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'98 AND '48

THE MODERN

REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY

AND LITERATURE

OF IRELAND

BY JOHN SAVAGE

"Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome."

SHAKESPEARE

"Her virtues are her own—her vices have been forced upon her."

ROBERT HOLMES



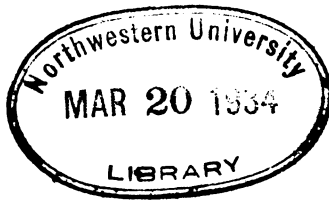
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TO
THE MEMORY
OF
M Y F A T H E R ,

WITH DEEPEST LOVE AND VENERATION

I INSCRIBE THIS VOLUME,

HE WAS THE SON OF A UNITED IRISHMAN OF '98,
AND FOLLOWED THE MISFORTUNES OF '48 INTO EXILE.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.



HISTORY IN GENERAL, AND THE CASE OF IRELAND IN PARTICULAR.

“**HISTORY** is the essence of innumerable biographies;” so saith Carlyle. The truth of this is probably never more manifest than in the chronicle of a revolutionary struggle; or, as exhibited in the annals of a people constantly engaged in an agitation to effect the supremacy of a national will as the ruling trust of the governing power.

In such movements, the leading spirits, the popular rulers—which does not always mean the *actual* rulers—the men who are appointed to, or take the helm, are those who enjoy the largest amount of confidence, and whose acts are assented to in a sufficiently palpable manner, by masses of their fellow-men—who exhibit in their persons, by their skill, courage, and determination, the wants and wishes of the multitude—whom the multitude, by an individuality of opinion, identify as holding and pronouncing their desires and ideas, and as shaping the latter into an argumentative tangibility. These men so placed

are, therefore, not so much the leaders as they are the followers of the people. They may indicate the wants of the people, or dictate measures for their redress; but without the necessity in the first place, there would be no indication or dictation. As they thus measure, or administrate for, the populace, they are the essence of it, and their lives fill the history of the times.

So is it; the life of Tell is the history of the liberation of Switzerland. The lives of Rienzi and Tomas Anniello unfold more of the glory, intrigues, fickleness, and fate of Italy, in their times, than if the chronicles of the Colonna, Orsini, Guelph, Ghibelline, and a score of such, were lingering on the lips of the four winds of heaven. How much of European history is there not due to Luther; and in a later day, how much is there not centered on, and absorbed by Napoleon. In Columbus's life, as in a Banquo mirror, the startled muse of history beheld a new inspiration, an almost bewildering occupation—an extending cavalcade of events and men; and in George Washington's biography we peruse the history of American Independence.

The spirit of the MAN of the day, is the history of all those of whom he is the centre; for in him are centered all their hopes and fears.

From the creation of the world to the present time, mark each mighty epoch: come over those beacons as you would stepping-stones in an unfordable stream—come over them steadily, and observe the indentations made by the stream of time, and you have passed through the brain of centuries, and grasped the history of the world.

History is the cable by which Time fastens the thoughts and actions of his particular eras to their proper moorings. If of the time gone by, it is the golden or iron link with the present; and

if of the present, it is the monument which Truth piles up to the nobleness, worth, heroism, or genius of the era—it is the golden recompense of the day, or the black warning for the future, and its study must ever form one of the most intellectual resources of, and attractive influences on man. If true to its province, it shall include all provinces of literature. It shall present all the amusement and interest of fiction; for the romantic realities of one thousand brains in their strife with the world, present more startling incidents and conflicting scenes than the imagination of one brain could ever produce. It shall combine all the charm and instruction of biography; for it is nothing more or less than a picking of the grains from the chaff—the raising of a good and stately edifice from the choice materials of a thousand indifferent mansions. It shall be full of the grandeur of epic verse; for the record of everything noble in man, or extensive and beautiful in nature, is hallowed with poetry. The feeling, identification, and appreciation, is poetry, whether it be dashed off in rugged prose, or meted out in syllables harmonious. Poetry is not a jingle, fighting through eight or ten syllables of a line, like a bell tolling in a church-tower, at the end of the rope that pulls it, but it is the thought to explain which it is there. When the bell tolls a death-knell, we do not think of the means by which it is rung, or how far it is from the ground. There is poetry in it then. We identify ourselves with its purpose—we unconsciously thrill, chilly, at its unearthly tone. The very ivy leaves on the belfry tremble suspiciously, unlike their gay flutter on a marriage morn. The tombstones, which every day looked mere blocks of marble, now are dis-entombed portions of that which is beneath, come up to tell their pedigrees to the new-comer. There, then, is the poetry, the feeling, the identification; and there is not a

living thing but which, truly appreciated, contains more poetry than ever Ossian thought or Shakspeare wrote.

Upon these general principles, and under their influences, the present volume has been written.

The eras of which it treats are illustrated by their leading ideas, which, in turn, are illustrated by the men who either combined those ideas on paper, or fought for them in the field. The work is a history, if being the condensed "essence of innumerable biographies" can make it one; but on the other hand, it is, more properly speaking, a series of historical essays, in so far as the Author, while giving the facts which make history, has taken representative men whose lives, he believes, were at once the consequence of the bad government of the day, and of the movements set on foot to either correct its evils, or overturn it altogether—and through and by them has given pictures of the respective periods.

The views of character, and critical and political deductions given throughout the book, of course present the writer's estimate of men and movements; based on the facts stated, and guided by the principles which he believes to be true and just, and alone of vital importance to the subject under notice.

Believing that either of two things should be adopted by Irishmen—to chalk out a Republican line, and walk it, or to give up agitation altogether; and having adopted the first course, the Author has consistently condemned those who have wasted the energies of the people by directing a means without the manliness of either.

Irishmen must come out in the broad daylight, or sit passive in abysmal night. The twilight only creates fantasies that embarrass, and induces a stealthiness that makes cowards. It

produces physical and moral trepidation, under the influence of which minor things receive a shadowy importance, and major ones expand to such a fearful extent as to only inspire hopelessness and groping despair.

This twilight of the people is the morning glory of the politician. His is the voice that sounds in the darkness. While they pay him for seeing the light, the people forget they are groping in dismay. He toils in their cavernous gloom, as the fabled gnomes grope for gold and precious stones in the darkness of mid-earth. Like the diamonds, the people do not know, nor cannot see, their own brightness—a very brightness by which both are made manifest to politician and gnome.

These politicians have “laughed and grown fat” for years, while in exact ratio with the clamor they raised about making the country fit to live in, have the people, haggard and miserable, wended their weary steps away from it, a walking commentary on “agitation.”

The writer believes the whole career of O’Connell to have been—to use the mildest term—a brilliant error. His teaching was all wrong, and productive of nothing but Repeal rent and petitions. He constantly charged the British Government with greater enormities, both in character and number, against his country, than a Jefferson could condense into a dozen Declarations of Independence; but even “a decent respect for the opinion of mankind” could neither drive his body, nor philosophize his mind into such a position as that by which “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness” are won.

It comes to this—if Jefferson was right, O’Connell was wrong. They are as opposite as day and night. Their principles are irreconcilable. Either must be wrong, both cannot be right. If

Irishmen in America have reason to bless Jefferson, Irishmen in Ireland for the same reason should—not bless O'Connell.

With regard to that party which in latter days arose on the national side of Irish politics, which did believe in the abstract ideas of Jefferson, and consequently brought down the ire of the British Government in a manner not exercised for fifty years, a few words are here necessary in review.

The members of that party were men who could have entered the army or navy, and won distinction; who, in their professions, certainly would have earned reputation, if not fortune, at the bar, in the laboratory, in the studio; who, applying their clear intelligence, unruffled by politics, would have risen in mercantile status, and brought a vigor to mechanical pursuits which would have insured ease and success. Such men they were, as with the axe, the shuttle, the pestle, the pencil or the pen in hand, form the soul and sinew of society, enriching it as well by the products of the brain, as the energy of the hand.

They were not enamored with politics, but they worshipped Ireland. They had nothing to gain; much to lose. They were unbought by the pence of the people, or the bribes of the Crown; for they were equally unpurchasable to both.

The very fact that *young* men were found ready to give up every chance of personal aggrandizement—to quit all the allurements which so affect the senses, and disaffect the morals of their age—to shut down the panel that divided them from the dazzling excitements of society—from the gayety, the smiles, the beauty, the fairy fingers, the almost irresistible incantations that weave spells over young minds, and make old ones young—ready to forget fortune, shun peace, sunder the links of family, scoff at the golden prospects of court favor, and fling themselves before

and around the weeping figure of their country, when she was disgraced and sneered at, is in itself something which gives a character to the modern history of the island, and alone relieves its rayless condition during the present century.

Young Ireland was "legally and constitutionally" banished and exiled, but not defeated. Young Ireland did revolutionize the country. It gave it a new literature, to warn the old, and to educate the young generation. It trampled to the dust the dogmas that enslave; and held up to the scorn of the world the political routine that effaces true nationality, and disgraces even its sham representative. It swung the sling against the recognized Goliath of the time, and felled him. It took up the harp of Drennan, and struck its chords with fingers passionate with an increase of half a century's disgrace, and half a century's ambition.

It actually groped its way through the fog of "Emancipation," and dared to look upon the "legal and constitutional" graves and scaffolds of illegal and unconstitutional priests and laymen—the Roches and Tones of '98. It had the daring to win sectional Ulster back to the national position it assumed under Munroe and McCracken.

It accomplished much arduous labor—gave an impetus to Irish art and manufacture, pushed the history of the country into the studios of the one, and exhibited in a hundred points of view the necessities and resources of the other. It seduced the young tradesman from the tavern, and the young professional man from the gambling-house. The laborer began to think he was living for something under the words of cheer it uttered. The tenant became more self-reliant, the agriculturist more experimental, the landlord more fearful of his head.

These things young Ireland effected.

- In issuing a work, devoted to revolutionary reminiscences like the present, some argument relating to periods anterior to those treated of, showing the causes which induced the popular movements, is generally looked upon as a necessity. Some case is generally made out to defend the revolutionists, or qualify their provocation. In the present instance the writer thinks otherwise.

It is quite unnecessary to state the case of Ireland now. It has been done often and well—proved by Molyneux, Swift, Lucas, Flood, Grattan, and Holmes, upon English constitutional grounds, that Ireland, while under the rule of England, was outside the pale of its constitution. The greatest English jurists have been brought to evidence the fact; and the standard law books of the empire remain witness of its injustice to the “sister isle.”

The question of Ireland’s wrongs, or the causes that led to its “rebellions,” needs no explanation. And this, too, in the teeth of the truism, that the English press has had for years the ready ear of the world. It is an insult to the common sense and the “sympathy” of the world to state the case of Ireland.

Generations after generations have been born with the words, “poor Ireland,” on their lips, and have died uttering the same monotonous but suggestive syllables. The present generation see no reason to change the tune, which, with every variety of vocal intonation, haunts the Irishman in every nook and cranny of the wide, wide earth. Spoken in whatsoever language, it is unmistakable to the most ignorant Celt. Like the last trumpet, there is but one sound, but it is intelligible beyond all others.

“Poor Ireland”—it blusters and moans in every roar and

sough of the wind that disperses or tangles the cloudy fringes, bringing day and night to every climate of the globe. It bellies the sails of every ship that wanders over ocean. The lordly trees that shiver before the emigrant axe in primeval forests, fall, a memento of "poor Ireland." The kitchen garden, skirting the log-cabin, looks up through the clearing, and smiles, "poor Ireland," in the face of Heaven. The railroad, with its millions of sleepers indicates the words, and the engine that rattles over it, at every gust of smoke, seems to belch them out. The words are raised into monumental stone and statue, as well in France, Spain, Austria, in the Poet's Corner of Westminster, under St. Paul's, New York, as in St. Patrick's, Dublin. Wherever there is a poet's corner, or a pauper grave-yard, you will meet the words, "poor Ireland."

"Poor Ireland!" Under several signatures which pledged their owner's "lives, fortunes, and sacred honors," to the Declaration of American Independence, the words are written.

The names of Andrew Jackson, Calhoun, Carroll, Barry, and Stewart, in American history, suggest "poor Ireland" almost as vividly as those of Tone and Emmet. The same cause that sent the former "abroad," hanged the latter "at home." 'Tis thus New Orleans avenges Vinegar Hill.

"Poor Ireland!" Statesmen pronounce the words with sentimental emphasis; demagogues tear them to tatters. From legislative bench to pot-house beer-barrel, they are common property. They are in every ink-bottle, and no pen splashes in writing them. They are sneered at, jeered at, laughed at, quaffed at, and used without moderation, both by friends and foes; sometimes having little interest, most times with no principle, but generally with considerable profit. They are put into

ballot-boxes by the thousand, and lead millions by the nose. The idler uses them to live off the Irishman who has amassed wealth. The artful use them to win service from the poor.

“Poor Ireland!” The united words were the parents of “Old Ireland” and “Young Ireland;” the resource of the one, and the inspiration of the other. They are the disgrace of some Irishmen, and the glory of others, but disgrace or glory, the fact is recognized, and thus is the case of Ireland stated.

State the case of Ireland in this year of our Lord, when emigrant depôts, like fortifications, sentinel every great port on the Atlantic sea-board of America? Look into one of those depôts. There is an old woman. “Well?” Well, there she is, at once the history of Ireland, and an epitome of London law. Her father was killed in '98, her son transported in '48, not having died like his younger brothers, of the famine in '46. Her daughter married a tradesman, who couldn't make “salt to his porridge;” English capitalists have so inundated the Irish markets with cheap goods, manufactured by skeletons who exist on opium. To be sure, he wove a poplin ball-dress for Queen Victoria, and lived on the praises of “poor Ireland,” which the shamrocks on it drew forth from the good Court Journal, but he couldn't live long on that, and they all managed somehow to get to America. Look at her, the poor shrivelled old creature; her cheek, despite famine, fever, and grim necessity, still looking like a wrinkled rose-leaf, and a light beaming from her clear grey eye, indicating the vitality of her race. She sways backward and forward, hushing her grandchild to sleep, crooning the while with fitful modulations, suiting the babe's restlessness or quiet, some glorious old melody, to score which would make an Italian composer's fortune.

State the case of Ireland, indeed? You have been in Broadway during the past winter. You have seen that Irish army with pick-axes and spades, clearing away the accumulated muddy snow and ice from the thoroughfare of the Republic. Well, every time the pick-axe sunk into the filth, it splashed "poor Ireland" into the face of the laborer. Every wagon-load—every shovel-full of the stuff stated the case of Ireland.

Ay! that poor old woman—these thousands of stout shovelers, state the case of Ireland more clearly than if all the rags on their backs were made into paper, and covered with the facts and statistics of every writer on the subject, from Molyneux to Mitchel.

While other countries have been completely swamped, or have risen into greatness, Ireland alone has remained pretty nearly the same way for years. Her great misfortune is, that she is ever ready for rebellion without getting ready. There is no counting on her appearance. She seems apathetic at present, but those who know her are aware that it is not her nature. Her fault is on the other side. She is excited too easily. She seems at present, to all outward appearance, stiff and cold. But remember, when the Hudson river is frozen over, the current underneath but rolls the swifter for being pent up—there is cold ice atop—there is flashing fury beneath it.

To speculate on her future is utter insanity. What she ought to be, is easily told. What she might be, every statesman and literateur, artist and agriculturist, knows full well. We may analyze her past—explain her present, but her future ——?

Let us never despair. If this volume produces a conviction on the mind of any Irish reader, which may lead him to give up agitation *in toto*, or pursue it with resolute republicanism,

unwarped by personal ambition, unseduced by sectionality, and unblemished by bigotry, the Author will feel happy that he has made that man either a better friend to his family or his fatherland.

J. S.

Fayal Cottage, Long Island.

March 14th, 1856.

THE ORATOR AND THE ORGANIZER

WOLFE TONE AND HENRY GRATTAN.

'N I N E T Y - E I G H T

AND

'F O R T Y - E I G H T .

WOLFE TONE AND HENRY GRATTAN.

It is to the latter half of the last century that the student of Irish history must look for the causes which, carrying their effects into, principally inspired the political movements that have agitated the middle of the century in which we live. To that period we must look for the first distinctive manifestation of those ideas which divide that portion of the Irish race claiming to be national at present.

National ideas, by which I mean those principles which are at once the ready resource, as well as fundamental reliance of great national parties, are never impromptu. They are the accumulation of years, the united offspring of many parents, the combination of the best of the good, even as the attractive

juxtaposition of many stars forms a constellation. The discoverer of a great idea or a continent, a star or a stream, has a pride, and is accorded by his fellow men a glory only less than that attached to the Power that created them; because the discovery leads to the full appreciation of such creation. After the creation, the discovery of this continent of America is the proudest date in its history. After the beginning, when the heavens and the earth were created, "and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," the next date is 1492. After Genesis, the Genoese. After God, Columbus. The very act of delivering it from the misty womb of ages, and its consequent acknowledgment by the world, paid the solemn debt due Nature for its conception, and indicated a path to those stupendous reforms and benefits, robed in the majesty of which we of this day and hour have a being, a manhood, and a purpose.

National ideas are the growth of time, and do not belong in reality to one period any more than the earth would bear fruits this year if there were not seeds placed on her bosom to suckle themselves into richness from the growth of the last. Nothing comes from nothing. And when great originality is attributed to one individual, who produces startling theories or profound practical plans, it accrues purely from the originality, the daring, or the subtlety of his combinations, the power with which he accumulates and purifies; the practical energy with which he applies his reproductions to the wants of those whom he aspires to teach, and the capacity he there

unfolds, of such principles and ideas, to present the noblest, most satisfactory and revivifying medium for such people's redemption. Such men, with such powers, growing from and dignifying nationality, are like the blossoms of the century plant, and flower once in a hundred years.

Thus, as the inspiration of Algernon Sidney who was "stiff to republican principles,"* John Hampden, Eliot, and the republicans of the Cromwellian era, is visible in the thought and writings of the men who gave a tone and immortality to the pen-labor of the American Revolution: so the Irish movement of our day, may, with small effort, be traced to the combinations formed in the brains of Henry Grattan and Theobald Wolfe Tone; just as the popular men, who immediately preceded them in influence, the Lucases and Floods, adapted to their times, and to suit their capacities, the embers of the national fires ignited by the works of Molyneux and Swift in the preceding century.

The theories of Irish Nationality, immortalized by the vehement agitation of Grattan, and the restless energy of Tone; by the active eloquence of the former, and the acted eloquence of the latter; by the devoted passion of the one, and the passionate devotion of the other; by the soaring life of the orator, and the martyr death of the organizer:—These theories still divide what are known as Irish Nationalists, in and out of Ireland. "Repeal" and "Republicanism" are the

* Bishop Burnet.

shibboleths under which they manifest themselves; and "Old Ireland" and "Young Ireland," the less perspicuous clan-rally which designates either party.

These facts suggested to me the propriety of placing those theories side by side. It appeared to me that it would not alone be highly beneficial to Irish, but to American sympathizers and readers, to see those men brought through the fitful and ever-gathering storm of Irish agitation—untombed, and placed "ashes to ashes," that the one class might view clearly, and with no sophisticated vision, what folds are in the flag they would unfurl—what meaning may be attached to their respective shibboleths; and that the other class might thoroughly understand what has actuated, and actuates the sympathies and political animosities of a race with whom there is, and ought to be, at least one bond of fraternity, that of both being the sons of sires who, for the common cause of freedom, fought the common enemy of both.

Henry Grattan was born in Dublin; on the third of July, 1746, and died in London, June, 1820. His seventy-four years of existence may be divided into three epochs: his youth and studentage; his Irish parliamentary career; his career in the English Parliament. These divisions are the morning, noon, and night, embracing and filling his day.

His morning opened bright and promising, gradually became overcast, cloudy meditations and fitful glimpses of poetic light chasing each other, parting, co-mingling, now exhibiting dreariness, now delight, and anon clearing up into a dazzling and almost

oppressively glorious noon—an immortal noon, the sun of which stands still ; his night was subdued, but, borrowing some of the lustre which preceded it, was yet splendid. In childhood he displayed that anxious energy which so characterized his manhood : and the friends of his school-days, in after times, were proud to dwell on the promise which the development of his early nature made.

In 1763 he entered Trinity College, and for the succeeding four years, until he became a member of the Middle Temple, and went to London with the intention of becoming a lawyer, the love of polite literature appears to have taken serious possession of him ; and during this period he laid the foundation of that peculiar style which tinges all he spoke or wrote. As Curran's mother used to lament that her son did not become a clergyman, there are some who appear to grieve that Grattan did not become a poet. "Oh Jacky, Jacky, what a preacher was lost in you," Mrs. Curran used to say, in retrospective mournings that her son had not made his passionate and patriotic appeals in a surplice instead of a lawyer's gown : and one of Grattan's commentators, Mr. Madden, alluding to the youth and natural tendencies of the future orator, thinks that "had he, in those days, bravely relied upon nature, and given us his own sympathies with her charms, the world might have had some fine poetry." But fortunately, or unfortunately, it matters little which, Alexander Pope and his poetry were the fashion ; and the ardent young Irishman, striving to imitate the elegant versifier,

became, in his poetic moods, a very subservient and vigorless follower. He was a shadow of the original, and not being a shadow of himself, could not put any life or motion into his verses. "The moment he came to write verse, he only could see with the eyes of Mr. Pope." Pope himself, a complete mirror of, as well as index to, the artificial manners, stilted chivalry, theatrical enthusiasm, and polished sentimentalism of the time, was anything but a suitable model for any literary pretensions, an Irish poetic spirit least of all. Faultless in all the mechanism of verse-making, elegant in his epithets, epigrammatic in antithetical effects, clear as filtered water, with logical precision, dignity of sentence, a frigidity of mannerism, and monotonously wearisome railroad sort of cadence, Pope, though giving English poetry the first useful polish it received, and perhaps, as De Quincey thinks, "the most brilliant of all wits who have, at any period, applied themselves to the poetic treatment of human manners," was not one of those bounteously-freighted spirits of song, who can either stand out like a great statue for rapturous admiration, or spread, like a mighty tree, any sheltering arm over a youthful worshipper. He occupies every place himself so much, that none may touch that place or topic in his fashion. While we read one of his poems, even his translations, we are more constantly reminded of Mr. Pope and his exquisite word-machinery, with his trap-doors that open and fall so smoothly, and the eternal sameness of the coloring of his side-scenes, and the steady glare of his footlights; we are, I say, far more constantly

reminded of these than the subject enacted, of which they were to be only the accessories, and Mr. Pope, so to speak, the prompter. It is no wonder, then, that Grattan could not find a seat on the back of Pope's Pegasus.

Grattan's correspondence at this period of his life also disagreeably affects us with the artificial beauty of Pope's letters, which were written for the public eye, and in which, says the same shrewd critic, I have alluded to, "every nerve was strained to outdo each other in carving all into a fillagree work of rhetoric.*" But through all the art and affectation of style, the ardent flame of Grattan's native genius bursts up, and produces a better effect by the contrast. There was a great struggle between his genius and the prevailing taste, and of course his nature—receiving its gifts, not for a day, not to be put on or off, like those garments which hang on Fashion, that providence of parvenues—rose triumphant. His genius loomed up over the debilitated taste of the town, even as it shed a halo round the fragile frame through which he manifested his energy. His nature, like the seven-league boots of the nursery fable, bore his frail body with giant strides above the common-places of imitation; and soon finding, in the masterly powers and startling eloquence of Lord Chatham more congenial and commanding attraction, his style aspired beyond degrading the "dignity of rhetoric."

Having lost a sister by death to whom he was

* De Quincey's Biographical Essays.

devotedly attached, he, with a college companion, rented a house in Windsor Forest; and here his soul, feeding upon melancholy, solitude, and natural scenery, three bounteous tenders to the thoughtful, Grattan's mind expanded largely. His occupations were fitful, his chief delight wandering through the forest, when the midnight moon, shining through the intertangled branches and foliage, wove a weird web of shadows around him, through which he struggled unconsciously, until he tired out his keeper, the moon, and the dawn and the birds awaked him from his reverie. His being was thoroughly unsettled at this time; but, like an unsettled stream, it dashed wildly—if noiselessly to the outside world—along, and carried with it many springs that poured their sparkling beauty into it; carried with it the vigor of its own momentum, bore on its crest, like a chaplet, the wild flowers it gathered by the margins in its bounding career, and sprang riotously onward, flaunting like a flag above it, the perfume and fragrance it had captured from the banks and shrubberies and gardens it overran.

His residence in London, though of an unsocial character in the main, was beneficial to one so constituted as Grattan. Flung from the affectation of his college days into all the crowding sensations and sympathies which melancholy and loneliness, heightened by the poetical affinities of his thought, produced, he sought, at every new phase of such a living, some medium for its greater indulgence, or some antidote against its poignant effects. Thus, last night we found

him hanging like an echo to the words of Chatham in the House of Lords: to-night he is wandering like a disturbed spirit through the thickets of Windsor Forest: now, he is declaiming to a marrowless skeleton dangling from a gibbet; here, listening to some fascinating cantatrice at the Italian opera—the music rushing through his susceptible soul as the wind played upon the latticed ribs of the gibbeted skeleton. Again he is wrapped in the shadowy mantle of meditation; and now riant in the society of the fickle substantialities of the fashionable world. “The slave of a thousand passions,” he writes himself, “now intoxicated with company, now saddening in solitude; sometime disturbed with hope, sometimes depressed with despair, and equally ravaged with each; disgusted often, and often precipitately enamored.”

Thus day-dreaming and night-walking, in the box at the play-house, or the gallery of the Parliament House, lounging about the Grecian Coffee-house, or poring over the chief writers of the day, and carrying with him, through every experience, an impressible nature, easily roused sympathies, and a fancy which adapted to itself, and steeped in its own hues and colors, everything he saw, heard, or touched, Grattan possessed himself of a strength, capable, under the Prospero-wand of his energy, to arouse the storms that slumber beneath the calm, sluggish exterior of an oppressed people—to use the invoked whirlwind of resonant wrong—to marshal its gusty currents against the battlements of the oppressor—to ride on as well as rouse the elements—to still them

as well as surcharge them with electricity; and to suffuse the veins of a distracted and disunited people with the hot tide of purpose, passion, patriotic ardor and armed and belted pride. The example offered by Harry Flood's career, and the intimacy formed with that ready and powerful champion of Irish Rights, had an influence on the career and mind of Grattan, productive of some of the finest oratory of ancient or modern times, and of one of the grandest, perhaps the very proudest, of all scenes in the too sorrowfully picturesque history of Ireland.

Introduced to Lord Charlemont as a man of eloquence and ability, that nobleman nominated the whilom vague dreamer of Windsor Forest for parliament, and on the 11th December, 1775, he took his seat in the Irish House of Commons, as member for the borough of Charlemont. The time was auspicious. Flood, who, reaping the growth of the seeds dropped by Molyneux, Swift, and Lucas, and combining them, had formed the broadest platform of Irish interest known up to that time; who had formed a party and rendered the arena of the Irish Parliament one to attract the ambition of talent to its strife—was comparatively silent, and by a strange logic, based, no doubt, on the fact of his having forced the government to terms, advocated that a patriot could be of more use to his country when holding office under its oppressor, than otherwise. Conciliation Hall revived those principles, and in 1846, I remember Mr. O'Connell's congratulating the country on the fact that Lord Lieutenant Besborough

was of opinion, that a man's being a Repealer would not exclude him from office under the Whig government. Whatever philosophy may be in this, we see that its application has not been salutary. I have seen it fatten some individuals to be sure, but I have also seen it starve, and worse than starve, degrade the country.

To resume:—Henry Flood, “the candidate for contradictory honors,” was silent in the Parliament. There were others there, Hussey Burgh, loved and respected everywhere, uncorrupted, disinterested, eloquent, and who, as Sir Jonah Barrington remarks, “was equally attentive to public concerns and careless of his own;” Yelverton of commanding arguments, and whose humor even exhibited solidity; Denis Daly, “a man of great ability, large fortune, exquisite eloquence, and high character;” the Ponsobys, Conollys, and a crowd of talent, but without a great audacious, combining, resistless power.

France and Spain were growling over the Bourbon bone; the administration of Lord North, who, be it remembered spoke of repealing certain Port Duties, not until “America was prostrate at the feet of England,” whose arbitrary measures against the colonies and wretched obsequiousness to the court, had disgraced one portion of England, and distracted the other.

America, like a giant roused from slumber, spoke with a voice that shook the British Empire, until Ireland almost fell from it. The tramp of armed men in one province of the empire though three thousand

miles distant, set the nerves of another province of the same empire quivering with anxiety. There were men and brothers too, from the four quarters of that province who had carried with them to the indignant colonies, the hate of Ulster, the enthusiasm of Munster, the integrity of Leinster, and the latent fire of Connaught. Every chord struck in America vibrated in Ireland, and the military spirit which took shape in 1760, when the French squadron under Thurot unfurled their flag in the bay of Carrickfergus, was spreading through all classes.

Consecutive Irish administrations had consecutively impoverished the land, ruined its trade, traded on its politics, hunted the Catholics, humbugged the Protestants, chained the peasantry, and manacled with a mock dignity the peers; when Henry Grattan came forth, like an Apocalyptic soul with burning revelations on his lips, and a revolution poisoning on his arm.

Though much of that national desire was extant when he came upon the scene, there was no one to collect the scattered fire, and offer it on the altar of patriotism and truth, as a holocaust to the god of Liberty. It was his mission to be great and to confer greatness. If he did not create the military ardor, the combination of which effected the revolution of '82, he cherished the seeds of soldierdom, he nurtured the being, inspired the faith, glorified the mission, until one hundred thousand swords and bayonets, by their presence spoke even with more significant eloquence than his own. If he did not entirely evoke

the Volunteers, he immortalized them; and were it not that the god of Liberty he worshipped was the deity of what is known as English Constitutional Liberty, those eloquent swords and cannon of the Volunteers, might have effected for the country that immortality of freedom which his eloquence conferred on them. He circumscribed himself within "The King, Lords and Commons of Ireland." He could not see beyond the British constitution—not beyond the "palladium of English liberty" which Jefferson, and Washington, and Henry, and Hancock, and Marion, and Montgomery, and Franklin, and Paul Jones, and others of the like stamp, wisely got outside of.

He spoke passionately of a distinctive Irish nationhood: but also argued connexion with England. "Ireland is a colony without the benefit of a charter," says he, in his Declaration of Irish Rights, "and you are a provincial synod, without the privileges of a parliament." Again he says, wrought to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, "Liberty with England, if possible—if not, without her. Perish the British Empire—live Ireland." Here it would seem that he had a doubt of the possibility of "liberty with England;" but Lord Cloncurry quotes sundry passages of a written address to the citizens of Dublin from Grattan, in which he seriously says, "May the kingly Power, that forms one estate in our Constitution, continue for ever." In the Declaration of Rights he asked for a "Constitution" for the people, to the supposed attainment of which, no

doubt, he alludes in his address. He further says, in the latter; "May the connexion with Great Britain continue; but let the result of that connexion be, the perfect freedom, in the fairest and fullest sense, of all descriptions of men, without distinction of religion."*

He labored long, gloriously, wondrously against the legislative Union of the two countries, and just as long held those doctrines of constitutional connexion I have shown. He made the cause of Ireland more deeply felt than they had ever been by his extraordinary powers of eloquence; and, at the same time, indicated no means for their alleviation, but left it as far as it ever was, or could be—as far as the English connexion. How he reasoned these incompatibilities into one voluble sentence I never could imagine—no more than I understood what "Ireland for the Irish—God save the Queen," of Mr. O'Connell meant, saving that it was the pith of Grattan's motion, and meant nothing. I cannot reconcile the combination of ideas representing such widely different and deadly antagonistic interests. However, it is not for me to dwell on the fact, but to represent to you the political theory which Grattan has given us.

After the legislative Union we have little interest, save personally with Grattan. He entered the British House of Commons in 1805, and continued

* Vide *Personal Recollections of the Life and Times of Valentine Lord Cloncurry*, p. 44.

to be, as he ever was, the advocate of religious toleration. Cloncurry, in his "Personal Recollections," says, that Grattan, in his intercourse with him, painfully evinced the change in his position. He was "transplanted into the English Legislature," says his friend, "and his reputation, as an orator and statesman outlived the change, but in a condition of languid vitality, incapable of effecting more than the preservation from decay of the relics of his name and genius." This allusion to the "languid vitality" seems to be but too well founded. Curran said—"Grattan brought his club into the English House of Commons, but took care, beforehand, to pare off its knobs."

That same year of 1763, in which Grattan entered college, and in the same city of Dublin, Theobald Wolfe Tone entered this life. His father, a coach-maker, and grandfather, a farmer; he was essentially of the people. At the age of twelve the talents of the child interested his schoolmaster so much that he prevailed on his father to send him to a Latin school, telling him it was a thousand pities to throw the boy away on business—that he would rise, with proper education, to a fellowship in Trinity College, which was quite sufficient to dazzle the solicitude of any parent, as the position indicated was one, not only entailing literary glory, but worldly independence. The parson of the parish, notwithstanding Theobald's stupidity on the subject of catechism, urged the claims of the youth's talents to a classical education, and he was accordingly placed under a

clergyman capable of the charge. The boy attacked the Latin with ardor, and in two years found the Greek much more to his taste. At sixteen he entered old Trinity as a pensioner, and remaining within its jurisdiction for five years, although very idle, as he says himself, passionately devoted to a military life, and, no doubt, often led away by the movements, music, and display of the Volunteers, managed, by the tenacious and grasping character of his intellect, to overcome the more volatile obstacles of his nature, and to acquit himself with distinguished credit. He carried off a scholarship, three premiums, three medals from the celebrated Historical Society, took the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and, to a certainty, would have fulfilled his schoolmaster's prophecy, by filling a Fellowship, if that honor unfortunately did not carry with its more bright prospects the very dismal one of celibacy. This point of good fellowship with the softer portion of humanity was a primal one with the collegian, whose bachelorship he did not intend should be other than a degree from his *Alma Mater*. In a word, he had fallen in love with one not sixteen years of age, and "beautiful as an angel!" Matilda Witherington, the grand-daughter of a rich old clergyman, who resided in the vicinity of the University, and in passing whose window, his eyes first rested on that noble creature whose sorrows, trials, and heroism have lit up many a lovely girl's hopes, inspired many an ardent sigh from the gentle but resolute patriotism that would emulate her virtues; and tinged many a

cheek that could not sympathize with her fortune, but worshipped her fortitude.

Tone was a man of action, and soon opened the way, not only to her grandfather's house, but to Matilda's heart, and found a complete recognition of his love in a mutual and trustful affection. "I proposed to her to marry me without asking consent of any one," says he, "knowing well it would be vain to expect it; she accepted the proposal as frankly as I made it, and one beautiful morning, in the month of July, we ran off and were married." He carried his wife out of town, achieved the temporary forgiveness of her relations, and thus flinging off his *odd* fellowship with a snug income, for a married life without a shilling, soon found himself in the wilderness of London. He entered the Temple, but the profession of law being one which only excited his antipathies, he did little else towards that end than write his name on the books of the Temple, and pay for, by some means or other, twenty-four dinners in the Common Hall. While in London, he wrote for the "European Magazine," and, in company with two friends, a burlesque novel called "Belmont Castle," which was printed afterwards with some success in Dublin.

He was not rid of the law however, for his wife's grandfather paying her portion of five hundred pounds, Tone returned to Dublin, laid out one-fifth of the sum in law books, and ultimately was called to the bar in Trinity Term, 1789. On his first circuit he surprised himself by nearly paying his expenses; but nothing could overcome his distaste for the pro-

fession. His mind grasped largely, and sought to act with the same executive power as it received. His nature, generous, chivalrous, ardent, and strongly given to military pursuits, casting off the law soon found in the excited politics of the time something to arrest the flight of his intellect, and receive from it a recognition destined to expand in a very ominous degree. A pamphlet defending the Whig Club, against which the government press was devotedly rapacious, was his first sign of political life. The club, however, falling far behind his political opinions, could not enlist his complete sympathies, but only commanded his praise, inasmuch as it was the best constituted body of the time. His pamphlet, however, had a great success, and was reprinted by the Northern Whig Club, who elected its author a member.

Members of Parliament and leading politicians turned their eyes to the pamphleteer. They would like to engage him to their particular service, but carefully observant, Tone found that he should retrograde rather than progress, and wisely determined not to connect himself with any man or set of men. He speedily came to the opinion that the English influence was the radical vice of the Irish Government, "and consequently that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent; and that independence was unattainable whilst the connexion with England existed."

There, he very plainly arrives at the root of the evil, and men have not to bewilder themselves in

striving to reconcile impossibilities. In taking this wide view, he lost sight of the Whig Club completely, and without sorrow.

On the appearance of a rupture with Spain, he issued a masterly address asserting the right of his country to independence, and proving that she was not bound by the declaration of war, but could, and should as a nation stipulate for a neutrality. In this pamphlet he unswervingly advanced his ideas of separation. Bold and convincing was he in this production, and with clearness and energy does he treat the subject. After reviewing the blood, treasure, trade that would be sacrificed, he showed that the arguments for going to war were reduceable to three—to wit: “*The good of the empire, the honor of the British flag, and the protection which England affords us,*” and then proceeds—

“I confess I am, at the outset, much staggered by a phrase so very specious, and of such general acceptance as this of ‘*the good of the empire!*’ Yet, after all, what does it mean? or what is *the empire?* * * * * *

“It is convenient, doubtless, for England, and for her instruments in this country, to cry up the ‘*good of the empire,*’ because it lays the power of Ireland at her disposal; but if the empire consists of two parts, one of which is to reap the whole profit of a contest, and the other to share only the difficulties and the danger, I know not why we should be so misled by sounds as to sacrifice solid advantages to the whistling of the name of ‘*empire.*’ The good of the whole empire consists of the good of all the parts; but in our case, the good of one part is renounced to establish the good of the other. Let us, for God’s sake, call things by their proper names; let us analyze

this unmeaning and fallacious mixed mode 'empire' into its components England and Ireland, and then see how the matter stands. * * * * Ireland has *no quarrel*, but, on the contrary, a very beneficial intercourse with Spain, which she is called upon to renounce to her infinite present detriment; she is called on, likewise, to squander her wealth and shed her blood in this English East Indian quarrel, and then she is told, to console her, that she has been advancing '*the good of the empire!*' Let us substitute '*England*' for the '*empire,*' and see if it be not nearer the fact and truth."

Again, speaking of the honor of the British flag, he says:

"WHERE IS THE NATIONAL FLAG OF IRELAND? I know there are those who, covering their apathy or their corruption with the specious garb of wise and prudent caution, may raise their hands in astonishment at this, as an idle exclamation; but I say, that such a badge of inferiority between the two kingdoms, is a serious grievance. * * * Is national rank nothing? If the flag of England be, as it is, dearer to every brave Englishman than his life, is the wish for a similar badge of honor to Ireland to be scouted as a chimera? Can the same sentiment be great and glorious on one side of the channel, and wild and absurd on the other? It is a mortifying truth, but not the less true for its severity, that the honor of the British is the degradation of the Irish flag!"

And he continues in this strain, growing fiercer and even more convincing to the end. These passages are so applicable to the present usage of Irish valor, and blood, and money, in the present war, that I make no excuse for quoting them. They exhibit the confirmed opinions of their author, moreover, and

offer a striking contrast, in their direct and powerful simplicity of style, truth, and logical conviction, to the more purple-phrased and purposeless theories of Grattan.

To make Ireland a slave, the British minister should have kept her a beggar ; said Grattan :* “There is no middle policy,” says he, yet he swung all his life between an enthusiastic patriotism on the one hand, and a loud loyalty on the other. We cannot well impeach his patriotism. He went as far, probably, as the dazzling haze of language he encircled himself with, would allow him in security to go. He was brilliant enough to have been harder metal. He was not a statesman, for he talked much more than he acted. Mr. D. Owen Madden, reviewing his letters and speeches, truly says : “He was utterly mistaken in the nature of political power. He confounded fame with authority—celebrity with influence.” This is the mistake of all men who make what may be called an impromptu reputation. The populace ever ready to cheer, are quick to detect the inconsistencies between the sayings and the doings of a man, who, either is, or aspires to be, a leader. Thoughts must be crowned with acts ; for as Shakspeare hath it,

“ The flighty purpose never is o’ertook
Unless the deed go with it.”

Grattan could probe the wound but never heal it ; “greatly emancipate, or fundamentally destroy,” said he ; and while I think the effect of his life and theory

* Declaration of Irish Rights. April 19, 1790.

not calculated to do either thoroughly, I must admit, that while believing he was attempting the former, he was accomplishing the latter; it may be by slow, and oratorically unapparent, but nevertheless sure processes. He continues: "We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war; the claims of the one, go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter, go to oppose those claims, to the last drop of her blood." Tone could not have been clearer on the point; but why delude ourselves by merely reading the passage? Grattan's life is a commentary upon it. He perpetuated by his tongue and example, the "power to bind" his country, and the "claims" of the English crown against its liberty, by his infatuation after connexion. He lived to sit in the senate of that connexion. Tone died for those very ideas that Grattan talked, thus: "A country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty."

How widely apart were their ideas of liberty. They were men of different vision, and saw Freedom under various guises. This reminds me of what Michelet says: "Take the most liberal, a German or an Englishman, at random; speak to him of liberty, he will answer, 'liberty!' And then just try to see what they will understand by it. You will then perceive that this word has as many meanings as there are nations. That the German or English democrats

are aristocrats at heart; that the barrier of nationalities, which you believe effaced, remains almost entire. All those people whom you believe so near, are five hundred leagues from you."* This in the abstract, is true, varying with the necessities of the people; but one is not bound to believe a man free, because he is satisfied with his life; nor regard as liberty what would satisfy an individual. It is the philosophy that is embodied, the principle to be maintained, the truth to be asserted, and not the individual that embodies, maintains, or asserts.

"Mr. Byrne," said a notorious slave of the Commons, Sir Henry Cavendish, to Tone's publisher, the day after the publication of the pamphlet quoted above, "Mr. Byrne, if the author of that work is serious, he ought to be hanged." So unaccustomed was he to such language, Cavendish, no doubt, thought the writer mad. Tone tells us that an English Bishop with five or six thousand a year, *laboriously* earned in the church, also said to his publisher: "Sir, if the principles contained in that abominable work were to spread, do you know that you would have to pay for your coals at the rate of £5 a ton?" The pamphlet, however, created little impression, the timid publisher having suppressed it.

It was now some years after the great display of the Volunteers, when the nation had been declared "independent;" but the Irish Parliament was only a shadow of the English one. Reform was

* The People. By J. Michelet.

demanding, conventions of the Volunteers met, plans were proposed, but nothing effected. There were able minds who espoused the national cause in the Parliament, but the patriotism of even the most gifted was displayed in a modified form. It all arose from the sophistication of the people into the belief that they were independent when they were not. Lord Edward Fitzgerald denounced Grattan for his unrepublicanism, and for his avowing that the Irish would back up the English in the war. This came of acknowledging the king over the Lords and Commons. But men in Parliament like Fitzgerald, and out of it like Wolfe Tone, were noble exceptions to the rule of men engaged at that period in the politics of their country. The action of the few great men of the opposition, was to be sure, not so much their own fault as the position into which they were thrown: and strange as it may seem they were looked upon in the senate as seditionists and rebels. Parliament in possession of the Protestants, was a mere caucus of the aristocracy. "To the English," says an able writer, "it was a convenient servant and a helpless antagonist."

The Protestant party had been for above a century in easy enjoyment of the church, the law, the revenue, the army, the navy, the magistracy, the corporations, and all institutions receiving or extending patronage. Not one-tenth of the entire population, and descended from foreign plunderers and usurpers, in English connection they alone beheld security; and England, profiting by their weaknesses, augmented their fears,

gave them her protection, and took in exchange the commerce, the liberties of Ireland. The events of the American Revolution emboldened the Catholics and Presbyterians, and thus forced the Protestants into some slightly-beneficial measures of redress, but they remained attached to their protectress; a property party, an aristocracy.

The Dissenters—double in numbers to the Protestants—were chiefly manufacturers and traders, and did not believe their existence depended on the immutability of their slavishness to England. They formed the flower of the army of '82. They were the first to demand parliamentary reform. The first to come forward in vindication of the principles of the French Revolution.

The Catholics, numerically were the most formidable, embracing, as they did, the peasantry of three provinces, and a considerable portion of the business class. The exactions of the Penal Laws had left them but a small proportion of the landed interest. "There was no injustice, no disgrace, no disqualification, moral, political or religious, civil or military that was not heaped upon them."

Thus stood the island.

Tone threw himself into the Catholic cause. He wisely saw that to effect anything for the country they should think and speak boldly; and so determined to amalgamate them with the Presbyterians. He saw that in the identification of their interests and affections—the interests and affections of the people as they were—lay the only foundation—the sole hope

of the liberty of either or the glorious desire which inspired his heart and soul. "To unite the whole people of Ireland; to abolish the memory of past dissensions; and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter,"—these were the means he employed, or ambitioned to employ, in the assertion of the final independence of his land.

With these views he wrote his "Argument in Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland," addressed to the Dissenters. He was the apostle of union, consolidation, strength, liberty; and enjoyed the gratification of finding that his arguments and doctrines fell wholesomely on the ear of the North, for which they were intended. Through the instrumentality of this pamphlet he became acquainted with Keogh, McCormick, Sweetman, Byrne, and other leaders of the General Catholic Committee. His reputation spreading rapidly, the Volunteers of Belfast elected him an honorary member; a favor never bestowed but in one other instance, on Harry Flood.

Following up these flattering tokens of approval, he went to Belfast, in company with his friend Thomas Russell, and on the 12th October, 1791, he founded the Society of United Irishmen. On the 18th the first regular meeting was held. The club consisted of thirty-six original members, and Tone wrote all the resolutions as well as the declaration of the society; which expressed emphatically that idea of fraternity which the name indicated. Thus were planted the seeds of that organization which was destined to con-

vulse the empire, and exhibit the Irish in a noble and unfortunate, though gloriously-fought assertion of their rights. In November Tone returning to Dublin, set about making the acquaintance of some prominent men, and on the 9th of the same month a Dublin branch of the United Irishmen was held; Hon. Simon Butler being the chairman and Napper Tandy the secretary. So progresses the organizer and his organization.

