably written, and published by the metropolitan and provincial papers, without distinction; so that they passed, week after week, through the mind of Ireland, and soon produced a new and general conviction that it was impossible for Ireland to be otherwise than oppressed under her present connection with England.

Following close after this, the *Liberator* sent forth his "Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon," a dreadful narrative of British barbarity, addressed to her majesty, Victoria the First. It was indeed what the author intended it to be, an indictment against England, for seven centuries of pillage and butchery; and well was it sustained by fact and proof. Never, perhaps, did any work on Ireland produce such an effect on the mind of Europe and America. Several editions were circulated in Ireland and England, and two extensive editions were published in the United States, which afforded the American repealers ample and fearful texts for their harangues.

The winter of 1842 and spring of 1843 were occupied in the diffi-

sion of the knowledge comprehended in those memorable publications. O'Connell, as I have said, retired from the civic chair at the expiration of his year, and was succeeded, by unanimous election, by **GEORGE ROE**, a high-minded, wealthy Protestant merchant, whose annual income of some thousands a year, added to the income of his office, was spent in a series of elegant hospitalities, which imparted to Dublin a livelier tone, and helped to attract around that once brilliant metropolis, a flickering ray of light, almost departed. Mr. Roe, though a liberal, was not yet a repealer. He was one of a diminishing party, who still put some faith in British legislation; and being otherwise an excellent man, and much beloved by the people, he was not coerced by them in the slightest way to their cherished doctrine on repeal.

But we are now arrived at an epoch in our history, from which we may date a new order of thought and action in Ireland. In the close of February, 1843, O'Connell, as a city alderman, gave notice, in the common council, of his intention to offer, on the 1st of March, a motion to petition the house of commons for a repeal of the union.

It had been the practice of the old corporation to petition parliament and the monarch upon any general topic — against the Catholics, for instance — which they did frequently. And now the leader of Ireland perceived his advantage in having the corporate garrisons of the enemy to turn against them. The English party in Dublin, affected great horror at the contemplation of the use which O'Connell was about to make of the reformed corporations. "What!" said they, "shall it be tolerated that the ancient civic assemblies, nursed and strengthened for the express purpose of sustaining an English dominion in Ireland, and still continued in a reformed state, to conciliate the Irish Catholics — will it be borne that those legal assemblies, with wealth, and patronage, and dignities, and influence in their hands, shall be turned by the arch-agitator into so many repeal societies? No. A revolution, a civil war, an extermination first!" Such, in substance, was the cry set up by the government press in Ireland and in England.

O'Connell was not to be driven from his purpose by the foaming madness of his enemies. The day arrived for the discussion of his motion. It was the ever-memorable 1st of March, 1843. He had announced, in the repeal association and elsewhere, his intended course, and begged the watchful attention of the repeal press throughout Ireland to the approaching debate.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that the eyes of Ireland, and of England also, were turned upon this debate. The discussions in the Press,

pro and con, for eight or ten days previously, had roused the attention and curiosity of the public; and it was easy to perceive, in the face of every human being in Dublin that morning, that a great struggle was about to take place before the sun went down. All approach to the city assembly house was beleaguered with multitudes of people. The house was filled from an early hour, by those who were fortunate enough to obtain tickets of admission; an extensive staff of reporters for the public press were in attendance, and the press itself was ready, with its ponderous jaws, to swallow every sentence of the proceedings.

The English party in the corporation, though conscious of the paucity of their numbers and the certainty of being outvoted, were yet determined to give the best reasons they could summon for their political faith. The chief of this party was ISAAC BUTT, about whom an Irishman should be informed.

Mr. Butt is yet a young man, probably under thirty-five, but one certainly of extensive acquirements, of fluent tongue, and, I sincerely believe, of patriotic heart. He came from the north of Ireland to Trinity College, where he finished his education. Reared up among commercial men, he naturally carried with him into college a train of commercial ideas, which were shaped and influenced by history, reflection, and refined by the usual course of classical reading. In his college exercises, political economy formed a material part; and he finally reached the dignity of "professor of political economy" in that distinguished seminary; succeeding, of course, to the salary attached to the professor's chair. From this point he naturally began to soar. Having entered his name for the study of law, he directed his mental steps through the labyrinths of jurisprudence. The next stage of his advance towards the public was his connection with the university magazine, of which he was editor for four or five years. Called to the bar, and mixing daily with the world of politics, he attached himself to the conservative party, at whose public banquets and meetings he shone as a distinguished star. From this he was naturally led to connect himself with the public press, and became editor, and eventually proprietor, of the *Warder*, a well-established weekly newspaper, which circulates among the middle and humbler classes of Protestants in Ireland, and from which paper and the emoluments of his profession, he is in the receipt of a handsome income. Although Mr. Butt, from a train of almost unavoidable circumstances, — from birth, religion, education, and interest, — has been thus placed, as it were, in a false position, he has never sullied the character of an Irish gentleman or scholar by any coarse scurrility directed towards the great

body of his countrymen or their leaders, who differ with him in creed or politics. On questions where he can agree with O'Connell, he is as hearty and as thorough an Irishman as O'Connell himself. I have heard him many times upon the necessity of encouraging the manufactures of Ireland; and surely, no man, not even O'Connell, was more truly eloquent, national, and patriotic than he.

Such was the chief of the party which stood up in the Dublin corporation for the "union,"—for English dominion in Ireland.

The hour for debate arrived. A dead silence was the premonitory indication. The anxiety of that moment may perhaps be imagined; it cannot be described. O'Connell rose, and his first words were, "I AM AN IRISHMAN." Starting from that, he went through the subject as became the first Irishman of the age; he traced the great features of the "case of Ireland," in a style seldom equalled, and which never can be surpassed. He was at home, conscious of the justice, the strength, and the materials of his case: beginning at the beginning, he went through the long bead-roll of Irish grievances—English usurpation, perfidy, and injustice; contrasted the condition of his country before and subsequent to the union; showed the enormous drain of her wealth to England through various channels, the inequality of her representation in the English parliament, the preference given to Englishmen and Scotchmen in the government employment; showed how many victories were won by Irishmen for England; instituted a comparison between Ireland and the several nations of Europe and America, which have independent legislatures; and concluded by imploring his countrymen, of every religious creed, to unite in a holy brotherhood—and soon would they establish their country a nation

"—— great, glorious, and free,

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

This speech, I repeat, is the most compact and complete argument for repeal that ever was uttered. It ought to be published in a pamphlet, stereotyped, and distributed through the British dominions by the million.

Mr. Butt, on the opposite side, offered a reply. It was respectful, but not able to disturb the convictions which the speech of O'Connell had established. It labored to show that repeal was impracticable without the consent of the British parliament, which never could be obtained; and that Ireland, deficient of a navy and army, could not wrest the measure by force. It did not deny the *right* of Ireland to legislate for herself; it did not deny the *advantages* which that legisla-

tion in former days, crippled though it was, conferred upon the country ; but it doubted the greater benefits which an Irish parliament could now, beyond the British, confer upon Ireland. This speech, from its temper, from the occasional rays of nationality which gleamed through it, from its weakness as a reply to O'Connell's, was frequently cheered by the repealers.

The debate was carried on with great spirit, but with perfect decorum and kindness, by Messrs. Staunton, Reilly, Fogarty, and Gavin, on the repeal side ; and by Messrs. Maunsell, Guinness, Purcell, Boyce, and some others, on the side opposite. It lasted for three days, increasing in interest as it proceeded, for it was the first time that the advocates and opponents of repeal, in Ireland, came fairly to discuss the merits of the question, which lay not between Protestant and Catholic, but between nation and nation — between England and Ireland. Catholic was found against Catholic, and Protestant against Protestant, in the argument. The assembly looked like a parliament : the debate evinced a dignity, fervor, and knowledge, worthy of the highest tribunals of the country. That assembly was, in truth, *the* parliament of Ireland for the moment. It was the represented intelligence and power of the city of Dublin, and its opinions gave tone to the nation. The opponents of repeal had a full and a fair hearing. They prepared themselves for the occasion, and nothing was left un urged to sustain their view. At the conclusion, the assembly divided, and there appeared for Alderman O'Connell's motion, to petition for repeal, forty-one ; against it, fifteen ; clear majority, twenty-six.

This result swept through the country on the wings of ten thousand paper messengers ; nothing was talked of throughout Ireland, but the sentiments of this debate. The provincial press republished all the proceedings, and the provincial corporations took up the question, debated and adopted, by more or less majorities, petitions to parliament for repeal, which were sent forward from nearly all of them. The whole nation was lit up by a new flame ; every man saw the inherent power of the corporations — a power which could not be stifled or suppressed by any act of the British parliament, without, at the same time, subverting the whole constitution. Courage, hope, and resolve, possessed the hearts of the millions ; and from that era the repeal agitation careered onward, in the manner in which I shall, in succeeding pages, vainly attempt to describe.

During the three days' discussion, Mr. Purcell tried to cast ridicule upon the attempt to repeal the union, and taunted O'Connell with,

after all his exertions, the comparatively few persons yet enrolled on the repeal books. Having, at some pains, separated the American contributions from those paid by inhabitants of Ireland, he showed by the payments, that but some one hundred thousand persons had yet joined the Repeal Association, in a population of eight and a half millions. O'Connell now seized upon this taunt, and with it eternally upon his lips, appealed to the sluggish portion of his countrymen; and not without effect. They began to show more life. The rent increased from some seventy pounds a week to two or three hundred. The Liberator, finding the people alive to the question, resolved now to agitate with still greater vigor than ever. The large room of the Corn Exchange being now too small for the crowds which came to hear a nation's rights discussed, the Liberator purchased a piece of ground that lay next to it, whereon he laid the foundation of a magnificent public hall, capable of containing six thousand persons, with appropriate galleries for ladies, strangers, and distinguished persons. This temple of freedom he properly denominated **CONCILIATION HALL**, expressive of that kindliness and conciliation which were ever to abide within it, and pervade its discussions. The ceremony of commencing this work was rendered as imposing as the occasion would admit of; and the sound of the workmen's hammers, while erecting it, were heard by the people as so many eloquent warnings of the approaching independence of Ireland.

The summer of 1843 was now opening, and O'Connell determined to appeal from the taunt of Mr. Purcell to the feelings and judgment of the entire nation. With this in view, he called a series of meetings, in the fields and on the hill sides, which, for vastness and decorum, has no parallel in history.

At the very commencement of those meetings, a circumstance occurred, which to an American may seem trivial, but which, in the peculiar condition of Ireland, had a serious effect on the popular mind. **Mr. PETER PURCELL**, a wealthy and extensive coach proprietor, whom I have already noticed, in connection with the corporation debate, had enjoyed for some years the government contract for carrying the mails, upon several of the roads of Ireland. Mr. Purcell's business was very extensive indeed. He owned a large coach factory, where he kept several hundred men employed making and repairing coaches; besides which he had erected a splendid hotel in Sackville Street, opposite the post-office; and, in addition, was the reputed proprietor of a newspaper. His business depending so much upon government patronage, it is not uncharitable to suppose that he was politically influenced by the powers



of the state. Though, in private life, no man was more generally esteemed, his opposition to repeal, and to its leader, naturally created for him some portion of popular odium. But the spirit of centralization, and of indifference to Irish interests, the desire to sacrifice those interests at every opportunity to those of Britain, which pervaded the government, overtook even Mr. Purcell; his contract was taken from him and given to a Scotchman, who built his coaches out of Ireland, and filled all the minor appointments, connected with them, by his countrymen. The people of Dublin were very much enraged by this latest act of English interference; several public meetings were held; a memorial to the lords of the treasury, requesting them to give the carriage of the mails to an Irish contractor, was sent forward, signed by very many of the peerage and merchants, and by several thousands of the people, but it had no effect; the contract was taken from Ireland and given to Scotland, and some additional hundreds of Irishmen were thrown out of employment.

O'Connell did not fail to make most potent use of this latest act of British injustice. The monster meetings increased; the first was held in Trim; the succeeding meetings were held in Mullingar, Longford, Kilkenny, Cork, Mallow, Limerick. They increased in numbers, enthusiasm, and importance, as they proceeded. The hills and valleys rang with the turpitude of England, and the echoes of a maddened population proclaimed to her monarch that the union must be repealed.

The repeal agitation now burst upon the tory premier in an awful conflagration. Threats and declarations against the repeal were solemnly uttered by Peel and Wellington, in the houses of lords and commons. These threats conveyed the determination of the ministry to "put down" the repeal agitation, and were followed up by the transmission to Ireland of several regiments of infantry and cavalry, a great quantity of arms and ammunition, and four vessels of war. But they were bravely replied to by O'Connell and by Bishop Higgins. "But I am not to be mocked," says O'Connell; "I belong to a nation of eight millions; and let me also tell you that there is, besides, more than a million of Irishmen in England. If Sir Robert Peel has the audacity to cause a contest to take place between the two countries, we will begin no rebellion, but I tell him, from this spot, that he dare not commence the strife against Ireland."

Bishop Higgins delivered the following significant speech at the banquet in Mullingar, May 14: "I know that, virtually, you all have reason to believe that the bishops of Ireland were repealers; but I have

now again formally to announce to you that they have all declared themselves as such, and that from shore to shore we are all now repealers. I cannot sit down without adverting also to the means which that body would have, and would be *determined to exert*, in case that foolish minister, who presides over the fated destinies of our country, would have dared to put his threat into execution. *I*, for one, defy all the ministers of England to put down the repeal agitation, in the single diocese of Ardagh. If they attempt, my friends, to rob us of the daylight, which is, I believe, common to us all, and prevent us from assembling in the open fields, we will retire to our chapels; we will suspend all other instruction in order to devote all our time to teaching the people to be repealers, in spite of them. If they follow us to our sanctuaries, with their spies and myrmidons, we will prepare our people for the scaffold, and bequeath our wrongs to posterity."

It is impossible to convey an idea of the effect which these two declarations, from the heads of the clergy and laity of Ireland, produced. The Irish people were electrified with delight. The ministry was terrified by a response as damaging as it was unexpected. The British funds fell four per cent., a fall unprecedented since the return of Napoleon from Elba. The declarations of Bishop Higgins and O'Connell flew across the Atlantic. The repealers of America caught up the threat of Sir Robert Peel. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and a hundred other cities, were in a blaze. Nothing was talked of but the invasion of Canada, the destruction of the British shipping in the American harbors, the burning of London and Liverpool. Twenty thousand men assembled in the Park, New York, and passed resolutions breathing defiance to the British government. From that meeting it was that the address to France, to which I have already adverted, emanated.

The Peel ministry felt that they must carry out their high-sounding declarations of coercion and intimidation, or they must fall prostrate before O'Connell. Some further measures of conciliation were granted to the English nation; while for the Irish the utmost rigors of the constitution must be administered. In the recent meetings held in Ireland, very many magistrates took a distinguished part. These, it was determined by the ministry, should be removed; and accordingly Sir Edward Sugden, the lord chancellor of Ireland, commenced his celebrated catechistical and supersedal letters. Among the earliest of the superseded magistrates I find the following: O'Connell, Hon. Tho. Ffrench, Hon. J. Ffrench, Nicholas Boylan, Lord Ffrench, J. P. Somers, James Roe,

Sir M. D. Bellew, (Galway,) Alexander Sherlock, (Waterford,) P. S. Butler, (Kilkenny,) Dan. Clanchy, and J. Barter, of the county Cork, Robert Dillon Brown, (resigned,) Mr. De Verder, Caleb Powell, Joseph Miles M'Donnell. The following voluntarily resigned: Mr. H. Talbot, J. Sinclair, P. Curtis, M. Power, Mr. K. Mahoney, P. Tiernan, M. P. Matthews, T. Ennis, G. Delany, T. Comyn, W. T. Frier, J. Macklin, Francis Comyn. And, in July, W. Smith O'Brien, in a powerful letter to Lord Sugden, resigned. E. Roach, Captain Mockler, John O'Hea, J. Maher, Charles O'Connell, J. H. Talbot, John Power, N. B. Green, John R. O'Niell, Sir B. Morris, P. P. Daly, V. O'Connor Blake, Gerald Warmley, Henry Grattan, Maurice O'Connell, J. T. Devitt, were dismissed.

In the mean time, the monster meetings swelled in numbers and importance. Each new martyr to the national cause was hailed in the meetings as a sort of demigod. A good many of these dismissed magistrates had been Orangemen, and their junction with the repeal cause was hailed with unbounded enthusiasm. The repeal press spoke with unprecedented vigor. Distinguished above the others were the voice and spirit which issued through the "Nation." The repeal rent swelled from two or three hundred to seven hundred pounds in the week. Never before was Ireland so thoroughly aroused. The war vessels of England were gathering around her coast, her soldiery was crowding her towns and hamlets, her engineers were fortifying old garrisons or erecting new ones, and every thing portended a dreadful future. A further bill for disarming the Irish people was introduced into parliament, which was hotly discussed all through; and Mr. Ward, the organ of the English dissenters, gave notice of a motion for distributing the wealth of the Irish church among all classes of religionists in Ireland, according to their numbers.

But that which contributed most at this moment to give alarm to the English aristocracy, was the motion of Mr. William Smith O'Brien, for an inquiry into the general state of Ireland. Mr. Smith O'Brien, in conjunction with several other members of parliament from Ireland, non-repealers, presented to the British parliament a solemn appeal or petition, setting forth the many grievances which Ireland endured, and demanding various specific remedies. This most solemn appeal was signed by many of the Irish peerage and baronetage, by a great number of the landed gentry, bankers, and merchants. It was an unusually solemn and last appeal for justice to Britain; and the motion now made by Mr. O'Brien was to test the disposition of the English parliament to hearken to the voice of the most wealthy and respectable men of Ireland.

His speech was, indeed, a truly able one. He proved that in the distribution of high official appointments in Ireland, twenty-seven in every thirty offices were given to English or Scotchmen; in the minor grades, connected with excise or customs in Ireland, *thirty-six* in every thirty-seven, were English or Scotchmen; that in the distribution of church incomes, the Protestant hierarchy enjoyed annual millions from the soil, while the Catholic hierarchy depended upon the voluntary support of the people; that in the franchise of the people and the number of their representatives, England, with sixteen millions of population, was represented in the house of commons by five hundred and eight members, while Ireland, with nearly nine millions, possessed but one hundred and five members; that Ireland contributed full four millions annually of net revenue to the support of England, but in the outlay of that immense sum, not more than a few thousands ever came back; that while England habitually expended, under the head of navy stores, six millions per annum, not more than eight thousand pounds, under that head, were expended in Ireland. The wasting absentee drain, the grinding grand-jury tax, poor law, and tithe system, were all exhibited by Mr. O'Brien to England, in their true colors, in a clear, methodical, and convincing manner. The debate lasted three days. All the leading men, on every side, delivered their sentiments, and the diversity of opinion as to the best means of restoring peace to Ireland rivalled the fabled blessings of Pomona's horn. Some contended for the destruction of the Irish church, others for the distribution of its wealth among the other religious ministers of Ireland. Some proposed that Catholic bishops should have seats in the house of lords. Others urged the extension of franchise and more members in the house of commons for Ireland. Others, again, were for a tenure bill; for the construction of railways at the public expense. The high conservative members proposed as sweeping alterations in the government of Ireland as did the whigs; and the premier could not, in his reply, conceal the difficulties under which he labored. The motion was, however, resisted by a clear majority of *seventy*. William Smith O'Brien then entered a solemn protest, signed by himself and several other members, upon the journals of the house, which declared it incapable or unwilling to do justice to Ireland, and soon after seceded from parliament, and joined the Repeal Association.

O'Connell and the leaders in Conciliation Hall received this debate with extraordinary pleasure. He declared that all his hopes for Ireland would be realized; that on reading this debate, he gave himself up

entirely to pleasure, and spent one day in perfect idleness — a political holiday, in the enjoyment of unmixed delight.

In the midst of this, the monster meeting at Dundalk took place, where five hundred thousand men assembled, principally Ulster men. The chair was taken by Captain Seaver, a gentleman of the highest station, who had been many years a district grand master of Orangemen. There was another at Waterford, where more than half a million gathered. Sir Richard Musgrave was in the chair. In the month of August, a monster meeting was held in Wexford, JOHN MAHER, deputy lieutenant of the county, in the chair. There was soon after a monster meeting at Tullamore, in the county of Kildare.

But that which overtopped every other, and exceeded all political gatherings known to history, was the meeting held on the Hill of Tara, on the 13th of August in this year, (1843.) Tara, from its glorious memories, its crowd of kings and sages reaching back through the boundless vista of time; Tara “of the Kings;” — for here were the chief monarchs of Ireland inaugurated for more than two thousand years; — Tara — of sages of science, of intellectual light — was fixed upon to declare the will of Ireland; and O’Connell, the chief of the nation, was to take the place which OLLAMH, CORMAC, MALLACHI, and BRIEN once filled in Irish councils.

The day was propitious — a lovely day in August. Nature had covered Ireland with an abundant harvest of grain, and fruit, and flowers. The whole of Leinster and its thronged cities were astir on that memorable morning. Every vehicle that could be procured at any price was in requisition. Enormous fares were offered and declined, for horses, carriages, and wagons. Almost every one wanted their own conveyances for themselves. Several thousands came from England to this great meeting, and many came even from France. The Liberator was up and stirring early upon that memorable morning. He breakfasted in Baggot Street, with Mr. M’Garry, and then proceeded in his travelling carriage at the head of an immense cavalcade of carriages and horsemen to the place of meeting. For three miles on each side of the hill, the roads and fields were densely covered with human beings. “But when again,” says a correspondent of the Freeman, “we looked up the hill before and around us, and saw that vast inclined plain studded with human beings as far as eye could reach, one sentiment of enthusiastic patriotism animating the cheering mass, — every thing of nature or art that we had ever before witnessed was as nothing compared to the sublimity of so many living and intelligent human beings collected together.”

“Never,” said a French gentleman who was present, “was there such a multitude assembled since the Crusades.”

Men travelled on foot forty and fifty miles to be present at that meeting, and vessels were freighted with passengers from England, who came to Ireland for the same object. There were *ninety-seven music bands* present: each band came to the ground at the head of an immense procession.

To mark this assembly with features of the deepest solemnity, it was determined to have masses offered up upon several parts of the hill; and among the parts selected, there was one of greater interest than the others. It was the “Croppy’s Grave,” in which, in June, 1798, upwards of two hundred of the Irishmen, who fell in that insurrection, were buried by the victors. The banners of the Drogheda Trades, borne to the ground by a splendid procession, were deployed round the platform in a circle; and, as the various emblems waved above the crowd, it presented a grandly picturesque appearance.

When O’Connell ascended the high platform, and exhibited his majestic person upon the exalted tripod, a shout arose that might have awakened the sleeping dead. More than a million of voices cheered him at that moment. It was, indeed, a sublime sight. A correspondent of the *London Morning Chronicle*, who made it his business to measure the ground this vast crowd occupied, declares there were a million of people on the hill and its acclivities, and full half a million who could not get nearer than *three miles*, on any side, to the place where the speakers stood.

The resolutions passed at this great meeting declared, “There was no power on earth had, or ought to have, power to bind the people of Ireland but the king, lords, and commons of Ireland.”\*

O’Connell spoke with unusual majesty. He proclaimed the union a nullity, the debt a fraud; and, in the name of Ireland, that he would never consent to pay more than forty millions of it. When he dismissed the vast multitude, he expressed a hope that they would return home in peace, and when he wanted them again, he hoped they would come. “Yes! yes!” was the response from a million of human beings.

The immense gathering began then to melt away into a thousand rivulets, like the breaking up of a vast lake. The sun declined upon this scene without blushing for a single crime. The old and young, the strong and the weak, were assembled there. No one was rude; none, not one, intoxicated; and there is nothing left by that gorgeous gathering

\* This was the resolution of the Volunteers of 1782.

to mark with pain or disgrace the sublime and virgin dignity of its proceedings.

Meetings such as this, though not equal to it in numbers, still such as must truly be denominated "monster gatherings," continued through Ireland, which I find it impossible, in this narrative, to do more than allude to. In September, a monster meeting was held in Loughrea, at which near half a million of people attended, headed and marshalled by their clergy; for it was the practice for each Catholic pastor to attend the procession of his own parishioners to the place of meeting, and return with them, taking care that good order prevailed. Some two or three parishes frequently joined together on their march, and followed a district band and leaders. This meeting at Loughrea was attended by very inspiring circumstances. The Galway Trades, with banners and music, came out to join them. The meeting was presided over by J. J. Bodkin, M. P. Another very remarkable meeting was held in Clifden, far back among the mountains of Connemara. This is the wildest part of Ireland, and the assembling of these hardy mountaineers, in hundreds of thousands, to hear the voice of freedom proclaimed by its greatest apostle, was one of the striking incidents of the day. There were twenty thousand horsemen at this gathering. A hardy race, descending from hill and mountain, from homes half way betwixt earth and heaven, they poured down upon the plain in Celtic pride and impetuosity, and with Circassian bravery.

Again, the monster meeting of "Lismore of the Saints" called back to the memory a thousand images of pagan glory, and a crowd of Christian saints. It was once the seat of the greatest university of Europe, where princes and nobles came to study, and Christian ecclesiastics received their degrees. Its broad lands and extensive cloisters were seized at the reformation, and all passed into the hands of a heartless foreigner, who transmitted, in hereditary succession, the absentee's curse on the lovely spot. The repealers of that interesting but oppressed district were resolved to hold a meeting here for the purpose of reviving its historic recollections. Along the beautiful vale of Cappaquinn, the majestic Blackwater journeys to the sea. Upon each side of this river, whose course can be traced for a long way, two mighty processions were observed on the morning of the meeting, proceeding to the appointed spot, to the sounds of at least fifty bands of music. It was indeed a very grand army, an animating spectacle. Six hundred thousand persons came there that day to pray for freedom. No religious procession of other ages could exceed this in enthusiasm of devotion to its darling

object. The men who moved were brave men, intelligent men also, men who have ever kept English domination in check by a national instinct and by the promptings of natural law. The chair was taken by Sir Benjamin Morris, of Waterford, who was accompanied by O'Connell, and followed from his residence to the place of meeting by an innumerable train of carriages containing a large portion of the wealth and respectability of Waterford city and county. The resolutions of that meeting were in hearty accordance with those adopted at Tara and elsewhere.

Such were a few of the monster meetings of 1843. One general portraiture would describe all. But there is another feature of the agitation, scarcely less important, which arises to our view at this important stage. This is the arbitration courts. The government had exhibited its impotent hostility to the repealers by dismissing every magistrate who bestowed the slightest approbation or countenance on the agitation. More than fifty magistrates were dismissed in the most summary way. The people felt thoroughly indignant at the petty tyranny of the government; and the repeal leaders, taking advantage of this false move of their opponents, recommended throughout the country a reference of disputes for the arbitration of *all* cases, whether of person or property. The management of this very delicate and important proceeding was confided to Dr. GRAY, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, who conducted it, in conjunction with JOHN O'CONNELL, to a most successful issue. A model court was opened at Black Rock, near Dublin, under the recommendation of a resolution of the Repeal Association, in which resolutions certain arbitrators were named as possessing the confidence of that body, and therefore worthy the confidence of the people whose lawsuits they undertook to adjust. This court sat weekly, and the press reported their proceedings in detail, thereby teaching the entire nation, by example, the mode of avoiding expense, of settling disputes and claims for damages, wages, and property, in a speedy and equitable manner, without the intervention or expense of lawyers, by the ancient and approved mode of arbitration.

This plan was no sooner set working than the people hailed it with delight. Courts of arbitration were established almost every where through Ireland. Wherever there was a dismissed magistrate, he was the central point of a new court. The strength of public opinion sustained the decisions of these courts, from which no one thought of appealing. In the course of three months they were very generally established, and the fees and stamps previously paid in the government courts were considerably diminished, and threatened to be totally swept away.



There was, in the establishment of those arbitration courts, in the employment of the arbitrators to preside in them, in the prepared forms for "summonses," "awards," &c., all the cheap features of popular tribunals calculated to supersede those of the government; for these courts owed their popularity, not to the crown of England, as its unpaid magistracy, but to the Repeal Association, acknowledging DANIEL O'CONNELL as its head and guide. This was the feature that most alarmed the British government; this it was that increased Sir Robert Peel's "difficulty."

While these monster meetings were swelling and upheaving in their vastness; while the arbitration courts were actively dissolving the roots of the British government; while the revenue of the repealers was increasing from hundreds to thousands a week, — a foreign agency was at work to bring into existence a unity of thought and action between the friends of liberty in two hemispheres. I have already depicted, in brief terms, the extent and influence of the repeal agitation in America; and have alluded to the address in behalf of Ireland, sent from the mass meeting in the Park, New York, to the French nation. That address produced all the effects its framers hoped for. The French nation were called to action, in behalf of their old ally, by the voice of a free people. The "great nation" heard and responded to the urgent voice of America. Without introducing here the detail of the many preliminary meetings held in New York or in Paris, I shall at once present the reader with the authorized expression of sympathy of the patriotic people of France towards Ireland, manifested by appointing M. LEDRU ROLLIN, a member of the chamber of deputies, to proceed to Ireland with a formal tender of their aid, in case of a threatened emergency. The following correspondence passed between the French deputy and the chief of Ireland:—

" PARIS, July 26, 1843.

" SIR :

" I have just read in the *Nation* newspaper the speech in which you were pleased to mention, at the meeting of the Repeal Association, the manifestation which my friends and I have made in Paris. You have perfectly understood our intention, sir, which was to express a public testimony of sympathy in the glorious struggle of an entire people for independence, for the faith of their fathers, and for nationality.

" This meeting has been spontaneous, and the French democrats wanted no incentive to remember what they owed to those brave Irishmen, whose legions fought by the side of ours. History has more than once united the Irish forces with those of France; and permit me to say, that at the present day politics draw those two nations together again. A matter of form separates us; you are monarchical, and we are not so; but our intention never was to interfere with your views, or to involve your loyalty in suspicion.

"But Ireland wishes to emancipate herself from the yoke which seven ages of oppression have imposed upon her head. She asks equality of rights for her citizens, liberty for her worship, the privilege of governing herself: she desires to produce a reaction against an odious conquest; to reform the mode in which property, the fruit of spoliation, is constituted: in fine, her enemy is also our enemy; the enemy of equality and of liberty all over the world — the English aristocracy.

"Behold, sir, what draws us together; behold the cause why our hearts unite themselves to your hearts; behold the reason we responded to the mighty voice of our American brothers, who have so warmly associated themselves with the unanimous movement of the Irish nation.

"In our intention (which the vile Parisian and London journals have misrepresented) there was nothing secret. We offered a testimony of sincere and profound sympathy for a peaceable and legal struggle; but in case the tory government should violate the sanctuary of the law, which serves you as a refuge, we believe that France will offer you other aid against augmented dangers. I thus sum up the wishes and the sentiments which have been expressed by me and my friends. I desired to repeat them to you in this letter; and if I can realize my project of visiting Ireland, my journey will have no other aim than this.

"I am convinced, without having witnessed in person the marvellous spectacle presented to the world by Ireland, that your sympathies are in unison with ours, for they spring from the same principle.—liberty, and devotion to one's native land.

"Receive, sir, the expression of the sentiments of deep consideration with which I have the honor to be your very humble and obedient servant,

"LEDRU ROLLIN."

*Reply of the Irish Repealers to the Democratic Association of France.*

"MERRION SQUARE, DUBLIN, August 4, 1843.

"SIR:

"It is my pleasing duty to acknowledge the receipt of the letter with which you have honored me, and to express my individual thanks for that letter. It is also my pleasing duty to convey to you the respectful gratitude of the Repeal Association for the sentiments of liberality and justice which you have displayed in that communication.

"We understand each other perfectly. Your present countenance and sympathy is bestowed upon men who are struggling within the limits of local and constitutional principle for the rights and liberties of their native land; of men who desire to use no other means than those which are peaceable, have no other efficacy than that which arises from their moral force and power.

"You, indeed, allude to another contingency, in which you may be disposed to be more active in our support. But that is a contingency which we decline to discuss, because we now deem it impossible that it should arise, the British government having retracted every menace of illegal force and unjust violence, and confining its resistance to our claims — if it shall continue to resist those claims — within the ordinary channels of legalized administration.

"That the London and Parisian journals, belonging to the class inimical to civil and religious liberty, should misrepresent our mutual intentions and motives, is a matter of course, even when those motives and intentions are publicly expressed,

and have the advantage of exhibiting the turpitude of our calumniators. But we strongly apprehend that the visit which you have intimated that you might make to this country would, whilst it would be of no practical utility, afford opportunity for further calumny, and for mischievous (though utterly false) insinuations.

“Upon these grounds we deem your contemplated visit to Ireland, in any thing resembling a public capacity, as being, to say the least of it, premature.

“Permit me respectfully to add, that if at a more suitable period you should ever have leisure and inclination to visit Ireland, I should be very proud, indeed, to be permitted the honor and favor of exercising, during your sojourn, the rites of hospitality towards you.

“To conclude: let me assure you that the Irish people are exceedingly gratified by the sympathy for their sufferings which you and your noble-minded friends proclaim. You do us but justice when you appreciate our principles: they are the principles of democratic liberty, mitigated and secured by the stability of a restricted monarchy — the principles of civil and religious liberty enforcing practical justice from the government to the many, and giving perfect freedom to conscience, thus combining the freedom of religion, the freedom of education, the freedom of the press, and the freedom of all popular institutions, with the fixity of monarchical authority. This genuine liberty can be maintained and secured only on the basis of veneration for the religious sentiment, and of disinterested sincerity in practical religious observances.

“Be pleased, sir, to accept the emphatic expression of the sentiments of respect and esteem with which I have the honor to be your faithful and obedient servant,

“DANIEL O’CONNELL.”

These two very important documents belong to history. They prove the undying friendship for Ireland which abides in France; and they will teach the next generations, by the example of the present, the duty and necessity of perpetuating an alliance which has been for so many ages the source of mutual benefits to each.

O’Connell was determined, from the day of the corporation debate, to test the opinions of the people throughout all Ireland, upon the great question of their national independence. Having recommended the small free courts to dispense justice among the people, he next propounded his grand plan for the assemblage of THREE HUNDRED of the chief men of Ireland, in a sort of congress, to work out the details of the repeal measure. In this project he was impeded by the convention act, originally introduced by Lord Clare, in the Irish parliament, to put down the Catholic confederacy, and still continued in Ireland by the English government, though no such act exists in England. This unconstitutional law prohibits the appointment of any delegate to perform any political duty whatever in Ireland. There was another impediment to the immediate assembling of this congress. It might subject O’Connell and the other leaders to a bill of impeachment in the house of commons,

they being members of that body, to a charge of usurping the powers of parliament. It was a delicate and a dangerous proceeding; but the chief of Ireland was equal to the danger and the delicacy. He talked about this intended congress at the monster meetings; he lost no opportunity of making the people familiar with the nature of such an assembly, preparing them to obey its mandates by references to the history of the American congress of 1774.

Every fresh monster meeting brought forth some new incident, which acted on the public enthusiasm. At the great monster meeting held at Donybrook Green, near Dublin, there were more than half a million of *men* present. The Trades of Dublin moved out in grand procession, bearing their gorgeous banners, preceded by well-disciplined bands, and marching to military music, under the command of intelligent and educated men. This long procession was followed to the ground by the wealthy citizens of Dublin, in cars, carriages, and on horseback, and by similar classes from a circuit of full thirty miles around. At that meeting, some American gentlemen were present on the platform; among them were the Right Rev. Bishop HUGHES, of New York, and Mr. THURLOW WEED, of the Albany Evening Journal. Every Irishman is indebted to Mr. Weed for the series of eloquent and honest letters on Ireland, which then came from his pen, and passed through the entire American press, and which contributed largely to swell the popular emotion. At this Donybrook gathering, the Liberator proclaimed his plans of a national congress, in the midst of his well-disciplined Trades Union of Dublin; (which may be likened to Napoleon's Old Guard;) and here he defied the power of England to divide or subjugate Ireland again.

The great meeting of Mullaghmast, from its vastness and historic associations, was that which, taken in connection with other circumstances, most alarmed the government. *Mullaghmast*, an old fort, or rath, in the county of Kildare, about thirty-eight miles from Dublin, was the spot, where, three hundred years ago, a grievous act of treachery was perpetrated by the English. Three hundred chief men of Leinster were invited to a feast of friendship there, by the agents of the British government, and as each guest entered the fatal fort, he was assassinated. None returned; and in this way did British perfidy accomplish that which its arms failed to achieve—the entire subjugation of the district now known as the King and Queen's counties. A meeting of eight hundred thousand persons, some of whom were the direct descendants of the butchered chiefs, upon this memorable spot, could not fail

to wake up feelings of no ordinary character. Another circumstance which imparted to that meeting the air and impress of an ancient kingly inauguration, was the presentation, by a deputation of writers and artists from Dublin, of an ancient monarchical cap, to O'Connell, who suffered the ancient insignia of national authority to be placed upon his head, while occupying the chair at that great gathering.

The next monster meeting was fixed by O'Connell to take place on the celebrated battle-field of Clontarf. That spot is illumined in the page of history by the bright deeds of those heroes who won there a deathless fame, and the freedom of their native land. The place was chosen for a monster meeting, because it could not fail to increase the valor of every man who stood upon that sacred earth, and heard the deeds of the mighty dead recounted by the still mightier living. That meeting was to be the last, and it was fixed to take place on the 8th of October, 1843; but the British ministry suddenly (as it appears) resolved to interpose all the force at its disposal to prevent the holding of this, or any further monster meeting; and to crush, by a violent administration of the powers placed in its hands by parliament, the legitimate exercise of popular complaint and petition. Upwards of forty of these unusually large meetings had been held through Ireland during the previous six or eight months. Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington *threatened* to put down repeal; but that threat was answered by the loud defiance of O'Connell, Grattan, Bishop Higgins, and other distinguished men. The ministers soon after explained away their threats, and, in familiar language, "drew in their horns." The monster meetings continued. Parliament was sitting, and no reproof resolution emanated from the great council of the nation. Parliament adjourned, and nothing was hinted. The queen went to visit her brother monarch of France, and the Irish lord lieutenant and lord chancellor went to visit their friends in England. All connected with the government was in repose, when, suddenly, a series of cabinet councils were held in London. The Irish lord lieutenant and the Irish lord chancellor were summoned to the cabinet council, when it was there resolved to suppress the proposed meeting at Clontarf, and to seize upon the repeal leaders, and prosecute them for a conspiracy to overthrow the government. The lord lieutenant and the chancellor hurried back to Dublin, called a council of their own, and, late on Saturday evening, the 7th of October, issued the following illegal proclamation:—

*"By the Lord Lieutenant and Council of Ireland.*

**"A PROCLAMATION.**

**"DE GREY.**

"Whereas it has been publicly announced that a meeting is to take place at or near Clontarf, on Sunday, the 8th of October instant, for the alleged purpose of petitioning parliament for a repeal of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland;—

"And whereas advertisements and placards have been printed and extensively circulated, calling on those persons who propose to attend the said meeting on horseback to meet and form in procession, and to march to the said meeting in military order and array;—

"And whereas meetings of large numbers of persons have been already held in different parts of Ireland, under the like pretence, at several of which meetings language of a seditious and inflammatory nature has been addressed to the persons there assembled, calculated and intended to excite discontent and disaffection in the minds of her majesty's subjects, and to bring into hatred and contempt the government and constitution of the country, as by law established;—

"And whereas, at some of the said meetings, such seditious and inflammatory language has been used by persons who have signified their intention of being present at, and taking part in, the said meeting so announced to be held at or near Clontarf;—

"And whereas the said intended meeting is calculated to excite reasonable and well-grounded apprehension that the motives and objects of the persons to be assembled thereat are not the fair legal exercise of constitutional rights and privileges, but to bring into hatred and contempt the government and constitution of the United Kingdom as by law established, and to accomplish alterations in the laws and constitution of the realm, by intimidation and the demonstration of physical force;—

"Now, we, the lord lieutenant, by and with the advice of her majesty's privy council, being satisfied that the said intended meeting so proposed to be held at or near Clontarf as aforesaid, can only tend to serve the ends of factious and seditious persons, and to the violation of the public peace, do hereby strictly caution and forewarn all persons whatsoever, that they do abstain from attendance at the said meeting; and we do hereby give notice, that if, in defiance of this our proclamation, the said meeting shall take place, all persons attending the same shall be proceeded against according to law. And we do hereby order and enjoin all magistrates and officers intrusted with the preservation of the public peace, and others whom it may concern, to be aiding and assisting in the execution of the law in preventing the said meeting, and in the effectual dispersion and suppression of the same, and in the detection and prosecution of those who, after this notice, shall offend in the respects aforesaid.

"Given at the council chamber in Dublin, this 7th day of October, 1843.

"Edward B. Sugden, C. Donoughmore, Eliot, F. Blackburne, E. Blakeney, Fred. Shaw, T. B. C. Smith.

**"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."**

This appeared upon the walls of Dublin at dusk on Saturday

evening, and, in one hour after, O'Connell issued the following counter proclamation :—

“Whereas there appears, under the signatures of Edward B. Sugden, C. Donoughmore, Eliot, F. Blackburne, E. Blakeney, Fred. Shaw, T. B. C. Smith, a paper, being, or purporting to be, a proclamation, drawn up in very loose and inaccurate terms, and manifestly misrepresenting known facts, the object of which appears to be to prevent the public meeting intended to be held to-morrow to petition parliament for the repeal of the baneful and destructive measure of the legislative union;—

“And whereas such proclamation has not been issued or appeared until late in the afternoon of Saturday, the 7th, so that it is utterly impossible that the knowledge of the existence of such proclamation could be communicated in the usual official channels, or by the post, in time to have its contents known to persons intending to meet at Clontarf, for the purpose of petitioning as aforesaid;—

“Whereas ill-disposed persons may have an opportunity, under color of said proclamation, to provoke breaches of the peace, or commit violence upon persons intending to proceed peaceably and legally to said intended meeting;— We, **THE COMMITTEE OF THE LOYAL NATIONAL REPEAL ASSOCIATION**, do most earnestly request and entreat that all well-disposed persons shall immediately, upon receiving this intimation, repair to their own dwellings, and not place themselves in peril of any collision, or of receiving any ill-treatment from any person whatsoever. And without yielding any thing to the unfounded allegations in said alleged proclamation, we deem it prudent and wise, and, above all things, humane, to declare that the intended meeting is abandoned, and will not be held.