“It is worthy of attention,” says Dr. Madden, “that both Tone and Tandy at this period were republicans, and yet the society they founded was formed expressly to obtain a reform in Parliament, and the abolition of the Penal Code.”* Tone knew well that he could not effect anything by such a premature movement as plunging them, from their comparative darkness, into the full light which illumined his principles. They should be led boldly, though with a self-preservative caution, which, without breeding timidity in the bold, would make bold the timid. Tone himself says: “At this time the establishment of a Republic was not the immediate object of my speculations, my object was to secure the independence of my country under *any* form of government—to which object I was led by a hatred of England, so deeply rooted in my nature that it was rather an instinct than a principle.”

The new society grew rapidly into stateliness and strength by the adhesion of the Catholics and many

* Lives and Times of United Irishmen.

Protestants. The Catholic Committee, which was by voice of the country ordained its representative, looking anxiously for some man of ability, truth, and courage to be their agent, rested its eyes before the intrepid soul and manly attributes of Tone. A proposal was made to him and was accepted. Thus the reins were falling into his hands; and in the eyes of history and his contemporaries, he filled the arduous trust with honor and sagacity, and attached to his position a significant power; for the fact of the founder of the United Irishmen being appointed agent of the Catholic Committee gave, in the words of Moore, "warning, sufficiently intelligible, that the time was at hand when the same spirit would be found to actuate both of these bodies."*

Meanwhile the continued and heightening insolence of the administration had a good effect in rousing the spirit of the people into antagonism; and did more to extend the organization of United Irishmen than could have been accomplished by the most energetic of its leaders. Growing in thought, with its strength the society began to look outside of Catholic Rights and Parliamentary Reform. The leaders panted for vengeance, and aimed at separation. Their clubs took a more desperate complexion, and now, for the first time, oaths of secrecy were introduced; whilst, under the auspices of government on the other hand, were fostered and encouraged the Orange lodges. The objects of the latter were the

* Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

support of the Anglican Church and interest, to the subjection of all others; whilst the former as determinedly designed the independence of Ireland.

That the issues between them could alone be settled by force was clearly evident; and as England was the open resource of the one, the nature of existing circumstances led Tone to form an alliance with France for the support of the other.

At length, in 1794, the arrest and trial of Rev. Wm. Jackson (a Protestant clergyman), drew the suspicions of the government upon Tone. Jackson, on the representations of an old Irishman named Madget, engaged in the department of foreign affairs in Paris, was sent by the French government to sound the people of Ireland respecting their inclination for French aid. He was accompanied from England by one Cockayne, an English attorney, to whom he indiscreetly opened his mind, being seduced by the lawyer's apparent truth. With Wolfe Tone, as the chief mind of the revolutionary parties, Jackson had many conferences; but the former, disgusted with the rash confidence placed in Cockayne, never spoke in the presence of that person. "This business," said he to Jackson, "is one thing for us Irishmen; but an Englishman who engages in it *must* be a traitor one way or the other."

As Tone foresaw, the Englishman was in connection with the government; Jackson was arrested on his information, and by his death proved his truth to that cause which he so foolishly jeopardized. His

patriotism was and is undoubted; but his temper and simplicity were not so characterized as to conduct a secret mission with success. Tone's connection with him made it imperative that for his future services to the cause he should leave the country, and he was earnestly urged to it by Addis Emmet, Russell, Keogh, McCormick, and others.

As the consequence of this, on the 1st August, 1795, there arrived at Wilmington, on the Delaware, a young man, with a beautiful wife, and a precious freight of three children, and a devoted sister. Banished from the land of their birth, they sought upon the great, throbbing bosom of this continent at least the shelter of a temporary home. The head of this little band is a young man of about thirty, gifted with all that makes life noble—truth, intellect, enthusiasm, sincerity, with an energy irrepressible, and a temper capable of embracing any emergency. He is a man among men—a man for a people—fit for a country to adore—fit to ennoble a country. His exile from fatherland did not sever his heart or his intellect from it. Soon this young man has an audience of the French minister, citizen Adet, who desires a memorial from him on the state of Ireland. In two or three days he has it. Tone urged the necessity of his proceeding immediately to France. Adet thought otherwise, but sent the memorial, backed with his strongest recommendations. Letters from Keogh and Russell, however, put all personal inaction out of the question, and on the 1st January, 1796, the exile set sail from Sandy Hook for France,

having despatched his brother Arthur to inform the leaders in Ireland of his intentions. With himself he carried to France a letter from Adet, in cypher, to the Comité de Salut Publique, and the entire love and concurrence of his noble wife.

On the 1st February he landed at Havre and immediately proceeded to Paris.

It is impossible that in the space allotted I could follow the indomitable spirit and energy, the statesmanlike views, the unquailing determination, and unequalled adroitness of his labors in France and Ham-
burgh, nor do more than allude to the three great expeditions he projected.

Addressing himself to Carnot, the Frenchman proposed to send a force of 2,000 men, which, through Tone's persuasions was augmented to 8,000 and 50,000 stand of arms; but Hoche, being induced to head the expedition, and determining on deeds worthy of his fame as a general, the force was doubled.

Tone now wrote an address to the People of Ireland, characterized by all that clearness of style, vigor of diction, and relentless scorn of all opposition to the project of Irish independence, which make his writings at once as attractive from their simplicity as their force. He set out into an examination of the situation and interests of the country, and felt strong in the belief that God had given it the means if it had the courage to be free. He hailed the French Revolution as the avatar of European freedom, and expressed his conviction that "the doctrine of republicanism will finally subvert that of monarchy, and

establish a system of rational liberty, on the ruins of the thrones of the despots of Europe." The blessed desire was father to the thought. He truly believed that there was no need for subtle argument or silken phrases, no ingenuity necessary to state the grievances of Ireland, and discarding any "third way," submitted to the people for their choice the alternatives of *Union* or *Separation*.

"To a magnanimous people," said he, "it is unnecessary to prove that it is *base*, to an enlightened people it is unnecessary to prove that it is *ruinous*, to exist in dependence on the will of a foreign power, and that power an ambitious rival. To you this is not matter of mere speculation. You feel it in your Government, in your laws, in your manners, in your principles, in your education; with all the great moral and physical advantages of which you are possessed, you are unnoticed and unknown as a nation in Europe; your bodies and your minds are bent down by the incumbent pressure of your tyrant; she, to maintain whose avarice and ambition you are daily forced to spill your best blood, in whose cause you fight without glory and without profit, where victory but rivets your chains the faster, and where defeat adds to slavery, mortification and disgrace."*

Sixty years have passed and Tone's address might be issued, as daguerreotyping the existing state and indicating the necessities of Ireland. The difficulty is to condense any portion of it, lest one might omit a truth. Hereditary monarchs, hereditary legislators, the aristocratic faction which, "though not the tenth part of your population, has arrogated to itself five-sixths of the property," "the inestimable

* *Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone*, edited by his son. Appendix, vol. II. p. 277.

blessings of the British constitution." The army and navy and the whole Irish establishment came beneath and felt his iron grasp, his sarcasm, his convincing scorn, his clear exposition, his republican ordeal. He pointed exultingly to America, and besought his countrymen "to see whether every motive which actuated her in the contest," did not apply to them with tenfold force.

"The sword is drawn, the Rubicon is passed, and we have no retreat. We must conquer England or they will conquer us." How Tone's heart must have throbbed to see this armament, which had leaped from his brain, as did Pallas Athenæ from that of Jupiter, sail out from Brest on that 15th day of December 1796. What bounding joy, freaked with flashes of retributive vengeance on the red flag, must have illumined the soul and made glad the heart of the young sire of the expedition, as he speculated on the mission and chivalry of his belted offspring.

The grand armament consisted of seventeen sail of the line, thirteen frigates and an equal number of transports, making in all, forty-three sail with an army of 15,000 men.

The elements warred with the god of battles, and this splendid force, which in the opinion of Napoleon, would have conquered the island, had it landed, was destined to be the sport of the air; until, reduced to sixteen vessels and but 6,500 fighting men, the remains of Hoche's pride found themselves off Bantry Bay under the command of Grouchy, who would not take the responsibility of landing. They reached

France the best way they could; but four ships of the line, two frigates and a lugger returning together to that port from which the expedition started in high hopes and with a glorious prospect.

But the winds and tides though they might thwart his designs and annihilate his plans, could not break the spirit or bow the determination of Wolfe Tone. His soul was as free as the storm, his energy as unceasing as the waves. Although he was discomfited he was not disheartened. Again he is at work, and in 1797 another expedition has a being in the Texel under the auspices of the Batavian Republic, consisting of fifteen sail of the line, eleven frigates, and a number of sloops, all carrying 14,000 men.—Alas, again the winds of heaven played false to that Freedom of which they are the type—and yet again from the storm, like a clear day, rose the heart of Tone, still serene in its magnanimity, and invigorating in its elasticity.

The third expedition, small in force, and weak in its general—Humbert—proved fatal to the heart whose devoted patriotism propelled them all like arrows from a bow. Humbert landed with 1,200 men at Killalla, on the 22d August, 1798, wasted valuable time, and, for a period, struck terror into the island; but, being surrounded on the 8th September by the British army, he surrendered at Ballinamuck.

Three Irishmen accompanied Humbert: Tone's brother, Matthew, Bartholomew Teeling, and Sullivan, a nephew of Madgett. The latter escaped in

the disguise of a Frenchman. Matthew Tone and Teeling were brought to Dublin, tried, and executed.

The gallant master-spirit of all, the man who has in modern times, more than any other, shed a lustre on Irish patriotism and Irish determination, Theobald Wolfe Tone, was captured on board the *Hoche*, where he commanded one of the batteries during a desperate engagement which lasted six hours, that vessel being surrounded by four ships of the line. The French officers reported Tone as fighting with the "utmost desperation." He was recognized, ironed, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death—which he anticipated.

Grattan died in London, and sleeps surrounded by the congenial dust of the poets in Westminster Abbey. Tone rests in the old churchyard of Bodens-town, in the county of Kildare. Of that dust which immortalizes the kindred clay there, by resting in its lonely embrace, Thomas Davis tells us :

—"In him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life, and a governing mind—
A martyr for Ireland—his grave has no stone—
His name seldom nam'd, and his virtues unknown."

His name and his virtues should not be unknown ; for the one is evermore as typical of liberty as the others are worthy of imitation. To all seekers of truth and manhood—to all lovers of energy displayed in a sacred cause—to all worshippers of freedom, of whatever race or clime, and especially to all Irish-

men, should the virtues of him who rests in that green grave be known, and his name be dear.

The first great Irish Republican, Theobald Wolfe Tone, sleeps there, and makes the grass above him eloquent.

In the lives and actions of Theobald Wolfe Tone and Henry Grattan there is much for all Irishmen to be proud of, and very much to ponder on. Giving, as they do, maxims and examples from which have sprung two great parties in their native land, they may fairly be esteemed, as they really are, the representative men of modern Irish politics. Both born in Dublin, both educated at that great university, from whose venerable cloisters have issued so much dazzling genius, and so many minds famous on the records of literature, science, and politics; they are totally opposite in the measures they proposed for the amelioration of their country's wrongs and the declaration of their country's rights. In the character of their respective talents, in the variety of their accomplishments, in the peculiarity of the services rendered to their country, there is a striking parallel between Tone and Grattan and two famous leaders of the American Revolution—Jefferson and Hamilton.

Like the American, the Irish leaders were both great friends of liberty, as they respectively viewed its means and necessities; and like them, also, differed widely as to the best means of serving it. Tone, like Jefferson, "attributed all the evils of society to the bad government" of the day. Grattan

thought as did Hamilton, that the British government was the best in the world. Hamilton doubted if anything short of it would suit America; Grattan thought likewise regarding Ireland. Judge Baldwin,* reviewing the American statesman's opinions, thinks the intimation unworthy of Hamilton's intellect; one of the objects of my essay is to prove it thoroughly so of Grattan's. Like Jefferson, Tone would make a government to suit the people; like Hamilton, Grattan would have a people to suit the government. Tone's labors have left a perfect and unmistakable beacon for his people. So have those of Jefferson, and "if he was not entirely accurate, he was distinct." Grattan, like Hamilton, swung between the necessities of the people and the supposed glories of the British constitution, the former of which grew out of the latter, even as crime comes out of darkness. Tone had the same fanatic confidence in the truth of the principles and doctrines he combined and promulgated as Jefferson. All great men feel this fire within them. It is that which gives them their strength—that burns their ideas into the brains of their listeners—that renders obstacles to them of no importance—that infuses them with energy, courage, directness of purpose, force of character. Fire is a resistless element, and is powerful alike in the frame of the mortal as in the forest. It renders them impervious to the contentional waters outside, and when guided by a purpose, consolidates

* Party Leaders. By Jo. G. Baldwin.

all things, and every occurrence, the most trivial as the most visibly important within the brain. A man firm in his belief adapts everything to his purpose; and his intellect is never without resources, sometimes startling, but all times characteristically impressive.

“Grattan,” says Barrington, “worshipped popularity, yet there was a tinge of aristocracy in his devotion which, while it qualified its enthusiasm, still added to its purity.” Though not lacking enthusiasm, he was considerable as an artist, while with Tone, as he says himself, his cause was more a natural instinct than an acquired principle.

Grattan was the most poetical of orators.

Tone the most practical of organizers.

The one fed with brilliant thoughts, incited to action a national army of 100,000 men, commanded by the flower of the Irish nobility, and declared his country free—independent of everything save the king, and its union with Great Britain.

The other called forth three armed expeditions from the French and Batavian Republics to invade the English garrison in Ireland, and declare his country and her people free and independent of everything, save the obligations due to the state and dignity of an Irish Republic.

In their intellectual character, they were equally different and equally striking. Grattan depended more on his manner; Tone on his matter. The one, florid in style, exuberant in expression, gorgeous in coloring, and of a richness of fancy equal to an

oriental fantasy. The other, combining great fervor of manner, force of thought, clearness of perception, and coloring vividly and freshly, because naturally.

Grattan—of an observation keen and judicious, accomplishments manifold; all steeped in aristocratic hues, and fringed with the polished mannerisms of the best society.

Tone—of equally observant powers, more clearness, less sophistry—more restless for immediate action, and less dependent on style for the success of his thought. His acquirements were many, his ability to receive, to augment them, great. Naturally, he was possessed of an intuitive understanding, and saw things clearly, and learned to call them by their proper names, whilst others only dreamt of distending them by elastic and everlasting rhetoric.

Grattan's own glowing and magical words, it would seem deluded himself, as well as the applauding listeners in the lobbies and galleries.

Tone was as devoted to his idea of Irish Freedom as the fanatical Hindustanee to his Juggernaut, and like him sacrificed himself to it. He followed up that idea as he did his beautiful wife, with the love and passion which are the offspring of truth and simplicity.

Grattan by his nature and capacities was one to be a shining star in the constellation of which the king and a British constitution were the predominant orbs.

Tone would be the ever active, ever vigilant, ever proud and anxious citizen of a Republican state, of

whose honor he would boast, and whose destiny he would indicate.

To sum up in a few words the signs left by those men on the road of renown, and to deduce from them, their achievements and their teaching for the future, I would say :—Grattan gave Irish politics an enthusiasm, an intellectual glory, a position they had not before. Tone marked out the position they should hold in future. Grattan was a politician. Tone a hero. Grattan would have everything Irish save the government. Tone would have nothing English save the enemy. Grattan, was a connexionist : Tone, a separatist. Grattan, was an elocutionist : Tone, a revolutionist. Grattan, was an orator : Tone, an organizer. Grattan, was a Monarchist : Tone, a Republican.

THE WEXFORD CAMPAIGN.

THE WEXFORD CAMPAIGN.

THE bold, brief, brilliant and bloody struggle, through the historical monuments of whose gloom and glory I shall now wander with you, was as remarkable and unexpected in '98, as it is fraught with a thrilling interest and manifold admonitions for us to-day.

If the issue was not successful, neither was it dishonorable; and we can afford to let that ghastly, blood-bespattered past speak to us without shame. Though it may accuse our race from its Wexford graves and scaffolds of many excesses and errors, they were the excesses of success, the errors of revenge. It may accuse us of willfulness and bigotry; they were, if not the natural, the expedient weapons to meet willfulness and bigotry. They were the resources of the day—the dreadful weapons alone within grasp when the insurgents considered every Protestant a tyrant; when Protestants proclaimed every Catholic a rebel; when reason was banished, mercy denounced, and the reciprocal thirst for blood insatiable.* These it may accuse that struggle with, but it cannot accuse it of cowardice.

* Barrington's Rise and Fall, p. 347.

Looming as the spectre does from Mount Leinster to Duncannon, it still hears mournfully impassioned tales of Oulart and Ross, of Enniscorthy and Vinegar Hill, of Gorey and Tubberneering. The Barrow, the Slaney, and the Nore have paid unceasingly their tribute to the ocean, but they have not washed away the heroic memories so impetuously written on their banks. Half a century of summers brought fruit and flowers and wealthy vegetation there; and half a century of winters, like the ghostly bridegroom of the German tale, disrobed the trustful, loving earth of all her flowery garments, and wrapped her in the icy folds of death. Summer and winter—the fruits and flowers of the one, and the snows and storms of the other, are alike transitory. They came and have gone; but that which comes and goes not, the memory of the brave and just is richer than the luxuriance of June and stronger than the winds of December. The spectre of that year still rears its war-worn front, chivalric though haggard, gashed and bleeding above those hills and plains, above those old towns and towers.

The cause which produced it may be questioned by some; but the courage which supported it never by any.

If the end of the Wexford struggle was not attained, the means then taken still live glorious with examples of devotion, courage, and fortitude, from which the Irish nationalist of to-day may profitably take hope and warning.

The rising of Wexford was unexpected in '98. It

was not included in the programme of organization formed in Dublin. There was no preconcerted arrangement with any other county. On the arrest of the delegates of United Irishmen, at Oliver Bond's, on the 12th March, 1798, it was neither represented by a delegate, nor by letter. The celebrated William Putnam McCabe made an attempt to organize the County Wexford, and though he considered it among the boldest of his many bold efforts, he had but little success, and from the apathy of the people, a systematic organization, under the auspices of the United Irishmen, was thought fruitless.

The people of Wexford, descended in part from the English adventurers furnished to Dermod McMurrough by Henry the Second, with an admixture of the Cromwellian plunderers of a later period, and a more remote sprinkling of the blood of Dane and Gael, were ever considered a brave race, but lived within themselves, took little notice of outside agitation, and had for many years attained a character for peace and probity, which was held out for the example and emulation of other parts of Ireland. From the industry of the inhabitants, their peaceable nature, the absence of rioting, and the good reputation of the county in all respects, Hay states that "landed property was considered of higher value in it than in many other parts of the island. An execution for a capital crime rarely took place there; and in the calendar of its criminals, it has as few on record as any part of either Great Britain or Ire-

land.”* Yet with all its ambition to show an example of industry and peace to the country, Wexford was also ambitious to be the most intolerant. And while throughout the land, the ranks of the Volunteers were sundering those bigoted feelings and antipathies springing from the fears of Catholic or Protestant ascendancy—while in those ranks Catholic and Protestant soldiers felt each other a necessity for the preservation of both; the Volunteers of Wexford willfully abused the privileges and purposes of the organization—created a faction of the intended nationality, and sowed that seed from which sprang the inhuman fruit at Carnew and Scullabogue—in a word, the Wexford Volunteers excluded all Catholics from their ranks, and it was the only county in Ireland where intolerance completely usurped the garb and functions of religion in a manner so narrow-minded and unmanly.

For some time peace and industry continued to hold the Wexford peasant; but from the year 1792 when the Catholics held meetings, and by private document and public petition, agitated the question of their rights—from this year to that in which the rebellion broke out, various portions of the County Wexford were prominent in this agitation, and in that referring to the tithe-paying, occasionally a disturbance occurred between the people and the militia or soldiery, on a few occasions being attended with loss of life.

* History of the Irish Insurrection. By Ed. Hay. P. 61.

On the 30th of March, 1798, all Ireland was put under martial law and officially proclaimed in a state of rebellion, by Lord Camden.

To this proclamation and the appearance of the North Cork Militia, commanded by Lord Kingsborough in Wexford, may justly be attributed the insurrection in that county. Up to this period the society of United Irishmen had made but little progress in Wexford; neither had Orangeism on the other hand any ostensible being, until the North Cork, among whom were many indefatigable propagandists of the Orange system, set about proselytizing and swearing in the Protestants whose minds were easily inflamed, and who, being backed by the military soon openly endorsed and aided the persecutions perpetrated in the name of faith and justice, against the peasantry. The proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant incited the military to suppress in the most summary manner all attempts at riot or disturbance. Thus empowered, these lawless ruffians went about the country inciting and swearing one portion of it into utter hostility to the other, creating feuds for the sake of punishing individuals; and involving individuals that whole districts might be plundered.

Their enemies thus banded together as Orangemen, yeomen, militia-men, the peasantry had no resource but in the organization of the United Irishmen; and although the persecution and intimidation under which the Catholic peasant and liberal Protestant then suffered, gave some slight impetus to the United Irish system in Wexford, still, it never was as exten-

sive as it should have been, nor at all in comparison with the development attained in other counties. It is no doubt but that when hostilities commenced the self-protective necessities of the people drove them under the banner of the republican Union, but who may not imagine a glorious and successful issue had the organization been perfected before the people were crushed and tortured into self-defence. Who, on reading the history of the time, and beholding what was accomplished under such adverse circumstances, might not reasonably feel the deep loss which the want of earlier concert upon a divine principle of liberty entailed?

There was no preconcert, no arrangement, no organization.

The inhuman tortures instituted by the yeomen, the barbarities inflicted without regard to age or sex, the scourgings, pitch-caps, house-burnings, and murders, then drew a distinct and bloody line between those who acted for, and under the protection of, the government and the people. No man was safe, no woman inviolable, private pique found vent in public vengeance: and the magistracy falling into the hands of Orange factionists, was at once witness, judge, jury and executioner.

On the twenty-fifth of April twenty-seven magistrates met at Gorey, and two days after Wexford was proclaimed, the more fully to legalize their onslaughts on the people. Under the pretext of putting down rebellion, and with the fresh powers voted to themselves, all persons suspected of being United Irishmen

and all houses supposed to shelter pikes were submitted to the rack and the flame. In this foray against life and property every Catholic was suspected, his house plundered, and his family hunted to the ditches and woods for shelter, which fact was in turn pointed against the man, family and house as conclusive evidence that all together were in conspiracy against the state. Men were hanged at their own doors until near dead, and were then resuscitated only to be hanged up again. Wet gunpowder was rubbed into the heads of some, and ignited when dry ; the heads of others were smeared and saturated with boiling pitch ; ears, noses, and other limbs were cut off or maimed, and under such tortures numbers of innocent and harmless men were forced during the weakness and insanity thus induced, to make confessions of what they did not know, and acquiesce in all that the violence or invention of their torturers dictated.

Thus was the whole county in a state of disruption, and especially in the districts of Ross, Enniscorthy and Gorey. The most innocent people were fearful of presenting themselves in public, not knowing where a private enemy might step forward, armed with his badge of Orangeism, or in a militia uniform, to denounce, arraign, torture or murder him. Consequently business was at a stand-still ; the markets were unprovided with food, provisions rose in price, the people suffered and the military seeking supplies for themselves, only found another medium to carry out the design of Pitt and Castlereagh—to drive the country into rebellion that a pretext might be made

for their completely accomplishing the ruin of the remains of the so-called Irish Legislative Independence, and the union of Ireland to England. What with free quarters, slow tortures and all their attendant horrors, the people were driven to madness.

General Abercrombie, who was sent to Ireland as commander-in-chief, after a tour of observation, severely reprobated the military, and failing to impress on the ministers the necessity of a mild government in Ireland, as well as being unwilling to be a party to their infamous plans, resigned his command in the close of April. All the historians of the period, Protestant as well as Catholic, with only one exception, sustain the opinion of Abercrombie and trace all the hellish barbarities of that unfortunate year to the administration. That exception was Sir Richard Musgrave, who, in his history, gives us a defence of torture, and who, on one occasion, when, being high sheriff of the County Waterford, he failed to procure an executioner to whip a whiteboy, performed the office himself, as Doctor Madden adds, "with all the zeal of an amateur performer." In this unconscionable scoundrel Lord Castlereagh, and his troupe of scourgers and assassins, the Beresfords, Hempenstals, Sandys', Gowans, Reynoldses, and Armstrongs found a voluminous and filthy apologist; and he was, of course, faithfully rewarded with the office of Receiver of Customs, and a salary of £1,200 (\$6,000) a year.*

* In a few lines, the narrow-mindedness, intolerance, and general character of Musgrave, as well as his qualifications for an impartial historian, are admirably struck off in Barrington's Personal Sketches, when he states that "except on the

While Wexford was thus excited, the appearance on the public roads of cart-loads of prisoners from other counties, on their way to Duncannon fort, at once paralyzed the weak, and told the more hopeful that the distractions under which they suffered, were not wholly confined to them. Hay records that from twelve to fifteen cart-loads went through Ross at the one time. Soon, under the jurisdiction of the Orange magistrates, who, with yeomen cavalry, attended by a regular executioner in case of necessity, scoured the country, great numbers were arrested and condemned to transportation, a law being enacted to give such powers to these marauders.

abstract topics of politics, religion, martial-law, his wife, the Pope, the Pretender, the Jesuits, Napper Tandy, and the whipping-post," Sir Richard was "generally in his senses."

His work, to which I shall have occasion to refer, is entitled, "Memoirs of the Different Rebellions in Ireland, from the Arrival of the English," &c., and is what Francis Plowden calls it (Introduct. Hist. of Ireland since the Union, Vol. 1, p. 107), "an undigested heap of acrimonious falsehood and obloquy." It was compiled immediately on the suppression of the insurrection, and dedicated by permission to the Marquis Cornwallis, who, however, prevented the publication until after the "Union" was effected, lest, from its irritable and irritating nature, it might raise fresh dissension on the Catholic side, while opposition could be made available. When the work *did* appear, Cornwallis, who had permitted the dedication, and delayed the publication to defeat the Catholics, but was also anxious to make the latter believe he was their friend, wrote a letter disclaiming Sir Richard's inscription and history, "as being a work tending to revive the dreadful animosities, which it was the duty of every good subject to endeavor to compose."

Cornwallis was a wary, unscrupulous, pliant, and plausible tool of Pitt. He at once managed directly himself, or indirectly through his aid, Castlereagh, to establish Orange lodges, flatter the Protestants, and openly favor, to all appearance, the Catholics. "After his return to England," says Plowden (Vol. 1, p. 98), "he was never known, either in public or private, to have attempted to forward the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, to which, however, he ever affected to have sacrificed his situation." For the curious in such matters, I will observe that in the third edition of Musgrave's work, 2 vols., Dublin, 1802, now before me, the dedication to Cornwallis is omitted.

Emboldened by these depredations, the "authorities" at Ross, Enniscorthy, Gorey, and other places, carried their loyalty to the extremest lengths; but the wholesale massacres at Dunlavin and Carnew, if less torturous (because more deadly) put all previous loyalty to the blush. Having lashed and imprisoned, mostly on suspicion, twenty-eight farmers in a dungeon under an old castle at Carnew, on the 25th of May, the Orangemen got drunk and held a council as to the most expert mode of getting rid of them. It was proposed to suffocate them, by means of lighted straw; but the hoary villain who made the proposition—through economy to save powder and ball, was scouted for his miserable spirit; and the majority desirous of seeing the "papists" die (and cursing the expense), brought out the poor fellows into the ball-alley, and there they were deliberately shot by the yeomen and a party of the Antrim militia, their officers sanctioning the deed. At Dunlavin, three days previous, thirty-four men were shot without a trial.

Retribution is at hand; we are on the eve of the Wexford Campaign.

On the next night, Saturday, the 26th May, the chapel of Boolavogue, the house of the curate, John Murphy, and the dwellings of about twenty farmers in the neighborhood, were burnt by the yeomen. Ah! It was not alone walls and rafters they set in flames. It was the fire of revolution they kindled; and such a flame, too, as is not yet extinguished in the rebellious Irish heart. The chapel house of Boolavogue is still flaming—still crackling and flinging up

its bright embers on the dark pages of that year's history.

On this night the people along the road from Carnew to Oulart turned out. The dreadful tidings of devastation and murder hunted them like criminals from their hearths. The news, too, that Kildare was in arms roused them; and to the west of Gorey, on Kiltomas Hill, one of the ridges of the Slieve Bwee mountain, and farther south on Oulart, the insurgents might be seen gathering like sullen thunder-clouds—undecided, gloomy, threatening, and portentous. On the morning of the twenty-seventh, Whit Sunday, those on Kiltomas Hill were dislodged from their position by a body of yeomen. The indecision in the ranks of the insurgents created a panic—they fled and were pursued with great slaughter, the death of their commanding officer, so exasperating the loyalists that they spared no man they met, and, as Gordon admits “burned two Romish chapels, and about one hundred cabins and farm-houses of Romanists in the course of seven miles’ march.”*

* *History of the Rebellion in Ireland, &c., with an Impartial Account of the proceedings of the Irish Revolutionists, &c.* By the Rev. James Gordon. The author was a Protestant clergyman having rectorships both in the counties of Wexford and Cork. He professed to write impartially. Musgrave accuses him of having written with more regard to policy than accuracy “for the obvious purpose of conciliating the priests and the popish multitude, and to secure the punctual payment of his tithes.” Musgrave’s coarse nature did not understand how a man might, could, would, or should write history under any inspiration save that of a party, a purse, or a poor-box. Gordon replying to him in a preface to a second edition, and in defence of the middle course he adopted states, that he expected to be reprobated by the “irrational zealots of two opposite and mutually hostile parties.” Considering the fury of sectional strife, and the white heats into which Protestant and Catholic writers and disputants of the period blew themselves,

How fares it at Oulart?

The insurgents had increased in considerable numbers, but they were unarmed, and, as Gordon states, "a confused multitude of both sexes and all ages." On that morning of Whit Sunday, the churchless minister of religion, surrounded by his hunted flock, unsheathed the sword as the only symbol of deliverance.

In the American Revolution a scene took place which is peculiarly apposite. An eloquent pastor on the frontiers of Virginia gave notice that on a certain Sabbath he would preach his farewell sermon. The day came. The homely temple was thronged with hardy mountaineers. They over-filled the church and crowded the little burial-place. Every one was breathless. That intuitive knowledge of coming events, which at times agitates the most sluggish intellects, guided by peculiar circumstances, excited the assemblage to a marvellous anxiety. The theme of the day was the subject of the sermon. Peace or war—Liberty or death? He was a plain vigorous speaker was this pastor. Every word fell on the audience like a mallet knocking off their chains. He portrayed their sufferings, their wrongs, and dwelt on the sacred character of the War of Independence. "Aye," said he in conclusion, "in the language of Holy Writ, there is a time for all things, a time to preach and a time to pray, but those times have passed away"—and then in a voice of thunder,

Mr. Gordon's work is remarkably, though not altogether, free from polemical asperity.

“there is also a time to fight. And *that* time has now come!” Pronouncing the benediction, he deliberately removed his gown, and an armed warrior stood before them. This soldier-priest was the Rev. Peter Muhlenberg, afterwards a Major General in the Revolutionary Army.

Father John Murphy's last sermon was preached in Boolavogue; the time for preaching and praying was told out by the Orange incendiaries; and the time for fighting had come. “Better,” said he, “die courageously in the field, than be butchered in the houses.” Early on this morning, Hawtrey White with two troops left Gorey in search of the insurgents; and on the south side one hundred and ten picked men of the North Cork regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Foote and six officers, marched from Wexford. From opposite directions the royalists were advancing on the people. The rapid movements of the North Cork, now joined by sixteen mounted yeomen, who made a diversion on the side of the hill, for a moment flung indecision amongst the insurgents. A volley from the royalists drove them up the hill, whither they were followed by the North Cork. A rapid movement on the part of the insurgents—an ambuscade—up come the North Cork incited by Foote: the rebels have opened to receive them, and out sprang the pikemen from their ambush, while the great mass of the people, men, women, and children, stood looking on the top of the hill.

“We must conquer or perish,” cried Murphy. A deadly vengeance steadied every pike. Dying groans

were in the men's ears, blazing homes had driven them to battle: one wild charge, and the royalist bandits rolled over, as if one monstrous corpse. Musgrave, who is blind to the massacre at Carnew, and but half sees that at Dunlavin, is forced to admit that "the entire party was cut to pieces, except the lieutenant-colonel, a sergeant, and three privates." In this fight the insurgents lost five men and had two wounded.

Thus it was that Oulart Hill became the Lexington of the Wexford insurrection. Musgrave, on the authority of Colonel White, states, that there were between four and five thousand rebels on the hill. All accounts prove that they were in great numbers; but not more than three hundred took part in the action, only six of whom had firelocks. Cloney states "that the number of the peasantry who shared in this victory scarcely exceeded the number of the slain." The mounted yeomen fled to Wexford, and the cavalry under White, which had come from Gorey in the morning, not knowing of Foote's presence on the south side of the hill, took fright at the position of the insurgents, beat a retreat, and, says Gordon, "After the killing of some few unarmed stragglers, and some old men who had remained in their houses, they returned to Gorey."

Father Murphy, the soldier-priest who thus nobly exhorted his people, was the son of a small farmer at Tincurry, in the parish of Ferns. He was educated at a hedge-school and afterwards in Spain, where he graduated and took holy orders at Seville in 1785.

Of course the writers in the English interest do not love him. Unfortunately he had been originally most active against the United Irishmen and was only driven to the sword in defence of freedom when the royalists had burnt the altar dedicated to Freedom's God. Cloney tells us he was a quiet inoffensive man. He was "a fanatic in religion," says Gordon, and but "too well qualified to inflame the superstitious minds of the ignorant multitude." Heaven send us such fanatics! Musgrave howls over his military career. "Considering the time of its duration, and the limits to which it was confined," says this delicate epicure in torture, "we must allow that it was as destructive as that of Attila, Gengis Khan or Tamerlane:" and truly they caught a Tartar in the ruins of Boolavogue.

Victory flies on the wind and the fight of Oulart Hill struck hope and terror to such ears as heard the tale for weal or woe.

Encamping for the night at Carrigrue, the insurgents, flushed with success, marched on Monday morning upon the town of Camolin where they possessed themselves of a quantity of arms which had been deposited there for safety. Thence, they advanced on the ancient town of Ferns whither the loyalists had fled. Scouts and couriers with orders from Father Murphy, written in "red ink," says Musgrave, were dispersed over all the adjacent country, commanding at the peril of their lives, all persons capable of bearing arms to join his army forthwith. The loyalists, flying before the victors

like emigrants before a prairie fire, having evacuated Ferns, the insurgents crossed the Slaney at Scarawalsh Bridge, halting for some time on Ballyorrell Hill, where they received considerable accessions; and by one o'clock Edward Roche and his reverence, General Murphy with, according to Musgrave, five thousand men, eight hundred of whom, says Gordon, had guns, commenced the storming of Enniscorthy.

The town—situate on both sides of the beautiful Slaney, the most considerable portion being on the west—was prepared to receive them. The available positions were garrisoned. The North Cork under Captain Snow, burning to avenge the defeat of their comrades at Oulart, were posted on the bridge. The yeomen infantry under Captain Pouden held the Duffry Gate, at the western extremity of the town, commanding the public road to Ross, on the south-west, Carlow on the west, and Newtownbarry and Ferns on the north. Other posts were protected, and all within the town had been on the alert for hours, the fugitives having full early sounded the note of preparation. The insurgents opened the attack by driving a number of horses and oxen to disorder the troops at the western side quickly following up the movement with an irregular but furious onset of such force that the defenders of the gate retreated after a few discharges of musketry to the market-house, where they made a stand. A division of a thousand insurgents commanded by Thomas Synnott, an independent farmer of sixty years, waded the river on the north side under the fire

of both cavalry and infantry, gained the opposite bank and made good their position in the eastern part of the town. A disorderly fight raged through the streets, the garrison being driven from place to place until the bridge, connecting the two parts of the town, became the chief post of peril and attack. The town was on fire in various places; the inhabitants exhibited the orange and green ribbons alternately, to suit the temper of their fright, and the feelings of the prevailing party. Confusion, uncertainty, dismay sat upon the town, while one after another the various *corps* fled before the insurgents. The North Cork were soon routed at the bridge, and the yeomanry, disordered, broken and completely terrified, fled with the utmost precipitancy to Wexford.

In this fight, which lasted four hours, the royalists lost ninety men, including three officers, besides wounded; the insurgents about 100.* Both parties fought with determined bravery. A Captain Drury,† who had served in the American war, and was present at Enniscorthy, declared he had never experienced a heavier or better directed fire than that with which the insurgents assailed Duffry Gate. Snow, who commanded the North Cork, was made the subject of much animadversion because he did not rout the "rebels," and had to publish a pamphlet in vindication of himself. Gordon defends him, and believes "his situation to have been such as might

* Personal Narratives, &c., of Transactions in the County Wexford, in which the author was engaged in 1798, &c. By Thomas Cloney.—P. 14.

† Quoted by Musgrave.—P. 431, vol. 1.

have puzzled the brain of even a Bonaparte." The facetious Musgrave, in the face of all other loyal accounts, coolly says, "when the action terminated, the rebels were completely routed and expelled from the town." "The loyalists, however, did not think it tenable," he adds, and in which I perfectly agree, for once, with the loyalists.*

And so it turned out that the flames of Boolavogue had made a conflagration at Enniscorthy, and by its light the insurgents encamped on Vinegar Hill.

The news brought to Wexford by the defeated royalists was more welcome than the bearers of it; for the town of Wexford was not quite well affected towards the authorities, and had been greatly excited by the victory of Oulart. It was now determined to organize a defence of this post, instead of meeting the "rebels" on the open field.

A few days previous Beauchamp Bagnal Harvey of Bargy Castle, John Henry Colclough of Ballyteigue, and Edward Fitzgerald of Newpark, had been arrested on suspicion of treason, and lodged in Wexford jail. To gain time, divert the insurgents, or probably, with some faint hope of deluding them, it was proposed that Colclough and Fitzgerald, Harvey being kept as a hostage, should proceed to the insurgent camp, to persuade them to disperse, but without

* A regular retreat being sounded, gave the military an opportunity of bringing away their families and friends, together with a great many men, women, and children, who proceeded in the best manner they could to Wexford.—Hay's Hist., p. 141.

authority to make any terms. The appearance of the embassy from Wexford, had a directly opposite effect to that intended. Just previous to the arrival of Fitzgerald and Colclough the greatest disorder and disagreement prevailed in the camp. Now that they had gone so far, and attained such considerable success, their probable disability to sustain themselves loomed up in formidable doubts. Men from various districts desired immediate action in their own localities, while others advised the complete disbanding of the insurgent army to their homes. This advice to a great extent prevailed; the camp was almost deserted, when some of the retiring parties met the liberated messengers from the government authorities. The shouts of welcome which greeted them, arrested the already disbanded army; the various groups returned to know the cause of such sudden rejoicing; and, by the time the gentlemen reached Vinegar Hill, the numbers were as strong as before.

Neither the message nor remonstrance was effectual. The fact of their presence showed the weakness of the authorities, and the prominent leaders taking advantage of the circumstances, harangued the multitude so much to the purpose, that Fitzgerald was detained in the camp, and Colclough sent back with word that they would march immediately on the town. That night, the national army encamped on Three-Rock Mountain, within about three miles of Wexford.

Early on the following morning, the scouts dis-

cerned the advance-guard of General Fawcett's reinforcement for the relief of Wexford. Fawcett halting at Taghmon, the night previous, sent forward a detachment of eighty-eight, including eighteen artillerymen and two howitzers under Captain Adams. A party of the insurgents, accompanied by Thomas Cloney and the brave John Kelly of Killan, met them, and, after an engagement of ten or fifteen minutes, captured the guns and dispatched almost every man of the king's troops. General Fawcett hearing of the disaster, and remembering that discretion was the better part of valor, illustrated that worthy maxim by moving, as Cloney remarks, "with a much quicker pace back to Duncannon than he advanced."

Colclough's message to Wexford produced the greatest consternation. The ships in the harbor were crowded with people, the streets were deserted, the shops shut.

Soon after the success at the Three Rocks, the garrison of Wexford, composed of more than one thousand regulars and yeomen, under Colonel Maxwell, sallied out to retake the howitzers; confidently expecting the promised aid from General Fawcett. As they advanced within gunshot, Colonel Watson, proceeding ahead to reconnoitre, was shot dead; which gave the instant signal for the retreat of the king's troops. The importance of the town, the repeated successes of the insurgents, the fright of the inhabitants, the consternation of the soldiery, produced the utmost dismay. A council was called, and

the authorities prevailed on Bagnal Harvey, still in jail, to write a message to the united forces, which was forwarded by a deputation instructed to treat for the surrender of the town. The "rebel" prisoner was the virtual governor of the town at that moment, and the letter a *ruse*, to make time for the escape of the late "authorities." The insurgent generals stipulated that the arms and ammunition of the garrison should be given up. Commissioners from the camp went into Wexford—but they found it evacuated by the soldiery, who, in their rage, fired several places, spared neither age nor sex, and committed the most violent excesses in their flight.

Here, indeed, was a victory! The town surrendered; Wexford abandoned; officers, yeomen, magistrates, some flying to Duncannon—others crowding the ships, and some, ruffians who never spared a life, begging their own—flinging themselves on the magnanimity of the "rebels." Thank heaven, the "rebels" could afford to be magnanimous!

The united forces entered. On the old walls and towers which silently chronicle the incursions of piratic Dane, and Anglo-Norman robber, the green flag is proudly reared—green ribbons and branches of trees decorate the windows of almost every house—the prisons are unbarred—and there Bagnal Harvey, giving protection to many who would a few hours before have dashed his brains out, is proclaimed, by the victorious "rebels," Commander-in-chief of the army of the people.

The next day, June 1st, at a meeting of the

commanders of the united army held at Carrigbyrne camp, "Harvey was regularly appointed and elected" to the chief command, and Edward Roche to the rank of general officer of the same army.

The insurgents being greatly augmented, it became necessary to divide them into different camps, as well for their better working, as for the general defence. One camp was formed on Windmills Hill, another portion marched towards Gorey, while that on Vinegar Hill, formed the day of the capture of Enniscorthy, continued a permanent one to the end of the campaign. Trouble arising in the town of Wexford, in consequence of the lawlessness of those characters which every revolution flings up, Captain Keugh, of the united army, was appointed commander. The town was now divided into wards and military districts, which appointed their own officers, on the republican rule. A regular parade was held morning and evening, and a military discipline strictly enforced. The insurrection, by this period, had grown so general, and the success of the insurgents so decided, that, Hay states, every person in the county thought it best to come forward and make common cause with them.

In the meanwhile, the northern part of the county had its share of activity. On the 28th, Gorey was evacuated by the royalists. On the 1st of June, a detachment from the camp at Vinegar Hill, commanded by Captain Doyle, and two soldier-priests, Moses Kearns and Nicholas Redmond, drove Colonel L'Estrange and a party of dragoons into Newtown-

barry, pursued them, and after engaging the garrison of over five hundred troops, took possession of the town. The soldiers, however, rallied outside, returned, and while the insurgents were in a state of disorder, retook it. On the same day, a detachment under Father Michael Murphy, from the Carrigrue camp, suffered a discomfiture, after a very smart action of an hour, near the village of Ballycanew; a great number of horses falling into the hands of the militia.

Skirmishes and conflicts were incessant, in which the insurgents were chiefly successful, and almost generally the assailants.

Who could have dreamed that this peaceful, industrious anti-United Irish County of Wexford was such a nest of rebels? Who could have dreamed that within a week from the sounding of the tocsin, the king's right worshipful authorities would propose a parley with a Protestant "traitor," as they called him, in prison, and treat with Romish rebels in their camp—who, I say, could have dreamed that such Arcadian rustics would have exchanged, under any provocation, the ploughshare for the musket, the sickle for the pike, and their cots and cabins for the canopy of Heaven? It was not in the besotted sleep of drunken Orange authorities to dream such foolish dreams.

Ah! they had been playing with a mine; the flames of Boolavogue exploded it!

The British commanders have at length decided that this playing at rebellion must end. They must

end it with a *coup de main*, to show how they can do such things. Gorey, which had been previously evacuated, but apparently uncared for by the insurgents, became the object of particular attention on the part of the government. It was considered a position of great importance, as it opened up the road by the way of Arklow, to the metropolis. Its garrison was now well supplied by the British. Reinforcements were crowding in daily. General Loftus had arrived with an additional force of fifteen hundred men. Colonel Walpole arrived from Carnew; an organized coöperation with the garrisons of Carnew and Newtownbarry was arranged; the Carrigrue camp had been satisfactorily reconnoitered; the insurgents were to be attacked on all sides, and from the preparations made, and force to be employed against them, there was no doubt of their utter demolition.

The field was fought and won—the slumbering insurgents butchered on their Carrigrue couch, and deathless wreaths of loyal laurels twined around the brows of the astute Loftus, and the courtly Walpole! Yea, all this and more was transacted over the council board in Gorey; but the soldier even sleeping on his arms, dreams; and the crafty courtier builds castles in the air. The wine cup hath its bubbles.

On the 4th June the army in two divisions under General Loftus and Colonel Walpole, left Gorey on their mission. Loftus took the route towards Ballycanew; Walpole, that of the Camolin road, to commence the attack on the Carrigrue camp. Lord Ancram, Lieutenant Colonel Scott, Sir Watkin-Wil-

liams Wynne, and other officers commanding regulars and yeomen, were dispatched to various points surrounding the insurgents, to cooperate with the general.

The generals of the popular forces at Carrigrue, however, had not been unwatchful, and by a fortunate calculation had determined on attacking Gorey that very day. The presence of these British generals was not polite under the circumstances; and so it happened that the parties met much sooner than either expected. Walpole's command and the insurgents, chiefly led by Father Philip Roche, met at Tubberneering. Neither party having scouts ahead, the collision was instantaneous, bloody, and decisive. "The rebels," says Gordon, "poured a tremendous fire from the fields on both sides of the road." A bullet passing through the head of Walpole,* sent that officer's dreams of military fame floating on the air, with which both his hopes and capacity had a remarkable affinity. The soldiers were thunder-struck; the pikes flashed like lightning.

"In a little time their line broke," says a soldier of the Armagh militia engaged in the fight, "which we took for an omen of defeat; but this was only to deceive us—for their two wings set up the war-whoop, and made for Gorey to cut off our retreat,

* "This gentleman, an extraordinary favorite of Lord Camden, is said to have been sent to the County of Wexford, with the design that he should reap the glory of conquest, by the complete suppression of the rebels. A panic (which certainly surprised me, doubtless from my ignorance of military affairs,) appeared to have seized our officers in general, after the slaughter at Oulart and the taking of Ennis-corthy."—Gordon, Hist., p. 267.

which had been ordered to be made." Ah! tricky rebels, to deceive honest royalist troops! and then to hem them in, and hug them to very death—inhuman! The scene made many a loyal heart—like Colonel Walpole's—bleed. Hear this doleful eye-witness:—"It was truly painful, as we passed along, to behold our cannon on the road completely useless to us—the pikemen with exultation leaping over them, crying '*Erin-go-bragh*, the English cannon is ours,' also the groans of the wounded, whose bodies, torn and pierced by pikes, while yet living, rendered the scene altogether awful!"* Useless cannon—it must have been "truly painful;" exultant pikemen—"awful!" On such another occasion, when the tables were turned, we learn that the soldiers presented a "noble spectacle of daring," and the scene was "extremely inspiring." But then, pikemen—for, whom the royalists had what is vulgarly but expressively termed a "holy horror"—had no right to be victorious—no right to capture English cannons, which had belched fiery dogmas at them for seven hundred years, and kept sending their forefathers and kinsmen, long before their allotted three score and ten, from their own good land into kingdom come.

The soldiers fled, leaving over a hundred slain,

* Vide "An Impartial Narrative of the most Important Engagements, &c. &c., during the Irish Rebellion of 1798," p. 71. The impartiality of this book may be gleaned from the Dedication, which states that it is a "Record of the Glorious Achievements" of the Yeomanry of Ireland; to the lords and gentlemen of which it is inscribed, in testimony of the "loyalty, courage, and patriotism" they exhibited under the "sacred banner of the king." It is a compilation by J. Jones, of letters from Orangemen and Yeomen, who were on duty at, or resided near, the insurrectionary districts.

several officers prisoners, and three pieces of cannon. The fugitive royalists fought and fled through Gorey. Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, having got the rear of his command clear of the town, used every effort to induce the troops to halt and form, but the panic was so great, that all his efforts were fruitless, and they rushed on precipitately and in disorder to Arklow.* Some did not stop until they reached Dublin.

The sound of the cannon brought the news of action to Loftus, who, hastening to Walpole's relief, found him utterly beyond it. He paused a while on the battle-ground, and determining to enter Gorey, went in that direction, but found, in utter dereliction of his triumphant visions, the royalist cannons were now in "rebel" hands, and opposing his entrance, seemed to show a grim and traitor sympathy with their new masters. He then marched to Carnew.

And so the "rebels" and the royalists celebrated the 4th of June, ("our gracious king's birth-day," says one of the latter parenthetically, "Oh! may we never commemorate it with such a scene.")

Gorey was evacuated, leaving the insurgents in possession of the whole county except Duncannon fort, Ross and Newtownbarry.

The force immediately under the commander-in-chief, Bagnal Harvey, which had been stationed on the Hill of Carrigbyrne, since the 1st June, took up their position on Corbet Hill, within one mile of New

* Musgrave, vol. 1., p. 497.

Ross on the 4th; and soon after their arrival were saluted with some shot and shell from the royal outposts near the town. Ross was a highly serviceable position, and its attainment would open the highway into Munster to the possessor. It had been greatly reinforced and now held a garrison of about two thousand men, with several pieces of cannon.

Early on the morning of the 5th, General Harvey sent one of his aides, Matthew Furlong, with a flag of truce, and a written summons for the immediate surrender of the town by the king's commander Major General Johnson. Furlong was shot on reaching the outposts,* which so exasperated his comrades that they became almost unmanageable. John Kelly of Killan, was sent with five hundred men to drive in the outposts which occupied the ditches and fields between Corbet Hill and the town, and kept up a constant and galling fire. Kelly's success was so great that numbers on the hill could not refrain from

* "To shoot all persons carrying flags of truce from the rebels, appears to have been a maxim with his majesty's forces." Gordon, Hist., p. 142.

The following is a copy of General Beauchamp Bagnal Harvey's summons to the commander of New Ross.

"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., &c.

"B. B. HARVEY.

"*Camp at Corbet Hill,
Half-past three o'clock, morning, June 5th, 1798.*"

pouring to the outskirts of the town, thus at the very onset disarranging the plans laid down by Harvey, and agreed to by his counsellors. By this movement the battle of Ross was rendered perhaps the most disastrous of the campaign, as well as, Barrington remarks, "one of the most bloody and protracted ever fought in Ireland."

Harvey's plan was to attack the town in three different places at once, which no doubt would have proved successful; although he himself was totally unfit for the position into which the fortune, or rather, in his case, misfortune of war placed him. In the excitement caused by the death of Furlong, the insurgents were almost entirely lost to the control of their general; and a furious onset was made in the direction of the Three Bullet Gate, the principal entrance to Ross, and which was, of the three points laid down in Harvey's plan, the most dangerous to attack. This danger was much increased by not assaulting the other points at the same time, thereby allowing the troops either to concentrate inside or come out on the rear of the insurgents.

Dislodging the soldiers from the walls and ditches where they were advantageously posted, and routing the cavalry before them into the town, the gallant band of insurgents faced this memorable gate which was defended by a large force and two six-pounders. This they tumultuously carried with great slaughter, Lord Mountjoy falling at the head of the County Dublin regiment. While engaged here a detachment of cavalry attacked the people in the rear.

The pikemen turned on them with great fury and in a few moments Cornet Dodwell and twenty-eight of the king's Fifth Dragoons fell, the remainder fleeing in dismay. Driving the army into the town, a desperate conflict was maintained in the streets and houses. The royalists, their artillery captured and turned on themselves, everywhere fell before the furious people. Taking refuge in the market-house, they were, after a protracted contest, driven to the quays, and finally across the long bridge, over the Barrow and into the County Kilkenny on the opposite side.

Three times during that eventful fifth of June was the royal standard levelled by the insurgents. Three times did the national force possess Ross. Three times did both sides rally and alternately dispossess each other who had alternately the upper-hand. Each time that the insurgents were victorious, numbers of the men believing the fight over, gave themselves up to plunder and drink; and thus at last, from bare want of opposing numbers, the English held the town; while through the carelessness and criminality of their leaders a great mass of men were on the outside at the camp, not knowing what to do, or uninformed of what was taking place. Cloney, who was all through the fight, which lasted nearly thirteen hours, states that not much more than three thousand participated in the battle. Of the fourth time that the insurgents retreated to the Three Bullet Gate, Cloney says "it was quite disheartening to behold the smallness of our numbers, yet," he adds, "the few who remained seemed to prefer death to

the abandonment of a victory which, throughout the day, appeared to be within their grasp.”* The peasantry who were in the series of fights which occupied that day fought with a desperation unparalleled; and under the most gloomy circumstances continued to cheer up and incite each other upon the enemy. As they fell wounded, they exhorted their comrades to the onset, some exhibiting their scars and gashes, and declaring the pride they felt in having bled for Ireland! Some, before whose eyes the death-mist was hovering, roused themselves with anxious efforts; and others, in the last turbulent agony of life, calmed to inquire “is victory on our side?” and grasping at the comforting affirmative, ejaculated that “they died happy!” and rolled into the eternal slumbers, blessed visions of an Irish Republic coming between them and Heaven.

It is conceded on all hands that had Harvey, during any period of the day, sent a reinforcement victory was certain. So little hope of success appeared to the royalists that the news of their total defeat was carried into Waterford, twelve miles, and Wexford, nineteen miles distant, by fugitives from the king's troops. Such an issue was inevitable, had not the people, in temporary delirium of success, given the advantage to General Johnson, by getting drunk, at each rally being considerably weakened, and in which wretched condition great numbers were slaughtered—as they deserved to be:—for mark you—men who cannot con-

* Personal Narrative, pp. 89, 40.

trol themselves at such a time, could not guard the state at any.

Cloney states that there were about three hundred killed and five hundred wounded on each side. Other accounts give the insurgents killed at five hundred; while the government writers greatly augment the number. Certain it is that the majority of those slaughtered were not killed fighting, but when disabled by liquor.

In the second capture of the town, Kelly of Killan was disabled; and among others distinguished on that day, must be mentioned, John Boxwell of Sarahill, "a Protestant gentleman of great respectability, high character, and undoubted courage," who was killed; Harry Hughes of Ballytreat; Walter Devereaux of Ballybrittas; John Devereaux of Taghmon, then a lad, but afterwards famous as a general in the Bolivian war of independence; Michael Furlong, brother to Matthew; and a boy named Lett, only thirteen years old, who, by his presence of mind, was material in rallying the peasantry and driving the royalists the second time to the bridge. Well may Barrington remark, "There is scarcely a trait of individual courage which was not exemplified during that contest; the battle occasionally slackened, but never ceased for a moment."

This battle was the turning point of the Wexford Campaign.

As it had failed through drunkenness, it was succeeded by the most barbarous cruelty in the massacre and burning of a crowd of royalist and Protestant

prisoners in a barn at Scullabogue, under the hill of Carrigbyrne, by some infuriated people who had, it is believed, beheld the slaughter at Ross. The chief agent of the crime was never discovered; Davis says it was not burned by the fighting men, and it is certain, that no leader of the peasant forces either sanctioned or incited the deed.

Scullabogue may have been fired by some of the fugitives from Ross, inflamed to madness and revenge by liquor and the butcheries there witnessed; or by the friends or relatives of some who had fallen victims to Orange rage and brutality. But while it is natural to trace the deed to some such source, it is equally natural, and just as probable, that the parties engaged in the burning were incited by tools of the governmental factions, for the purpose of throwing disgrace on the insurgent arms, and creating a horror against them in the breasts of wavering and undecided people all over the country. The tactics of the British government in this respect, need no illustration to refresh the reader of history. At this particular juncture, men of loyal sympathies throughout the land had to blush for the massacres perpetrated in the name of royalty and order. Their shame was to be obliterated only by arousing their half-latent antipathies by some fresh Catholic enormity. The fears already existing in the minds of Protestants on the subject of Catholic ascendancy were to be branded and seared into the very marrow of their bones; and so they were.

It is not my intention to defend the crime, or the

Catholics who are accused of it, but to give what may seem a reasonable review of both sides of the question.

Blood will have blood; and looking at the affair fearlessly, and handling it with no kid-glove affectation, I can readily understand how little was needed to excite an infuriated, goaded, reckless mob to take such revenge for broken hopes, burned homes, violated families, and tortures without number, as the maddening impulses of the moment and circumstances afforded. Every advantage had been taken to dispatch the peasantry; infancy had no innocence, age no shield; sickness no recommendation to mercy; maidenhood no inspiration of bravery, in the eyes of the factionists, who, under the name and warrant of "authorities," ransacked, ravaged, and ravished, the homesteads, the men, and the women, of the County Wexford.

"If the commanders of his majesty's forces," says Gordon, "acting against the rebels, committed any small errors in their proper province, ample compensation was commonly made by the press, in the dispatches to government published in their name, and other pieces of writing of a like nature. The numbers killed, if otherwise than on paper, might have alarmingly thinned the population of a county. I have taken much pains to make inquiry from various persons, who had been on the scenes of action, and could never find ground to think otherwise, than that the numbers of men slain among the rebels, in their several engagements with the mili-

tary, were vastly less than they were stated to be in the bulletins and public prints. I have reason to think, that more men than fell in battle were slain in cold blood. No quarter was given to persons taken prisoners as rebels, with or without arms. For one instance—fifty-four were shot in the little town of Carnew, in the space of three days, and thirty-nine in one day in the town of Dunlavin! How many fell in this manner, or were put to death unresisting, in houses, fields, and elsewhere, would be as difficult to state with accuracy, as the number slain in battle.”*

By these means, and in addition to, and superseding in its relentless nature, the political and religious fervor which animated the peasant, was kindled a spirit of personal revenge. He had some murdered father, or violated wife or sister, maimed brother or butchered babe to put in his account against his barbarian foe; and he cherished the settlement of that account with hopes that only added fury to delay, and with satisfaction surmounting all others.

So long as man is man, blood will have blood. Scullabogue and Wexford Bridge but reflect Carnew and Dunlavin. The same barbarities reproducing themselves under different spell-words.

Who sows a Carnew should expect to reap a Scullabogue.†

* Gordon's Hist., p. 268-9.

† “To counteract the reports of religious intolerance, it must be stated that fifteen.

The news of the latter, so calculated to sully the arms of the popular forces, which were of course immediately accused with its perpetration, suggested the publication of a series of resolutions adopted "at a meeting of the general and several officers of the United Army of the County Wexford," the conclusion of which is as follows.

"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.

"By order of

"B. B. HARVEY, *Commander-in-Chief.*

"FRANCIS BREEN, *Sec. and Adj.*

"HEAD QUARTERS, CARRICKYRNE CAMP,
"June 6th, 1708."

The day following General Edward Roche issued from Wexford Town a proclamation advising a thanksgiving for the triumphs, and conjuring unanimity, confidence and obedience to the chiefs.*

or sixteen Catholics shared in the sorrowful catastrophe of Scullabogue, whence only two Protestants and one Catholic escaped."—Hay. Hist., p. 307.

This may be the proper place, in referring to the atrocities of both parties, to record that the government troops, military and yeomen, burned the insurgent depot of wounded men in New Ross, the insurgent hospital at Enniscorthy with its seventy sick and wounded inmates, and murdered the patients in the insurgent hospital of Wexford when repossession took place under General Lake after the Battle of Vinegar Hill.

*I give the proclamation in full as a record of the spirit which actuated, and the feelings expressed by, at least some of the popular leaders. If it is not brilliant in style it is manly in conception and sensible in expression.

On the eighth, there being almost unanimous discontent at Harvey's generalship, the camp removed from Carrigbyrne to Sleeve-keelter mountain, and here Father Philip Roche, who commanded at Tubberneering, was elected generalissimo.

Wexford town in the meantime continued under

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

"Countrymen and fellow soldiers! your patriotic exertions in the cause of your country have hitherto exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and in a short time must ultimately be crowned with success. Liberty has raised her drooping head: thousands daily flock to her standard: the voice of her children every where prevails. Let us then, in the moment of triumph, return thanks to the Almighty Ruler of the universe, that a total stop has been put to those sanguinary measures, which of late were but too often resorted to by the creatures of Government, to keep the people in slavery.

"Nothing now, my countrymen, appears necessary to secure the conquests you have already won, but an implicit obedience to the commands of your chiefs; for through a want of proper subordination and discipline, all may be endangered.

"At this eventful period, all Europe must admire, and posterity will read with astonishment, the heroic acts achieved by people strangers to military tactics, and having but 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 18th of February last; you will see there 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.

"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—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.

"EDWARD ROCHE.

"Wexford, June 7th, 1798."

the insurgent auspices to preserve a peaceable and well-regulated character, adopting the laws and rules of the new authorities. It was a miniature Republic. Lord Kingsborough and Captains O'Hea and Bourke, who had been captured at sea by some fishermen, were prisoners in the hands of Keugh, the governor.

On the ninth of June the Wexford forces from Gorey attacked Arklow in the County Carlow and there fought the most regular engagement of the whole insurrection. General Needham commanded the king's troops, aided by Lord Farnham, Sir Watkin Wynne, Colonel Skerret, Colonel Bainbridge and others. At Colgreeny the insurgents divided themselves into two columns, one proceeding towards the sea-side, the other to the upper end of the town, intending to attack Arklow at both ends at once. The garrison, however, learning this, and receiving large reinforcements, posted themselves to great advantage outside the town; where the two forces encountered each other in a level field.

They met face to face in a regular pitched battle. The fire began as regularly as between disciplined armies,* and was kept up for hours. The fortune of the day was various, but the insurgents at length threw the army into confusion by dismounting the royal cannon, which was followed up by singular bravery. The royal officers became alarmed. General Needham had given orders for retreat. Victory apparently hovered over the rebels—when, alas, their

* Rise and Fall, p. 358.

ammunition gave out, and they had to beat back to Gorey, unpursued however by the army, for as Gordon wisely adds, "a pursuit would have been very hazardous."

At this battle the priest-general, Michael Murphy, leading on a division of pikemen, was torn to pieces by a cannon ball. He had been with the peasantry from the rising on the night of the twenty-sixth of May. "Under the veil of sanctity," says the analytical Musgrave, "he concealed a furious and sanguinary spirit." Three days previous to his death, feeling certain of capturing Arklow, he wrote to a friend in Dublin thus:—"We shall have an army of brave republicans, one hundred thousand, with fourteen pieces of cannon, on Tuesday, before Dublin; your heart will beat high at the news. You will rise with a proportionable force." Truly was he a character to make the loyal Sir Richard shudder.

Another document preserved by Musgrave helped to give that person a dreadful opinion of the "furious and sanguinary spirit" of the clerical generals of Wexford. It is addressed to the Rev. James Doyle, and reads thus:—

REV. SIR:

"You are hereby ordered, in conjunction with Edmund Walsh, to order all your parishioners to the camp on Lacken Hill, under pain of the most severe punishment; for I declare to you and to them, in the name of the people, if you do not, that I will censure all Sutton's parish with fire and sword. Come to see me this day.

"ROCHE."

"*Lacken Hill, June 14th, 1798.*"

On this same 14th of June "The Council for directing the affairs of the people of the County of Wexford," instituted a test oath to be taken "by the United Army in the most public and solemn manner," which bound each member to "persevere in endeavoring to form a brotherhood of affection among *Irishmen* of every religious persuasion," &c., "and an equal, full, and adequate representation of *all* the people of Ireland." By this time the *United Irish* element was spreading in Wexford, and national views were beginning to supersede the purely religious and sectional ideas, which gave to royalist and "rebel" the violence that disgraced both, and which is only excused by the upholders of either, as the sole power thought fit to cope with, or retaliate upon, the resources of the other.

A detachment of the insurgents from Wexford, on the 12th, made an unsuccessful foray into Borris, in Carlow, in search of ammunition; and, on the 16th, had a smart skirmish with the army at Tinehaly, enriching their commissariat by the capture of a great quantity of cattle. Early on the morning of the 19th, General Roche's camp, on Lacken, was surprised by the military from Ross; but by the address of Thomas Cloney, the insurgents effected a safe retreat to the Three Rocks.

Both the royalist and insurgent armies were now constantly on the move; the latter from necessity and late want of success; the former to make a combined effort for the annihilation of the other. Generals Lake, Dundas, Loftus, Needham, Johnson, Eustace,

Asgill, Moore, and Duff, were all on the move by various routes, towards Wexford and Vinegar Hill. The insurgents of the northern part of the county had concentrated round the latter, toward which, daily, peasants were flying from the scattered districts devastated by the king's troops. In the south the Three Rocks was the place of encampment, but the numbers were inconsiderable.

Over the county a general alarm was spread.

The town of Wexford became the chief rendezvous for the fugitives, who increased the uneasy state of the public mind, by tales of the ruthlessness of the advancing army. The entrance to the harbor was blocked with gun-boats, and vessels of war were seen off the coast, which precluded all possibility of escape by sea. While in this dilemma, and chiefly at the instigation of one Thomas Dixon, thirty-six royalist prisoners were massacred on the bridge. The slaughter would have been much greater but for the timely arrival and interference of General Edward Roche, Esmonde Kyan, and the Rev. Mr. Curran.*

Dixon was incited by revenge, a relative of his, the Rev. Mr. Dixon, a Catholic clergyman, having been tried, sentenced to transportation, and sent to Duncannon fort the day preceding the insurrection.

On the march the insurgents suffered severely from

* The massacre was "suddenly stopped" at seven in the evening. Father Curran having vainly supplicated the assassins to desist, commanded them to pray before they should proceed further in the work of death; and having thus caused them to kneel, dictated a prayer *that God would show the same mercy to them which they should show to the surviving prisoners.*—Gordon, p. 182.

the want of ammunition, though in every skirmish they exhibited increased intrepidity. On the 20th, the day after General Johnson had forced Roche to retreat from Lacken Hill, the latter, with Cloney, encountered General Sir John Moore's troops at Fooke's Mill, and, after a spirited engagement of four hours, was obliged to retreat to Wexford, having killed near two hundred of the enemy, the insurgent loss being much less.

But the last scene was approaching. While General Moore was on his way to Wexford, General Johnson directed his attention to Enniscorthy and General Lake, the chief in command, to Vinegar Hill, the other generals I have mentioned cooperating on all sides.

While Father Roche and Cloney were engaging the former, some of Johnson's troops took up a position on the southern side of Enniscorthy, from which, however, they were quickly dislodged; Father Moses Kearns heading a division of the Vinegar Hill camp, poured down on them and forced them back to the main body, a mile distant from the town.

On the morning of June 21st Lake and Johnson commenced their respective attacks. The insurgents were very badly prepared to meet them; but never in that brave campaign did they exhibit greater bravery. Father Kearns fiercely contested the entrance to the town with General Johnson, while William Barker "who had seen some service on the Continent" performed miracles of valor in defence of the Bridge. With but a few pounds of powder the popular forces

defended the town for two hours with the most determined spirit against an army of great force, perfectly appointed and abundantly provided with every necessity. The brave, noble fellows, for these two hours disputed possession, meeting the well-armed soldiers, hand to hand in the streets, amid the roar of guns, the conflagration of houses, enveloped in smoke, and surrounded with the cries of women, and the revengeful shouts of their comrades whom they could at times scarcely discern.

Enniscorthy was taken, but who will say that these heroes were defeated; who can call a sacrifice a defeat!

The Martyr is the victor in his death.

Vinegar Hill is a beautiful eminence standing directly between Enniscorthy and the river Slaney, which winds round its base to the town. On the top of this hill stands a dilapidated stone building, indicating, as it were, in its shattered strength and ruined prominence, the fortunes of the day which has fixed its name and pictured its figure immortally on the pages of history. Here the forlorn hope of the Wexford Insurgents are collected; a great mass of men and women, with about two thousand arms, and as Hay tells us, only two charges for cannon, of which they possessed a few disabled pieces.

Against them Lieutenant General Lake has mustered twenty thousand regular troops.

As day broke Lake disposed his attack in four columns;* and with the dawn, bomb-shell, and can-

* Major Generals Johnson and Eustace commanded the column which operated against Enniscorthy, "close under Vinegar Hill on the right;" Lieutenant General

non opened on the desperate heroes on the hill. With a cheer of defiance they return the fire. Now streams of shell and grape poured on the four sides of the insurgent position ; every volley, like a cataract roaring through the gorges of a mountain side, was answered by a wild mocking echo from the granite-souls it broke upon. Gradually and cautiously the troops advanced up the slopes—nearer and nearer, like a serpent tightening its coils upon its victim. The peasantry maintain their fire until the flint is useless for want of powder. But there is that in these men's souls which is ignited by an immortal spark. The leaders exhort the men, and with that greater eloquence of action, incite them with examples of daring and defiance. Closer and closer the English troops advance—now the women—wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, forgetful of all, save that inherent spirit of heroic guardianship over man, which is their gift from Heaven, and which ever is the purer when the danger is blackest—now these women dash through the insurgent ranks to the sides of those dear relatives

Dundas commanded the centre column, which was supported by a third column under Major Generals Sir James Duff and Loftus ; and the fourth column was under the honorable Major General Needham. The Earl of Ancram, Lord Roden, Lord Blaney, and Lord Glenworth were in the battle, the two first named in command of cavalry regiments and to whom General Lake gives "great praise in his dispatch" to Lord Castlereagh. Major Generals Hewitt and Cradock in addition to the above-named generals are cited as deserving of "great gratitude" for their share in the action. Also "honorable mention" is made of Colonels King, Vesey, Campbell, and Handfield, Lieutenant Colonels Blythe, and Reed, Captains Nicholson, Bloomfield, Crawford and Lieut. Sandys who was killed. (See Lake's dispatch quoted in Musgrave's appendix.)

General Needham's infantry did not arrive in time to be effectual, but "by rapidly advancing with his cavalry, he was able to cut off many of the fugitive rebels." (*Musgrave*.) The "rebels" chiefly made their escape through the opening his infantry was to have occupied.

whom they are to cheer to victory, or soothe in death.

It is too grand—too dreadful—too bloody—enough: in a torrent of flame and smoke, men and women, the leaves and branches of the insurgent forest are swept down the ruthless currents of devastation and death.

* * * * *

The leaders of the insurgents on this day according to the authorities I have been able to consult were the priests Philip Roche, John Murphy, Moses Kearns, and Clinch; with Edward Fitzgerald Esmonde Ryan, Anthony Perry, Wm. Barker, John Hay, and, it is probable, Garret Byrne.

General Edward Roche, whose attendance was desired at Vinegar Hill and who had been sent to collect reinforcements, was delayed as we have seen, in staying the massacre of Wexford Bridge. In the excitement it was with great difficulty he could get the ear of the populace; but owing to his energy he was ultimately enabled to lead a body of men out of the town. He arrived, like Needham's infantry, too late for the fight at the hill; but he succeeded in covering the retreat of the insurgents to Wexford, by arresting the murderous career of the cavalry in pursuit of them.

Wexford town, after being in the possession of the insurgents for twenty-three days, surrendered to its loyal prisoner, Lord Kingsborough, as it had done before to its "rebel" prisoner Bagnal Harvey. Three deputies from the popular forces with three officers, their prisoners, were sent to the successful generals of the

king's troops, with letters from Lord Kingsborough stating that Wexford would be delivered to them on condition that persons and property should be respected. Thomas Cloney, Edward Hay, and Robert Carty were the deputies from the people.

The terms proposed by the insurgents and signed officially by the governor of the little republic were to the following effect:—

“That Captain McManus shall proceed from Wexford towards Oulart, accompanied by Mr. E. Hay, appointed by the inhabitants, of all religious persuasions, to inform the officer commanding the king's troops, that they are ready to deliver up the town of Wexford without opposition, lay down their arms, and return to their allegiance, provided that their persons and properties are guaranteed by the commanding officer; and that they will use every influence in their power to induce the people of the country at large to return to their allegiance also. These terms we hope Captain McManus will be able to procure.

“Signed, by order of the inhabitants of Wexford.

“MATT. KEUGH.”

General Lake, of whom it has been said that he could not justly be accused with one act of clemency during his military career in Ireland—gave them the following reply.

“Lieutenant General Lake cannot attend to any terms by rebels in arms against their sovereign; while they continue so he must use the force entrusted to him, with the utmost energy, for their destruction. To the deluded multitude he promises pardon, on their delivering into his hands their leaders, surrendering their arms, and returning with sincerity to their allegiance.

“Signed

“G. LAKE.

“*Ennisacorthy, June 22nd, 1798.*”

It is needless to state that the leaders were not delivered up; and that the "utmost energy" was used for the destruction of the people.

The head of Keugh—"the subscriber of the insolent proposals" * was soon severed from his body and raised above the court-house on a pike. Unconsciously they paid the tribute due him, and placed his head in death, where it was in life, erect—above their law and loyalty.

So ended the campaign in Wexford; and then began the trials and the executions.

Looking over the records of this campaign there is no one who can deny that it reflects honor and credit on the Irish. What Barrington says in his "Rise and Fall" on the Wexford insurrection may well be adopted by any who attentively scans the period. He writes: "The insurgents were unpaid—many of them nearly unclothed, few of them well armed, all of them undisciplined, with scarcely any artillery, no cavalry, their powder and ammunition mostly prepared by themselves, no tents or covering, no money, no certainty of provisions, obedience to their chiefs, and adherence to their cause were altogether voluntary. Under these circumstances, their condition must have been precarious, and their numbers variable. No one leader amongst them had sufficient power to control or counteract their propensities, yet they fought with wonderful perseverance, address and intrepidity." All this is true of that gallant band; and more.

* General Lake's letter to Lord Castlereagh, June 23d.

In the heat of excitement, writhing under the personal torture inflicted not only on themselves but on their women, by the royalists, they forgot not, or rather acted up to, that natural gallantry which is fully accredited to even the humblest and most uneducated Irishman. It is recorded of even the darkest moments of the insurrection, that "the fair sex was respected even by those who did not hesitate to rob and murder;" no one instance existing of a female being injured or violated by a "rebel."* The same manly consideration was extended to children by the insurgents; Hay telling us that some who were abandoned or lost by their loyalist parents, were taken care of by the so-called "rebels," and grew up cherished and protected by them.

The importance of the Wexford Campaign may easily be seen from the number of generals employed by the government, whose loss, as shown by Charles James Fox in the British senate, was ten thousand men. It is computed that from thirty to thirty-five thousand Wexfordians turned out; and it is to be lamented that the insurrection, however glorious, however brave, or however disastrous, was not based upon those principles of union, which would have given it the greatest hopes and means of deliverance. I allude to its not being a rising of United Irishmen; for I cannot call it one. Neither can I see that it was at any time during the struggle thoroughly United Irish. Lacking organization, its first impetus was received from religious causes. At

* Hay, p. 217.

first the people rose as Catholics, because the priests were driven to it: and growing in importance from their victories, great numbers joined them on national grounds; yet even in the heat of it I find one of its most important leaders, the heroic priest who fell at Arklow, taking written grounds against the enemy because they were "heretics," while many of the leaders on his own side were Protestants, or so-called "heretics."

Had the campaign in Wexford been sustained, it would soon have been, as it was steadily becoming, *United Irish*. Had the leaders paid more attention to Gorey, and marched directly on Arklow, when in the flush of their first victories, Dublin was in their hands. The day of New Ross is at once perhaps the proudest and the gloomiest in the campaign; memorable at once for the fiercest battle, as well as the first fatal step downwards of the men of Wexford. It broke up the chief camp, and gave rise to recriminations amongst, and feelings of doubt in the capacity of some of the most prominent men.

These clergymen, too, who had bravely led the peasantry through many a field, had been the most strenuous antagonists of the *United Irish* movement in Wexford before they were driven to the field to defend their altars; and thus annulled and defeated that power which would have proved their salvation. By this means all attempt at organization proved fruitless; and though we cannot withhold our admiration of the campaign, we cannot at the same time be blind to the disasters growing out of the sectional grounds which facilitated it.

We must take warning from the past.

Irishmen must learn that the cause of Ireland is not a Catholic cause, not a Protestant cause, not a Presbyterian cause. It is the cause of Freedom—the cause of God! And who will dare affix to the Creator the partialities or antipathies which grow out of either the strength or the weakness of the human mind.

The Protestant clergyman, William Jackson, and the Catholic priest, Philip Roche, worshipping the Supreme Being at different shrines, sacrificed themselves for the one idea of truth and justice, upon the one altar of Irish Freedom, to prove that Liberty was not the monopoly of any one creed or class—that it was not alone Protestant or Catholic, but both; and above all that God was greater than any tabernacle raised to him.

These are not isolated instances of the union of creeds in the shadow of the scaffold.

As the streams of various climates leaping from their mountain beds or valley cradles, rush over, or ruminate through the world, growing heartier, stouter, more impetuous, more resistless with every experience, until they sacrifice their accumulated strength and identity in the eternity of ocean—and ocean like a mighty choir rolls forth the combined harmonies of all; so Death, receiving the patriotic, variously inspired life-streams of Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian ardor, hymns forth unceasingly the glories and passions of all, indistinguishably harmonized, to inspire the living with that devotion and unity which qualifies the scaffold to be the teacher and benefactor of the Irish.

It teaches, in tones unmistakable, that Irishmen must unite, not on fanatical but fraternal grounds; not on sectional but sacred grounds; not as bigots but as brothers.

THE TRAIL OF THE MENAPII.

THE TRAIL OF THE MENAPII.

THE MENAPII ?

Although Anastasius, the librarian of the Vatican, writing to Charles the Bald, the patron of John Erigena in the ninth century, alludes deprecatingly to Ireland as "the very ends of the world,"* he might have known better. Geographically speaking, it was one of the ends of the then earth; but mentally and intellectually it had been for centuries the centre.†

* The passage in which the allusion occurs is noteworthy. He was "astonished how such a 'vir barbarus,' placed in the very ends of the world, so remote from conversation with mankind as this Irishman, John Erigena, was, could comprehend such things with his intellect, and transfuse them so ably into another language." "So ancient," says Christopher Anderson in his "Historical Sketches of the Ancient Native Irish," &c., Edin., 1828, "so ancient is the ignorant prejudice against the fine natural capacity of this hitherto neglected people." This John Scotus Erigena was an eminent scholar and philosopher of the ninth century, notices of whose great learning and works may be found in the writings of Bishop Bale (1495-1563); Ware; Colgan; Warton's History of Poetry; Turner's History of Anglo-Saxons; Anderson's Treatise quoted, and others which the various references will suggest.

† Its scholars had been the school-founders and preceptors of Europe. To have studied in Ireland, like Alfred the Great, and Willibrord, the Northumbrian—who, says Alcuine (a famous Saxon writer and correspondent of Erigena, quoted by Anderson), "studied twelve years in Ireland, under masters of high reputation, being intended for a preacher to many people," was one of the greatest recommendations of Christianity as well as learning. The Latin and Greek of the Irish was famed, and Erigena even translated one of Aristotle's works into Chaldaic and Arabic as well as Latin. In the two earliest schools of learning in Europe, Paris and Pavia, were the celebrated Irish scholars, Clement and Albin. It is recorded that such

Anastasius should not have been astonished at anything coming from an Irishman of his day, for much of everything in the shape of learning had a beginning and no end in that "end of the world." He had heard no doubt of the works and maps of Claudius Ptolomeus, of Alexandria, in Egypt, a celebrated astronomer and geographer in the Greek tongue, who gave an account of the world as then known, and departed from it about the year of Christianity, 140. From Ptolemy he might have made himself acquainted with the great cities, the heroic races, and the sacred monuments of the island: but it is not for me to dwell here on either the ignorance or the prejudice, or both combined—the "ignorant prejudice" of Anastasius, but explain in as few words as needful, before entering on the narrative, wherefore comes the title which heads this page:—THE TRAIL OF THE MENAPII.

Manapioi or Menapii, is the name found on Ptolemy's map of Ireland for the people inhabiting the territories now known as Wexford and Waterford. The city of Menapia, one of the ten chief cities of Ireland in the second century, was what is now the town of Wexford.

The Menapii were a colony from Belgic Gaul, "chief nation of the Celts," and are known as Belgæ, Viri Belgici, and, by our old Irish writers, Fir-Bolgs. This Leinster colony of Fir-Bolgs or Belgæ was

men went to the European continent, proclaiming that they had "wisdom to sell, and demanded only food and raiment for reward."—Notker Balbalus cited by Anderson, p. 8.

settled over three centuries before the time of Ptolemy, having arrived at Inver Slainge—the bay of Slaney—two centuries before the Christian era. Cæsar gives some account of the tribes of Belgæ, the Bellovaci, Menapii, Atrebatæ, Remii, &c. The Menapii are spoken of as a very valiant people, whose manner of making war on the Romans was, by retiring with their property, cattle, &c., into the woods, morasses, and inaccessible places, and thence making sudden assaults on the enemy; “a mode of warfare,” says Dr. Mac Dermott, “precisely similar to that adopted by the Irish clans against the English.”*

In the third century those Menapians of Wexford gave a Roman emperor to Britain, or rather he gave Britain to himself, and with his own red right hand grasped the imperial purple and flung it on his shoulders, where it haughtily hung for more than seven years.†

The Trail of the Menapii!

May we not find on the fields and mountains of the Wexford Campaign traces of the old Fir-Bolg nature

* Notes to Annals of the Four Masters, p. 194.

† Carausias, a native of the maritime Menapia, was bred up to play with and master the sea. He took service under the Roman Emperors, Diocletian and Maximian, tamed the Scandinavian sea-kings, and the Franks and Saxons for them, became very popular, and in 285-287, or 288, it is variously stated, assumed the imperial purple, defeated Maximian's forces, compelled Maximian to acknowledge him associate emperor, and took Britain for his share. For a more extensive notice of the Menapii, and this emperor, see Mac Dermott's able and erudite annotations to Owen Connellan's translation of the “Annals of the Four Masters.” Geraghty, Dublin, 1846. Also, Cæsar (Commentariorum De Bello Gallico, lib. II., IV.) Usher, Ware, Camden, and the numerous authorities cited by Dr. Mac Dermott.

—tracks of the Celtic stuff—bloodmarks of the valiant Menapii whose prowess in Gaul cost Cæsar so much brain and blood—and whose resistance, if power is measured by it,* burns like a lamp above their heroic history that all ages may read—not their disgrace in being overrun, but the power of the conqueror they resisted.

May we not, through the colonization clouds that hover, and loom and settle over these Menapian towns and districts, in the intervening centuries, observe the Fir-Bolg lightning flashing out in mad recognition of its ancient atmosphere!

The modern Menapii certainly have fair claims to the tribute paid their ancient fathers and brethren, the Gauls—that, “without possessing military science they were the most warlike nation of antiquity.”

The military science of Cæsar conquered the ancient Gauls.

The want of it brought the modern Menapii to make terms with the English.

Cæsar paid due honor to the valor of his foe; to be worthy of his steel was in itself reputation.

The English generals not being Cæsars, neither conferred honor on their foe, nor won it from them.

Having recognized and gotten on the trail of the Menapii let us follow it.

On the track of many of those noble spirits whom we have noted at various points, the scaffold suddenly rises up and bids us go no further. It warns back,

* “Power is measured by resistance.”—De Quincey’s “Cæsars.”

for *here* these good-intentioned men are forced to wind up their earthly affairs, and like the characters in some grim romance, are compelled to sign the deed in blood.

The terms entered into by the leaders with Lord Kingsborough were totally disregarded.

General Lake would not confirm Lord Kingsborough's promises, but issued a proclamation for the apprehension of the insurgent chiefs.

The whole thing was a ruse to possess themselves of the town and lay hands on the chiefs. "My lord" makes terms with the rebel generals, or rather with the inhabitants of the town. Many lay down their arms. The king's general scouts the right of Lord Kingsborough to make such, or any terms, will not fulfill the promises in the name of the king, law, justice and the like; and in fact, will not answer his lordship's dispatch. His lordship, to keep the better face on the matter, stoutly persists, stating that General Moore, who entered Wexford, had made him commander of the town. Lake also persists, and being the stronger of the two, does it with effect—grasping the foolish-minded rebels who were seduced from their wild ways and weapons—pouncing upon the chiefs who were chivalric enough to expect soldier treatment, and blistering the Bridge of Wexford with the affluent and hot blood of all.

Those loyal lords and generals understood each other. It was the fault of the insurgents if they did not understand them. God knows they had sufficient opportunity.

Bagnal Harvey heard at his castle of Bargy that

the terms of surrender were but so much thistle down before the stormy passion of the king's representatives. Flying to Colclough with the news, he discovered that his friend, taking with him his wife and child, had found temporary refuge in one of the Saltee Islands, whither he followed. They were captured in a cave disguised as peasants on the 23rd June.

A court martial was instituted.

The place of execution was the bridge.

The first tried and condemned was Father Philip Roche. He came unarmed to surrender himself on Kingsborough's promises. His anticipation of anything save the treatment usual in such cases, and what a soldier expects, was so little that he actually advanced within the English lines. He should have known better. On being recognized, he was ignominiously dragged from his horse, pulled by the hair and buffeted through the camp to Wexford jail. The royalists could not easily forget that powerful form. It had swayed and plunged over many a fight, like the mast of a laboring craft, borne up by, and indicating the strength of the waves by which it was surrounded. As it stood before the gale, so did the royalists fly before him. As it rose, or rocked, or fell, so fell, and shook, and rose the hopes of the royalists.

They had him now. A thousand hawks around a toiled eagle.

With very little delay he was dragged to the place of execution, and with a second rope, his weight having broken the first, ended his life in great torture.

Roche was tall, turbulent and excitable. He was

a man of action, brave even to recklessness, and like all brave men, generous and humane, as even his religious enemies have testified. If he was, as his foes say, an indulgent liver, they have good reason to know he was also an indulgent victor.

Keugh the governor of the town, was next put on trial and suffered at the same time with Roche. The head of the former, as before stated, was placed over the court-house. After being decapitated the bodies of both were stripped, and being subjected to the most indecent and inhuman brutality were flung into the river.

Keugh was an aged gentleman and officer living on half-pay. To him the organization of the town, after it fell into the hands of the people, was entrusted. To him, by the observance of a strict military discipline and the enforcement of regularity and subordination, were the inhabitants highly indebted, for the protection of life and property.

Harvey was executed on the twenty-seventh and with him an old gentleman named Cornelius Grogan of Johnstown, who had been high sheriff for the county, and member of parliament for the town of Enniscorthy. One of his brothers was killed fighting against the "rebels" at Arklow, and another had been badly wounded in the service of the king. He had been surrounded by a stragglng party of insurgents, forced on horseback and brought into Wexford under peril of his life. To give themselves some importance, he was also, unknown to himself, made a commissary. For these crimes he

was hanged. The entire proceedings relative to this old man were thoroughly foul, and indicate the non-chalance with which the "authorities" butchered "justice" and the people. Their license was unlimited as was their villainy, and respectively tended and guarded by each other, both combined to write such pages of history as can only arouse feelings of heart-sickness, disgust and a hope for the retributive time. "It appeared before Parliament, upon interrogating the president of the court, that the members of the court-martial which tried him, had not been sworn—that they were only seven instead of thirteen, the usual number—that his material witness was shot by the military, while on the road between Johnstown Castle and Wexford, to give evidence of Mr. Grogan's entire innocence." *

Grogan's estates valued at from £8,000 to £10,000 per annum, were, in the opinion of Doctor Madden, "the dangerous objects that attracted attention" from those who hoped to profit by their confiscation. Pillaging, publicly and privately, was one of the chiefest incentives to loyalist vigilance, and not alone a ready source of perquisite for the cunning sycophantic rabble, but a certain means of judicious reimbursement for time spent in looking after the king's—and their own—affairs by even titled Orangemen: for instance we learn from Gordon,† that Lord

* "Rise and Fall," p. 365.

† "Doubtless Lord K. thought his conduct blameless * * * But if we should find the attention of any general officer so absorbed in a system of plunder, as to leave him no leisure for fighting, perhaps we might not think him so entirely blameless."—Gordon, Hist., p. 339, 40, note.

Kingsborough, the day after his liberation, went to Mr. Grogan's house and "took out of the stable two coach horses to sell."

"Ah poor Grogan, you die an innocent man," said Harvey meeting the former in the jail-yard. Their heads were cut off; and one placed at each side of Keugh's.

The trail of many—oh how many of these Menapii can no farther be tracked than this crimson bridge and running water.

The royalists hold a carnival of blood!

Among the crowd immolated were Colclough, Prendergast, who had accepted a civil office under the insurgents; John Hay, who had been a lieutenant in Dillon's regiment in the Irish Brigade in France, and upon whom was found a letter from Perry of Inch dated from the Vinegar Hill camp demanding his attendance there; and others more famous. Of the latter were two brave hearts—John Kelly of Killan and Esmonde Kyan.

It will be remembered that Kelly was dangerously wounded at the battle of New Ross. For medical aid he was conveyed to Wexford. His solicitude for the fate of the struggle—his inability to participate in it, and the pangs of illness had greatly weakened and reduced him. In this state he lay confined to bed. But he was not forgotten. The Three Rock Mountain and Ross were too scornfully visible to royalist eyes. He was dragged from his bed, carried through a trial and drawn on a car to the bridge. Well may the authorities yell—well may the Orange furies shout.

They have time to do it now. The young hero of twenty-five summers is bent into the winter of old age in beating you. Shout on. These shouts remove the pallor of the grave from about his heart and flush it into ripeness again. The more extravagant your display the greater must be the reason you have for it. It comforts him—he feels you esteem him a great enemy. It is something to die for—the hatred of the foes of one's country !

He is dead.

But yet the authorities are not safe, while yet his features in all the ghastly nobility of patriot death stare them in the face. He was decapitated, his body treated as those of all the others were, and his head—made a football and kicked through the streets amid the jests and vociferations of the mercenaries who crowded the town.

But the more they found he was dead the more life come to them. They rolled the head along until they reached the residence of the dear sister who had devoted herself to the bedside of that beloved brother ; and there, before her window, resumed the game of football, and when tired flung it into the air with wild and demon exultations. It was ultimately, according to sentence, placed above Keugh's at the court-house.

And it was in the last days of the eighteenth century of Christianity that such things came to pass !

Up in the future, and not very far either, stern skeptics and ideal religionists, taking up such acts from the history of a "civilized country," the ruler of

which was styled "Defender of the Faith" may argue that Christ had not come; had neither lived on earth, nor taught, nor died—that the years counted under the head "A. D." were delusions—Homeric and Ossianic epics, brilliant with blood; that our grandfathers were in the savage darkness and chaotic frenzies of some transition state, in which the light broke in enough to let us see its horrors—in which there was sufficient—and barely sufficient civilization to give a pleasant variety to barbarism by making it keener with improvement—Setting it to the air of English "Progress."

But then—some will say—that was the age of Pitt and Fox—of Junius and Doctor Johnson, of great orators and mighty moralists! and so forth. It was the age of Washington and Jefferson, too!

Which will make the former remember that the very same "authorities" who kicked the Irish "rebel's" head through the streets in '98, offered, a few years before, premiums for the scalps of American "rebels"—so much a package for the scalps of their helpless infants, and more hopelessly helpless old men, and of women, the life and succor and comfort of both. He will then be certain that a doubt of the Christianity and civilization of such "authorities" should, if it does not, exist.