(Signed)

“DANIEL O'CONNELL,

“T. M. RAY, *Secretary*.

“*Chairman of the Committee.*”

“CORN EXCHANGE, Oct. 7, 1843.”

We give these two remarkable documents to posterity, that the next generation of Irishmen may learn the nature of that tyranny with which we had to contend, and from which they will be free.

Mr. Steele, Mr. Ray, Rev. Mr. Tyrrell, Rev. Mr. Tierney, and several of the clerks of the Repeal Association, were despatched on Saturday night, and on the ensuing day, to all the principal towns within thirty miles of Clontarf, with copies of the Liberator's proclamation. The hustings erected for the speakers were levelled that night by O'Connell's orders. The Rev. Mr. Tyrrell exerted himself all that night to persuade the people to remain at home, and, in the performance of this duty,—a duty forced upon him by the illegal action of the government,—caught a cold and fever, which put a speedy termination to his earthly career; and the people, with perfect justice, mourned him as the **FIRST MARTYR** to the repeal cause.

Sunday morning, the 8th of October, 1843, will long be remembered by the citizens of Dublin. A steam vessel arrived at the quay, bringing

over five hundred of the Liverpool and Manchester repealers to be present at the meeting. Two war-steamers arrived that morning, from England, bringing reinforcements of several hundred men, with fresh military stores and munitions of war. One of these anchored in the Bay of Clontarf, and covered with her guns the place where the meeting was to be held. The Pigeon-House Fort, situate in the middle of the bay, mounting several guns, was also put in readiness; while from the Dublin barracks, several regiments of infantry and cavalry, with a long train of artillery, marched out to occupy "Conquer Hill," the chosen spot on which the repealers intended to assemble. The command of the field was given to *Lord Cardigan*; but Sir Edward Blakeney, the chief commander of the forces in Ireland, a brave and a humane man, took care to be on the ground himself from an early hour in the day, and remained there until the troops returned.

Notwithstanding every exertion of the repeal leaders to prevent them, the people came flocking into Dublin, and, in despite of all danger, walked out to the tented field of Clontarf, and amused themselves, rambling through the roads and upon the strand, laughing and joking with the soldiery, who, on their part, exhibited the best temper. At the close of the day, the military returned to their barracks, with no trophy, save some cockles, and other shell fish, which they captured on the strand.

Monday, the 9th of October, opened on Dublin in peace and calm. The papers were full of "rumors." More troops were arriving in the city from England. Several war-ships were making towards the Irish coast. Every thing looked as if England was really frightened, while Ireland all the time remained perfectly calm. The Repeal Association met in the Abbey Street theatre, where the resolutions intended to be passed on the previous day at Clontarf were adopted by universal acclamation. All the proceedings which would have taken place the previous day, were now peacefully enacted in the theatre. The grand dinner intended to be eaten at Clontarf, was eaten in the Rotunda, where the speakers selected for the Clontarf banquet acquitted themselves with an energy equal to that they would have displayed on Conquer Hill. And thus the governmental impediments were passed by, without the cause suffering in the slightest by their clumsy interruption. But a charge of higher criminality has been made against government, of an intention to provoke a quarrel, and commit a dreadful massacre on the people on the field of Clontarf. This is the expressed belief of many distinguished men of Ireland, and among them Lord Cloncurry.

On Monday, the lord lieutenant sat in privy council, when it was



determined to arrest the principal leaders of the repeal cause; and on Tuesday, the Liberator, and his son, John O'Connell, received notice from the crown solicitor, that warrants were issued against them on a charge of misdemeanor and sedition. They both immediately attended at Judge Burton's house, and gave bail.

O'Connell immediately issued a brief letter to the people, describing the petty nature of the legal proceedings instituted against him, and quieted all apprehension.\* The following prophetic advice appeared in this letter: "Every attempt of our enemies to disturb the progress of the repeal hitherto has had a direct contrary effect. **THIS ATTEMPT WILL ALSO FAIL**, unless it be assisted by any misconduct on the part of the people. Be tranquil, then, and we shall be triumphant." The people were all that their great chief could desire, and their day of triumph was their reward.

In the course of the next two or three days, further arrests were made, and the following were distinguished by the government as most worthy of prosecution:—

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P. for the county of Cork; JOHN O'CONNELL, M. P. for the county of Kilkenny; the Rev. Mr. TYRRELL, P. P. of Lusk; the Rev. Mr. TIERNEY, P. P. of Clontibret, Monahan; CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, Esq., proprietor of the *Nation*; RICHARD BARRETT, Esq., proprietor of the *Pilot*; Dr. J. GRAY, proprietor of the *Freeman*; THOMAS STEELE, Esq., head pacificator of the repealers; THOMAS MATTHEW RAY, Esq., secretary of the Repeal Association.

When intelligence of all these proceedings reached England, an extraordinary sensation took place. The whig press was immediately out on the ministry for the tyrannical deed they had just perpetrated in Ireland; though it was quite in keeping with the deeds of the Grey and Graham whig government of 1831, 1832, and 1833. The Chartists, really indignant, and really honest, spoke of the proceedings thus, through their organ, the Northern Star:—

"If ministers attempt to coerce Ireland, five millions of English Chartists will remonstrate against this attempt; but they will not again place themselves in the position of being marked as 'wretches deserving notice of the attorney-general.' No; they have profited by experience, and will perish to a man before they will allow five hundred thousand of their fighting men to enlist in the despot's ranks."

The government issued a circular letter to all pensioners of the state, and to all persons in its employment, to abstain from all coöperation with those seeking a repeal of the union.

It is unnecessary to consume space in attempting a description of the

excitement which the rash proceedings of the British government created through Ireland, England, Scotland, and, indeed, through all parts of Europe. Nor was it unfelt in the cities and villages of the new world. From every congregation of freemen, a shout of execration issued forth upon the guilty heads of those who evidently sought an opportunity for a great massacre; failing which, they turned to the ready engines of the law, willing crown prosecutors, subservient judges, and packed juries, to subdue the sentiments of liberty in the hearts of a great race.

In the first week after the arrests, the new Conciliation Hall was opened with great *éclat*. Twelve hundred ladies thronged the galleries, and six thousand men filled the body of the house. That meeting was remarkable for the adhesion of William Smith O'Brien, Esq., M. P. This intimation was conveyed in a very eloquent letter, in which Mr. O'Brien gave as his reasons for becoming a repealer, that he had been up to that time averse to the agitation of repeal, as he persuaded himself that the statesmen of Britain would have followed up Catholic emancipation by a comprehensive system of amelioration in Ireland; but after an experiment of fourteen years, after a ceaseless attention in the British parliament, after witnessing every proposal tending to develop the resources of Ireland, or raise the character of her people, either discountenanced, distorted, or rejected, he resolved, ere he threw himself into the Repeal Association, to make one last solemn appeal to British wisdom for justice to his country; but the application was vain,—he was treated with neglect, ridicule, or defiance. And having visited several parts of Europe, with the view of examining their governments and the condition of the people, he returned to Ireland, impressed with the sad conviction, that there was more human misery in one county in Ireland than throughout ALL the populous cities and districts which he had visited on the continent; and on landing in England, he learned that the ministry, instead of removing the cause of complaint, had resolved to prosecute O'Connell and others on some frivolous charges of sedition and conspiracy; and slowly and reluctantly enjoined the great body of his countrymen to persevere in the endeavor to obtain the acknowledgment of their undoubted right to legislate for themselves. Mr. O'Brien further offered to take the chair at any monster meeting which his constituents might call, and expressed a hope that the association would not surrender without a struggle the right of holding meetings to petition parliament for the redress of grievances. This letter was dated *Cahermoyle, Rathkeale, October 20, 1843.*

The adhesion of a man who combined in his person every element of

popular veneration,—the blood of an illustrious Milesian ancestry, great talents, wealth, high station, connections, extensive parliamentary experience, and the highest degree of political integrity; one who tore himself, as it were, from the aristocracy, and came boldly into the ranks of the people, with all the zeal of a convert, and all the earnestness of an original thinker, was, as O'Connell happily described it, "AN EVENT." The junction of Mr. O'Brien, Mr. John Augustus O'Neill, Caleb Powell, M. P., John O'Brien, M. P. for Limerick, and several other Protestant gentlemen of the highest station, naturally increased the popular fervor, hope, and determination.

The "State Trials" now occupied every body's thoughts. At the very threshold the government stumbled. Their official reporter, Mr. Bond Hughes, mistook some other person for Mr. Barrett, and actually perjured himself in swearing the first informations. When made aware of his mistake, he waited on Mr. Kemmis, the crown solicitor, and acquainted him about it; but the crown, over-anxious to seize upon the agitators, took no notice of the error, but proceeded as if they had not been made aware of it, as Mr. Hughes, in his cross-examination on the trial, admitted.

Question by Mr. M'Donough:—

"Were you present on the occasion when the recognizance to bail was subscribed by Mr. Barrett?" "Yes, I then amended the mistake; I mentioned it to Mr. Kemmis."

"Did you apprise them of the mistake with respect to Mr. Barrett?" "I mentioned to them I had a doubt about having been correct in stating Mr. Barrett was at the meeting."

"When was this?" "On leaving Judge Burton's house."

"What did Mr. Kemmis say?" "I can't recollect what Mr. Kemmis said."

"Where was this?" "In Kildare Street."

"Before you reached Mr. Kemmis's house?" "Yes; on the way."

"Can you not recollect what Mr. Kemmis said?" "He made no observation."

"Then it was left as it was?" "I mentioned it to Mr. Ray before leaving Judge Burton's house."

"When leaving the room, in the passage, was Mr. Barrett then in the house?" "He was."

"What did you say?" "I was mistaken in regard to Mr. Barrett; I had a doubt that he was at the Rotunda, or at the meeting at Calvert's theatre."

"Did you return to have the error corrected?" "I did not take any steps farther; I thought it enough to inform them of it."

Upon bungling and uncertain testimony, all nearly similar to this, eight gentlemen of the first standing in their country, were placed upon their trial as criminals in a court of law.

Though I had space sufficient at my command, I fear there are few readers who would willingly wade through the tedious recitals of a state trial. I must therefore touch it very briefly.

The monster indictment comprehended the nine gentlemen in one general charge of conspiracy, to intimidate the government by physical demonstration, to create and spread sedition, to procure a forcible alteration of the law, and to bring the government into hatred and contempt. These charges were varied and subdivided into eleven "counts" or heads of crime, in which one or more of the accused, and the particular act complained of, were specifically named; but none of the counts went so far as to impute treason, or any crime which could be visited with a severer punishment than fine and imprisonment. These charges covered *thirty-three* large skins of parchment, the matter of which filled eighty printed octavo pages, and thereby acquired the appropriate title of "the monster indictment," — the largest and most complex document of the kind known in the history of English jurisprudence, and which, for *its length*, Lord Denman pronounced to be a grievance. This complicated indictment, having been before the grand jury three or four days, was "found" by all save Mr. Richard O'Gorman, who came into court and answered "not found."

So shamefully anxious was the government for a hasty conviction, that they gave the accused only *four days* to put in an answer or "plea" to this unparalleled charge. A debate on this point arose between the counsel on both sides, which lasted two days, when the judges enlarged the time, and, on the affidavit of the law agents for the accused, who solemnly swore they could not possibly frame a defence sooner than a month at the very least, postponed the trial to the sittings after the November term.

Meantime, the Rev. Mr. Tyrrell died: he was buried in his own chapel at Lusk, receiving national honors; his funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people. The Repeal Association voted a permanent provision for his father, whose only support in his old age was the reverend martyr to repeal.

Previous to the day of trial a special jury was to be struck from the grand panel. This panel consisted of more than seven hundred names, and the mode of selecting the jury was a sort of lottery. The first forty-eight drawn from a box of tickets, numbered in correspondence with each of the seven hundred names, was to form that reduced panel from which *twelve* were to be selected. The agents of the crown and the accused met to perfect this preliminary; but it appeared that a list

of sixty-eight liberal or anti-tory names, including sixteen Roman Catholics, had been fraudulently removed from the panel. Under these circumstances the accused's agents refused to go to trial, until the panel was amended by the restoration of the abstracted list. The case was brought before the judges of the Queen's Bench; Judge Perrin thought the objection of the accused valid, and that the jury panel ought to be amended; but the other three judges thought differently, and ruled against the application. The accused were then compelled to take their trial before a jury necessarily selected from a fraudulent list. Among the entire twelve jurymen there was not one Catholic or liberal Protestant; and *this was the principal ground upon which the house of lords subsequently quashed the trial and verdict.* And this was one ground on which Lord John Russell declared O'Connell had not had a fair trial.

After a variety of law arguments on behalf of the accused and of the crown, on points of substance and form, by which the trial was retarded for some months, the appointed day, the memorable 15th of January, 1844, at length arrived—a day that will be emphatically marked in the history of Ireland. It was the day on which Daniel O'Connell, his son John, and six other gentlemen, were arraigned before a court and jury of their countrymen for misdemeanors, and, if found guilty, were to be cast into prison, to consort with pickpockets and malefactors.

O'Connell, ever attentive to all his religious obligations, and alive to the influences of religion, and the duties of a Christian, prepared for the legal conflict, not so much with black-letter texts as with the holy supports of religion. He called around him, upon that morning, his children and his grandchildren, his friends and compatriots, and there, in the presence of the minister of his faith, assisted in offering up the holy sacrifice of the mass, and resigned himself solely unto the will of the Most High. It was indeed a solemn ceremony, and exhibited the man in a still more exalted attitude to his countrymen and their enemies. Then, with his family and immediate friends, he partook of breakfast; after which, he stepped into the lord mayor's (Mr. O'Brien's) carriage, and was accompanied to court by his lordship and the majority of the aldermen and town counsellors of the city corporation in carriages, clothed in their robes, and preceded by Mr. Reynolds, the city marshal. This procession was increased by vast numbers of the citizens in carriages, cars, and on foot, who evinced, by their deep-felt sympathy, and their abandonment of all business, that their liberties and characters were involved with their chief. Each man felt as if himself were about to be tried. The shops were in general closed, and the whole city yielded itself to

the influence of grief. This procession wound its melancholy way to the Four Courts. Arriving there, the scene presented to the eye was very remarkable. The magnificent quays on both sides of the River Liffey (which washes the base of the law courts) were covered over with a dense crowd of human beings. These were to be seen along the river, above and below, as far as the eye could reach. The lord mayor's carriage arriving at the grand entrance to the hall of the courts, O'Connell alighted, ascended the steps, and with a commanding air waived his colossal arm to the immense concourse, signifying to them to retire. At this moment, a shout went up from that mighty gathering which penetrated the courts and castle, and shook the seats of judicial and political power.

The interior of the court, from an early hour, was literally packed with human beings, and these were of the wealthiest class; for tickets of admission were obtainable from the sheriff only by the greatest favor. Many of the nobility were present, and such was the interest felt in England about the issue of those trials, that each of the great London newspapers sent a corps of reporters to attend the court, to transmit, for the information of their readers, every tittle that transpired.

The judges of the Queen's Bench, where this trial took place, were Messrs. Pennafather, Burton, Perrin, and Crampton. The first two are Tories; Judge Perrin was a whig, and Crampton a sort of neutral, distinguished only for his zealous advocacy of temperance. The counsel for the crown were T. B. C. Smith, attorney-general; Messrs. Warren, Brewster, Martley, Freeman, Holmes, Baker, and Napier. The counsel for O'Connell, and the other traversers, were Messrs. Sheil, Moore, Whiteside, M'Donough, Monahan, Fitzgibbon, Sir C. O'Loghlin, O'Hagan, O'Hea, Clements, M'Carthy, Moriarty, Close, and Perrin. The solicitors to the accused were Messrs. Mahoney, Cantwell, Gartland, and Forde.

The jury were then impanelled. Many declined serving, from illness or unwillingness, and Sir C. O'Loghlin challenged the array on behalf of Daniel O'Connell, inasmuch as the names of over sixty persons were fraudulently removed from the grand panel. The judges heard the arguments. Judge Perrin was for allowing it, but the other three judges ruled against it, and the accused were obliged to go to trial with the jury in the box, which were exclusively Protestant, and politically opposed to the men whom they were about to try. Their names are as follows, and will go down, with Pennafather and Smith, to a discriminating posterity.

1. James Hamilton, 14 Upper Ormond Quay, wine merchant.
2. Captain Edward Roper, 15 Eccles Street.
3. Edward Clarke, 128 Stephen's Green, West.
4. Francis Faulkner, 78 Grafton Street, grocer.
5. John Croker, 36 North Great George Street, wine merchant.
6. Henry Flynn, 25 William Street, pianoforte maker.
7. Henry Thompson, 28 Eustace Street, wine merchant.
8. Anson Floyd, 19 Wellington Quay, China warehouse.
9. John Rigby, 175 Great Brunswick Street, gun maker.
10. Robert Hanna, 12 Henry Street, wine merchant.
11. William Longfield, 10 Harcourt Street.
12. William Ord, 79 Cork Street, tanner.

The pleadings were opened by Mr. Napier, and the indictment was supported by the attorney-general, T. B. C. Smith. It is needless to recapitulate the charges. He gave a history of the repeal agitation for the previous twelve months, quoted selected passages from O'Connell's speeches, some poems and political articles, and American correspondence from the *Nation*, some articles from the *Freeman*, and lastly, Mr. Robert Tyler's speech at Washington, from the *Pilot*, with a spirited commentary by the editor, and several editorial articles from that paper.

These formed the burden of his charge. As the Repeal Association had circulated the *Nation*, *Pilot*, and *Freeman*, the members were held responsible by the attorney-general for all that these papers contained. He charged all the gentlemen with "a conspiracy to procure an alteration in the laws by intimidation, to bring the government and tribunals of the country into hatred and contempt, and to tamper with the allegiance of the army." The attorney-general spent two days in describing the overt acts, sayings, and writings, of the various traversers. He was frequently interrupted by shouts of laughter from the bar and the auditory, which tended, in no small degree, to increase the acerbity of his feelings. One of the most remarkable documents he brought forward was the celebrated song, from the *NATION*, entitled the "Memory of the Dead,"\* which had been honored by a recital in the house of lords and house of commons, in the corporation, and was now read, by the first law officer of the crown, in the Court of Queen's Bench, with disturbed visage and threatening brow. The reader will find this patriotic song at the close of the lecture on the rebellion of 1798.

\* Written by a Protestant student of Trinity College

The principal witnesses for the prosecution were two English and one Irish reporter, connected with the London press. One of these, Mr. Hughes, manfully acknowledged that he was sent by Mr. Gurney, at the request of the government, to take notes of the speeches of Mr. O'Connell and the other repeal leaders, with a view of sustaining a prosecution, and for which he was to receive four hundred pounds; that he never made any secret of his business at their meetings. The second, and one who attained a vile eminence, was Mr. *Ross*, a reporter sent to Ireland by the London Morning Chronicle, to report Irish affairs, but who entered into a secret engagement with the government to furnish such matter as would be deemed criminatory towards O'Connell; to act, in short, as a spy; and, under that sanctity which hitherto belonged to the press, to pass into the arcana of the association, and strive to obtain wherewithal to criminate him.

As soon as this person was known to be a witness for the crown, the reporters of the Dublin press, of every shade of politics, held a meeting, to which was invited all the gentlemen connected with the London press, then in Dublin; and at this solemn meeting, Mr. C. HUGHES in the chair, a resolution was passed condemning the attempt to reduce the honorable profession of reporter to the press to the infamous degradation of *informer*. *Ross* was, by this proceeding, excluded forever from the society of gentlemen.\*

The third was a person named Jackson, who corresponded with the Morning Herald, whose notes, transmitted to that paper for the previous nine months, were regularly handed over to Sir James Graham. All these witnesses were completely puzzled and baffled by the able counsel for the defence. They were forced to admit that they could not accurately report the words of Mr. O'Connell or the other speakers, that the substitution of one word for another, even though slightly different, would change the whole meaning of any sentence, and the utmost they could swear to was, that they reported what they conceived the "*substance*" of what he and the others said.

Some policemen were produced to prove that the people marched to the meetings in military array — "in rank and file." But these, when subjected to the test of cross-examination, proved nothing more than that the people at all those multitudinous meetings were perfectly peaceable, disciplined, submissive to the directions of their chiefs, and marched to the sound of music. In truth, *all* the witnesses *proved* the perfectly

\* I believe this person is now in Boston, employed as a correspondent to one of the London pictorials, and writer of personal sketches for a Boston morning paper.



peaceful conduct of the people, through the entire range of forty-three monster meetings held in every part of Ireland—in the commercial cities, and in the remote and less cultivated agricultural and mountainous districts. **ALL WERE PEACEFUL, SOBER, ORDERLY, UNITED, AND OBEDIENT TO O'CONNELL.** And the number sworn to by the crown witnesses, as having attended these meetings, and as coming under this description, **WAS THREE AND A HALF MILLIONS.**

The defence of the accused was conducted by the ablest lawyers that were ever engaged in any cause, either in Ireland or England. There were, altogether, fourteen counsel, besides O'Connell and his son, (who appeared professionally on their own behalf,) with four solicitors, which, with the accused, most of whom are lawyers, formed a standing legal council of five-and-twenty; some of the most highly-educated and able men in the British empire. The immense fund, at this time exceeding a thousand pounds a week, which flowed into the repeal treasury, enabled the patriots to employ the ablest men at the bar; and in this part of the conflict O'Connell had the advantage; for, on the first intimation of the prosecution, he had all the *really able* men at the bar engaged, and, with the exception of one man, the crown had nothing on its side but the second or third rate lawyers of the hall.

The reader may conceive the laborious duties of these lawyers and their assistants. The attorney-general offered, as evidence to the jury, piles of newspapers and reports of speeches, with nearly every "report" issued by the Repeal Association for the previous twelve months, selecting such passages as he deemed objectionable, to which the defendants were obliged to oppose all those speeches and articles which were of an opposite or pacific character. All these long documents were copied into the briefs for the leading counsel, who were obliged to remain up whole nights to peruse every word of the repeal speeches, and to be ready to meet their opponents in court the ensuing day. There were at least a hundred clerks employed to furnish copies of documents to counsel. Every evening the defendants and their advocates assembled, either at O'Connell's residence or at some other, to consult on the business of the morrow. O'Connell was ever present, arranging and directing this mighty moral and legal conflict. It is impossible to estimate the labor and personal fatigue which he and the other gentlemen underwent, from October to the 30th of May.

Sheil, one of the first orators of Europe, was chosen to open the defence on behalf of John O'Connell. He spoke on the 12th day, and commenced in the morning. When he rose, a hush of anxious silence per-

vaded the over-crowded court. He began with that beautiful passage which I have inserted in the sketch of him, at page 1310. His speech was a grand anti-tory display, beautiful, historical, philosophical, legal, and logical; but it was not what the traversers wished for—a vindication of their principles and their career. It was artfully framed to work upon a jury in favor of mere seditionists, but far from what the firm and dignified repealers of Ireland required. So decidedly was this its character, that, upon the ensuing day, Mr. John O'Connell, on whose part it was spoken, rose, and took the first opportunity to intimate to the court and jury, that he and his father would never compromise the demand for repeal by accepting, in lieu of it, the temporary visits of royalty or of the English parliament, as suggested by his learned counsel, (Mr. Sheil.) Nothing, he said, could satisfy the Irish people but the presence and protection of their own parliament.

The speeches of Mr. Moore, Mr. Hatchell, and Mr. Fitzgibbon, were very able. During the delivery of the latter gentleman's address to the jury, an incident occurred which should go to posterity. The attorney-general having, in his address to the jury, translated the celebrated article in the *Nation*, headed the "Morality of War" into the "Morality of *Rebellion*," and otherwise perverted the meaning of the articles and speeches he presented to the jury, Mr. Fitzgibbon commented very severely upon this, describing it as improper and dishonest. The attorney-general, feeling the keen weapon of his adversary enter his very heart, lost all self-possession, cast off all dignity, forgot the queen his mistress, and the country which paid him, and addressed to Mr. Fitzgibbon, in the very court, under the eyes of the judges, a challenge to mortal combat. Mr. Fitzgibbon took the note, read it, flung it back contemptuously, and soon after applied to the bench for protection. On the interference of Mr. Moore, Q. C., and the pacific suggestions of the judges, this breach of the peace and contempt of court was passed over.

But the man who, above all the other able men, distinguished himself in this memorable conflict, was **WHITESIDE**. He was counsel for Mr. Duffy, of the *Nation*. Belonging to a tory, anti-Irish connection, and ever supposed to be imbued with their doctrines, the speech of Mr. Whiteside fell upon the people and the government with surprise. Although nominally counsel for Mr. Duffy, he entered into the whole question with an ability and power which electrified the court. His was no craven appeal to bigoted, half-perjured, half-stupid jurymen. No! It was an able and eloquent vindication of the repeal agitation, of O'Connell, and of the press, from the beginning to the end. It occupied two

days in the delivery, and exceeded in power any forensic oration made in Ireland, since the days of Curran, with the exception of O'Connell's for Barrett. One passage, as a specimen, surely deserves a place here.

"Alas! a large portion of our countrymen are unhappy, discontented, and destitute. They look around for the causes of their misfortunes. They behold a country blessed by Providence with the means of wealth, but the strong man pines for a pittance. For a daily sixpence, he strives with gaunt famine in the midst of fertility and plenty. Is he seditious if he exclaims, in the language of indignant remonstrance, that he thinks a native parliament would give him the means of livelihood? Is he criminal to wish for the means of life? Is he seditious if he — knowing that his single voice would be unheeded as the idle wind — should join with other men for the declaration of their common wants, their common grievances, and their common sufferings? Is he, or are they conspirators because they think a local parliament might, perhaps, confer on them those blessings which they now sigh for? They think, perhaps erroneously, that a resident aristocracy and a resident gentry would prove the source of industry and the means of wealth. They see their aristocracy absentees. They see mischief daily and hourly increasing. They think, perchance, a native parliament might induce them to return; and are they conspirators because they say so? They know, and true it is, the beauties of Ireland — if now, indeed, she has any — are not sufficient to induce her gentry or nobility to return. What are her beauties compared with the fascination of the imperial senate, and the glittering splendor of a court? They see, and they believe, that wealth is daily and hourly diminishing in this country. Before them they think there is a gloomy prospect, and little hope. They transfer their eyes to this metropolis, in which we stand. They see what a quick and sensitive people cannot shut their eyes to. The dwellings of your nobility are converted into boarding-houses and barracks, your Linen Hall is waste, your Exchange deserted, your university forsaken, your custom-house almost a poor-house; and, not long since, you may have read a debate with reference to the removal from an asylum, not far from where you sit, of the poor old Irish pensioners, who bravely served their country, to transplant them, in their old age, to another country, to save a miserable pittance. They see daily and hourly that the expenditure of money is withdrawn from the poorer country to the richer, on the ground of the application of the hard rules of political economy, or the unbending principles of imperial centralization. They look to their parliament-house, and the union has *improved* it into a bank. In their eyes, it stands a monument of past glory and present degradation. The glorious labors of our gifted countrymen within those walls are not yet forgotten. The works of the understanding do not quickly perish. The verses of Homer have lived two thousand five hundred years without the loss of a syllable or a letter, while cities, and temples, and palaces, have fallen into decay. The eloquence of Greece tells us of the genius of her sons, and the freedom which produced it. We forget her ruin in the recollection of her greatness; nor can we read, even now, without emotion, the exalted sentiments of her inspired children, poured forth in their exquisite language, to save the expiring liberties of their country. Perhaps their genius had a resurrectionary power, and, in later days, quickened their degenerate posterity, and roused them from the lethargy of slavery to the activity of freedom.

We, too, have had among us, in better times, men who approached the greatness of antiquity. The imperishable record of that eloquence will ever keep alive in our hearts a zeal for freedom and a love for country. The comprehensive genius of Flood, the more than mortal energy of Grattan, the splendor of Bushe, the learning of Ball, the noble simplicity of Burgh, the Demosthenic fire of Plunket, and the eloquence of Curran, rushing from the heart, will sound in the ears of their countrymen forever. They toiled to save the ancient constitution of Ireland; but wit, learning, eloquence, and genius, lost their power over the souls of men. With one great exception, these, our distinguished countrymen, have passed away; but their memories cannot perish with them. Their eloquence and their names will be remembered by the grateful patriot while genius is honored or patriotism revered. Lastly, on this subject of the union, the Irish people say the imperial parliament have not attended to their peculiar wants. They say our character has been misunderstood, and sometimes slandered; our vices have been magnified into crimes, and the crimes of a few have been visited upon the nation. The Irish, 'the mere Irish,' have been derided as creatures of impulse without a settled understanding, a reasoning power, a moral sense. They have their faults — God knows they have, — I grieve to say it, — but their faults are redeemed by the splendor of their virtues. They have rushed into this agitation with ardor, because it is their nature, when they feel strongly, to act boldly and speak passionately. Ascribe their excesses to their enthusiasm, and forgive. Recollect that same enthusiasm has borne them triumphant over fields of peril and glory, impelled them to shed their dearest blood, and offer their gallant lives, in defence of the liberties of England. The broken chivalry of France attests the value of that fiery enthusiasm, and marks its power; nor is their high spirit useful only in the storm of battle: it cheers their almost broken hearts, lightens their load of misery when it is almost insupportable, sweetens that bitter cup of poverty which thousands of your countrymen are doomed to drink. What that is truly great, without enthusiasm, has been won for man? The glorious works of art, the immortal productions of the understanding, the incredible ardor of heroes and patriots for the salvation of mankind, have been prompted by enthusiasm, and nothing else. Cold and dull were our existence here below, unless the deep passions of the soul, stirred by enthusiasm, were summoned into action for great and noble purposes — the overwhelming of vice, wickedness, tyranny, the securing and supporting of the world's virtue, the world's hope, the world's freedom. The hand of Omnipotence, by whose touch this island started into existence from amid the waters that surround it, stamped upon its people noble qualities of the intellect and the heart. Directed to the wise purposes for which Heaven designed them, they will yet redeem, exalt, regenerate Ireland."

Mr. M'Donough followed in an able and eloquent argument in behalf of Mr. Barrett, surpassed only by that of Mr. Whiteside.

The Liberator, on the nineteenth day, made the closing speech of the defence. To say that this speech was able and eloquent would not be enough. It was more. It was the case of the nation — of Ireland, impressively stated before an awakened world. The great leader of repeal felt perfectly indifferent about the personal consequences of the verdict.

He well knew the *kidney* of judges and jurymen; but he was overjoyed at the progress of the agitation in the queen's courts — overjoyed at an opportunity for such a discussion. The legal meetings of the previous eighteen days, and, indeed, many more, were meetings of the Repeal Association in the chief court of the kingdom. Men and women opened their ears to the repeal arguments who never listened before. The people of England, nay, of Europe and America, swallowed every word which issued from the Irish hall of jurisprudence. O'Connell was well aware of this, and he framed his grand reply to satisfy the public appetite. Every feature of the repeal cause was presented in that reply. Some of his statements had been uttered a thousand times before. No matter. He had now more listeners by a thousand to one than ever he had before. The luminous analysis of the condition of Ireland both before and since the union, the frightful disease which had eaten into every social organ and limb of Ireland, were portrayed in the most appropriate language, and sustained by financial calculations which place his argument beyond all cavil, which make it a complete companion for the repealer.

The ears of beauty and of learning were open to this powerful address. It traversed the highways of civilization on the wings of the press. It was read thousands of miles distant from the place where it was delivered, and, wherever read, it made friends for down-trodden Ireland.

On the 9th of February, the twenty-third day of the trial, Chief Justice Pennafather commenced his charge to the jury. It occupied two days in the delivery, and it was truly a speech for the crown. Lord Normanby correctly characterized it when he said, in the house of lords, that when he got into the middle of it, and for a moment forgot the speaker, he thought he was reading the solicitor-general's speech for the crown. The chief justice uniformly designated the accused and their counsel "the other side," and the expression accorded perfectly with his feelings, and with all his acts; for, during the pauses in the trial to allow the counsel and judges to refresh themselves, the attorney-general invariably went into Judge Pennafather's chamber, and lunched and chatted most confidentially with his lordship; and, at the rising of the court, each day at three o'clock, his lordship repaired to the lord lieutenant's council at the castle, where he met the attorney and solicitor-general, the lord chancellor, and Lord de Grey, when all necessary arrangements were made for conducting the prosecution the following day — a thing unparalleled in the whole history of jurisprudence.

*Chief Justice Pennafather* demonstrated in his person that a judge

can serve the crown at once in three capacities — namely, as a privy councillor, advising and directing a state prosecution ; as crown counsel, in addressing a jury upon that prosecution ; and as judge, in administering the law between the parties.

At the conclusion of this unparalleled charge, the issue, with a huge bundle of documents, newspapers, and reports, was handed up to the jury, who were literally bewildered with the multiplicity of the charges placed under their consideration. They retired at seven o'clock in the evening, and did not return their verdict till twelve at night. During the intermediate time, the utmost anxiety pervaded the anxious auditory of ladies and gentlemen who filled the court; and, although the judge adjourned the court from seven to nine o'clock, very few persons left their seats. The hall outside, and the grand area in front of the court, were crowded with human beings; and when it was known that the jury had retired, thousands upon thousands thronged around the court-house, blocking up the quays, resolved to remain there all the night, awaiting the award of Fate.

At eleven o'clock, the jury were sent for, and it appeared they literally could not comprehend the legal charges of the indictment; but they uttered sufficient to intimate that they were agreed about finding the O'Connells, Barrett, and Duffy, guilty. This was enough. A murmur of horror ran through the auditors, which plainly articulated, "O, the perjurers!" At five minutes after twelve, they again returned into court, with a verdict of GUILTY against all the traversers except the Rev. Mr. Tierney, whom they acquitted. A buzz of indignation arose from the body of the court, which was soon communicated to the crowds outside, and burst into an awful shout of madness. It was several minutes before any thing could be done in the court. It being Saturday night, past twelve o'clock, and illegal to receive a verdict on the Sabbath, the jury were placed in custody of the sheriff until Monday morning.

So great was the anxiety of the ministry in London to be informed of the result of the verdict, that a steamboat was held in waiting to start with the intelligence, and on Monday morning the London Times announced the fact to England in such type and language as it did the victory of Waterloo. It was, it seems, a mighty triumph to imprison O'Connell; the Times knew it, and it spared no expense in the arrangements to enable it to be first in the annunciation of the tremendous fact.

On Monday morning, the 12th of February, and twenty-fifth day of the trial, the full court, defendants, and lawyers, were in attendance, when the verdict of guilty against the seven martyrs was recorded.

The court declined then to pass sentence, but adjourned to the Easter term, 15th of April.

Immense crowds attended around the court, from the beginning to the end of those trials. It was the practice of the people to accompany O'Connell and his son every day from his house in Merrion Square to the court, an English mile in distance. As he walked daily on this legal pilgrimage, accompanied generally by his sons, Mr. Smith O'Brien, or some other distinguished person, the people hailed him, blessed him, prayed for him. Mothers taught their babes to put their little hands up to heaven in supplication for his safety. One passionate, fervid sentiment pervaded the entire community, which a single spark would have ignited into revolution.

Immediately after the termination of the trials, O'Connell proceeded to England to confront the chief of his persecutors in parliament. The anti-corn-law league, of which he is a member, immediately called a meeting of that body in Covent Garden Theatre, where he appeared to receive from the English people a reversal of that verdict which had been so unfairly obtained against him. At this great public meeting he was welcomed as public man never before was welcomed in England. In truth, that memorable meeting, composed of merchants, manufacturers, and workmen, spent nearly their entire evening cheering and applauding him. The next evening, he attended in his place in the house of commons, where a similar manifestation took place. On his journey from his residence in Pall Mall to the house of commons, the mob of London accompanied him all the way, cheering more heartily than that of Dublin; and on his arrival in the house, upwards of two hundred of its members started on their feet and burst out into a most unprecedented roar of applause, which was answered outside by a thunder cheer that rang through London.

It was thus the "convicted conspirator" was received in presence of the tory ministry. Lord John Russell had moved for a committee to inquire into the state of Ireland. In the course of his speech, he solemnly declared that Daniel O'Connell had not had a fair trial. His lordship's motion for inquiry was negatived by a majority of ninety-nine. The whig party in parliament, and through England, did their utmost to damage the tories by means of this trial; but the great body of the English people sincerely and indignantly denounced the prosecution, and heartily sympathized with O'Connell. The Liberator himself, in writing to Mr. Ray, under date of 24th February, 1844, describes this feeling better than any other person: "I have constant manifestations

of this kindly and generous spirit ; but the meeting at Covént Garden, on Wednesday, produced a scene never exceeded, and, I do believe, never equalled in any country. This is a spirit to be cherished as well as admired for its noble generosity." Again, at Birmingham, where he was invited by the masses, through Joseph Sturge, his reception is thus described by the English newspapers : " The whole meeting rose, and a thunder of applause burst forth, which continued for several minutes, being renewed again and again. It was some time before the honorable member, who was much affected by the magnificent scene, could proceed. At length he said, ' I came to Birmingham for two reasons: The first was to express, in the strongest terms which the English language can afford, my delight and gratification at the sympathy which my country, and I, her advocate, have received from the people of England since the recent transactions.' " In Liverpool, on his return to Ireland, the same week, he was welcomed by thousands in the Adelphi Theatre.

In recording these evidences of English sympathy for Ireland, I feel a glow of gratitude that no words can describe. I have lived and agitated among Englishmen in the course of my life, and I have good reason to add to that now recorded, my own testimony to the strong sympathy for unhappy Ireland which pervades the great masses of the English nation — *a feeling which, when properly cultivated and directed, cannot fail to obtain for both nations a satisfactory system of rational and responsible government.*

Without dwelling further on the numerous manifestations of sympathy which greeted O'Connell wheresoever he turned, and which came over the ocean to him from Germany, France, America, and Canada, swelling the treasury of Conciliation Hall, and animating the suffering hearts of the Irish people, we shall follow at once the "state prosecution" to the end.

The 15th of April, the first day of Easter term, 1844, arrived, when judgment was to be pronounced on the martyrs. Mr. Whiteside was put forward to stop the progress of English tyranny by a motion at bar for a new trial, on several grounds, but chiefly for misdirection of the jury in the charge of the learned chief justice. He was well sustained by his brethren of the robe. This skirmish delayed the victor a few weeks. At length, the form and spirit of the constitution having been broken down by the chief justice and the attorney-general, who resolved to inflict punishment on the traversers, although there were yet *two* tribunals open to them for appeal, namely, the twelve judges and the house of lords, and the defendants had apprized them of their inten-



tion to appeal by writ of error ; — at length the *thirtieth of May* arrived — a day that will ever be marked by the historian of Ireland as that on which SEVEN of her chief men were incarcerated in a house of correction by an unfair trial and an unjust sentence. All the judges, and all the traversers and their counsel, were present. *Burton*, the senior judge, was put forward to pass sentence. The terms of that sentence were matter of anxious debate between the judges. Chief Justice Pen-nafather and Judge Crampton were for awarding two years' imprisonment to O'Connell. Judge Burton was for twelve, and Judge Perrin for six months. A compromise between them was the consequence, and Judge Burton, in the course of a most feeling address, in which he shed tears, acquitted O'Connell of all intent to use physical force, or create any sort of disturbance in the enforcement of his plans. The following are his sentiments : —

“He was perfectly convinced that the principal traverser did intend to carry his real object — the abolition of the union — without the infraction of the public peace, without (if it were possible) the shedding of one drop of human blood ; he believed that he had that design rooted in his mind ; that he desired to act upon it ; and that it was by the great influence which he possessed as a leader, he had been able to keep and preserve the peace to the extent it had been kept and preserved. Let it never be forgotten, that a man who felt all those motives and desires as strongly as any human being could, who would not, on any account, commit an act of violence or bloodshed, and who possessed that unbounded authority and influence, made no use of it for the purpose of producing bad effects. If he did not misconceive several passages in the speeches of Mr. O'Connell, they were used for the very purpose of keeping down violence.” He concluded, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, to deliver the following

*Sentence on the Traversers.*

DANIEL O'CONNELL to be imprisoned for twelve calendar months, to pay a fine of two thousand pounds, and to enter into securities to keep the peace for seven years, himself in five thousand, and two sureties in two thousand five hundred pounds each.

JOHN O'CONNELL, JOHN GRAY, THOS. STEELE, R. BARRETT, C. G. DUFFY, and T. M. RAY, to be imprisoned nine calendar months ; to pay a fine of fifty pounds, and to enter into securities to keep the peace for seven years, themselves respectively in one thousand, and two sureties in five hundred pounds each.

*Mr. O'Connell.*—“I will not do any thing so irregular as to remind Mr. Justice Burton that we each of us have sworn positively, and that I, in particular, have sworn positively that I was not engaged in any conspiracy whatsoever. I am sorry to say that I feel it my imperative duty to add, that *justice has not been done to me.*”

No sooner had the Liberator uttered these words than there arose in the court a cheer of approval of the sentiment contained in them, which must have proved embarrassing to the bench, but which it would have been totally impossible to repress. The gentlemen of the outer bar first rose up and cheered; the public in the gallery followed the example. A burst of the most enthusiastic approval followed this bold and well-timed declaration of what all felt to be a truth—a truth uttered with all his characteristic grace of manner and earnestness of tone.

A voice called out lustily from the gallery, “Three cheers for repeal!” and we have never heard, in any assemblage of Irishmen, that call more manfully and vigorously responded to, than in her majesty’s Court of Queen’s Bench, upon the 30th May, 1844.

The Liberator was shaken warmly by the hand by Mr. Smith O’Brien, Mr. J. A. O’Neill, the Rev. Dr. Miley, and others of his friends who were sitting in his immediate locality; and the friends of the several traversers flocked eagerly around them, and, shaking them by the hand, kindly and earnestly expressed their sympathy.

After a slight pause, Mr. Justice Burton addressed Mr. O’Connell, and said the court was extremely anxious that the traversers should not be committed to any prison to which they might have an objection. If he (Mr. Justice Burton) might suggest a place, he would suggest the Smithfield Penitentiary as a prison prepared for their reception.

*Mr. Moore.*—“Say Richmond Bridewell, South Circular Road.”

*Mr. O'Connell.*—“Yes, say Richmond.”

*Mr. Justice Burton.*—“Very well.”