But we are in the past, and on this old bridge again.

And Esmonde Kyan, who was there on the 20th of June as a saviour, is there again now—a corpse.

Being wounded at the battle of Arklow, and to

which wound the loss of the day is attributed, Kyan was brought to Wexford, like Kelly, for surgical assistance. Hearing of the massacres under Dixon on the 20th, he sprang, gaining strength from his humanity, from his sick-bed—tottered to the bridge, and with peculiar intrepidity succeeded in saving the lives of many.

But the merciful received no mercy.

In a treaty made between the insurgent Generals Fitzgerald and Aylmer and General Dundas, provisions were entered into for Kyan's safety, and permission for exile out of Ireland guaranteed. In the face of this, and relying upon its truth, he was arrested, tried, convicted and executed the next day. Vainly he referred to the treaty. Vainly he asked for time.

Time?—it might have saved him; and he was arrested not to be saved—but to be hanged.

The trail of many—oh, how very many of the Wexford men, can be tracked through burning homesteads, and pillaged villages, and mustering groups, and sullen crowds, and mountain camps, and wild charges, and shattered ranks, and promiscuous retreats, and impromptu victories, and broken treaties to this old bridge—those pike-heads on the courthouse—the trackless current of the Slaney?

How many cannot be tracked further than this crimson bridge. We cannot pass it. Seeking an end to the trail of these Menapii, we are at it. It ends in blood.

While we look about inquiringly on that bridge,

our very feet patter in the blood of patriots, and we carry it with us through the streets, and through the world, and into every house, as a legacy of misfortune. And strangers who see the bloody marks upon us, and hear the story of their being, arise above the prescribed limits of their nationalities to a passionate pallor, and whisperingly question us of "Vengeance?"

Let us take refuge in the open air, for though "the ashes of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust," still this blood, from the nature of the sacrifice, *will* remain stagnant and quivering before us.

There are others of the Menapii on the roads and mountains—in retreat it may be, but they have arms in their hands. Let us on their trail.

After Vinegar Hill the various detachments of the king's troops, now having comparatively a "fair field," continued to burn and pillage in all directions. They even grew valiant over the dead bodies of their foes. Mr. Edward Hay, one of the deputies from Wexford to General Lake, describes the state of the country on his return. "Captain O'Hea (a former prisoner of the insurgents) and I," he writes, "were then led to the head of the army by a general officer, and we set off with all expedition, to avoid as much as possible the horrid spectacle of the dead bodies of men and women strewed along the roads and over the adjacent fields; some bearing marks of the most savage and indecent cruelty; some with their bowels ripped open, and others with their brains dashed out

—situations which they did not at all exhibit the day before, when I saw them lying dead on my way to Enniscorthy.”

Shall we never get clear of this trail of blood?

On the night of the 21st June, the insurgents who had gathered in Wexford, with the remains of the forlorn hope which had escaped from Vinegar Hill, were in a state of confusion almost amounting to dismay. The thunders that had broken in upon them with the dawn still rolled about them. The inhabitants had delivered up the town to General Moore's division; Lord Kingsborough was made governor; the grand army was on its march; the insurgents' camps were broken into remnants, all of which, disappointed, furious, and in confusion, were in or about the town, eagerly, and by look, gesture, and word inquiring what was to be done?

The chiefs met.

Their hopes have not sunk behind Vinegar Hill. As it, their faith is immovable and unshaken.

The insurgents are divided into two bodies. Those living to the north and northeast of the Slaney, crossed Wexford Bridge, commanded by Edward Fitzgerald, Edward Roche, Garret Byrne, Esmonde Kyan, and others. The other division under the three priests, Roche, Murphy, and Kearns, directed their steps into the barony of Bargy, and encamped that night at Sleadagh, about five miles from the fated town.

We shall follow the trail of the latter division.

Kearns, suffering from wounds received the day

previous, in his gallant defence of Enniscorthy, 'was unable to bear the fatigue, and took shelter in a farmer's house.

At a council held that night, Roche being duped by "the terms," proposed to surrender. He considered that they could offer no determined resistance. Murphy had no reliance on their terms in the first place; and, in the second, would make no terms. As for himself he cried, "If he stood alone, he would never willingly surrender to them." Murphy had borne the torch from Boolavogue to Sledagh. He had been with the peasantry from the hill of Oulart to Vinegar Hill. He had many attached partisans; and his declaration was echoed throughout the division. They would not willingly surrender!

Roche went to Wexford to receive his "terms." We have seen how he got them—from the hangman.

Murphy, resolving to make for the County Carlow, and through it, Kilkenny, in hopes of commencing a fresh campaign there, pushed on, the next day, through Scollagh Gap, a pass in the great ridge of Mount Leinster, which divides Wexford and Carlow. Driving before him a body of troops, placed there to protect the Pass, he burned the village of Killedmond, on the Carlow side of the Gap, and continued his march to the town of Goresbridge, on the river Barrow, in Kilkenny, where he arrived on the morning of the 23d. A body of the Fourth Dragoon Guards and Wexford Militia took position on the bridge to oppose the insurgents; but they were

quickly forced, driven back into the village, and nearly all either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners.* Major-General Sir Charles Asgill, who, with a thousand men, was on the march to seize this post, arrived too late; the insurgents having, after their success, made a rapid movement to the Ridge of Leinster, where they rested in good spirits that night.

On the next morning they proceeded towards Castlecomer, defeated and chased into it, with considerable loss, a party of loyalists, and commenced a furious assault on the town. The chief resistance was offered from a fortified house at the foot of the bridge; and upon which the insurgents wasted much good time. The town was set on fire, of which conflagration each party accuses the other.† The smoke prevented the insurgents from discerning the nature of the force opposed to them; and also permitted Sir Charles Asgill, who had followed them, to approach without their knowledge. His arrival was announced by his artillery, which raked the streets and houses, and suggested a retreat to the insurgents, which they made, leaving behind them the prisoners taken at Goresbridge.

The royalists and many inhabitants imitated the insurgent example and also retreated, in an opposite direction, their general thinking the same "prudent."

The insurgents of course immediately returned, took possession of, and sacked the town.

The insurgents are again on the hills, but they are

* Cloney, p. 82.

† Gordon, Hist., p. 202; Hay, p. 208.

disappointed. The country through which they passed did not rise; they had some victories to be sure, but their ammunition was running out. It was resolved to go back to the County Wexford: rebel hearts were plenty there as the blossoms on the furze; and accordingly on the 25th they retraced their steps to Goresbridge and bivouacked that night on Kilcomney Hill.

Discomfited and overpowered by fatigue, want of regular food and necessary raiment, their minds as well as their bodies were encircled with mist. They did not well know what to do; neither could they see the danger that menaced them on the following morning as a heavy depressing haze hung over the hill.

While in this position of mind and body, they were suddenly aroused by a severe discharge of cannon pouring on one side of the bivouack. They moved to the opposite side; another volley thoroughly shook them up.

Asgill with twelve hundred men, and Major Mathews with five hundred were upon them.

The struggle continued for an hour. The insurgents had no resource save in flight, and in the brave exertions of their horsemen, who rallied, and to some extent covered the retreat of their comrades. But for this they must have been entirely cut off. As it was, the slaughter was great.

Being disappointed in not butchering the complete body of the Wexford men, Asgill fell upon the district, and ravaged and murdered indiscriminately. Over

one hundred and fifty persons in the neighborhood of Kilcomney were put to the sword. Gordon says—"The great part of the slain were inhabitants of the county which had unfortunately become the scene of action, who had not joined the rebels nor left their houses; and that great part of the plunder was taken from people of the same description."*

The insurgents pursued their way to Scollagh Gap, "a body of the king's cavalry hanging on their rear, but which kept at a respectful distance." At the Gap the broken Wexfordians were pressed by some troops; and while many sought to escape up the mountains, two brave fellows taking shelter under cover of a rock, opened fire on the enemy, defended the pass, and enabled many of their comrades to achieve their retreat. Those two men—James Cody of Ballindaggin and Michael Lacy of Ballyboggin, whose names deserve to be recorded—thus placed, kept up a quick and unerring fire on the advancing dragoons until the death of over a dozen of them effected the temporary safety of the chief part of the insurgents.

About two miles from Scollagh, Father Murphy and a single follower, Gallagher, sought rest after the harassment of the morning. Being somewhat refreshed, they wended their weary steps towards Tullow, where they fell into the hands of the enemy and were hanged "without delay or ceremony."

* Gordon, Hist., p. 205. He adds, "The behavior of the army in other places renders this account very probable."

Thus one of the brands from Boolavogue has burned out at Tullow.

Some of the insurgents took to the mountains of Leinster and Blackstairs, where they were either killed or dispersed. Some sought the woods of Killaughran; others the woods about Ferns, where death met them still resisting but unavailingly so; while a considerable number sought out in Wicklow the other division of the Wexford men which had gone north on the night of the 21st.

What became of that division? We are still on the trail of the modern Menapii.

On the 22nd a party of them under Anthony Perry hearing that some Gorey loyalists were scouring the country for "rebels" proceeded to that town, and hunted the troops from it with considerable slaughter; after which they proceeded to the Whiteheaps in the County Wicklow.

The trail of this division may be discovered through the lead-mines, to Monaseed, to Donard, to Glanmullen, to Aughrim, to Blessington, to Ballymanus—where uniting with the men under Garret Byrne they encamped. On the morning of the 25th by five o'clock they were before Hacketstown.

The king's troops commenced the attack, but after a few volleys were forced to retreat, in which Captain Hardy was killed. They fled to the barracks, while the insurgents were wading the river to invest the place on all sides. After an obstinate attempt, and gallant defence of nine hours, the insurgents retreated,

carrying off their wounded and all the cattle in the town to Blessington.*

Fitzgerald and Byrne now directed their forces towards Carnew, and on the road near it, met and surrounded a party of cavalry—among whom were the ancient Britons long notorious for their excesses—which was sent as part of a defence for the town. The troops were totally defeated with a loss of overeighty, including two officers, the insurgents not having lost one man.

They were foiled however in their designs on Carnew, the fugitive horsemen having sounded the alarm.

On the 2nd of July, while moving towards Shillelagh they were pursued by the troops, cavalry and infantry. The insurgents suddenly stopped, quickly retired up Ballyrahn Hill, from which as the troops advanced, they poured down with such velocity and violence as to completely shock them; killing seventy privates and two officers of the infantry. Some of the troops retreated to a house at the foot of the hill, and after standing a siege repulsed the insurgents. A neighboring house, having been fired by the latter,

* "In the midst of so atrocious a warfare, many instances occurred of respectful treatment of the fair sex, one of which had place in this attack. The wife and two adult daughters of Lieutenant Chamney, and the wife of Captain Hardy, who had early in the action fallen into the hands of the assailants, were, by the influence of Perry, and another chief, named McMahon, conveyed to a place of safety, and protected from insult. The wives of the rebel commanders, Perry and Byrne, were at the same time in the hands of the loyalists, and as must naturally be supposed, under the circumstance "were treated with courtesy."—Gordon, Hist., p. 207.

gave the soldiers an opportunity—as it was night—to take aim at the “rebels,” who were unprotected.

We next are on the trail at the foot of the Croghan Mountains, where, on the 4th, at night, they are marching to Wicklow Gap. In the morning they were met by the army under Sir James Duff, and forced to face towards Gorey.

But the elements as well as the English were against them. A dense fog, not to count four powerful detachments, surrounded them. At twenty yards nothing was visible but a grey eternity. Finding themselves in this position, and unable to withstand a battle, they broke through the pursuing cavalry of Sir James Duff’s army, of whom they slew about eighty; and moved with great celerity in the direction of Carnew.*

But they were dissatisfied with their partial successes and discomfitures of late, and from one extreme took refuge and hope by leaping into another. They resolved to await the approach of the king’s troops, whatever their number, and fight them, although their own forces were considerably lessened.

Probably the poor fellows—harassed, hunted, and fatigued, as they were—ambitioned to fight one glorious battle; and fighting, die happy, like their comrades at New Ross.

There was no past to fall back upon, out of which they might, if they were so willing, build quiet homes. The future was like the fogs at Kilcomney

* Hay’s History.

and Wicklow Gap—impenetrable or full of disasters, according to the capacity of the mind that groped into it.

What could they do but die?

And then to die nobly—to die as became them—to die up to their character—on the necks of the foe, and in no loving embrace—that was the point.

They awaited the troops at Ballygullen.

A close and bitter fight took place, which lasted an hour and a half. The insurgents fought with desperate resolution. They repulsed the cavalry, and drove the artillerymen three times from their cannon. They wooed death in the most valorous mood, but they could not be killed. Reinforcements of the army pouring in from every side, they quitted the field in different directions, in much better spirits than before the fight commenced, and having an agreement to meet again on Corrigrue Hill.

They could not be killed fighting, and to be butchered was not their ambition.

They met at Corrigrue. And ended the warfare in the County of Wexford.

But the trail of the Menapii ends not here.

William Aylmer at the head of a body of Kildare insurgents was still in the field and pursuing a system of certainly brilliant, if not decidedly effective, guerilla warfare. Although he was unprovided with artillery, and laboring under a great disadvantage in the nature of the country in which his fortunes were thrown, it being flat, still the velocity of his movements, and the decision with which he executed

his plans, had made him not only formidable, but destructive to his enemies. At night on the extended plains of Kildare, in the morning twenty miles in advance, cutting off the supplies of the enemy, storming their posts, or driving back the advance of their army in full march to lay waste some devoted village or town; always on the alert, indefatigable in his pursuits, and exhaustless in his enterprise, his military character seemed a perfect copy of the "great Dundee." *

It was but natural that the remnant of Wexford men still intent on keeping the field, should be attracted towards the Kildare chief.

Edward Fitzgerald with his Wexford men, and Garret Byrne with the Wicklow insurgents marched into Kildare and formed a coalition at Prosperous, whence they moved to Clonard on the Boyne, twenty-five miles west of Dublin; with the intention of pushing on to Athlone and arousing the west country.

At Clonard they suffered a severe repulse on the 11th of July. The defenders of the place, with great determination, held out until the arrival of reinforcements from Kinnegad and Mullingar, when the insurgents abandoned the assault and their designs on Athlone. The "fierce Wexfordians" deeming their associates less hardy and warlike than themselves, separated from them after the failure of this enterprise.

The modern Menapii—a flying battalion—contin-

* Charles Hamilton Teeling; Personal Narrative of the Rebellion, p. 177.

ued to make incursions into, and leave a trail of blood and flame through the counties of Kildare, Meath, Louth and Dublin. Their fortune was various, their skirmishes with the army incessant.

They plundered Carbery in Kildare; and revelled in Lord Harberton's house: sped to Johnstown on the morning of the 12th July, thence by the Nineteen-milehouse into the County Meath. They were overtaken here by Colonel Gough and routed.

Anthony Perry and Father Moses Kearns attempting to push on to the Boyne were captured and executed in Edenderry.

Still the scaffold warns the follower on the trail of the Menapii to go no farther.

Perry was a refined and well-informed gentleman; having been tortured, and his house sacked by the yeomen, he had to fly for his life, disguised himself as a beggar and threw himself into the insurgent cause. Driven to defence he was hanged for defending himself.

Kearns on the authority of Cloney was brave, generous and humane. Gordon pictures him as a man of extraordinary stature, strength and ferocity. Another account* which if reliable, the writer may truly term "somewhat extraordinary." Kearns is represented as having been actually hanged in Paris, during the ascendancy of Robespierre; but being a large, heavy man, the lamp-iron from which he was suspended, gave way, till his toes reached the ground.

* See the so-called "Impartial Narrative" compiled by J. Jones, before cited.

In this state he was cut down by a physician, who had known him, brought him to his house, and under whose care he recovered. He escaped into Ireland, became a curate in Clonard, and was looked upon by the authorities as a serviceable acquisition, in consequence of the torture he had suffered from French "democracy" and fury. He, however, was soon in Wexford, a member of the committee for the protection of the town, and afterwards led the insurgents in their gallant defence of Enniscorthy. While a prisoner he was "silent and sulky" and could not be forced to give any information as to the state or numbers of the insurgents.

Unfortunate in Meath, the Wexford insurgents made a rapid march to the Boyne, near Duleek, and crossed into the County Louth. Here they were hunted vigorously and vigilantly. On the 14th they turned on their pursuers, Major General Wemys and Brigadier General Meyrick with two divisions of the army, and "made a desperate stand between Ardee and the Boyne." * The great want of the insurgents—artillery—and the reinforcements of the king's troops defeated them. They sought refuge and defence in a bog whither the army could not follow.

In the night a small portion left, and under many adventurous circumstances, and by many circuitous routes sought their homes.

The remainder re-crossed the Boyne and actually were on the straight road to Dublin, within about

* Gordon, Hist., p. 215.

eight miles of it northward, when they were intercepted by a strong body of horse and foot at Ballyboghil, near Swords, and finally dispersed.

They did not collect again.

Fitzgerald and Aylmer with a small body that had remained with them, brought the government to terms. They negotiated with General Dundas and effected a treaty guaranteeing safety and exile. Garret Byrne secured the same terms from General Moore: as did Edward Roche and John Devereux with Gen. Hunter.

The mountains of Wicklow became the asylum for the more desperate of the insurgent fugitives, and large bodies, under Holt and Hacket, continued to hold their own. "That county" (Wicklow), says Musgrave, "from the strong posts and fastnesses which its steep, craggy mountains and deep defiles afford, was the last place in Ireland in which rebellion was subdued in the reigns of Elizabeth and Charles I. and King William"—he should have added and King George. Hacket was killed near Arklow. Holt brought the government to terms of expatriation.

Garret Byrne, of Ballymanus, was a gentleman of estate and education, manly, brave, and sincere, and one of that great Wicklow clan—ever ready and ripe for "rebellion."

Fitzgerald, when he had taken his stand decisively with the insurgents, proved himself one of the ablest of the leaders. Courageous in the field, mercy was ever the uppermost thought when the victor. He was indefatigable in restraining the sectional hatreds of some of the men under him, and strove diligently

and nobly to prove that it was not a war of religious words and massacres, but of Independence, they were engaged in. Of considerable culture and keen natural powers, he truly estimated the nature of the persons at the head of the Irish government, and could not be seduced into any hasty terms, until he was enabled to force from them what they would not give, if he yet had not arms in his hands.

After spending some time at the Hot Wells, Bristol, for the recovery of their health, Fitzgerald and Byrne, in the end of March, 1799, were arrested, kept some time in custody, and finally allowed to proceed to Hamburgh, where the former ended his days. Byrne died in Bath.

Of Aylmer, so brave, vigilant, and decisive, no doubt the reader is anxious to know something more. Lord Cloncurry gives a sketch of his romantic history, which—as the scope of my work prevents any peculiar individual detail on the one hand, and as less cannot be said with justice on the other—I adopt. “He belonged to an ancient and respectable family in Kildare. In the year 1796, William Aylmer was a lieutenant in the Kildare Militia, and was quartered with his regiment in the camp at Loughlinstown, near Bray, to which I was in the habit of going, to dine with the Duke of Leinster, then colonel of the regiment, and, also, to visit General Crosbie, the chief in command. Upon one of those occasions I was accompanied by Mr. Sampson, who was at that time in the full blossom of his United Irish sins; and there Aylmer and Sampson became acquainted, and an inti-

macy was begun, which ended in a full conversion of the former to the political opinions of his new friend. On the occasion alluded to, Sampson illustrated the reckless character of his zeal by privately scattering political tracts and patriotic songs among the huts, as he walked through the camp after dinner. Nevertheless, he was able to influence Aylmer, who, in the course of a year afterwards, was promoted from his lieutenancy in the royal militia, to a general command in the rebel army. In that position he maintained a struggle for a considerable time in the County of Kildare, and, finally, fought the battle of Ovidstown with so much skill as to be able to make a capitulation with the king's troops, under the terms of which his life was spared. His career at the head of his little army, during this campaign, was a *bijou* of valor and enterprise; but was chiefly distinguished in the estimation of the country people, by the chivalrous generosity with which, when in great distress for provisions, he spared the smaller farmers, but levied his forced contributions, with an unsparing hand, upon the herds, and flocks, and granaries of his own father. After some time, Aylmer was allowed to leave the country; and I observe among the Castlereagh papers, a letter complaining of his being permitted to be at large about the streets of London. Eventually he entered the Austrian service, in which he distinguished himself so much, that he was appointed to command the escort that attended Maria Louisa, on her return from Paris to Vienna, after the fall of Napoleon. When the allied sove-

reigns visited London, in 1814, Aylmer accompanied the Emperor of Austria, and, upon the request of the Prince Regent, he was selected and left in England to teach the sword exercise to the British army. His immediate pupils were the 10th Dragoons; and he conducted himself so satisfactorily in his task, that he received a free pardon, and was presented with a handsome sword by the prince. After this Aylmer settled in his native country, where his constitutional activity led him into a quarrel with the Duke of Leinster's gamekeepers, &c., &c. The pursuit of hares and partridge, however, soon ceased to interest Aylmer's stirring mind, and he joined General Devereux in heading an expedition of Irish sympathizers, designed to aid the South American patriots, then in the beginning of their struggle under Bolivar. He fought, as I have heard, bravely at the battle of Rio de la Hache, where he received a wound that caused his death, shortly afterwards, at Jamaica, whither he and several others were conveyed in a small vessel, during the heats of a tropical summer."*

Thus have we followed the trail of the Menapii through bastinado and bivouac, through victory and defeat, to the scaffold and into exile. Hardy natures and brave hearts! Enduring much and fighting much: almost unarmed and undisciplined they taught a lesson to their enemies, which the assiduous labors of their depreciators since, have not succeeded in flinging into obscurity.

* Cloncurry's Personal Recollections, &c., p. 140, *et seq.*

They proved that pikes and principles can at times match arrogance and artillery—that if they did not absolutely succeed themselves—they terrified their enemies into the vilest subterfuges for their demolition. They forced them into conventions which they broke, and into history which they disgrace.

The trail of the Menapii.

The scaffolds of Wexford, Enniscorthy, Edenderry, Tullow. The fights from Oulart to Vinegar Hill—to Ballyboghil. The high-ways and by-ways of great European cities; the battle-fields of Austria, France, Spain, and England. In the prison and the palace—in native outlawry, and exiled glory—there the trail of the modern Menapii may be found.

THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

DOCTOR MADDEN, in a table made to exhibit the religion professed by the leading members of the United Irish Society, or persons suspected of so being, gives the following list of names :*

PROTESTANTS.	PRESBYTERIANS.	CATHOLICS.
†Thomas A. Emmett, Bar.	†William Tennant, M. D.	†W. J. M'Nevin, M. D.
†Arthur O'Connor, “	†Robert Simms,	†John Sweeny,
†Roger O'Connor. “	†Samuel Wilson,	†Joseph M'Cormick,
*†Thomas Russell,	†George Cumming,	†John Sweetman,
†John Chambers,	†Joseph Cuthbert,	
†Matthew Dowling,	†Rev. W. Steele Dickson,	
†Edward Hudson,		
†Hugh Wilson,		
†William Dowdall,		
†Robert Hunter,		
Hon. Simon Butler, Bar.	William Drennan, M. D.	Peter Finerty,
A. H. Rowan,	*William Orr,	*William Michael Byrne,

* See Appendix No. IV., vol. II., Madden's "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen." The indefatigable energy exhibited by Dr. Madden is beyond all praise, in hunting up and publishing such an amount of *materials* for a history of the men and times indicated by the title. There is a great accumulation of facts, documents, and coeval narratives compiled; but the labor of reading them is only less than that expended in collecting the same. But for the intrinsic interest of the bare facts, the *manner* of the compilation would confound and deter even an industrious historical student from their perusal. All must be, as we decidedly are, thankful, however, for the great industry and vigilance of the Doctor, so far as his compilation goes. As to his political opinions, we must take exception; also, to the ambiguity which characterizes too many of his reflective paragraphs.

In Madden's list, those marked thus (†) were state prisoners in Fort George, Scotland. Those marked with an asterisk (*) were hanged.

PROTESTANTS.	PRESBYTERIANS.	CATHOLICS.
James Napper Tandy, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, *Henry Sheares, *John Sheares, Oliver Bond, *B. B. Harvey, *Leonard M'Nally, Bar.	*Samuel Orr, Wm. Putnam M'Cabe, *Henry Monroe. *James Dickey, Att'y, Henry Haslett, William Sampson, Bar. *Henry Joy M'Cracken,	*John M'Conn, *J. Esmond, M. D. William Lawless, Edward John Lewins, *William Byrne, *Walter Devereux, John Devereux (the Gen. Devereux).
John Russell, *Anthony Perry, *T. W. Tone, Bar. *Bartholomew Tone, Thomas Wright, Wm. Livingston Webb, William Hamilton, Matthew Dowling, Att'y, Richard Kirwan, James Reynolds, M. D. Deane Swift, Bar. *Matthew Keugh, Thomas Corbett, William Corbett, William Weir, John Allen, Thomas Bacon, Robert Emmett, Joseph Holt.	William Sinclair, J. Sinclair, Robert M'Gee, M. D. Israel Milliken, Gilbert M'Ilvrain, 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.	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, Thomas Cloney, *John Clinch, James Farrell, Michael Dwyer.

The clergy who were implicated, or accused of being concerned in the Rebellion, were the following :

PRESBYTERIANS.	CATHOLICS.
*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.	*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 Taaffe.

In addition to this very full list,* I must add the following names, which have been overlooked.

Names of delegates (with others mentioned above) from various United Irish Societies, arrested at Oliver Bond's, on the 12th March, 1798.

Peter Ivers, Carlow,
Lawrence Griffen, do.
Lawrence Kelly, Queen's County,
Peter Bannan, do.
Thomas Reynolds, Kilkenny,
Christopher Martin, Meath,
Patrick Devine, County of Dublin,
James Rose, Dublin City,
John Lynch, do.
Thomas Trenor, do.

Names (not mentioned by Madden) in a list of rebel officers of Wexford, Wicklow, and Kildare, found in Governor Keugh's house by General Lake.

Edward Roche,
Nicholas Dixon,
Martin Myrna,
Nicholas Murphy,
William Carton,
John Rossiter,
Denis Doyle,
John Doyle,
John Tiffin,
Martin Quinn,
Edward Synnot,
Philip Murphy,
Patrick Redmond,
— Kelly,
— Reynolds.

Thomas Synnot. A chief at Enniscorthy, 28th May.
Francis Jordan. Treasurer of the U. I. S. of Antrim.
Alexander Lawry, do. do. do. Down.
John Magennis.
Thomas Braughall.
John Henry Colclough. Hanged.
Patrick Prendergast. do.

* "The preceding list," says Dr. Madden, "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, when compared with the Roman Catholic members, are in the proportion of four to one. There never was a greater mistake than to call this struggle a Popish rebellion; the movement was pre-eminently a Protestant one." Whilst the disabilities of the Catholics gave an early and fundamental basis of operations for the reform and revolutionary leaders, as I have indicated in my view of Tone, the junction of the Presbyterians of the North, and the spreading faith of the United Irish Society, linked all on national grounds. It was only in Wexford, where the society did not, until they had been sometime in arms, thrive, that the Catholics, as such, rose to defend themselves and their priests. Yet here, full one half of the chiefs were Protestants—as, Harvey, Keugh, Perry, Boxwell, Colclough, etc.

Matthew Furlong. Shot on the morning of New Ross.

Michael Furlong. A chief at Three Rocks and Ross.

William Barker. do. at Enniscorthy.

John Boxwell. Killed at New Ross.

Hon. Valentine Lawless. (Afterwards Lord Cloncurry).

John Binns. Arrested with O'Connor at Margate.

Patrick Sutton.

Robert Meyler.

— **Perkins.** A Kildare chief, who made terms of expatriation with Gen. Dundas.

Robert Carty, Wexford. Deputy to General Lake.

Capt. M'Cance,

Capt. Townshend. } Under Monroe at Ballinahinch.

Anthony M'Cann. On whose history Campbell, having met the refugee in Ham-
burgh, wrote the "Exile of Erin."

Andrew Farrell. A chief at Prosperous and Timahoe, 24th May.

Col. Lumm.

Col. James Plunkett.

Edward Molloy, of Rathangan.

John and Patrick Byrne, of Dundalk.

Father John Murphy. Shot at Kilcomney—aid-de-camp to the more celebrated
priest of the same name.

These are the names of men who acted as leaders, or were accounted as such by the people and the government, in their localities, during the Rebellion.

They may fairly stand at the head of this portion of the work as a text, which I am to illustrate with such notices of the leading names as will harmonize with the design and extent of my work.

At the time the Society of United Irishmen was founded, in 1791, it was not the intention of the body, whatever may have been the opinions of Tone, Russel, Neilson, and others, to create a separation with England. To unite the Catholics and Protestants, and thereby create a parliamentary reform, was the primitive idea, if not of the founder, certainly of a large number of leading men who coöperated with him.

At the close of 1792, an address was issued by the

society, warning the government against continuing its abuses, calling for a reform, and threatening that, unless such reform took place, the people would be driven into republicanism.

In a very able address—written by Dr. Drennan, and emanating from a meeting of which he was chairman, and Archibald Hamilton Rowan secretary, January 27th, 1793—the society is reviewed, the calumnies heaped upon it flung off, and its purposes more broadly indicated. As it is the fashion now, with government tools and government organs in the oppressed nations of Europe, but more especially with those in Ireland, or out of it, to call the republicans by every name which is supposed to be most obnoxious to order, honesty, and justice: so was it in the infant days of the United Irish Society. Says the address:

“We have encountered much calumny. We have, among a thousand contradictory epithets, been called republicans and levellers, as if by artfully making the terms synonymous, their nature could be made the same: as if a republican were a leveller, or a leveller a republican.”

Reviewing the state of Parliamentary representation, the address continues:

“We address your understanding—the common sense of the common weal—and we ask you, is it not *truth* that where a people do not participate in the legislature by a delegation of representatives, freely, fairly, and frequently elected, there can be no public liberty? Is it not the *fact* that in this country there is

no representative legislature, because the people are not represented in the legislature, and have no partnership in the constitution? If it be the principle of the constitution, that it is the right of every commoner in this realm to have a vote in the election of his representative, and that, without such vote, no man can be actually represented, it is our wish, in that case, to renovate that constitution, and to revive its suspended animation, by giving free motion and full play to its vital principle. If, on the other hand, the constitution does not fully provide for an impartial and adequate representation of all the people—if it be more exclusive than inclusive in its nature; if it be a monopoly, a privilege, or a prerogative—in that case, it is our desire to alter it; for, what is the constitution to us, if we are nothing to the constitution? Is the constitution made for you, or you for it? If the people do not constitute a part of it, what is it to them more than the ghost of Alfred; and what are principles without practice, which they hear and read, to practice without principles, which they see and feel?"

In January, 1794, Hamilton Rowan was prosecuted for seditious libel, convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and five hundred pounds fine. The "libel" was an address issued, thirteen months previous, from the body to the Volunteers of Ireland, with the distribution of which Rowan was charged. The trial was postponed, in order to allow the government time to perfect their arrangements in "the new plan that had been devised of securing a conviction;"* that is, to pack a jury.

With the progress of civilization, jury-packing has also wonderfully advanced. Fifty years' experience has added much to the dexterity and coolness with

* Madden.

which this limb—or rather body, and able body, at that—of the law is conjured up to subvert, throttle, and completely blacken both the eyes of Justice. Thirteen months! Why, in '48, it took but as many days to arrest, pack a jury, try, and banish Mitchel.

The address, for the distribution of which Rowan was convicted of sedition, called on the Volunteers to arm—that, inasmuch as they had taken up arms “to protect their country from foreign enemies, and from domestic enemies; for the same purposes, it then became necessary that they should resume them.” On the 4th of May, this same year, the police attacked the meeting of the society, dispersed it, and seized the papers.

Simon Butler, Oliver Bond, Napper Tandy, and Rowan had been prosecuted and imprisoned. Coercive measures were used to break up the freedom of speech at the open meetings of the society. It took refuge in secrecy.

The government had torn the mantle from the back of the United Irish Society. It tore its “Reform” and “Emancipation” garments into rags and tatters—and, lo! the unclothed, naked fact reveals itself as—Revolution!—Republicanism!

The society, many timid people withdrawing, completely remodelled itself to meet the exigencies of the time. A course of highly judicious and effective organization on the club and representative system was applied to the country; and, by the 10th of May, 1795, it was comparatively completed. A military organization became the natural offspring of the civil,

and everything was carried out on the elective plan. A head Directory in Dublin, with provincial directories, governed the Union, and, in the beginning of '98, five hundred thousand men had taken the test: three-fifths of whom were considered available to bear arms.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor, Edward J. Lewins, and Dr. William McNevin had, since May, 1796, been sent as ambassadors to the French government, to solicit coöperation and aid. In every instance, succor was promised; but it was owing completely to the indefatigable nature, the unwearying determination, and marked abilities of Tone that the expeditions I have before enumerated were raised.

With such an outline of the history of the time, to make which the men whose names I have taken for a text so heroically contributed, we may proceed to unravel, to a certain extent, the personal details which created and emanated from that history and time.

As one wandering through a pantheon, in which are sheltered the effigies of the brave, just, and wise, I shall recall to mind those memories which give to the marble and the canvas, a significance equal to the actual presence of the patriot, poet, or orator, limned upon the one or chiselled from the other.

Here are Thomas Russell and Thomas Addis Emmett, who were esteemed by Tone "as the first of his friends." They were worthy of that esteem in every respect, eminently worthy of the cause they adorned, and the affection which rises like an echo in the bo-

soms of those who have taken their histories to heart. Both were noble, chivalrous, and refined. Russell was a great, good man ; Emmett a good, great man. It might be said that all who met them were refreshed by the amiability and direct honesty of the one, and the more stern intelligence of the other. There was, if I might use the phrase, a manly boyishness about Russell that endeared him to his friends, while his attainments, like the pillars supporting a beautifully constructed and symmetrical dome, prevented the least chance of his being regarded as indiscreetly trivial or unsteadily balanced. To those who did not know him he appeared haughty, from the martial carriage and stateliness of his mien ; which, with the sensitive delicacy of his nature, made him at times reserved. The beauty of his nature shone through his actions and accomplishments, irradiating and giving them that peculiar brilliant ease which, from its rarity, we so delight to find in the world.

I have seen on an early Christmas morning, the lights struggling and beaming out through the massive stained windows of a great cathedral, enlivening the grey, frosty atmosphere, making the falling snow alive with beautiful tints, and embracing in its calm variety the devotees who were surrounding the temple. Those lights beaming out told the world the nature of the pure movements within. So it was with Russell.

“ We have arrested Russell,” said Lord Castle-reagh, visiting the prison of Charles Hamilton Teeling.

“Then,” said the latter, “the soul of honor is captive.”

Look at his picture, drawn by a bold, yet delicate hand :

“A model of manly beauty. * * Though more than six feet high, his majestic stature was scarcely observed, owing to the exquisite symmetry of his form. Martial in his gait and demeanor, his appearance was not altogether that of a soldier. His dark and steady eye, compressed lip, and somewhat haughty bearing, were occasionally strongly indicative of the camp; but in general, the classical contour of his finely-formed head, the expression of almost infantine sweetness which characterized his smile, and the benevolence that beamed in his fine countenance, seemed to mark him out as one who was destined to be the ornament, grace, and blessing of private life. His voice was deep-toned and melodious; and though his conversational powers were not of the first order, yet, when roused to enthusiasm, he was sometimes more than eloquent. His manners were those of the finished gentleman, combined with that native grace which nothing but superiority of intellect can give.”*

Russell was born on the 21st of Nov., 1767, at Belsborough, Dunnahane, parish of Kilshaniçk, County Cork. He was entirely educated by his father, whom Tone describes as being, in 1790, “a veteran of near seventy, with the courage of a hero, the serenity of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint.” Thomas being intended for the Church, was made familiar, while yet young, with the Greek and Latin tongues. But the cassock was thrown aside for the martial cloak, and we find him, at the age of fifteen, going

* Ulster Magazine, quoted by Madden.

out to India as a volunteer, with a gallant brother who had earned some honor, and the especial approbation of King George, for his conduct at the storming of Fort Montgomery, in the American war. Having served for five years with such distinction as to recommend him favorably to the notice of Sir John Burgoyne and Lord Cornwallis, he came home, in disgust, it was stated by a relative, his nature being shocked by being a witness of some "unjust and rapacious conduct pursued by the authorities in the case of two native women of exalted rank." As he returned to Europe, the Church entered his head again, and he even proceeded to the Isle of Man for ordination. Some regulations, however, had to be complied with, which caused his return to Ireland, soon after which he was appointed to the 64th regiment, and gave up his religious intentions professionally.

Tone met Russell in the gallery of the Irish Commons; their acquaintance commenced in an argument. They differed so widely that, being evidently struck with, and hoping, no doubt, to convert each other, they agreed to dine together the next day, and discuss the question; which was an admirable instance of the good sense of both. They had, even at their first meeting, created a respect for each other's opinion, which, after all, is the real foundation for admiration and lasting friendship between man and man. Russell was a Whig. Tone soon shook him out of the delusion.

From that period forward, they were dear and bosom friends. "I think the better of myself," says

Tone, "for being the object of the esteem of such a man as Russell. I love him, and I honor him." "The affection of his wife and the friendship of Russell," lie warmly on his heart: they embalm it into the most loving repose, and inspire it with the tenderest and manliest emotions.

After Russell left Dublin, and the happy reunions at Tone's "little box of a house" at Sandymount, for his regiment, he was appointed a magistrate in Tyrone, and was "beloved and respected," for some years, at Dungannon, from which place he removed to Belfast. He became a member of the first United Irish Society formed in Belfast, and was arrested in 1796, and, with Samuel Neilson and others, brought to Newgate, in Dublin, where he remained until 1798, when he was sent to Fort George, in Scotland. Previous to his arrest, the chief command of the United Irishmen of Down had been assigned to Russell, "and the military organization of this county was considered complete, when talent and virtue were combined in the person of its chief."*

He was liberated, with others, in 1802, proceeded to France, thence returned to the North of Ireland; and had no sooner arrived than he devoted himself, with renewed energy, to the attainment of the object to which his dear friend Tone and himself had bound themselves, and for which the former had died. He quickly followed that brave soul. Of the premeditated movement of Robert Emmett, Russell was a

* Teeling's Narrative, p. 224.

member of the Provisional Government, and general-in-chief of the Northern District. In this capacity, he issued a proclamation,* dated July 24th, 1803, the day after Emmett's rising in Dublin. He was arrested on the evening of the 9th September.

When brought before the authorities at the Castle, he lost none of that firmness peculiar to him. All that was haughty in his nature arose. His lofty figure was erect: his face more beautiful than usual with the intense conviction of right that was moving his soul, before finding utterance. Balanced between enthusiasm and determination, and taking from each those emotional indications which the soul, at such a moment, both incites and grasps at, he looked the cavalier that he truly was:

* "THOMAS RUSSELL,

"Member of the Provisional Government, and General-in-Chief of the Northern District.

"MEN OF IRELAND!—Once more in arms to assert the rights of mankind, liberate your country! You see by the secrecy with which this effort has been conducted, and by the multitudes in all parts of Ireland, who are engaged in executing this great object, that your Provisional Government has acted with wisdom. You will see that in Dublin, the West, the North, and the South, the blow has been struck in the same moment. *Your enemies can no more withstand than they could foresee this mighty exertion. The proclamation and regulations will show that your interests and honor have been considered. Your General, appointed by that Government to command in this district, has only to exhort you to comply with these regulations. Your valor is well known; be as just and humane as you are brave, and then rely, with confidence, that God, with whom alone is victory, will crown your efforts with success. The General orders that hostages shall be secured in all quarters; and hereby apprises the English Commander, that any outrage, contrary to the acknowledged laws of war, and of morality, shall be retaliated in the severest manner. And he further makes known, that such Irish as, in ten days from the date of this, are found in arms against their country, shall be treated as rebels, committed for trial, and their properties confiscated. But all men behaving peaceably, shall be under the protection of the law.

"HEAD QUARTERS, July 24th, 1803 "

“I glory in the cause,” said he, “in which I have engaged; and for it, I would meet death with pleasure, either in the field or on the scaffold.”

True, indeed, is it, Gioberti—“Faith adorns dissolution.”

Russell was tried and convicted at Downpatrick, on the 20th of October. He declined calling any witnesses in his defence; and in reply to the usual question of the court—what had he to offer why sentence should not be pronounced?—made an eloquent and impressive speech, of about twenty minutes' duration. He reviewed the transactions of his life, from 1790, when, with Tone, he came to those conclusions from which neither ever swerved, and boasted of those years with triumph. He vindicated his conduct, on the grounds of conviction of conscience, and entreated the court to spare the lives of those whom his example had brought into the movement, and make him the only victim.

He was executed the following day.

On the arrest of Russell, 16th September, 1796, the Adjutant-generalship becoming vacant, the Rev. William Steele Dickson—a good, popular, and courageous Presbyterian clergyman, who had been, says Teeling, the “early asserter of Ireland's independence, the eloquent advocate of his Catholic fellow-countrymen”—was appointed to that post. He, however, was arrested on the 4th of June, 1798, and Henry Joy McCracken was made Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North.

McCracken was born in Belfast, on the 31st of

August, 1767. The son of a father remarkable for his integrity and polished manner, and of a mother, whose sweetness and practical charity rendered her presence that of an endearing spell; the boy Henry strongly partook of these characteristics. He was the heir, too, of persecution; his father's ancestors having been driven from Scotland, and his mother's from France, for their religious predilections. Thus, France, Scotland, and Ireland contributing to form his nature, it is not surprising that the full-blooded young Celt should exhibit that love of adventure, courage, and perception, amounting almost to intuition, which characterize the race. As he grew up, and the unbending strength of his nature was thoroughly defined, the simplicity of his heart also became equally prominent. One supported the other, and were the necessary adjuncts of his character, as the strong and simple buttments that sustain a perfect arch.

Tall, slightly-formed, active, and prepossessing, alike susceptible to the calm advances of philosophy, or the happy *diablerie* of fun; the child of humanity and humor; the friend of droll wit and severe wisdom; generous and mechanical, brave and gentle, McCracken was a happy combination, and a thorough man.

His family had introduced the manufacture of cotton into Ireland, and his father and uncles being partners in a factory for that purpose, Henry was employed in it. He afterwards, the firm having been dissolved, formed a partnership with an appren-

tice of the old firm, and opened a calico-printing factory. He was, however, at this time, deeply immersed in the political waters, the struggling in which so occupied his energies that, in over a year, the money sunk in his establishment was lost.

He had been a great friend of Russell's since 1790, the latter throwing over the former the influence which Tone had already flung over him. In the intelligence, energy, and influence of McCracken, Russell discovered a new power for the furtherance of the political schemes of the day. McCracken was a member of the first United Irish Society formed in Belfast; and from his position among the middle and working classes, by whom he was beloved, as well as keeping comparatively in the back-ground, the better to shield his activity, and laboring early and late, he proved of the greatest importance in the North. The activity displayed in winning members was only equalled by the ingenuity of the plans by which he baffled the attempts of the authorities to tamper with the members. In 1795, McCracken entered the reorganized Society. The date of his certificate is March 3d, 1795. He had devoted much of his energies to fostering a union between the Catholics and Presbyterians, by inducing the members of the organization called Defenders, who were at first opposed to republicanism, to join the United Irishmen; considerable success attended his endeavors, and in '98 he boasted of having at his disposal seven thousand of the former. He became a mark for the hatred of the Orangemen, from the succor he afforded to their vic-

tims ; and on the 10th October, 1796, was arrested and conveyed to Newgate, Dublin. He was afterwards removed to Kilmainham jail, where his brother William was confined, having been arrested in April, 1797. June the 9th, of this year, he wrote to his sister, "The day before yesterday, we saw from our windows two militia-men conducted to the Park by all the military in this neighborhood, and there shot for being United Irishmen."

The brothers were admitted to bail on the 8th September, 1797, Henry's health being so much injured by his imprisonment, as to incapacitate him for business on his return to Belfast.

He had no time, however, for illness. The body of such a man is completely subservient to the soul. His mind was soon employed, and the body, in utter forgetfulness of its ills, followed the bent of the former's inclination.

As the mind, like a bow, is bent, so the body, like the arrow, is directed and receives an impetus.

McCracken, with renewed energies, visits Dublin in February '98, on an embassy from the North ; and after some time bears back the instructions of the Leinster Directory. It was about this period that he had a narrow escape from the assault of some armed yeomen in Hercules street, Belfast ; and owed his life to the daring assistance of a butcher's wife, who, armed with her husband's knife, came to the rescue, and ultimately put the ruffians to flight.

When McCracken received the chief command of Ulster, it was but three days before that appointed for

the outbreak. His great energy, comprehensiveness, and decision, now found congenial and necessary action. His plans exhibit organizing and executive powers of a high order. He issued instructions for simultaneous attacks on Antrim, Randalstown, Balinahinch, Saintfield, Newtown-Ards, and Portaferry. By such he hoped to possess himself of the chief points in the counties of Antrim and Down, and the means of communication with Tyrone and Donegal. The day preceding his March on Antrim, he addressed the following bulletin to the army of Ulster :

“To-morrow we march on Antrim—drive the garrison of Randalstown before you, and hasten to form a junction with the commander-in-chief.

“HENRY JOY McCracken.

“*The First Year of Liberty, June 6th, 1798.*”

Mustering at the old fort of Cregarogan, he marched his forces in three divisions on Antrim. The most perfect order was observed in his little army; the martial cadences of the Marseillaise hymn, chaunted aloud, inspiring regularity, and agitating the green banners that arose from the centre of each division.

Within view of the town the General, in deliberately passionate strains, addressed the insurgents.

They cry—“Lead us to liberty or death!”

However informed, it is needless to conjecture, but the fact is known that General Nugent had been made aware of McCracken's plans. A loyalist, quo-

ted by Dr. Madden, states that "the authorities at Belfast had been apprised of the intended rising at one o'clock in the morning, the day of the attack on Antrim."

McCracken advanced boldly into the town, under a steady and well-directed fire of the king's cavalry—still the insurgents proceeded on, and at the third volley from the enemy, opened on them a galling fire, which forced the cavalry to give way. Here, the pikemen advanced to the very jaws of the enemy's guns—grapeshot hailing a death-storm around them—there, the cavalry charge, and are welcome received by another cordon of pikes. Now they close, and roll over, and rise and fall, and some rise, leaving their foe's dead weight upon the earth.

In this first attack on Antrim, the brave conduct of the insurgent general chiefly contributed to their temporary success.

"It was now that McCracken displayed that bold and daring spirit so conspicuous in the leaders of the Wexford Campaign. Following up his success, he pressed on the foe, drove the enemy from their guns, bore down rank after rank in succession, mingling hand to hand with the bravest of the fight. In an hour after his entry he became master of the town, but a fatal mistake blasted his success, and changed at once the fortune of the day."*

This mistake was made by a party of successful "rebels" from the northern district, who were march-

* Teeling's Narrative, p. 235.

ing to join their Commander-in-Chief, according to orders. They met a corps of royalist cavalry on retreat, which the former mistook for a charge; and, concluding that they were too late, and that the insurgents were routed, became panic-stricken, and fled. The cavalry took heart, halted, were reinforced by troops from Belfast and the camp of Blaris-Moore, and in turn became the assailants. A party of insurgents, observing the transaction, conveyed the panic to the town, which the most desperate endeavors of McCracken and James Hope—"a man whose talents were far above his fortunes, and whose fidelity, as well on this occasion as in subsequent calamities, would have honored the days of ancient chivalry"—were not able to stay. The division headed by Hope maintained its ground to the last. McCracken retreated with his troops in order, and planted his shattered flag on the heights of Donegore.

Manceuvring for some time in the adjacent mountains, he baffled and frightened the enemy that hung on his trail, by his ingenuity. His followers reduced, as Teeling states, to seven, he kept the yeomen in a state of dismay by dressing up poles, and placing them in advantageous positions, retreating under this cover: repeating the same deception at intervals and various places.

But this could not last. He was arrested at Carrickfergus, tried on the 17th July, and executed at Belfast.

The brave James Hope, who survived the troubles

of that year, was living in 1846. He had an opportunity of knowing the great majority of the leaders, for he was a faithful and trusted soldier under, and messenger between, them. He was well acquainted with the talents and capacities of many, and was quite capable of counselling, as well as obeying them. He says, "Henry Joy McCracken was the most discerning and determined man of all our northern leaders; and by his exertion, chiefly, the Union of the societies of the North and South was maintained."

Upon the walls of his cell, the captive wrote the following line from the "Night Thoughts," which indicates the love of mankind that prompted him to give his life for their freedom:

"A friend's worth all the hazard we can run."

Let us, from the scaffold of McCracken, after the United Irishmen of Down. There is plenty of time for contemplation—for quiet in the next world, or retrospection in exile. Now let us follow action.

The men of Down appeared in arms, near Saintfield, on the 9th, two days after the battle of Antrim. Here, by means of an ambuscade—being forced to battle before any formidable number had collected—they created great slaughter of an English force led against them by Colonel Stapelton. The action was indecisive, but sanguinary, Stapelton retreating in order to Comber. The next day, Captain Matthews made a gallant defence of Portaferry against the

insurgents, who retreated, after a very spirited contest. Matthews, also, not considering it "prudent" to risk a second attack, passed over to Strangford.

On this same morning, a considerable body of pikemen entered Newtown-Ards, were repulsed, but returned with a few ship-cannon, in the day, and possessed themselves of the town.

Saintfield became the rendezvous for the United troops. On the 11th, nearly seven thousand men presented themselves. Henry Munroe was chosen commander.

Chivalrous, romantic, enterprising, and brave, he accepted the command with every feeling of pride, and every hope of success. Possessed of considerable military ability, having been in the Volunteers from boyhood, and having mental energies equal to bodily activity, his sanguine temperament already had visions of the triumphs he longed for. Panting for glory, his devoted passion overleaped barriers which should have been met; and gifted with remarkable powers, his romance, at times, either disdaining the collision, or fearful of such an encounter, did not afford them a fair test of displaying their resources.

For good or ill, however, Munroe has one great point: he is decisive. What he makes his mind up to, he flings his body at it.

On the 11th, he had garrisoned Ballinahinch under the brave Townshend; and, on the next day, covering the rear of his army by a strong force on Creevy Rocks, he marched thither himself.

General Nugent, supported by General Barber, is on the way from Belfast to attack him.

Munroe, posting his best marksmen in various lines of ditches which divided some fields on the side of a steep hill by which the king's troops must pass—and where the fences rose, as it were, tier over tier, a windmill crowning the summit—placed one of his officers, McCance, in command; drew up the main body on the hill of Ednevady; and anxiously awaited the advance of Nugent.

They come. First a spark, and then a flame, brightening as it approached, and having a lurid train of fire and smoke, announced the march of the enemy. Red havoc fills the eye; for, far as it can reach, the English have fired the country.

Munroe sent a party of insurgents to an eminence, close by, to create a diversion, the more surely to throw Nugent into the ambushade, as well as check an advancing division of king's troops, coming from Downpatrick. The latter avoided the insurgents, and succeeded in joining the General.

Nugent advancing, hastens to dislodge the "rebels" on the eminence. Munroe's movement has succeeded, and McCance from his ambush pours out such a fire, that the whole British line is struck back, and for an hour, with considerable loss, vainly attempts to advance. The party which seduced the British General into his position, now possess themselves of the Windmill hill, and, making good use of the advantage, keep up a well-directed fire, flinging such death and dismay into the troops, that it is with

great difficulty they are made to approach it: "In one regiment, in particular," says Teeling, "the utmost exertions of the officers were necessary to induce the men to advance." General Nugent, now between Ballinahinch and the hill, formed a front, and directed fire against both. General Barber's heavy artillery was very effective, and Munroe, having but a few ship-guns, of small calibre, to oppose him, withdrew his men from Windmill Hill,* ordered Townshend to evacuate the town, sent word to McCance—who, until a third message, refused to retire from the ambushade, and concentrated his whole force on Ednevady, where he formed for action, and offered battle to Nugent. The latter did not accept the challenge, but entered the town during the night.

The troops revelled in licentiousness—the rebels were awake with suspense—that night.

The activity and hope of Munroe were redoubled. He was seen everywhere through the camp, cheering enlivening, and attending the wants of his men.

In consequence of a message from the town, stating the drunkenness and disorder which pre-

* Teeling gives a couple of anecdotes illustrative of the enthusiasm and devotion exhibited by the peasantry. On retiring from the hill, the division left two of its numbers behind. One absolutely refused to quit his post, and did not until he fired his last round, then bounded over a fence and reached his division. The other, through the fatigues of the previous days, had lain on the ground and fallen into a profound sleep. He was roused by the British walking on him. "When it was discovered that life was not extinct, he was ordered up for immediate execution. 'I came here to die,' he observed, with the greatest composure, 'and whether on Ednevady or the Windmill Hill, it can make but little difference.' He was suspended to one of the arms of the windmill." That answer would have won his freedom from any other foe. *Vide Narrative*, p. 251.

veiled amongst the troops, much disagreement ensued—the insurgents being desirous of marching in; Munroe being as positively opposed to it. Many arguments were used, but to no purpose. Munroe was immovable.

“We scorn,” said he, “to avail ourselves of the ungenerous advantage which night affords—we will meet them in the blush of open day—we will fight them like men; not under the cloud of night, but the first rays of to-morrow’s sun!”

Who, that knows anything of the conduct of the royalists during that year in Ireland, will have any hesitation in saying that here Munroe was too far above his enemies to be any benefit to his friends? Had the burning trail of Nugent no eloquence to urge him on? Had the burning impatience of his men, or the fear of disheartening them, no warning? Who reads his character aright must know that he would not willingly lose any chance. Personal glory, as well as patriotism would not allow him. And he was brave, too—ay, as the bravest of that brave year. A mistaken notion of chivalry shattered the hopes of Ulster—but it is useless to speculate. He should have thanked his God for the opportunity, and sacked the town.

His speech created discontent: numbers, and among them a body of seven hundred of the best armed, left the camp.

Munroe is stirring with the dawn: those who remained gave evidence of their strong faith in him, which he was well calculated to inspire.

He divided his force into two divisions—one to

penetrate the town on the right, the other commanded by himself, marching to the left. With eight small ship-cannon drawn up against the town, he commenced the attack. The right division met a desperate fire, which for a while checked their advance. The British commanding officer falling, however, his men retreated to the town.

Munroe's division seemed inspired with the brilliant designs of its chief, and it in turn filled his glowing mind with the most hopeful self-reliance. Of the chief and his brave band, at this period, no words can give a better idea than this spirited description of Teeling:

“They bore down all opposition; forced an entrance into the town, under the most destructive fire of musketry and cannon, repeated rounds of grapeshot sweeping whole ranks, which were as rapidly replaced. A piece of heavy artillery fell into the hands of the pikemen, who charged to the very muzzle of the guns.

“Munroe gained the centre of the town; exposed to a cross fire of musketry in the market square, raked by artillery, his ammunition exhausted, he pressed boldly on the enemy with the bayonet and the pike; the charge was irresistible, and the British General ordered a retreat. Here followed a scene unexampled, perhaps, in ancient or modern warfare. The United troops, unacquainted with the trumpet's note, and enveloped by the smoke which prevented a distinct view of the hurried movements in the British line, mistook the sounded retreat for the signal of a charge, and shrinking, as they conceived, from the advance of fresh numbers, fled with precipitation in a southerly direction from the town, while the British were as rapidly evacuating it on the north.”*

* Narrative, p. 267.

A regiment of cavalry, unoccupied previously, charged the insurgents, and gave the infantry time to recover from the effects of their panic.

Munroe's presence of mind never deserted him. He had shown both great skill and valor; and even now, with but a handful, reached the hill of Ednevady, halted, rallied his men, and faced the enemy again. The hill was almost encircled. One gap remained open; and through this, at last, the chief dashed, followed by the remnant of his glorious band—not one hundred and fifty men.

He was a noble fellow of thirty and one summers.

Two days after the battle, he was discovered, identified, and hanged before his own house, where his wife, mother, and sister resided.

He faced the scaffold as he faced the foe—proudly, and with “undaunted composure.”

His death quieted the North.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom Margaret Fuller (d'Ossoli) calls the “noblest and loveliest of modern Preux,” was born on the 15th October, 1763. He was the fifth son of Augustus Frederick, first Duke of Leinster, and Emilia Mary, daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond. From youth, the future patriot exhibited a fondness for military affairs; and in one of his letters, when quite a boy, to his mother, he tells her that he was busily engaged in erecting a fortification in the orangery * * *. “When it is finished, I intend to put the cannons of both our ships upon it, and to fire away. What is the pleasanter of all, I laid it all out myself. I also took a

very pretty survey of the fields round the Garonne." He continues, "I was delighted to see, by the last "Courier," that Lord North had been so attacked in the House of Commons, and that the opposition carried off everything." These passages in the boy's letter well indicate the future man. We see there the embryo soldier, and the hater of intolerance.

The mimic thunder of his fortification on the Garonne rolled into the future, to give warning of the daring spirit and heroic nature that was to follow.

Soon his boy-glory was transferred into actual service; and long before he was a man, we find him reaping military honors in America. On a retreat near Charleston, when the 19th king's regiment were frightened by Colonel Lee, young Fitzgerald covered the movement of the British colonel, saved the baggage, and kept the American corps in check until he cut off their approach by breaking up a wooden bridge over a creek which separated them. For this act of bravery and self-possession, he was made aide-de-camp to Lord Rawdon; in which position he was enabled to gratify his taste "on a larger and more scientific scale." General Sir John Doyle says of him, during this period, "Danger enhanced the value of the enterprise in the eyes of this brave young creature." He was ever active and ever vigilant that he should never be absent when anything was to be done, and where the greatest difficulties were to be overcome. "It was impossible," says Doyle, "to refuse the fellow, whose frank, manly, and ingenuous

manner would have won over even a greater tyrant than myself." This romantic pursuit of difficulties got him rebuked by Lord Moira and Doyle. At Eutaw Springs, he was wounded, but his own ailings did not prevent him from offering his services to Colonel Washington, who was likewise wounded, and a prisoner.

"It is, indeed, not a little striking, that there should have been engaged at this time, on opposite sides, in America, two noble youths, Lafayette and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose political principles afterwards so entirely coincided; and that, while one of them was fated soon to become the victim of an unsuccessful assertion of these principles, it has been the far brighter destiny of the other to contribute, more than once, splendidly to their triumph." *

He returned home by the way of St. Lucia, where he was for a short time on the staff of General O'Hara; and under date August 3d, 1783, writing from Carton, the family seat in Kildare, to his mother, we find him still cherishing his transatlantic experiences. "If you insist on letters," he says, "I must write you an account of my American campaigns over again, as that is the only thing I remember. I am just now interrupted by the horrid parson." In a month he is tired of home, and pants for action. "If it were not for you" (his mother) "I really believe I should go join either the Turks or Russians."

* Moore's "Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald." Am. Ed., p. 18.

In this year he entered Parliament for the borough of Athy, but it was stupid work. Being of a susceptible nature, and having fallen in love once or twice, the affection being entirely on his side, he proceeded to Nova Scotia, and made many excursions through the then untamed wilds. He went through Buffalo to Detroit and Mackinaw—was the pilot of an unknown course for twenty days, and was made a citizen of the Bear tribe of Indians by Joseph Brandt. To this visit may be traced Fitzgerald's republican ideas. His letters, during the period, exhibit the changes, or rather the formation of his mind. "The equality of everybody, and of their manner of life, I like very much. There are no gentlemen; everybody is on a footing. * * Every man is exactly what he can make himself, or *has* made himself."* He found republicanism in the forest. He learnt equality from the red men. "There is nothing," says Margaret Fuller, in allusion to this period of Lord Edward's life, "more interesting than to see the civilized man thus thrown wholly on himself and his manhood, and *not* found at fault."† Fitzgerald had arrived at Jefferson's idea without knowing it, that such societies as the Indians, living without government, "enjoy, in their general mass, an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under the European governments." Flying with a wounded heart from society, Fitzgerald found in savage simplicity the

* Letter to his mother, July 18, 1788. Moore's Life, p. 44. Am. Ed.

† "Summer on the Lakes," p. 298.

foundation of a theory which, while it quieted his heart, gave fresh vigor to his head, and took him from the aristocratic net-work with which his early associations and class were surrounded. He was a new man. His letters from America are excessively interesting, but as they can be easily obtained, I confine myself barely to give such glimpses of them as tend to exhibit the leanings, points, and burdens of his lovely nature. After staying three days at Niagara, he was "absolutely obliged to tear himself away." It was "impossible to describe" the Falls: "Homer could not!" From Michilimackinack he proceeded to the Mississippi, went down in a canoe, carrying "presents for the Indian villages," and arrived at New Orleans at the beginning of December, 1789. He returned home at the commencement of the following year. Re-entering Parliament, his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, besought him to quit the opposition and vote for the government. This the nephew promptly refused, and the relatives parted in anger. In 1792, Fitzgerald went to France, lodged "with his friend Paine"—Tom, of the "Rights of Man"*—renounced his title at a public meeting—there drank to "the speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions,"—wrote his mother to direct to him "Le Citoyen Edouard Fitzgerald"—was "delighted" at the success of the

* He says of him in a letter, "The more I see of his interior, the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me; there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart, and a strength of mind in him, that I never knew a man before possess."

French Revolution, and fell in love with the beautiful Pamela, daughter of De Genlis by the Duke of Orleans,* to whom he was married, and with whom, on the 2d January, 1793, he arrived in London.

Always siding with the opposition, it is no wonder that Fitzgerald's experiences in France, his residence with Paine, and above all the course of the Irish administration, should accelerate his capacity and warm his intellect to the heat of the revolutionary movements of the period.

He joined the United Irishmen, became one of the executive directory,† received the chief direction of

* There is much mystery concerning this beautiful creature, whose loveliness, misfortunes, and ultimate miserable fate, have trembled the tear to many a sympathetic eye. A halo of romance is about her, and where there is not a halo there is a shroud. Little doubt as to her being the daughter of Orleans, as above stated, was held until the publication of Dr. Madden's second volume of the "Lives of the United Irishmen." In Appendix No. VI. he says, "The Duc de Chartres was then (1782) in correspondence with a Mr. Forth, and requested him to find out, and send over to France, a handsome little girl of from five to six years of age. Mr. Forth *** sent by his valet a horse, together with an infant. ** This infant was Pamela, afterwards Lady Fitzgerald. Her arrival at the Palais Royale, occasioned odd conjectures. She was, however, educated with the prince and princesses, as a companion and friend, *** and her astonishing resemblance to the Duke's children would have made her pass for their sister, were it not for her foreign accent." Where Dr. Madden received this intelligence he does not inform us. I think it rather remarkable that of all the children in England, "Mr. Forth" should have sent *that one* bearing so "astonishing a resemblance" to the Duke's children. If a child was sent from England, it no doubt was changed for the *proper* one; the sending the valet being a *ruse*, the better to bring the Duke's child under the care of its mother, Madame de Genlis, who was at that time educating the Duke's children, and was suddenly possessed with the idea of bringing up with them, as a companion, an "English child of their own age." Again: the actual child might have been left for a couple of years in England, to get "its foreign accent," to make the thing easier. Dr. Madden's story but convinces me that Pamela was as stated in the text.

† The first directory of United Irishmen was the Ulster one, there being no organization of the United Irish in other provinces until two years after the Northern directory was organized. The latter consisted of Samuel Neilson, Doctor William

its military affairs, went to Switzerland with Arthur O'Connor, where, on the French frontier, he had a satisfactory interview with Hoche, determined eventually on rising in March, '98, and said confidently that, "without risking a general engagement, he would be able to get possession of Dublin." He was opposed to French aid—did not expect it—and believed in preparing the country for an immediate rising, on which he would depend. He gave a document to Reynolds, estimating a total of 279,896 armed men in the country. Reynolds, the Arnold of Ireland, betrayed the movement. The delegates at Bond's were arrested; this was quickly followed up by the seizure of Emmett and McNevin. Lord Edward's family pressed on him the necessity of flight. Lord Clare begged his stepfather, for God's sake, to get him out of the country—offering that the ports should be thrown open to him.

The safety of Lord Edward was a secondary thought: the government feared his prestige with the people, and would rather let him escape than arrest him. But Fitzgerald was immovable: one thousand pounds was offered for his apprehension, and the emissaries of government were on his

Tennant, Robert Simms, William Simms, &c. ⁶ Arthur O'Connor and Lord Edward Fitzgerald established the Leinster, or chief directory. The former became a United Irishman and a director, in November, 1796. Lord Edward was nominated at the same time. Between this and the close of 1797, Bond, McNevin, McCormick, Jackson, and Addis Emmett became directors. Emmett, who had been a member of the society since September or October, 1796, refused to be a director, but on the arrest of O'Connor, and during the latter's imprisonment in the Tower of Dublin, he accepted the post, in Jan., 1797.—Madden's Lives, &c. The Memoir furnished the Government by Emmett, O'Connor, and McNevin, &c.

track. After evading them for some time, by the devotion of his friends, he was arrested on the 19th May, at the house of Nicholas Murphy, "a respectable feather merchant," in Thomas street, Dublin. Major Sirr, Major Swan, one Ryan, and a drummer, were instrumental in his arrest. With them he had a desperate struggle—his only weapon a dagger—and though not of large stature or make, he fought like a tiger. He was in bed when Swan entered, quickly followed by the rest. He killed Ryan, gave numerous wounds to Swan, and was shot in the shoulder by Sirr, who took deliberate aim while the hero was engaged with Swan. The drummer stabbed him in the back of the neck. He was conveyed to Newgate, and died of his wounds, June 3d.

Thus died Fitzgerald. Well might we say of him that the nobility of his soul put the coronet out of sight. Of a chivalrous and heroic line, in him all the best qualities of his race seemed to culminate. In him were all those qualities to make a popular, if not a great leader; and from him emanated all that conspired to shed lustre on whatever he undertook. To him, as we have seen, danger had no threats. Difficulty to him was not. His enthusiasm, springing from the fountains of a pure heart, lit up his purposes with an almost divine frenzy. He was thoroughly possessed with the truth of his cause; and through the clouds which surrounded it, beheld it alone, clear, distinct, and beautiful. All that was necessary to gain it was courage. He never knew fear, and thus counted not the contingencies which hang on

earthly troubles. He never weighed danger against duty. The inspiration under which Johann Fichte sought to arouse the Prussians, in 1808, is truly applicable to Fitzgerald: "the good to be attained is greater than the danger. The good is the re-awakening and elevation of the people; against which my personal danger is not to be reckoned, but for which it may rather be most advantageously incurred. My family and my son shall not want the support of the nation—the least of the advantages of having a martyr for their father. This is the best choice. I could not devote my life to a better end."* The French trumpets might drown the voice of Fichte; but the words were uttered, and remain. British hounds may worry Fitzgerald to death, but every dagger pointed at him, and every bayonet against which he was mustering his people, but indicate the power of the adversary, and are so many *references* to the pages of history.

The contemporaries of Fitzgerald vie with each other in weaving a garland to his memory; and famous men have made themselves more famous by loving him. His enemies even aspire to recount his good qualities; and obscure men who beheld him have edged themselves into history by telling how he looked.

He envied no one, and was loved by all. His generosity of temper only equalled his obstinacy in what he thought right. If his mind was not severe

* *Memoir of Johann Gottlieb Fichte*, by William Smith, p. 106.

or deep, it was just and lively; and if he was not politic he was honest. Such was Edward Fitzgerald: free not only from a vice, but a defect.*

Doctor John (brother of Sir Thomas) Esmonde was a Wexford man, but had settled, to practise his profession, in Kildare. His personal attractions were remarkable, having a fine, manly figure, and a brilliant, yet urbane manner. Qualified to predispose the thoughtful by his mental acquirements, as well as harmonize conviviality by his ease and humor, he flitted through the dreams of many a fair beauty; and was soon married to one who, in addition to rare personal favors, was possessed of so large a fortune that her husband cared little about his practice, which had become considerable. From his position and wealth, Esmonde was assigned a prominent position in local affairs; and had become connected with the United Irishmen at an early date. On the removal, on the 18th March, of Reynolds—who had betrayed the delegates at Bond's, on the 12th—from the County Committee, Dr. Esmonde was appointed to fill the vacancy. On the 24th of May, he was in command of the Kildare insurgents, who surprised, attacked, and sacked Prosperous.

He was arrested in Rathcoole, the next day. At the time, some hopes of his release were entertained, by exchanging him for the son of General Eustace—a prisoner in the hands of the people. Eustace, however, escaped (by bribery, it is supposed) from a

* "I never saw in him, I will not say a vice, but a defect."—Arthur O'Connor.

Quaker meeting-house, where he was confined; and Esmonde, being sent to Dublin, was hanged on Carlisle Bridge.

The fate of Esmonde excited much feeling, as he was beloved by the people by whom he was surrounded, in consequence of his frequent charities, his attendance on the sick, and the deep sympathy he felt for, and the practical consolation he afforded to, the poor.

The enemies of his cause and country, who invariably looked upon the friends of either with the malevolence of personal hatred, admit Esmonde to have been a man of honor, humanity, and rare mental acquirements.

Of all the remarkable men on the public stage at the time, to my mind one of the most remarkable was William Putnam McCabe. He stands certainly next to Tone as an organizer. If Tone organized with rulers, ministers of state, and generals, McCabe worked with the people, and kept the cauldron of United Irishmen seething sedition. If the lives of other members of the conspiracy strike us with deep reverence for the philosophy with which they met their fates, McCabe's life warms us into admiration at the romance which sustained his love of fatherland. To give a characteristic outline of a career which, to follow its never-ceasing action, would fill volumes, is no easy task to the writer, nor one which insures complete justice to the subject. Yet to consign him to a paragraph would be unpardonable. Between

other leaders there exist many characteristics in common. McCabe stands alone.

Born in Antrim, he was fortunate in having an upright, high-minded, and patriotic father,* who was a distant connexion of the American General Putnam, after whom our hero was named. In youth McCabe, being wild and rather mischievous, was sent to Manchester, in hopes that absence from the scene of his pranks would steady him. He knew nothing of politics when he left home, but returned fully imbued with the ideas of Tom Paine. He became a United Irishman on Tone's visit to Belfast, and being gifted with energy and speaking talent, was soon employed by the committee on missions among the people. He was inimitable as a mimic, quick-witted, of an audacity not to be overcome, and a courage quite equal to any emergency. As the task imposed on him was one of great danger, his chief desire was to attract the people without exciting the vigilance of the authorities. Thus we find the announcement that a "converted papist would preach the Word in a certain barn, and explain how he became convinced of the true doctrines of Presbyterianism." Of course a crowd collected, as they do on the docks in New

* In 1793, old McCabe's shop, in Belfast, was wantonly sacked by the king's troops, on an occasion when they were excited by seeing over some ale-houses the portraits of the French General Dumourier, Mirabeau, and Franklin, which they demolished. He rehoisted his sign, and in large letters had painted thereon "Thomas McCabe, an Irish slave, licensed to sell gold and silver." But one pane of glass remained, and he would not have the others replaced. Orders were given to illuminate on the ensuing birth-day of the king. McCabe stuck several candles in the lonely pane, saying that the military could do nothing more to the others, and would not harm that.

York, or elsewhere, to hear some trumpeter blow himself and Christianity out. Dressed for the occasion, and with a voice to suit, young McCabe would then knock down religion, leap on politics, and finally swear in his auditory.

This could not go on steadily for any length of time; the magistrates were on the track of the preacher, and sent a body of yeomanry to get religion. The place was a barn two miles from any habitation. To this lonely house of worship, on the night appointed, might be seen serious and well-clad Presbyterians directing their nags; poor and shoeless Catholics, too, were attracted to hear the "unknown divine." The barn was crowded. Presently a figure, in a trailing, religiously-fashioned garment, green spectacles on nose, and a broad-brimmed quaker hat, approaches. He ascends the table. He is earnest and eloquent. He touches the feelings of all present. He makes them forget that they are of different religions. He exhorts them to forbearance—to brotherly love—to *Union*. Seeing that they are impressed, and quite apropos of union, he touches on the state of the country—he enlarges on the theme. From the-disunion of Irishmen, he argued the intolerance of England to all sects. Ah, if they were *united*? He proposes the oath of brotherhood; numbers crowd to take it; when a loud whistle is heard, and the door is filled with soldiers, while the officer calls on the preacher to surrender.

"Put out the lights!" roars the man of God, flattening the candle nearest to him with his beaver. In a second all was darkness.

The officer is heard in a state of exasperation, ordering the soldiers to guard the door, and again threateningly asks the surrender of the green spectacles.

An excited soldier, cursing the "croppies," calls for his gun, which he had left outside, and is told to go for it; but no sooner is outside the barn than the loud voice of the preacher is *there*, imploring the people to be true to each other and their country. That night he swore in two hundred.

The ability of the exploit, to say nothing of the truths enunciated, would have won a less quick-witted people than the Irish.

McCabe became too marked an individual to stay long in Belfast now. His fame had gone abroad; he disappeared, and turned up in Dublin, where he was well received by, and received new commissions from the leaders in the metropolis.

At the trial of some "Defenders" in Roscommon, an officer, having a thorough English accent, appeared in the court-house, attended by his sergeant. The officer was led to a prominent seat. The trials went on. The first man, named Dry, was found guilty. The officer addressed the judge, informed him he was authorized to attempt the winning of such rebellious characters as the prisoner into the army, and requested that his sergeant might confer with the fellow. Assent was heartily given. Dry looked at the sergeant, who asked him "if he were willing to enter *the* service," and enlisted. A second prisoner, through stupidity, was not so ready to enter the ser-

vice, which somehow awakened suspicions in the mind of the judge; but the three principal actors had disappeared. McCabe, it is needless to say, was the officer, Hope the sergeant.

After some little time warrants were issued for McCabe in all parts of the country. He was no sooner missed at one place, than he was heard of at another. The activity of his movements completely baffled the officials. Soon after the above affair, he travelled in the mail-coach with a member of Parliament well acquainted with his appearance, but who never recognized in the person and conversation of a Yorkshire manufacturer the famous and ubiquitous conspirator. With every day's necessities McCabe's energies increased. He undertook to organize Wexford* and Kildare. In the former he was indefatigable, in the disguises of beggar, peddler, farmer, etc. A Wexford gentleman, who took the oath, told McCabe's biographer that "he met McCabe in twenty different places of that county, in 1798 (it must have been in the first four months of the year), and never knew him, until McCabe chose, each time, to discover himself. In truth," said the informant, "no one could know him; I cannot imagine how he disguised himself; but of this I am certain, he must have had a number of wigs, differently fashioned, in his pocket."

He was arrested once, while escorting Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and lodged in the Provost, which, at the

* I have alluded to this expedition in "The Wexford Campaign."

time, was guarded by the Dumbarton Fencibles. He represented himself as a Scotch weaver, "persuaded the sergeant he had worked in his father-in-law's factory," and told to the Scotch soldiers and their wives, such anecdotes concerning them, that he had wormed from one and the other, that they sent a memorial to the secretary, stating he was not a traitor, but "a decent, industrious lad, well known and respected in Glasgow." He was released.

To-day, he was to be found in the Castle-Yard, dressed as a yeoman, hearing what he could; the next day, in Westmeath, superintending the manufacture of pikes; the third, with the French invaders about Castlebar. Immediately, we find him piloting through a country, restless with vigilance, some officers to Dublin, and baffling the sentinel at one of the outposts.

On the borders of Wicklow, he offers his services to an officer to help him arrest "the notorious McCabe," which he did by *taking himself* off. At the disruption of the movement, he disappeared. He was believed to be in France or America—the government hoped so; but he was in Wales, and one day turns up in London, with a plan to organize an insurrection in England. It is thought that he was connected with the disturbances that took place in London, in 1800, with the projects for which Colonel Despard was executed, in 1802, and other revolutionary attempts in England. In 1801, he was in France, married. He settled near Rouen, and established a cotton factory. Napoleon once visited him, and

ordered a present of four thousand francs to the exile, for encouraging native industry. His factory flourished, he made money, and lent £4,750 (\$23,700) to Arthur O'Connor, on an assignment of the property of the latter, in Ireland. This led to litigation, which only ended by his life. His restless spirit could not be still. After his first flight, he visited London, Nottingham, Paisley, Glasgow, Stockport, Manchester, and Belfast, and left a train of popular discontent behind him. He had a very narrow escape at Belfast. He heard the tramp of the soldiers on the stairs; flung up the window, and leaped—not out of it, any one might do that, but—between the feather bed and the mattress. Looking round the room, the soldiers hurried off, and searched the neighborhood. This was in 1803, at the time of Emmett's and Russel's rising. From 1810 to 1814, he paid several visits to look after the law proceedings instituted against O'Connor. He was arrested on the 19th of February, 1814, and taken to London the following month. Stating to Sir Robert Peel that he was aware he could be prosecuted for treason; but that '98 was passed, and that "he did not think it was Mr. Peel's wish to put a man to death who had come back to his country for the sole purpose of recovering his property," he was, after some time, sent to Portugal, "as the air of Ireland did not agree with his health;" and great danger being expressed as consequent upon his being found there again.

There, however, he was again found, and arrested

in Belfast, in 1817. For a year and a half, he was kept in prison; his frame withered, and his system "convulsed by incessant attacks of rheumatism." His lovely daughter, of sixteen, attending him, offered a striking and beautiful contrast beside the premature old man, of forty-five. His declining health, and the personal purpose for which he came to Ireland, were represented to the executive. The secretary replied that it "was very extraordinary that, in whatever part of the king's dominions his (William Putnam McCabe's) business brought him, some public disturbance was sure to take place." He was permitted to go to France. The next year, he made his way to Glasgow, when "disturbances took place," and he was again arrested, but found means to get off. He died near Paris, in 1821.

Such is a bird's-eye view of the career of Putnam McCabe. Is there not stuff enough—action, situations, humor, courage, and purpose sufficient to fill the pockets of a few hearty romancists? Here is a hero for any and every mood—preacher, soldier, peddler, farmer, beggar, York factor, Scotch weaver, Irish patriot, and what not besides—who began his public career in activity and pious nasal English, and ended it strapped with rheumatism, and swearing in French, through polite consideration for his hearers.

The sadness of his last days but carried out that law of nature which is illustrated by the morning, noon, and night of every twenty-four hours—by the months, by the seasons. His life was premature.

His spring was early, and his winter came when the Indian summer of his days should have been diffusing geniality and comfort.

Let us move on. Here are two or three others, rarely mentioned, but remarkable men.

James Hope—McCabe's sergeant in Roscommon, and also mentioned in reference to the battle of Antrim—is the name of a man who, irrespective of the relations he held with some of the most important revolutionary leaders, and which must embalm his memory, should ever command the fullest sympathy and most respectful honor from all students and lovers of the '98 struggle. Born of humble parents (in the parish of Temple Patrick, County Antrim, on the 25th August, 1764), he received but fifteen weeks at a day-school in his life, earned his livelihood from childhood, and, in the winter evenings, listened to his master, William Bell, reading the Histories of Greece, Rome, Ireland, Scotland, and England. Next hired to a farmer named Gibson; the father of the latter set the boy to read and write. He died soon, however; and half a year's service with another farmer (Ritchey) "gave me," says Hope, "a little more help in writing." Returned to his former master, he learned to read the Bible; and so, by assiduously devoting himself, in the spare hours of a closely-occupied and necessitous life, Hope accumulated a variety of sound knowledge, strengthened a naturally clear and vigorous intellect, and was received into the confidence of such men as Russell, Emmet, McCracken, McCabe, and Neilson. His

labors in '98 were incessant, from the peculiar and insinuating character of his mind, which was at once blunt and politic, convincing and quiet. He was a working-man in every sense. He was not calculated for a public speaker: "My mind," says he, "was like Swift's church—the more that was inside, the slower the mass came out;" but he was indispensable in sounding and organizing the masses, as well as communicating between the chiefs. As a weaver he has lived and supported himself since, having escaped the notice which his great ability, used under peculiar circumstances, helped so materially to draw upon others. Madden speaks of him (1846) as "a modest, observant, though retiring man—discreet and thoughtful. His height is about five feet seven inches, his frame slight and compact, his features remarkable for the tranquillity and simplicity of their expression. * * * His private character is most excellent: he is strictly moral, utterly fearless, inflexible and incorruptible. * * * He is a man of very profound reflection."

What thoughts, what memories must encompass the last days—the winter's hearth, upon which are gathered the embers of such a brave and eventful life!

With capacities far above those which have achieved place, pension, and notoriety for the heads of some agitators, and the tails of others, Hope has preferred to fling his shuttle, than to throw the political dice-box for a living—preferred the monotonous rattle of the loom to the fitful cheers of the mob.

But he was a patriot, and not a politician. He remained himself, under all circumstances: and must be such a type of humanity as Michelet longs for, to people the "good time," when "strong men will be found who will not want to rise; who, being born of the people, will wish to remain of the people."

Dennis Taafe—a very remarkable member of the Church militant—is deserving of notice. Born in Louth, of respectable parents, being well educated, and finishing his studies by a residence of several years in Prague, he entered a Franciscan convent, and became a priest of that order. Returning to Ireland, proud of his great acquirements, it appears he took every occasion to exhibit the ignorance of his superiors, and was, of course, both "feared and hated." He is described, and correctly, no doubt, as "a proud, indolent, slovenly, overbearing scholar," a "turbulent and satirical young friar."* Being suspended, he rushed into Protestantism, and a Hebrew professorship in Trinity College, and almost immediately rebounded into his original church, having given his new Bishop and brethren some assurances of his "distinguished consideration." Study, politics, and the pen, became his refuge, until one day he took it into his head to see for himself what the United Irishmen were doing, went up into Wicklow, devised and fought the battle of Ballyellis, which ended so disastrously for the loyalists, and for the skillful management of which Holt got all the credit. Taafe's

* Madden. First Series, vol. I.

desperate courage and cool judgment in the fight, are lauded by Watty Cox and Dr. Brennan.* Being severely wounded, he made his way to Dublin, packed in a load of hay, and got into an hospital. It was at Ballyellis that the obnoxious corps, the Ancient Britons, were all but demolished; in reference to which Taafe used to boast, "I have taught both ancient and modern Britons I could fight as well as write." After suffering some imprisonment in Newgate, he was discharged for want of "informations;" when, in respect for his literary abilities, Bishop Macarthy, of Cork, and Keogh, of Mount Jerome, Dublin, allowed him an annuity. He also received assistance from Coyne, the Dublin bookseller, and a Mr. Fitzpatrick. He devoted much time to writing a history of Ireland, which he left unfinished, and died in 1813, aged

* Both well-known characters of the period. Cox edited, with much turbulent and sledge-hammer talent, the *Irish Magazine*. He was perpetually at war with the government, was tried for several libels, and after three years' imprisonment, ultimately received a pension, and was enabled to quit for America. In 1817, he started "The Exile," at New York, which ceased in 1818. He wrote and published here the ablest and most violent of all his writings—an attack on America, called "The Snuff-Box." In America, he was "all things by turns, but nothing long;" his experiences including those of editor, pawnbroker, chandler, dairyman, and, "last infirmity of a noble mind," whisky-dealer. He went to Bordeaux, in 1821, and subsequently to Ireland. His pension was stopped in 1835. He survived its receipt two years, and died poor, the 17th June, 1837. He was, with all his violence, a man of liberal education and decided talent. Doctor Brennan, known professionally as "Turpentine Brennan," from his first having introduced the use of turpentine in the treatment of puerperal diseases (for which he became famous in Europe), was a man of very great capacity, which he directed to out-Cox Cox in sarcasm and pasquinade. He was born in Carlow, of an ancient and wealthy family, whose property he ruined by going to law on the decease of his father. He had been a contributor to Cox's periodical, but quarrelling with him, established a rival—the *Milesian Magazine*. He died in July, 1830. In both of these magazines there are very considerable historical details relative to the period. They need a careful reader, however, to divest them of the personalities with which they abound.

sixty years. Just previous to his death, he had a literary battle with the *Oxford Review*, edited by members of the University, in which he hurled the noted distich at them :

“Henceforth, oh *Ox-ford!* *Cow-ford* be thy name,
Thou rearest calves, and long hast reared the same.”

Edward Molloy, leader of the insurgents in the locality of Rathangan, was an opulent farmer, and a second lieutenant in a yeomanry corps. His influence, it is stated by government authority, had the most baneful effect, in seducing from their allegiance the principal part of the cavalry. He was captured on the 27th May, and hanged. De Jean (Fraser) has embalmed his memory in a spirited ballad :

“Six feet to the forehead, with muscle and limb
To match, had made out his commission for him ;
But a spirit in danger more recklessly brave,
True men never followed to glory, or grave—
Though heart never beat in the breast of a dove,
With gentler affections for woman to love ;—
His wisdom withal, and his rough, honest pride
In the people their tyrants both robbed and belied,
Confirmed to the man, what he won as a boy—
An empire of friendship for Edward Molloy.”

The transition from the yeomanry corps into the insurgent ranks had become very general throughout Kildare ; which “disaffection” is spoken of by Musgrave as “highly disgraceful.” Indeed, it was so great that he had no difficulty in enumerating those not

tainted. Roger McGarry was a "rebel" leader at Monasterevan, where the priest Prendergast, "being deeply concerned in the rebellion," was hanged.

The chief organs of the United Irishmen were the "Northern Star" and "The Press." The former was established in Belfast, January 4th, 1792. The chief owner and editor was Samuel Neilson, there being eleven others associated with him in the proprietorship. Russell, Sampson, and the three Presbyterian clergymen, Porter, Kilburne, and Dickson, were the principal contributors. The success of its teaching may be inferred from the persecution it received from the government. In 1792, it was prosecuted by the crown, and acquitted; in the year following, six informations were filed in the King's Bench against its conductors for seditious libels; in 1794, Rabb, the printer, was prosecuted and found guilty; in September, 1796, the office was devastated, the printer and proprietors seized, and after being imprisoned in Newgate, Dublin, for more than eighteen months, were then liberated without trial; in January, 1797, the office was again pillaged by the military, and the printing materials demolished. I cannot speak from my own knowledge of its ability, never having seen a copy of the paper. It appears, however, that its managers appreciated the idea that "history was philosophy teaching by example;" Dr. Madden, "after a careful perusal of its columns," informing us that "The grand object seems to have been, to keep the example and events of the French Revolution constantly before the eyes of the people."

Samuel Neilson, born September, 1761, at Balroney, in the county of Down, was the son of a dissenting minister. He received a liberal education, and in his youth was remarkable for a bold, manly, and generous character. In 1785, having married the daughter of a wealthy merchant, he entered the woollen trade; and in the succeeding seven years accumulated forty thousand dollars, a very fine fortune at that period. He is generally looked upon as the originator of the society into which Tone breathed an actual being; and was one of the most active, un-deviating, and sincere of the leaders of the Union. Tone speaks of him as distinguished for virtue, talent, and patriotism. With pen and tongue he devoted the energy and ability of both to exorcise sectionality from the breasts of Irishmen. He travelled through the North, composing the differences and healing the wounds of party strife, and for this alone his memory ought to be ever green. From the first he was a republican, as indeed the northern men generally were. This is the more remarkable in contrast to the early leaders in Dublin, and accounts for the influence of Tone among the former, whilst in Dublin, as he himself states, the club was scarcely formed before he was discovered to be so far ahead of them, that he lost all pretensions to influence in their measures.*

Released from prison on the 22nd of February, 1798, a proclamation† dated 22nd May was issued,

* See Tone's Life. Washington Ed. Vol. 1. p. 55.

† In the same proclamation were also included Richard McCormick, John Cham-

offering £300 for his apprehension ; and while reconnoitering Newgate on the following day, with the intention of attacking it that night and rescuing his friend Lord Edward and others, he was recognized and captured after a most desperate struggle ; his clothes being torn off, and his body having upwards of fifty gashes where the soldiers cut and hacked him. He was only saved by the number of his assailants, which numbered a whole file of soldiers.*

His arrest took place on the day designed for the rising in the city, and a number of people who had collected to meet him, not knowing why he did not come, dispersed. On the 26th of June, true bills were found against Neilson, the brothers John and Henry Sheares, John McCann, William Michael Byrne and Oliver Bond.† Heavily chained, Neilson was brought into court, the jailer having thought it necessary to place him in "such irons as he would not think of putting on any two men."

Being called on to plead, Neilson in a stentorian voice replied—"No! I have been robbed of everything ; I could not fee a counsel ; my property, everything, has been taken from me." He then retired, but immediately returning to the dock, exclaimed :

bers, Edward Rattigan, John Cormick, William Lawless, Thomas Trenor, and Michael Reynolds, for each of whom the same amount was offered.

* See Grattan's Life and Times, by his Son. Vol. IV.

† The Sheares were executed on the 14th July, McCann on the 19th, and Byrne on the 23th. Bond was sentenced to death on the 23rd, but a negotiation having been entered into between the state prisoners and the crown, he was respited. He, however, *died suddenly* in Newgate on the 6th September, having been "as well as ever" on the evening previous. Apoplexy was given out as the cause ; much evidence having accumulated to prove "murder most foul."

“Fóir myself, I have nothing to say; I scorn your power, and despise that authority, that it shall ever be my pride to have opposed.” Fortunately, the delay created by his refusal to engage counsel saved his life, as he was included in the negotiation with government, and was banished. He died in Poughkeepsie, in the State of New York, on the 29th Aug., 1803, where a simple slab records the name and birthplace of one “who discharged all the duties of a husband, father, and a persecuted patriot.”

He was an able, fearless, and devoted friend of Freedom. He had all the bluntness and vigor of action and speech which characterize men who love and labor for one idea. He never has had full justice done him: and none deserve a fuller meed. His sacrifice was not less than that of any other man engaged in the struggle; his sufferings much more than those of many.