*Mr. Bourne, (clerk of the crown.)*—“Crier, call the high sheriff.”

The high sheriff then entered the court, and was told by Mr. Bourne that he was to take the traversers into custody, and convey them to Richmond Bridewell.

The traversers, shortly after four o’clock, left the Four Courts in the following order, accompanied by mounted police: In the first carriage were the Liberator, John O’Connell, Esq., M. P., with the high sheriff and the Rev. Dr. Miley. The second carriage contained Richard Barrett, Esq., Dr. Gray, Charles Gavan Duffy, Esq., Thomas Mathew Ray, Esq., and the sub-sheriff. In the third carriage was Thomas Steele, Esq., and Richard O’Gorman, Esq., followed in a fourth car-

riage by William Smith O'Brien, Esq., M. P., Sir Colman M. O'Loughlen, Daniel O'Connell, Jun., Esq., Edward Clements, Esq.; William Ford, and Peter M'Evoy Gartlan, Esqrs. All the preliminaries being arranged, the cavalcade proceeded along the quays followed by thousands of people, who, however, felt the solemnity of the occasion to such a degree that not the least demonstration of any kind was attempted. They had been cautioned by their great leader not to make any demonstration, and as the *cortège* passed along, and the multitude was augmented by numbers, their feelings were vented in murmurs, and brooding determination pervaded all. The conduct of the people was excellent, and such as to give joy and confidence to the Liberator and the friends of Ireland. So earnest were the people in their obedience to the mandate of O'Connell, that if even a boy commenced to cheer, they silenced him by a hush and a reproof for disturbing the solemnity of the scene. The carriages proceeded along the quays, through Kilmainham, and by the Circular Road to the prison, where they arrived at about half-past five o'clock. On stopping at the gate, the people could not contain themselves, and one loud and long-protracted cheer for "the traversers and a repeal of the union," accompanied with shouts of "No shrinking!" filled the air for several minutes.

*The Reception.*—The patriots were received at the gate by Sir Edward Stanley and the governor of the prison.

*First Assemblée at Harold's Cross.*—The procession entered in the following order: The governor, Sir E. Stanley, the Rev. Dr. Miley, the Liberator, (who came with as buoyant a step as if he were treading the heath and breathing the air of his own wild native mountains,) J. O'Connell, Esq., M. P., Dr. Gray, Charles G. Duffy, Esq., T. M. Ray, Esq., Richard Barrett, Esq., and Thomas Steele, Esq. Among the gentlemen who entered immediately after, were W. S. O'Brien, Esq., M. P., Sir Colman O'Loughlen, — Cabley, T. C. D., Wilson Gray, Esq., M. J. Barry, Richard O'Gorman, Thomas Davis, John J. Cassidy, Carrickmacross, J. Dillon, D. Cangley, Esqrs., with several others, whose names we could not ascertain.

The following gentlemen received the traversers on their entering the prison yard: Christopher Fitzsimon, P. C. Gavin, T. C., Jeremiah Dunne, H. Costigan, F. Morgan, S. M'Laughlin, Belfast, D. Murphy, Surgeon Lyle, Patrick Gernon, Drogheda, M. Spratt, P. V. Fitzpatrick, M. Crean, Edward Costelloe, John Reynolds, Thomas Reilly, David Mahony, W. Bryan Raheny, Thomas Arkins, Thomas L. Sinnott, C. Lyle, — Barry, barrister, Patrick Dowling, and a numerous band of gentlemen of respectability.

The Liberator was met at the door of his apartment by his daughters, Mrs. Fitzsimon and Mrs. French, Mrs. John O'Connell, and many other ladies. He embraced his daughters most affectionately, and they welcomed him to a prison for the benefit of his native land. The scene was most imposing, and evoked a spirit which it was impossible to restrain. The Liberator and his friends were most warmly greeted, and, after walking about the garden for some time, returned to their apartments, and closed the first *assemblée* of the traversers in their new domicile.

A short address, signed by O'Connell, was issued to the people of Ireland, which conjured them, by every thing dear to their hearts, to be peaceable, cool, but determined. Mr. Smith O'Brien, whose ceaseless attention to Ireland and her chiefs during this bitter ordeal, is beyond the force of language to applaud, immediately issued a proclamation signed by him as chairman of the executive committee of the Repeal Association, making it known to all that there would be no shrinking, — declaring war to the knife against the enemies of Ireland, and that more martyrs were ready to enter prison with O'Connell. Grattan, Lord Ffrench, O'Neill, and other eminent leaders of Ireland, were at their posts, and challenged the prosecution of the attorney-general.

If the trials in the Queen's Bench swelled the dimensions and importance of repeal, and increased the fervor of the repealers, the *imprisonment* added to it a hundred fold. The liberal press in Dublin and throughout the provinces, and even in America, came out in mourning, and many of them continued in that habiliment of woe during the entire captivity. "REMEMBER THE THIRTIETH OF MAY" was the stereotyped sentence over the leader of each journal; and it is a day emphatically marked upon the public memory. The repeal rent, which had floated between five hundred and a thousand pounds a week, now, although O'Connell's lips were closed, suddenly swelled to *two and three thousand pounds a week*. The whole amount received for fourteen weeks previous to the imprisonment was six thousand seven hundred pounds. The whole amount for the fourteen weeks of the imprisonment was twenty-five thousand seven hundred pounds. This, perhaps, more than any other circumstance, astounded and discomfited the government; for it was a result the very opposite of that they sought by their prosecution. But, more than this, the Catholic clergy of Ireland, from the highest dignitary to the humblest curate, felt themselves imprisoned with O'Connell in his dungeon, and sought an opportunity in rotation to come where he was, and offer up, with him, the holy sacrifice of the mass, for his safety and speedy liberation. His prison was the seat of honor, and thither the highest men in the

kingdom, and many distinguished individuals from other countries, repaired, to offer him their sympathy and homage. The Catholic clergy of Wurtemberg sent a most eloquent address to him, in which, while they sympathized in his struggle, they expressed their obligations to Ireland for the knowledge of religion and letters conferred upon Germany, in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, by the Irish missionaries of those times. The English Catholics sent forward a glowing address, from which I make one extract, and record the signers.

*From an Address of the English Catholic Nobility, and other Personages of high Rank, to the Liberator and Father of his Country.*

“Your whole life, sir, has been spent in the cause of your country, and the advancement of civil and religious liberty; and we, who have benefited by the exertions of that life, now conclude our address in terms of gratitude for the past, and of hope for the future — of hope that the day of your renewed exertion in the cause of your unfortunate country is destined again to arrive, and though now removed from the presence of your countrymen, that you may have the uninterrupted consolation of knowing that your precepts of order and peace are scrupulously attended to.

(Signed)

Shrewsbury,	Robert Berkeley, Jun,
Camuys,	of Spetchley Park,
Stourton,	Worcester,
Dormer,	Edward Clovering,
Stafford,	Joseph Weld, Lulworth
Newburgh,	Castle,
Charles Stourton,	Joseph T. Tempest,
Charles T. Clifford,	Richard Huddleston,
Edward M. Vavasour, of	Edward Huddleston,
Hazelwood,	Joseph Wood,
William Wareing,	S. T. Scroope,
Thomas Browne, Bishop	R. Baillie, of Tadcas-
of Appollonia, V. A.	ter,
Wales,	J. Coltanach, L. L. D.
William Rideell,	J. Drysdale, York,
Pyers Mostyn,	Richard Boyle,
Charles R. Tempest,	J. Bird,
Mar. C. Maxwell,	F. Jarrett,
John F. Vaughan,	G. Speakman,
P. Constable Maxwell,	Thomas Ord,
Mayor of Richmond,	James Smith.”

The addresses from America were very numerous and animating.

But that which, beyond all other indications of public feeling, swells into importance, was the simultaneous assemblage in Dublin of nearly all the corporate authorities of Ireland, to present to the martyrs their respective addresses of condolence. When this became known to the government, they sent strict orders to the governor of the jail to admit no persons

with addresses into the prison; the corporate deputies having all arrived in Dublin about the 18th of June, they assembled at the mansion of the Liberator, in Merrion Square, and having submitted their address and documents to a committee appointed from all, made the necessary preparation to proceed to the prison. The proceedings are thus reported by the Dublin Freeman:—

“At twelve o'clock, a considerable number of carriages, containing the members of the various deputations, drove into the square, in which a vast crowd was assembled; and the scene was most spirit-stirring. The members of the corporations, arrayed in their robes of office, attended by their officers bearing the paraphernalia of their respective municipalities, assembled in the drawing-rooms of Mr. O'Connell's house. As the different deputations entered, the crowds in front cheered most enthusiastically. The following list comprises the deputations:—

“*City of Cork.* The Right Worshipful the Mayor, (William Fagan;) Aldermen Daniel Murphy, Edward Hackett, Thomas Lyons, and John O'Connell, Esqrs.

“*City of Limerick.* The Right Worshipful the Mayor; Martin Honan, Ex-mayor; Aldermen O'Gorman and Ryan; Town Councillors Kane, M'Mahon, Quin, Kelly, Goulding, Murphy, Raleigh, and Francis John O'Neill, Esq., Treasurer.

“*City of Waterford.* The Right Worshipful the Mayor, (F. Meagher;) Sir Benjamin Morris; Aldermen Sherlock and Delahunty; Town Councillors Sweetman and Walshe.

“*City of Kilkenny.* The Right Worshipful the Mayor; Aldermen Cane, Hackett, Potter, Maxwell, and Hart; Town Councillors D. Smithwick, Cody, Lanigan, Rowan, and Mulhallon; the Rev. R. O'Shea, Rev. E. Nolan; Messrs. Tidmarsh, Finn, Calnan, Madden, Bateman, Walshe, Purcell, Potter, Moran, Hyland, Burke, and Martin.

“*Clonmel.* The Right Worshipful the Mayor, (Dr. Phelan;) Aldermen Cantwell, Quin, Byrne; Councillors Lacey, Bianconi, Fennelly, O'Brien, Corcoran, and Barrett; John Dunphy, Laurence Prendergast, — Kenny, Esqrs., and the Rev. James Prendergast, C. C.

“*Dundalk.* An address from Dundalk, by a deputation consisting of the following gentlemen: Captain Seaver, P. Wynne, P. M'Evoy, Gartlan, M. G. Conway, Esqrs., Dr. John Coleman, Laurence Martin, H. M'Grath, and Daniel Maloney, Esqrs.

“*Ennis.* Wm. S. O'Brien, Esq., M. P.; Sir C. O'Loghlen, Bart.; Rev. Mr. Hennessy; Richard Scott, Chas. O'Connell, and Cornelius Hickey, Esqrs.

“*New Ross.* James Galavan and James Howlett, Esqrs., Corporation Commissioners; the Rev. Patrick Crane, Jas. Howlett, Jas. Galavan, M. Galavan, Edward Galavan, and M. Power, Esqrs.

“*Rosbercon.* Jas. Galavan and Michael Power, Esqrs.

“*Carrick-on-Suir.* Wm. O'Donnell, Esq., (Cottage;) Rev. Mr. Hyland; Joseph M. Rivers, Valentine O'Donnell, Thos. Murray, Jas. Kennedy, J. Cantwell, Esqrs.; Rev. Mr. Ryan.

“*Fethard, (Tipperary.)* Archibald Laffan, Chairman of Town Commissioners, and Michael Doheny, Esq., barrister.

“*Fermoy.* Rev. D. Dilworth, C. R.; Walter Dennehy, J. O'Sullivan, Jun., and John Barre, Esqrs.

" *Kells*. Very Rev. J. M'Evoy, T. C. and C. R.; Nicholas Landy, Esq., T. C.; and Dr. Caughran.

" *Galway*. Sir Val. Blake, Bart.; Jas. Fynn, Chairman; Jas. Stephens, and T. Murray, Town Councillors, being a deputation from the incorporated body of Town Commissioners.

" A deputation from Kingstown was also present.

" About half past twelve o'clock, the procession, consisting of a line of about thirty carriages, having been formed, the deputations proceeded from O'Connell's residence to the prison, most warmly cheered as they passed along. The cavalcade, during its progress, excited the most lively interest, and the crowds following were immensely increased when the procession reached Richmond.

" At half past one o'clock, the head of the procession arrived at the gate of the jail. The governor, Mr. Purdon, then took his place on the steps outside. The mayor and corporation of Cork then advanced to him, when the following dialogue took place:—

" *The Mayor of Cork*. Have I the honor to address the governor of this prison?

" *Mr. Purdon*. Yes, sir. Pray what is your pleasure?

" *The Mayor of Cork*. I attend here in company with the Corporation of Cork, of which city I have the honor to be the mayor, for the purpose of presenting an address to Mr. O'Connell and the other state prisoners.

" *Mr. Purdon*. I am sorry to inform you that I cannot, in the discharge of my orders, permit any deputation to enter the prison for the purpose of presenting an address to any person confined in it. I am, however, most happy to inform you that Mr. O'Connell and his friends are in the enjoyment of good health.

" *The Mayor of Cork*. In that case, I presume, sir, there can be no objection to our leaving our cards?

" *Mr. Purdon*. None. I shall be most happy to receive them, and hand them to Mr. O'Connell.

" The mayor and all the members of the Cork deputation then handed their cards to Mr. Purdon.

" When the mayor of Cork was about to retire, he thanked Mr. Purdon for his courtesy on the occasion. The next party that presented themselves were the mayor and the other members of the Limerick deputation, when a dialogue nearly similar to the foregoing took place. Then followed the deputations from Waterford, Kilkenny, and Clonmel.

" When Mr. Purdon intimated to the mayor of the latter town that the deputation could not be admitted, he said, 'While, sir, I acknowledge your courtesy, I must say, on the part of the corporation of Clonmel, that we consider ourselves badly treated, and we protest against it in their name.' The crowd cheered loudly on hearing this observation.

" The other deputations came up *seriatim*, and at two o'clock this most imposing scene closed by the long train of carriages retiring in the order in which they came up to the prison-door.

" There was a vast crowd of persons assembled in the neighborhood.

" The several deputations reassembled at Mr. O'Connell's house in Mernon Square, shortly after two o'clock.

" On the motion of the mayor of Waterford, seconded by the mayor of Drogheda, the mayor of Cork was called to the chair.

“His worship addressed the meeting in animated terms. He said that, as they had anticipated, they had been refused admission to the presence of Mr. O’Connell, to pay their respects to him, who was regarded as the best friend of his country. They attended for the purpose of expressing their feelings to him who was confined in a common jail, because of his love of father-land. They had been refused admission; but as they were assembled together in such numbers, the legally-constituted municipalities from all parts of the country, it occurred to him they should make some manifestation of their feeling. His worship adverted to the various proceedings connected with the trial, which have caused such universal dissatisfaction in this country. The jury-list *accident* — the striking off the names of Catholics from the jury — he condemned in strong language, which was responded to by the applause of the meeting. He concluded by proposing for adoption a declaration, to be signed by the mayors of the several municipalities then represented.

“The mayor of Limerick concurred in all the sentiments contained in the address.

“The mayor of Clonmel suggested the propriety of the mayors of the several municipalities retiring for a few minutes to read with care a solemn act of this kind. He denounced, in strong terms, the whole conduct pursued on the late trial. This meeting had assembled from all parts of the country, and, on leaving that house, they would go forth like missionaries to spread their sentiments among the youth of the land.

“Mr. S. O’Brien approved the suggestion of a brief adjournment. He conceived the meeting ought to confine its attention to the declaration now proposed.

“At four o’clock, the mayors returned to the drawing-room, and the mayor of Cork announced that the declaration had been perused with great care, and they had come to the determination of submitting it to the meeting. The document was then signed by the mayors of Cork, Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, Kilkenny, and Clonmel; also by the other deputies above named.

“The several addresses were then handed to Daniel O’Connell, Jun. Esq.”

The resolutions signed by those constituted authorities of Ireland fully espoused the question of repeal, repudiated the trial, verdict, and sentence, and protested against the tyranny of being excluded from the dungeon of O’Connell. It is a very important document, being the first *united* declaration of the corporate authorities of Ireland on national legislation.

All these magnificent demonstrations were not without their effect upon the public mind of Europe and America; for now distant communities of men participated in O’Connell’s cause, and were anxious as to its final issue. The government, on the other hand, were driven by their ill temper to inflict on the repealers a series of the most petty annoyances. War was declared against green flags and repeal buttons. The mayor of Waterford took the trouble to have the city arms worked on green silk. This was deemed, by the government authorities, evi-



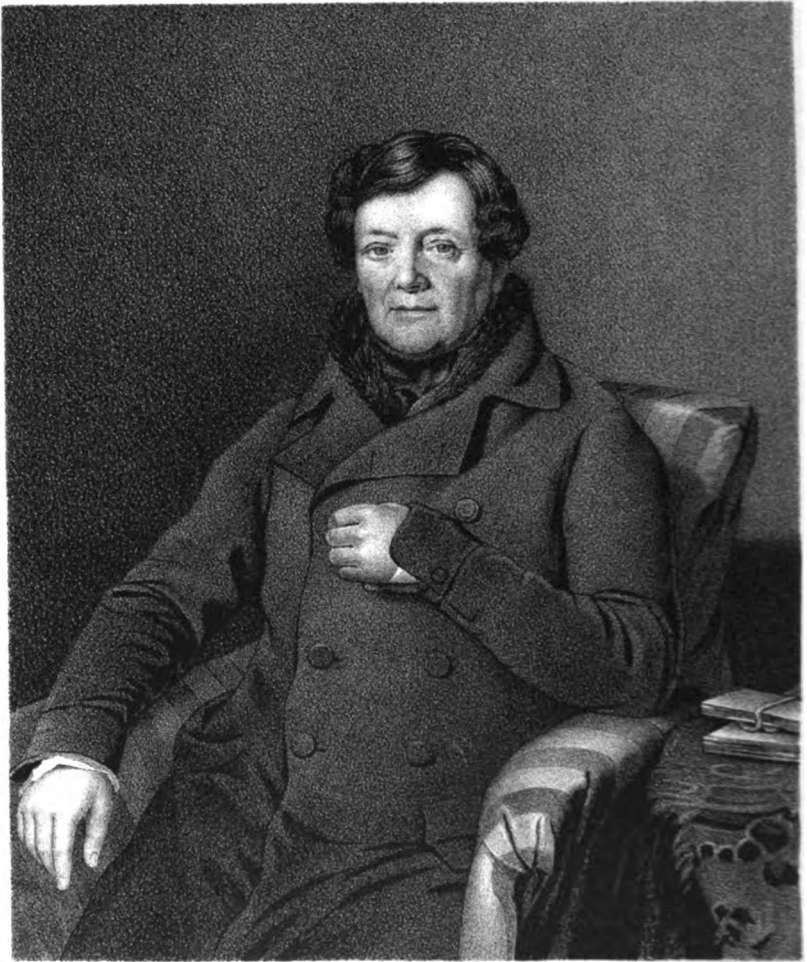
dence of treason, and the civic symbol was seized and destroyed. One of the merchant ships in Dublin Bay, that had dared to hoist the green flag on her entry, was visited by the coast guard, and the obnoxious index torn down. Other instances of the same nature were manifested in the Shannon, in Youghall, and other Irish ports. In all these cases, the agents of the government were unceremonious, for they had orders from the admiralty to pull down the green.

The *repeal button*, made of brass, was a very simple device. It was suggested by O'Connell, and was worn by the repealers as a mark of their political opinion. The device upon it was the Irish harp and Irish crown. About the years 1842, 1843, it became "all the rage." Repeal buttons were worn by old and young; but the government issued strict orders to all persons under their influence to discourage the wearing of this button. Little boys, found with this treasonable badge, were turned out of the public schools; carmen, and the citizens generally, who wore this dreadful symbol, were prohibited entering the castle yard, the barracks, the custom-house, or any building over which the government exercised control. Of course, the more they persecuted the button, the more it flourished.

In the midst of all this serious and farcical persecution, Earl de Grey, the lord lieutenant, resigned his high office, and quitted Ireland, accompanied by the hooting, hissing, and yelling of the mob, such as no man ever before experienced. The old women flung dead cats and other offensive missiles into his carriage, and he left Ireland covered with execrations.

On the other hand, the prisoners in Richmond Penitentiary were the observed and worshipped of all observers. Presents of fish, flesh and fowl, of fruits and delicacies, were sent to them from all parts of Ireland. A present of several pipes of wine was sent to them from Belgium, and the surplus of all these things was given to the other inmates of the prison. There were three days in each week fixed for receiving visitors, and on these days the outside of the prison gate was crowded with equipages of all kinds, bearing to the chiefs of Ireland congratulations, condolence, or presents, the detail of which would fill many pages of this volume. Painters, engravers, and other artists, came from all sides and all countries to take sketches of the martyrs, to describe their persons, lives, and condition. A very accurate engraving of O'Connell was taken, about this time, from Mitchell's painting of the great man — a life-like copy, which, wanting very little of the spirit of the original, I present to the reader. It is O'CONNELL IN PRISON.





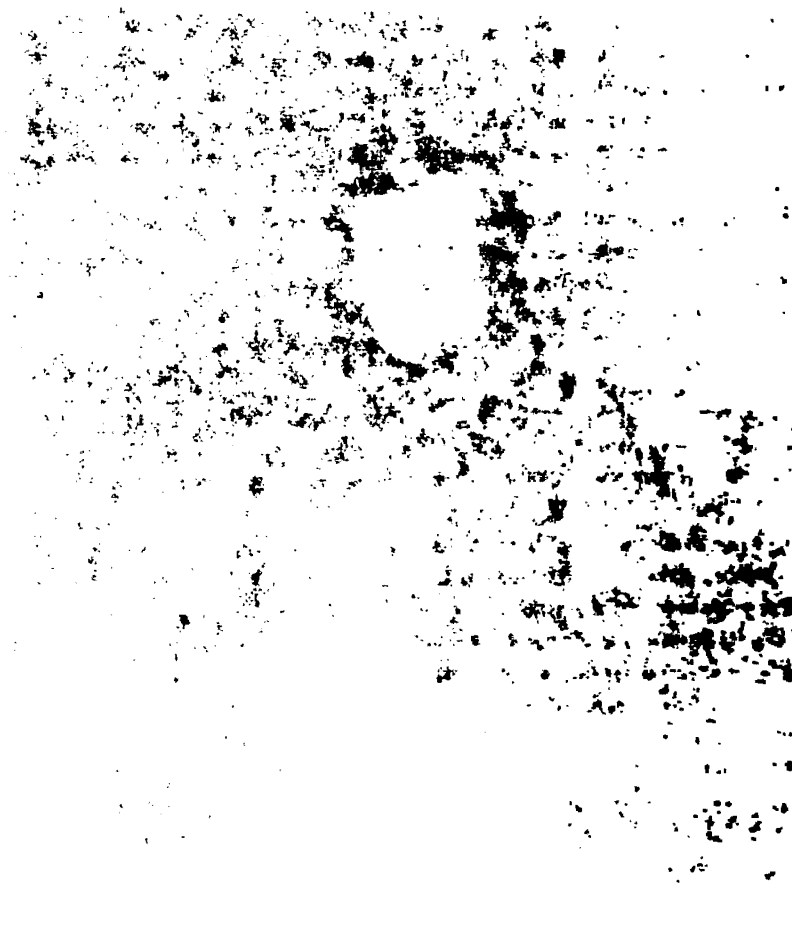
Engraved by T. Currier

K&S.C. Collog.

*Your faithful Servant  
Daniel Cornell*

Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs, but the characters are too light and blurry to transcribe accurately.





During all this time, the appeal to the house of lords was prosecuted with great vigor by the prisoners' law agents. After a world of obstacles, and enormous cost, the appeal came before their lordships in July, supported very ably by a legal array, consisting principally of English lawyers, of whom Sir Thomas Wilde, Mr. Hill, Mr. Kelly, and Mr. Serjeant Murphy were the leaders. The Irish attorney-general was there, to support the verdict. In the course of the arguments, the following dialogue was elicited. It flashes light upon the whole trial.

"*Mr. M. D. Hill.* — A fraudulent paper writing was the basis of the book which was the basis of the jury list, and the special jury panel of which they complained was made up from that list. It was impossible for the defendants to follow this transaction, secret as it was from them, through all its stages.

"*The Lord Chancellor, (Lyndhurst.)* — There was no disputing the facts; *it was clear from the record that there was a fraudulent list; that the book was made up from that list, and that the panel was made out of that book.* It was clear, also, that the recorder sent in a list, though not according to the directions of the statute, to the clerk of the peace. What was done with that list was not clear: it was not avowed that the recorder's list did not contain those names."

The arguments on both sides lasted several days, at the close of which it was decided by the house that the whole should be reduced to a few queries for the twelve judges of England, who were then on circuit. These queries were accordingly sent after them, and answers were received from seven, sustaining the verdict, and from two, Park and Coltman, against it. It appeared that *all* the English judges agreed in pronouncing two of the counts in the monster indictment *bad*, and four of them *not sustainable in law*: nevertheless, seven of those judges were of opinion that the punishment founded on the *bad*, as well as the good counts, was valid in law, and ought to stand; and it is not a little curious, that the counts which the Irish court unanimously held to be good are the very counts which the English judges *all* declare to be bad. The bad counts are the sixth and seventh, upon which the Irish judges so confidently relied. These charged O'Connell and his associates with a conspiracy to hold meetings to intimidate — charges which were declared by all the English judges to be illegal and unsupportable; and yet it was upon *these* bad counts the Irish judges condemned O'Connell especially; but, most curious and inconsistent of all, the seven English judges, with Lyndhurst and Brougham, declared the verdict and sentence *obtained on these bad counts* to be legal and valid.

The lords met for the last time upon this cause on the 5th of September, to give judgment on the writ of error. The official enunciation of the fiat was confined to the five law lords who enjoy seats in that

house — the lord chancellor, (Lyndhurst,) Lords Brougham, Denman, Campbell and Cottingham. The two first gave their judgment in favor of the verdict and sentence; the latter three ruled in favor of the writ of appeal; and Lord Denman delivered his reasons for his decision in language so enlightened and constitutional, that it will remain an exposition of justice to govern the judges of England through all time.

Having described the indictment from its *size* and the *number* of its charges, — a great grievance in itself, and such as never should be visited upon the citizen, — he then reviewed the entire trial, dwelling with unusual emphasis and severity on the very knavish mode resorted to by the crown officers to secure a jury of a certain opinion, every one of whom was opposite in politics to the accused, and to four of them in religion. The secret abstraction of sixty-eight names from the panel of special jurors, the refusal of Chief Justice Pennafather to have the panel amended and a new jury struck, — induced Lord Denman to say that, under such an administration of the law, no man's life was worth a pin's fee, and the bulwark of English freedom, the trial by jury, might be regarded as "A MOCKERY, A DELUSION, AND A SNARE."

Lords Campbell and Cottingham concurring with Lord Deaman, the lord chancellor was about to put the question, when some of the lay lords, who had previously taken no part in the discussion, now rushed from an inner apartment toward the woolsack, for the purpose of voting against the reversal; but they were restrained by Lord Wharcliffe, who showed them that their improper interference in a question of mere law would be so unconstitutional, that it would justify the people in pulling the house about their ears. The writ of error was allowed; all the proceedings against O'Connell and his friends were declared null, and an order was made out to have them liberated from prison.

Mr. Gartland, Sir Colman O'Loughlen, Mr. Forde, Mr. Cantwell, and the other gentlemen who attended at the bar of the house of lords, immediately returned to Ireland, bringing the glad tidings, and the release for all the prisoners. As the packet in which they sailed from Liverpool to Dublin approached the pier of Kingstown, and while yet two or three miles from the landing, a placard was hoisted, on which was printed in very large letters, "O'CONNELL IS FREE!" With no further intelligence, an express was despatched to Dublin, which arrived there in thirty minutes, calling at the Evening Post office with the news, and then at O'Connell's prison. The Liberator received the intimation with the same degree of serenity with which he would have received the opposite report.

Meantime the *Evening Post* issued a placard, upon the front of their office, bearing the brief but transcendently-important sentence, "O'Connell is free!" Several hundred of these brief bulletins were struck off and sold at the office before the full particulars arrived; and the coaches departing for the country carried, that night, through all parts of Ireland, the important telegraphic announcement, pasted on the coach or pinned round the hats of the coachman or passengers. Bonfires and illuminations spread through the land as quickly as horses could gallop with the joyful intelligence.

As soon as Mr. Gartland arrived at the prison with the order of liberation, with the signature of the sheriff, and bearing the big indictment on his shoulder, O'Connell, who could hardly credit the good news, read the order for their liberation aloud to his fellow-prisoners, and they immediately left the prison. There was a crowd already awaiting outside the gate, to get one dear look at the idol of their hearts. The martyrs then directed their steps along the circular road towards Merrion Square. As they proceeded, the crowd increased at every step; and when they got to Stephen's Green, there were several thousands who now formed a great procession, and fell in behind them, till they reached O'Connell's residence in Merrion Square. Here they collected round the door, sending cheer after cheer into the air, until the Liberator appeared on the balcony, and addressed them in a brief and feeling manner, urging them to return home in peace, and avoid any bonfires or illuminations.

But this would by no means satisfy the people. They were determined to have a triumphal display, and O'Connell was obliged the next morning to go back to his prison, that he might be drawn in triumph from thence by half a million. Although it was Saturday, the most important day of the week to the working classes, and though it rained nearly the whole time, they all quitted their work; the whole city closed up its stores as if it were the Sabbath; the country poured in its thousands upon thousands; the Trades, with their fifty bands of music and their gorgeous banners, were in motion to hail their liberated chiefs once more. But I will allow the graphic reporters of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* to describe these joyful demonstrations.

"The hour of public departure was fixed for noon, but the very size of the procession caused a delay of two hours; for although the head of the body reached the prison gates at noon, and went past, it was two hours before the triumphal car drew up, and words of impatience escaped from the hero of the pageant. All the city seems to have been in motion, either marching in the line, or standing to see it. The procession comprised the Trades of Dublin, each trade preceded by its band, several repeal wardens, and private or political friends of O'Connell; many



members of the corporation, and the lord mayor, in full costume; and then, preceded by wand-bearers, and 'Tom Steele' with a branch in his hand, as head pacificator, came the car bearing the Liberator. This car was constructed for the charring of Mr. O'Connell some years ago. It is a kind of platform, on which are three stages, rising one above another, like steps, profusely decorated with purple velvet, gold fringe, gilt nails, and painting. Six splendid dappled grays slowly drew the cumbrous vehicle along. On the topmost stage, elevated some dozen feet above the crowd, and drawn to his full height, stood O'Connell. Although grown rather more portly since his confinement, and wearing that somewhat anxious expression which has been noticed of late, he looked well. His head, thrown proudly back, was covered with the green velvet and gold repeal cap. He bowed incessantly to the cheering multitude. On the second stage was seated the Rev. Mr. Miley; on the lowest were Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Jr., two of Mr. O'Connell's grandsons, dressed in green velvet tunics, and caps with white feathers, and a harper, in the ancient dress of his craft, inaudibly playing on his instrument. Then followed the other traversers, some with their ladies, and a few friends, in three private carriages; the subordinate repeal martyrs also bowing and smiling on all sides; and finally, the lawyers, in a coach, carrying the 'monster indictment.' The procession traversed the greater part of Dublin, and did not reach Merrion Square until half-past five o'clock.

"Having entered his own house, Mr. O'Connell mounted the balcony, and addressed the people. He began with, 'This is a great day for Ireland. [Tremendous cheering.] A day of justice! All that we ever desired was justice; and we have got an instalment of it at any rate. The plans of the wicked and the conspiracy of the oppressor; the foul mismanagement of the jury-panel; the base conspiracy against the lives, the liberties, and the constitutional rights, of the public, — have all, blessed be God, been defeated. Justice has thus far been attained; and Ireland may, if she deserves it, be free. But do I doubt the people of Ireland deserving it? If I did, I should be the most stupid as well as the most base of mankind. How could I doubt them?' After a brief allusion to the monster meetings, he remarked, that one meeting alone remained unassembled — that of Clontarf; and he finished by promising to attend at the Conciliation Hall on Monday.

"On Sunday, the liberation was celebrated by a high religious ceremony in the 'Metropolitan Church' of the Irish Catholics, that of the Conception, in Marlborough Street. The structure is of hewn stone, on the model of a Greek temple, of the Doric order, divided within, by fifty columns, into three parallel aisles; the high altar, which rises at some distance from the east end of the church, after the manner of cathedrals on the Continent, is composed, with the 'tabernacle,' of white sculptured marble, the 'sanctuary,' or space round the altar, being railed in. On the left side of the space was a lofty throne, with crimson canopy, on which, gorgeously robed, and mitred, sat Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin. At the altar stood Dr. Laphen, the officiating priest, with assistant priests in attendance, and boys in scarlet robes bearing tapers and censers. On the opposite side, beneath the pulpit, were 'chairs of state,' on which sat Mr. O'Connell and his companions of 'the captivity.' Several members of the Dublin corporation were present; and the church, of course, was crowded. In that state was offered a 'pontifical high mass,' with a solemn Te Deum, 'in

thanksgiving to Almighty God for the deliverance of the beloved Liberator of his country, and of his fellow-martyrs, from their unjust captivity.' A sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Miley, whose discourse was full of allusions to repeal politics, and to divine interposition in favor of O'Connell. After the service, O'Connell was followed, on his return home, by a great crowd.

"At Cork, Mr. O'Connell's constituent city, there were similar tokens of exultation, at the news from London, as in the capital. There were similar rejoicings in all the other great towns, and throughout the country generally."

On Monday, September 9, the association met; the lord mayor of Dublin in the chair. Mr. O'Connell's reception is thus described in the Evening Freeman of that day:—

"Peal upon peal arose the acclamation; roar rose on roar, as billow follows billow. The poor and the wealthy, the rough and the gentle, the feeble and the vigorous, the young and the old, joined, as with one voice, in the outpouring of their exultation at the triumph—the constitutional triumph—which Ireland had achieved over the injustice of her foes. No language could do justice to that scene, no imagination exaggerate it. Gradually he who was its object reared his tall form to its full height; his breast swelled—his eye dilated—his aspect assumed a look of mingled severity, pride, and conscious power, which communicated to his form the grandeur of a hero and the enthusiasm of a prophet."

The Conciliation Hall on that day presented a scene that seldom occurs in the history of nations. It was crowded in the body with brave men, in the galleries with beauteous women. The guide and the hope of a long-persecuted people stood before them, escaped from the dungeon of his enemies by the intervention of a sort of miracle, having confuted by his dexterity the subtle councils of England, beaten them in the greatest legal conflict known to history,—now standing, unimpaired in health and spirits, before his admiring countrymen and an astonished world, a victor over that power which had harassed his country for seven centuries. It may readily be believed that he embodied the mixed character of prophet and hero. His speech upon that day was admirably suited to the occasion. He attributed his release to the intervention of a wise Providence. When the seven English judges had given their opinions, he had abandoned all hope; and his law agents, who brought him his discharge, were standing around him for half an hour ere he could believe that he was free. But the prayers of Ireland were offered to Heaven from three thousand altars for his safety—the prayers of her pious clergy and moral people. Nor was it confined to Ireland: the friends of Ireland in England, the United States, and Canada, offered their supplications to Heaven for the liberation of the martyrs; and the appeal was joined in by all Belgium and Italy, and ascended to heaven

with the fervid aspiration of those who inhabit the lands washed by the countless streams of the Rhine. This multitudinous appeal was heard in heaven, and the Protector of Moses and Daniel put forth his strong arm, and opened the prison gates which encompassed his faithful servant.

It would fill too much space further to describe the rejoicings of the people. It is enough to say that all Ireland was thrown into one great fever of ecstasy. The hills blazed with bonfires until the midnight sky seemed on fire. Banquets, processions, bands, illuminations, and all possible demonstrations of joy, were seen and heard in every city, village, and hamlet of the land. Wherever O'Connell appeared, thousands upon thousands gathered round him, frantic with joy; when he spoke, they hung upon his words; when he ceased, they cheered him till the heavens rang.

And thus, as the great man himself foresaw from the commencement, those prosecutions, instead of retarding, accelerated repeal by several years.

One other great fact was established by this imprisonment, to the full satisfaction of the Irish people; namely, that repeal does not depend upon a single man. Although the chief managers of the cause were removed for a season, that cause did not lag or limp in its course, did not lack spirit, variety, method, force, or funds. Its parliamentary committee, its reports, its teaching, discipline, reading-rooms, cultivation of talent, its prize essays, its order, resolve, conciliation, and its uncompromising tone to England, raised abroad the character of the country of such men. English statesmen learned, for the first time, that Ireland had a MIND, an OPINION, a WILL, and a combination of physical power behind it sufficient to sustain that will. English statesmen learned that repeal was not the hobby of an ambitious man, but the demand of a nation — a nation sober, united, and instructed. They learned, too, that the north was beginning to sigh for a junction with the south. The pamphlet of Mr. Grey Porter, the Protestant high sheriff of the Orange county of Fermanagh, marked, like the straw upon the stream, the current of the Protestant feeling. That distinguished gentleman deliberately put forth in his pamphlet the rather startling doctrine, to a British minister, "*that the union, as at present existing, must be repealed; a new union, on federal principles, substituted; or a separation must be effected.*" And, to sustain this, the northern high sheriff called for the immediate establishment of a national militia of a HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN, "to give," as he termed it, "the Irish representatives pluck."

These indications, including the junction, with the Repeal Association, of several distinguished Protestant gentlemen of the highest rank, had their due effect on the British minister; for now a new system of general government was determined on, not only in regard to Ireland, but to England, as we shall presently develop.

O'Connell retired, during the autumn, to Darrynane Abbey, principally, as he avowed, to leave an opening for Mr. Grey Porter and the federalists to bring forward their peculiar plans. He went so far, indeed, as to invite them to propose some plan for a federal union, which, if it met the great object that all had in view, namely, the substantial disenfranchisement of Ireland, he would yield it a hearty support and a fair trial. This proposal was promptly met and condemned by Charles Gavan Duffy, of the Nation, in a special letter to which he affixed his signature, who contended that "federalism" would not satisfy the people; that it was an undefined idea, at best but the shadow of repeal; that an increase of Irish members in the British parliament would only increase the absentee drain, without being able to control the English majority which must forever abide in that parliament, &c.; and that any deviation from the straight, beaten, and well-known road to repeal, would only dissolve that large and firm compact which now so happily prevailed among the Irish people.

A great many letters, pro and con, followed these; and the British and Irish press became excited by this phantom question. In the mean time, a lull in the repeal agitation succeeded.

Some other circumstances obtruded, which tended very materially to divide the Irish people. They were, first, "the charitable bequests bill," and second, the rumored rescript, or *concordate*, which was issued from the holy see, and addressed to the Irish clergy.

The charitable bequests bill was brought into parliament by the tory ministry, with the view of curtailing the influence of the Catholic bishops of Ireland. Since the reformation, it was illegal in any bishop or priest in Ireland to receive money, lands, or any species of property, as a bequest for any religious, educational, or charitable purpose. In latter years, this rigor was relaxed simply by the unwillingness of any government, whig or tory, to put the law in force; and, in the session of 1842, the obnoxious statute of mortmain was repealed, when Catholic bishops, for the first time since the reformation, were recognized as legal trustees of any property bequeathed to them for charitable purposes. The government then for the first time learned the extent of property which had been intrusted to the hands of the Catholic bishops for pious purposes, —

which, it is said, exceeds a quarter of a million sterling, — and, wishing to reduce the elements of so much power within the grasp and command of Dublin Castle, framed the famous “bequests act,” which constituted a board of general supervision and authority over all such funds, which were to be *invested, appropriated, and applied*, under its control; the board to consist partly of Protestant laymen, Catholic laymen, and Catholic prelates. Besides these stringent clauses, the act contained one of a monstrous character, namely — that any bequest to this board, or to any prelate or clergyman in Ireland, for charitable purposes, must be made and registered three months before the death of the testator.

Although some one or two of the Catholic bishops consented to act as commissioners under this bill, yet it was universally execrated by the bulk of the prelacy and clergy. O’Connell denounced it in the Repeal Association for its unjust enactments, and its tendency to give more influence to the crown by the appointment of commissioners.

The *rescript* was issued by the holy father to the bishops and priests of Ireland, enjoining them to attend more to the spiritual interests of their flocks, and abstain as much as possible from political meetings. It is said that this order was issued at the urgent instigation of the British ministry, through the Austrian ambassador at Rome, and through the more direct agency of a Mr. *Petre*, who, it appears, acted on behalf of England at the court of the holy see. There is no doubt but that a powerful agency was brought to bear on the sacred conclave, and that certain speeches of their Right Reverences Bishops Higgins and M’Hale, were emphatically presented as violent, and the consequence was the *rescript* in question.

The receipt of this document in Ireland, and any precise knowledge of its nature, were for some time kept from the public, though the admonition which it conveyed was made known by the Primate, Doctor Crolly, in circulars to all the clergy. Rumors, gloomy and mysterious, were abroad, and the London Times was the first to *boast* that the pope had been influenced, out of respect to England, to forbid expressly the attendance of the Irish clergy at any of the repeal meetings. This impudent taunt naturally stirred the repealers; and there being *some* ground for the report, O’Connell came out, in one of the most able letters that were ever written by any man, on the canonical relations existing between the Catholic clergy of Ireland and the holy see. That letter was something of a bill in chancery against all the parties said to be concerned in this matter. It analyzed the various ecclesiastical powers of bishops, archbishops, primates, synods, cardinals, and popes; and showed, from

canon law and the custom of the Irish Catholic church, that any rescript from Rome, to have authority in Ireland, must first receive the sanction of a synod of the Irish clergy lawfully convened; that where any rescript interfered with the civil liberties of the people or clergy, it was clearly *illegal*, and could not be sanctioned by any synod; and finally showed how faithful Ireland had ever been to the holy see, and concluded by urging the publication of the rescript. The primate immediately published the mysterious document; and it proved to be only a stringent injunction to the prelates and clergy to abstain, as much as possible, from public meetings, and from the use of violent language. The publication of the rescript seemed to have deprived it of all its terrors. The clergy are as much repealers as they ever were, and the current of agitation goes on quite as steadily and powerful as before the document was issued.