The first number of “The Press” was issued in Dublin, September 28th, 1797;* the last, March 3rd of the following year, running sixty-seven numbers; besides two, which were suppressed by the government. The writers in it were, as far as known, Arthur O’Connor, Deane Swift (“Marcus”); Thomas Addis Emmet (“Montanus”); William Preston, a “distinguished scholar of Trinity,” and one of the

* Dr. Madden is erroneous in stating that “‘The Press’ made its first appearance on the 4th October, 1797.” There was no “Press” issued on that date; the paper came out on the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays of each week, and the 4th Oct. did not fall on either of those days that year. Number 8, is dated Oct. 3rd, and number 4, Oct. 5th.

founders of the Royal Irish Academy; William Sampson (supposed to be "Fortesque"); Dr. Drennan, Roger O'Connor, and other able men under the signatures of "Wm. Caxon," "an Irishman," "Sarsfield," "Energetes," "Dion," "Scævola," "Bolingbroke," "a Militia Officer," "Vincent," and others. In the eleventh number there is a clever, though not remarkable piece of verse, entitled "The London Pride and Shamrock, a Fable," signed Trebor; which Dr. Madden believes was written by Robert Emmet, the signature being read backwards spelling his Christian name. Thomas Moore tells us that he wrote something for "The Press," and that it was included in the secret report of "the Committee of the House." His contributions were of no moment, however. Those papers which seemed to have created the most noise, and with some justice, were written by Deane Swift ("Marcus"), who is described by Barrington as "tall, thin and gentlemanly, but withal an unqualified reformer and revolutionist:" also, Addis Emmet's "Montanus" letters, and John Sheares' "Dion" letter to "The Author of Coercion" (Lord Clare), which, some rumor of its embryo existence getting out, caused the seizure of the sixty-eighth number of the paper, when all ready for publication. Thus, the sixty-seventh number was the last published; but in a collection of the chief articles and letters, issued soon after "to fan," says Musgrave, "the seemingly smothered flame of rebellion," the sixty-eighth number is restored, as well as an intended

sixty-ninth, being "The Appeal of the People of Ulster to their Countrymen, and the empire at large."*

The man of all others who carried a literary reputation out of the period, and whose lyrics are identified with it, is Doctor William Drennan. As early as 1779 he had published his letters of "Orelana, the Irish Helot," which, to use Davis's phrase, were written with a "passionate vigor." In them he advocated a free Constitution, and made himself famous. With Emmet, Russell, Pollock (celebrated as the author of the letters of "Owen Roe O'Neil," against the United Irishmen, 1790-3), Whitley Stokes, and others, Drennan was a member of the literary club started in Dublin, by Tone, in 1790. With regard to literary empire, Tone says, Drennan and Pollock were the Cæsar and Pompey of the club, and soon manifested a dislike to each other. Drennan early joined the Union; wrote the test; many of their addresses in 1792 and '93; and June 25th, 1794, was prosecuted on the same charge as that brought against Rowan, in the preceding January. Curran defended both; but in the case of Drennan a verdict of "Not Guilty" was rendered. He wrote in prose and poetry in "The Press," and his contributions in the latter have survived as worthy monuments to the pen and patriotism of the author. Davis

* An American reprint is now before me: the title runs, "Extracts from the Press: a Newspaper published in the Capital of Ireland, during part of the years 1797 and 1798. Including numbers sixty-eight and sixty-nine, which were suppressed by order of the Irish Government, before the usual time of publication. Philadelphia: printed by William Duane, Aurora Office, 1802."

pays him a high tribute, when he says that his letters to Pitt against the Union, rank with the pamphlets of Goold, Grattan, Taafe, and Bushe. From 1808 to 1814 he conducted, with two other gentlemen, the "Belfast Magazine;" and died, aged sixty-three, on the 5th of February, 1820. His most famous poem is "Erin," in which he first names his country the "Emerald Isle." In his "Wake of William Orr," there is a direct energy and passion, and a simplicity of diction, almost sublime. Every line is a sermon, every stanza a history. There are no "women's cries" in this death-chant. It is a sorrow that has no tears; and yet we cannot well call it a sorrow, for there is more indignation than lamentation in it. It is an ode to the living, more than for the dead, yet neither are forgot. The living are made to remember that a lament is needed for them more than for the dead. That in fact they are dead; and in this does its great power exist, and to this was its immense effect at the time due. It suited its time, consequently must live with it.

It is not my purpose to go through the list. I have given you, reader, types of the men who made the struggle famous. Lord Edward and Hope, the peer and the peasant; Tone and Esmonde, and McCracken and Monroe; the professions and the mercantile class; Russell and Molloy, the military and militia officers, represent the general body of United Irishmen, including all religions. I have illustrated the period, too, with the actions of men not so widely known or frequently spoken of, with one or two

exceptions, as Addis Emmet, Arthur O'Connor, Dr. McNevin, Sampson, and others. Without derogating from the justly great reputations of these men, it is but truth to say, that though some of them composed the chief Directory, they neither founded nor were the actual leaders of the movement. United Irishism commenced in Ulster, and from that province I have chiefly taken my representatives of it. The principal fighting men were from the North, from Wexford, and Kildare, and Wicklow. As it has been my object to exhibit the active spirit of the time, I have principally followed the men of those localities.

It but remains here to glance at the young hero who worthily carried the faith of '98 to the scaffold of 1803.

Robert Emmet was born in Dublin, in the memorable year 1782. He was the youngest brother of Thomas Addis Emmet, an abler man than whom Wolfe Tone left not behind him. Eloquent, practical and clear-sighted, the latter possessed all those gifts which form the great statesman of a free country, but his nature could never bend or accommodate itself to the petty meannesses which distinguish those who win that title by inventing chains for a weak state. Highly educated, deeply versed in legal science, with a philosophic composure, and reason based on humanity, a grasping intellect and a pure heart—Thomas Addis Emmet was precisely such a man as might—had not many occurrences combined against the party to which he belonged—have led the Irish Revolution to a success-

ful issue. In 1797, he was decidedly the ablest, though not the leading man, in Ireland.

How well his various attainments were appreciated by this country, to which he came as an exile, contributing to her the richness of his manhood in return for the shelter ensured him, may be seen by the testimony raised to his memory and his merits in the judicial halls of the chief city of these American States; and by the monument which—near that raised to the valor of his illustrious countryman, and defender of American liberty, General Richard Montgomery, under the portico of Saint Paul's—first meets the eye of the stranger as he wanders from the Battery up one of the most populous and opulent thoroughfares in the world. It is at once a high testimony of American recognition to the European outcast, and a guide to all worthy of American citizenship.

A voice speaks from the cold marble. There *is* a sermon in that stone. A sermon that preaches straight to the hearts of men. It says: Here Freedom has a home—here truth and genius are the only divine rights acknowledged under God. Come and do likewise as this dust has done, and make yourself immortal.

The youngest brother of that man was well worthy of the name which his brother bore with honor, and which he, with enthusiasm almost divine, has made more famous by writing it on the scaffold with the blood of martyrdom.

The genius, heroism, and above all the youth of Robert Emmet must ever render his name one of deep

interest to those whose anxious eyes gleam over the history of Freedom, or weep over the pages devoted to the record of her bitter struggles, and her martyr-ology. Aye, many lighter hearts and more careless eyes—hearts and eyes for whom the page of history mayhap will have no allurements, will be tenderly betrayed into tears, over the incidents of his closing history, so sorrowfully beautiful, and so touchingly given in Washington Irving's sketch of "the Broken Heart."

Robert Emmet was fashioned by nature to be a great man. He possessed all the qualities that furnish forth a stirring orator, with intellect to guide culture, sympathetic feelings to sway the finer chords of the heart, enthusiasm to stir up the noblest passions, energy to labor, and determination capable of moulding incessant action, or commanding or directing the movements of others in a revolutionary struggle.

At the age of sixteen he entered Trinity College, and by his rare endowments, and the nobility of his nature, soon gained the respect and love of his fellow students, and a reputation which is still cherished as a holy tradition within those old walls.

Some of these college traditions occasionally leap out of their old boundaries, and come to us all the purer from the time elapsed since the action which bred them, as the spring is all the purer from the density of the rock through which it has had to toil. In Moore's life we catch a glimpse of Emmet as he was in those days, when his abilities overwhelmed

in their brilliancy every feeling that envy might suggest.

In their debating society of the college, the subject for discussion arose—"Whether an aristocracy or democracy was most favorable to the advancement of science and literature." Emmet took the latter point of view, and in its defence, says Moore, "the power of his eloquence was wonderful." "After a brief review," he continues, "of the great republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of literature and arts, he hastened, lastly, to the grand and perilous example of the young Republic of France; and referring to the story of Cæsar, carrying with him across the river only his sword and his Commentaries, he said, 'Thus France at this time swims through a sea of blood, but while in one hand she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the interests of literature uncontaminated by the bloody tide through which she struggles.'"

Of another speech on the question—"Whether a soldier was bound on all occasions to obey the orders of his commanding officer"—Moore gives us his reminiscence thus: "Emmet, after refuting the notion as degrading to human nature, imagined the case of a soldier who, having thus blindly fought in the ranks of the oppressor had fallen in the combat, and then most powerfully described him as rushing, after death, into the presence of his Creator, and exclaiming in the agony of remorse, while he holds forth his sword, reeking still with the blood of the

oppressed and innocent, 'Oh God! I know not *why* I have done this.' ”

And again—for these recollections are too precious that we should lose any of them—here is a truly republican doctrine well expressed, “When a people, advancing rapidly in civilization, and the knowledge of their rights, look back after a long lapse of time, and perceive how far the spirit of the then government has lagged behind them; what then, I ask, is to be done by them in such a case? What, but to pull the government up to the people?”

These extracts are pages from the history of his mind. They show how firmly seated were those opinions for which he was destined to shed his blood. Impressed on him in early youth, as well by the schoolmaster under whom he was placed—a Rev. Mr. Lewis, who, though a Protestant minister, was diametrically opposed to the persecution of his Catholic brethren, and failed not to instill into the mind of his young charge those doctrines which he held himself—as well as the example of Brother Addis—these ideas of democracy, toleration, and republicanism grew into his mind with his growth. Everything he read or studied was looked on as an evidence for or against those cherished principles.

In the Historical Society, notwithstanding that the utmost care was taken to exclude political topics, especially anything and everything which touched on those questions of the day, it was always easy for Emmet, by a digression or illustration, to bring Ireland vividly before them. “So exciting and pow-

erful,"—we again quote Moore, who was an eye-witness of their effect—"in this respect were the speeches of Emmet, and so little were the most distinguished speakers among our opponents able to cope with his eloquence, that the Board at length actually thought it right to send among us, a man of advanced standing in the University, and belonging to a former race of good speakers in the society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet, and endeavor to obviate what they considered the mischievous impressions produced by them."

During the stormy period of 1798, young Emmet had drawn upon himself the malignant vigilance of the government, as well, no doubt, by his family connections as his democratic reputation in college; which led to his and others being examined by Lord Clare—then vice-chancellor of the University—on a charge of spreading the doctrines of the United Irish Society within its sacred walls. In the report of the secret committee of the Irish House of Lords, this extension of the conspiracy to the College is termed "A desperate project of the same faction to corrupt the youth of the country by introducing their organized system of treason into the University."

For these reasons, it was found prudent that he should reside abroad during the suspension of the habeas corpus act. He fled to the continent, and after some time, proceeded to Paris, with the intention of meeting some of the escaped chiefs of the preceding insurrection. With them he held consultation, and the scheme of another revolution was

set on foot. Napoleon favored the project: and Emmet was assigned the directorship of the fresh attempt for the liberties of the poor old land.

He returned to Dublin on the restoration of the habeas corpus act, but from prudential motives, and the more effectively to further his objects, lived in privacy at Harold's Cross, a village some two miles from the city, and on the road to the Dublin Mountains. Here he held his meetings with the men who still had hope in the cause. Here, from the golden fountain of his eloquence, he poured into them new life and vigor, and with the force of his impetuous spirit, stirred the slumbering fire in their souls. He sent agents to various parts of the country, while he superintended the preparations in the city himself, which was to light the entire country anew.

During the first four months of his labor nothing transpired to thwart the growth of the conspiracy, or endanger them in their preparations. All his portion of £2,500 he sacrificed to his enthusiasm in the national cause. His amiability and force of character won all who met him.

Speaking of the soldiery in contradistinction to the people, he said truly that

“A man does not necessarily acquire either superior courage or address from the color of his coat, and a soldier with a fixed bayonet has no advantage over a fierce peasant with a well-tempered pike. Almost every victory of modern times has been gained by coming to close action, and that mode, to which a well-regulated army is indebted for success, is as available to a determined band of freemen as to any hired troops in Europe.”

And again:

“As different animals have different modes of attack and defence, an insurgent army has a discipline of its own, recommended by reason, and sanctioned by experience. With walled towns and close garrisons they have nothing to do; the hills of the country serve them as places of retreat; marshes, rivers, and lakes are their best bastions, while defiles afford them opportunities of attack, and woods and valleys serve them as places of ambush. The face of nature solicits the oppressed to regain their freedom; and certainly, no country on the globe has so many invitations to revolt as our own.”

In such a manner, and by such striking arguments did he overpower the minds, and disperse the timidity, of his hearers. The principles which Emmet held were exactly the same as those held by Wolfe Tone. Like Tone, too, his energy was inexhaustibly great; and I believe that no man who reads the life of Emmet will fail to be struck with the irrepressible vigor with which he carried on his preparations; now planning, now superintending his various depots and the manufacture of weapons. In one of these places he slept on a mattress on the floor, that he might be always present to oversee what was going on, to animate the workmen, or meet any emergency that might arise to demand his presence and example.

His plot had been so adroitly managed, and the appearance of quiet so undisturbed in the city, that it was difficult to make the authorities believe that such a thing was in being, until on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the French Revolution, when bonfires

were lighted in memory of that event, and people, as if imbued with its spirit, formed into groups in the streets and joined the festivity.

On the 16th, the accidental blowing up of the powder depot, in Patrick street, further awakened the anxiety of the authorities. For the next seven days Emmet was scarcely out of the depot in Marshalsea Lane hurrying on preparations. In a rear house were about a dozen men at work, engaged in making cartridges, casting bullets, fabricating rockets, and forging and fashioning pike-heads. As an evidence of the earnestness with which he toiled and instilled life and purpose into those about him, we find his magazine to be rather formidable ; comprising 45lbs of cannon powder, in bundles—eleven boxes of fine powder—one hundred bottles filled with powder, enveloped with musket balls, and covered with canvas—two hundred and forty-six hand grenades, formed of ink-bottles, filled with powder, encircled with buck-shot—sixty-two thousand rounds of musket ball cartridges—three bushels of musket balls—a quantity of tow mixed with tar and gunpowder, and other combustible matter, for throwing against wood-work, which, when ignited would cause an instantaneous conflagration ; sky-rockets and other signals, &c., and false beams filled with combustibles, with not less than eight thousand pikes.*

On the 23d July, 1803, the projected rising took place—but, alas! the issue is too well known here

* Madden's Life, p. 117.

to need recounting. It is the man we have to look at.

After the discomfiture of the insurgents, Emmet escaped to the mountains, where he was met by several leaders in the conspiracy to discuss and determine future plans of operations. But the dream of the enthusiast was dissolved. He could not believe the reiteration of such sweeping promises of aid as left him in the position he was. He argued that as the government did not know their real state, it was best to remain still, and give the authorities a false notion of security, in order that they (the revolutionists) might improve on a future opportunity. "Be cautious, be silent," he said, "and do not afford our enemies any ground for either tyranny or suspicion; but, above all, never forget that you are *United Irishmen*, sworn to promote the liberty of your country by *all* means in your power."

After eluding the government for some time, he was arrested at Harold's Cross. An opportunity offered for his escape, but was put off by him for a few days—

"Excuse my obstinacy, but there is one to whom I must bid an eternal farewell, before the terrors of government shall force me into exile."

This *one* was Sarah Curran, the daughter of the celebrated orator and advocate.

Emmet was tried and convicted, on the 19th of September, and hanged on a temporary scaffold erected in Thomas street, nearly opposite St. Catherine's Church, the next day.

His blood streaming through the open planks fell upon the pavement, where the dogs lapped it up.

At the suggestion of a woman, the sentinels break in upon the repast of the brutes and hunt them off; while some dumb enthusiast, prowling about the scaffold of his chief, seizes the opportunity, while the sentinel's back is turned, deftly saps his kerchief in the blood, nervously thrusts it in his bosom, and huddles off as though his whole being was rolled round the spotted rag.

Thus died Robert Emmet.

His speech in the dock is familiar through the school books of America. One, the closing passage, I shall alone intrude on :

“I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace, my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.”*

* The names of the parties engaged in Emmet's conspiracy, were :—*Thomas Russell*, Belfast; John Allen, Philip Long, Dublin; Thomas Wyld, John Hevey, Denis Lambert Redmond, and Nicholas Stafford, of Dublin; Henry Wm. Hamilton, of Enniskillen; William Dowdall, of Mullingar; M. Byrne and Nicholas Gray, of Wexford, the latter Bagnal Harvey's aide-de-camp at New Ross; Colonel Lumm, Carthy, Thomas Trenahan, Thomas Frayne, and Michael Quigley, of Co. Kildare; Thomas Brangan, of Irishtown; Alliburn, of Kilmacud, and *Felto Rourke* of Rathcoole, Co. Dublin; James Hope of Templepatrick; Bernard Duggan of Tyrone; *Edward Kearney*, *Thomas Maxwell Roche*, *Owen Kirwan*, *James Byrne*, *John*

Beggs, John Killen, John McCann, Joseph Doran, Thomas Donnelly, Lawrence Begley, Nicholas Tyrrell, Michael Kelly, John Hays, Henry Hawley, John McIntosh, Patrick Maguire, Martin Bourke, Thomas Keenan, Malachy Delany, and the famous Michael Dwyer of Wicklow. Those printed in italics were hanged. Allen carved his way to a colonelcy and Brangan to a captaincy in the French service. Plowden (Vol. I., p. 218, Hist. since the Union), states that Denis Lambert Redmond, coal-factor, of 14 Coal Quay, Dublin, was respited. This is incorrect. Redmond was brought to trial October 5th, 1808, and executed the following day on the Coal Quay. See Ridgeway's Report of State Trials of 1808. A young man named Walter Clare, who was arrested, tried, and found guilty, was respited.

BARON PLUNKET.

THE DEATH OF BARON PLUNKET.

"Let us not ask of history, if man on the whole be yet become more purely moral."—J. GOTTLIEB FICHTE.

FEBRUARY, 1852:—Amid the trembling but clamorous jargon of monarchies, the flashing and crashing of Turkish cimeter and Muscovite lances on the Danube; the rumbling echoes of the massacre at Sinope, that, throbbing between the hills of Greece, and the Balkan and Carpathian Mountains, reddened the Black Sea, startled from their ancient rest the classic gods of Crete and Ithaca, Eubœa and Lesbos, the Cyclades and Scio; thundered new and dire revelations to the soil of Patmos, which John the Prophet may not recognize in Heaven; and is yet flinging restlessly through the cavernous hills of Europe—amid this clang and anger of massacre and war, and the more useless clangor of diplomacy, there is a faint, low sound of death, distinct from all the rest, wafted to us over the Atlantic.

It cometh from the west of Europe; from that isle called Ireland. Its monition is that of Death in Life, and that sound amid which it is convoyed is of Life in Death. The former to the latter is, in its death-chill,

as an icicle to an iceberg, a mere frozen drop to a pyramid of water, a cataract entranced in massive pallor and awe-inspiring eloquence.

It is a low, faint sound, as when a sickly infant dies, for he whose death is feebly chronicled, had gone back into his infancy, from which originally it were well, indeed, he had never issued forth. Yet it was the death-note of a voice that once shook senates, and sent indignation coursing through the souls of men, and held all eyes and ears as ready sponsors for the thoughts that he, among a crowd of gifted, had *the* gift to utter. Aye, that tongue which could scarcely articulate a farewell to Life, spoke out its "Good-morrow" in so brave and bold a tone that generous echoes rose in every bosom to bid its owner welcome. But he tired his welcome out by half a century, and in so doing, betrayed the trust that God and his country had vouchsafed unto him; the genius, the eloquence, entrusted to him by the one; the confidence, the hope, by the other. And the man who, in 1800, during the memorable debate on the Union of Ireland with England, stood up in the Irish Senate, and said: "For my part, I will resist it (the Union) 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." The man who said this died "unanointed, unannealed," with the blessing of any true fellow-countryman; for whatso-

ever Irishman that is true to him, lappeth up the blood of Emmet as the dogs did beneath his scaffold.

Gather his children around the altar of his country's wrong? Swear them to eternal hostility to the invaders of his country's freedom? Say, rather, that he devoured these offspring words, these glorious images of his brain, to qualify him for patronage and place, as Saturn devoured his own male children to grasp the Titans' power. Aye, it is painful—perhaps, could we brook to admit it, humiliating, to utter such words of one, of whose intellect and eloquence, even we Irishmen well might be proud. We would not, if we could, pronounce them, nor could we, if we would, pronounce against him stronger than have his own actions. *We* do not judge him. He has long since sentenced himself, and this “last gasp of his existence,” which cometh over the wintry troubles of the ocean, but awakes us to the fact, and tells us, yet again, how forcibly it plays the liar to almost his first public breath.

William Conyngham Plunket lived fifty years too long. He should have died with the Irish Parliament, whose inviolability he so vehemently defended. He should have died then in the body as he did in the soul. He would have taken a pure reputation with him, and have saved us from alluding to the debasement placed to his account on the page of history, from that date to the 4th of January, 1854; when, imbecile in body and in mind, with a softened brain, an extinguished intellect, he rolled, lightless and cheerless, from the English pension list into the

grave. Aye, it comes to this—he sold his country to purchase the tomb of a peer, and being in it, hath no more air than a beggar.

Was the name of William Conyngham Plunket, “so stated in the bond” of the Legislative Union, that when Ireland had lost her freedom, he, too, should annex himself to England?

His inconsistency when he became a dabbler in the affairs of the “United Kingdom,” in taking office under the Whigs and Tories, was less remarkable than his making fiery speeches against the government, and threatening “separation” in 1800, and in discharging a virulent and uncalled-for oration against Robert Emmet in 1803, only by the less remarkable nature of the occurrences in which he was an actor.

Great falsity requires great fortitude to support it; and we might be somewhat startled at Mr. Plunket’s courage in belying his anti-union speeches by his brutal exposition at the trial of Emmet, but that we are well aware under what a prospective shelter of government emolument and ease the actors on such occasions rest. The government encourages such praiseworthy bravery, especially on the part of a “patriot,” and never fails to reward with a more than Irish generosity the Irish who exhibit it. Words come as easy to the diction-monger for that occasion as for this, and it recks little to a person of Plunket’s mould, whether a nation is to lose its rights to-day, or its noblest soul, its Emmet, to-morrow, provided he is the popular man with the former, or

the paid man against the latter. Such a nature makes emolument from one as from the other. The means may be different, and to most people, involve a serious distinction, but the end, which is everything, is the same.

Plunket played a bold game, and he was determined he would play it. It was William Conyngnam Plunket, Barrister-at-law, but ex-Member of Parliament of famous anti-union memory, against his past life, his associates, and all gamblers in ambition: government adoption being the stakes.

It would appear that the very existence of Plunket hung more upon the trial of Emmet, than did that of the prisoner, so determined was he to prove his loyalty to the crown, and his utter abhorrence and condemnation of "the centre, the life, blood, and soul of this atrocious conspiracy" at the bar. We can conceive of nothing more brutal than the desire to make this speech when its delivery was unnecessary; nor of anything more cold-blooded, audacious, and thoroughly abandoned than it when spoken.

It was brutal in its conception; unnecessary, as the prisoner called no witnesses and made no defence: cold-blooded, that it attacked the motives of the pure, unspotted soul who confronted him; audacious, that it so turned into ridicule his own previous parliamentary career; and abandoned for these several reasons.

It printed twelve pages of the report, while the Attorney-General's speech on opening the indictment occupied but nine. So desirous was he of

“defending his position” on the occasion, that he out-prosecuted the Chief Prosecutor of Ireland. The speech of the one, “in which,” says Dr. Madden,* “the establishment of the prisoner’s guilt seemed not to be a matter of more importance than the defence of the government from the appearance of a surprisal,” has sunk into comparative oblivion, whether Plunket’s would have gone but that it wraps him round like the swathing of an Egyptian mummy, and preserves his infamy intact.

“The learned gentleman,” says Emmet’s biographer, “commented on the evidence with extraordinary skill and precision, and brought home, at every sentence of it, guilt enough to have convicted twenty men, in the awful situation of the prisoner.” In almost the same words Barrington refers to the speech made three years previous on the other side of the question by Plunket. He refers to it as “the ablest speech ever heard by any member in that Parliament. * * * His language was irresistible. It was perfect in eloquence and unanswerable in reasoning. * * * It was of great weight, and proved the eloquence, the sincerity, and the fortitude of the speaker.†

“I do not hesitate to declare,” said Plunket, in a speech of great enthusiasm and brilliant invective, in 1800, “I do not hesitate to declare, that if the madness of the revolutionist should tell me, ‘You must sacrifice British connexion,’ I would adhere to that

* Life and Times of Robert Emmet, pp. 224, 234.

† Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation, p. 404.

connexion in preference to the independence of my country; but I have as little hesitation in saying, that if the wanton ambition of a minister should assault the freedom of Ireland, and compel me to the alternative, I would fling the connexion to the winds, and I would clasp the independence of my country to my heart." He "hesitated" just as little in 1803, "to talk of the frantic desperation of the plan of any man who speculates upon the dissolution of that empire, whose glory and whose happiness depends upon its indissoluble connexion."*

"I warn the ministers of this country against persevering in *their* present *system*. Let them not proceed to offer violence to the settled principles, or to shake the settled loyalty of the country," said he, in 1800.† And when both the system, principles, and "loyalty" of the country had been violently unsettled, we find his evil heart exuding opinions in virulent anathema of Emmet and his associates thus, "They forget to tell the people whom they address, that they have been enjoying the benefit of equal laws, by which the property, the person, and constitutional rights and privileges of every man were abundantly protected."

In 1800: "Let them (the ministers) not persist in the wicked and desperate doctrine," said he, "which places British connexion in contradistinction to Irish Freedom;" and when these "desperate doctrines" had been persisted in, and brought the "connexion

* Speech in Prosecution of Emmet.

† Speech in a debate on the Union, Jan. 16, 1800. Parliamentary Debates.

in contradistinction to Irish Freedom ;” he said, “they (the revolutionists) have not pointed out a single instance of oppression. * * * * What is it that any rational freedom could expect, and that this country were not fully and amply in the possession of ?”

In 1800, said he, “If it should come” (his “alternative” of an insurrection), “be the guilt of it on the heads of those who make it *necessary*.” And, in 1803, “A well-judging mind and a human heart would pause awhile, and stop upon the brink of his purpose, before he would hazard the peace of his country, by resorting to force for the establishment of his system.”

These parallel passages are not more startlingly conclusive of the speaker’s treachery, than the passage in which he alludes to the position of Emmet, is brutally suggestive of his own double nature. He seems to be fully aware that as he stings the patriot to the very foot of the scaffold, he is creating an official future for himself, and purchasing the yet unseen coronet for his brow, by “warning his deluded countrymen from persevering in the schemes” which he had anticipated the prisoner in promulgating. “When the prisoner reflected,” said he, “that he had stooped from the honorable situation, in which his birth, talents, and education placed him, to debauch the minds of the lower orders of ignorant men, with the phantoms of liberty and equality, he must feel that it was an unworthy use of his talents. * * * * It was not for him (Mr. Plunket) to say,

what were the limits of the mercy of God, what a sincere repentence of those crimes might effect; but he did say, that if this unfortunate young gentleman retained any of the seeds of humanity in his heart, or possessed any of those qualities which a virtuous education, in a liberal seminary, must have planted in his bosom, he will make atonement to his God and his country, by employing whatever time remains to him, in warning his deluded countrymen from persevering in their schemes." He designated the followers of Emmet as "a blood-thirsty crew," incapable of listening to reason, or of "obtaining rational freedom, if such were wanting." "They call upon God to prosper their cause, as it is just," he concluded, "but as it is atrocious, wicked, and abominable, I most devoutly invoke that God to confound and overwhelm it."

Let us again contrast this with another extract from a speech, from which we have already drawn many figurative swords, and much platform patriotism. It is from the Hannibal Oration in the Irish Commons, and is such a damning "better-half" of the foregoing passage of advice to Robert Emmet, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"I should be proud," said Mr. Plunket, "to think my name should be handed down to posterity, in the same roll with those disinterested patriots who successfully resisted the enemies of their country—successfully I trust it will be. In all events, I have my exceeding great reward. I shall bear in my heart the consciousness of having done my duty; and in the hour of death, I shall not be haunted by the reflection of having basely

sold, or meanly abandoned the liberties of my native land. Can every man who gives his vote this night on the other side, lay his hand upon his heart and make the same declaration? I hope so; it will be well for his own peace. The indignation and abhorrence of his countrymen will not accompany him through life, and the curses of his children will not follow him to his grave."

And what is all this value for now? what was it worth three years after?

Oh, immaculate king's counsel, most pious crown-prosecutor, rebaptized loyalist! What? What, indeed, if it is not and was not just current commodity for the indignation, abhorrence, and curses, which, as you state, should follow the forsaker of his country's freedom to the grave. Extracting that passage into one of his works,* Charles Phillips says, "Let us only fancy with what a kindling eye, and burning cheek, and throbbing heart, young Emmet must have bent over such a page as this." And Emmet himself is reported to have said in his speech in the dock, alluding to his prosecutor, "He it was from whose lips I first imbibed those principles and doctrines, which now, by their effects, drag me to my grave." Some discussion has been raised in doubt of Emmet's using these words. It matters little as the fact is inviolable. If he did not, he could have spoken them. Their truth is worthy of him.

Can any impartial mind ponder on such utterances

* Curran and his Contemporaries.

without shuddering over their foul malignity and traitorous cant. Some men have attempted to defend the position of Plunket on the trial of Emmet; but they were men who in themselves imitated all the faults of Plunket's career, and thereby completely obscured what virtues they might originally have possessed. Men they were, like Richard Lalor Sheil and Charles Phillips, both of whom found in the English treasury much more logical reasons for so doing, than could be afforded in the national oratory of either. All the sparks that fell from the metaphorical fire of Phillips' eloquence, are hid beneath the pile of ashes heaped on them by his subsequent career. The rainbow beauty of Sheil's more brilliant and purely oratorical visionings, is but a damp, cold mist. The sun that toiled aslant through it, and blended its light with the melody of the fountain, sank in a red glare of splendor behind those ever-looming hills of British influence and place; the fount still played, when it could not help itself, but never again did the natural light of heaven beget jewels in the spray.

It is but justice to Sheil to say, that his Sketch of "Lord Plunket" was written and appeared in 1822, long before he had subsided into an English member of Parliament, but also before he joined O'Connell in the then great national movement which took place in 1823. In his defence, he thinks it "quite *natural* and laudable" for Mr. Plunket, "that he should have seized the opportunity of reprobating, in the most emphatic terms, the visionary projects of

revolution that still prevailed." On what did Mr. Sheil base his conclusion as to Plunket's "quite natural" reprobation of revolution? Certainly not on the Anti-Union Speeches. What then?

Plunket's own avowal, made in an affidavit on November 23d, 1811, is to the effect that "he was then of opinion that it would be of some service to the public that this deponent should avail himself of the public opportunity of speaking to the evidence in said trial, by pointing out the folly and wildness, as well as the wickedness of the treasonable conspiracy."* Though Phillips defended him, he believed it to have been "a very unnecessary speech, as Emmet scarcely denied his guilt;" but ungenerously adds, after a few sentences, "undoubtedly, in its ardor and its ability, there was nothing left to the government to desire." Another laudatory biographer of Plunket† is forced to condemn the "eager zeal" that—notwithstanding both the Attorney and Solicitor Generals had declined making any remark—"assailed the sad enthusiast in the hour of his deepest suffering, on a theme of invective which might have been well spared."

This speech, which has become famous by being so infamous, was made on the 19th September, 1803. Two months afterwards, on the 17th November, the speaker was gazetted as Solicitor-General; was made, in fact, that official whose duty he usurped on the trial. Any soul that was in him died then, and his body

* Appendix to Life and Times of Emmet.

† Dublin University Magazine, March, 1840.

lived on, and, in turn, became the tool of England.

Was this his "alternative" against the "wanton ambition of a minister?" Was this the logician's resistance to the "last drop of his blood?" Was this the example of Hamilcar Plunket, as Cobbet scoffingly called him, "to his young Hannibals?" Or did he look upon the arguments of Lord Castlereagh as "the madness of the revolutionist," and seal his connexion with England "in preference to the independence of his own country," to defeat, in a self-conciliatory manner, the schemes of that potent villain?

Was it so?

Or, was it that his brilliant intellect, rendered keen by cultivation, was but the jackal to his desires, and hunted up his prey with ingenious scent and nimble-footed invective, to satiate them? Was it that the saturnine temperament, which years brought prominently to the surface of his character, was padded over with youthful flesh, and lay embedded there, living, as a toad lives in a rock, to prove that nature was convulsed when it was first enclosed within its stony heart? Was it that he longed to flash that satire at a people, with which he could so ably demolish an individual? Was it that this man, who became famous for disconcerting and breaking up the arguments of Saint George Daly, during the Union Debate in the House of Commons, by a look, a "curled sneer," aspired to look down the Irish nation? To each of these queries might be answered "doubtless."

Clasp the independence of his country to his *heart!* Ah, he should have said, *in his pocket!* for it is but too evident, that from that receptacle his impulses became logically enthusiastic. Sheil tells us that Plunket's aristocratic leaning ever prevented him from becoming a "man of the people"—that in all matters between the people and the State, he sided with the latter. "He thought *for* the people, and not *with* them," says Sheil. But his history, which is broadly written, shows that he thought for *himself*, and *with* nobody else on the subject.

The chief points of his complete career may be embraced in a paragraph, thus :

Born at Fermanagh, in 1765, he graduated at Trinity College, adopted the profession of the law, and was called to the bar in 1788 ; was introduced, through Charlemont, into the Irish Parliament, and won a foremost rank the same year by opposing the Union. In 1803, he appeared as one of the Crown counsel at the trial of Robert Emmet, and also against all the rest of the patriots, with the exception of some four, and was made Solicitor-General. Joining Lord Grenville in 1805, he was made Irish Attorney-General in the Ministry of "All the Talents," and quitted office with them in 1807. In 1818, he was returned to the British Parliament for Dublin University ; and appeared in the Imperial Parliament as extenuator of the policy of the Liverpool Cabinet. When the Marquis of Wellesley became Viceroy, in 1822, Mr. Plunket was again made Attorney-General, at the instance of Lord Castlereagh, who desired aid

against Brougham and the "hollow friendship" of Canning. And when Canning, in 1827, became Premier, he elevated Plunket to the peerage as Baron Plunket, offered him a seat in the cabinet, and the office of Master of the Rolls in England. The English bar refused to plead before him. So he was made Chief Justice of the Irish Court of Common Pleas, which he filled up to 1830. In 1829, he took a conspicuous part in the movement for Catholic Emancipation, in which the career of Lord Plunket in Parliament may be said to have closed. On the accession of Earl Grey and the Whigs to power, in 1830, he was made Lord Chancellor for Ireland, which he held until 1834. He resumed this office in the following year, and retained it until 1841, when he was obliged to retire, with the pension of \$4,000 per annum, to make way for Sir John, now Lord Campbell, the present Chief Justice of England. He died on the 4th of January of the present year (1854).

We* have had no squeamishness in dealing with Lord Plunket's actions. Some may say we have insulted his memory. Could we respect it? Certainly not, no more than we could the man who respects not the reasons we have shown for disrespecting him. Others may say we have invaded the sanctity of the grave. History is not a grave, but the tombstone of the world, where all may read.

* This paper originally appeared in *The Citizen*, February 18th, 1854, which will account for the recurrence of the editorial monosyllable—*we*.

We have dealt with history, with thoughts, and acts, which agitated the minds of our grandsires; with words and deeds, which will not, cannot lie still, from the restless uncertainty of their nature. It is well to stay those gibbering ghosts betimes. The dead body suffers not by it, nor doth it cheat the worm of a meal the less.

Another may say he was a genius, and that we should respect the man whose intellect sheds lustre upon Ireland. We say he was greater, no doubt, than better men; but we will never respect the intellect whose highest, or whose lowest gauge, is the sale of his country, even supposing that country not to be our own, and above all, when that sale is made in the court-room, where at the very moment the noblest patriot of that country is receiving the sentence of death.

Apologists may be found for him, but among them shall we never be identified. We, who have looked to Emmet as the mariner looks to the Polar star, as a guidance and a monitor who might dictate, by *his* course, our path in search of truth and freedom on the troublous ocean of life; we, who have panted to see our young countrymen emulate his purity, his enthusiasm, and his fortitude, as young Christians do, when poring over the book of martyrs; we, who have read the same pages which inspired him, with the addition of another half century of oppression and famine—we, who are of him, as legitimately as day grows out of darkness, or night from noon—we, who are but separated from him bodily by the length

of Plunket's infamy—by a short fifty years—a veriest grain of sand in the time-glass of the ages—can we act the Vandal in that sacred temple—the human heart, and level the inscribed tomb *there*? Can we deny the Godhead that as a man, we feel within us, which recognizes in the young apostle of his country's freedom the highest earthly attribute of divinity?

No. It is not so easy as Lord Plunket's career might suggest. Nor can that insatiable avenger, *Conscience*, be appeased with titles or traitorism. Horse-hair wigs cannot cover it, nor ermined gown mantle it to quiet. No covering can be a protection, for the storm cometh not from without, but is within, ever within, from the centre to the surface; gnawing the one away until the other falls in, shrivelled, and gaunt, and thin, sensible to the slightest breath, and stabbed by every pointed finger. We would have given Plunket copies of his great Anti-Union and Emmet speeches to read on alternate days, to feed the devil of his conscience.

While condemning with candor the manner in which he used his great intellect, it is not only the truth, but justice to say of it that which has been so often and so ably stated. He had a powerful and versatile genius. Whether we follow him through the intellectual ratiocination of metaphysics, as, with luminous ease, he explained, suggested, accumulated his thoughts to a final and comprehensive unravelling; or whether, as a lawyer, we track his ingenious sophistry through the resources of his easily-excited and self-suggesting powers, his untiring

energy, his excessive command of language, and his intricate applications which seemed a pastime, not a profession, to elucidate, "his satire," says Barrington, "was at times of that corroding, yet witty nature, that no patience could endure." Phillips sketched him as a "square-built, solitary, ascetic-looking person, pacing to and fro, his hands crossed behind his back, so apparently absorbed in self—the observer of all, yet the companion of none." Sheil has given a very able analysis of his powers as an orator in his *Sketches of the Irish Bar*, to which we cannot make more than a reference.

For some years Lord Plunket had been imbecile. His frame, like O'Connell's, had outworn the mind ; but on a late occasion, just previous to his death, and during one of those gleams of reason which fitfully visited his clouded intellect, he sought his papers, and destroyed a quantity of MSS. which he had, in his retirement, collected as a contribution towards a biography of himself.

Did this gleam of sunshine reveal to him, in one comprehensive group of years, the past? Did he again grow from childhood (the infancy of old age) to manhood, and feel its responsibilities withered? Was it that conscience shook him into a new life for an hour, that he might destroy the records of his years? Or had he that sense of duty which Curran mapped out, when he said :

"You, that propose to be the historian of yourself, go first and trace out the boundary of your grave—stretch forth your

hand and touch the stone that is to mark your head, and swear by the majesty of death that your testimony shall be true, unwarped by prejudice, unbiassed by favor, and unstained by malice ; so mayest thou be a witness not unworthy to be examined before the awful tribunal of that after time, which cannot begin until you shall have been numbered with the dead."

We will not dare imagine what filled that awful moment of reason. All is mystery!

DANIEL O'CONNELL AND JOHN MITCHEL.

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POSTERITY treats men as men treat themselves.

If a man lives for the world, thinking at the same time that he himself is the Alpha and Omega of it, he will not see in his excess of selfishness what must follow as a consequence: that his world will but live for him, and that when he dies his world is as before when he was born. If he is remembered, it is as a warning. If not, futurity will not miss him.

The man who casts the light of his loving eyes and the warmth of a huge soul over and upon the heads of his less heated brethren, shall live in their thankfulness. The richness and fellowship engendered by his sun-soul shall be reflected on an equally large circle, which shall do likewise to its progeny, and thus the goodnesses of the true man live, and spread over all time, with the romance of tradition and the heartiness of truth. He has truly lived for man, and man lives for him. He makes man a reflex, or the component parts of himself; and men live, and die, and bequeath to men those parts; and all, be it never so far distant from his time, by virtue of the unselfishness bred of his influence, are ready to deliver up to his memory that part of which they

were individually only as borrowers or care-takers, nourishing it in trust.

The lives and misfortunes of true men make their persecutors and betrayers notorious;—thus Arnold shall paragraph a page with Washington, Louis Napoleon live with the works of Victor Hugo, Görgey for ever betray Kossuth, and Reynolds assassinate Lord Edward Fitzgerald. In like manner, great rivals preserve each other's memories; and the greater the attraction of repulsion, the more indelible the marks chiselled on the tablets of history.

Although O'Connell and Mitchel cannot truly be said to have been rivals, as the star of the former was sinking, if not sunk, when that of the latter arose; yet, as the professed object of both was the same, and the means to attain it so deadly antagonistic, they certainly were, if age and time put personal rivalry out of the question, at least rivals in theory.

The difference was just this. For the attainment of Irish nationality, O'Connell believed in the capacity of his mouth; Mitchel in that of the mouth of a cannon. And considering the effects of over forty years' experience of the former, it is much to be marvelled at, that no other man had courage sufficient to indicate a trial of the latter.

But in sad, though honest truth, O'Connell's weapon was a powerful one, not only exasperating by defiance, and making ridiculous by scorn, the ranks of Ireland's enemies, but humiliating by insinuations, and weakening by distrust, those who were, and those who could be her friends.

O'Connell was born in Kerry, on the 6th August, 1775, and died at Genoa, on the 15th May, 1847. The future historian of Ireland will not find much to dwell on in the period embraced by those dates, although for the greater portion of it, the name of O'Connell, will boisterously battle for recognition. The lawyer, however, will be more prominent than the statesman; and some yet embryo Sheil will gloat over the materials for his chronicle of the Irish bar.

The great points in O'Connell's career are three; they are:—his entry into his profession, in Easter term, 1798, and his joining the "Lawyers' Corps" to aid the government to put down the United Irishmen—second, the Catholic Emancipation; third, his attempt to put down Young Ireland.

What his ideas of Irish nationality tended to, may be completely indicated, as they are embraced by his entrance into and exit from public life. He entered it with arms in his hands against the United Irishmen, and died in enmity with those who would imitate them. The title-page and "finis" of his life's volume were so far worthy of each other. Those facts should be engraved upon his tomb; they are on a more lasting monument—History. "Catholic Emancipation" can neither obliterate the first, nor palliate the last action; nor should it. Emancipation did not free the popular tide, but placed a rock in its course which divided it. But for this, the people would have been irresistible. O'Connell became famous in the struggle, and from it carried such capital as lasted almost to the day of his death. Although he

alone has been awarded the glory of the strife, and worn its laurels, there was another whose eloquence gave him a position not second to that of his stalwart coadjutor:—that was Richard Lalor Sheil, whose career I shall embrace here in a few digressive pages.

One could scarcely find a better epitome of Richard Lalor Sheil, both as regards his capacities and political career, than in his famous speech in 1821, when he avowed the principle of petitioning Parliament, Mr. O'Connell being opposed to it. He attacked O'Connell with more brilliancy than bitterness, though with the very evident desire to sting. It is not a little remarkable, as carrying out the application of the following extract to both parties, to recollect that O'Connell afterwards became the very humblest petitioner, when Mr. Sheil had ceased to petition, but *enjoyed* the favors of the British Government. Attacking O'Connell, Sheil said:—"By a flexible accordance between his sense of duty and his love of popular praise, he served for some time to indicate the varieties of popular excitement. I should be loath to compare him to a sort of political vane, by which all the veerings of the breeze might be determined. * * * * The gentleman was certainly elevated in a very gaudy vehicle, embellished with every diversity of hue. He had risen with the shout of the multitude, and after throwing out all his ballast, and waving his green flag, he very skillfully adapted his course, in this ærial voyage, to all the mutations of impulse which agitated the

stormy medium through which he passed, until at last, in attempting to rise into a still more lofty region, he has allowed the thin and combustible materials of his buoyancy to take fire, and comes tumbling down in a volume of fiery vapor."

There was "manifest destiny" in this. It is Sheil's career, so far as nationality to Ireland is concerned; and that will ever be deeply concerned in conjunction with the name of any one who, like Sheil, makes such a volcanic eruption into Irish politics, and disappears, leaving the people of the new Herculaneum buried beneath its lava. The eruption was so short, so brilliant, so gushing, they were held entranced before they could escape it.

Sheil was born in Waterford, on the 16th August, 1791, and died at Florence, 26th April, 1851. He was thoroughly educated, first at his home by a French refugee, a clergyman; next at Kensington House, London, by the French Jesuits, who had, strangely enough, taken the Magdalen residence of a mistress of Charles the Second, and purified it into a home for *Pères de la Foi*; afterwards at Stoneyhurst in Lancashire; and lastly, in Trinity College, Dublin. His father being ruined by a speculation, Richard flung himself upon his intellectual resources, and overcame the temporary obstacles which stood in the way of his being admitted to the bar. To defray the necessary expenses, he wrote a tragedy—"Adelaide,"—which, owing solely to the acting of Miss O'Neill, had some success. Not progressing as a lawyer, he again looked to the stage, having in the meantime

taken unto himself a wife, and produced "The Apostate" and "Bellamira," which, though excessively theatrical, and relying chiefly on scenic effect, yielded him considerable funds. "Evadne" made its appearance in 1819, "which had a great run, and in which Miss O'Neil astonished London."*

Sheil entered political life as the mouthpiece of the Catholic aristocracy of Ireland. Although very young, he commanded a position among them, became the "observed of all observers," as a fire-cracker flung into a crowd, scatters them about to witness it jerk and fizzle and burn itself out. He ended the same and his mortal life, "looking," says Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, with a dubious idea of dignity in an Irish orator, "to his appointment as a dignified close to his public career" in the capacity of Minister to the petty court of Florence.

Between these periods he was a notable man—a very notable man—and at one time the "twin leader" of the Irish Catholics, as Mr. W. Fagan, M. P., calls him in his memoirs of O'Connell. Meeting the latter at the house of a mutual friend, former differences were healed, and Sheil was the first to flatter the ready ear of the other into action upon the "great project" which made them both so famous, and thus from this dinner party in the County

* This tragedy still holds the stage; and in America it has found an able heroine in Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne. By his labors as a dramatist, Sheil realized £2,000. William Henry Curran, son of the great orator, has always received a share of the credit due to the authorship of the "Sketches of the Irish Bar," which appeared about this period; but Dr. Mackenzie, who had Sheil's authority, says that "the idea originated" with the former, "but the execution was Sheil's."

Wicklow, emanated the appeal to the Catholics of the country.

Sheil's startling eloquence—its energetic denunciation of wrong, rhetorical persuasiveness of right, rapid accumulation of imagery, poetic sympathies, and nervous declamation—dazzled, as well it might, his hearers and readers. For "twins," the leaders of the Catholic movement had not the slightest family likeness. No two could well be more different in form, size, power, and manner, than were Sheil and O'Connell. One was as the commingled voices of the rapids, lashing over the rocks and throwing up beautiful and brilliant spray in profuse diamonds; the other, in a word, the broad cataract. The mould and manner of each was typical of the individual power, and there could be no greater contrast than in the characteristics of the two: O'Connell, impassioned stolidity, if I may use the phrase; Sheil—small, slight, and nervous-looking—inspired restlessness.