The latter months of 1844, and the opening months of 1845, were consumed with all these distracting discussions. The repeal rent, that unerring barometer of the national temperature, began to decline. During the imprisonment of the martyrs, it used to range between one and two thousand pounds a week; now it was down to three hundred. This naturally admonished the repeal leaders that something new and decisive should be attempted, in order to satisfy the public expectation. Accordingly, it was resolved, in a full council of the executive committee of the Repeal Association, that the Irish members, who were pledged to repeal, should be called on to secede from the British parliament, and *attend in their places in Conciliation Hall*, where it was more likely they could serve their country than in the foreign legislature.

This important resolution was brought forward by O'Connell, in the Repeal Association, seconded by Mr. Smith O'Brien, and supported by Henry Grattan, John O'Connell, and other parliamentary members, and it was brought into immediate operation, in February, just as the British parliament was about to assemble.

O'Connell caused some marked preparation in Conciliation Hall to precede this movement. A separate platform was raised from the floor, and railed in from the crowd, upon which was placed, in a semicircle, a set of special chairs for the use of the parliamentary members. In the centre of this semicircle, elevated a few steps above the others, was a tripod, or chair of state, provided, and behind this seat was Haverly's magnificent picture of O'Connell in the Catholic Association, from which the engraving of him at page 1224 has been copied. And now, all things being in readiness, O'Connell, with some twenty members of

the British parliament, proceeded in state to Conciliation Hall to transact the public business of Ireland. He soon took his place upon the exalted tripod, wearing the Irish cap presented to him at Mullaghmast; and around him were arranged the members who were about to peril their liberty, and perhaps their lives, in the attempt to reëstablish their national parliament once more. Smith O'Brien sat upon his right hand, and Henry Grattan sat upon his left; and the following members took their places upon either hand:—

Maurice O'Connell, . . . . .	M. P. for Tralee.
John O'Connell, . . . . .	“ “ Kilkenny.
Sir Valentine Blake, . . . . .	“ “ Galway.
James Kelly, . . . . .	“ “ Limerick.
Caleb Powell, . . . . .	“ “ County Limerick.
Morgan J. O. Connell, . . . . .	“ “ County Kerry.
Robert Dillon Browne, . . . . .	“ “ County Mayo.
Edmund Burke Roche, . . . . .	“ “ County Cork.
Nicholas Maher, . . . . .	“ “ County Tipperary.
Pierce Somerset Butler, . . . . .	“ “ County Kilkenny.
John O'Brien, . . . . .	“ “ Limerick.
Mark Blake, . . . . .	“ “ County Mayo.
Cornelius O'Brien, . . . . .	“ “ County Clare.
J. P. Somers, . . . . .	“ “ Sligo.
John J. Bodkin, . . . . .	“ “ County Galway.
James Power, . . . . .	“ “ County Wexford.
Hewitt Bridgeman, . . . . .	“ “ Ennis.
Hon. Pierce Butler, . . . . .	“ “ County Kilkenny.
Martin J. Blake, . . . . .	“ “ Galway.

Before them sat Mr. Ray, the first secretary of the assembly; Mr. Crean, the second secretary; and fronting these was stretched the long table for the reporters. On either side of this long table was a set of railed-in benches, on which sat the members of the Repeal Association; and the space outside of these was crowded by the public; while the spacious galleries, looking down upon all, were thronged by the beauty of Dublin.

In this position O'Connell, at the head of his little senate, awaited the queen's speech, and the first proceedings of the English parliament, -- a formidable and daring position truly, for there was no avoiding the resemblance of this assembly to the ancient *Fies* of Tara, where the princes, commons, and king, assembled in one chamber to make laws for the nation.

The British ministry, at the opening of this session of parliament, stood before the world covered with a triple coating of infamy. They had entered on a crusade against the rights of the Irish people — against the right to assemble and petition. They had issued a despotic proclamation, and dispersed a public meeting, by an unprecedented show of violence, in which the *design to massacre* was plainly discernible. They did this with less ceremony or hesitation than the Polignac ministry issued the famous ordinances of July, for doing which a dynasty was overthrown, and a ministry condemned to imprisonment. But the unconstitutional arrests that followed, and the fraudulent selection of a jury; — (I use Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst's words,) the "*fraudulent selection of a jury*" to try the accused, was never surpassed for knavish tyranny in the worst days of the worst kings and queens of England, and had no parallel among the profligate acts of the most absolute tyrannies that remain in Europe.

Secondly, they advised the young and virtuous lady who sits upon the throne of England to encourage the visit to her dominions of the miscreant of the north, the emperor of Russia. He who had by a sudden order swept off the children of Warsaw into slavery; who had seized upon the tender offspring of the noblest ladies of Poland, and consigned them forever to an irrevocable doom, to satisfy a political revenge, was received in the palace of a tender mother, and in the midst of a liberty-loving people, with the utmost honors, — and this by the advice of the Peel ministry.

Thirdly, it was openly charged upon this ministry, and particularly upon Sir James Graham, the home secretary, that, at the instance of the Austrian government, the letters of foreigners were opened in the English post-office. The particular instance was that of Signor Mazzini, an Italian patriot, who had recently settled in London, and had been in correspondence with some young noblemen of Italy, who were planning the overthrow of the Austrian government in Italy.\* These letters were given to the continental authorities, by which eighteen young votaries of freedom were placed in the power of their respective enemies, and nine of them doomed to death. This business naturally disclosed a great deal to the public eye; an inquiry was loudly called for by the British public, and it was found that, for a hundred and fifty years past, letters of certain leading characters were opened at the

\* The Austrian government inflicts about the same amount of oppression on that part of Italy made over to them by the committee of kings, on the fall of Napoleon, that the British government inflicts upon Ireland.



post-office by the successive governments of England ; in short, that a secret office was established there, where every suspected letter was brought ; where an impression from the seal was dexterously taken ; the seal was then softened by a current of steam ; the letter opened ; its contents, if necessary, extracted, and the letter resealed with a fac-simile impression, and passed to the unsuspecting person to whom it was addressed.

Crimination and recrimination, between the leading whigs and tories, followed ; and both parties stood before the world, covered with the infamy of extracting, by a sort of pickpocket process, the secrets of those men's hearts who happened to be opposed to them in politics. The blackleg gamester with loaded dice or marked cards, or the knavish pickpocket condemned to servile punishment, were men of honor when compared with the ministers of England. It appeared that all O'Connell's letters were regularly opened, and those also of Feargus O'Connor. And it came out in proof that the post-office sent agents into the country to perform this disgraceful office in the provinces. The letters of sixteen of the Chartist leaders were regularly opened in the country post-offices. Letters addressed to the editors of the leading journals in Ireland — the Nation, Pilot, or Freeman — were opened ; and Mr. T. Duncombe offered to prove before a committee of the house of commons that his own letters were opened. A cry of "Shame !" was raised against the British government all over Europe. The affair was discussed in the French chambers, and both sides in those chambers declared that no such practice was known to any ministry that had governed France within the memory or knowledge of man.

Sir Robert Peel, feeling, in the beginning of the year 1845, the unpleasant pressure of the public odium, and the gathering storm of public indignation, saw one only way of facing and dispersing it ; he therefore resolved on proposing a series of bold measures which would, in his estimation, conciliate Ireland and England at the same time. Instead of relinquishing the income tax at the period of its expiration, according to his *promise* some three years previously, he now determined to retain it in full force, though a property or income tax was never resorted to by a British minister, unless when the flags of England were floating over fighting legions. But Sir Robert Peel felt his ministry upon the last plank ; and in this desperate condition he astonished every body, at the opening of the parliament of 1845, by the sweeping reductions in every class of taxation which he proposed. Import duties were removed from *four hundred and thirty articles* of ordinary use in England. *All du-*

ties on export of the produce and manufactures of England, including coal and iron, were abolished. In these reductions, an annual burden of three millions sterling, or one sixteenth of the whole taxation of England, was shifted from the shoulders of the industrial classes, and placed upon those of the wealthy sort. This, taken in connection with a reduction to a similar extent made about three years before,—forming altogether about one eighth of the annual pressure,—is, without doubt, a very considerable diminution of the public burdens for a tory minister to make.

His measures for Ireland were offered in an emphatic tone of conciliation. He addressed himself first to the Catholic clergy, proposing to endow permanently their college of Maynooth with a grant, increased from nine to twenty-six thousand pounds a year, and enlarge, at the government expense, the buildings of the college, so as to admit a greater number of students. To this proposal the minister annexed no conditions whatever; and, moreover, he determined that the grant should be established forever by a bill of *endowment*, by which the boon is taken forever out of the ordinary class of estimates, and the college is thus shielded from the annual assaults of the fanatics in the house of commons. Nothing could be more just than this.

So much has been said respecting this college, that a few words about its history must be acceptable. During the operation of the penal laws, the young men intended for the Catholic priesthood were sent secretly to the continent of Europe, to receive their clerical education, and stolen back into Ireland, at the risk to themselves of transportation, imprisonment, or death. The sentiments of hostility to a government that could sustain such horrid laws became, at last, rather dangerous to British connection with Ireland; and, in 1795, when the chances of importing French principles with a foreign education were balanced, by the Pitt ministry, against the danger of home toleration—when the English flag was beaten on the Continent—the British government suddenly affected liberality towards the Catholics. They recommended to the Irish parliament, in that year, to appropriate a grant of eight thousand pounds per annum to support a college for the education of the Irish priesthood. Maynooth (which is about ten miles from Dublin) was fixed upon as the site. A dwelling-house, occupied by his land steward, was purchased from the Duke of Leinster. Wings were added to it at the government expense, and accommodation was made, in the first instance, for two hundred and fifty students. Soon after, the number was augmented to three hundred; and, upon the bequest left by Lord Dunboyne,—who had been a Catholic priest, became a

Protestant minister, married, was created a bishop, amassed considerable wealth, repented his change of creed, became a Catholic on his death-bed, and bequeathed, in atonement to the church he had first abandoned, a considerable property, the income of which was to be devoted to the education of poor young men for the Catholic priesthood, — the establishment was, from all sources, enabled to support about three hundred and fifty students, who were sent, in proportionate numbers, from the four archiepiscopal provinces of Ireland. The students are provided with lodging, board, and instruction, from the funds of the establishment; but each pays nine pounds two shillings entrance money, and about twenty pounds per annum, (one hundred dollars,) to cover the personal expenses of clothes, books, bedding, washing, and candle-light; and, in 1800, a lay college was added to the establishment, where the students pay for their education. The rules in the college are rigid. The students are seldom allowed outside the walls, and only upon very strict conditions. There is a comprehensive system of education administered, which, of course, includes the study of the dead and living languages; but it is very remarkable that no provision was made for teaching the Irish language, and that we owe the establishment of a professor's chair for teaching that neglected tongue in the Maynooth university to the burning zeal of an humble scrivener named KEENAN. This man — illustrious by his deed — bequeathed one thousand pounds to the trustees, the interest of which (sixty pounds per annum) he devoted to the payment of the Irish professor; and the first professor under the gift was the learned D. Paul O'Brien, the author of a grammar and dictionary of the Irish language. Maynooth College has given to the Catholic faith, within the last fifty years, near *five thousand ministers* of the gospel, *not one of whom* has been convicted of any immoral crime — a fact which speaks in eloquent attestation to the purity of the discipline indoctrinated by its professors.

While the filthy storm of bigotry and calumny is raging which the Maynooth Endowment Bill called up through England, — while Exeter Hall is ringing with "the infernal priests of Rome," "the surpliced ruffians," "the demon priesthood of Ireland," and the *Times* and the *Standard* echo the brutal language, — it may be pardoned, in one of the denounced creed, to point emphatically the reader's attention to the great fact just stated, and to the other great *consequential fact* — that the Irish population, educated by this priesthood, are the most virtuous, honest, and religious people within the British empire. The mere moralist, looking at these, must own the exalted character of the

with higher admiration the radiance that circles round the virtuous priesthood of Ireland.

Peel's second measure for Ireland was the proposal of three chief provincial colleges for the education of the lay middle classes; one of these to be established in Belfast, one in Limerick, and one in Cork; the colleges to be built at the expense of the government; to be endowed with seven thousand pounds a year each; to have, each, twelve professors, with salaries of three hundred pounds a year each, and two thousand pounds a year to be distributed in small premiums among the students; and no religious tests required from the professors and students. A third measure was the abolition of the Bank of Ireland monopoly, and the establishment of commercial freedom in Ireland — a concession, if honestly carried into operation, certainly of immense advantage to the languishing trade of that country. And a fourth measure was the proposition of a tenure bill, which offers to the occupying tenant in Ireland some security for the improvements he makes on his farm, and some additional protection from the rapacious whims of his landlord. But this bill is already dropped.

These measures were proposed to Ireland in language which to her persecuted children was needlessly appealing.

These are the words of Sir Robert Peel, delivered in the British house of commons, April 18, 1845 — debate on the Maynooth bill. In the same week, Sir James Graham, in reply to the Dublin recorder, deliberately proclaimed that "PROTESTANT ASCENDENCY MUST BE ABANDONED IN IRELAND FOREVER."

These two declarations were forced from the crown and aristocracy of England by that mighty agitation which O'Connell created and directs. They are consoling to every son of Ireland. They are evidences of the proud position in which she now stands, at the end of nearly seven centuries of conflict with Britain — evidences which go with many others to swell the proof that Ireland is, and of right ought to be, an integral, independent nation.

While these debates were going on in parliament, Ireland was girding up her loins for the struggle for her nationality. Her leaders accepted, with thankfulness, all that the minister offered, but were determined to insist on the full measure of self-legislation.

O'Connell, surrounded by a brave and faithful senate, and sustained by a devoted people from sea to sea, was determined to realize his grand idea of the "*council of three hundred.*" There were many legal difficulties standing in his way; but these were got over by forming a club of chosen men for social purposes, whose united opinion and influence upon all national matters would be received by the people as the paramount law. With this view the "Eighty-two Club" was formed. Its title imbodyed all the glorious associations connected with the former bloodless revolution of Ireland, when her armed citizens won, without a blow, a constitution from England: its *name* proclaimed a similar object; and its uniform, the significant green and gold, worn by Sarsfield, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Robert Emmet, testified that its members were prepared for the field or the scaffold, or for freedom. Its organization was half social, half military; and one at least of its secretaries, *Captain Brodrick*, a military man, had been a British officer. Daniel O'Connell was the appointed president of this society, and Lord Ffrench, Mr. Smith O'Brien, Henry Grattan, and Cornelius Maclaughlin, vice-presidents — men brave and fearless. Its rules provided that the club should dine on every 16th of April, the anniversary of the declaration of Irish independence of 1782; that the charter toast should be the "repeal of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland;" and that all admissions into the society should be by ballot, one black bean in seven to exclude the applicant. The first dinner of this newly-formed body was partaken at the Rotunda, on the 16th of April, 1845. The assembly then disclosed the bold and brilliant material of which it

body of patriots known to history. Each speaker had his duty pre-arranged — each took a separate subject. Ireland at home, and Irishmen abroad, may well feel proud of the genius, knowledge, wit, and argument, that the speakers at that banquet exhibited.

O'Connell's speech, as usual, upon watched occasions, was framed to confirm men in the repeal doctrine, and to make converts of the wavering. I supply the invaluable statistics which he brought forward on that occasion: —

“ Be it remembered that in Europe there are two-and-twenty independent states, of which only seven are more numerous or more extensive than Ireland, while fifteen are less important than she in revenue and population. There are in Europe the following states which, though inferior to Ireland in these respects, yet enjoy independence: —

<i>States.</i>	<i>Population.</i>	<i>Revenue.</i>
Bavaria, . . . . .	4,315,469	3,030,000
Belgium, . . . . .	4,230,000	3,500,000
Denmark, . . . . .	2,096,000	1,549,444
Minor German States, . . . . .	4,485,188	3,096,300
Greece, . . . . .	810,000	364,000
Hanover, . . . . .	1,688,285	1,080,000
Holland, . . . . .	2,820,000	3,364,580
Naples and Sicily, . . . . .	7,975,850	3,325,000
Papal States, . . . . .	2,590,000	1,786,000

the populati  
ready to die  
" If Irelan  
colonies. N  
posed of two  
give a list of

Lo
U
Ne
No
C
Pri
Ne
An
Ba
Do
Gr
Jar
Mo
N
St
St
TO
TO
An
Ba
Ber

" To these  
assertion that  
nineteen of t  
and you will  
tion of all of

Smith Q  
gave expres  
the miserie  
prosecute  
marked, —

" And I  
the volunte  
cheers ;] and never shall that sacred fi

land shall be accomplished. [Cheers.] We are unarmed, indeed! For my part, I rejoice that we are unarmed at present. I should be sorry to see any portion of the people of this country armed until the whole of the nation shall be prepared to act together. [Loud cheers.] When we can unite — and God grant that that day may not be far distant — when we can unite the emblems of our northern fellow-countrymen with our own immortal green, I shall not be the last to support the proposal of my friend Mr. Porter for the formation of a national militia for Ireland. [Cheers.] But, brothers, we have much in our power, and much by this Eighty-two Club shall be performed. As individuals, we are as nothing; but as the leaders of millions of our countrymen, our power will be irresistible.”

It is impossible not to discern in this exposition the true direction of that swelling current which is now bursting from the hearts of at least seven millions of the population.

That exalted assembly was addressed by Grattan, Roche, Lord French, John O’Connell, Macnevin, Ellis, Barry, Brown, Fitzgerald, Davis, and Cane. Each dwelt upon some particular branch of national polity, art, or science — its poetry, its literature, its fame, its fallen condition, and its future hope.

I have dwelt with unusual pleasure upon this page of Ireland’s history, because from it we may date a new era in her progress. The action of this extraordinary confederation struck upon the national mind with peculiar vigor. North and south admired the genius that flashed around its social board, and the valor that filled the hearts of its members. It awakened a quicker palpitation in the Irish heart than ever the present generation had felt before. The north of Ireland began to believe in the earnestness of the repealers, and in the practicability of repeal; and one of the distinguished Protestants of the north, Mr. Grey Porter, joined for a time the Repeal Association. It is true, he proposed an ill-considered measure — namely, the application to the British parliament for a reconstruction of the union, for more members, a wider franchise, and a national militia; and if this were not ceded in a *month*, then to prepare for separation.

These propositions not being received and acted upon, Mr. Porter withdrew — not, however, without bearing elaborate testimony to the integrity and politeness of the chief committee of the Loyal National Repeal Association.

As I approach the concluding page of my eventful narrative, I am enabled to record the most splendid, the most important scene of any that has taken place in Ireland for more than half a century; it is THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AND DECLARATION OF RIGHTS, which took place in the Rotunda, Dublin, on the 30th of May, 1845. I shall close my



history with  
more brillia

*The 30th*

land, as the  
were sent in  
versary of t  
and their a  
and a deter  
place most  
thies of Ire  
other days  
the head c  
offered a m  
perity, for  
features of

The mo  
the city of  
the group  
visibly pro  
proudly me  
a hundred  
freedom.

office-bear  
metropolis  
men, and  
seated in el  
of which, in  
decorated  
there were  
Eighty-two  
clothed in  
the process  
must indee  
ville Street  
splendid th  
door, and  
patriotism;  
in it their  
spiration that

But the scene within the Rotunda  
the uni  
infusing  
have been a  
was filled from  
and house-  
and the cheering myr  
distinguished parts, impar  
that would convert the most

Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Waterford, Wexford, Kilkenny, Athlone, Galway, Sligo, Drogheda, and other lesser towns, with delegations from Dundalk, Newry, and Belfast; when the members of the Eighty-two Club were assembled; when the confluent imbodiment of every Irish opinion had filled the area of the beautiful Rotunda, — then **WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN** came forward, bearing in his hand the **DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS**, engrossed on a capacious scroll of parchment.

This was the signal for emotion; for quick pulsation; for hope and freedom. Every man knew what was passing in his neighbor's heart. No words were wanted to express the gathering thought. Every one felt that the men of Ireland were about to commit themselves to freedom, or to death. **THOMAS DAVIS** moved that **MAURICE O'CONNELL**, the eldest son of the Irish Liberator, do take the chair. **Smith O'Brien** waved his arm, and there was a hush of silence. An act was about to be done that was to form part of history; and the highest in the confidence of Ireland were selected to perform the initiatory ceremony. He unfolded his **DECLARATION**, and prefaced the reading of it with the following solemn and well-considered observations. With one hand upon his swelling heart, and the other grasping the momentous scroll, he said, "I have been appointed, sir, to request the meeting to take this opportunity of placing upon record some declaration of the determina-

nor deceit  
blessings of  
the following

“WE, THE  
WISE LEGIS  
ONLY THRO  
BY SOLEMN  
THAT WE V  
LATIVE UNI  
TIONAL MEA

This na  
GRATTAN, t  
the illustri  
was put to  
sineu, and  
thousand de  
before the C  
women of th

Followin  
a century,  
and was su  
Barrett, C  
M. Ray, cl  
platform or  
day. Here,  
crowned mo  
his country  
land offered  
feeling the  
British minis  
they would  
which a nati  
bers of the  
who approac  
hearts; and  
they gather  
of officers th

And then  
authorities had  
the addresses  
DEED of the  
ready instru  
came the impos  
presented the crede  
were signed, then ca  
present era — the signing

portant document was handed to O'Connell by Smith O'Brien. The Liberator, in a marked and solemn manner, appended his name, in large characters, to the scroll, and then handed it to his fellow-martyrs, who signed, and returned it to O'Brien, the exalted man who had brought it forth. It became from that moment the contract of the nation — the charter, the imbodiment of their rights and their resolves.

Perhaps in the whole history of Ireland there never was exhibited a more glorious spectacle. What would be the entrance and reception of a monarch of England, compared to this sincere, fervent, affecting demonstration? This day was a day for history. It deserves to be emblazoned in future story, in characters broad and emphatic — if it were possible, in characters of purest fire. That assembly and that DECLARATION bear about them all the ennobling circumstances that surrounded the declaration of American independence. The actors and the spectators alike felt this; and feeling the presentiment of coming freedom, pledged, upon that day, their lives, and honors, and fortunes, to each other, and to their countrymen in exile, to cease not in the struggle, come weal or come woe, until their country's legislative independence shall be acknowledged by all the world.

As the sons of Ireland in exile accept that immortal PLEDGE, and are prepared to sustain the men who made it, with fortune and life, and as a nation's liberties are involved in the contract, it becomes the historian to record the names of the distinguished men who have set their seals to the national bond.

And first in power, influence, and intellect, stand the members of the Eighty-two Club, who brought up the following address, which must be considered the concentrated will of Ireland: —

*“To Daniel O'Connell and his late Fellow-Prisoners.*

“ILLUSTRIOUS SIR, — DISTINGUISHED PATRIOTS: We, the members of the Eighty-two Club, offer you our respect and congratulation.

“The occasion befits you and us.

“We are associated for Irish liberty under a name derived from its most constitutional era; and this is the anniversary of your unconstitutional imprisonment for attempting peacefully to restore the rights gained at that era.

“Ireland resented your imprisonment as an audacious wrong; Europe stigmatized it as oppressive; the law erased it as illegal. It was the temporary triumph of craft and force. You had preached order under misrule; you had preserved peace under sufferings now confessed to be unequalled; you had sought, by the action of opinion, the restoration of ancient liberties, and the relief of countless woes; and for this you were sent to prison.

“Fortunately, the people remembered your lessons, or you might have been

released by  
delayed lo  
you left yo  
you had be  
" That yo  
land, as we  
the restorat  
name we be  
" Signed  
behalf of the

The follo  
of the forego

- Henry
- W. S.
- James
- Sir Col
- Myles
- John T
- Richard
- John F.
- Nichola
- Edward
- John T.
- Joseph A
- James D
- John L. E
- Edward
- Thomas
- Aldernar
- Thomas
- E. Cleme
- M. J. Bar
- Ambrose
- William
- Francis
- Michael
- Patrick
- Francis
- M. Wils
- James B
- James P
- Richard
- Richard
- M. K. O'Farrell,

J. A. O'Neill,  
 Francis Comyn,  
 Gerald Aylmer,  
 James M'Donnell,  
 D. T. M'Carthy,  
 T. M. Scully,  
 Charles O'Connor,  
 Philip Taggart,  
 Patrick Hayes,  
 Richard Hayes,  
 Edward Smithwick, alderman,  
 Daniel Smithwick, T. C.,  
 Robert Cane, mayor of Kilkenny,  
 Richard Dowden, mayor of Cork,  
 Joseph Hackett, alderman,  
 Henry Potter, alderman,  
 Thomas Hart, alderman,  
 Richard Beteman, alderman,

W. N. Skelly,  
 T. D. Coleman,  
 John Scally,  
 Nicholas Boylan,  
 J. Moore,  
 Nicholas Moore,  
 Patrick Gernon,  
 Caleb Powell, M. P.,  
 Cornelius Maxwell, alderman,  
 Jas. Sheridan,  
 John Ferguson,  
 Jas. Quinn,  
 Mathew Moriarty,  
 E. Brodrick, secretary,  
 J. K. O'Dowd,  
 Sir B. Morris, mayor of Waterford,  
 Thomas Lyons, alderman.

## PROVINCIAL DEPUTATIONS.

*Limerick Corporation.*

Wm. J. Geary, M. D., mayor,  
 James Kelly, Esq., M. P.,  
 Alderman Bodkin,  
 Alderman Ryan,  
 Town Councillors Murphy, Gainer,  
 M'Mahon, Kelly, Creagh,  
 Browne, Spillane.  
 J. F. Raleigh, town clerk,  
 J. O'Neil, treasurer.

*Cork Corporation.*

Richard Dowden Richard, mayor,  
 Alderman Thomas Lyons,  
 Alderman Edward Hackett,  
 Alderman John O'Connell,  
 John F. Maguire, barrister.

*Waterford Corporation.*

Sir Benjamin Morris, mayor,  
 Alderman Delahunty, treasurer.  
 Mr. Kelly, T. C., accompanied by  
 the following gentlemen, residents  
 of the town of Waterford:  
 Mr. Curtis, Mr. E. N. Barron,  
 Mr. D. F. Meagher.

*Kilkenny Corporation.*

Robert Cane, Esq., M. D., mayor,  
 Alderman Edmund Smithwick,

Alderman Joseph Hackett,  
 Alderman Henry Potter,  
 Alderman Cornelius Maxwell,  
 Town Councillor Daniel Smithwick,  
 Richard Smithwick, Esq.,  
 Richard Bateman, Esq.,  
 George Rowan, Esq.,  
 Thomas Cody, Esq.,  
 William Lanigan, Esq.

*Kilkenny Corporation and City Deputation.*

Robert Cane, M. D., mayor,  
 Alderman Edmund Smithwick,  
 Alderman Joseph Hackett,  
 Alderman Henry Potter,  
 Alderman Thomas Hart,  
 Alderman Cornelius Maxwell,  
 Daniel Smithwick, T. C.,  
 R. Smithwick, T. C.,  
 Richard Bateman, T. C.,  
 George Rowan, T. C.,  
 Thomas Cody, T. C.,  
 William Lanigan, T. C.,  
 Thomas Purcell, T. C.,  
 James Kelly, Sen., T. C.,  
 Michael Hyland, T. C.,  
 John Burke, T. C.,  
 James Martin, T. C.,

J. Quinn, s  
James Men  
David Murp

Corp

Michael Ga  
Alderman H  
James Wall

Drog

W. Campbe  
Alderman S  
Town Coun

Patrick E  
John Con  
Daniel Bra  
Patrick B  
mysns.

Galway T

Timothy Mur  
Martin Carro  
Laurence Geo  
James Davis,  
M. J. Burke, a

Cashel Tou

Councillor Do  
James Ryan, L  
Rev. John Rya

William Gannon  
P. Burke, T. C.

Very Rev. Dr. S  
Richard Walsh,  
John Thomas D  
Charles S. Reev  
Rev. Denis Ken  
William Gafney  
John Greene, Es  
James Raino  
the '82 Club,)  
Esq.

Very Rev. Dean  
Cornelius Hick  
the town comm  
panied by Sir  
Charles O'Connell, Esq.

J. R. Browne, Esq.,  
Counsellor Devitt,  
James O'Shaughnessy, Esq.

*Limerick Board of Guardians.*  
Counsellor Devitt, chairman,  
Caleb Powell, and J. F. Raleigh,  
Esqs., guardians.

*Parish of Druree, County Limerick.*  
Michael Ryan, Esq.,  
Rev. James Ryan, P. P.

*Galway Town.*  
L. S. Mangan, Esq.,  
M. J. Burke, Esq.,  
Bartholomew Killian, Esq.,  
John Hart, Esq.,  
Thomas Kearney, Esq.

*Tullow, County Carlow.*  
Serenus Kelly, Esq.,  
John Donohoe, Esq.

*Callan Town Commissioners.*  
Richard S. Ryan, chairman,  
James Corr, T. C.

*Kilcullen, County Kildare.*  
Rev. Dr. Murtagh,  
Christopher Flood, Esq.,  
Thomas Daly, Esq.,

Michael Murphy, Esq.,  
John Walshe, Esq.

*Belfast Town.*  
Charles M'Alister, Esq.,  
James M'Convery, Esq.,  
John M'Veigh, Esq.

*County Clare.*  
Hewit Bridgman, Esq., M. P.,  
Daniel O'Connell, Esq., (Tureen),  
Maurice O'Connell, Esq., ex-J. P.,  
(Kilgorey.)

*Kingstown.*  
James Nugent,  
Valentine Burchell,  
James Nugent, Jun.,  
John Peppard, T. C., ex-chairman,  
Michael Lawlor, T. C.,  
James Byrne, T. C.,  
Thomas Peppard, T. C.,  
Thomas Ferns, M. D., T. C.,  
Thomas Holaham, T. C.,  
John Lawler, P. P., T. C.,  
Patrick Commins, T. C.,  
Daniel Coady, T. C.,  
James Ryan, T. C.,  
Edward Keating, T. C.

I have thus put upon lasting record the names of the men who assembled on the 30th of May, on whom Ireland chiefly depends for her liberty. There were others in that great gathering, whose names have not been published in Dublin. But in those that are here registered, there is a confederation of mind and muscle which the power of England cannot break up.

On the thirtieth of May,  
The sun's holiest ray  
Came to brighten the patriot plume;  
The shamrock was seen,  
With a lovelier green,  
And the air shed a sweeter perfume.  
The face of our isle  
Wore a heavenly smile,  
As if conscious and proud of her brave;  
And the laurel flower,  
At that holy hour,  
Bowed its bloom o'er the warrior's grave,  
To tell him the land  
He had died to defend,  
Was no longer the home of a slave.





It is true that these national schools are supported by English money, and teach English political principles ; but, with all that, there is a great deal in what they teach that we must admire. Their system is uniform, for their teachers are all educated by superior men at the head or model school, in Dublin. Their books of instruction appear to me excellent. The commissioners have been kind enough, without my asking for them, to send me a complete set.\* Their Fifth Book of Lessons (historical) is purged of certain objectionable inferences, which the same class-book of 1839 contained. It passes over, in a brief and neutral tone, that unhappy period of Irish history which flows from the Williamite wars to the present time. Their little supplementary book, in defence of Christianity, appears to me the plainest and most powerful reply to the infidel writers that I ever saw. Indeed, all their books are the very best in the English language, and some have been adopted in the German schools. Their general system of instruction includes reading, writing, arithmetic, bookkeeping, agriculture, grammar, geography, geometry, mathematics, mechanics, civil and natural history, scripture lessons, (selected and mutually agreed upon,) elocution, singing, linear or mechanical drawing, &c. *Mental* exercise and instruction is cultivated. Not only do the masters catechise the scholars, but the scholars question, and argue with, the masters. Order is peculiarly enforced ; and a certain step and discipline are taught, in play-hours, entering and returning from school, which adapt the boys, to a *certain extent*, for military drill. The commissioners are quite sensitive to public opinion, and are becoming daily more and more *national*. There may be many objections to their system which do not strike me, and it is sufficient to make me think so, to find that the archbishop of Tuam still withholds from them his confidence. But if there be any thing erroneous in their inculcation, sufficient of the

\* The Board of Education was established in 1831, on the motion of Thomas Wyse — it is supported by annual grants from parliament. The amount for the present year is one hundred thousand pounds; [four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.] It may be remarked here, that the state of Massachusetts, with less than a million of inhabitants, appropriates eight hundred thousand dollars a year to public education. The following are the names of the present commissioners : —

Richard Dublin, <i>Protestant</i> ;	Richard W. Greene, <i>Presbyterian</i> ;
D. Murray, <i>Catholic</i> ;	Pooley D. Henry, D. D., <i>Presbyterian</i> ;
Francis Sadlier, <i>Protestant</i> ;	Alexander Macdonnell, <i>Presbyterian</i> ;
A. R. Blake, <i>Catholic</i> ;	John Richard Corballis, <i>Catholic</i> .
Robert Holmes, <i>Presbyterian</i> ;	Kildare, <i>Protestant</i> .
Managing Commissioner, Rev. James Carlisle, <i>Presbyterian</i> .	
	Secretaries, } Maurice Cross,
	} James Kelly.



any duty appertaining to the general citizen. When any of these return to visit their friends in Ireland, they astonish them by the amount of their knowledge, and the change in their address.

The gentry of Ireland are above engaging in any useful employment — it would damage their *grade*. And the barristers, doctors, and attorneys, being “gentlemen” by law, are also a grade too high for any enterprise profitable to the people. And then comes the ignorant class of wealthy shopkeepers, who, through years of scraping and raking, having acquired a few thousands, become in turn too proud to enter upon any useful employment; and their children, too, are generally educated in the same absurd and mischievously wretched pride. The bulk of the people are helpless, ignorant, and miserable; are the merest serfs at home, and are obliged to become the hewers of wood and the drawers of water abroad to all nations of the earth. They are found performing the drudgery of Glasgow, London, Paris, and New York. O, let some able hand, with fire and brimstone, cleanse the gentry of Ireland of their besotted, ignorant, semi-savage pride! Let the children, who are now at school, look with eyes of common sense in the face of this absurd, this barbarous custom. Let every man be esteemed alone for his conduct, and not for his blood, his means of living, or the extent of his income. We find the offspring of the Irish and English, and indeed the whole European aristocracy, among the most wicked, worthless, and cowardly, of the human race. What, let us ask, have the English and Irish aristocracy contributed to virtue, knowledge, or freedom? Has not almost every benefactor of the human race, whom we worship, sprung from the people? How did the aristocracy of Europe meet the plebeian generals of Napoleon? They fled before them like frightened birds from hawks; and had he made his threatened descent on England, their aristocracy would have fled before his eagles quicker than the wind. What did their aristocratic blood do on the wave or on the field, in two great wars with the democratic blood of America? Let history answer — it was signally routed and defeated. A nation never can be thoroughly united but on one principle — that of EQUALITY of right and privilege: any other principle is contrary to the law of God and the law of nature, and will lead the people who adopt it into strife and slavery.

Let those children who are now at school rise superior to their fathers; form a pure and a powerful public opinion, which will coerce the gentry, exalt the people, and render local tyranny or foreign domination as insupportable in their land as a venomous reptile.

END OF THE HISTORY.

SKE

O'Connell and his  
Smith O'Brien.  
— Thomas Dav  
heny. — O'Neil  
Clements. — Th  
Brooks. — Miss  
Samuel Lover. —  
Barry. — M'Clis  
— Farquhar. —  
gin &c.

LECTURE XXVI.

NOTICES OF THE LIVING.

Family. — Father Mathew. — The Archbishop of Tuam. — Wm.  
Right Rev. Bishop Higgins. — Dr. Gray. — Charles Garra O'Connell. — Michael Do  
— Thomas Macnevin. — Michael Joseph Barry. — Professor Brown. — Edward  
— Captain Broderick. — Robert Dillon. — Michael Knowles. —  
— The Earl of Rosse. — Robert Joseph Barry. — Michael Knowles. —  
— Lady Morgan. — Hogan. — Sheridan Kane. —  
— Charles Leve. — J. W. Croker. —  
— Doyle. — Balg. — Macready. — Wilkes  
— Sir Martin O'Shea. — Maxwell. — Rev. T. Mahoney. — Dr. M.  
— Griffin.

ALTHOUGH

dred and fifty

necessary to say

private or person

other place, wa

seventy years of

admitted to the

four years after

ical doctor, of

namely, Mauri

M. P. for Youg

and Kilkenny

Ellen, married

the county of D

lin; Catherine

Elizabeth, married

Maurice and John

not. Mrs. O'Connell

in 1836. He

have devoted the chief part of the previous three hun  
dred to the extraordinary deeds of O'Connell, I feel it  
necessary to say a few words here touching what I may denominate his  
private or personal biography, Daniel O'Connell, as I have said in an  
other place, was born in Kerry, on the 6th of August, 1775, and was  
admitted to the bar in 1798, at the age of twenty-three. He was  
seventy years of age in August of the present year, (1845.) In about  
four years after he married Mary, daughter of Thomas O'Connell, med-  
ical doctor, of Tralee, by whom he had four sons and three daughters;  
namely, Maurice, M. P. for Clare and Tralee; Morgan, M. P. for  
M. P. for Youghall and Athlone; John, M. P. for Youghall, Athlone,  
and Kilkenny; and Ellen, married to Christopher Fitzsimons, who was  
the county of Dublin, and who is now clerk of the Hanpar office in Dub-  
lin; Catherine, married to Charles O'Connell, M. P. for Kerry; and  
Elizabeth, married to Nicholas French, of Fort William, Roscommon.  
Maurice and John are married, but Morgan and Daniel, I believe, are  
not. Mrs. O'Connell, whom the Liberator affectionately loved, died  
in 1836. He boasts of twenty-seven grandchildren, all of whom

# ETCHES OF THE LIFE

... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...

## O'CONNELL AND HIS FAMILY

... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...  
 ... the ...

of Ireland, accompanied him to France; and in the succeeding hundred years, the penal laws drove out of Ireland more than half a million of its choicest sons; leaving the dregs of the population to degenerate into semi-barbarism, with scarce a single ray of native intellect to divert them from their downward path to the abyss of ignorance and slavery. Those that were forced away from Ireland, who were too ambitious to remain in slavery, bestowed their valor, and their genius, and their talent, on the nations of Europe, as this History, in a hundred places, abundantly attests; and those who did occasionally put forth a philanthropic hand to lift up the people, were the descendants of their invaders and oppressors.

O'Connell, like the rest of his class, was educated in a foreign college, but, fortunately for his country, returned again to arouse her by his energy, irradiate her by his light, and defend her by his valor. It seems, indeed, as if Providence had resolved to make up to Erin for all her former deficiencies by sending her a man in whom all the superior qualities of humanity commingle.

With O'Connell's growth has grown a new crop of Milesian mind. Sheil, Moore, and Lady Morgan, are splendid illustrations of this fact. They stand at the head of Europe in eloquence and literature; and there are others of the old Milesian race, whom I have already noticed, who,

When O'Connell found in Ireland severance, and thirty years ago against himself men, who bod slaves, or sycophants, O'Connell, Mo

His plans an which it is no upon one princ and even tyran portion as the will sicken and allowed fairly patient, perseve enabled to effec I have describe

And we mu against certain the tact with w stables. It wa causing the rep ciple so well Morgan, in the Boudoir: "In whatever is ind unwise to begin of those who ma an equal degree accept of a prin themselves.

reconciled with It is therefore d The further it is the shame atte in all disputes, a powerful factio too corrupt to such persons a their opposition,

you gain time and a clearer stage.

O'Connell was a young man, there were few of his class to be few who could study and toil in temperance and per- remain unpurchable. Indeed, it may be said that, for his toiling life, he found the Irish bar in a conspect for a supreme and virtuous genius, too good to be phants, or traitors. These are mostly the creation of Lady Morgan, and Sheil. These are mostly the creation of my intention have called forth a world of criticism, namely, that both evil and good grow from opinion. His whole system is raised lives by the nourishment of opinion; and that in pro- peaceably to develop itself. By his energetic, and peacefully working of this principle, he has been without the slightest violence, those political wrongs, which he has caused by other classes, and when remedied, thus he turns the whigs to purify the Tories, and in I find it done by my exalted country woman Lady Brougham, in her charming Book of the Whigs, it is ostentatiously eating pork. In converting a Jew, it is be hostile to a given reformation are not all involved in a certain point, where it begins to operate on There are thousands and tens of thousands who will be up to a principle at once to its utmost extreme. The moderate, and the less is carried, the mere persons are alarmed, and the less is collect around them the half thinkers and half feelers— desire a practical improvement to the fullest extent. For a middle term is a convenient retreat; and by neutralizing their opposition, you gain time and a clearer stage. This may not

always be very candid, but if the '*cosi el egro*' system be allowable in oratory, it is no less justifiable where the grave interests of the species are at issue. The number of those who see questions in their wholeness is very small. The mass are more moved by especial instances and examples. In knowledge, nothing is isolated. The establishment of one truth is the dethronement of many errors. With these it is better to deal in detail, and await the gradual development of a growing spirit before venturing upon points in which the age is not prepared to follow. A man may insure for himself the palm of martyrdom without advancing public opinion one iota. Proceed, therefore, like the snail, with your feelers before you, and reserve to yourself, by a timely halt, the privilege of never combating with more opponents at once than you feel yourself able to overthrow. Disgraceful retreats are pregnant with fearful delays; for a *coup manqué* is followed by a revulsion of sentiment which may require the lapse of a generation to recover." O'Connell understood and practised all this twenty years before it saw the light, or was conceived in her ladyship's brain. It was the actual basis of his entire system of agitation, and affords us the means of understanding his *apparently* inconsistent and Protean movements—to-day praising, to-morrow abusing, the whigs; one day execrating Peel and Graham, and then forgiving and receiving them into favor; again, condemning the Chartists, and anon applauding to the skies the lion-hearted democracy of England; to-day applauding republics, to-morrow lauding constitutional monarchies; upon one occasion exalting the wisdom and chivalry of the French, on another execrating their violence and infidelity; to-day praising America for its valor in the field and its independence, to-morrow condemning *the last resort of freemen*, and pouring indignation upon the traffic in men.

This mighty doctor of the human mind is also the unerring index of its vagaries. The weathercock upon the steeple, or the straw upon the stream, does not indicate more unerringly the point of the wind, or the direction of the tide, than does O'Connell the sentiment and will of the Irish people; and as well might the British government, by grasping the straw, or pulling down the vane, try to stop the current of the tide, or change the direction of the wind, as try to impede, by arresting O'Connell, the progress of Ireland to her destiny among the nations.