His speeches could not but be effective, for he combined the most exciting qualities of the French revolutionary and Irish schools of oratory. This combination grew out of his early proficiency in the French tongue, and his natural Irish genius. What could stop or stay the fountain springing thence? Certainly not an Irish audience, whose warm sympathies and indigenuous excitability almost anticipate the words of any orator who speaks to them of their country. They bear the gifts and the consequences

of an excitable, intellectual nation. They anticipate too much, and as a consequence vacillate accordingly. Yesterday they have anticipated to-day, and to-morrow will be seeking that which they have anticipated; thus are they seldom clearly with the present. They are ever before or behind the time. They leap at conclusions, such as believing that O'Connell had the "Repeal of the Union" in his pocket, or that "he would lay his head on the block in six months" if he did not produce it. The orator thus purchases half a year's quietude, at the slight expense of the people's anticipation. They leaped with Sheil through all his fiery ordeals of metaphor or exaggeration, and, delighted to find a man who could out-excite their excitement (giving his own time), raised him to a dizzy height of popularity. From this height—after working as he could work, after making that reputation on which he lived to the day of his death, and for which he will live in history—after rousing as well the notabilities of England as the people of Ireland, and forcing them to acknowledge his genius, if not his cause, and drawing forth personal attentions (deadening influences these to a mere orator), from dukes, lords, baronets, and the praises of even Jeremy Bentham—he fell into a seat in the English House of Commons, for the English borough of Milbourne Port, by favor and patronage of my Lord Anglesea, in March, 1831; and became a mere Whig placeman.

I have heard anecdotes of Sheil which in the

minds of some palliate the career which all Irish nationalists much condemn. One of those, being *apropos* to O'Connell, I give.

Soon after the release of O'Connell and the state prisoners in 1844, it was resolved in the Committee of the Repeal Association to send a deputation to Sheil, who had been counsel of John O'Connell, at the late state trials, to propose his accession to the ranks of Conciliation Hall. Mr. Doheny was named by Mr. O'Connell for the mission, and to him was confided a message to the effect that "he (O'Connell) would resign the leadership if Sheil would join them." Doheny went to London, sought Sheil at the Athenæum Club House, and opened the nature of his mission to him. Sheil immediately postponed any reference to it save in the presence of his wife.

Next morning the Repeal deputy breakfasted with the family of the "iambic rhapsodist," as O'Connell called his twin emancipator; when, Sheil stating to his wife the purpose of their guest, the matter was quickly discussed and closed.

When Doheny delivered the "confidential message," Sheil laughed outright, saying, "You do not know O'Connell—I do!"

He did not pretend to know what the opinion or purposes of others were; but this he knew, that if they meditated anything "O'Connell would crush them." He condemned O'Connell as intolerant—a great aristocrat—and said that if the Repeal Association would go for separation from England, then he (Sheil) would be with it.

The unbounded joy which followed the struggle so misunderstood and exaggerated—the Emancipation—was in no little manner ruinous to the future freedom of Ireland. Ruinous, inasmuch as, in the first fit of popular intoxication, it placed unlimited power in the hands of a man who could have worked out for himself and for his country, a brighter and a higher destiny, had he not been thus inopportunately and indiscreetly placed in an immature zenith of political leadership.

In that struggle the wonderful and selfish sagacity, undeniable power, and political craft of Daniel O'Connell became manifest. He had a degraded people—degraded in having to deny their religion to preserve their lives and properties—to fashion to his purpose. He had to encounter in his enemies, power, dexterity, and daring; yet, ere the contest was over, he outwitted the most cunning, and outbrazoned the most intolerant. He succeeded in deceiving his opponents, and of all the great qualities characteristic of the struggle, the most prized, was the “cunning of evasion,” the influence of which has since paralyzed the country. He deceived his constituents also as well as his foes; broke up, when he had used, the forty-shilling freeholders' right of franchise—upon the powers of which he based his success—and flung the mantle of emancipation over the houseless hundreds of thousands sent wandering on the highways and byways by his consent. These poor forty-shilling freeholders were the parents of his power; and he, like other, though un-Irish, sons,

who became conspicuous through the endeavors and truthfulness of poor fathers—forgot the means of his being, and looked only to his own ends.

O'Connell, a great tactician, knew that a success was needed to fix his position. He knew that in the clamor of a victory, the means or the sacrifices taken to achieve it would be forgotten. So he fought the "bloodless" battle, and sacrificed willingly the greater portion of the army, whose very muster-roll frightened the enemy.

The clergy and middle classes—whose tongues, passionate from long experience of silence, or half-uttered disquietudes, were too eager to show the world the use they could make of them—talked the "Emancipator" into an impromptu immortality, cheered him with a frenzy that grew delighted with its own delusive exuberance, shouted themselves, if not O'Connell, into the actual belief that they were redeemed and disenthralled; and deduced from the recorded echoes of yesterday's clamor, the chief reason why they should continue, if not surpass it to-day.

In the self-created excitement, they forgot the past. Forgot, or seemed to forget the Protestants and Presbyterians who died for them—the United Irishmen, whose lives were devoted to them upon a grander issue. The priests apparently forgot those of their own order, who left them the scaffold as well as the altar for a legacy, and sacrificed the glowing patriotism which they inherited, for the cold and sectional, but meretricious political desires of the day.

It was not O'Connell's purpose to aid their memory. The glory of the dead as well as the living created his jealousy and inspired him to silence.

In the flush of insanity, the people stiled him "Liberator," consigning to oblivion all those who had preceded him in the struggle for their national rights. They raised the giant hate and envy of the Protestants, which has since proved to be the most enduring and stubborn connecting-link with England, and which John Mitchel, of all men of our generation, directed his energies most effectually to sunder. And to crown their madness, they reared up an annual tribute—put gold into the balance with his patriotism, gave up thinking for themselves, and paid him for being their proxy. He was the retained lawyer of the Irish Catholics.

It is superfluous to explain how unfortunate such a movement was for the future prospects of Ireland.

An eagle is as much degraded in a golden as in an iron cage. They are both one to the bird. A cage is a cage; and the ambitious pride of the natural monarch of the air becomes so mopeish in its thralldom, that at last, its movements are merely mechanical, occasionally fluttering its wings to attract passing attention, stooping for its carrion, or listlessly perched upon the dead and manufactured branches ornamenting the centre of its prison.

Such was O'Connell's fate. His grandly gifted intellect, which might have soared to immortality, was chained down with the golden bands which sophistry called a "tribute." His speeches, instead of being

the natural instinct and inspiration of truth, became the efforts of the paid advocate: they were the same old ditties, the "Clare Election," the "Hereditary Bondsmen," the "finest peasantry on the face of the earth," and "the base, bloody, and brutal Whigs," upon which he played numberless variations, as he alone could, with staccato notes on "Scorpion Stanley," on "the descendant of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, D'Israeli," with andante-movements of late on the "Godless Colleges," and allegro passages on almost every public man and measure of his time. His new associations became periodical, and as a matter of course. In fact, his agitation had all the complexity, effect, and noise of mechanism: partaking, too, for a period, its perfection, so far at least as the desire of the inventor was interested. His fluttering, his retirements, and his stooping for the carrion followed regularly. He was wound up like a clock, and had to strike to let all know he was there—keeping time for the "cause." His months went on like the gradations of the hours, heightening towards the twelfth, which was very loud, and gave notice of an approaching interest in number one. Thus it was, and the people, alas! at a very late hour became undeceived.

The career of O'Connell was as wonderful as it was deceptive. He entered the British senate, stormed it till its ablest representatives listened in silence and awe to the "Irish Leader." He reared enemies on all sides, and frightened them by his audacity and skill. He contracted, and seemed to revel in, the

increasing opposition and distrust of the Protestants; while he fostered the sectionality of Catholicism. He begot societies with the fecundity of a rabbit; all of which "were tried and found wanting," as Devin Reilly said, "in everything but oratory, funds to pay for the same, and impoverished believers." He earned the steady watchfulness and opposition of the government: was more than once arrested for sedition; and became a public demi-god—an idol paid for putting his foot upon any one who had genius or daring enough to aspire to a place in the popular will. And lastly, started the "Loyal National Repeal Association," built Conciliation Hall, and dazzled the adoring people's eyes with the antagonistic mottoes "Ireland for the Irish,"—"God save the Queen."

This last association looked so like a daguerreotype of its predecessors, that it met with but little success at first, and needs must have fallen still-born, were it not that O'Connell's audacity and wariness provoked the government to proscription, and a menace was held out by Lord Ebrington, that no one should be employed by the government who followed in his path. The government-hating and opposition-loving spirit of the land was aroused, and the Repeal ranks and treasury at the same time were soon filled.

But there was fast growing, both in strength and in the love and confidence of the country, a party who were soon destined to shed a glory on their era—the nestlings who were soon to take wing, and soar untrammelled by any other will save that which Omnipotence endowed them with—"Young

IRELAND," whose name has since become world-wide, as synonymous with genius, and whose enemies have been betrayed into rapture over the lyrical and oratorical passion that was distinctly heard even amid the more practical agony of Europe in the rage of revolution. It was not long before the members of this party showed a growing spirit of antagonism to the usual hum-drum proceedings of "the Hall."

They were young spirits, full of enthusiasm and sincerity; believing in self-reliance, and a glorious deliverance. They had no cant, no duplicity, no chicanery. Bursting with love, genius, and energy, they could not brook silence when Truth demanded utterance. When dissimulation was visible, they would crush it fearlessly, no matter who the dissembler. After the God of Life—Honor and Justice, were their household deities. This party had an organ characterized by all those qualities for which they were celebrated—"The Nation"—the publication of which marked a new era in the history of Ireland. The talent of that journal—the combined energies of the Young Ireland party—soon raised it to such a pinnacle in Ireland, that it argued a downright ignorance, and want of appreciation of literature, to be without it: nor did its real merits or reputation stay until it was second to no literary or political journal of Europe, at the same time that it was steadily rearing a transatlantic fame.

The founder of this party, and the first who "dared" to cross the path of O'Connell, was the young and gifted THOMAS DAVIS, by far the greatest

man of the day, of his own or any other party in Ireland. It seemed as if the combined worth of the party was centred in him, and he toiled with gigantic efforts, as if he knew it.

At one of the re-unions of the party at the house of Thomas MacNevin, an accomplished scholar, forcible writer, and brilliant orator, the series of works widely known as the "Library of Ireland," was projected and determined upon. Whatever of grandeur and greatness there was in the land—its poetry, its legends, the lives of its men of piety, learning, and distinction—the annals of its wars and soldiers—its struggles and its martyrs—all that was national and instructive—the scenery and resources—rivers and ruins from Donegal to Kerry, from the isles of Achill to Ben Heder—was to be illustrated, and presented in a cheap yet worthy form to the people. The series were issued monthly, and ran to twenty-two volumes. Some of them had a remarkable success, remarkable so far that it was proven that works of a truly national character were seized with avidity and heartily welcomed by the people. As a means of educating the country, the value of the chief volumes, cannot be over-estimated.

Scarcely, however, had the work received sure promise of success, than an attendant shadow followed the light which shone upon the land. A deep and sudden gloom swept over it, in the death of that active and ever-restless spirit who had inspired so much faith and purpose into his comrades.

Mozart died finishing the requiem that was first

destined to chant over its creator, and then to enchant creation. De Lisle wrote the chant that conducted him to the scaffold ; and which then became and since remained the war-cry of his nation—the Marseillaise. Tasso lived long, yet died only when appreciated—the blithe notes of Fame singing him out of the world, with the laurels on his brow for a death-chaplet. And Thomas Davis fled from the earth when he had created a spirit and fostered an appreciation that could weep tears of blood for his loss.

The genius of the ablest and best, as well as the sympathies of the people, hovered over and took a sad inspiration from his grave. Richard D'Alton Williams, Samuel Ferguson, Francis Davis (“The Belfast Man,”) J. De Jean Fraser, Fisher Murray, Martin Mac Dermott, Charles Gavan Duffy, and others, wove his virtues and his life into loving strands of melodious mourning and lamentation: there was no voice, save of sorrow in the Association. “I am deeply afflicted at that loss, and Ireland has cause to mourn it,” said O’Connell. “With him,” wrote Smith O’Brien, “Love of country was more than a sentiment—more than a principle of duty. It was the absorbing passion of his life—the motive of every action—the foundation of every feeling.” “He struck living fire from inert wayside stones,” said Michael Doheny, “To him the meanest rill, the rugged mountain, the barren waste, the rudest fragment of barbaric history, spoke the language of elevation, harmony, and hope.” And in that Hall, into the affairs and purposes of which Davis infused

so much vigor and enthusiasm, the future orator, Meagher—as the knights of old before going forth to uphold the living, devoted the night previous to the dead—gave the first promise of his devotion to the country, in a tribute to its lost organizer. “His services,” said Meagher, “excited the youth of the country to generous purposes and lofty deeds, and consoled the old patriots in their progress to the grave.” Taking hope from the generous sentiments and liberal views of the dead, which incited Union amongst Irishmen, and looking forward for the consummation of his desires, the eulogist concluded by picturing at once the indebtedness and duty of the liberated land to Davis, thus: “In the day of victory, towards which he had often looked with a panting heart and a glowing soul, they will beckon us to the grave, bid us pluck a laurel from the nation’s brow, and plant it on his tomb.”

The public journals of every shade of opinion—those that could not agree with his full and decided views, and those that completely differed with him and his party—rivalled each other in doing justice to his character and talents. One of the former, while admitting that “he often ventured to differ from the *Liberator*,” thought it scarcely possible “to enumerate the many services he rendered his country.”* Of the latter, one exalted his “patriotism as a citizen—his acquirements as a scholar—his influence as a writer;”† and another, the chief Tory organ, enquir-

* Dublin “*Freeman’s Journal*,” 17th Sept., 1845.

† Dublin “*Evening Post*,” 18th Sept., 1845.

ing—"Why should not the grave suspend, at least, our political animosities," when "death levels all distinctions?" thus made room in its columns to recount the "vigor of intellect, * * intense sincerity, and unflinching boldness, the learning and science,"* that characterized his life and efforts.

The death of a great opponent, as of a great friend, is a deep loss; for in the grave of the one, not less than that of the other, are buried much hearty impetus and inspiration to intellectual labor.

On the 1st October, 1845, the fourth volume of the "Library of Ireland" made its appearance, and brought prominently before the public the master mind of Irish patriotism in this generation. The volume was the life of the great Ulster chief and statesman, Aodh O'Neill, and the author, John Mitchel. In this book and its author Davis was deeply interested. He looked upon both as the ablest and most serviceable contribution to Ireland. I have read many letters from him to the author, during the progress of the work, all full of friendship and suggestion, which were dearly cherished, and expectation which was nobly redeemed by the receiver. On the fresh grave of his "dear friend," Mitchel placed the first fruits of his passionate devotion, his fierce calmness, his deep research, his analytical humor. The work was dedicated, with "deep reverence," to the memory of Davis, and remains, as it is likely to do, the most enduring monument to

* Dublin "Evening Mail," 17th September, 1845.

him. It is the connecting link between the two greatest Irishmen of our day.

Mitchel was born at Dungiven, County Derry, Ulster, in the year 1816. His father was a distinguished Unitarian minister, and—as his son boasted to O'Connell on the memorable 13th July, 1846*—a United Irishman. His mother, who still lives to behold her son's reputation, and of whom it may be said, as of the mother of the Gracchi, that in her children she beholds her greatest treasures—was a Miss Haslett, of Derry. While yet young his parents removed to Newry, where the boy received the rudiments of an excellent education; he afterwards entered Trinity College, Dublin, and graduated with several honors, as Bachelor of Arts.

One of those who combine all the resistless assiduity of the student, with the more decided characteristics, both of speech and action, which make the revolutionist—Mitchel is a man who grasps almost intuitively, and while he absorbs knowledge, sifts, discards, combines and arranges it, as the character and truth of the study has an affinity with his intellect. It is thus that law, theology, philosophy, metaphysics, history, political economy, Greek, Roman and English classics, and the vexed and complex story of Ireland pouring round him from its hundred chronicles, seem respectively to have commanded his particular study. This variety does not detract from the profundity of his knowledge, but,

See speech of Mitchel, in Conciliation Hall, of this date.

on the contrary, his brain, like the sea, is made stronger by every stream. He is the least pretentious, or (as the phrase goes) "showy" public or literary man I have ever met, for the reason that the river makes less noise than the rapids. Any one who visits Niagara may hear more clamor in a day than he would catch on the ocean in a summer.

Mitchel was originally intended for the church, but he became an attorney, and began life as partner in a law firm in Banbridge. Of the period of his apprenticeship to the law there is an episode, the happy effects of which will forever keep it smiling through the story of his early life. It is that episode in every man's life which makes or unmakes him—his choice of a life-partner. Mitchel's was of a peculiarly romantic nature, ending in an elopement, when not quite twenty years old, with Miss Jane Verner, whose rare personal attractions but indicated the gentle beauty of her nature; and whose heroic fortitude, and relentless, though womanly dignity, under the trying circumstances attending her husband's career, will inspire some future poet to steal her name and virtues from the page of past history to give a soul and a character to romance.

Mitchel had joined the Repeal ranks in May, 1843, but still resided in Banbridge, engaged in an already lucrative business as a lawyer. The publication of his "Aodh O'Neill," however, at once made his reputation as a writer. From this day his power was felt. Very soon he was induced to quit the North and assume the position left vacant by the

death of Davis—that of chief writer on the “Nation :” and almost at the same time Devin Reilly became a contributor to its columns. Although the nucleus of the party had been for some time in existence, and numbered many able men in its coterie before Mitchel came to Dublin, he had scarcely set foot permanently among them until he became the leading thinker of the band. He had scarcely set foot in the editorial office of the “Nation” when his steps shook the Castle. Almost instantaneously the presence of a fresh and able mind was discovered in the councils of the nationalists; and but a few weeks sufficed to draw down the wrath of the government.

Railroad speculations were engaging the attention of the rich and the reckless; famine was harassing the stomachs of the poor. The former were looking for bills, the latter for bread; and there was much clamor about stocks and starvation, when the government of Sir Robert Peel thought fit, through its organs, to hold out threats of coercion. In the railways Peel beheld the panacea for Irish disquietude. “Law must be vindicated and sedition crushed,” cries one of his organs,* while another congratulates the administration on the ready means, and, looking to the Irish railways, exclaims: “Every part of Ireland will soon be within six hours of the garrison of Dublin.”†

Mitchel took up the gauntlet thus thrown down. He welcomed the threats with the words: “It is

* “London Morning Herald.”

† “London Standard.”

good for us that the instinctive insolence of our enemies should sometimes recal us to our sober senses." He welcomed the coercive acts of government, believing that external violence would only consolidate the purposes of the country; and as for the railways, he could make as good use of them as the government. Reminding the latter and the people how the Hollanders prevented the advance of French armies into their country by opening the embankments, and admitting the sea; how, "in one day, those fertile plains, with all their waving corn, were a portion of the stormy German Ocean," he deduced the fact that people might sacrifice the railroads to their patriotism. They were "inconceivably valuable" for commercial purposes, but for the transport of invading armies they could well be dispensed with. If they were valuable to a government, they might be made above all price to a rising people. In a few clear sentences he showed how in one night every railroad within five miles of Dublin could be cut off from the interior; that the materials, "good hammered iron and wooden sleepers," were useful "in other *lines* than assisting locomotion;" "that troops on march by rail might be conveniently met with in divers places," and concluded in the belief that "Hofer, with his Tyroleans, could hardly desire a deadlier ambush than the brinks of a deep cutting upon a railway. Imagine a few hundred men lying in wait upon such a spot, with masses of rock and trunks of trees ready to roll down—and a train or two advancing with a regiment of infantry, and the

engine panting near and nearer, till the polished studs of brass on its front are distinguishable, and its name may nearly be read ; ' Now, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost !
—now——'

" But 'tis a dream. No enemy will dare put us to realize these scenes. Yet, let all understand what a railway may and what it may *not* do."*

The " Nation " was prosecuted for this reply to the Government, but the trial did not take place until June, 17, of the following year.

The venerable Robert Holmes, as counsel for the defense, made a very powerful speech, the most remarkable feature of which was the detailed account, based on English law authorities, such as Sir John Davies, Chief Justice Vaughan, Lord Mansfield and Blackstone, showing that according to the English reading, Ireland did not possess a shadow of the true principle of freedom. He defied any constitutional lawyer to deny the fact. He showed that certain cases cited by the Attorney-General on the law of libel, were thoroughly irrelevant to the present issue, as they pertained to England ; drew a forcible picture of the state of the country, justified the publication of the article, as a necessary consequence of the government publications and threats, and argued on constitutional grounds that, as " insurrection against lawful authority was rebellion, and to excite to it, sedition ; so resistance to oppression was not rebel-

* " Nation," Nov. 22, 1845.

lion, nor to teach a people the means of successfully resisting oppression, sedition." After a clear, bold, and eloquent effort, in which he appeared more the accuser of the crown than the defender of his client, he called on the jury for a verdict of acquittal, "not as the boon of mercy—not as the safety valve of doubt, but as the clear, unequivocal, decisive expression of their regard for the rights of nature, and the cause for which 'Wallace fought and Hampden bled.'"

It was a noble sight to see that old man, the memories of '82 and '98 and 1803 conjured up by his presence at any time, but vividly suggested by the peculiarity of his position then, coming forth, with the ashes of his martyred kinsmen and friends upon him, to sanctify sedition by illumining it with the spirit of the past. "We thought we heard the blood of Emmet crying aloud from the ground;" said Mitchel: "His catalogue of England's crimes, sounded like the accusing voice of our dead patriots and martyrs, saying to us—'Awake! arise; or be for ever fallen.'"

The Chief Justice, in charging the jury, desired them to dismiss from their minds the impressions left by Holmes' address—"an address," he added, "which has never been surpassed in a court of justice." As it was not the desire of the bench "to control" but "to assist" the jurors, he would say that the publication in question was a seditious libel, and proceeded at some length to "assist" their convictions into his own belief. The jury, however, dis-

agreed ; and being locked up all night and continuing to disagree all next day were discharged at three in the afternoon.

This was a triumph for Young Ireland because for the "Nation," which, notwithstanding its good effect on the country, was not received by Conciliation Hall with even a favorably disguised silence. The "Young" and the "Old" were watchful of each other. The latter, rocked in the cradle of, made idlers by, having hopes only from, and grown prematurely grey in, the routine of useless agitations, had not sufficient talent to hide the conscious roguery of their movements and anticipations. The former, young, educated, and chivalrous, had joined the ranks of what they believed a national party, not to temporize on the reputation of that party, not to wheedle the people and fawn upon the officials, not to enter on a series of miserable concessions which degraded the receivers while they did not weaken the government—and were naturally jealous of the character of the associates and the Association, among whom and into which their naturally honest and high-toned impulses led them.

Nationality was the trade of the one—the dream of the other. The "Old" lived by it; the "Young" lived for it. It was the platform of the former; it might be the scaffold of the latter.

The old O'Connellite party, from time to time, began to feel the power and the evident determination of the younger and more intelligent body. There had been many differences between them.

Mr. Smith O'Brien, who had joined the Repeal ranks in the excitable times of 1843, during the period of the State Trials, sided with the young party, not through any premeditated desire, but purely from expressing himself in favor of "education, self-reliance, organization and progress." The Young Irelanders saw it was necessary to curtail the expenses with which Conciliation Hall was wantonly beset, by a lot of sinecure employments, and took an opportunity of so doing at a time when O'Connell was absent at Derrynane. They continued their efforts when he came to town, and so differences arose in committee. On one of these occasions, matters were pushed to a division. O'Connell was in the chair, when the votes stood, the Reforming party twenty-three, the O'Connellite twenty-two. "Here O'Connell assumed the right to give two votes, one as member, which made the numbers equal, and a casting vote as chairman."* It was without precedent, and its unfairness is palpable to all. There was a bitter quarrel, also, on a discussion of the Colleges Bill, which proposed a system of mixed education, which would be most beneficial to Ireland, inasmuch as by it the youth of the land would be reared free from the bigotry which a separate and sectional education instils into the young mind, and which it is impossible thoroughly to eradicate. It was denounced by extreme bigots as "godless," and in "opposition to Scripture." Some Protestants,

* Vide Mr. Doheny's "Felon's Track," p. 84.

and one Catholic bigot, joined on this ground. The Young Irelanders were in favor of education, supported it, and argued its necessity. Mr. O'Connell would have "new colleges, purely Catholic, and entirely under the control of the Catholic Bishops," and was "against mixed education."

The success of the "Nation," which, while it ever upheld O'Connell as the Irish leader, also held itself independent, was at once a warning and a matter of jealousy to the "Hall." The speech of Mr. Holmes, too, and the *eclât* which instantaneously greeted it, came at a time calculated to hurry on the differences existing between the men of action and the agitators. On the Monday (June 15th), previous to the trial, Meagher, by levelling a thunderbolt at the Whigs, had created the greatest excitement in the Hall. It was a bold experiment and a successful one—as successful as it was daring.

In England, political excitement ran high. There was defection in the ranks of the Tories. The Protectionists, under Lord George Bentinck and Benjamin D'Israeli, had seceded from Sir Robert Peel. Owing to this defection, and the visible weakness of the government party, the accession of the Whigs to office was confidently looked to. The introduction into the House of Commons of the Irish Coercion Bill, gave them an opportunity for a general break up. On the second reading (June 5th), the Protectionists, as well as the chief members of the Whig party, opposed the coercive measures of the government; but on totally different grounds.

The former were well disposed to the measure, but, anxious to revenge themselves on Peel for his declaration respecting the repeal of the corn-laws and the opening of the ports, pretended a disbelief in the sincere motives of the government in desiring to carry it. Lord Bentinck, after reviewing the state of Ireland, and showing that the offences to be met by the bill had lessened twenty per cent. ; that in the postponement of the bill from the month of January to the middle of June, but poor evidence of its necessity was exhibited ; concluded by stating it as a "mockery and an insult to both parties in Ireland, to brandish before their eyes a measure which it is never intended to carry into effect,"—and believed that the "sooner they kicked out the bill, and with it her majesty's ministers, the better." D'Israeli supported Bentinck in a bitter speech against Peel, in which he charged him with having got into power by professing opinions contrary to those which he now sought to force on the country. He believed that Nemesis regulated the division that had taken place, and "was then about to stamp, with the seal of parliamentary reprobation, the catastrophe of a sinister career."

The Whigs, on the other hand, opposed the government by making a display of feeling towards Ireland. "Do not," said Lord John Russell, "let the people of Ireland believe that you have no sympathy with their afflictions—no care for their wrongs ;" and, following up this key-note, strained every nerve to form a coalition with the Irish Repeal

members. O'Connell fell into the trap, so far as to compliment Russell, by feeling "deeply gratified" at his course. It was evident that the Tory administration would fall, and scarcely less so that the Whigs would succeed; and with their accession were coupled rumors of repeal combination and action therewith.

It was at this juncture that Meagher made the speech alluded to in the Hall. He flung back the sympathy as well as the promises of redress held out by the Whig leaders. Whig and Tory were all one to him—all one to Ireland. "Whatever statesmen rule the empire—whatever policy may prevail, the principles of this Association shall remain inviolate." "I state this boldly," he said, "for the suspicion is abroad that the national cause will be sacrificed to Whig supremacy, and that the people, who are now striding on to freedom, will be purchased back into factious vassalage. The Whigs calculate upon your apostasy, the Conservatives predict it." He reproached the people with having been too long the "credulous menials of English liberalism." "The aristocrat of Bedford," he cried, "marshalled you against the plebeian of Tamworth, when you should have lifted up a distinct flag and have marched against them both." He gave a scathing review of the Whigs; held out a brilliantly satirical programme to those who would agitate for their ascendancy, and pictured the great onus resting on O'Connell, by adroitly asking the people if it was for such ends they "gathered in thousands round the hill of Tara,

and hailed their leader upon the rath of Mullagh-mort, as the Romans did Rienzi in the Palace of the Capitol." His words created the highest enthusiasm—he was applauded to the echo, and, feeling the pulse of the people right, he exclaimed: "I should not pursue this strain, knowing as I do, your determination—knowing that you would repel the man who, in this Hall, would vote a compromise, and beat down the traitor, whoever he might be." Loud cheers of approval sounded the tocsin of war.

Immediately on Mr. Meagher's conclusion, Mr. Thomas Steele rose in condemnation of the address. Poor Steele, who joined to considerable scientific attainments anything but a mathematical precision of speech, was deserving of a much better fate than that to which a veneration, only not sacrilegious, because so stupid, for O'Connell destined him. Originally a man of means and mind, the waters of agitation had swamped the one, and so diluted the other as scarcely to leave a trace of common sense. O'Connell had nicknamed him into sundry offices, and the old man gloried in being recognised as "O'Connell's Head Repeal Warden;" the "Head pacificator of the Liberator of his country," etc. That he was honest his wretched poverty too plainly and sadly told; but that he had become incapable of anything save watching the by-play of his leader, and giving the word to "cheer" was equally plain. Agitation was necessary to his existence, broken in fortune and hopes as it was. He fancied he was doing good, which fiction must be recorded to his honor; and

when O'Connell died, and Young Ireland was triumphant, there being nothing for him to do, he facilitated his death by flinging himself into the Thames. It is impossible to view his career without pity. He had ruined himself in forwarding the fortunes of the O'Connells, and from them could not claim even a death-bed. At the period of which I speak, Mr. Steele was much broken down in everything save rhodomontade. He was, to borrow for the nonce somewhat of his style, a mere rhetorical wreck of an originally bombastic paragraph.

He thought Meagher's address "not at all respectful to the Irish repealers and to O'Connell, their leader." He immediately put Meagher into the balance with O'Connell, and did not require the counsel of the former. He eulogized the "prophetic sapience" of the latter, whom he characterized as the "lay pontiff" of Catholicity—the "dareful champion of freedom"—"the august and almost sanctified peaceful moral force revolutionist." A debate was thus opened in which several participated. Meagher had touched the sensitive spot.

Richard O'Gorman, considering that the time demanded it, took occasion to refer to the suspicions abroad, and followed up by asking if they should be content in being the "hangers-on of an English party," or to "rest on the fulfillment of their promises for our hopes of reward."

M. J. Barry reminded the Association that he, in the previous week had spoken in substance nearly as Meagher had done that day, and that it was not taken

as an insult. He could not see that it was insulting to O'Connell to proclaim that we had nothing to do with Whiggery."

Mitchel, in a short but vigorous speech, supported Meagher. He thought it was the time, the day, the hour to enunciate such principles; and in defending the "Nation" from the attacks of a previous speaker, and while repelling the rumors against O'Connell, rendered their open denial by that gentleman a necessity.

"There were rumors and there are rumors (said he), that a compact of some kind was to be made with these Whigs. The 'Nation,' to which one gentleman referred, found it stated in number after number of the 'Evening Mail,' that Mr. O'Connell said at a meeting at Lord John Russell's, that 'all he ever wished was a real union;' and the 'Nation,' as a newspaper, professing Repeal principles, finding that audacious calumny in circulation, mentioned it merely to deny it—to deny it on the ground that no Repealer could use such language. The 'Nation' was right in denying this. I feel quite safe for one in denying it; for if such language could be held by Mr. O'Connell—if any overture could be made by him for a compact with any English faction whatever—if we were now to give any facility, directly or indirectly, to the government of this country by Whig or Tory—then this Association commits suicide, abandons the principle which reared these walls around us—the principle that Ireland is entitled to govern herself, and shall govern herself. No, sir, the business of this Association is to take good care that Ireland, which was the 'chief difficulty' to the Tories, shall become an utter impossibility to the Whigs."

He believed—and many others also believed—that in the then attitude of the Repeal agitation, if the

necessary exertion was made, the government of the country by England was impracticable. He concluded by saying:—

“If the Répeal Association is to enter into compacts once more with factions, who will use us while they despise us? then, sir, the best thing we can do is to shut up this Hall, to lock that door, to go home to our respective business, and for ever hereafter to hang down our heads when men speak of honor, or patriotism, or truth.”

Following this scene, with but a day's intermission, Holmes' forcible speech was not very welcome to the Hall. It was too bold for the agitators, but gave cheer to the younger spirits.

On the next meeting at the Hall (June 22d), the discussion between “Young” and “Old” Ireland was resumed. A letter was read from O'Connell in London, in which he spoke of the efforts “made by our juvenile members to create dissension.” The speakers on the previous occasion reiterated their sentiments on this, and repudiated the idea that they desired to create dissension. Mr. Doheny was present, and took his stand with the reviled party. He declared himself opposed to Whig and Tory, and to any connexion with either. Some wretched tools of O'Connell sheltering themselves beneath that gentleman's letter, proceeded in stupidly laborious speeches to infuse much ill-feeling into the meeting.

None of these people kept within the point at issue. They all raised a cry of treason to the Liberator, notwithstanding the clearness with which Mitchel,

Meagher, O'Gorman, Doheny, and others stated their feelings and position. The object was plain. The jackal agitators were instructed to goad and hunt the prey up to the lion's paw—to make the quarrel worth O'Connell's while to put it down. In the tirades of these knaves and slaves—whom I shall leave in the nameless obscurity from which they rose, and into which they have fallen—low clap-trap took the place of capacity, personal abuse became political analysis, and voluminous vulgarity revelled with the aspirations, though unrecognized, of ready wit. Now, one of the most turgid praised “the brilliant and hospitable court of the Marquis of Normanby,” and another, the most presumptuous and elaborately abusive, complimented the talent of Young Ireland, then defended the Whigs, again abused the latter and attacked the former with personalities; but all wound up with professions, that under any government, Whig or Tory, the cause of Repeal would not be abandoned or compromised.

While they were forced to make this profession, which the Young Irelanders evoked from them, they attempted to cast odium on the upholders of the very principle under the shadow of which they could only find popular refuge.

I have given at some length, considering the scope of the work, a view of the state of party and opinion at the beginning of open differences between the agitators and the men of action in the national councils. We shall soon see if the warning of the latter was

necessary to the country, and if the former were truckling or meant to truckle with the Whigs.

On June the 25th, the government was defeated on the second reading of the coercion bill, by a majority of seventy-three, there being five hundred and eleven members present in the house. Sir Robert Peel had left the house before the echo of its announcement had died. On the following Monday (the 27th), Wellington in the Lords, and Peel in the Commons, announced the resignation of the ministry; and on July 3d the new Whig ministry was published with Russell at its head. Richard Lalor Sheil was made Master of the Mint, and a vacancy thus took place in the borough of Dungarvan.

Sheil resigns his seat, and has firm hopes to be re-elected. O'Connell is in Dublin; and the Young Ireland party point to the chance thus given of showing opposition to the Whigs. They argue that Sheil is not a Repealer. O'Connell declared Dungarvan in a position not fit to contest the seat—that no Repeal member was forthcoming. They point to his son Daniel, to Sir Colman O'Loghlin, to Meagher, but O'Connell will not listen—he had his mind made up.

It was about this period that, in the committee, the Liberator took occasion to speak of the intentions of the "juvenile orators" being opposed to him. They replied that they were antagonistic to the Whigs, and not to him, and that they would never fail to say so. It was on this occasion that Meagher's feelings thus broke out: "I abhor the Whigs, and shall de-

nounce them more bitterly than I have ever denounced the Tories. It was to obtain Ireland's independence, not to truckle to English factions, I vowed my youth to politics. If the Repeal Association fall back now, or fail, it will then be my duty to preach insurrection to the country."*

The Young Irelanders met to consider what should be done under the mean aspect of affairs. "It is clear," said John B. Dillon, "Repeal is postponed or abandoned to Whig promises: we must dissent, protest—everything but consent to this dastardly policy." From his general moderation of speech, and tenacity of principle, Dillon's words always commanded attention. He now spoke the sentiments of all. A line of action was adopted; and Mitchel, Meagher, and O'Gorman named to fight the battle.

In the Hall, on the 6th July, towards the close of a lengthy speech, O'Connell, while speaking of the probability of "returning Repealers for such places as may be "shortly vacant," was interrupted by a voice crying out "Dungarvan," which was followed by the cheers of the meeting. Thus reminded both of the point and its popular side, O'Connell replied in answer to the voice:

"You are right—quite right. If we can get a Repealer in for Dungarvan we will do it. (Loud cheering.) By this time of day you should believe me. It shall be referred to the committee to take into consideration the providing of candidates for the

* Memoir of Thomas Francis Meagher, re-published from "The Nation" for private circulation. Dublin, 1850, p. 28.

vacant places. If we can get Repealers for all those places, we shall of course do so, and, *if necessary, I will go to Dungarvan myself.* (Cheers.) *I will have the men of Dungarvan with me; * * I will not oppose men who support the present ministry, unless there be a chance that we can put in a Repealer; and a small chance will be enough when the people are on our side."*

Being again interrupted by a cry of "Mallow," he said: "Mallow is not vacant; its representative has not taken a place under the government;" which the people understood to convey a sneer at Sheil, who had taken a place.

Contrary, however, to all expectation, and to the utter disappointment of all true nationalists, Sheil was permitted to resume, unopposed, the seat under the auspices of O'Connell. Thus did the latter break all faith with the people and the people's cause. No great recapitulation is necessary, but a few points are worth keeping before the mind's eye. O'Connell pledged himself to return a Repealer, if he could get one; he knew that the Whig candidate would have small chance, when the people were with him; several Repealers were willing to come forward; a deputation from Dungarvan had waited and urged upon the Committee of the Repeal Association the necessity of a contest, and lastly he knew that upon the registry of Dungarvan there was a clear majority of seventy in favor of Repeal; as reported by a barrister commissioned by the above committee some time previous, to visit the boroughs

and ascertain the strength of the Repeal cause in the various constituencies.*

Is it to be marvelled at that in the knowledge of those facts the Young Ireland party should feel indignant. Could they who set out in life to write and speak the whole truth—whose great ambition it was to disrobe politics of the trappings in which, as a courtesan, it wooed and tainted the blood of the country—who had attained the position they occupied by having attempted to educate, not to blindfold the people—could they remain silent, feeling the blush of shame upon their cheeks, and their hearts throbbing against the badge of disgrace so clearly and designedly tightened round its national pulsation. They could not. O'Connell knew they would not. He desired that they should not; and while he feared their ability, imagined his popularity beyond its reach—his power supreme.

With a view to their total expulsion he introduced into the Association, on the 13th July, what are generally known as the "Peace Resolutions." These resolutions re-stated the original principles of the Association, but further declared "abhorrence of all attempts to improve and augment constitutional liberty by means of force, violence, or bloodshed—that to promote political amelioration, peaceable means alone should be used, to the exclusion of all others." For the introduction of these resolutions

* Vide "Nation," July 11, 1846; article "Dungarvan Elections," written by J. B. Dillon.

O'Connell had no ostensible reason, save in a speech made by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, June 15. After alluding to those demanding a domestic parliament in Ireland, Russell continued :

“There are others, I fear, who, if I read rightly their sentiments, as expressed in a newspaper—I will name it—called the “Nation,” which has great circulation in Ireland, who go beyond that question of the legislative union—who would write, not merely to have such a parliament as that which it was the boast of Grattan to found, and which legislated under the sceptre of the same sovereign as the parliament of Great Britain, but a party which exerts every species of violence, which looks to disturbance as its means, and regards separation from England as its end.”

At the time, O'Connell knew that this was false; yet afterward, (August 31st), having cited the passage, he admitted its influence on his action. Lord John, he said, “was not the man to put anything forward to serve a party purpose, and was it not time for him (O'Connell) to take up the subject when he found his lordship saying that the ‘Nation’ had a tendency to separation?”

How complimentary to Lord John, the leader of the “base, bloody, and brutal Whigs!” How consistent of the “dareful champion” to put down the “Nation” when it disagreed with his lordship! Certainly it was “time” for the “sanctified, moral-force revolutionist” to be awake. Tom Steele was no longer the head pacificator. O'Connell had assumed that office under the immaculate Whig chief.

But the passage quoted from Russell's speech was but a plea for O'Connell, which, however, tied him to the Whigs while he used it against Young Ireland. A plea nevertheless it was. At the time, he could not very consistently attack them for their opposition to the Whigs; but to get rid of them by some means he was determined. To couple them with the cry of war—illegal agitation—physical force, he deemed the most expedient as well as the most effective plan, and was led to this conclusion no doubt by the state to which his forty years of demoralizing agitation had brought the country. The people had supported him for that period. Would or could they believe in driving anything more or less than a coach and six through an act of parliament? He thought not.

On the strength, therefore, of Russell's fictitious announcement—without one word or act being cited against them to sustain the charge—the Young Irishers were accused of a design to introduce revolutionary ideas into the Repeal Association. As members of the Association they were willing to subscribe to its original principles, but refused to concur in the abstract principle that the "amelioration of political institutions ought not to be sought for by any other means" than peaceful and legal ones. O'Connell knew that they would not so deny history, honor, and manhood as to subscribe to such a creed; and, consequently, moved the "peace resolutions," as he himself avowed on that day, "to draw a marked line between Young Ireland and Old Ireland." The

Lord Mayor occupied the chair. With his usual adroitness, O'Connell, at the opening of his speech, flung himself on the body of the meeting and desired unanimous coöperation in "the great work of struggling for the nationality of Ireland." This stereotyped phrase, from being so well worn, was always interrupted by "great cheers." It was like the eternal opening of Squire Topertoe's speeches—"Here I am again, ye blaggards; your own ould Topertoe"—which always put the mob in good humor.* He followed by calling on them to declare for "peaceable but continuous agitation," to banish "the fiendish nonsense which suggests physical force;" and reiterated his imposing promise of never relaxing his exertions, that is, his continuous agitation, "until he was able to walk into our own parliament in College Green." It is not a little disgusting that such patent clap-traps has to furnish the links of the political history of a decent country.

Meagher regretted exceedingly that the battle for Repeal was not fought upon the hustings of Dungarvan, against all odds, and in the teeth of every risk. He believed that if the Whig government was sincere in its professions, their measures could be passed without any wavering on the part of the minister, or any compromise on that of the Association. Warming in debate, and, amid commingled dismay and confusion, he exclaimed: "it is true, my lord, that some men may desert from the national ranks, take

* Vide Carleton's "Valentine McClutchy."

place, abandon Repeal, and violate the national vow. It is the curse of society that, from principles the most sacred, there have ever been apostates.”*

Much uproar and interruption followed, and in the course of the debate O'Connell defended the acceptance of government places by Repealers.

Mitchel considered constitutional agitation as the basis of the Association, and as a member of it he subscribed to it; but as for the abstract and universal principle in the resolutions—that it was essentially sinful and immoral to right national wrongs by the sword or that those who had used it should be held up for the abhorrence of mankind, he widely, irreconcilably dissented from that. He referred to the volunteers who took up arms, and continued:

“Sir, I hope that in even these piping times no man will tell us that the volunteers of '82 were criminals and miscreants. America sought a political amelioration, and won it by somewhat similar means. It was not to resist military violence *they* flew to arms; they drew their swords against the preamble of an act of parliament—the act which declared the right of Great Britain to tax her colonies—and they cut both act and preamble into shreds, trampled them under foot, and swept them and the supporters of them into the Atlantic ocean. That was a noble deed, sir, and instead of abhorring those Americans, I honor and envy them. Even if we, in this Hall, passed an unanimous vote of abhorrence against George Washington, I apprehend that all mankind, while the world stands, will proclaim him a hero and a patriot. My father, sir, was a United Irishman. The men of '98 thought liberty worth some blood-letting; and, although

* Vide Meagher's Speech. “Nation,” July 18, 1846.

they failed, it were rather hard that one of their sons would now be thought unworthy to unite in a peaceful struggle for the independence of his country, unless he will proclaim that he 'abhors' the memory of his own father."

Mitchel was interrupted by O'Connell, who asked: "What can this man's object be? He purports to be a man of peace, yet preaches war. * * * He talks of '98; why there were several good men engaged in the contest in '98, but alas, their struggle was one of blood." Almost in the next sentence he says: "Washington bravely defended his country from aggression and won its independence, and that principle we not only recognize but are prepared to act upon;" of course this was received with acclamation, which had scarcely subsided until he leaped back to the doctrine "that the greatest political advantages are not worth the sacrifice of one drop of blood."

Well indeed might Mitchel, in that indignant but calmly keen spirit of sarcasm peculiar to him, observe, when he obtained a hearing, that if the respected mover of the resolutions "should wish to embody in them the doctrine that a man who is struck on the one cheek is bound immediately to turn the other also, I for one shall have no objection; I should say, let it pass, and suffer us to proceed with our business."*

The peace resolutions were carried amidst "deafening acclamation."

O'Connell returned to London, believing that "he

* Vide "Nation" report.

had effectually composed all differences," but finding from the journals, that "Young Ireland," after being, as he considered, "virtually expelled," still attended at the Hall, he wrote to the secretary of the Association condemning them, and instructing his son, John O'Connell, to re-open the discussion on the resolutions already adopted, with the view of ascertaining, once for all, who were for them, and, in the second, of expelling those who were not.

In the meantime two very distinguished, trusted, and able Irishmen, whose labors and sacrifices in their country's cause make it imperative to chronicle the fact, alluded, to the question of the day, outside the Hall. On the 22d July a public meeting and Repeal *soirée* was held at Kilrush, County Clare, in honor of Smith O'Brien. Here that gentleman stated his disappointment at the Dungarvan election; he could not understand it.

"I believe," said he, "that for repeal at the present moment, the influence of that election would not have been less than that of great Clare in '28. The election of Dungarvan has told the public men of this country, that if they wished to gain the favor of the Irish people, they must lend themselves to Lord John, or Lord George, or Sir Robert."

At the same place Father John Kenyon, adverting to the recent discussion, thought it a fanatical doctrine, to say that no force but moral force should ever be used. When the millenium arrived it was time enough to revive that chapter of our theology.

"Though I conceive," he said, "the moral force doctrine, as advanced by Mr. O'Connell, to be false and visionary, I admit

that it is a beautiful vision, and wish him all the benefit of its adoption. But I would never resign my right to hold the opposite doctrine, sanctioned, as I believe it to be, by the history of all times and countries—sanctioned by many wise men and noblemen, ay, and sainted men, and more harmonizing with the conditions of human nature, and the apparent ordinations of Providence.”