Placed in any situation in life, this extraordinary man must eventually have reached the highest eminence. His great industry—rising, during his career of youth and manhood, at four or five o'clock in the morning, and devoting the freshness of each new-born day to the improvement of his mind and the increase of his stock of knowledge—must of itself,



and in had no confuse counsel, cared le court of with the stage, h comman of a daily would ha ing new entire p it again chief n Americ mains journal nearly reads the pages tually each. such freedom stores will influence of what As a Christian eloquent effective wise delicately a great man and just ness, of happiness independence. The abuse flung at him by his opponents are but the

th did, lift him beyond all competition. As an advocate, he equal at the bar. Whether he joked with a jury, browbeat and witness, confounded a judge, raised the laugh against opposing ever had alone in view the interests of his client. No man for the personal reputation involved in oratorical displays in a stice than he. In the church, he would have found a lesser cardinals, and have soared to the pontifical chair. On the would have far outshone Xembler or Keen. As a witness, he would have outgenerated Napoleon. If he were editor, he would have more knowledge, than the made his journal the first in Europe. He reads all the papers of the world, as occasion may require. He reads all the papers of Ireland. He is perpetually storing his mind, to discharge its travelling cover. He sees all the monthly and quarterly papers of the new novels, and not a few foreign books, besides His sons and secretaries reports, in blue covers, of five hundred folio parliamentary papers, and will not be satisfied while one in his study remains unused. It is no matter where he finds a thought, — he perusing books, and papers, and pamphlets, finding out for him as bear upon his great mission — the extension of human freedom and happiness. He does not care who has said a thing first, or stores it for future use. He does not care where he finds a thought, — he how often it has been said, or whether he himself has said it before, — he will use it if it serve the purposes of the moment, even to the extent of influencing the judgment of one auditor, for he knows that a great deal of what is to be addressed to the public mind will tell only by repetition.

As a husband, he was loving; as a father, he is affectionate; as a Christian, sincere; as a Catholic, rigid; as a man, honest; as an orator, eloquent; as a scholar, learned; as a lawyer, deep; as an advocate, effective; as a representative, able — in the field, valiant; in the senate, wise; in council, deferential; in debate, overwhelming — as a gentleman, delicately courteous; as a host, hospitable; as a guest, entertaining; as a companion, jovial; as a citizen, patriotic; as a landlord, kind; as a great man, approachable; as the chief magistrate of Dublin, conciliatory and just; as the leader of Ireland, faithful; but jealous, even to a weakness, of contemporaries on his own side, which has interfered with his happiness, and perhaps with the rapid accomplishment of his country's independence. The abuse flung at him by his opponents are but the

(about forty thousand dollars) a year when he gave up his profession to attend to the general affairs of Ireland. His ordinary fee, in 1828, used to be twenty to fifty pounds, and he has had five hundred pounds for special cases. Had he continued still at the bar, his income now must be double what it was then. Curran used to receive six thousand pounds a year by his profession, and he said he should receive thirty thousand pounds a year but for the hatred of Lord Chancellor Clare, who absolutely drove him out of the Court of Chancery. Romilly was in the receipt of fourteen thousand pounds a year when he put an end to his existence. So that it may be said O'Connell yields up an income of twelve or sixteen thousand pounds a year for the luxury of working out the freedom of Ireland, and receiving a national compensation which does not, one year with another, come up to what he undoubtedly would realize by his profession.

But his own explanation of this matter, in reply to the Earl of Shrewsbury, is the very best on record. "For more than twenty years before emancipation, the burden of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare the resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondents, to examine the cause of each person complaining of practical grievances, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law,

of the  
lic agi  
amount  
for the  
before  
emolum  
hered to  
and obt  
labors w  
have bee  
vacant.  
rolls."

which h  
His mee  
taining  
chaste,  
press of

The  
matter

not quite  
England,

throughout  
and is there

tion of the  
consists of

draws not a  
"O'Connell  
enable him to

penses. It is  
simultaneously,  
the Catholic  
church on that

and caused  
of O'Connell,  
scription, yet  
On the contrary,

halfpenny (a  
people know  
to the emanci

But O'Connell,  
legal practice,

and received  
the annual

tribute, is still  
earned by his  
almost penni-

use itself. For four years I bore the entire expense of my  
without receiving the contribution of others to a greater  
than seventy-four pounds in the whole. Who shall repay me  
years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? The year  
anticipation, though wearing a stuff gown, my professional  
exceeded eight thousand pounds per annum. Had I ad-  
my profession, I must soon have been called to the inner bar,  
I should have been at once mitigated, whilst the emoluments would  
increased by one half. The office of lord chief baron became  
was offered it, or, had I preferred it, the mastership of the  
this reply, the Liberator talked of himself with a freedom  
good taste never could sanction had he not been called out.  
and modest reply, though loaded with his own exertions, con-  
tributed true, and powerful a production as ever issued from the  
which he receives from the Irish people is quite a distinct  
so clearly in America. This is well understood in Ireland, was  
Scotland, Canada, the United States, and the British colonies  
It is sent to the treasury in Conciliation Hall,  
of the "standing committee" of the Repeal Association, under direc-  
"O'Connell tribute," on the other hand, is a fund raised annually, to  
enable him to pay his butcher, grocer, baker, tailor, and such-like ex-  
penses. It is taken up at the church doors all over Ireland, nearly  
simultaneously, upon a given Sunday. It is rather the whole collection of  
the Catholic clergy than of the people, for the whole subscription of  
church on that day is freely offered him who made those altars free,  
and caused them to be respected. And, although the ardent admirers  
of O'Connell, in which the clergy are included, swell this day's sub-  
scription, yet it is not an oppressive tax, as some persons insinuate.  
On the contrary, it is freely and cheerfully paid: it is not beyond a  
halfpenny (a cent) a year, from each of the Catholics of Ireland. The  
people know that they get value, and cheerfully offer their annual tribute  
to the emancipator of their creed.

thirty-five thousand dollars a year to his posterity forever; and this is a calculation very moderate and quite under the mark. It is proper, when public writers in America undertake to criticise the purity of this extraordinary man, that they have all these facts before them.

Much has been said about O'Connell's eloquence. Writers from every civilized country upon earth have endeavored to describe it; but no description can convey a true idea of its nature and power. No reporter that ever lived could report a speech as O'Connell delivers it. He may, indeed, transcribe nearly the words uttered—but his speeches are not mere words; words form but a part. There is the action, the graceful though animated action of the body,—for he stands on tiptoe, stoops forward, and turns from side to side, in the delivery of a single sentence. There is the tossing over of his head, and the peculiar expression of loathing that comes upon his lips, when he flings out some scalding anathema upon the literary prostitutes of the London press. There is the slow, expressive, delicate action of his majestic arms, which are ever in motion, presenting to the visual sense a delightful *tableau*, and the fascination of eyes that are ever open and illuminated. So powerful is his expression, that one can see the complexion of the coming idea: the rays of swelling light, the plaintive murmuring voice, the lowering of the brow, or the flashing of the eyes,

affe  
 with  
 is sor  
 rowfu  
 speak  
 Th  
 quanti  
 orator  
 Broug  
 ers of  
 beyon  
 facts,  
 argum  
 his br  
 times  
 while  
 Nor h  
 oratio  
 of fifty  
 Curran,  
 ral, un  
 in my  
 complex  
 in read  
 seldom  
 questions,  
 all the  
 O'Connell  
 been a  
 day, or  
 has spok  
 Each of  
 and, if  
 and twen  
 it is tru  
 music, ev  
 nations,  
 resources,  
 of them s  
 He chang

London audience to tears or smiles, to indignation or va  
 equal facility. He speaks only what he really feels, and there  
 ling in sincerity, when eloquently uttered, whether joyous or sor  
 that catches our sympathies and assimilates our feelings with the  
 O'Connell  
 remarks apply to his manner, but his matter transcends in  
 value, variety, interest, fitness, logic, and power, that of any  
 either living or dead. I have heard Steil, I have heard  
 Sir Robert Peel, Daniel White Harvey, and other speak  
 the first class; but in my humble opinion O'Connell is far  
 them all. His memory seems to retain and to know all things;  
 tes, persons, times, and circumstances, which bear upon an  
 oration, come at his bidding, from the vast depths and chambers of  
 His vocabulary is inexhaustible; his images are fresh, some  
 speaking, always happy; and they flash so naturally upon his mind  
 the passionate speeches of Demosthenes, or the twice yestere  
 generations — nor those beautiful compositions left us by Burke,  
 Sheridan, and Phillips — equalled the unprepared, natu  
 ral, unpolished oratorical harangues of O'Connell. As an orator, he is  
 superior to them all. His talent at making the most  
 subjects plain to common minds is remarkable. I remember  
 the debates when O'Connell first went into parliament, how  
 seldom I could get a full knowledge of the bearings of certain diffic  
 questions, until I fell upon his speech; then the vapor vanished, and  
 all the parts and features of the case stood revealed before me.  
 O'Connell is the greatest orator of ancient or modern times. He has  
 been a public speaker since 1808. There is hardly a day, except Sun  
 day, or days on which he travels, for the last five-and-thirty years, but he  
 has spoken at least two hours upon the general political affairs of mankind.  
 Each of his speeches would occupy fifteen or twenty pages of this book,  
 and, if all were collected and published, they would fill three hundred  
 and twenty large volumes. There are not two of those orations alike:  
 it is true the topics are, like the letters of the alphabet or the notes in  
 music, ever the same; but they are transposed into innumerable combi  
 nations, always new, always charming. Ireland — whose beauties, whose  
 resources, and whose miseries, are his constant theme — is in every one  
 of them sketched from different points, and colored in different shadings.  
 He changes his images with the rapidity and variety of the kaleidescopa.

ken or cornice damaged, not a fresco defaced, not an ornament tumbled down. If we want an evidence of this, we have but to read his matchless letter, of seven columns, to the primate of Ireland upon the powers of the pope, the court of cardinals, the Irish clergy, the relations of the canon and the civil law. It is, in my humble judgment, the most able paper that was ever published upon that unapproachable topic. It is astute, learned, eloquent, clear, comprehensive, and incontrovertible; and, produced as it was on the spur of the moment, is the most wonderful evidence that modern times afford of an unimpaired intellect at so advanced an age. He has battled with two generations of the enemies of Ireland, and is now in conflict with the third. He can hope, through the mercy of God and an hereditary longevity, for a pretty long appendix to his life. In youth he was pure, in manhood sober; and he now enjoys the benefit in a vigorous constitution and a brilliant mind. The cells of his memory are not defaced by the poisonous exhalations of alcohol, nor his blood chilled by premature abuse. He promises to his shackled countrymen years enough to disintrall them; and such a man could not have been given to a suffering nation in vain. If he could but see his beloved Erin free, he would die in repose — could he

“Lift his victor head and see  
Her hills, her dales, her valleys free;

I  
pages  
O'Co  
servic  
office  
presen  
the Lo  
the rea  
repeal  
with h

JOHN O'CONNELL

JOHN O'CONNELL, M. P.

ve grouped a few particulars about Maurice O'Connell at the  
Concluding the struggle for Catholic emancipation. Maurice  
ell, the second son of the Liberator, had been in the Austrian  
was in parliament, and is now in the enjoyment of a benefice  
the Dublin law courts. The third son, John O'Connell, the  
member for the county Kilkenny, the distinguished member of  
National Repeal Association, and, as the reader knows, was honored, in company  
father, by the prosecution of the crown.  
O'Connell was one of the few members of parliament who  
the repeal agitation, on its revival in 1840. He brought to the  
great store of knowledge, and the most winning and conciliating  
debater, of first-rate talents. He suffers in the shade of his fa-  
ther, proved himself, both in the Conciliation Hall and in parliament,  
of transcendent abilities; but were he the son of an undistinguished  
man, he would be ranked by the world a leading tactician, speaker, and  
good also on a mission to the provinces; very able as a national sta-  
tist, and is less dry, with masses of figures, than Mr. Staunton. He  
has compiled several valuable reports for the association in four hundred pages,  
entitled "An Argument for Ireland," compressed in one of which,  
financial, political, and international relations that existed and exist be-  
tween England and Ireland, before and since preparing a repealer's dictio-  
nary, by which, under every letter in the alphabet, the reader may find  
the many grievous wrongs perpetrated by England upon Ireland. It is  
an admirable vehicle for the conveyance of terrible truths, that should be  
familiar to the children throughout Ireland. John O'Connell has graduated  
for the bar, to which he was called in 1839. He is a young man, ap-  
proaching twenty-eight years of age, and his business at the bar, like that  
of most young men, is as yet limited; but I have not the least doubt upon  
my mind that it will soon be considerable; for he has all the persever-  
ance, reading, industry, eloquence, ready and practical debating powers,

not whether he still adheres to his first intention. This young gentleman has not yet been in parliament. He stood for Carlow in the election of 1841, and was defeated by a small majority, procured by the overwhelming bribery and intimidation of the tories of that county. During the captivity of his father, he attended the Repeal Association punctually, carrying to that body (for his father was forbidden to write) a series of verbal "messages from prison." These messages were delivered with spirit and eloquence, and prove that Daniel O'Connell, Jr., inherits from his illustrious sire some germs of his transcendent genius. He is yet but some five-and-twenty years of age, and by cultivation and perseverance must become a distinguished man.

#### MRS. FITZSIMONS,

the eldest daughter of the Liberator, is a lady of undoubted literary talent. She has contributed occasionally to some of the most eminent periodicals of the day, but, as yet, veils very closely her productions. There are some of her patriotic songs in the Nation; and her lines, in reply to something disparaging of the repeal agitation which fell from Moore, are able, patriotic, and truly poetical. The Liberator loves this his eldest daughter most tenderly. He has deposited in her hands all the materials for











*Engr. by G. B. & Co. N. York*

FATHER MATHEW.



the far-famed College of Maynooth, where he passed through his ecclesiastical course, and was ordained in Dublin in 1814, when only twenty-four years of age, by Bishop Murray. Previous to this, he had joined the brotherhood of Capuchin friars; and soon after his ordination he removed to Cork, and commenced the arduous avocations of his mission in the most obscure and miserable part of that city, in the little chapel built by the celebrated Dr. O'Leary, which was then under the administration of the Capuchin brotherhood.

There, in the midst of surrounding poverty, misery, and sin, this young but gifted minister of the gospel commenced that life which soon became distinguished, in every respect, as the prototype of that great Master whom he served so truly. Receiving his moral organization and his education from the pious, and the humble, and the intellectual, he was soon discovered to be a superior person. Connected with the nobility, he was welcomed into the circles of the aristocracy; and, kind and gentle to the poor, he was the father and the friend of the destitute and the unfortunate. He never avoided the rich, but he always sought the poor. His oratory in the pulpit was designed to attach his hearers to holiness, for its beauty rather than the fear of punishment. His confessional was surrounded by high and low, by the sinner and the saint; and his words of pious consolation restored the bruised hearts of thousands, who sought him in the agony of an awakened conscience.

His attention to the poor knew no bounds; every thing that could ameliorate their condition was thought of. He formed an association of young men, called the *St. Joseph's Society*, whose business it was to search out the sick poor of the city, and to minister to their wants, to read to them, and procure them advice and medicine. Surely, this was the labor of religion. He established, too, a comprehensive school for gathering in the dissolute youth, with which every city abounds. When, in 1830, some ministers of the established church (St. Bary Cathedral) objected to the performance of the Catholic ritual for the dead over the remains of some Catholics who were buried there, Father Mathew then purchased a beautiful botanic garden, outside of the city, consisting of eleven acres, which he laid out in the most tasteful style, for a cemetery, reserving a portion for the *interment of the poor, free of charge*. There are twenty-four thousand persons at present buried in it. This celebrated field of the dead is one of the most beautiful objects around Cork, and is said to equal the *Père-La-chaise* of Paris. It is studded by the most tasteful monuments and shrines, ornamented as Cork sculptors alone can ornament; and modestly, in the midst of all,

the reverend gentleman's own monument, erected by himself, was thus that Father Mathew was employed before the emergence of simple cross, seven feet high. His comparative obscurity in such a part of the world, and his been able to group together a vast number of his fellow-citizens, such as he performed only by such a one in times of general distress, in of epidemic, which, unfortunately, are too frequent in our country, he performed with such a one, who never, for one moment, who know something of such a dreadful visitation can appreciate himself from any duty required by his suffering flock. As an intelligent and successful man, he was always successful; and the success of his parishioners so great a principle of moral reform. His early efforts succeeded no farther than the small circle of his parish; but he was very administered, with an impressive exhortation, to those whom he influenced to join his parish society. The miraculous effects of the teetotal pledge soon became conspicuous and general. Confirmed drunkards, whose days and nights were passed in a maze of intoxication, profane swearing, and every species of crime, were seen suddenly awakened from their stupor of infamy — were seen becoming industrious, cleanly, better clothed, more frequently in the church, and never in the public house. Their wives and little children proclaimed, in their cheerful eyes, the happy results of temperance. Father Mathew, who had been the agent of this change, was looked upon by the people, and not without reason, as a thrice-blessed man. His words were the words of a prophet; and the pledges plighted in his presence were vows to Heaven which it were perdition to break. Those who gave their pledge before Father Mathew kept it, and this was one of the chief secrets of his success. The good friar was incessant in his endeavors to propagate the great truths of temperance. Those that he reclaimed from intoxication became most generally pious communicants at the altar. He saw the harvest ripe, and he went forth to gather it.

though astonishing, was exaggerated, and the cities of the Shannon longed for his presence. When, at length, he appeared in Limerick, the crowds that thickened round him were so great that some persons were bruised to death. He administered the pledge to upwards of fifty thousand persons in that city. The result soon became manifest upon the people who were so fortunate as to enrol themselves under his sacred banner. Health, and happiness, and employment, and success, attended all those who took the temperance vows.

The reverend and indefatigable gentleman was now invited by many cities and towns of Ireland. He did his best to attend to all; but his greatest triumph awaited him in Dublin. He arrived in the Irish metropolis in March, 1840; preached his first sermon in the Metropolitan Church to the *élite* of the city. Protestants and Catholics alike thronged the benches of the church upon that day. The next morning he appeared, according to announcement, at the northern façade of the custom-house. From the earliest dawn there were thousands awaiting his arrival. He stood upon the upper stone steps, beneath the classic portico of that majestic temple of a fallen nation, and there, like St. Paul from the steps of the temple of Minerva, preached doctrines of regeneration.

Ten thousand persons were enrolled upon his record the first day. Reporters from the daily press attended and published his eloquent ap-



His triumph was now complete. FATHER MATHEW became the apostle of invincible temperance. Other clergymen there were who did much in their own districts; but the Rev. THEOBALD MATHEW was the national apostle. His holiness, Pope Gregory the Sixteenth, recognized this good man's virtues, and privileged him above all the clergy of Ireland, by making him his commissary apostolic, by virtue of which authority he can preach in any diocese of Ireland without requiring liberty from the suffragan.

His deeds and fame, within the last five years, have been the theme of civilized man; they are known to the whole world, written in every language, and appreciated by every nation. His enrolled converts number five and a half millions; very few of them have relapsed. The reverend gentleman, knowing the peculiar organization of his countrymen, their love of excitement, has promoted the practice of music to fill up with a rational recreation their idle moments, and to aid in charming them away from the tavern. Almost every chief temperance society has a good band, the members of which cultivate the old Irish music — a practice calculated at once to improve their taste, refine their nature, and awaken a sympathy with the heroic of other ages, and the patriotic of the present.

It is impossible for philosophy to estimate the powers of that intellect which has been awakened into life, and rescued from torpor and destruction, by the temperance reform in Ireland. It is truly the phenomenon of the age. Looking at it morally, we find it filling the churches, and surrounding the altars of religion with millions of penitents. Viewing its literary phases, we are gladdened by the development of the people's knowledge, by the vast numbers of the youth (600,000) who regularly attend school; by the innumerable reading-rooms that have latterly been established; by the vast increase in the national press; by the learned, the superior, matter in prose and verse which fills it, astonishing us by its depth, and freshness, and power; by the increase of books, of reading and of thinking; for men now can think, and remember what they learn; the delicate cellular system of their brains is not melted away by alcohol. The images stamped there are not effaced by the action of its effluvia. Viewing the action of temperance upon the political destinies of Ireland, it rises upward still more strikingly. Formerly, the whisky bottle was the recruiting officer of the British government. Hundreds of thousands of Irishmen were entrapped into the serjeant's squad while stupefied with whisky. From the moment when they first accepted the

fatal piece of silver\* from the wily red-coat till that moment when they found themselves, perhaps, out at sea, making for some distant battlefield, they were never for an instant permitted to be sober.

This never can take place to any serious extent again. The aristocracy of Britain can never speculate upon the aid of the whisky-bottle in filling their butchering ranks. Irishmen, on the other hand, have become more conscious of their own slavery, of the necessity for discipline and persevering agitation. They are become more devoted to their leaders; more desirous to be united; less, far less disposed to quarrel. The senseless quarrels between counties, and parishes, and even families, are altogether abolished by the pacific wisdom of temperance. The people are raised, enlightened, and enlightening daily by it; and all history tells us that a sober, watchful, united people were never long kept in slavery.

While all this is said, and said truly, it must at the same time be remarked, that the Irish were not generally a drunken nation. In the seaport towns drunkenness prevailed, but the rural districts were pure. Parliamentary returns have shown that there was more whisky drunk by two and a half millions of Scotchmen than by the eight millions of Irishmen; and their drinking of alcohol is not of more ancient date than the middle of the last century. In the ancient time they used a beverage made from honey, called *mead*. The Danes introduced the manufacture of a sort of *root beer*, which, with mead and wine, continued for several centuries to be the common drink. During the operation of the embargo laws, about the year 1755, the British government was so kind as to admit, for the benefit of the colonies and the ruin of the Irish, Jamaica rum and molasses, free of duty, into Ireland. Distillation was then commenced, which extended, towards the close of the century, to the articles of malt, raw oats, and barley. But so little was known of the principles, in 1800, that the distillers used to give away their barm for a trifle to the bakers, though every gallon of barm contained nearly a gallon of spirits. Whisky and rum were masters of the towns' people of Ireland for seventy or eighty years; but their reign is past—let us hope, for ever.

Never lived there a man more personally disinterested in the propa-

\* The ceremony of enlisting was performed by the raw recruit's receiving from the king or queen's officer a piece of silver, generally half a crown, as earnest, or part of the bounty, which, in times of war, generally amounted to eighteen or twenty pounds—all of which used to be spent in the most degrading intoxication and excess by the unfortunate recipient; after which he was put on board a tender, and transported to the distant scene of slaughter.



'Tis not thine to round the shield,  
Or point the sabre black or gory ;  
'Tis not thine to spread the field  
Where crime is crowned, where guilt is glory.

2.

Child of art, to thee be given  
To paint, in colors all unclouded,  
Breakings of a radiant heaven  
O'er an isle in darkness shrouded ;  
But to paint them true and well,  
Every ray we see them shedding,  
In its very light must tell  
What a gloom *before* was spreading.

3.

Canst thou picture dried-up tears ?  
Eyes that wept no longer weeping ?  
Faithful woman's wrongs and fears.  
Lonely, nightly vigils keeping,  
Listening every footfall nigh,  
Hoping him she loves returning ?  
Canst thou, then, depict her joy,  
That we may know *the change* from mourning ?

4.

Paint, in colors strong, but mild,  
Our isle's redeemer and director :  
Canst thou paint *the man a child*,  
Yet shadow forth the mighty victor ?  
Let his path a rainbow span,  
Every *hue* and *color* blending,  
Beaming "peace and love" to man,  
And alike g'er ALL extending.

5.

Canst thou paint a land made free  
From its sleep of bondage woken ?  
Yet, withal, that we may see  
What 'twas *before* the chain was broken ?  
Seize the pencil, child of art ;  
Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee ;  
Great thy hand, and great thy heart,  
If well thou dost the work before thee !

## THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM

The prelate of whom I am about to publish a few particulars is the most distinguished director of the Catholic mind of Ireland, and one of the most able and sleepless defenders of her political rights. I have

not room in this sketch to do his character justice, even had I the ability. There is little use in wishing, for impossibilities never vanish at our bidding. The reader will therefore be pleased to accept the few following observations:—

The Most Rev. John M'Hale was born in the year 1788, in the parish of Adragool, at a place called Tubbernafion, at the foot of Mount Nephin, in the most romantic district of the county of Mayo. He received the first rudiments of education at the parish school, and afterwards completed his classical studies in the town of Castlebar. In the year 1812, he was sent by the bishop of his native diocese (Killala) to the royal ecclesiastical college of Maynooth, where he completed the course of ecclesiastical studies prescribed in that institution. The illustrious Delahogue, for twenty years professor of theology in the house, resigned his chair in favor of Mr. M'Hale, of whose talents he formed the highest opinion: the nomination was ratified by the board. Mr. M'Hale continued as professor of dogmatic theology at Maynooth till his elevation to the episcopacy, as coadjutor to the venerable Dr. Waldron, bishop of Killala. He was consecrated by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray in the college chapel, in June, 1826, and was appointed to succeed the lamented Oliver O'Kelly, in the archiepiscopal see of Tuam, in 1836.

These few sentences comprehend an outline of the *ecclesiastical history* of the great man before us. But how shall we describe the mighty emanations of his mind, which, in the course of a long life,—from the day he became a professor in Maynooth College until the day we write,—influenced the deep ocean of the Irish mind? A child of the mountains; born in the cottage; drinking, from his childhood upwards, at the pure fountains of his native earth; imbibing her language, her literature, her piety, her music, and her passion; learning, from history, tradition, and observation, his country's sufferings; his fresh and vigorous intellect expanding with his healthy frame, and ready, even in youth, to grasp the patriot's sword, and to lead on in the onslaught upon his country's invaders; yet changed, by the hand of Providence, from a soldier into a reasoner, to cut away tyranny with the pen instead of the sword.

Some have likened Dr. M'Hale to certain great men who have passed before him. But we will attempt no such thing. The archbishop of Tuam can be likened to no one but to himself:

Born at the foot of a wild mountain, where a great man should be born, he learned, as he grew, the wickedness of the invaders of his native land. He witnessed, when a boy, during the struggle of 1798,







THE REV. JAMES DOYLE, D.D.



JOHN ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.



WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.



JOHN O'CONNELL.



THOMAS STEELE.



RICHARD SHEIL, ESQ.





the atrocities committed by the troops of England upon his countrymen. As he grew in years, he read most of what had been written of his country's former independence and her present degradation ; of the millions who died upon the field and scaffold rather than change their faith ; of the seductive efforts (unavailing) that had been tried to convert the Irish people from the Catholic to the Protestant religion. He had read of the charter schools, which were established for the reception of illegitimate children, abandoned by their guilty parents, for the purpose of raising, by this means, a Protestant population. The American reader will be surprised to learn, that a considerable annual grant was appropriated by the British government for the purpose of catching these fugitive infants. These charter schools were indeed miserable displays of bigotry and tyranny. The most immoral practices were found to prevail within them, and they were broken up, in obedience to an indignant public opinion. These were succeeded by the schools of the Kildare Place Society, which, in the years from 1816 to 1831, were spread over the kingdom, and which received an annual grant from parliament. It was soon found, by the books they published, and by the system of instruction adopted, that they aimed at undermining the Catholic religion. The Catholic gentlemen, who had at first joined them, withdrew in 1818, and they then proceeded on their great object, but without much success. He had seen the suppression, by the British authorities, of facts highly creditable to Irish intellect ; for instance, certain school-books were sent from England, from the society for promoting education in that country, to the Kildare Place Society ; the books were prepared for the English children of eleven or twelve years of age, but it was found that the children in Ireland of eight years of age were able to master these books. The fact was stated in the report of the society to the English secretary of state ; but it was struck out of the report ere it was presented to parliament. That society was succeeded by the present board of education, established by the government in 1831.

Dr. M'Hale had watched, from his school-days, the tortuous policy of the British government in Ireland ; and particularly their special efforts, concealed in a variety of educational plans, to subvert the Catholic religion ; and, while yet an inmate of Maynooth College, he sent forth a constant volley of letters, full of learning and sarcasm, which exposed the various government plans to the scorn of the people. These letters appeared in the Dublin Freeman's Journal, under the signature of "Heliopolis." They were not confined to education, but ranged over

the entire catalogue  
an exalted opinion

But it was  
that the great  
the government  
patriot prelate  
every grief w  
government,

out the world  
authority m  
the Irish na  
come one

Russell, and  
lectual monar  
illustrious of  
to the field,

JUDAH.  
see or the  
authority

of remonstra  
He is in de  
undermine  
will per-ine  
laged coun  
upon the  
every coun

try men  
The nerve  
world,  
this ex  
England  
let him  
witness  
are never  
to fatten  
away, in  
passed in  
prolific  
and eggs

transported,  
may be cold  
ordinary man.  
But let one  
of the coldest  
divines in  
New

be placed in  
the midst of  
the oppressed  
people of  
Ireland;

let him  
be put in  
friendly and  
intimate  
communion  
with them;

let him  
suffered to  
eat a morsel  
of, which  
are carried  
over to  
England

authority of  
laws  
shipped  
out of their  
poultry  
and even  
thousands

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

logue of Irish grievances, and impressed the world with  
Since his elevation to the archiepiscopal chair of Tuam  
nan — the man whom, next to O'Connell, in all Ireland,  
Knowing every pulsation of the Irish heart, knowing  
it endures, knowing every perfidious act of the British  
wielding a bright and dreaded pen, and exercising  
than magisterial over two millions of the most Irish of  
the great province of Connaught, — he has be-  
which confound Sir Robert Peel. There he sits, an intel-  
the ancient Milesians, every soul of whom would follow him  
the great "difficulties" which confounded Lord John  
arch over two millions of the pure descendants of the most  
he but beckon with his finger. There he sits, an intel-  
the liberties of Ireland — THE LION OF THE FOLD OF  
THE BRITISH parliament, and ready, when either  
to criticise the rescripts of the holy  
and of his country, to draw the pen  
denunciation against the other.  
He knows his duty to the chair of Peter, and  
by the perfidious government of England, to his qu-  
as a Christian before his eyes, brought  
to mitigate and limit that power, and restore his  
may be cold philosophers, in this philosophic region of the  
the Christian and the political authors of  
the oppressed people of Ireland;

Let him  
be put in  
friendly and  
intimate  
communion  
with them;

Let him  
suffered to  
eat a morsel  
of, which  
are carried  
over to  
England

authority of  
laws  
shipped  
out of their  
poultry  
and even  
thousands

of this life in Ireland, and we undertake to say that, instead of writing scathing letters through the press, trying to shame those monsters into humanity, he would uncase his sword, and call his followers to the combat of death or freedom — at least if he were a descendant of the Americans of other days.

The aristocracy of England, both whig and tory, hate the archbishop, and abuse him through their press; and they have good reason; for he never put confidence in either the one party or the other, nor ever allowed their incipient manacles for his country to be completed. When the present board of education was established by the whigs, it was less pure, less national, than it is at present. Archbishop M'Hale opposed, and, to some extent, purified it. When repeal was revived, in 1839 — 1840, the archbishop's encouraging support nationalized the demand; when it was persecuted, his untiring exertions sustained its leaders; when the proposition for appropriating six hundred thousand pounds per annum from the public funds to the payment (*bribing*) of the Catholic clergy was seriously put forward, in 1844, by the Times and other tory papers, and by some members of the tory party in parliament, he was foremost among the Irish clergy to renounce any such pension. At a meeting of the Catholic bishops of Ireland, called for the purpose of rejecting this proposal, the archbishop of Tuam was moved

of the transcend  
land. Had the  
provision for th  
fall an annual s  
year would ha  
twenty-six th  
bishops and c  
the state. T  
of their flock  
their limited  
this, but of a

Such is a  
his private  
He is, as a  
and literature  
Notwithstan  
and five or  
unfrequented  
Irish language  
man struggle  
schools of  
a selection of  
of these  
of this work  
not, in a  
has completed  
and is n  
language  
mind, whose

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN, M. P.  
William Smith O'Brien, the second repealer of Ireland, is the second  
son of Sir Edward O'Brien of Dromoland, in the county of Clare. He  
was born on the 17th of October, 1803, is forty-two years of age, and  
in the very prime of his manhood. Mr. O'Brien became a member of  
the British house of commons in 1830, has served about twelve or four-  
teen years in the foreign legislature, and is, consequently, a practised  
parliamentarian. He was first returned for the borough of Ennis, and  
has represented the county of Limerick since 1838.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

gent virtue that abides with the Catholic clergy of Ire-  
se three eminent prelates consented to accept a state  
power of gold upon their brethren, England was ready to bet  
e been as readily voted for this purpose as the sum of  
and for the College of Maynooth. The Catholic  
y, to a man, were against this golden connection with  
y rely for their support alone upon the votive generosity  
and are content with the simple necessities of life which  
comes provide; for they know their kingdom is not of  
ter world.

character at the public aspect of the archbishop of Tuam; but  
is as admirable as his public one is transcendent.  
all mildness, and kindness, and charity. The language,  
he has under his pastoral charge two millions of people,  
and almost all his clergymen do the same. There is no  
ardently to reëstablish the Irish language. Many  
fields of Gaelic literature. He preaches frequently in the  
hundred officiating priests, will be found in the musical pages  
of Moore's National Melodies into the Irish dress, but there is  
With this view he has translated and published  
the translation of Homer's Iliad into the same  
the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the same  
Such labors as these mark the operations of this great man's  
bent and aim is the exaltation of his beloved country.

In the various struggles of the native chiefs with the English invaders, the O'Briens were found to be an unconquerable clan. Which-  
ever side they espoused was generally successful in the end. It was,  
unfortunately for Ireland, too much the practice of the native Irish  
princes to battle with each other, instead of with the common enemy.  
But, more disastrous still, they sometimes sought the aid of the Anglo-  
Norman invaders, to bear down upon their border rivals. This aid was  
freely given, with a view, of course, to establish more firmly the English  
power in the country, and, by weakening and dividing the native princes,  
prepare the way for more extended conquests, at each change in the  
chess-board of chieftain ambition.

The O'Briens were one of the five families, of royal blood, to whom  
Henry the Second accorded special privileges; and, during the first four  
hundred years of English connection, their extensive possessions in Limerick  
and Clare were not much diminished; for they generally managed  
to keep up a good understanding with the English, and had subsequently  
taken the English titles of earls of Thomond, and lords of Inchiquin;  
by which they forfeited much of their popularity with their clansmen.  
At the reformation, and particularly during the dreadful reign of Elizabeth,  
the various chief members of this ancient family suffered the loss  
of much of their possessions, and would, it is likely, have been stripped

Adair, in the county of Limerick. He was married to the daughter of Alderman Gabbett of Limerick, and enjoys, in his elegant home, all the happiness which it is possible for a human-being to enjoy.

A peculiar independence of spirit seems ever to have distinguished Mr. Smith O'Brien. Upon one occasion, he refused to stand for the county of Limerick, if his constituents persevered in their intention to seek the influence of O'Connell in his behalf, against the opposing candidate. In parliament, he ever stood aloof from parties; as a Protestant, he was ever liberal, and voted for the emancipation of the Catholics and dissenters. At one time (1835) he was very anxious to have a state provision extended to the Catholic clergy, and actually put a notice on the books of parliament to that effect. But it was from an admiration of that exalted body of men, and thorough knowledge of their wants and privations, and not with the deep Machiavelian object of connecting them to the state, and silencing their advocacy of the people's liberties by a bribe. Mr. O'Brien is averse to such a measure now.

In parliament he is a good debater, a talker of matter, not of words merely. He is universally respected by both sides of the house, and has proved, in the Roebuck battle, how coolly and calmly he can smile, in bitter contempt, upon the assembled insolence of England. Mr. O'Brien bears about his person an indescribable dignity — a perfect gentleman in manners and in air, the Bayard of the house of commons. Every step of his, as he walks up the floor of the British parliament-house, proclaims him a hero, and the descendant of heroes. When he speaks, the minister listens; and when he suggests, the minister defers. His motion, in 1843, for a committee of inquiry into the state of Ireland, split up the house of commons into twenty parties. A leader of the aristocracy — *one of themselves* — he brought forward charges against English legislation which, coming from O'Connell or any other man, would lack the force of partisanship; but coming from one of those great pillars upon which sovereignty reposes, it shook the entire structure of that thing called British government. O'Connell gave himself a holiday upon the results of that motion, and absolutely did nothing for Ireland during one entire day.

Having detailed the circumstances of that motion, and the substance of Mr. O'Brien's speech, in my regular narrative, I shall not further dwell upon the matter. He was refused a committee of inquiry. The house adjourned, without doing any thing for Ireland. Mr. O'Brien travelled through Europe, during the recess, to look into the state of society abroad, and to revive his exhausted frame. On his return, he found Ire-

designated an "EVENT," joined the Loyal National Repeal Association of Ireland. The following extract from this able letter will disclose to the reader a glimpse of his mind : —

"Ireland, instead of taking her place as an integral of the great empire which the *valor* of her sons has contributed to constitute, has been treated as a dependent tributary province; and at this moment, after forty-three years of nominal union, the attachments of the two nations are so entirely alienated from each other, that England trusts, for the maintenance of the connection, not to the affection of the Irish people, but to bayonets which menace our bosoms, and to the cannon which she has placed in all our strongholds." And then he goes on to show that, as a member of parliament, he attended in his place, session after session, night after night, trying to extort from the minister of England some attention to the affairs of his country. And then he describes his recent visit to the continent: he says, "After visiting Belgium, and all the principal capitals of Germany, I returned home, impressed with the sad conviction, that there is more human misery in *one county in Ireland*, THAN *throughout ALL the populous cities and districts which I had visited*. On landing in England, I learned that the ministry, instead of applying themselves to remove the causes of discontent, have resolved to deprive us even of the liberty of complaint. I should be unworthy to belong to a nation which...



his aristocratic relatives, and flings himself into the arms of the common people, to live among them or die at their head! The people were electrified with joy, and not without cause. A grand banquet was given to him at Limerick, at which O'Connell presided; and on that memorable occasion, a new alliance was formed in favor of Ireland, which, let us hope, will last forever. Mr. O'Brien seems determined to be true to that alliance. He has been ever since in every post of difficulty or danger. When the Clontarf meeting was dispersed, he offered to hold a monster meeting of his constituents in Limerick, and take the chair upon the occasion, in defiance of the government. When O'Connell was put upon trial, he was at his back every day, in the courts; and, during O'Connell's celebrated speech in defence, he stood up behind him the entire day. When O'Connell was sent to prison, O'Brien issued an address to the people, signed with his own name, in which he declared "war to the knife" against the oppressors of Ireland, and, in the Repeal Association, next day, made use of these remarkable words: "They have sent a man to prison who has submitted quietly to their decree, but who, if he chose to raise his finger, could call around him two millions of men that would die rather than see him go to prison."

When Sheriff Porter proposed a national militia of one hundred thousand men, to give the Irish members "pluck," Smith O'Brien, in the association, echoed the call, and said he wished he might not die till he saw an Irish army in Ireland, ready to protect Ireland from *all* invasion. When, in February, O'Connell resolved not to go to the English parliament, but to hold a little parliament at home, O'Brien said, in Conciliation Hall, "Although no monarch, with sound of trumpet, opens our parliament, the uncrowned monarch of Ireland is amongst us, guiding our councils and animating our hearts. We adopt the sentiment of the men of 1782, and we declare that no power on earth, morally speaking, has the power to make laws for this country, save the king, lords, and commons of Ireland." When Mr. Macaulay, on the Maynooth debate, went out of his way to denounce the repeal and repealers,—when he said that, though Ireland were in open rebellion, though the fleet of France were confronting the British fleet in the Channel, though the repealers of America were in the Shannon, yet the union should not be repealed until England was shaken from her place among the nations,—Smith O'Brien replied, in Conciliation Hall, "If Ireland were once in the field, if the fleet of France confronted England in the Channel, if the American repealers were coming into the Shannon, then the future history of Ireland would be written as that of an independent nation."

These three or four traits in Mr. O'Brien's character will be sufficient

freedom must be matured. Mr. O'Brien is constantly there. He is, it is said, the author, and certainly one of the most laborious members, of "the parliamentary committee" which, for the last twelve months, has criticised every action of the British government and parliament, in a series of compact statistical reports—a system of agitation that galls the ministry more than could a legion of armed men if called to the field.

Such is an outline sketch of one of the great men upon whom Ireland relies for her freedom. He has pledged himself to his countrymen, and to the friends of freedom in France and America, to cease not in the most vigorous agitation, in peril or peace, until his country takes her place among the nations of the earth. America and France accept that pledge, and will yield the treasures of their devoted hearts in supporting him and his countrymen, through every peril, in the holy endeavor.

The reader will find an engraved portrait of Mr. O'Brien at page 1573. It is not an exact one, but it is the best that is known to be extant.

BISHOP HIGGINS.

Digitized by Google

The Right Reverend Dr. Higgins was born in the parish of Kiloee,

Not that the bishop does not spring from a family illustrious in Milesian lore. No; for the name of Higgins has an account open for itself in Irish history :\* but the right reverend prelate sets, in his own person, an example which exemplifies how thoroughly he despises all claims to distinction or honor arising from blood.

Bishop Higgins possesses astonishing powers of acquiring knowledge. This will be felt on hearing a few particulars of his ecclesiastical career. Having received his education in the local academies, we find him a *professor* in the Irish college of Paris at *twenty-one* years of age ; and, owing to his youth, he was obliged to procure a dispensation from the pope to obtain ordination. He remained here three years, and then proceeded to Rome, where he obtained the title of doctor of the sacred propaganda. This was about 1818 ; and soon after he was appointed by the pope a commissioner to examine into the condition of the colleges of the continent, which had been materially deranged and disjointed by the dreadful wars which previously prevailed. This, it will be admitted, was no small distinction, won from the talented competitors for every distinction, that usually surround the holy see. The circumstance brings back our mind to the days of the Irish monk *Dungal*, who was placed by the emperor Lothaire over the schools of Italy, in the eighth century — it adds one more gem to the towering diadem of Irish genius.

Having performed his task of inspecting the continental colleges to the full satisfaction of his holiness and the sacred conclave, Dr. Higgins returned to Ireland in 1826, and was appointed soon after to the chair of dogmatic theology in Maynooth College ; and, in three years after, was consecrated bishop of Ardagh. But here again, not being of age for the crozier, a dispensation was applied for, and readily obtained, from his holiness the pope, who was well satisfied to entrust the care of two hundred and fifty thousand souls, and the government of upwards of a hundred priests, to one who was yet in an ecclesiastical minority.

As a patriot of his country, Bishop Higgins is endeared to Ireland and feared by England. I have recorded his memorable speech, in reply to Sir Robert Peel, in its proper place. The bishop fully appreciates the Maynooth liberality of the worthy baronet at three farthings a piece to the Catholics of Ireland. It is hardly necessary to add, that he is a staunch and active coöperator with O'Connell. The cathedral which he commenced about six years ago is nearly completed. It is denominated *St. Meol*, after a church built by the saint of that name — a nephew of

\* See page 767 :





## CORNELIUS M'LOUGHLIN,

the patriot of three generations, is a remarkable instance of the combination, in one person, of stern honesty and ardent patriotism with the possession of great wealth. Cornelius M'Loughlin is now approaching eighty years of age. As a mercantile man he has passed a long life with the highest credit and the most distinguished success. He is worth, it is said, over £200,000, (near a million of dollars,) and he has had, all through, the nobility of mind to think far less about all this wealth than about the character of Christian and patriot, which he has ever sustained. He was a volunteer in the days of Grattan, a United Irishman in the days of Tone, an agitating Catholic with Keogh and O'Connell, and is a stern repealer, and vice-president of the Eighty-two Club, in his old age. One circumstance in his life will be sufficient to exhibit the fearless valor of his nature. When, in 1798, the chief patriots of that day were closely confined in Newgate, and no one was permitted to see them, — when the scaffold was reeking with the blood of their companions, and Lord Castlereagh busy impugning their characters, Arthur O'Connor wrote his celebrated letter in defence, but could get no one to publish it. Observing Mr. M'Loughlin pass his grated window, he called him over, and asked him if he would get the letter printed; M'Loughlin instantly replied, "Yes, if I like its contents." The letter was dropped down, and M'Loughlin had it published. For this he was arrested, brought before the privy council, and, though threatened with a dungeon, replied, "I did get it published, and would do so again, for I agree in every word of it!"

## CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

Charles G. Duffy is the sole proprietor and joint editor of "one of the ablest journals in Europe,\* the NATION." As this paper stands at the head of the Irish press in talent, influence, and circulation, I shall, before giving a history of its rise and progress, open to the reader a hasty glimpse of the metropolitan press of Ireland.

The first newspaper published in Ireland was the *Dublin Gazette*, a government journal, published twice a week, in 1700, after the plan of the *London Gazette*, established in 1645. There were very few newspapers in England or any other part of Europe at that time. The

\* See Boston Resolutions, in the Nation, June 21, 1845.

next Dublin newspaper — or rather the first — was *Pie's Occurrences*, published daily, which gave place to Faulkner's *Dublin Journal*, which was commenced in 1728 by George Faulkner, an alderman of Dublin, by whom it was very ably conducted for fifty years. It subsequently fell into the hands of Thwaites, a brewer, and Giffard, a low ruffian, who began life as a flaming patriot, and turned upon his companions through the columns of this paper, over the management of which he was placed by accident. This person, who was brought up to the business of an apothecary, was remarkably unprincipled, and received the *sobriquet* of the "dog in office," a title which stuck to his son, the present editor of the *London Standard*. Grattan has rendered the worthless Giffard immortal by his eloquent denunciation. Before the trial of Hamilton Rowan came on, Giffard was made high sheriff of Dublin, by the government, in order to secure a jury of "the right sort." From this time he became important. In 1803, when Grattan stood as candidate for the representation of Dublin, Giffard objected to him in a virulent speech, calling him an unprosecuted rebel, to which Grattan replied in one of the most scathing philippics ever uttered, which may be judged of from the following sample: "Mr. Sheriff, when I observe the quarter from whence the objection comes, I am not surprised. It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country, the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens, the regal rebel, the unpunished ruffian, the bigoted agitator — in the city a firebrand, in the court a liar, in the streets a bully, in the field a coward: and so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute." The *Dublin Journal* died about 1805. An effort was subsequently made to revive it, but without success. The son of Giffard continues, by the law of primogeniture, to traduce his country in the *London Standard*.

The *Freeman's Journal* was established, as I have already shown, in 1763, by Dr. Lucas, and a few other congenial spirits. Its motto was "The wreath or the rod," and it was conducted with singular ability. In the stirring days of the volunteers, Grattan, Flood, and Langrishe, were contributors to its brilliant pages. In 1798, it had fallen into the hands of the government, and was the bitterest libeller of the United Irishmen. It passed through various vicissitudes since that period, as I have detailed in my notice of its present proprietor, Dr. Gray, and is now again what it was at starting — an organ of the liberty of Ireland.

*Saunders's News-Letter* was started about the same time as the *Freeman*. It was ever a mercantile sheet. A little before the union, it came into the hands of a Mr. Potts, a lottery-office keeper, who con-





to mislead the patriots. Its proprietors were sent from England, with plenty of money. They affected great horror of England; gave premiums for the best odes, and compositions in prose, against the government; and, to increase the deception, the portrait of a volunteer, in full uniform, was exhibited every night over the office, in an illuminated transparency. At length, the secret transpired, and the mob took summary vengeance. The editor escaped, but the printer was tarred and feathered. The paper fell. No one would read it except the government people; and the editors returned to England, after a fruitless attempt, of three years' duration, to deceive the patriots.

The *Press*, and *Northern Star*, the talented organs of the United Irishmen, I have noticed under the year 1798. They were suppressed by the military. A volume was subsequently published from one of them, entitled the *Beauties of the Press*, which has gone through several editions. During the national struggles against the union in the years 1799 and 1800, a new evening paper was brought into existence by a section of the anti-union leaders. This was called the *Anti-Union Evening Post*, and was conducted, during its brief existence, with great ability and fervent patriotism. It contains the very best history of the atrocious means by which the union was carried, the universal opposition of the people to that measure, and the eloquent harangues of the distinguished men who led that opposition to the last. A complete file of this paper is in the library of the Repeal Association, Dublin, and from its pages many of the able reports of that body have been compiled.

The publications of Cox — the *Union Star*, and the *Magazine*, the latter of which exercised, for many years, an astonishing influence on Irish Society — I have noticed under Walter Cox, page 1112. They were publications full of talent, high and low, and were read by the peer and the peasant.

*Carrick's Morning Post* (daily) was a half-liberal, half-commercial daily paper, which was started about the year 1812. It grew up from a club of social spirits, who, some years ago, used to assemble periodically on the Island of Dalky, a beautiful rock in the Bay of Dublin. The paper, in its latter years, was edited by Richard Lonergan, a Catholic, who, while he advocated Catholic emancipation, opposed or abused O'Connell — a fair specimen of that numerous class of half-taught, half-earnest Catholics, who turned up their noses at the common people, and obtained notoriety by some eccentric attack upon those who strove sincerely for their freedom. It expired about twenty years ago.

The *Correspondent* (thrice a week) was started also about the year 1812, on High Church Protestant principles, and was an organ for the

edition, and enjoys a good advertising patronage. It affects to be the government organ.

The *Patriot*, a government paper started by Mr. Corbet, had a short life; and I have passed over a score of other abortions without even naming them. The *Antidote* was a very violent anti-Catholic paper, published weekly, in which the maniac lucubrations of Sir Harcourt Lees formed the most prominent articles. This paper was overshadowed by the *Warder*, a weekly paper started by Alcock, advocating Protestantism and the domination of Britain in Ireland. For some ten or twelve years, it was not distinguished for any talent, and lived by exciting its readers to a thorough hatred of Catholics and nationality. In the year 1840 it came into the hands of its present enlightened proprietor, Isaac Butt, Esq., who, though a Protestant, and the leader of the ultra politicians who range under a religious flag, yet is sufficiently exalted to refrain from any low abuse of his countrymen for their creed, and sufficiently national to stand up for the integrity of his country. (See *Isaac Butt*.) The *Warder* has a weekly circulation of about two thousand six hundred, among the middle class of Irish Protestants; and the *Nation* has frequently found some of its editorials sufficiently national to copy and applaud — a significant index of that growing unity between all classes in Ireland, which, when at maturity, will work out miraculously the independence of Ireland.

tocracy. But Baker, through some English friends, received an appointment from government, which took him to South America, and, soon after, the financial affairs of the paper became embarrassed. Hayden applied for a loan, on a mortgage of the paper, to its present proprietors, the Messrs. Sheehan, attorneys, of Cork, which they advanced, and which not being duly paid, they possessed themselves of the paper "according to contract." In their hands it has become the leading organ of the Irish aristocracy. It is very ably conducted. One of the brothers resides in London during the sitting of parliament; has access to the highest class of official men; obtains and transmits, at any cost, the earliest information of all changes in the grand political game. This gives the paper a considerable circulation, — three thousand each impression, — and, of course, a profitable advertising patronage. The brothers Sheehan realize between them some ten or twelve thousand a year by advocating in their journal the "Protestant interest;" and it so happens that both gentlemen, and all belonging to them, were Roman Catholics before their connection with this paper — which, however, is fast veering towards nationality.\*

The *Weekly Register* was established, in 1822, by Mr. Staunton, a Catholic, upon Catholic and national principles. (For a further account of this and the *Morning Register*, see the narrative of the Catholic Association, 1823, 1824; also see *Michael Staunton*.)

The *Pilot* was established, in 1827, by Richard Barrett, a Protestant, as the organ of "civil and religious liberty." (See *Richard Barrett*.)

The *Comet* was established, in 1832, by a club of talented enthusiasts. Messrs. Brown and Sheehan (not any of the Mail Sheehans) were the registered proprietors and principal writers; but it called up a phalanx of talent, and soared to a weekly circulation of five thousand. It

\* The *Mail*, in reply to an article that appeared in the *Times*, lately, said, "The archbishop of Dublin is an Englishman; the chief administrator of the Irish poor law is an Englishman; the paymaster of Irish civil service is a Scotchman; the chief commissioner of Irish public works is an Englishman; the teller of the exchequer is an Englishman; the chief officer of the Irish constabulary is a Scotchman; the chief officer of the Irish post-office is an Englishman; the collector of excise is a Scotchman; the head of the revenue police is an Englishman; the second in command is a Scotchman; the persons employed in the collection of the customs, &c., are English and Scotch, in the proportion of thirty-five to one. But the *Times* may, perhaps, observe, 'True; but all this is in elucidation of our plan for unbarring the gates of preferment, unsparingly, impartially, and honestly. Scotchmen and Englishmen are placed in office in Ireland, and Irishmen, in return, in Scotland and England, in order to draw closer the bonds of union between the three united nations.' Again, let us see how facts actually stand. There are cabinet ministers, Englishmen, ten; Scotchmen, three; Irishmen, none; — lords of the treasury, Englishmen, four; Scotchman, one; Irishman, one; — clerks of the treasury, English or Scotchmen, one hundred and

During the reign of Lord Anglesey, he superintended the establishment of the *Dub'in Times*, a daily sheet, which was distinguished only for its abuse of O'Connell. It soon expired.

A weekly sheet, called the *Satirist*, was started by the scattered contributors to the *Nation*. It retained only the worst features of the *Comet*, — its scandal and sarcasm, — without any of its power or patriotism. It fell in 1836.

The *Dublin Monitor*, a three-days-a-week paper, was started, in 1837, by Mr. James Birch, in conjunction with Mr. James Dwyer, the barrister. This paper was well got up, and affected to be an independent review of all men and measures; but it did not succeed very well, and passed to the hands of Mr. Coffey, its present proprietor, who was assisted in purchasing it by an advance from Mr. Peter Purcell, which led to the supposition that Mr. P. was the proprietor; but he has formally disavowed it. The paper is now a sort of whig organ, and an opponent of the repeal cause. It has but a poor circulation.\*

twelve; Mr. Fitzgerald, (query, an Irishman,) one; — members of the lord steward's and lord chamberlain's departments of the royal household, Englishmen and Scotchmen, two hundred and twenty-five; Irishmen, four; — British ministers to foreign courts, Englishmen and Scotchmen, one hundred and thirty-one; Irishmen, four; — poor-law commissioners, Englishmen, three; Irishmen, none. We presume that these facts show that the natives of the three kingdoms are all placed upon an equal footing!

The *World*, a weekly sheet, was established by Mr. Birch, in 1840. It advocated repeal, from the beginning, but spares, in its criticism, neither one side nor the other. It deals largely, like the *Age*, in personal attack, and is seldom out of a lawsuit for libel. Nevertheless, it is a paper of considerable talent, and circulates about twelve hundred a week.

There are but two monthly periodicals published in all Ireland, — first, the Dublin *University Magazine*, a publication of admitted talent, but of anti-national politics.

The *Dublin Review* is published monthly, simultaneously in Dublin and Derby. It is the most dignified and able organ of the British and Irish Catholics. Its papers on theology, science, history, and the literature of the day, are furnished by the first pens in the British empire, among which are those of some eminent Irish ecclesiastics. The Review has a good colonial circulation, and is taken by nearly all the Catholic clergymen of the United States.

The *Nation*, a weekly newspaper, was established by Charles Gavan Duffy, in 1842. It created a new era in Irish newspaper writing, and has attained a steady circulation of about eleven thousand copies a week — a station unprecedented in the history of the Irish press. Mr. Duffy, who has worked this stupendous miracle in Irish journalism, is but yet a young man, below thirty years of age. The county of Monaghan is his native place. He received, when a youth, a good education, and was apprenticed to Mr. Staunton, of the Morning Register, in whose office he acquired the mechanical art of a printer, and a familiarity with newspaper life. Possessing genius and ambition, he distinguished himself in the little commonwealth of the compositors' room, and was at length placed in the responsible office of "proof-reader." Those who are not acquainted with the interior machinery of a daily paper, may be told that this is a station next in responsibility to that of editor. There never was a good paper yet brought out where there was not a good proof-reader. The qualifications are not merely good eyes and an accurate cleverness in spelling, but comprehend every thing which go to make a good editor — grammar, style, tact, and knowledge. Where, as in Dublin, the principal part of the matter of a morning paper is set up, read, and worked off during midnight, and where a single untoward sentence may subject the proprietor to a state prosecution, an action for libel, or the sneers of his contemporaries, the proof-reader wears about him a heavy yoke of responsibility. This duty Mr. Duffy well and wisely performed; for, during his readership, the Register passed scatheless. In progress of time, he contributed occasionally to the edi-

heartily seconded by O'Connell, who, I believe, recommended Mr. Duffy to them as the managing editor of the proposed journal. The *Belfast Vindicator* was thus brought into life, having Charles Gavan Duffy its principal editor. The paper soon acquired a circulation and influence equal to the metropolitan liberal journals. It infused a new and healthier sentiment into the national party throughout Ulster, and in the course of three years, under Mr. Duffy's management, won an eminent fame and a profitable patronage. In the close of 1841, it had the honor to be prosecuted by the attorney-general (T. C. D. Smith) for its honest but scathing review of certain government prosecutions in the north. Mr. Duffy made, through his counsel, (Whiteside,) an able and an unflinching defence, sustaining and elaborating his charges against the government. This proved that Duffy had mettle; and it won for him the reputation of genius and patriotism; for he proved he had the talent to wound, and the valor to encounter, the national enemy in single combat. The government, virtually subdued by Duffy, (who was sustained by public opinion,) never called him up for judgment.

Soon after this, Mr. Duffy soared in his literary career to the establishment of a metropolitan organ of high national sentiment. His experience at the press of Dublin and Belfast made him thoroughly acquainted with most of the talent, active and half active, that lived in a sort of

heart, that will never cease till it revives the healthy action of national legislation. Its whole aim is the freedom of Ireland; and to accomplish this, it unites while it instructs her sons. With more genius and ability than were ever before concentrated in an Irish paper, it has not one particle of that scurrility which not unfrequently appears in company with talent. Dignified and deferential to opponents, it can well afford to be mild in reproving, for its words have meaning and are heavy; there is nothing vain or vapid in its voice; its writers are skilful and sure; Mr. Duffy, like Robin Hood, will allow none in his troop that are not abler than himself. He pays his regular writers well, and, for the first time in Irish journalism, has fixed a premium on Irish talent approaching to the London standard. His countrymen appreciate and reward his labors in their extensive patronage of his paper, which yields him a clear profit of some three or four thousand pounds a year.

I feel the presumption of attempting to characterize the general contents of the Nation. Its articles on literature are unsurpassed in the London reviews. Those upon the fallen literature of Ireland are profound, and animating to an Irish heart. Destitute as Ireland had been of periodical publications, this paper supplies the usual material of the monthly magazines. Its literary, scientific, artistical, and statistical articles are in the highest degree instructive; perfectly original; appropriate to the condition of Ireland; equal in power to the highest cultivated mind, level to the comprehension of the lowest — a rare virtue in that section of literature. They all tend to exalt the country, and make Irishmen love it. A selection of its political articles and its political songs, the "Voice" and "Spirit of the Nation," has been published with great effect; and a selection of its literary articles would form also a delightful and instructive book.

Its poetry is the most soul-inspiring that ever roused a fallen people to seek for freedom. It is universally copied abroad, and produces a love of liberty in hearts that never inhaled the air of Ireland.

Its prose articles are full of knowledge, wisdom, power, depth, caution, courage, passion, wit, and logic. They are essays that will always bear translation into other languages, will apply to other nations and to other generations. They have variety, for they are the product of many pens; each writer displays a peculiar style; one writes, like Bacon and Rochefoucault, in maxims; another, like Junius, with a fine but deadly edge; a third, like Paine, in plain, persuasive logic; a fourth, like Cobbett, with crushing vehemence; a fifth, like Addison or Sir Richard Steele, in learned humor. The songs and poems are written with the strength, and sweetness, and learning of Moore, the witchery of





Mr. Davis is a southern man; Mallow, I believe, is the place of his birth. It is of little consequence. He is *an Irishman*, born for all Ireland. He has had the advantage of an elaborate education in Trinity College, and served for some years as a teacher within its walls. But his mind was cast in a patriot's mould, and he came forth to teach millions. The transition was natural. He that could mould rough boys into scholars and gentlemen, was well calculated, with the aid of press and types, to enlighten and exalt a sober, apt, and docile nation.

His first approach to the public was through the *Morning Register*. During his college days, he had contributed some poetic pieces and prose articles, of sterling merit, to the columns of that journal. In the year 1840, feeling the "patriot's call" strong within him, he engaged himself for a year to Mr. Staunton, as the closet editor of the *Register*. His first articles were rather startling for the over-cautious proprietor, and he was restrained. In the organization of Michael Staunton, nature flung in too much caution — Davis was cribbed and cabined, and wrote his year out "according to order." During this period, he occupied his active mind in compiling the speeches and writing the life of Curran.

When Mr. Duffy was about to start the *Nation*, he consulted Davis and his college-mate, Dillon, on the project. The result was, the establishment of that paper, upon a new assemblage of true principles. Mr. Davis has a handsome salary from the establishment, which he well deserves, for he is the hardest-working man at the Dublin press.

In this paper he has a *carte blanche*, and his soul walks abroad upon its pages. His pen is not always dipped in gall. No! but generally in the gushing life-blood of the patriot's heart. He believes in moral force to a certain extent, but thinks liberty is worth blood if it cannot be had cheaper. Yet is he so alarmed by the voice of history, which records the failures of seven hundred years, that he would rather carry a double weight of chains, and live for years on herbs, than go to war unprepared. He believes in the recuperative power of the Irish nation, and strains every faculty of his soul to arouse, instruct, and animate it. If the ballad-maker of a nation have the most power, then is Davis powerful among his countrymen. With the conservative forethought of Hugh O'Neil, and the magnificent daring and enterprise of Wolfe Tone, (the gods of his idolatry,) he bides his time, and teaches his countrymen patience and courage. With the pen and the lyre he instructs them; and we sometimes think he strikes the wires with his sword-hilt, for he does not, like Hannodius, conceal his sword in myrtles. He is the very opposite of the image which Moore imbodied in his heart-melting melody, "O, blame not the bard!" Davis writes not in despairing numbers, but, like the

or exiled like Lucas; living later, he would have been imprisoned with Macneven, O'Connor, and Emmet, or have perished gloriously with Wolfe Tone. Like the latter, Davis is a Protestant, and, like Tone, loves his countrymen of every denomination with a Christian's and a patriot's affection. He has but begun his life; ere it closes, history will have of him something significant — nay, magnificent — to record.

*Alas! poor Davis is no more! After the foregoing was in type, the melancholy intelligence of his death arrived. Let Erin mourn — a great son has fallen!*

#### THOMAS MACNEVIN.

The Shiel of the Repeal Association, the compiler of the State Trials of Ireland, historian of the Volunteers, compiler of Sheil's speeches, and a prominent contributor to the Nation, Thomas Macnevin, is a young man, about five-and-twenty years of age. He has been called as a lawyer to the bar, but feels the call of his country stronger than the chancellor's, and devotes his nights to the search for pearls of knowledge, with which he decks his country in the day.

Mr. Macnevin is related to the distinguished Macneven of 1798, and boasts, like him, the Celtic blood of Connaught. He first "came out" as an orator in 1840, at a charity dinner in Radley's tavern. His

the Belfast Vindicator. From that period to the present, he has stood up prominently upon the national platform, instructing his countrymen by his eloquence, and irradiating them by his genius. Mr. Macnevin is a true orator, and of the Richard Sheil order. He has, indeed, much of the brilliancy of Sheil, with a more agreeable voice, and far more statistical knowledge.—All the qualifications which go to form an orator and his days of glory are before him.

Above all this, he is industrious, indefatigable, and enthusiastic. His pen or his brain is hardly ever idle. Like O'Connell, he rises early and works hard. Such indomitable industry must triumph over every obstacle. Already he has given his country two or three books which may be placed in the popular libraries of Ireland. The last of his productions, the *History of the Volunteers*, will have, I doubt not, a general circulation. There cannot be too many of good and cheap historical books circulated among the people. Formerly, they read the degrading narratives of *Captain Freeny*, *Moll Flagon*, and *Redmond O'Hanlon*, because they could get no better for sixpence or a shilling. Nor were the *Handy Andys*, or the creations of Mrs. Hall, much better. These exhibited Irishmen but to be laughed at; and ridicule and contempt are akin. Laughing-stocks and slaves are transmutable. They are all abominable trash; and one of the gratifying products of that aspiring intellect, which flashes its rays over Erin now from many bright stars like Macnevin, is the multiplication of small histories of epochs and men that, in other ages, influenced the fate of Ireland. They cannot be too plentifully scattered over the country. A genuine sixpenny book upon Ireland will fall, perchance, upon some giant mind, and produce meditation that must end in benefit to the nation. Cobbett was spurred on to study from reading a threepenny copy of Swift's *Tale of a Tub*; Franklin, by perusing an odd volume of the *Spectator*; and Gibbon was tempted to write his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* from surveying the ruins of the Coliseum.

While I am thus enthusiastic in my admiration of Mr. Macnevin, I must respectfully record my dissent from his version of the dissolution of the volunteers, in 1783. He attempts to show that the volunteers *voluntarily* dissolved, when their efforts to obtain parliamentary reform proved of no avail. I have given a pretty full account of this whole matter in my narrative of the transactions of 1782–1783,—which the reader, I presume, has looked over. I have there shown that the volunteers were suddenly dissolved by their president, the late earl of Charlemont. I rely, it is true, upon Sir Jonah Barrington, whose testimony is attempted to be repudiated *without sufficient rebutting evidence*.

...dissolved by the president, just as if O'Connell should walk into the Repeal Association upon any Monday, and dissolve that body before fifty members assembled. As to Hardy's history of the affair, we all know he was the pensioned panegyrist of the late earl of Charlemont. The man who will take his version in preference to Barrington's — which is a comprehensive, eloquent, and independent history of his times — is welcome to it.

I never can bring myself to believe that the men who pasted placards upon their cannon, bearing the inscription, "Free Trade or Revolution," "Independence or Separation," and who were ready with lighted matches, in 1782, to carry their resolves in the field if they failed in the senate, — that men, who thus extorted from England a complete renunciation of the dominion which she had exercised for six centuries, — would, in the ensuing year, quietly quail before the boroughmongers of the Irish parliament, and, full of bodily fear, dissolve without accomplishing their object. No! They were deceived, disheartened, and deserted, and they fell back in disgust and despair.

Macnevin, and all other men, will, I hope, do me the simple justice of believing that nothing but a paramount feeling of duty to the subject I have undertaken to develop would induce me thus to place myself in opposition to many eminent men, whose kind opinion I am most anxious to deserve and enjoy.\*

long connected with the commerce of that city, and a near relative by marriage to the lamented Bishop England. He is undoubtedly a young gentleman of a very high order of intellect. His first poetic effusions in the Nation attracted the notice of the public only some twelve or eighteen months ago. They exhibited so much political precept, meaning, melody, and sweetness, that some imagined they were the lyrics of Moore. His "Bide your Time" struck upon every one's feelings with unusual power. Almost every person said it was better than Byron's stanzas addressed to Greece, beginning, "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not," &c. Its wise precepts, so beautifully couched, have been quoted by the leading repealers at home and abroad. "Bide your Time" will be found in the musical pages of this book.

Mr. Barry is the author of a great number of patriotic songs, among which are "The Arms of Eighty-Two," "Green Flag," "Hymn of Freedom," "Place where Man should die," "Song of Forty-Four," "Step together," "The Sword," "Wexford Massacre," "Wild Geese," &c.; but, beyond this, he has surpassed in prose a host of the best pens in Ireland. About six or eight months ago, the Repeal Association offered three premiums of one hundred, fifty, and twenty pounds, for the best, second best, and third best essays on the repeal question, and the best mode of accomplishing it. This was wisely done to employ the budding intellect of the young blood of Ireland. Upwards of fifty essays were written and delivered in to the judges, Messrs. William Smith O'Brien, John O'Connell, and Thomas Davis. They were all good; but three only must be selected; and chief of these fifty was the production of this young man. It is an admirable little book, of about two hundred pages, published for eighteen pence. It would be a wise application of a thousand, or two thousand, pounds of the repeal rent, to have forty or fifty thousand copies of this book distributed, through the medium of the clergymen, over all Ireland. Twenty copies in each parish would soon produce action as well as opinion. The people of Ireland are suffering the horrors of slavery simply because they are ignorant. Were they aware of what freedom is, and how much their freedom is in their own hands, they would be free in a month. Every such book as Mr. Barry's, which teaches them their own strength, and dispels delusion, should be forced into circulation with all the power at the disposal of the repeal treasury. The duty of that body is to enlighten and organize the people. When that is done to the fullest extent, freedom will come insensibly, like the summer breeze.

It is painful to find, in the present age of light and experience, any pen in Ireland so unwise as to attempt to decry the young men who

have, within the last three years, distinguished themselves in the onward struggle for Ireland's independence. I have already imperfectly portrayed four or five of them, and I am yet to sketch some three or four more; and I may confidently put it to any Irishman, at home or abroad, if he be not thoroughly proud of these young men. The enemies of Ireland have nicknamed them "Young Ireland," and have tried to show there was a line of demarkation between them and "Old Ireland," including O'Connell and the veteran repealers. This is a calumny upon these young men. There are no such parties as "Young Ireland" or "Old Ireland." There is no such line between them and O'Connell. There is not one of them that would not place himself next his person if in danger, and receive, like *Odran*, the spear intended for his heart. Their motives and their patriotism are as pure as ever impelled men to struggle for freedom; and the purity and boiling impetuosity of youth is rather a recommendation in their favor than a disadvantage. They were young men that overturned the dynasty of Charles the Tenth, in France; they were women and boys that broke open the Bastile; and women, that were foremost at the siege of Limerick, and that drove back King William's legion. Boys and women are true worshippers of liberty, and where they engage heartily in her cause, she is generally successful.

## MICHAEL DOHENY

is a young gentleman who can speak well and write well — one who has taken a prominent part in the repeal agitation. He has occasionally contributed to the *Dublin Nation*; and some of its able leaders are from his pen. Mr. Doheny has the honor to be a Tipperary man; was associate editor, with Mr. Hackett, of that able provincial, the *Tipperary Free Press*; has been called to the Irish bar, to which distinction he won his way by the aid of his own bright talents on the London press — for he was engaged some years in London as a parliamentary reporter. Of this I am assured by J. R. FITZGERALD, Esq., the learned editor of the *Boston Tablet*, who was himself a parliamentary reporter for fifteen years, in connection with the London press. He brings to the advocacy of Irish freedom a brilliant pen and a brave heart. The more of such men that Ireland can produce, and retain in her cause, the better.

## WILLIAM JOSEPH O'NEILL DAUNT;

the private secretary of O'Connell for the last seven or eight years; the indefatigable repeal missionary, essayist, and orator; the author of

Saints and Sinners, a Catechism of Irish History, the Repeal Question and the Repeal Leaders, with several lesser pamphlets, reports, &c. Mr. Daunt is a native of the county of Cork, of a Protestant family, but is himself a convert to the Catholic religion. In 1832, he was returned to parliament for the borough of Mallow, but the next year lost his seat for deficiency in property qualification. Our American readers should be informed that the representative of a county in Ireland requires a clear personal income, from *land*, of six hundred pounds a year, (2700 dollars,) and the representative of a city or borough three hundred a year. Mr. Daunt, though possessed of a handsome income from land, did not, it appears, possess that technical qualification required by the laws of parliament, and he was unseated. For a while he retired from public view; but O'Connell, being well aware of his great industry, erudition, and literary fluency, attached him to his own person as private secretary, for which he receives a competent salary. He is in the prime of manhood, probably about six or seven-and-thirty years of age.

As the private and confidential secretary of the Liberator, O'Neill Daunt now fills the highest official post in Ireland, — a post far more honorable and eminent than that of secretary to any of the gingerbread lords lieutenant that have reigned in Ireland since her unfortunate connection with Britain. Nor is his post a sinecure! He must rise with the sun, for there are two hundred letters a day to be opened and examined, and such as deserve a reply answered. Then there are all the newspapers, and pamphlets, and new books, — quite a hamper full, — which must be read; for the Liberator, in his search for knowledge, will allow no stone to remain unturned. He is in communication with all Ireland, and with almost all parts of the world; from Indus to the pole, from Cape Breton to Cape Horn, his letters come — in every language, too; and arduous is the task of him who has, in the first instance, to examine them all. Then there are all his despatches and letters to be written. The Liberator dictates all those, as he walks to and fro in the apartment, to Mr. Daunt, or to Mr. Ray.

The reader may, from this, have some conception of Mr. Daunt's varied and extensive labors, and may estimate the excellent qualities of his head and heart, when he learns that he has filled this confidential post with great integrity, industry, and talent.

In the Repeal Association, O'Neill Daunt is a ready man of business. There is not a more perfect gentleman in the confederacy — patient and deferential in committee, quick and fluent in the rostrum, with an extensive vocabulary of the best language at his command. There is not

...g... a faithful representative, a stern and perse-  
vering repealer, and a sincere friend.

Mr. Brown joined the repeal cause during its adverse season. He bore it, by his energy and eloquence, across the plains of ancient Connaught, made it familiar to the primitive people of that extensive region, invested the agitation with his own poetic passion and genius, and inspired it with the fire of his own burning heart. It is impossible to exaggerate his services to the repeal cause in the British parliament, in Conciliation Hall, or on the plains of Mayo. Mr. Brown will ever be a distinguished man. He is just such a one as Napoleon would select for a general. He belongs to that gallant band, the Eighty-two Club, who are as ready to argue points with England in the field as in the senate.

### CAPTAIN BRODERICK,

a retired officer of her majesty's thirty-fourth regiment of infantry, the nephew of O'Connell, and the associate secretary of the Eighty-two Club, is a gentleman of whom the great world as yet knows little, but one who, like the modest Washington, may contain, under a mild exterior, the stern elements of a hundred victories.

Captain Broderick has seen some service, for I believe he was reared in the camp. His father, the late Major Broderick, held command for



was followed out of the room by most of the officers, the two Brodericks and the two O'Connells, with some one or two more only remaining, who finished their repast with undisturbed composure. This was a gross insult offered by the colonel to gentlemen of exalted worth and honor, and of course was not likely to be passed over silently. In the course of the evening, Major Broderick was sent for by Colonel Campbell, who reprimanded him for inviting to the mess-table a *rebel*, and intimated that it was his intention to report the circumstances to the commander-in-chief. A report was made; but the next morning young Broderick challenged Colonel Campbell to an immediate duel. The colonel declined the meeting, and immediately proceeded to London, but never returned to his command in the regiment.

Major Broderick died some five or six years ago. His son succeeded to a captaincy in the regiment, which he sold out in the year 1842, and retired to the enjoyment of civil life upon a handsome property in the county of Limerick, bequeathed him by his father. One of his first public acts was to join the Loyal National Repeal Association, of which body he has been an active and an influential member. When the Eighty-two Club was in the course of formation, Captain Broderick was fittingly selected as one of its secretaries. He has been most successful in organizing that distinguished, valiant, unarmed national guard. He enjoys the confidence of his brothers in that holy association, and, with his peculiar experience, valor, and patriotism, cannot fail of becoming, in the course of events, a distinguished leader of the Irish patriots.

[Captain B. has expressed, latterly, a eulogium upon the *civilizing* genius of the British government, in which the author can by no means agree.]

#### EDWARD CLEMENTS,

barrister at law, was the first, and, for a long period, the only lawyer, besides the O'Connells, who, in 1840, joined the repeal standard; one who was not driven away by the terror of Lord Ebrington's denunciation, but who, when others fled, held fast by the green banner of Ireland. Mr. Clements is one of the most toiling members of the association. He worked when there were but few workmen. Now there are many, and his opportunities of laboring are diminished; for scores of most talented men are eager to perform some portion of the honorable duty of restoring Ireland to her freedom.

Mr. Clements's efforts for the national cause at the city and county of Dublin registries have been toilsome and successful. His private practice is every day increasing. His talents are considerable, and, with an

fifteen years. Previous to 1831, he was clerk to a lawyer, and, in preceding years, an accountant in a brewery. In 1831 and 1832, he was the active secretary of the National Trades Political Union, which, in the latter year, achieved the greatest political triumph ever won in Dublin, in the return of O'Connell and Ruthven for the city, in opposition to the whole tory aristocracy. As secretary of that powerful body, Mr. Ray evinced both tact and ability. Their public addresses were generally drawn up by him, and proclaim, at this day, by their style, matter, and force, that their author possessed a vigorous and a disciplined intellect.

The Liberator appreciated his abilities, and appointed him secretary to the Precursor Association in 1837, to the Registration Society in 1838, and, finally, to the National Repeal Association in 1840. It is truly no small mark of ability and distinction thus to be selected by the greatest man in Europe to fill the most delicate and responsible office of three associations, one of which is certainly the most vital and important that ever existed in Ireland. That Mr. Ray has performed well the duties belonging to all these trying situations, is admitted on all hands; and that he enjoys the full confidence of the Liberator is as notorious as the sun. His are no ordinary duties. Independent of seeing and speaking to the hundreds who come to his office weekly to acquire information or to "make calls" — the latter a most oppressive class to

no post-office in Europe in which a more accurate account is kept with three or four thousand extremities, in connection with a chief head, than in the office in Conciliation Hall. There is a leger devoted to each county in Ireland, in which is alphabetically enrolled, in baronies and parishes, every repealer in the county, distinguishing those who have votes from those who have not. The political strength of the Repeal Association in each county is thus accurately known; and, as the organization is complete throughout the kingdom, and the repeal voters sought out and registered in each county, the repealers are pretty sure of returning sixty or seventy of the one hundred and five Irish members to the imperial parliament in the very next election. Formerly, the politicians of each county undertook to attend to the registration of voters; but the work was always clumsily, sometimes factiously performed. Now, the care of the registry courts of the entire kingdom is assumed by the Repeal Association. A staff of able agents is employed and paid from its funds — no slight charge. The work is uniformly and effectively done. The question raised is, “repeal” or “anti-repeal,” and the association have so far prevailed at the registry courts that, even in the northern city of Armagh, a majority of repeal voters have actually been established on the official record.

Mr. Ray keeps, besides, a great book, in his office, for the enrolment of the names of American repealers alone. In this national record will be found an account opened for each state in this Union, and an exact return of the sums which each association in it has transmitted to the cause of Ireland. This is a circumstance which cannot fail to be gratifying to every friend of Ireland in America.

---

We are now to present to the reader a few brief notices of the most eminent persons of Irish birth, who at present uphold, by their respective abilities, the national reputation of Ireland in the commonwealth of intellect. The American reader, on perusing the few sketches that follow, will find enough to assure him that Ireland, in the present day, in the midst of her suffering and misery, contributes to the general stock of knowledge a proportion equal to that of any nation upon earth.

#### THE EARL OF ROSSE,

the constructor of the largest telescope in the world, is the son of that Sir Lawrence Parsons who so patriotically resisted the union to the

of that ancient tongue, he remarks, "Mr. Flood's object was to enable men of letters to study the Irish, there being many curious and valuable records in that language, which would throw a considerable *light* upon a very early era in the history of the human race, as well as relieve this country from the most unjust charges of ignorance and barbarism at a time when it was by far more enlightened than any of the adjacent nations." The earl of Rosse is one of those who reside at home upon his estate, situate about sixty miles from Dublin, distributing his vast income among those who produce it, and applying his intellect to the development of the highest order of science that the human mind is capable of grasping — the mechanism of the heavens.

The earl has, by his unexampled toil and unsurpassed genius, placed Ireland first among the nations in his branch of astronomical science. His telescope is admitted by the whole learned world to exceed all that has gone before it in power; for it enables man, from this mundane sphere, to discern objects upon the moon's surface not larger than our ordinary public buildings; to penetrate the illimitable fields of celestial space, and bring palpably to our senses the forms of stars, and suns, and systems, which are distant from our earth *more than ten hundred thousand millions of miles*; to show us, in those distant systems, other suns, and moons, and earths, revolving round each other, the rays of whose bright-

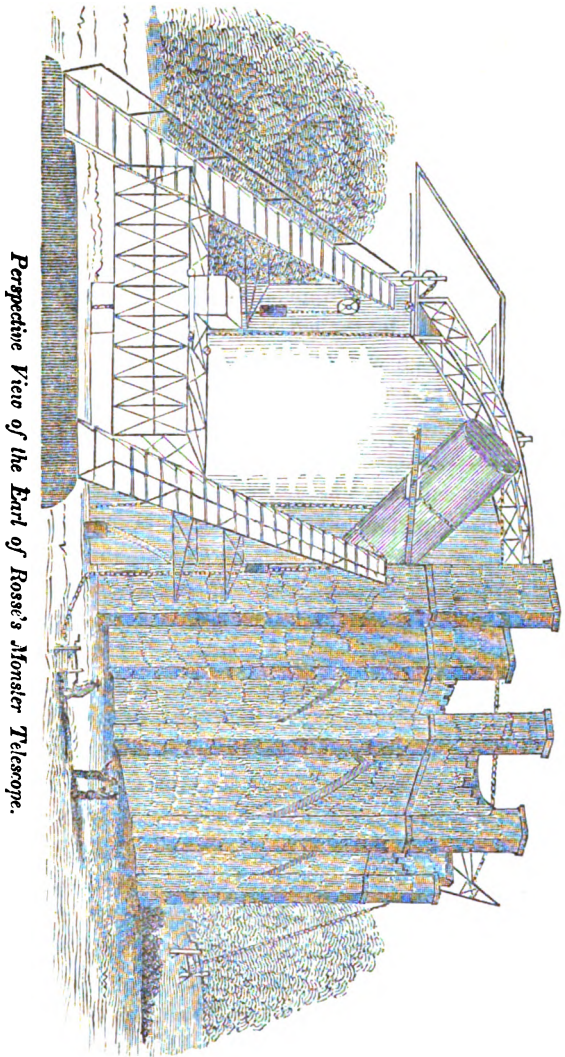
making one even of these  
Bavaria's telescope (twelve  
hundred and twenty pounds.  
with an aperture of eighteen in  
Mr. Grubb, of Dublin, constru  
in 1836, at an enormous cos  
by Mr. Cooper, of Sligo.

The earl has constructed  
one of six feet diameter. T  
expended in the construction  
latter, the six-feet reflecting  
(fifty thousand dollars.) T  
tion of three great furnaces.  
and, when melted, poured, b  
the prepared mould, which  
it remained for sixteen wee  
it cooled to the temperatur  
weighing three tons, was th  
ishers, of whom the earl  
be the form of this impor  
mathematical calculation th  
its object. Eighteen yea  
and efforts to arrive at this  
be obtained degree of per  
is composed. The tube,  
seven feet long and six fe  
through it with his umbrell  
folding of machinery as la  
castellated walls, seventy-  
four feet asunder; and it  
easily, that the person takin

It is not easy to explai  
speculum upon the distan  
of rays of light and a ref  
looking-glass were turned  
presented to the glass w  
nifying glass of power ran  
principle is not new; but  
has realized all that was u  
ton, and Herschel; indeed,

\* A perspective vie

...the  
...telescope, c  
...the me  
...the metal  
...the aid of cr  
...then draw  
...decreasing in  
...the atmospher  
...under the ac  
...the chief work  
...part of the teles  
...ousandth part of a  
...ness spent in exp  
...in shape, and  
...in the metallic m  
...holds this monster m  
...diameter. The dea  
...This immense tube  
...as the rigging of a shi  
...feet long, fifty-six feet hig  
...moved, by pulleys, swivels  
...the general reader the action  
...observations in the heavens. It acts  
...of images, just as if a slight  
...the sky, and those objects whi  
...viewed, at a focal distance whi  
...from two hundred to one thousan  
...present extensive and accurate deve  
...reached by Galileo, Guinaud, Gregory  
...the most gifted intellects of past gener  
...of the building and telescope is presented.



*Perspective View of the Earl of Rosse's Monster Telescope.*



length, and ends with this pregnant passage: "*They have a language peculiar to themselves; and some Greeks have been to visit this country, and to present valuable gifts to their temples, with Greek inscriptions. From this famous island came Abaris to Greece, who was highly honored by the Delians. THEY CAN SHOW THE MOON VERY NEAR THEM, AND HAVE DISCOVERED IN IT VERY LARGE MOUNTAINS. The priests which preside over their sacred temple they call Boreades,*" &c.

This was written five hundred years before the birth of Christ. The meaning of it is, the ancient Irish were acquainted with the use of the telescope, then called *tur*, or *specula*, which enabled them to survey the moon and heavenly bodies, which appeared supernatural to the then uneducated Greeks, and caused Hecataeus to say that they were "near the moon."

There are those who sneer at the antiquity of Irish science, and who describe all efforts to prove its existence and develop its extent as "head-long literature," and "bardic rhapsody." The enemies of Ireland have an interest in this line of argument; but we cannot tolerate such heresies in those who aspire to the character of Irish scholars. Will any Irish scholar doubt the authority quoted by O'Halloran? Will any Irish scholar doubt the *meaning* which alone can be attached to the extract from the Greek writer? Will any man assert that the Egyptians and Etruscans, the immediate ancestors of the ancient Irish, were unacquainted with the manufacture of glass, of glass lenses, of zinc and copper speculums, and of astronomy? Who will say that the Irish round towers were not used to aid the astronomers in viewing the heavens, by supplying a focal tube to their telescopes or their speculums? *Tur*, *tower*, and *specula* signify an elevated point, from which a spacious prospect may be surveyed; and have we not seen it recorded in the old histories that the ancient Irish used bright metal speculums on the tops of their towers, by means of which they could discern ships one hundred miles out at sea? Have we not seen that, in comparatively modern times, Nicholas Hartsoeker, and after him Huygens, men known to astronomy, separated the *eye* glass from the *object* glass, in the telescope, placing the object glass in a stand upon the roof of a house, and substituting the building for a focal tube, bringing the refracted rays of distant luminaries within the range of the eye glass? and it must be remembered that in their days the focal tube exceeded one hundred feet.

Again: look to the very forms of the ancient Irish letters, (alphabet, at page 84,) and observe the identity between them and some of the astronomical signs for the zodiac and the satellites — signs which have



been adopted by almost every  
proves the identity of the Ir  
vation of the science in Irela  
sure, rather unknown and in  
the present day, who have  
spectacles.

PRO

the chemist, author of the "  
has been published in that c  
which should be in the har  
book suggestive, in the high  
enterprise, — properties, am  
people have been, for at  
have, in treating of the man  
Professor Kane's book most  
ented work is crowded with  
minerals, soil, chemical  
Ireland; the facilities of  
and comparisons of Irish an  
power; all these deeply  
with great knowledge and  
fact, has not been given to  
commissioners received two  
a mass of undigested facts  
selves ever read through,  
despair and discouragement  
by a shilling from governme  
we may denominate a Heav  
labor and experiments, that  
upon the pages of his com

This he has done, as he  
so. Governments, and  
man of spirit and genius,  
and move in cliques, who  
they are endowed with  
patronize.

"In other countries," r  
anxious care of governme  
ence of education, to asc

PRO  
of e  
possib  
others,  
a cen  
manufacturing r  
interesting m  
most valu  
ties, and v  
course, the ca  
English manufac  
ant topics are  
great plainness.  
men for a hundr  
five thousand pou  
huge volume wh  
from which nothing  
Irish enterprise. Pro  
and sustained only by  
given instinct, dug o  
emphatically remarks "unai  
and comprehensible b  
tions, and societies, wh  
he soars beyond them.  
bend meanly, and desec  
those alone whom gov  
marks Professor Kane, "it has be  
and those intrusted with the s  
ertain the nature and amount of th

of promoting industry and extending the employment of the people. It is thus that every year sees the continental nations making such giant strides in manufacturing activity. It is thus that the physical disadvantages, which had so long kept them back, are gradually being lessened in importance. *If similar zeal and intelligence were manifested in developing the resources of this country, there would be no fear of the result.*" It is, indeed, most true; but the very smallest to the largest of the continental nations have their local parliaments; and these perform for their people that necessary work so much neglected in Ireland.

Professor Kane is yet a young man, not exceeding some five and thirty years of age. He is not a political adherent of any party. For some years he has been the chief lecturer employed by the Dublin Society on chemistry and the extensive field of knowledge connected with that science. The audience supplied by this society, and the slender pecuniary support which it afforded, were the only patronage which this eminent young man obtained; and even *that* is to be traced to this last remnant (the Dublin Society) of those many institutions which a national parliament founded in the last century to foster and develop the mind and energy of Ireland. Let us hope that *some* society in Ireland will be induced to employ this gentleman, and others qualified like him, to diffuse a general knowledge of chemistry through Ireland, by means of popular lectures and cheap books. France was as backward as Ireland is now, until Colbert and Richelieu opened their schools of chemistry, mechanics, and design, to the children of the multitude. Through these means they learned those invaluable arts by which they so far excel *all* the nations of the earth in the fabric and colors of their manufactures; by which, and not by their fleets or armies, they lay the universe under tribute, and establish a permanent balance of trade against *every* other nation.

The following paragraph, from the conclusion of the professor's great work, tells us volumes — both for pride in the present and hope for the future.

"So far from the habits of the working classes of this country being adverse to the introduction of industrial occupations, they have made, within the last few years, unparalleled strides in the habits which best conduce to industrial success. I do not hesitate to assert that the existing generation in this country is half a century in advance of that which is dying off, and that the generation now at school will be a century in advance of us. We were reckless, ignorant, improvident, drunken, and idle. We were idle, for *we had nothing to do*. We were reckless, for *we had no hope*. We were ignorant, for *learning was denied us*. We were improvident, for *we had no future*. We were drunken, for *we sought to forget our misery*. That time has passed away forever."

MI

Among those who contribu  
last and beginning of the pre  
erature, must be honorably di  
Miss Charlotte Brookes, Mis  
Lady Morgan.]

Miss Brookes was the daug  
Ratavan, county of Meath,  
the passion of a woman, to t  
came so proficient in this p  
pieces of poetry from the old  
nating dress. Her charmin  
Poetry, first arrested the atte  
of the Irish language, and in  
and the equally neglected a

MISS

"EDGEWORTH  
Virtue's chas  
Star of thy se  
Each Grace  
Wisdom exp  
Genius caree  
Prometheus-

Miss Edgeworth is the  
worth, who resided in the  
fifty miles west of Dublin,  
cultivation and propagation  
ite pursuits of the family  
proof of her talents by  
which displayed, in a grap  
of the Irish peasantry. T  
of wealth, and created the  
Sensible of the difficulty of  
Miss Edgeworth felt it ne  
command the tear. She  
for her opinions in ever

\* Phillips.

little of a proselytizing spirit ; but, abating this, her works generally have had a beneficial tendency. Those particularly directed to the formation of the mind of youth are admirable. The whole of Miss Edgeworth's productions (amounting, we believe, to eighteen volumes) have been published in the United States, by the Messrs. Harper, of New York. I have met them in their American dress, with great pleasure, in very many hotels, libraries, and private collections. Miss E. is now in her seventieth year, and enjoys the pleasure of a European and American reputation and acquaintance. — Major Edgeworth, her brother, though not so extensively known to fame, was one who deserved well of his country. He devoted the whole of his time and fortune to the education of the youth around him — the highest duty of a lay character which man can perform towards man. He died about two years ago, and the school is dissolved. Her father was the author of the sensible and entertaining "Essay on Professional Education."

## LADY MORGAN. \*

"Yes! if this earth can yield a ray divine,  
 And heaven's pure sun with human shade combine,  
 'Tis when, enshrined within a female form,  
 Genius and virtue bear the blended charm;  
 When love of country and the human race  
 Unite in one with every female grace;  
 They soften life, ameliorate their sphere,  
 In joy adorn, and in misfortune cheer;  
 Beam round their orb anticipated bliss,  
 And half unfold a future state in this,  
 Happy the bard such union to reveal,  
 But happier thou, fair OWENSON, to feel." \*

"The most talented woman in Europe," — the opinion expressed of her by Bonaparte and Byron, — Miss Owenson, (her maiden name,) is the daughter of Sidney Owenson, Esq., of Galway, one of the family and tribe of *Macowen*. The Owensons are a thorough Milesian family ; but, during the horrors of the seventeenth century, in order to save their property, Anglicized their names, espoused the English interest, and conformed to the English religion. Miss Owenson's childhood was formed under a story-telling influence, that gave a direction to her life and writings which she describes herself with inimitable humor. "My father (as fine and genuine a specimen of the true Irish soil as the true Irish wolf-dog) discovered in me an apt predisposition for all that was

\* Phillips.

Irish ; for its music, its poetry, its wild and imaginative fables, and local gossip ; and 'the genius of my country found me,' as the immortal Robert Burns said, not, indeed, at the plough, but on my father's knee, listening, with open mouth, upraised eyes, and tremulous attention, to that species of 'rambling stuff' called, in the language of the land so early my inspiration and my theme, *Shanaos*."

Her father was, however, a deeply learned man, wrote a great deal, and failed not to impart to his talented daughter a wonderful share of historical, classical, and philosophical knowledge. She understood the Irish language well, also Latin, Greek, and French ; read Locke, and made chemical experiments, at fourteen ; played upon the harp, piano, and wrote novels, at sixteen. She was passionately fond of Irish music. No other afforded her so much pleasure. She played divinely on the Irish harp, and could draw forth the tear of sympathy from the moistened eye. Her first novel or Irish story was the "Wild Irish Girl," which went through several editions, and raised her to a famous altitude. This was followed by very many others, founded on social life in Ireland, in which a liberal spirit and indomitable love of country ever predominated. Lady Morgan's novels, and Moore's poetry, were great agitators while O'Connell was yet young, and comparatively unknown. They did far more than heavy reading to rouse and form a national spirit.

Her ladyship's charming performance of Carolan's melodies on the harp made Irish music fashionable about forty years ago ; and her own very extensive collection, transferred to Moore's, who gave them new words, formed not the least portion of his immortal Melodies.

Her writings and her music brought her into the company of the aristocracy while she was yet a young girl, — a "little curly-haired girl from Galway," as she describes herself, — and for forty years she was regarded as the "lion" of Dublin and London society ; but she never spared the oppressors and enemies of Ireland. After her marriage with Sir Charles Morgan, (state physician,) she made the grand tour of Europe, following which appeared her "France" and "Italy," the one full of critiques upon Napoleon, the other rather severe upon the pope. Full of the Voltairian spirit, her books made a great stir through Europe, and the emperor of Austria prohibited her entrance into his dominions. Her books were reviewed and re-reviewed by the London and Edinburgh critics ; but her ladyship was quick and able, and retaliated upon her reviewers with compound interest.

She has written altogether upwards of forty volumes, through which there runs a rich vein of philosophy, wit, and humor. Her ladyship still

one of the greatest sculptors of the present day, is a native of the city of Cork. Like many of the most distinguished artists of every age and nation, Hogan's talent for the chisel of art was discovered by accident. He served his youth in an apprenticeship to Sir Thomas Deane, the eminent architect and builder, of Cork, a gentleman to whom the arts and artists in that city have been greatly indebted. About the year 1818, the celebrated casts of Canova's sculptures were taken, under that great artist's own inspection, by order of the pope, to be sent as a present to the prince regent of England. When these casts arrived in London, there was not room for them in the royal academy. This was communicated to Lord Listowel, who succeeded in obtaining many of them for the city of Cork. On their arrival and exhibition, they soon attracted round them the aspiring genius of that very talented community. Hogan, M'Clise, Samuel Forde, and many others known to fame, became constant students in the rooms in which those figures were deposited, and which from thenceforward assumed the title of the Cork Academy of Arts.

Hogan's models from those beautiful casts soon convinced Sir Thomas Deane, and other eminent virtuosi that he had within him the creative genius of the sculptor, and, in the year 1821, a subscription was raised to enable him to proceed to Rome, the fountain-head of art, for the pur-

the wonderful proficiency he had acquired during his years of probation in the eternal city, and lifted him at once to the highest pinnacle of public fame. This single performance proved him equal, if not superior, to Chantrey, or the best artist of the English school.

His next most striking performance was the statue of Dr. Doyle — now in the College of Carlow — a work which raised his reputation still higher, and brought him the natural concomitant, a great quantity of orders, not only from his own country, but from England and France. He now occupies the greater portion of the range of studios formerly used by Canova, and is employed upon the class of subjects which occupied the chisel of that distinguished artist.

Nor did this extraordinary success alter, in the slightest degree, his modest, retiring, laborious habits. A scholar and an artist, he is ambitious only of succeeding in that art of which he is so distinguished a votary.

But he is now engaged upon a subject which will secure his fame an immortality, not only by the genius he will display in the performance, but by the renown of the great man whose head, and figure, and proportions, he has been called upon by Ireland to transmit to other generations. It is DANIEL O'CONNELL, the Liberator. This national work is now in a state of forwardness. The model was made by Hogan in the close of 1843, and he then took it with him to transfer its lineaments to the enduring marble. The figure of the Liberator is to be ten feet high, and colossal in proportion. He is represented in a favorite attitude, with the left foot advanced, the left hand holding out a scroll, the head slightly turned to the left, and the right arm and hand raised nearly to the head, forming an angle, while the lips seem to utter the oft-repeated sentence, "Repeal, and repeal alone, will satisfy the people of Ireland."

The block of marble from which this magnificent figure is being carved cost Hogan eight hundred and fifty pounds, (or about three thousand eight hundred dollars,) and the execution will, of course, cost more than double the sum. It is to be erected at the national expense, behind the president's chair, in Conciliation Hall a monument at once of Irish art and patriotism.

#### JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,

the author of several tragedies and dramas of the highest class, was born in the city of Cork. His father was nearly related to the Sheridans, Thomas and Richard Brinsley, and, like the first, was a

founded on Roman history. The latter was eminently successful. The play of *Virginus* was suggested to the author by Kean, although Macready has made it his own. His next production was *William Tell*, which is now a standard play. Then came the *Beggar's Daughter*, which failed, and *Alfred*, and the *Hunchback*, which succeeded. One of his later productions, the *Wife*, is surely equal to any thing written since Shakspeare.

Mr. Knowles has played in tragedy himself, on the Irish and English stage, in which arduous profession he has earned a distinguished fame. He is now about fifty-five, is married, has a numerous family, and bears an excellent private reputation. Some of the American managers have offered him inducements to write a series of dramatic pieces founded upon the stirring events of the revolution, which, we believe, are under consideration. It is to be regretted he does not exercise his genius in portraying, through the drama, the valor, the virtue, and the calamities of his native country since its unfortunate connection with Britain. But the stringent powers lodged in the hands of the queen's chamberlains of England and Ireland forbid any such attempt.\*



He is, besides a poet and melodist, a painter, engraver, and novelist, and has abandoned the drudging profession of a surgeon for those employments which seem more congenial to his mind. Lover has written many beautiful songs to airs of his own composition, which will stand the competition of centuries. His best prose work is *Rory O'More*, which has been dramatized, and will long hold a place among the successful comedies of the English language. Besides its dramatic beauty, it is truly national, which enhances its value in Irish eyes. We shall not criticise his *Handy Andy*: it is the last work of the kind which we hope will issue from the Irish press. Several of his touching melodies will be found in the pages of this work devoted to music.

#### WILLIAM CARLETON,

the successful author of a hundred stories of Ireland, was originally intended for the Catholic priesthood, and graduated for that object in the college of Maynooth; but, the rigid discipline of that trying mission not comporting with his temperament, he left the college to return to pursue a less spiritual avocation. His first production was a Roman story, but he was advised to write something descriptive of his own country; and the success which attended the light, but graceful stories of the Irish peasantry, written by Miss Edgeworth and Miss Owenson, no doubt, induced him to try that delightful field of intellectual employment. His productions, drawn honestly after nature, soon made his fame known and his income solid. His stories are so numerous that their bare titles would fill a page. The last very national one, entitled *Art Maguire*, is dedicated to Charles Gavan Duffy, of the Nation — an evidence that his pen is laboring in works “racy of the Irish soil.” Nothing can better conduce to the formation of a high national taste than well-designed stories, founded, like Scott's, upon historical incidents. Ireland offers to the hand of Carleton, and others, an exhaustless mine, and we may confidently express a hope that the day has passed for concocting stories crammed with calumny upon the Irish, their religion, and their priesthood.

#### CHARLES LEVER,

the author of *Charles O'Malley*, *Harry Lorrequer*, *Tom Burke of Ours*, *Jack Hinton*, and some other humorous stories, founded, in great part, upon incidents of real life, colored in conformity with poetic license, had been in that service about which he has written so much. He was attached, as a physician, to an infantry regiment in the peninsular war.

of its readers. Lever, we dare say, is as national as he dares to be.

### JOHN WILSON CROKER,

the king of fairy Ireland, whose animated stories are read with pleasure on both sides of the Atlantic, is a tory, as likewise is his brother, Thomas Croston Croker; but that does not debar us from admiring his versatile talent. Mr. Croker has written many sweet and humorous songs, is a contributor to the *English and Scottish Reviews*, and is deemed one of the ablest critics in the British empire.

### OLDHAM,

the copperplate printer, was born in Dublin, and in his early years followed this business at the calico-printing establishment of Duffy & Co., Ball's Bridge. Having a taste for mechanics and optics, he gave much of his leisure hours to the study of these interesting sciences, and, acquiring a knowledge of the *camera obscura*, became a painter, and practised in Dublin for many years. He devoted his thoughts to the discovery of a means for preventing the forgery of bank notes, and finally, after several experiments and failures, constructed an engraving machine, which he exhibited at the Exhibition of 1851.

occasional absence, there is not the slightest danger of any of the notes being abstracted. This steam-engine is brought to perform a great many of the operations connected with copperplate printing. Another invention of his is the numbering process. By a sort of clock-work, the machine produces the numbers in successive order from one to one hundred thousand, by its own internal operation, and without any attention requisite to such changes on the part of the operator, who has only to change the type according to the ordinary mode of printing. So great was the value of these inventions, and the fame of Oldham, that the directors of the Bank of England heard and became admirers of our distinguished countryman; and they are a class of men slow to credit the tongue of fame. The Bank of England had lost, on an average, about two hundred thousand pounds per annum by forgeries; and although every effort was made to obtain some invention from the great mechanists of that country, nothing was discovered; and so their mightinesses, by deputation, came to Ireland to attract to their service, by a princely fortune, the genius of one of her bright sons. Mr. Oldham accepted the offer, with the consent and approbation of the Irish bank directors, whose business he attends to; and now he sits supreme, a guardian of the issues of the Bank of England, defying, by his invention, all imitation, — and adding another triumph to the arts of his country.

#### BARRY, THE ARCHITECT.

The present distinguished architect of the English parliament-house is, I believe, a native of the county of Waterford. His talents were not generally known until brought out by a species of accident. About seven years ago, the English house of commons was destroyed by fire. A committee was appointed from its members to superintend the erection of a new and grander edifice. The committee advertised, offering premiums, in the British and European papers, for plans and specifications of a building suitable to the dignity and opulence of the legislators of England. *Three hundred* plans were received from artists in all parts of Europe, and the preference was given to that delivered in by Barry, the Irish architect, who obtained the chief premium, viz., fifteen hundred pounds. This, of course, is a triumph, in the honor of which every Irishman must participate. Mr. Barry got the superintendence of the British parliament-house, and it has been completed under his direction. His fame and emolument in London are commensurate with

Hogarth. It has been engraved, and is in every print-shop. He is now engaged in a series of scenic illustrations of Moore's Melodies, which are to be appended to a new edition of that national code of music. We cannot particularize all the works of this distinguished son of genius. His most considerable are the fresco paintings, the highest branch of the art, which he has been commissioned to execute for the new Parliament-House of England. His first picture will be placed over the British throne, in the house of lords, where it will ever be regarded as a triumph of Irish genius over the best productions of haughty England.

#### SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEA,

the president of the London Royal Academy of Painting, is, like the founder of that institution, an Irishman, and a native of the south of Ireland. To be raised, by the force and splendor of his talents, as this distinguished man has been, above the heads of English artists, is a circumstance which cannot but be gratifying to every Irish mind. "Brayed in a mortar" for centuries, scourged by every English ministry, and traduced by almost every English writer, as Ireland has been, it is delightful thus to witness her unconquerable spirit soaring, with immortal pinions, over the proudest pinnacles of art and science owned

have presented such striking likenesses of the prominent characters of the day. Lord Morpeth, when secretary of Ireland, used to show his friends H. B.'s political sketches of himself and his associates, in which the honorable secretary and his political helpmates were most laughably delineated. He is one of the chief artists connected with that prince of wags, the *London Punch*. There are, besides, BAILEY, the eminent Irish sculptor, whose *Eve at the Fountain* would honor CANOVA; FOWLER, in the same line, whom I have already noticed; HAVERY, BURTON, and MULVANY, portrait-painters, and many others, of whom I am not sufficiently informed to enable me to dwell upon their merits; nor must we omit to mention INGHAM, the great painter, now in the United States, whose coloring is considered quite Titian-like.

#### BALFE, THE COMPOSER,

the author of several most touching melodies, including the *Light of other Days*, the *Blighted Flower*, &c., is a native of Dublin, a gentleman full of genuine melody and musical science, who has won a European, and even a transatlantic reputation; for his operas have been successful, not only in Dublin, but in London, Vienna, and New York, winning the unbounded applause of four great communities! The *Bohemian Girl* had a run of several nights, during last winter, in New York, and it is to be produced in Boston, during the present season. Balfe is now at the head of the English opera.

#### SURGEON THOMAS A. O'FLAHERTY,

a native of the south of Ireland, and a near relative of Dr. O'Flaherty, the much-respected Catholic pastor of Salem, obtained, within the present year, the prize medal of the London Midwifery College. This triumph of a Milesian Catholic in the midst of the aspiring and cultivated intellect of England is not without its moral. It shows, with all those other evidences I have adduced, that the Irish mind, when cultivated, is equal in grasp to every science and every art. Surgeon O'Flaherty was admitted this year, after a most critical examination, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and appointed assistant-surgeon to the West End Lying-in Institute. It is not a little remarkable that Mr. O'Flaherty is the first Irish Catholic that has been so honored for three hundred years. Mr. O'F. is a young man, and may naturally aspire to the highest scientific distinctions of his arduous profession.



Beaux' Stratagem, Recruiting Officer, Stage-Coach, Twin Rivals, Constant Couple, Sir Harry Wildair, and other less distinguished pieces, was born in Derry, in the north of Ireland, 1678, and was educated at the Dublin University. While at college, he ventured to perform Othello and some other characters at the Smock Alley Theatre, and was applauded, receiving for his services the munificent salary of *twenty shillings a week*. It was after this he began to write for the stage, with what success the above productions will testify.

BROOKE, the author of the patriotic plays, *Gustavus Vasa* and *Jack the Giant-Killer*, and many others, was born in the county of Meath. The government suppressed his plays, as they were full of reflections upon bad governors. On the loss of an affectionate wife, he died of broken spirits. He was the author of the *Fool of Quality*, *Juliet Grenville*, and ten or twelve more productions.

Mossop, the best representative of Zanga that ever lived, was of Irish blood; and the present age gives to English literature KENNY, the dramatist, and ROOKE, (Anglicized from *Rourke*,) the musical composer, second only to Balfe.

"Lulled by the magic of her honeyed strain,  
The rival Muses owned the alternate reign;  
With mutual feeling each their feuds forsook,  
Combined their efforts, and created COOKE.  
Lord of the soul, magician of the heart,  
Pure child of nature, foster-child of art;  
And wit, and comedy, and love,  
Should come, with CONGREVE, from above.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Nor shouldst thou, FARQUHAR, absent be,  
Child of wit, and soul of glee!  
Swan of the stage, whose dying moan  
Such dulcet numbers poured along,  
That death grew captive at the tone,  
And stayed his dart to hear the song.

\* \* \* \* \*  
CLIVE and Comedy came together,  
Waving wild their wand of feather  
Round and round the antic throng,  
Led along  
By their airy song.

\* \* \* \* \*  
LEWIS, linked with Ease and Laughter,  
Beckoning Humor, lingering after,  
Half willing, half afraid to fly,  
And lose the light of JORDAN'S eye."\*

\* Phillips.

subsequently continued by Sir John alone, and swelled to two large folio volumes, published in London in 1829. He had married, early in life a wealthy lady, by which he was enabled to cultivate his profession. The issue of this marriage was two daughters, one of whom became the wife of the late Marquis of Headfort. By this connection he obtained a baronetcy. He had also two sons, one of whom, a clergyman, is still living. This distinguished man retained his simple, joyous habits through life; no wealth or distinction could wean him into a cold dignity.

T. Haynes Bayley, who knew and loved him well, addressed him in the following lines in his *Miniature Lyrics* :—

“Nay, ask not his age, when we meet him thus  
As youthful as ever in song and mirth :  
His eyes are still bright; and what is it to us  
How many years back they first opened on earth !”

Sir John died in 1833, aged 68.

GRIFFIN wrote the *Collegian*, and *Gyseppius*. They are mementos, in the world of literature, of his genius. He died young, overborne by the world's difficulties.

MAXWELL, the Protestant prebendary of Balla, in the county of Lei-



Watergrass Hill, county Cork, sent his literary contributions into the great world under the signature of "Father Prout." These contributions (chiefly poetic) appeared, for years, in Bentley's Miscellany. They were of a witty and sarcastic turn, but full of melody, depth, and knowledge. The author of the Prout Papers sleeps in his own chapel-yard, but his memory is identified with English literature.

Dr. MAGINN. In noticing the most talented writer that shone for several years in Blackwood's Magazine, the co-editor of the London Standard, and the founder of Fraser's Magazine, we must regret that those varied talents which the bounteous genius of his country showered on him were bestowed upon her enemies. Dr. Maginn was the son of a Cork schoolmaster, and received his education in Trinity College; upon the death of his father, he carried on the school himself. Having written, for several years, a series of witty sketches, in verse and prose, for Blackwood's Magazine, among which were a continuation of the Prout Papers, when the original author of those amusing creations ceased to contribute, by which he acquired a distinguished reputation, — he was induced to leave his country school in Cork, and seek a golden fortune in London. In this he was rather disappointed. However, he obtained the joint-editorship with Giffard of the London Standard, the most virulent enemy that Ireland has in the press. He afterwards established Fraser's Magazine, and wrote the entire of its first four numbers. This was a very successful publication; but Maginn, from the irregularities of his life, was almost perpetually in pecuniary difficulties. He died in 1843.

There is hardly one periodical in England which does not receive a portion of its contributions from Irish pens, and it is well known that the majority of the writers and reporters connected with the London press are Irishmen. Barnes, the chief editor of the Times, declared that there were no men able to *reproduce*, like the Irish reporters, the sentiments delivered in the house of commons. In truth, a great portion of that collection which passes in the world for *English literature*, from Spenser, Steele, Goldsmith, Burke, Edgeworth, Sheridan, down to Maginn's and Croker's articles in the magazines, is essentially the fruits of Irish genius.

In arms, in arts, and in statesmanship, Ireland has contributed to make England what she is; and the contemplation of this great fact makes us exclaim, with Phillips, —

"Strange that a noble, generous land,  
Enabling others to withstand  
The foreign warrior's fierce command,  
Should not itself be free!

Stopped the eagle in its flight, †  
And spurned its crest of gold ;  
From that to bloody Waterloo, †  
Where Irishmen were plenty, too  
No, not a trophy of the day  
Which Erin did not bear away !

\* \* \* \* \*

But, ERIN, you never had mourned the sight,  
Had you brandished your spear in your own good fight!  
Had you boldly stood on your mountain crag,  
And waved o'er the valley your own green flag,  
Soon, soon should the stranger have found his grave  
Beneath the wild foam of your ocean wave.”

There are many others, especially members of the repeal confederation, whom I should like to portray ; but the truth is, my publishers have peremptorily refused to receive any more copy for the first edition of this work. I would wish to devote a few pages to the Rev. EDWARD GROVES, the Protestant patriot, the Messrs. O'CALLAGHANS, O'MAHOONEY, J. REILY, REYNOLDS, — and to some of the provincial patriots, Captain SEAVER, Dr. CANE, of Kilkenny ; C. Maxwell, of Kilkenny ;

\* The Duke of Wellington.

† It was Sergeant Masterson, a native of Roscommon, in Ireland, who took the famous imperial eagle at the battle of Barossa. This ensign was encircled with a golden wreath, as a particular mark of the emperor's favor.

RICHARD DOWDEN, of Cork; MESSRS. HACKETT and BIANCONI, of Clonmel; DELAHUNTY, of Waterford; GREEN, of Wexford; W. J. O'CONNELL, of London; the Rev. Mr. HEARNE, of Manchester; and some others, who are the political sinews of the vast confederacy whose head is in Conciliation Hall.

My labor must here end for the present. Those who are omitted from my pages, and who deserve well to be there, may be assured that it is my necessity, and not my will, that excludes them. It is, however, more than probable I shall publish an ANNUAL SUPPLEMENT to this work, in which the omissions may be remedied. What I have done is in honor and vindication of my country in a distant land, where her history was little known, and where her sons have been misrepresented. If my labors shall be productive of a better public opinion concerning Ireland, they will not have been applied in vain.

THE following correspondence has grown from the conflicting opinions expressed regarding the unfortunate dissolution of the Irish volunteers. I have no feeling upon this subject, one way or the other, but that of desiring to publish the truth.

“BOSTON, August 4, 1845.

“TO JOHN CALDWELL, Esq., *Newburg, New York* :

“Dear Sir, — A controversy is likely to grow up between me and some of the leading politicians in Ireland upon a matter of history, which you, in my opinion, are amongst the best capable of any men living to decide. It relates to the sudden dissolution of the volunteers' convention in the Rotunda, on the 18th of November, 1783, by the president of that body, the late Earl of Charlemont.

“I enclose you twelve pages of my forthcoming *History of Ireland*, now passing through the press, in which that transaction is narrated. I rely principally on Barrington's statement, and the fact that, though twenty years published, it remains to this day uncontradicted by any rebutting statement from a volunteer. I also send you an extract from Mr. Macnevin's *History of the Volunteers*, cut from the *Dublin Nation*, in which you will perceive he pronounces Barrington's statement a “calumny,” and alleges that the volunteers dissolved of their own accord, seeing that they could make no improvement in the Irish parliament.

“I do not concur in thinking that the volunteers voluntarily dissolved — they who, by their courage and perseverance, intelligence and virtue, extorted from England a free trade in 1779, and a free parliament in 1782; who, by a parade of their loaded cannon and lighted matches, compelled the king and parliament of England to renounce an authority over Ireland that was exercised for centuries, — would, in 1783, have cowered before the borough-mongering Irish house of com-

warrant from Lord Castlereagh, from whose hands you escaped by a sort of miracle, and found in America, with Emmet, Macneven, and many others, a safe and friendly asylum.

"I repeat, that I know not a man living, with the exception, perhaps, of the venerable Arthur O'Connor, of Paris, (now in his 79th year,) who can be considered better authority than you, upon this point.

"To you, therefore, I appeal for judgment. Should it be adverse to my views, I shall modify my opinions accordingly.

"Awaiting the favor of your early reply,

"I have the honor to be, sir, with the greatest respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS MOONEY."

#### A N S W E R .

SALISBURY MILLS, ORANGE CO., }  
STATE OF NEW YORK, August 16. 1843. }

"MR. THOMAS MOONEY :

"My Dear Sir, — I did not receive your favor of the 4th instant in due course, in consequence of your having written the word *Newburg* on the envelope. The above is the correct address. I return you the printed proof-sheets, directed in pamphlet form, to save postage. You should recollect that in 1782 I was only thirteen years old, and had just been brought home from a four years' residence at an academy in England; but I am firmly impressed with the truth of Barrington's statement (though I never liked the man nor his conduct in '96) of the dissolution of the convention. I believe him correct in that point.

"The open hostility of many of the former leaders of the volunteer cause, together with the apathy of others who still affected zeal, wore the uniform, and attended partial reviews, occasioned a woful diminution of their numbers: the Catholic question diminished their ranks; the government called in the arms which they had lent; and at length, by proclamation, and the attempt to establish on the ruins of the volunteer system a yeomanry corps, and that succeeded by a regular militia, effectually *put down* and prostrated the most noble military array that ever blessed and dignified a nation. You can, from these facts, draw somewhat of a conclusion whether the body was annihilated by force, fraud, treachery, intrigue, or a combination of all and each.

"I have taken the liberty of scribbling some marginal notes to your proof-sheets. You are mistaken in some of your positions respecting my own personal matters. *I did not escape by a sort of miracle*, but after a long series of persecution, by imprisonment and declining to bring me to trial. A number of influential (government) friends in Belfast solicited my discharge, and offered any security which might be demanded for my future *loyalty*, or, as the wording of the writing was, for my *future good behavior*. This was acceded to, but utterly (though thankfully to my friends) declined by me; and, after a series of adventures and perils by land and by water, I at length arrived in safety in this blessed land of liberty. If I can further your views, or assist you in your publication, I shall do so with pleasure. I would extend this communication, but am not very well for some days past.

"I remain, with the best wishes for your success,

"Your assured friend,

"JOHN CALDWELL."

NOTE 2. — *On the Round Tower Controversy.*

Since the early part of this volume was stereotyped, a very learned and highly illustrated work has been published, in Ireland, by Mr. PETRIE, a most talented artist and an able antiquarian, in which a theory is broached, respecting the origin and use of the pillar towers, which differs materially from that published by me, and which renders it necessary to question his doctrine — a duty I feel very great reluctance in attempting.

Mr. P. differs from a host of Irish and English writers, particularly from Vallancy, Sir William Betham, Moore, Taaffe, &c. These eminent writers allege that the towers were used by the pagan Irish partly for religious, partly for astronomical purposes, and for monuments over the distinguished dead.

To uproot the latter theory, Mr. Petrie has arrayed the histories of the burials of several kings before the Christian era, in which there is no mention, in the burial ceremonies, of these towers. This is very strong evidence in support of his view, and would weigh much, only that we are told by others that these towers were erected in an age far remote from the reach of authentic history. The Rev. Mr. Wright, in speaking of this question, has the following: "The history of the pyramids recommends us to be cautious. In one respect there is an analogy suggested by a passage from Pliny, who says of the pyramids, 'The gods, to punish so much vanity and presumption, have consigned to everlasting oblivion the founders' names, dates, periods, and all records relating to them.'"

If neither the Arabic, Greek, nor Roman historians could, twenty centuries ago, tell aught of the pyramids, — could neither tell the names of those kings that raised them, nor the particular objects for which they were erected, — why should we distract ourselves with controversies which can only be supported on one side or the other by *conjecture*? The authentic history of those round towers has long since perished. The first who mentions them is Giraldus Cambrensis, the English "commissioner" of Henry the Second, anno 1170. He alludes to the overflowing of Lough Neagh, and the swallowing up, by the lake, of a whole city, with its "tall round towers," &c.

Mr. Petrie boldly affirms they were erected by the Christians to hold the sacred vessels, and to be used as belfrys; but he does not bring forward any *evidence* to support his theory. The reader, therefore, may incline to Mr. Petrie's opinion as to these towers being of Christian origin, or to Vallancy and Betham's opinion, that they are of pagan origin. It is a matter of very little consequence one way or the other; but I confess I cannot reconcile to my mind that they are of Christian origin, for I do not see what use they could be of to the Christians. It should be remembered that the Christian worship has never varied in Ireland for twelve hundred years. Their churches, as I have shown in my remarks on modern architecture, were, from the first dawning of Christianity, gable-roofed buildings, either of stone, or wood and wattle, and frequently of all these combined; and the Christian congregations assembled within those buildings. These did not change in form, though they were enlarged in size, and highly adorned in style. The pillar towers are *altogether unsuited for any Christian ceremony*. They never were required to hold in safety the silver vessels and ornaments used on the Christian altars; for, in the early ages of Christianity, the people were so conscientiously

honest that the doors of the churches, day or night, were never closed, and the most valuable vessels, candlesticks, and ornaments, were safe upon their altars; but it is very probable the priests, during the Danish invasions, hid their treasures in the foundations of these towers, for the Christian churches are generally found built *near* them, but *not in connection* with them, which is easily accounted for. The Christian missionaries were careful to violate or abolish as little as possible of the old customs of their converts, whose pagan prejudices were strong, and, therefore, in the building of their churches, chose a site near the ancient place of religious assemblage.

Again, we know, as it has been shown in previous pages, that during the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, whole flocks of holy missionaries proceeded from Ireland all over the continent of Europe, and spread the lights of the Christian religion, of literature and science, wheresoever they penetrated. We know, also, that they built, with their own hands, the early churches of Britain, Scotland, of Germany, of Switzerland, of many parts of France, and some of those of Portugal. Now, the early buildings, and those erected down to the fourteenth century, are all of one style, recently and vulgarly called *Gothic*, but which is really *IRISH*. There was but one round tower built in all Europe by the Christian missionaries, and that was erected at *Air-la-Chapelle*, in the very heart of Europe, in the ninth century, by an Irish architect, a monk from the abbey of St. Gall, who raised it, not as an appendage of utility to the church which he built there, but as a memorial to denote the nation of the architect; for the round towers of Ireland were *then* ancient edifices, and Ireland was the only place in Europe where they could be seen, with the exception of two only that remain in the west of Scotland, evidently of an age with those of Ireland.

---

NOTE 3. — *On the Laws, Parliaments, Kings, Genius, and civilizing Attributes, of England.*

The tenor of certain expressions that have appeared lately in Irish publications, and in Conciliation Hall, has led me to believe that some most unwarranted notions of English law, parliaments, kings, and civilizing attributes, prevail among some Irishmen, and induce me to devote a general note to the subject.

One writer deploras that "the Irish were excluded from the *benefit* of the English laws from the first invasion by Henry the Second to the time of Elizabeth." No historical heresy can be much more pernicious than this. It would teach the youth of Ireland to look with contempt upon the laws of their Milesian forefathers, and to regard England as the fountain of equity, jurisprudence, legislation, &c.

It would be well, indeed, for the Irish, if they had been excluded from the benefit of English laws from that period to the present. One would think, on reading this passage, that the Irish had no system of laws; no just idea of jurisprudence. I will at once direct the reader's attention to the first six or seven hundred pages of this history, to learn the nature, extent, and justice, of the native laws of Ireland; and I will here set before him a few extracts selected by O'Connell himself, from his extensive legal reading, to the same purport; which I find in his *Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon*.

Baron Finglas, who was chief baron of the exchequer under Henry the Eighth, places the Irish character on far higher grounds than the English character, so far as concerns law and justice. He says, —

“It is a great abusion and reproach that the laws and statutes made in this land are ne observed nor kept, after the making of them, eight days, which matter is one of the destructions of Englishmen of this land; and diverse Irishmen doth observe and keepe such laws and statutes, which they make upon hills in their country FIRM AND STABLE, WITHOUT BREAKING THEM FOR ANY FAVOR OR REWARD.’ — *Baron Finglas's Hibernica*, p. 51.

“Lord Coke says, — ‘I have been informed by many of those that had judicial places in Ireland, and know partly of my own knowledge, that there is no nation OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD THAT ARE GREATER LOVERS OF JUSTICE THAN THE IRISH ARE, *which virtue must, of course, be accompanied by many others.*’ — *Coke iv., Inst.* 349.

“Robert Payne, who wrote a brief account of Ireland, 1589, speaking of their administration of justice among each other, and particularly, the petty law courts established by the corporations in Catholic times, says, — ‘But, as touching their government in their corporations, where they bear rule, it is done with such wisdom, equity, and justice as demerits worthy commendations; for I myself divers times have seene, in several places within their jurisdictions, well near twenty causes decided at one sitting, with such indifferencie that, for the most part, both plaintiffe and defendant hath departed contented; yet manie that make show of peace, and desireth to live by blood, doe utterly misliko tffis or any good thing that the poore Irishman dothe.’” — *O'Connell's Memoir*.

Now, justice is justice, whether administered from a stone or a throne. All jurists lay it down, that the simpler and the fewer the laws of a people, the more jus-



nation to pass any other opinion upon them, or to tell, from a perusal of them, what the laws of England really are. O'Connell long since pronounced English law to be "a guess at what other men are likely to guess;" and Lord Brougham, in a motion for a revision of the laws, in 1844, pronounced them to be the greatest gathering of rubbish, villany, fraud, and absurdity, that ever the world heard of. Their whole system is, and always was, corrupt, and could not be beneficial to the Irish. Their laws of entail are tyrannical; their statute laws are fraudulent; their common law judge-made and despotic; their criminal law bloody; their chancery laws wasting; their excise laws knavish; their ecclesiastical laws unscriptural and unequal as between rich and poor; their juries packed by the crown; and their judges, with a few exceptions, selected for their pliability and politics. Let us not hear from Irish lips any yearning or panting for the benefit of such laws.

Another, in giving a brief history of English legislation in Ireland, describes the ancient Irish parliaments as "rude baronial assemblies," which notion, if it pass uncondemned, must inevitably lead the youth of Ireland to hold in contempt the ancient national assemblages of their forefathers. This description is totally unwarranted by history. Let the reader turn over the pages of this work devoted to the ancient parliaments, and examine what they did for the happiness of the people. Their laws regulating hospitality may be compared with the English poor laws; their law of gavel with the English law of primogeniture; their trial by twelve men with the jury-packing and courts-martial of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Castlereagh, and other ministers of England; their laws for the support and propagation of learning with any that England ever enacted; their Brehon judges with the Lyndhursts, Broughams, Pennafathers, Norburys, Manafields, and Jeffrieses, of modern days; their code of honor with that of Sir James Graham, so signally demonstrated in the post-office; their chivalry and military honor with that pursued by their oppressors, from Strongbow to Lord Cardigan; their virtue and gallantry with those of the invaders, from 1169 to the horrible era of 1798. Our ancient forefathers may be weighed against their calumniators in every virtue that man reveres. It might be shown, indeed, that their legislative assemblies were sometimes, in the course of ages, broken up by the violence of usurpers; but what nation is there free from that imputation? Certainly none in Europe, and England least of all. It may be shown, also, that there were some bad laws among them; but what nation was there or is there of which this cannot be also said? Neither the United States, France, Belgium, nor the pope's dominions, are free from these, and England least of all. But a nation is to be judged by comparison with other nations, and not by a self-created standard. If the virtues of a nation are in a majority over its vices, that is the index of its character, and by that it must be judged. Let Ireland be judged so, and by no other rule.

Taunts like these flung upon the sacred fame of our ancestors tempt us to inquire into the character of the legislators of England. After the Norman conquest, the people called "Englishmen," composed of ancient Britons, Angles, Saxons, and Danes, were bought and sold by their conquerors, who reduced them to slavery. A baron law prevailed. There was no parliament held; the word of the king was the law of the land, and all the old maxims and laws of Alfred and Edward were disregarded. This was the "constitution" of England for many reigns after the conquest. About two hundred years after the conquest, King John, to avoid a rebellion, granted a constitution called a charter, by which the rights of certain

...ous enough to oppose him. The old English laws have never been restored since. That parliament may be denominated a gathering of cowards; the next parliament a gathering of knaves; that of Queen Mary a pack of hypocrites; and that of Queen Elizabeth a pack of plunderers. The parliaments of James the First, of Charles the First, of Cromwell, of Charles the Second, were a compound of all these bad qualities;—they sat, in general, as long as they pleased. Those of William the Third, and Anne, passed the most dishonest and infamous enactments that ever disgraced the statute-book of England. The parliament of George the First declared its right to sit seven years instead of three. The parliaments of George the Second and Third plunged into dishonest wars, piled up a debt for the English people, born and unborn, which never can be paid; passed one hundred oppressive acts limiting the liberties of the people and enlarging the power of the aristocracy. Eighteen of those encroached, one after the other, upon the tenants' rights, and six of them struck directly at civil liberty. The whole remain still on the statute-book. The kings and queens, during all that time, infused their principles into their parliaments, and colored them by their own hue, teaching, by example, bigotry, murder, and robbery. The parliaments of George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and Victoria, have talked a great deal, but they have not restored the rights of the people. On the contrary, the parliament returned on the present principle is made up principally of land-owners and lawyers, both of whom have a direct interest in preserving the whole system of complicated tyranny as it is, and as it ever will be, until a thorough change overtakes it. The law of England costs the people twenty millions sterling (ninety millions of dollars) per annum, and their provisions, owing to corn laws, forty millions sterling more than they could purchase them for in foreign nations.

A third person speaks of the glory of British arms, and the "civilization" which

Canada, and among her own people, and tell us, can England presume to talk of "civilization?" If Irishmen intend to make use of their freedom to aid England in "civilizing" the world, and increasing the "glory" of her flag, then it would be better for mankind that Ireland were to remain as she is; and, for my own part, if I had not a higher opinion of her morality and virtue, I would not stir hand or foot to procure her liberty.

England a civilizer of mankind! When, where, what nation did she civilize? Those who claim this rank for her must be particular; they must give us facts, dates, and places. Was it India? Let the career of Clive, Warren Hastings, Wellesley, and Ellenborough, answer. Fifty millions of human beings butchered by her agents in a century! Did she promote the Christian religion in the East? O, no! Those nations which first spread it peacefully in the East were driven by her from their limited trading positions. The blood she spilled under a Christian flag fired the Chinese and Japanese with such hostility toward the Christian name, that all the converts made, from the days of St. Francis de Sales, relapsed, and the severest edicts were passed by the Eastern authorities against the Christian teachers.

To what nation did she carry civilization? Not certainly among her one hundred and fifty millions of bondsmen in the East. Nor has she yet civilized, enlightened, or liberated her own people, who are deficient of many of those Christian attributes for which she would claim credit in other nations. The tyranny of her aristocracy over her own people is enough for mankind. No! their career for seven centuries has been one of plunder at home, piracy abroad, and perfidy every where. The power of that aristocracy must be destroyed, or there is no happiness for her toiling millions, no safety for freedom, no peace for foreign nations, no liberty for Ireland.

ABBOTS, their functions, 466.  
A Becket, St. Thomas, murder of, 562.  
Absentees, 577, 615, 1404.  
Academies of the Irish bards, 155.  
Adams, John Quincy, his poem on Ireland, 565.  
Adrian, Pope, his bull, 561.  
Agitation, begun by the Catholics, 829.  
Agrarian disturbance in Ireland, 1247.  
Agricultural laborers, their condition, 1390.  
Aiden, Saint, 385.  
Albe, the saint, 344.  
Albinus, Saint, 391.  
Alfred the Great, educated in Ireland, 62, 398.  
Hoof, 433.  
Allemand, the historian, 119.  
Alphabet, Irish, 85.  
Alum, 1450.  
Ambassador sent from Ireland to Greece, 57.  
American colonies resist England, 826. Triumph, 829. Consequences, 829.  
American sympathy for Ireland, 1262, 1462.  
Amhergin, 51. His history, 102. First musician, 181.  
Amusements, Irish, 281. Contrasted with Roman amusements, 282.  
Ancient documents, 3. Their preservation, 4. Authorities relied on in this work, 5.  
Annals of Ulster, 106. Of Tigernachus, Innisfail, &c., 107. Of the four masters, 116.  
Aughrin, battle of, 774.  
Anglesey, Lord, his government, 1287. His second government in Ireland, 1349.  
Anti Corn-Law League, 1472.  
Antiquities of Ireland, neglected, 500.  
Appeal to the lords, (state trials,) 1523.  
Arabin, Henry, lord mayor of Dublin, 1290.  
Arbitration courts, 1489.  
Archery, Irish, 253.

Astronomy studied by the ancient Irish, 393. See Earl of Rosse.  
Athlone, first siege of, in the Williamite war, 760. Second siege of, 769. Fall of, 772.  
Atrocities of the English in '98, 952, 959, 96967. See Elizabeth and Cromwell.  
Aylmer, the admiral, 1174.

## B.

Baal, 139. Baal fires, 280. ●  
Bagpipes, Irish, 186. Afforded a bass, 190.  
Baggot, colonel in King James's army, 789.  
Baldwin, Dr., of Cork, interview with Anglesey, 1365.  
Balfé, the composer and minstrel, 226, 1626.  
Ballot, first introduced in England by O'Connell, 1370.  
Bank of Ireland, opposition to, 1393.  
Bank drain from Ireland, 1406.  
Bannin, the novelist, 1198.  
Bards, Scottish, received their education in Ireland, 161.  
Bards of Ireland and their poetry, 151 to 175. Insurrection of, 258.  
Bar meeting against the union, 1018.  
Barker, general in King James's army, 738.  
Barons, origin of, 548.  
Barrett, Richard, the patriot, 1338.  
Barrett, the painter, founder of the Royal Academy in England, 1175.  
Barrington, the historian, 125, 971, 1632.  
Barry, the historical painter, sketch of his life, 1186.  
Barry, commodore of the United States, 828.  
Barry, S., the actor, 1186.  
Barry, Michael Joseph, 1601.  
Barry, the architect, 1624.  
Battalion of Testimony, 1009.



- cutes the Catholics, 723. Disputes with parliament, 730. Beheaded, 731.
- Charles II., his accession, 741. His ingratitude and duplicity, 741. His death, 745.
- Chartists, 1394, 1408. Petition for repeal, 1477. Sympathize with the repealers, 1498.
- Chieftain's castle, 510.
- China war, 1420.
- Christianity introduced into Ireland, 344.
- Cities, origin of, 489.
- Civilization of ancient Ireland, 332.
- Civil wars among the ancient Irish, contrasted with other nations, 272.
- Clans, nature of, 644.
- Clare election, 1267.
- Clay, potter's, 1450.
- Clearing system, 1431.
- Clement, Saint, 311.
- Clements, Edward, 1606.
- Cloney, the historian, 128.
- Cloncurry, Lord, his friendship for Lord Anglesey, 1288.
- Clontarf, victory over the Danes, 436.
- Clontarf meeting, 1494.
- Cobbett, on the reformation, 613, 639. His opinion of O'Connell, 1371.
- Coercion bill, 1825, 1250. Of 1833, 1365.
- Coins, ancient Irish, 250, 251.
- Colclough, of '98, 944.
- Colgan, the historian, 117.
- Collas family, 329.
- Colleges, provincial, 1537.
- Colleges, Maynooth, 1536.
- Colman, Saint, 387.
- Colum Kille, Saint, 380.
- Columbanus, Saint, 382.
- Combination of Dublin Trades Union, 1409.
- Committee of parliament, 1825, 1251. Bishops examined, 1252.
- Con of the hundred battles, 305.
- Conaire, the monarch, 307.
- Conciliation Hall built, 1486. Opened, 1499.
- Confederacy of Leinster, 674. Carew appointed president of Munster, by Queen Elizabeth, 682.
- Confiscations by Henry VIII., 609. William III., 807. See James I., Charles I., and II.
- Congress of 300, 1492.
- Connor, Conaire, Criompthan, Cairl, kings of Ireland, 276.
- Convention, of Dungannon, 835. Of the rounds, 860. Dissolved, 865. Catholic convention, 869. Convention suppression act, 871.
- Cooke, Clive, and Congreve, players and dramatists, 1628.
- Cooke, secretary of Ireland, 1017.
- Copper, Irish, 1446.
- Cormac, the monarch, 312.
- Cormac, king and bishop of Munster, 478.
- Cormac's chapel, 506.
- Cornwallis, lord lieutenant, 922. His character, 1016.
- Corporations, origin of, in ancient Ireland, 64, 370. Reform of, 1414. Irish corporations reformed, 1467. Address to the Repeal martyrs, 1519.
- Corruption of the Munster chiefs by Queen Elizabeth, 685 to 687. Of the Irish lords by Castlereagh, 1021. Of the repealers by the whigs, 1381.
- Cotton manufacture, 1441.
- Counties first established in Ireland, 255.
- Cox, Walter, author of the Irish Magazine, sketch of his life, 1112.
- Crawford, Sharman, 1413.
- Croker, J. Wilson, 1623.
- Cromwell, Thomas, 609.
- Cromwell, Oliver, defeats King Charles, 731. Lands in Ireland, 735. Butcheries in Ireland, 736, 737. Blasphemous letter, 736. His character, 738. His death, 740.
- Croppies, 928.
- Cruelty of Mountjoy, 688. Of Chichester, 696. Of Cromwell, 735, 739, 742.
- Crusades, 414.
- Cuchullin, the hero, 263.
- Curran, John Philpot, the orator, sketch of his life, 1122.
- Curran, Sarah, the betrothed of Robert Emmet, 1090.
- Curry, the historian, 121.
- Curry, Dr., the agitator and historian, 829.
- Cuthbert, Saint, 388.

## D.

- Danaans, 50.
- Danes, their history and wars, 416, &c. Invade Ireland, 419. Their oppressions, 419. Their destruction, 421. Reappear in Ireland, 424. Great sea fight with, 426. Review of the Danish wars, 449.
- Dathy, his reign, 331.
- Daunt, W. J. O'Neill, 1603.
- Davis, Thomas, 1597.
- Debt, Irish, at the union, 1048.
- Defence of Ireland, how best it could be effected, 893.
- Defenders, 875.
- De Grey, lord lieutenant of Ireland, 1470.
- Deluge, 9.
- Derry, siege of, 751.
- Desmond, second earl of, his retreat, 686. His fall, 689.
- Devereaux, of '98, 944.
- Devereaux, general in King James's army, 793.
- Dillon, colonel in King James's army, 789.
- Dissenters emancipated, 1267.
- Dixon, J., the engraver, 1188.
- Dobbs, Mr., the friend of Grattan, 835. Interferes for the United Irishmen, 972.
- Doherty, Judge, his appointment and conflict with O'Connell, 1349.
- Doherty, Michael, 1603.
- Donatius, Saint, 389.
- Doneraile conspiracy, 1350.
- Dorrington, General, 789.
- Doyle, Dr., bishop of Kildare and Loughlin, joins the Catholic Association, 1246. Sketch of his life, 1312.
- Doyle, the celebrated H. B., 1625.
- Drain of wealth from Ireland, 1405.
- Dress of the ancient Irish, 55.
- Drenan, Dr., of '98, 1110.
- Druids, 138, 335. See Bards. Meeting of English, Irish, and Welsh, 274.
- Dublin election of 1832, 1364.
- Duffy, Charles Gavan, sketch of his life, 1586.
- Dunboy, siege of, 697. Great struggle at, 699. Fall of, 701.
- Dungal, the teacher of France and Italy, 393.
- Dunlavin Green, butchery of, 930.
- Dwyer, of '98, 979.



- Gorres, Professor, his opinion of ancient Ireland, 484.
- Gosford, Lord, his declaration against the Orangemen, 877.
- Goths, 366. Gaulish kings, 366.
- Gould's speech against the union, 1018.
- Graces, fifty-one of Charles I., 721.
- Grace, Richard, colonel in King James's army, 786.
- Grattan, agitates, 832. Moves and carries the independence of Ireland, 837. Moves for the reform of the Irish house of commons, 873. Withdraws with other whigs from the Irish parliament, 880. Reenters it on the union debate, 1033. Sketch of his life, 1144.
- Grattan, Henry, the historian, 125. Sketch of his life, 1323.
- Greece invaded by the Irish king Jughaine, 254.
- Green flags, 1521.
- Grey ministry, 1348. Dissolves, 1378.
- Grev, Dr., sketch of his life, 1585.
- Griffin, 1629.
- Grogan, of '98, 971.
- Grouchy sent to Ireland, 891.
- Gunpowder plot, 715.
- H.**
- Halliday, William, author of the Irish Grammar, 1183.
- Hamilton, a distinguished general under James II., 752.
- Hamilton, the philosopher, 1173.
- Hampden, John, the patriot of England, 730.
- Handel's reception in Ireland, 212.
- Harp, the origin of, 182. Superior to the Grecian lyre, 183. Contrasted with the Grecian lyre, 190. Origin of the piano-forte, 190. Improvement of the harp, 208. Mathematical construction of, 221. The harp of Brian Boroinhe, 222.
- Harris, the historian, 120.
- Harvey, Bagnel, of '98, 944.
- Hat manufacture, 1450.
- Hayes, Father Richard, 1216.
- Heber and Heremon, 51.
- Hempenstall, 926.
- Henry II. lands in Ireland, 561. Did not conquer it, 568.
- Henry III., of England, 573.
- Henry V., 581.
- Henry VII., state of Ireland in his reign, 592.
- Henry VIII. begins his reign, 601. Defends the Catholic faith, 602. Renounces the pope's authority, 604. Begins the reformation, 604. His death, 619.
- Heptarchy, origin of, 367.
- Heraldry, ancient, 66. Irish heraldry, 67.
- Hewson, Colonel, 789.
- Hickey, John, the stutuary, 1138.
- Higgins, martyrs, soldiers, and prelates, 787.
- Higgins, Bishop, his reply to Peel, 1484. Sketch of his life, 1583.
- Huish, the historian, 127.
- History, fathers of, 21.
- Historians of Ireland, 102 to 129. Ancient history of Ireland defended, 108 to 113.
- History falsified, 743. History's lessons, 450.
- Hoche, General, negotiates with the United Irishmen, 830.
- Hogan, the sculptor, 1619.
- Holt, of '98, 979.
- Holy Cross Abbey, 511.
- Horn, its ancient use, 208.
- Horncastle's collection of Irish music, 236.
- Hospitality, laws for supporting it, 59.
- Hughes, the informer, 1012.
- Hughes, Father James, of Claremorris, 1425.
- Hughes, Right Rev. Dr., Bishop of New York, 1493.
- Hughes, Bond, witness on the state trials, 1500.
- Humbert lands at Killala, 876.
- I.**
- Independents, origin of, 732.
- Independence of Ireland talked of, 834. Carried, 837. Effects of, 843.
- Inquisition established by Elizabeth, 638.
- Instinct in insects and quadrupeds, 11.
- Insurrection of the bards, 258.
- Insurrection of '98 broke out, 931.
- Insurrection acts, 1215.
- Insurrection in Wales, 1424.
- Insurance drain, 1406.
- Invasions of Ireland, 411, 553. Modern invasion of Ireland, 1476.
- Invasion of England by the Romans, 274.
- Inventions of the 13th century, 575.
- Ireland first discovered by the Phœnicians, 44. Called the Holy Island, 45. First settlers of, 46. Ancient title, 112, 330. Divided into counties, 255. Into provinces, 257. Her dignified rank among the nations, 374. Her genius, 526. Her climate and natural advantages, 1408, &c.
- Irish language, 76 to 101.
- Irish addicted to music before the Christian era, 191. Charge of ignorance against, refuted, 584.
- Irish customs, 280.
- Irishmen, the prop of England, 1420, 1428. *See* China war. Their athletic powers, 1429.
- Iron mines, 1445.
- Italy instructed by Irishmen, 392.
- J.**
- Jackson, Rev. Mr., the ambassador from France, 883.
- James I., king of England, his accession, 715. His confiscations, 716. His death, 720.
- James II., king of England, his accession, 745. Proclaims liberty of conscience, 746. Opposed by the high church party, 747. Prosecutes the bishops, 748. Driven from his throne by William, Prince of Orange, 749. His powers in Ireland defined, 749. Lands in Ireland, 751. Defeat at Derry, 753. Imbecility at the Boyne, 755. Flight to France, 759. His imbecility, 764.
- Jewish temples, 485, 490.
- John, monarch of England, 571.
- Johnson, Dr. Samuel, his opinion of Ireland, 7. His letter, 30.
- Juries packed, 1502. The twelve who found O'Connell guilty, 1504.
- Jury, trial of twelve first established in Ireland, 61.





- mara, M'Mahon, M'Clinchies, M'Cochlin, M'Flanchy, families, origin of, 311.  
 M'Carthy, king of South Munster, 782.  
 McGee, John, of the Dublin Evening Post, 1221.  
 M'Clise, the painter, 1625.  
 McMurrough, the traitor, 552.  
 M'Donnell, M'Douel, Doyle M'Rory, M'Mahon, M'Quine, M'Ansiagh, M'Manus, M-Egan, Modigan, families, origin of, 329.  
 Melbourne ministry, 1330. Fatal error of, 1333.  
 Messingham, the historian, 114.  
 M'Geoghegan, the historian, 121.  
 Michelet's tribute to Erin, 395.  
 Milesians arrive in Ireland, 48, 49. Their tribes and names, 53.  
 Militia, ancient, 326.  
 Militia recommended by Grey Porter, 1528.  
 Military code, written by Leadhna, 249. Char-riots and fortifications, 249. Military renown of Ireland, 262.  
 Milliken, R. A., the poet, &c., 1185.  
 Mines, mints, and coins, ancient, 251.  
 Mines and minerals, 1430.  
 Ministerial threats, 1482.  
 M'Kenna, Colonel, 793.  
 M'Murragh, McCormick, families, origin of, 301.  
 M'Nally, Councillor, the informer, 1012.  
 Molyneux, author of the Case of Ireland, sketch of his life, 1131.  
 Monasteries seized by Henry VIII., 606. Irish monasteries, 616.  
 Monks, Irish, their origin and labors, 372, 373. In France, 394. Their importance, 467. The architects of Europe, 517.  
 Monster meetings, 1482.  
 Montgomery, the American general, 793, 828.  
 More, Sir Thomas, 605.  
 Moore, Thomas, the poet, sketch of his life, 1097.  
 Moran, the lawgiver, 277.  
 Morgan, Colonel, 788.  
 Morgan, Lady, 1617.  
 Morning Register, 1238.  
 Morpeth, Lord, secretary of Ireland, 1383.  
 Moesop, the actor, 1190.  
 Morse, the philanthropist, 1198.  
 Moghcorb, his reign, 328.  
 Mulgrave, Lord Normanby, appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, 1381.  
 Mullaghmast, slaughter at, 628. Monster meeting at, 1493.  
 Munster league, 672. Mountjoy appointed by Queen Elizabeth governor of Ireland, 682.  
 Murphy, the dramatist, 1190.  
 Murphy, the Rev. Michael and John, of 98, 938.  
 Music of Ireland, 180 to 236. Origin of vocal music, 181. Of the harp, 182. Fragment of Greek music found in Ireland, 185. Romans ignorant of, 186. Revolution effected by, 187. Music introduced into churches, 192. Irish musical notation, 193. Specimen of the ancient notes, 195. The Gregorinn chants, 197, 201. Musical school of the Latins and the Irish contrasted, 197. Rhyme originated by the Irish, 199. Irish spread their music through Europe, 200. Irish musical laws introduced into Wales, 204. Violin and guitar of Irish origin, 205. Scottish music essentially Irish, 206. Music of England, 210. Irish music adapted to the passions, 213. How it was constructed, 214. Its decline, 216. Revival, 219, 225. Moore publishes his Melodies; see his life, 1099. Effects of music, 227. Attempts to define it, 228. Style of fashionable performers, 229. Nature of sound, 230. Organs of hearing and mechanism of the throat, 231. Keys, 231. Wind instruments, 232. Moore's style of singing, 233. Horncastle's opinion on Irish music, 236. Burney's opinion, 236.

## N.

- Napper Tandy, 882.  
 Napoleon, born of Irish parents, 792. Begins his career, 880. His fall, 1215. His death and character, 1231.  
 Nation newspaper established, 1476.  
 Niall of the nine hostages, his reign, 329.  
 Noah, 9.  
 Normans and Normandy, origin of, 416.  
 Norman conquest, 547.  
 Northern Star, proprietors arrested, 873.  
 Norbury, Lord, 1081.  
 Nugent, colonel in King James's army, 788.

## O.

- O'Brian, Turlogh, the monarch, 545.  
 O'Brian, colonel in King James's army, 783.  
 O'Brien, Jemmy, the informer, 1010.  
 O'Brien, Wm. Smith, his motion in parliament, 1485. Joins the repealers, 1499. Sketch of his life, 1578.  
 O'Byrns of Wicklow, 581.  
 O'Callaghan, the historian, 127. The southern chiefs, 785.  
 O'Callaghan, O'Keeffe, O'Donohoe, O'Mahony, O'Donovan, O'Shee, O'Line, O'Gara, O'Brien, O'Carroll, O'Rierdon, O'Flanagan, O'Hara, O'Fogarty, O'Mara, O'Machair, O'Casey, O'Flynn, O'Driscoll, O'Leary, O'Kelly, O'Berne, O'Breogan, families, origin of, 311.  
 O'Casey, the doctor, 1195.  
 O'Cleary, the historian, 115.  
 O'CONNELL, Daniel, his life and times, 1199. The O'Connell sept, 1201. Their ancient territory, 577. Iveragh, 1202. His relatives, 1203. His youth and education, 1204. Goes to the bar, 1206. First speech, 1207. Agitates the Catholic question, 1210. The veto; conventions, 1212. First speech on repeal; Catholic board, 1214. Struggles with the government, 1218. Duel with D'Esterre, 1218. Threatened duel with Peel, 1220. Pays an annuity to the widow of D'Esterre, 1220. Challenged by Sir H. Hardinge, 1220. Defence of M'Gee, 1221. Professional labors, 1221. Personal sketch of, 1222. Lester's opinion of his eloquence, 1223. Portrait of, before the Catholic association, 1224. His difficulties and income, 1225. His attributes, 1232. Found the Catholic Association, 1234. Projects the Catholic rent, 1236. Prosecuted, 1248. Triumphs, 1249. Examined with others before the parliamentary committee, and consents to the "wings," 1251. Incurs popular odium by his approbation of the "wings," 1256. Reception in Dublin, 1256.

- Fourteen days' meeting; opposes Wellington, 1267. Petitions for the freedom of the dissenters, 1267. Opposes Veasey Fitzgerald at Clare, 1269. His address to the electors, 1270. Triumph, 1282. Catholic Emancipation carried, 1296. Appears to take his seat in parliament, 1298. Refuses to take the oaths, 1299. His first speech in the British parliament, 1300. Rejected by the house, re-elected for Clare, and takes his seat in parliament, 1301. Begins the reform agitation, 1347. His professional triumph over Doherty at Cork, 1350. Begins the repeal agitation, 1352. Is prosecuted, 1352. Triumphs, 1353. Carries reform in England, 1354. His great influence in England, 1354. Endeavors to join Orange and Green, 1362. Receives a piece of plate from the working classes of England; defends Barrett, 1368. Introduces the ballot, 1370. His battle with the reporters, 1371. Cobbett's opinion of him, 1371. Brings the repeal question before parliament, 1375. Great influence in England, 1377. Proposes a reform of the lords, 1378. Joins the whigs, 1379. "Experiment," 1380. Was a freemason, 1336. His foreign influence, 1337. Reply to Wellington, 1387. His affair with Raphael, 1388. Triumph and popularity in England, 1389. Opposes the Irish poor laws, 1389. Opposes the renewal of the Bank of Ireland charter, 1400. His popularity declines, 1409. Attack upon his person, 1409. Founds the Precursor association; his letter to the author on the revival of repeal, 1412. Founds the Loyal National Repeal Association, 1415. His vow, 1417. Attends the provincial meetings, 1426. Goes to the north, 1427. His exertions, 1428. Becomes lord mayor of Dublin, 1468. Publishes a repeal catechism, 1476. Publishes his memoir of Ireland, 1476. Originates a repeal motion in the Dublin corporation, 1477. Attends monster meetings, 1486. Tara, 1486. Reply to Ledru Rollin, 1491. His proclamation in answer to Earl de Grey, 1495. Arrested, 1498. Prepares for the trial, 1502. Arranges the defence, 1506. His speech, 1510. Found guilty, 1511. Proceeds to England, 1512. Is imprisoned in Richmond Bridewell, 1514. His liberation, 1525. Triumphant procession, 1525. Public thanksgiving, 1525. Presides in the incipient parliament of Ireland, 1528. His personal attributes and his family, 1554.
- O'Connell, colonel in King James's army, 787.  
 O'Connell, John, M. P., 1564.  
 O'Connell, Daniel, Jun., 1564.  
 O'Connell, Morgan, his duel with Lord Alvinly, 1220.  
 O'Connell, Maurice, sketch of his life, 1326.  
 O'Connor, the historian, 122.  
 O'Connor, the younger, 122.  
 O'Connor, family of, 257. O'Connor, Thomas, his letter, 301.  
 O'Connor Foley, O'Dempseys, O'Duns, O'Gorman, O'Millone, O'Mooney, O'Byrne, O'Murphy, O'Dowling, O'Molvain, O'Cinselegh, families, origin of, 301.  
 O'Connor, Turlough, the monarch, 549.  
 O'Connor, Roderick, the monarch, 552.  
 O'Connor, the defender, 886.
- O'Connor, Arthur, chief of the United Irishmen, 890. Meets Hoche, 890. Committed to the Tower and liberated again, 904. Arrested and examined before the committee, 991. His letter to Lord Castlereagh, 998. Sketch of his life, 1122.  
 O'Connor, Feargus, sketch of his life, 1395.  
 O'Dempsey, 581.  
 O'Donnell, his march from the north to join the Spaniards in Kinsale, 692. Plot against him, 717. Flies to Rome, 718. Estates seized, 718.  
 O'Donnell, Marshal, 793.  
 O'Dougherty, his valor, 718.  
 O'Dwyer, Admiral, 793.  
 O'Flaherty, the historian, 118.  
 O'Flaherty, Thomas, surgeon, 1625.  
 O'Forbes, O'Farrell, O'Ryan, O'Dwyer, origin of, 257, 301.  
 O'Gara, Colonel, of Sligo, 786.  
 Oghans, Irish, 83.  
 O'Gorman Mahon, sketch of his life, 1329.  
 O'Griffe, the minstrel, his lament, 215.  
 O'Halloran, the historian, 123.  
 O'Hara, Kane, the dramatist, 1191.  
 O'Higgins, martyrs, soldiers, and prelates, 787.  
 Oisin, his poems, 168 to 173.  
 O'Kane, the minstrel, 217.  
 O'Keefe, the dramatist, 1197.  
 O'Keefe, Colonel, 794.  
 O'Kellys, notice of the family, 783.  
 O'Kennedy, the historian, 120.  
 Oldham, the engraver, 1623.  
 O'Leary, Rev. Arthur, the Catholic divine, a volunteer delegate, 861. Sketch of his life, 1182.  
 Ollamh, Fodhla, 57. His history, 103.  
 O'Morra, (Moore,) 581.  
 O'Morras, O'Moore, their exploits, 666. Distinguished act of valor, 682.  
 O'Neill, their deeds in Irish history, 782. Donald O'Neill's letter to the pope, 564. Hugh O'Neill resists Elizabeth in a fifteen years' war, 636. His magnanimity, 655. His victories, 669 to 671. Surprised at night, 670. Conference with Essex, 680. Marches through Ireland, 681. Defeats Mountjoy, 686. Marches to join the Spaniards in Kinsale, 692. Reverse and defeat, 693. Returns to the north, 693. Compels the English to yield satisfactory terms, 715. Plot against him, 717. Flies to Rome, 718. Estates seized, 718.  
 O'Neill, Owen R., defeats the English at Benburb, 734.  
 O'Neill, the bard, 1191.  
 O'Nials, O'Sionach, O'Braoin, O'Quinn, O'Daly, O'Kindelan, O'Malochlin, O'Molloy, O'Donnell, families, origin of, 331.  
 O'Reillys, princes of East Breifney, 784.  
 Orange and Green, combined by O'Connell, 1362. Orange lodges suppressed by parliament, 1385.  
 Orangemen, their hatred of Catholics, 822. Outrages in '95, 875. Rise of, 876. Connection with the Pitt ministry, 895.  
 Order of Pacifitors established, 1223.  
 O'Regan, governor of Sligo, 790.  
 O'Reilly, the historian, 119.  
 O'Reilly, author of an Irish dictionary, 1196.

raie, English, its extent, laws and customs, 570. Limited by the Irish, 590. Compelled to pay tribute to the Irish, 621.  
Palladius, the saint and missionary, 344.  
Pamphlets, calumnious against the Catholics, 743.  
Parliament of Henry VIII., of James I., 720. Blasphemous vote to Cromwell, 736. Of James II., 747, 806. The Irish parliament of 1782, 848. Its powers, 1013. Its extinction at the union, 1042.  
Parsons, the lord justice of Ireland, 726.  
Parsons' Horn-Book, 1355.  
Pass of the Plumes, battle of, 676.  
Patrick, the saint and apostle, brought a captive to Ireland, 330. Comes as a bishop, 344. Origin of the title Patrick, 346. Appears at Tara, 348. Converts the king of Munster, 350. Appoints bishops, 353. Examines the laws, 351. His tomb, 356. His crozier, 616.  
Patriotic one hundred and fifteen, who voted against the union, 1043.  
Peel, secretary of Ireland, 1215. Peelers, 1216. Peel brings in the Catholic bill, 1292. Prime minister for three days, 1393. Becomes premier, 1461, 1466. His policy, 1473, 1533.  
Peep-of-Day Boys, 875.  
Penal laws, 814. Persecutions by Elizabeth, 653.  
Pennefather's charge at the state trials, 1510.  
Pepper, the historian, 126.  
Phœnicians, 22. Dominion and cities, 23. Religion and priests, 24. Their colonies, 25. Deities, 34 to 42. Their discovery of Ireland, 45.  
Phillips, Charles, the orator, sketch of his life, 1160.  
Pianoforte, constructed from the harp, 209.  
Picts, 53.

Proclamation first made legal by Henry VIII., 606. Against the Clontarf meeting, 1495.  
Processions of Tipperary, 1236.  
Propositions, Orde's, 868.  
Prosecutions, of O'Connell, 1213, 1352. Of Barrett and others, 1768, 1769. Of the vindicator, 1475. Of repeal leaders, 1498.  
Protestant declaration in favor of Catholics in 1823, 1240.  
Provost prison, 990.  
Psalters, of Tara, origin of, 103. Psalter Na-Raun, Cashell, Armagh, &c., 104. Compiler of the Psalter of Cashell, 480.  
Purcel, Peter, 1410, 1481.  
Purcell, colonel in King James's army, 788.  
Parnell, the writer, sketch of his life, 1175.  
Pyramids, 15, 487.

Q

Quigley, Father, his trial and execution, 904.

R

Railway commission, 1401.  
Raphael, his affair with O'Connell, 1388.  
Ray, T. M., 1607.  
Rebellion of 1641, 723.  
Recorder, origin of, 62.  
Redmond, Rev. John, 967.  
Reform of the Irish parliament, 859.  
Reform agitation of 1830, 1348. Successful, 1354.  
Reformation begun by Henry VIII., 604. Introduced into Ireland, 615. Extended to Ireland by Elizabeth, 643. Further change in by Cromwell, 731.  
Regency question settled in the Irish parliament, 868.  
Religion, ancient and modern practice of Christianity in Ireland, 451.

- turf meeting suppressed, 1495. Arrest of the leaders, 1498. Conciliation Hall opened and Smith O'Brien joins, 1499. State trial, 1500. The defence, 1506. Sentence, 1514. Imprisonment, 1515. Appeal to the lords, 1523. Liberation and triumph, 1524, &c., Grey Porter, 1528.  
 Reports on repeal, 1418.  
 Reporters of Dublin, 1505.  
 Rescript from Rome, 1530.  
 Revolution, the American, 826. The French, 868.  
 Revolution of the French in July, 1830, 1344. Of the Belgians, 1344.  
 Reynolds, the informer, 906. Character by Macneven, 1006.  
 Rhyme originates with the Irish, 199.  
 Richard II. invades Ireland, 579.  
 Richmond prison, 1515.  
 Ring, used by the ancient Irish doctors of learning, 392.  
 Roach, of '98, 958.  
 Rock, Captain, 1246.  
 Roman invasion of Britain, 274. Opposed by Irish legions, 278. Roman wall, 279. Roman power extinguished in Britain, 309.  
 Rome as studied by our youth, 282 to 287.  
 Roman ladies, 285. Frivolous customs of, 335. Roman power subdued in Britain by the Irish, 330. Fall of her empire, 365.  
 Roscria, battle of, 424.  
 Ross, battle of, 945.  
 Ross, the spy, 1505.  
 Rosse, Earl of, 1608.  
 Rossiter, Colonel, 789.  
 Rowan, Archibald Hamilton, 881.  
 Russell, Thomas, the companion of R. Emmet, 1072.  
 Ruthven, E., his death, 1389.
- S.
- Sacrilege. See the reign of Henry VIII., 601.  
 Saints, Irish, list of, 387.  
 Salisbury Cathedral, modeled after Holy Cross, 521.  
 Sandys, Major, 1009.  
 Sarsfield, Patrick, Lord Lucan, his exploits at Limerick, 761. Quarrel with St. Ruth, 773. Assumes the chief command of the Irish, 778. His exile and death, 794.  
 Saxons arrive in England, 366. Civilized by the Irish, 335. Their youth educated in Ireland, 397. Bought and sold as slaves, 546.  
 Scriptures, how compiled, 460. By whom written, 461. Who shall explain them, 462.  
 Scotus, John, the philosopher, 396.  
 Scully, the historian, 123.  
 Scullabogue barn, burning of, 949.  
 Seanchus of the ancient Irish, 43. Sheanachies, their rules and duties, 59.  
 Sedulius, Saint, 379.  
 Sedulius, Saint, the younger, 389.  
 Seminaries founded through Europe by Irishmen, 432. Irish seminaries abroad, 652.  
 Shamrock blessed by Saint Patrick, 348.  
 Shea, J. Augustus, his tribute to Irish genius, 525.  
 Shearwaters, their trial and execution, 968.  
 Sheehy, Rev. Father, 826.  
 Sheridan, Thomas, and Richard Brinsley, the orator and dramatist, sketches of their lives, 1155.  
 Shiel, Richard Lawlor, at the Clare election, 1279. Sketch of his life, 1302.  
 Ship-building, ancient, 282.  
 Silk manufacture, 1439.  
 Sirr, Major, 1009.  
 Slate, 1450.  
 Sloane, Sir Hans, founder of the British Museum, sketch of his life, 1170.  
 Smith, Colonel, of the Pennsylvania line, 793.  
 Smith, E., the sculptor, 1188.  
 Spanish sympathy with Ireland, 656. Spanish Armada, 657. Aid from Philip II., 685. Aid from Philip III., 687. Spanish troops land in Kinsale, 690.  
 Spies, 911, 931, 1005, 1217, 1227, 1425, 1474, 1505.  
 State trials of '44, 1500. Pennefather's charge, 1510.  
 Staunton, Michael, the writer, 1341.  
 Steele, Thomas, the patriot, sketch of his life, 1332.  
 Steele, Sir Richard, founder of the Spectator, Tatler, &c., sketch of his life, 1175.  
 Stephenson, Sir John, 1629.  
 Sterne, the writer, 1191.  
 Stone huts, ancient, 513.  
 Stone of Destiny, 574.  
 Strafford, Lord, 724.  
 Strongbow lands, 557. His various battles, 558, &c.  
 St. Ruth, 770. Refuses aid to Athlone, 773. Killed at Aughrim, 777.  
 Stuart, the last of the royal race, 822.  
 Sulphur, 1449.  
 Surgery, its ancient practice in Ireland, 259.  
 Surnames, laws relating thereto, 432.  
 Swift, Dr. Jonathan, the eminent author, sketch of his life, 1170.  
 Sympathetic meetings abroad, 1261. In England, 1512.
- T.
- Talbot, colonel in King James's army, 782.  
 Tandy, Napper, 882.  
 Taniistry, 644.  
 Tara, first chosen for the seat of kings, 52. Hall of legislation, 58. Laws passed in it, 59 to 64. Social assemblies, 67. Corporate institutions, 370. Monster meeting at, 1486.  
 Taxation, Irish and English, 1404.  
 Temperance movement, 1432.  
 Temples, ancient, 485, 499.  
 Tents, ancient, 488.  
 Thirtieth of May, 1514.  
 Thompson, Charles, the first secretary of Congress, 826.  
 Tircconnell, origin of, 331.  
 Tircconnell, his junction with James II., 732.  
 Cabal against him, 771.  
 Tirrell, Captain, his bravery, 667.  
 Tithes, origin of, 470.  
 Tithes, slaughter in collecting, 1355. History of tithes, 1357. Tithe martyrs, 1339, 1360.  
 Titus Oates, his plot, 744.  
 Tobacco, Irish, 1403.

breach, 804. Treaty of 1782, 842.  
Trial by jury, origin of, 353. *See* Alfred the Great.  
Tributes, Leinster, 291.  
Trombone, 209.  
Tuathal, the monarch, 209.  
Tuite, colonel in King James's army, 789.  
Turgesius, the Dane, 421.  
Tuscar Rock, 45.  
Tyrrell, Father, the repeal martyr, 1496.

## U.

Ulster seized by James I., 718.  
Union Star, newspaper, 705.  
Union, history of the mode of effecting between England and Ireland, 1013 to 1058. Bar meeting against, 1018. First motion for in the Irish parliament, 1019. Bribery, 1026. Opposition of the bankers, corporations, counties, and Orange lodges to, 1027, &c. Vital debate upon, 1033. Speeches of the patriots, 1035. Carried, 1041. Last night of the Irish parliament, 1042. List of virtuous minority, 1043. Black list, 1044. Political conditions of the union, 1048. Opposition to in the English parliament, 1050. Lords protest against, 1059. Struggle for its repeal. *See* Repeal.  
United Irishmen, 871. Formed by Tone, 878. Their address to the nation, 879. Their plan of a constitution for Ireland, 885. Apply to France for aid, 887. Their organization, 889. Negotiate with the French, 891. Failure of the French expedition, 892. The northern men prepare to rise, 900. Macnevin sent to France, 900. Lord Edward appointed to the chief command, 905. Papers found, 908. Take the field, 931. Various battles, 932. Mistakes in warfare, 951. Honor in warfare, 960. Their moun-

England, 574.  
Walker, the historian, 124.  
Wallace, of Scotland, 574.  
Walsh, the historian, 118.  
Ward, the historian, 115.  
Ware, the historian, 117.  
Warner, the historian, 121.  
Wars, between the Irish and Romans, 329 &c. With the Danes, 417. Between the Irish and English, 555. Between the Catholic confederates and the parliamentarians begun, 732. Between the Irish under King James, and the English under King William, 750.  
Wars of the Roses, 580.  
Wars, the English wars in the reign of George II., 821.  
War chariots, first used in Ireland, 249.  
Wearing of the green, 929. Wexford county battles, 935. Wexford bridge, massacre of, 955.  
Weed, Thurlow, his letters on Ireland, 1493.  
Wellesley, Marquis, lord lieutenant of Ireland, 1248.  
Wellesley, Lord, his policy, 1287.  
Wellington, his ministry, 1265. Writes to Dr. Curtis, 1291. Determines to emancipate the Catholics, 1292. His speech on the Catholic bill, 1294.  
Whigs, their fall in 1841, 1461.  
Whitside's speech on the state trials, 1507.  
Wilks, the player, 1190.  
Willis, the American writer, on Moore's singing, 234.  
William the Conqueror, 547.  
William III., king of England, his accession, 749. Invades Ireland, 755. Wins the battle of the Boyne, 756. His character, 807.  
William IV., king of England, his accession, 1346. His death, 1391.  
"Wings," to the emancipation bill, proposed

Adieu, thou faithl  
Araby's Daughter  
Arise! arise!....

Beauty in Tears,

Callian-Dhas-Cru  
Carolans Farew  
Carolans Conce  
Carolans Receip  
Carolans Farew  
Come, rest in th  
Come, raise a C  
Cushlamachree

Dear Harp of n

Edmund of th  
Eileen a Roon  
Ella Rosenbu

Fág an Beala  
Fair Margare  
Forget not th

Has Sorrow  
Humors of  
Hurrah for

I'd mourn  
I'll love the

Jackson's Delight  
Kate Kearney  
Kathleen  
Kitty of

Let Erin remember  
Lewis O'Moore

Macfarland's Lamentations  
Mary, you have eloped from me  
My dark-haired Girl

Norah, the Pride of Kildare  
Nothing in Life can sadden us

O, blame not the Bard  
O, breathe not his Name

When first I met thee  
When he who adores thee  
Will you come to the  
Wood's Lamentation  
Youghal Harbor

MUSICAL INDEX

Table with columns for song titles, page numbers, and index letters (A-Z). Includes entries like 'Adieu, thou faithl', 'Beauty in Tears', 'Callian-Dhas-Cru', etc.











CX 001 689 894

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA LIBRARY

The return of this book is due on the date indicated below

DUE	DUE
<del>DEC 2 1937</del>	JAN 26 1939
<del>OCT 20 1937</del>	5/18/70
<del>MAY 18 1940</del>	9-11-71
<del>MAY 1 1941</del>	3-13-73
<del>AUG 20 1945</del>	
.54	
<del>JAN 18 1956</del>	
<del>FEB 18 1956</del>	
<del>FEB 4 1959</del>	

HEINER CO

Usually books are lent out for two weeks, but there are exceptions and the borrower should note carefully the date stamped above. Fines are charged for overdue books at the rate of ten cents a day; for reserved books the rate is twenty-five cents a day. (For detailed regulations please see folder on "Loan of Books.") Books must be presented at the desk if renewal is desired.