He would not consent, nor did he believe the thinking portion of the Irish people would consent, to expel any person from the Association for holding such doctrines.

The re-introduction of the “peace resolution” gave rise to a long, bitter, and brilliant debate, which lasted two days—the 27th and 28th July. It is unnecessary to enter into its details, after the somewhat extended, though condensed, view given of the opinions held by the respective parties. It will suffice to say that the ability and honesty displayed by “Young Ireland” on this occasion, gave the party so named a hold on the thinking portion of the island, which soon was productive of a healthy action. The reputation of the party was established. Smith O’Brien attended, and, with his characteristic force and purity, defended Young Ireland. Mitchel’s reply to John O’Connell was a masterpiece. It has been truly observed that “he met every objection, dissected every plausible pretext, demolished every tissue of sophistry, and placed the question before the meeting, in all its contemptible deformity.” There was not a rhetorical flower, nor a stem of sentiment in it. Every sentence was an argument. It was eloquent with common sense. The speech of Meagher, more than any other he ever

delivered, has helped to make him famous. It was talked of everywhere, criticised everywhere, and is well known as the "sword speech," so called from the brilliant concluding apostrophe to that weapon. Körner is famed for his sword song. Meagher's lyrical apostrophe far surpasses it.

John O'Connell brought the debate to a close, by throwing all principle in the matter overboard and making the issue a personal one. If the Young Ireland did not adopt the resolutions, they should, said he, "adopt another leader."

Here Smith O'Brien left the Hall, followed by Mitchel, Meagher, Devin Reilly, Gavan Duffy, Father C. P. Meehan and others. The ladies, whose bosoms ever throb for liberty and the chivalry that defends it, left the galleries, and a large number of people followed, applauding the "seceders."

Thus the secession took place.

The secretary of the Association was deluged with letters from all parts of the country condemning the course pursued by it; and the columns of the "Nation" for months were the recipients of communications, the character and ability of which were sufficient testimony to the position and intelligence of the writers; all of whom clearly, distinctly, and forcibly advanced arguments in favor of the new nationality that had come into Ireland.

Towards the close of September some few men determined to remonstrate with the Repeal Association. They exerted influence chiefly among the trades, but were then unknown in public. They

were T. M. Halpin, M. Crean, E. Hollywood, James McCormick, J. Keely, P. J. Barry. They were neither abetted nor recognized by the Young Ireland party. In Thomas Devin Reilly, however, they found an ally. He wrote a remonstrance for them, to which, after working silently for a few weeks, they had appended fifteen hundred names of citizens of Dublin, who were members of the Association. On the 24th October the remonstrance was presented to the chairman of the Association, but was, by the orders of John O'Connell, flung into the gutter on Burgh Quay.

The paid attaches of the Hall organized attacks on the members of the remonstrance committee. They watched and ferreted them out even in private rooms, and on one occasion the committee had to barricade themselves in a house in Wicklow street, against the "peaceful" overtures of the moral force ruffians of the Hall.

The remonstrants, however, were getting so strong that it was necessary to hold a public meeting on the 3d of November. Another was held on the 2d of December in the Rotunda, at which the leading seceders attended. It surpassed all anticipation. Crowds who could not gain admission (and amongst them several Catholic clergymen) surrounded the building, while inside, over two thousand of the most intelligent classes of the citizens, welcomed and endorsed the men who had dared to differ with O'Connell.

It was a strange sight in that Irish capital, where the "crownless monarch" had ruled with more than

aristocratic despotism, and had shut up men's tongues into their mouths, as one would close the blade of a knife into its handle, just to prevent harm—it was truly a strange sight to see that mass of intelligent men and hopeful-looking, smiling women flinging off the old despotism of ignorant agitation, and welcoming the young apostles of education and freedom of opinion. In the speakers every class was represented. The farmer and the merchant, the church and the journal, law and physic, the trader and the tradesman, were identified with this noble display. Meagher reviewed the “battle of the forces,” and impeached the policy of O'Connell. Dillon repelled the charges, which for four months the Hall had only existed to utter. Doheny indicated hope for the future, and promised that they would meet the people in January to enter upon a new course. O'Gorman pictured the sorrowful spectacle presented by the Hall, which had lived upon the hard-earned wages of the poor, now become the advertising office of men in search of place. Rev. C. P. Meehan, as a priest, defended the “Nation” and its writers against the charges of infidelity heaped upon it and them. He announced that many clergymen were with Young Ireland; and the Rev. Dr. O'Carroll followed in the same tone, and instanced Bishop Blake's condemnation of O'Connell.* Mitchel

* The venerable Bishop of Dromore, indignant at the proceedings of Conciliation Hall since the secession, wrote a strong letter of remonstrance to the Association. This letter naturally caused desperate apprehension and dismay; and Mr. O'Connell wrote to Dr. Blake, vehemently soliciting the withdrawal of it; and enforcing his petition with an assurance that, “if he thought that by going on his knees from Dublin to Violet Hill, he could induce his dear and venerated Lord to comply with his most respectful request,” he would cheerfully undergo the pilgrimage or make

was not present, being ill : he sent a letter, the reading of which, say the newspaper reports of the day, " was frequently interrupted with loud cheering, and on the announcement of his name the enthusiastic applause did not subside for a considerable time." Such popular indications, taken in conjunction with such queries as O'Connell's—" what can that man's object be?" are noteworthy.

O'Connell beheld with dismay the spirit evoked by Young Ireland. In vain he sought to crush it, and, acknowledging reluctantly its power, made overtures of peace. Some negotiations were entered upon, but all failed, and on the 13th of January, 1847, the seceders formed the IRISH CONFEDERATION.

It is known but to few that about this period one of the most eminent and distinguished barristers in Dublin waited on O'Connell to impress on him the necessity of reconciliation and union with " Young Ireland." The " old man " had great esteem for the character and ability as well as confidence in the aid of the gentleman in question. He felt the full force of his remarks and agreed with him. His son John, however, who was present, flew into a passion, and expressed a determination to leave the country for ever, if his father " received " the seceders ; it would be a personal slight to him (John). " You see how I am placed," said O'Connell, and he went away to die.

any personal sacrifice his lordship would suggest." Dr. Blake consented to gratify Mr. O'Connell by modifying the terms of his remonstrance, but refused to be a silent spectator of oppression and injustice. Accordingly he wrote a second letter, but, says the " Telegraph," it likewise had its sharp points ; but the case was desperate, and the usual 'trick' was had recourse to. A portion, but a portion *only* was read to the Association."—*Nation*, Dec. 5, 1846.

Disclaiming any antagonism to the Repeal Association, the confederates desired to create for themselves "a separate sphere of activity." They were opposed to nationalists seeking office under government.

All the genius and enthusiasm of the country rallied round the confederation. The songs of its poets, the speeches of its orators, the essays of its journalists have become the property of the republic of letters and will preserve its name. These, with the sufferings of its ablest tribunes and thinkers will weave its fortunes into the litany in which the Martyrs to Freedom are remembered and prayed for.

Truly it was a hopeful, as it will be a memorable day in the history of the island, that on which its youth and chivalry met to league themselves in brotherhood for "Love of the Green." Mitchel's speech on this occasion was one of stern purpose. He reviewed the responsibility into which they were flinging themselves, justified the cause for which they assumed it, and tersely but vigorously recounted the facts of the question at issue, was Ireland for the Irish, or Ireland for the English? He told the people it was for the latter; for, said he, "the nation that governs not itself has nothing — nothing in Heaven above, or in earth beneath." He showed how the English government treated the Irish landlords and tenants as enemies to each other. "What is given to the one class they say must be taken from the other; if we let this labor go to the landlords we wrong the tenants—if to the tenants we mulct the landlords; so they escape the dilemma by giving it

to neither." He went into the new movement like one whose heart was in it—and how deeply was it in it! The following extract from his speech on this occasion exhibits the line he had marked out for himself:

"I say that system of government is altogether intolerable; and if there be common manhood or common sense remaining amongst Irishmen, we must bring it to a speedy end. Whatever scheme of agitation, whatever power or machinery seems most available for the doing of that work, it is the duty of us all to support. While the Union lasts it is not for Irishmen to shun politics, to enjoy life, and leave public cares to those who may undertake them. If one organization fail, another must be created. If one weapon break in our hands we must grasp another. It is easy for men to say, these Irish are forever in a tumult of political discontent—they are naturally disaffected—see how they are no sooner relieved from one agitation than they hurry into a new one. Ah! we have no choice. Political strife is our lot till we see an end of the foul and fraudulent Union; other alternative there is none but eternal shame. Disaffected! to be sure, we are deeply disaffected. I should like to know which of you is well affected to a foreign government. I believe, my friends, the time is coming when plain speaking will be needed in Ireland; and I, for one, make no scruple to say (speaking only for myself, and not pretending to express the sentiments of others) that until we have an Irish legislature I shall be irreconcilably disaffected towards the government of the country, that I mean to excite disaffection in others, and that I think it a sacred duty to rear up my children in that sentiment."

The Library of Ireland still continued to be issued and to educate the people. Smith O'Brien addressed a series of statesman-like letters to the landed proprietors of Ireland; the "Nation" issued its clarion tones with clearer vigor than ever. The educated young

men, and the intelligent middle classes were fast pouring into the new organization. The fact that large bodies of "moral force men" attacked the confederate meetings, and waylaid the leaders, only created a wider sympathy and seduced people into a closer analysis of their principles.

Early in March of this year O'Connell left Ireland, his health having been declining for some months. On the 21st he set out for Rome, accompanied by his chaplain, Rev. Dr. Miley. On the route through Paris, Orleans, and Lyons, he received the attention of many notable personages and the homage of the people. He was picking up the laurels on his way to the grave. He died in Genoa, on the 15th May.

Let us confront his coffin.

O'Connell was a much greater man than Grattan, consequently his political sins fell heavier on the country. If he had not the intense polish and startling enthusiasm of Grattan, he had a popular intensity which was more powerful. Grattan spoke to Grattans, and reached the people through them. O'Connell spoke to the people, and held the minor leaders by capturing their supporters. None of them could be said to have a hold, whatever might be their personal or intellectual right to such, on the people. As the Irish landlords dispossess their tenantry, so O'Connell evicted the holders of political position about him. As the first he was merciless and unceremonious. Thus to laud O'Connell constituted a leadership in many, to appear constantly in his train made obscure names familiar in the papers, to collect his

repeal rent gave local importance, and to cheer him lustily entitled others to a "still small voice" in public affairs. He was the landlord of patriotism, and all others but tenants at will.

People say what right have you, Young Ireland, to talk against him who obtained leave for you to speak. This is simply nonsense. In the first place I do not speak against him—but of him, historical facts which are common property. In the second, the Emancipation only gave *him* the right to talk. None dare "talk" of the so-called nationality but himself. None had the right to differ. Dr. Mackenzie says: "Few men so well out-argued the sophistry of tyranny," but also does well to remark that he had "the art of using strong words without committing himself;" and that was the secret of his "continuous agitation" which might have been "continued from our last" Monday, but never "concluded" during eternity. Talking for "liberty," he was a model tyrant, and preaching toleration, he never practised it.

When he met Ireland in public life she had a healthy frame—a stalwart body as his own. When he left her she was also like him in being imbecile. His insidious arts, his glowing tongue, his oratorical artifices, his pathetic craft, his audacious devotion, his towering passion, his childlike naiveté, his provoking sarcasm, his floods of humor, his wondrous waggery, his Titan figure; the measure of his tread, the suavity of his arm, the bearing of his chest, the roguish twinkle of his eye, won her to himself. He

paraded his beauty to the world. But she was only his mistress, not his wife. He would not shed a drop of blood for her.

Tom Steele, in a paroxysm of adoration, called O'Connell "the sapient physician for the ills of Ireland." If indeed he was a physician—a "great medicine" (as the Indians say) at all; it certainly was of that new class who attempt a cure by the wilful and premeditated infliction of greater ills. As Paracelsus stole the ideas of Galen and Avicenna, then burnt their works and sneered down their characters, so O'Connell adopted such ideas of the men of '98 as suited his purposes and then publicly reviled them.

In his death he carried out his sectionality. He bequeathed his dust to Ireland, which his teaching had helped to make almost a desert. His heart, as if to identify the partisan inspiration under which it throbbed, he ordered to Rome. His skeleton to Ireland—his fountain of life to the Eternal City.

"Judged in his totality," wrote Father Kenyon, "O'Connell deserved, at the time of his death, no gratitude from Ireland, and was entitled to no respect. * * * His conduct was most prejudicial to the interests, and more prejudicial to the morals and character of his country.

"Other patriots, struggling for right, had staked upon the issue life, and limb, and princely domains, and after years of bodily toil and mental agony, perished, amidst the ruins of their family and fortune, in the trench, or on the scaffold, or in exile, pinched and lonely, with the glow of their young devotion un-

dimmed by a regret. Others, again, victorious in the same immortal strife, now shining as stars of human freedom and glory through the spaces of history, were invested with a smaller lion's share of renown, after the consummation of their task than has been appropriated by O'Connell for his comparatively insignificant achievement. Making all possible allowances for the danger of undervaluing a prophet in his own country, I cannot persuade myself, since the scales have fallen from my eyes, but that O'Connell has been grievously overrated; and that when judged by Time and impartial Truth, he will be as nothing compared to those men of diviner mould who dared to renounce themselves while stamping the world with their fame."*

In a word, O'Connell found the people with pikes in their hands, and he left them with petitions instead, in the holding up of which their strength had become paralyzed; and their brains, like their bodies, stagnant.

"What a royal, yet vulgar soul!" says Mitchel, contemplating that able miniature drawn in the "Jail Journal," "and after one has thought of all this, and more, what then can a man say? What but pray that Irish earth may lie light on O'Connell's breast, and that the good God who knew how to create so wondrous a creature may have mercy upon his soul."

In the course of the year 1847, Mitchel delivered some lectures on the "Land Tenures of Europe," which were published by the Irish Confederation and widely distributed. He also edited some of the writings of Dean Swift and Bishop Berkeley, regarding

* Vide Letter of Father Kenyon, in "United Irishman," Feb. 26, 1848.

Ireland, prepared a "Report on the Levy of Rates in Ireland;" wrote in the "Nation," and otherwise was busily engaged in the national cause.

The Lectures on the Land Tenure, were of vital importance to Ireland. He gave a rapid but comprehensive view of the question, as it pertained to Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Holland and Belgium, Sweden and Norway, Russia, Poland, Prussia, and Ireland. Believing the agriculturist to be the true pillar of the State, he labored to place him on that basis which his mission deserved. The tillers of the soil were other than mere slaves in his mind, and it was one of Mitchel's great desires to imbue into every man with sweated brow or brawny hand, who held the plough or swayed a sickle, the importance of his position, as well as to get that position recognized by others. He held that from the soil the income of every class is derived; that, in his own words to the Swift club, "it is out of the produce of the soil that landlords receive rent, farmers profit, laborers wages; it is out of that rent, profit, and wages, that professional men get fees, shop-keepers get custom, artisans employment; it is out of accumulations arising from all those kinds of income that manufactures and commerce grow." On these premises he argued that if the agricultural system of a country be unsound, then the entire structure is rotten, and will inevitably come down. He enlarged on these views, and from what then appeared (from the vile state of society as regarded the recognition of the working-man in Ire-

land) startling but profoundly just views, the attention of all classes, more particularly the natives of Ulster, was attracted to this very vital subject.

In the meantime, Conciliation Hall continued its weekly sessions, and became the last resource for place-hunters and office-seekers, recommending themselves to government by getting up a fictitious importance on the Repeal side. Some dribblings of "rent" still were collected, and John O'Connell persisted in being an "hereditary bondsman." A witty poet,* at the time, descanting on the Whig principles and prospects of the "Hall," its leader, and adherents, thus happily (to a popular air) hits off all :

"Oh! is't not when Russell's pet† fish are thine own,
 And thy clan, one by one, disappear,
 That the folly and fudge of thy dupes can be known,
 To whom humbug but makes thee more dear?
 The fool that is truly gull'd never can doubt,
 But as truly is gull'd to the close;
 As a bull, if you once get a ring through his snout,
 Ever after is led by the nose!"

Early in this year (1847), a meeting of nobility and landed proprietors took place, and from it emanated a Society named the "Irish Council" the first meeting of which took place on the 1st of June. The "Council" embraced men representing all shades of political faith; and its stated objects were: the combination of Irishmen of all grades and opinions, the

* Richard D'Alton Williams (Shamrock).

† Plaices, perhaps.

guardianship and assertion of the rights and interests "of our common country," and the reflection of its wants and wishes: in a word, it was "to create, foster, and develop a sound Irish opinion." The fullest freedom of discussion was recognized by it, the society not being compromised by any individual expression.

Mitchel beheld it with the fondest anticipation, and labored zealously to raise it to the height his glowing brain desired. The great object of his heart was a combination of the classes, and in the Irish Council he fondly hoped to find a fearless exponent, as it apparently was a faithful admixture of all classes. His energies were unceasing, and his active and laborious intellect reviewed and analyzed every question, illustrated every resource, and suggested every means capable of contributing to, or accomplishing the great end. He entered into and shed a clearer light upon every topic of discussion, and was especially prominent in the advocacy of Tenant-Right. In November, he broadly and ably expounded and introduced a resolution for the establishment of the system, which was defeated by a majority of two.

He labored earnestly, but in vain. His facts were patent, his arguments undenied, because undeniable. His hearers listened, but did not progress. The Council was more the critic of the English parliament than the advocate of an Irish one. It would not go beyond a certain distance; and, like a tethered ram, butted its head against the bare ground, having

nibbled to the very roots the pasture within the range of rope allowed it.

In vain Mitchel pointed to the two years' famine, and the heartless State-craft that had accelerated it, and made the world weep and shudder over the Irish graves of Irish millions. It listened, but still, as a body, the Council was opposed to Tenant-Right, the only measure calculated to endow the peasant with prosperity—or even potatoes. He was too far above the Council to drag it up to him; it became a conclave of talkers, and movers and seconders, constantly "reporting" to the government ills and grievances which the State having conferred, had no desire to cure. Coercion was the eternal prescription of the ministerial doctors. They would never consent to transfer the rights of the landlords to the tenants, "as some proposed;" the disorders of Ireland were deep-rooted, to be sure, but coercion would eradicate the disease.* Aye, it would be better for the government to "outrage the constitution,"† than that "the present state of affairs" should continue in Ireland. In this cry, the sons of two "liberators" of Ireland,‡ and the voices of others—Irish Repeal hacks—joined.

Thus, between London and Dublin, Mitchel could only see outrage on the one hand, and cowardice on the other. He saw that "legal and constitutional"

* See Speech of Sir George Grey, moving for leave to bring in the Coercion (Agrarian outrages) Bill in Commons, Nov. 29th, 1847.

† Words of Lord Barnard.

‡ Henry Grattan, son of "82," and Morgan J. O'Connell.

means were as ineffectual out of, as in Conciliation Hall. He saw that it was useless to waste more time attempting to conciliate the landlords or argue with the aristocracy; that the former were but the Sepoys of the State, and the latter the Coolies of the cabinet. Now was it palpable how "Old Ireland" had sold the country to the Whigs, and the indignant tone of "Young Ireland" justified. Coercion turned out to be one of the "twelve beneficial measures" promised by Lord John Russell. Instead of giving "extended franchise," and "generous landlord and tenant" accommodation, as promised, the Whig government raised the cry of "Agrarian Outrage." Mitchel explained it in the Confederation. His reply is the history of the time, and cannot be improved by condensation.

"There has been nothing" (said he) "to prevent or delay all that beneficial legislation we heard so much of. There has been no lack of patience and quietness—far too much patience and quietness—unmanly, unchristian, inhuman patience and quietness. * * * From one end of the island to the other they (the Whig Ministers) have dug the public highways into trenches and pit-falls. They have looked on at landlord exterminations, far more sweeping than which scandalized them while in opposition—they have helped the extermination themselves by their mode of administering relief in the famine—they have swept the small farmers by tens of thousands off their farras to the public works; and then, upon a signal from London, those said public works have disgorged in one day seventy thousand, in another day a hundred and twenty thousand famishing and homeless men, and cast them forth upon the wide world to beg, or rob, or perish, as they might. And now men are amazed that the land

is stained with crime. But that was not all; for all this time landlords were enforcing what are called in parliament their legal rights—that is to say, making the land, notwithstanding the blight upon its produce, pay them their rents as usual, ay, though the tenant should go home that night to his family with no provision between him and death but a stamped receipt—and the liberal ministers, the enlightened, well-intentioned ministers, looked on at all this for eighteen weary months, pretending they were governing the country; until now, when one-eighth of our people have perished by the most hideous of deaths, and most of the survivors are in a life-and-death struggle for the residue of the food that English greediness has spared them—when the poor rates and the landlords together are engaged in clearing, as Ireland was never cleared before; and there are hundreds of thousands of wretched paupers who have not where to lay their heads; it seems there is crime, and outrage, and bloodshed; some few of the able-bodied paupers have turned out able-bodied robbers—red-handed murderers, as might have been expected; and these amiable Whig statesmen, in this age of what they call enlightenment and human progress; these men, so profound in sanitary conditions of towns, so far before the rest of the world in political economy, and general benevolism, have nothing to propose for the good government of Ireland but the old and well-known remedies of the bayonet, the jail, and the gibbet.”*

To meet the “bayonet, jail and gibbet,” the only resource was revolution, and a preparation therefor the only “agitation” which held out any hope to Mitchel. The Confederation had prospered beyond all expectation, and he thought some sterling use should be made of it. He felt that writing and speech-making might go on till doomsday without any result beyond gaining a literary and oratorical repu-

* Speech in the “Irish Confederation,” December 1st, 1847.

tation for the parties concerned. Violent charges had been made—with steel pens, and much ink spilled; fields of paper captured and sentineled with leading articles. In fact, England had been over-run on paper, in prose and poetry; but with the increasing reputation, the Confederation was not holding up with the necessities of the day. Its members seemed very busy organizing debating and lecturing, and its council became a sort of reputable political treadmill on which every one kept moving without gaining a single foot.

As '48 came in, Mitchel marched out of the "Nation" office.

The "Nation" and the Confederation were each the organ of the other. The Confederation was the "Nation" in the forum. The "Nation," the Confederation in the green-room. The writers of the one were orators in the other; and all the orators of the latter were contributors to the former. They were worthy of each other; and the men (with one or two exceptions) quite capable of both capacities. The "Nation," up to this period, was the greatest journal ever produced in Ireland, and one of the noblest in the world; the Confederation the most brilliant of political associations.

For some months, Mitchel, who for two years had written the "Nation" into its proud attitude, was precluded from speaking through its columns, the proprietor objecting to the "seditious" nature and bold tone of his essays. "This kind of restriction, slight and casual at first, became gradually more con-

stant and annoying," while the times demanded "more and more unmitigated plain speaking." Mitchel desired to warn his countrymen against delivering up their guns to the police, as they would "be putting weapons into the hands of their deadly enemies, and committing virtual suicide"—to show them that the country was actually in a state of war, "a war of 'property' against poverty—a war of 'law' against life; and that their safety lay, not in trusting to any laws or legislation of the enemy's parliament, but solely in their determination to stand upon their own individual rights, defend them to the last, and sell their lives and lands as dear as they could."*

Mr. Duffy, a man of considerable talent, superficial culture and profound weakness—who imagining himself a statesman, ever had on hand a "policy," forgetful that honesty should be the chief characteristic of a patriot,—was incited to differ with Mitchel. If the "Nation" preached such doctrines, it might be put down, and the "Nation" was a good property to Mr. Duffy. Into Mr. Duffy's ear, this fact, and the fiction that he, Duffy, could dictate a "policy" for the country, were hissed by an ambitious subordinate, and the employer, neither proof against faction nor flattery, consented to make an issue with Mitchel.

Mitchel's letter, of 7th January, 1848, to Mr. Duffy, resigning connection with the "Nation," stating the

* Letter of John Mitchel to C. G. Duffy, Jan. 7th, 1848. The letter complete may be found in the notes accompanying "Meagher's Speeches," p. 208.

reasons and giving an outline of the difference which led to it, appeared and excited the strongest interest and anxiety. He there stated that he had made up his mind that the "Nation" and the Confederation should employ themselves in promulgating military instruction, "not with a view to any immediate insurrection, but in order that the stupid 'legal and constitutional' shouting, voting and 'agitating' that have made our country an abomination to the whole earth, should be changed into a deliberate study of the theory and practice of guerilla warfare; and that the true and only method of regenerating Ireland, might, in course of time, recommend itself to a nation so long abused and deluded by 'legal' humbug. When you informed me," he continues, "that the columns of the 'Nation' should no longer be open even to such a modified and subdued exposition of my doctrines as they had heretofore been, I at once removed all difficulty."

This disagreement suggested the necessity of drawing up a programme of guidance for the Confederation. A committee was appointed. It was drawn up. It was the "Nation" answering Mitchel. The latter objected to it on principle, and a long and earnest debate ensued. One party seemed to think the resources of Conciliation Hall not yet exhausted—they talked of the force of opinion; Mitchel believed in "public opinion with a helmet on its head." Devin Reilly strenuously advanced Mitchel's ideas; he read but one lesson in the history of the United Irishmen, or at the grave of St. Michans "that men should spring up to die, if necessary, that on that

tomb there might be an inscription." Concluding his speech, Mitchel warned the Confederation, and pictured the agitator's legacy thus :—

"And now I say, adopt these resolutions and you seal the fate of the Confederation ; you make it merely one of the long series of moral force agitating associations that have plagued Ireland for forty years. Adopt these, and all the world will see that you have thrown the people overboard to conciliate the gentry. If you pass these resolutions you may as well write on your walls, at one side, 'Patience and Perseverance,' at the other, 'the man who commits a crime, gives strength to the enemy.*' And so you may count upon a seven years' course of organizing, agitating, and speechifying ; and at the end of that time you can begin again, and try another seven years. The thing will last your time, and dying in a good old age, you will leave to your children a noble legacy of Confederate Cards."

But men, not principles, were swaying the Society, and Mitchel and Reilly retired from its ranks.

On the 12th February, 1848, Mitchel started the "United Irishman," to promulgate the principles which he considered alone beneficial to Ireland. His forcible style, his boldness, his honesty soon found readers in every corner of the island. The circulation of his journal attained an unexampled width. The vigorous pen of Devin Reilly in politics and literature—the poetry of Mangan and "Mary," who retired from the columns of the "Nation," and has entirely ceased to write since Mitchel's banishment, made it the most powerful exponent of Republican faith, and the sternest adviser of Republican desires.

* The mottoes posted in Conciliation Hall.

A century and a quarter had passed since the letters of "M. B. Drapier" drew "papist, fanatic, Tory and Whig" under his banner, and made Swift "the idol of the people of Ireland to a degree of devotion, that in the most superstitious country scarce any idol ever obtained."*

Exactly one hundred years had rolled over since Charles Lucas poured out his addresses to the "free citizens and free-holders of Dublin," and from the flames to which the public hangman had consigned the writings of Molyneux, snatched a brand to re-state and re-illumine the case of Ireland. Fifty years had gone by since Tone died like the Roman on his own sword, and cheated the English out of exhibiting their greatest enemy on the scaffold. And almost twenty years of gusty rhodomontade, in the name of "civil and religious liberty," had well nigh blown away the landmarks of Irish nationality, when this "United Irishman" came upon the scene, and by a wonderful combination of the faculties of the great dead, brought their purposes into the brains of living men.

"Our independence must be had at all hazards. If the men of property will not support us, they must fall: we can support ourselves by the aid of that numerous and respectable class of the community, *the Men of no property*."—THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

Under this motto Mitchel addressed a series of .

* John, Earl of Orrery.

letters to Lord Clarendon, and the Protestant farmers of Ulster, which created the most intense excitement. A guard of policemen was necessary to keep order around his office, the demand for the paper was so great. The anxiety to know "what Mitchel said" was so wide-spread, that "it was eagerly bought in the streets of Dublin at 1s. 6d. and 2s. a number."* The success of his writings was instantaneous. One of the writers of the "Nation" himself, he no sooner left that paper and spoke as himself, than he created a more distinct feeling, a more tangible sympathy, and, necessarily, a greater national partisanship than had ever been accorded to that famous journal. The songs of the "Nation" might inspire, the essays strengthen, and the literature seduce the minds of readers, but their nationality was comparatively undefined. This was a necessity of the time. The songs and essays were deeply, heartily, beautifully national, because they were intensely Irish—as much so as the hills and valleys, as the mechanics and peasantry; but the end thereof was not broadly and distinctly written until Mitchel told the people that the life of a peasant was equal to the life of a peer, that he was "not wedded to the Queen of England, nor unalterably attached to the House of Brunswick"—that "he loved his own barn better than he loved that house"—that "the time was long gone by since Jehovah

* 87½c. and 50c. American. See Lord Stanley's (the present Earl of Derby's) speech in the House of Lords, Feb. 24, 1848.

anointed kings," and that "in the sovereign people he alone beheld divine right." Doheny once said, "The disaffection of Ireland is immortal." The quick effect of Mitchel's writings proved it. All other publications stood still. The "United Irishman" absorbed all attention. The poor clubbed to buy it; the rich bought it at a premium; some journals made a stir by criticising it, and the Earl of Derby, then Tory leader of the opposition, brought it into the House of Lords, agitated the insipid placidity of that conclave by reading lengthy extracts, and reminding the house that its writers were "not the kind of men who make their patriotism the means of barter for place or pension;" that "they were not to be bought off by the government of the day for a colonial place, or by a snug situation in the customs, or excise"—asked the government if it had taken the matter into consideration. The Marquis of Lansdowne, on the part of her Majesty's ministers, affected to treat the paper with indifference—but for how long will be seen.

The clearness with which Mitchel treated every subject, and the natural arguments with which he supplied the simplest mind gave the greatest shock to the enemy. Every sentence was as strong, as keen, and as polished as steel.

A farmer named Boland, who held and cultivated twenty acres, was, with his family, found dead in their beds, of starvation. Mitchel, reviewing the fact, brought the case and its preventive to the comprehension of every small farmer and tenant in the land.

"Now," said he, "what became of poor Boland's twenty acres of crop? Part of it went to Gibraltar to victual the garrison—part to South Africa to provision the robber army; part went to Spain to pay for the landlord's wine—part to London, to pay the interest of his honor's mortgage to the Jews. The English ate some of it—the Chinese had their share; the Jews and Gentiles divided it amongst them, and there was *none* for Boland.

"The plain remedy for all this—the only way you can save yourselves alive—is *to reverse the order of payment*, to take and keep, out of the crops you raise, your own subsistence, and that of your families and laborers, *first*. * * * If it needs all your crop to keep you alive, you will be justified in refusing and resisting payment of any rent, tribute, rate, or taxes whatsoever. * * * To do this effectually, you must combine, as I said, with your neighbors; you must form 'voluntary defence associations,' such as the Chief Justice recommends, in order to help you to repel all depredators; *and you must be armed*. 'When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace.'"

Towards the conclusion of the same letter, he says:—

"But I am told it is in vain to speak thus to *you*; that the 'peace policy' of O'Connell is dearer to you than life and honor—that many of your clergy, too, exhort you rather to die than violate what the English call 'law'—and that you are resolved to take their bidding. Then *die*—die in your patience and perseverance; but be well assured of this—that the priest who bids you perish patiently amidst your own golden harvests, preaches the gospel of England, insults manhood and common sense, bears false witness against religion, and blasphemeth the Providence of God."*

* Letters to the Small Farmers of Ireland. No. II. March 4, 1848.

The European revolutions, and especially the three days of Paris, which sent the throne into a bonfire, by the light of which the Republic was proclaimed, gave a fresh impetus to the Confederation, and but ratified the republican indications of Mitchel. The fire of European Democracy inflamed the speech of Confederate orators, into a revolutionary rivalry with the "United Irishman." On the 21st March, Mitchel, O'Brien, and Meagher were arrested, on a charge of sedition, and bail accepted for their appearance at the Court of Queen's Bench, on the first day of the approaching term. This proceeding but awakened the popular sympathy still more, and in almost every town in the country, the Nationalists, by meetings and addresses, gave expression to their faith in the arrested parties. The Confederate Clubs of Limerick invited them to a banquet, which was rendered memorable by a desperate assault made on the place of meeting by the adherents of the O'Connellite party, instigated, as has been sufficiently well proved, by a clergyman. The whole movement was directed against Mitchel, for the boldness with which the writers in his paper had analyzed and exposed the fallacies of the "Liberator's" policy. It was not until some shots were fired from the interior of the building that the mob desisted.

Again deputations and addresses poured in upon the parties who had so narrowly escaped the mob; all of which renewed their expressions of faith in them, and cheered them with the fact that neither "the slander nor the bludgeons of castle hirelings,"

would efface the people's estimation of their personal sacrifices or public services.*

But matters were quickly coming to a climax. The government trembled in dismay. Something must be done, and that quickly.

On the 10th of April, Sir George Grey introduced the Treason-Felony Act into the Commons, and on the 25th, it passed the Lords. It was notoriously framed to put down Mitchel, and by making sedition treason, and treason felony, it was hoped that patriotism would shrink from the stigma. The government, while it "gagged" speech, on the one hand, hoped to make patriotism, for such as indulged in it, a "deed without a name," on the other; as though, if they called Algernon Sydney a thief, and Jefferson a felon, it could make them so in the eyes of history and the world.†

Under the provisions of this Act, Mitchel was arrested on Saturday evening, May 13th, and committed to Newgate on two charges of felony.

"Mitchel is arrested!" consternation and hope fought with each other in spreading the news.

The words made young men leap from their seats

* Address of the Irish Students to O'Brien, Meagher and Mitchel.

† The bill enacted, that whoever should levy war against the Queen, compass, imagine, divine, endeavor, &c., to deprive her of her style, title, royal dignity, &c.; or who should by open and advised speaking, printing or publishing, incite others to do so, was guilty of felony, and was liable to transportation beyond the sea for the term of his or her natural life, or for a period of not less than seven years. This enactment also embodied an Act of the 25th, Edward III., by which every principal in the second degree, and every accessory before the fact, came under the liabilities of the principal, and every accessory after the fact was made punishable by imprisonment—with or without hard labor for two years.

and involuntarily lay hands upon their weapons in their secret places. They naturally thought that *now*, at last, there would be use for them.

The students, who felt proud of Mitchel as the great intellectual representative of their class, and who desired to rival their brothers in Paris, Berlin and Vienna, in defence of patriotism and education, brightened into an almost wordless enthusiasm. The rifles were taken down from the bookshelves.

The temporary passion filled to surfeiting many a half-fed mechanic in his garret; and wrangled in maledictions through the prayers of Sunday.

There was a bright vein of arms and ammunition shooting through society. Every one felt the electric shock.

The general spirit of the Confederate Clubs was in favor of a rising—the more republican insisted on a rescue. But the Council of the Confederation wavered, and finally determined to prevent it. In vain Devin Reilly cried “I have one life to lose, and I am prepared to lose it—let others do the same and swear the same!” A few clubs were with him; but those men who exerted the greatest influence, out-argued them as a body. Some of those men as Meagher, O'Brien, Dillon, O'Gorman, acted on the conviction, honestly arrived at, that the harvest would offer the best chances for revolution; others, it is but too truly feared, acted through a jealousy, which neither a common cause could modify, nor a common enemy make just to the great captive.*

* As an instance of this, I will state that on the 10th May, the “Irish Students’

Mitchel was brought to trial on the 26th, found guilty on that evening at seven o'clock, sentenced to fourteen years' banishment the next morning, and before the echo of the "proceedings" subsided in the Court, the prisoner was carried off in chains, put on board a steamer and bound for the convict depôt at Spike Island.

On the trial, Mitchel was defended by Robert Holmes, who once again, like the ghost of '98, stood up to upbraid the mockery of English law in Ireland. The closing scene was worthy of both advocate and client. In it '48 proved worthy of being defended by '98. The presence and speech of Holmes were equally inspiring, the one dignifying the other, and wrapping the necessities of the present, with the classic fervor of antiquity. What memories must have throbbled through him. He had not entered *that* court-room for half a century. The brother of his wife had left that dock in which Mitchel stood, for the scaffold. He avowed the principles of

Club" sent an address to O'Brien, Meagher and Mitchel. The "Nation" did not, nor would not print it; the only ostensible reason appearing to be that Mitchel was mentioned. The matter was discussed in the Club, and as secretary, I was deputed to wait on the "Nation." I did so twice. On the first occasion, "crowded columns" evaded the truth; on the second, considerable vexation at the demand of the students was manifested, with a promise, however, that the address would appear, which it never did in the "Nation." It published Mr. O'Brien's reply, thereby conveying the idea that he alone was addressed. Of the hopefulness with which the Club was viewed, it may be just to remark, that the president, secretary, and one member from the body, were invited to seats in the Council of the Confederation. Mitchel, Duffy, Martin and others, became members to show their appreciation of it, but did not attend. Of the working members, Kevin O'Doherty was afterwards transported; R. D. Williams imprisoned, tried and acquitted; J. de Courcy Young imprisoned; Walter T. Meyler imprisoned, and Dr. Antsell and myself obliged to fly to America.

Mitchel—he assumed their responsibility—that the prisoner was not morally guilty—that Ireland *was* enslaved; and being interrupted by Baron Lefroy, exclaimed that “he could not do justice to his client without doing justice to Ireland.”

An American clergyman present at the trial, has given us his impressions of that speech. “It reminded me,” he writes, “and I speak it reverently, of the defence of Saint Paul before Agrippa; except, in that case, the heathen monarch paid more deference to the rights and argument of the prisoner than was manifested on this occasion. * * * There is a divinity in words, when fitly spoken, which is irresistible. I never felt the power of eloquence as I felt it then.”*

The solemn hush that anticipated the sentence and met it, changed into a murmuring sensation like the indications of a storm at sea. “Silence” was demanded by the sheriff, and in the midst of a breathless, though startling calm, the distinct and firm voice of the prisoner was heard:—

“The law has now done its part” (he said) and the Queen of England, her crown and government in Ireland, are now secure, ‘pursuant to act of parliament.’ I have done my part also. Three months ago I promised Lord Clarendon and his government, who hold this country for the English, that I would provoke him into his courts of justice, as places of this kind are called, and that I would force him, publicly and notoriously, to pack a jury against me to convict me, or else that I would walk,

* “Ireland, as I saw it.” By Wm. S. Balch. N. Y., 1850.

a free man, out of this court, and provoke him to a contest in another field. My Lords, I knew I was setting my life on that cast; but I knew that, in either event, victory should be with me—and it is with me. Neither the jury, nor the judges, nor any other man in this court presumes to imagine that it is a criminal who stands in this dock (murmurs of applause, which the police endeavored to repress). I have shown what the law is made of in Ireland. I have shown that her Majesty's government sustains itself in Ireland by packed juries—by partisan judges—by perjured sheriffs—

After an interruption from Baron Lefroy—who “could not sit there” to suffer the prisoner at that bar to utter very nearly a repetition of the offence for which he had been sentenced—Mitchel proceeded:

“What I have now to add is simply this—I have acted all through this business, from the first, under a strong sense of duty. I do not repent anything I have done, and I believe that the course which I have opened is only commenced. The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant, promised that three hundred should follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three?”

Indicating as he spoke, Reilly, Martin and Meagher.—“Promise for me”—“and me”—“and me, Mitchel,” rose around him in commingled tones of earnest solemnity, passionate defiance, and fearless devotion, from his friends and followers: and embracing the exciting scene in a glance, he cried with proud eagerness:

“For one, for two, for three? Ay, for hundreds!”

A scene of intense excitement followed, in the midst of which the judges fled from the bench, the

prisoner was huddled off, waving his hand to his friends; two of whom, Meagher and Doheny, were arrested for giving vent to the feelings impossible to suppress at such a moment.

After they had been discharged, and when order was restored, Holmes rose to add his defiance to that of the prisoner; as if in utter contempt of the mockery of law in Ireland, making the defiance surrounded by that law's representatives. He said:

“My lords, I think I had a perfect right to use the language I did yesterday. I wish now to state that what I said yesterday, as an advocate, I adopt to-day as my own opinion. I here avow all I have said; and perhaps, under the late act of parliament, her Majesty's Attorney-General, if I have violated the law, may think it his duty to proceed against me in that way. But if I have violated the law in anything I said, I must, with great respect to the court, assert that I had a perfect right to say what I stated; and I now say in deliberation, that the sentiments I expressed with regard to England, and her treatment of this country, are my sentiments, and I here avow them openly. The Attorney-General is present—I retract nothing—these are my well-judged sentiments—these are my opinions, as to the relative position of England and Ireland, and I have, as you seem to insinuate, violated the law by stating those opinions. I now deliberately do so again. Let her Majesty's Attorney-General do his duty to his government, I have done *mine* to my country.”

As of Cicero, it may be said of Holmes, that, as years advanced upon him, he seemed to grow more than ever superior to those fears which more than locks of grey are too commonly incident to age.

The extracts given sufficiently well indicate the principles and purposes of Mitchel. Of the men of

the movement and time, he was the grandest, the most elevated, the mildest, and the most determined. It has been remarked, that if he was not the most distinguished man of the Confederation, he was its soul: he was chief of its committees, and its chief thinker. But while dissecting questions of a purely practical bearing, he had a soul as sensitive to the beauties and solace of nature as Burns himself. I remember Joseph Brenan's writing an article to prove Mitchel a poet, which could be well appreciated by those who knew the subject of it. To this combination of the practical in action, and the poetic in sympathy, coupled of course with the mutual attraction of genius, no doubt is owing the friendship and respect, notwithstanding the great political diversity of opinion existing between, Thomas Carlyle and Mitchel. No doubt the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" was a magic link between them in their walks and talks about the Dublin mountains.

As a politician, Mitchel has no claims to recognition. As a statesman, in the too common reading of that term, his claims are scarcely more recognizable. As a patriot, he will live. If Algernon Sydney and Patrick Henry were statesmen, Mitchel will rank as one.

Between O'Connell and Mitchel, there is even a greater difference than that which I have instanced in my comparison between Grattan and Tone; inasmuch as, that while Mitchel renewed the purposes of Tone, O'Connell was far behind Grattan. Grattan incited an army of over 100,000 men, with weapons

in their hands. He would have used them for his purpose, though not for the separation of Ireland from England. O'Connell, for his purpose, was utterly opposed to force. To him liberty was not worth the powder—nothing when weighed against the “villainous saltpetre.”

After Mitchel's banishment, the action of the Council of the Confederation was generally and undisguisedly condemned. Dissatisfaction followed the disgrace of not attempting a rescue. Deputies from the clubs were summoned, they met, and the council was unanimously reduced to twenty-one.* Everything wore a stern, defiant and exasperating aspect. The scenes at the clubs became of the most exciting and revolutionary nature. There was one universal word—*arm*—that linked their proceedings, and now they looked passionately forward to the harvest, to retrieve the degradation of Mitchel's banishment. Two republican journals rushed into the gap, made by the proscription of the “United Irishman,” to continue its principles and sacrifice noble men to them.

On the 10th June, “The Irish Tribune” was issued by the chief members of the Student's Club, to sustain the enthusiasm, and keep up, or at least to echo, the tone in which Mitchel spoke. The stock was

* The following are the names, alphabetically arranged of the persons chosen: M. J. Barry, John Barry, Robert Cane, M. D., and J. P.; James Cantwell, Michael Crean, B. Dowling, J. B. Dillon, Charles G. Duffy, Michael Doheny, Daniel Griffin, Rev. John Kenyon, Denny Lane, Thomas Francis Meagher, John Martin, Francis Morgan, W. S. O'Brien, M. P.; Richard O'Gorman, John O'Hagan, P. J. Smyth, James Rainor, R. D. Williams.

issued in shares, and owned by Kevin O'Doherty, R. D'Alton Williams, Dr. Antisell, J. De Courcy Young, Walter T. Meyler, myself and two others.* Michael Doheny and Stephen J. Meany, with the proprietors, wrote the paper.

On the 24th June, "the Irish Felon" appeared; it was conducted by John Martin, Thomas Devin Reilly, Fenton Lalor, and Joseph Brennan, whose names are a sufficient guaranty of both the power and republicanism with which it was written. Martin Mac Dermott and De Jean Fraser also contributed to it.

The appearance of those journals created an excitement not less than that of their great predecessor. Early copies readily brought twice and three times the publishing price; and, becoming "scarce" when a day old, their value often run up to half a crown and three shillings a copy. The street in which both were published was one scene of excitement and trouble between the police, the nationalists, the newsvenders, and the crowd led by curiosity to the locality. In the provincial towns the weekly appearance of the papers was looked for with the intensest eagerness, and created a repetition of the enthusiasm, clamor, and excitement of the metropolis. In and about Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and other

* Both of those gentlemen are distinguished; one of them remarkably so in the scientific world. As their names have not been made public in connection with the movements of '48, and as they reside in Dublin, it is not for me to publish them. Among the prosecuted articles in the "Tribune" were two of which they were the authors.

English and Scotch towns where there were large congregations of Irish and Chartists the like scenes were enacted ; nor was London wholly free from the anticipations of revolution.

The principles and popularity of these journals were of too decided a character to enjoy long life. Their exuberance of passion, power and haughty defiance, forced the "Nation" into a bolder tone than usual; and on the 8th July the registered proprietors of all were seized and committed to Newgate. Martin, for whom a warrant had been issued for some time, surrendered at twelve o'clock. Duffy was arrested at seven in the evening, at his house at Ranelagh; O'Doherty was taken at ten at night, and at the same hour Denis Hoban, the nominal printer of the "Tribune," was seized. On the next morning (Sunday), Williams was discovered and arrested at the house of Doctor Antisell. On Saturday evening the offices of the "Nation" and "Felon" were ransacked; and at midnight a descent was made on the "Tribune," by the police, who seized the manuscripts of all the editorial articles and letters published in that journal since it was started.

Autographs became valuable witnesses; types were smashed, for that they were accessories both before and after the act of publication; and in the streets frequent collisions took place between the "delegated authorities" and the venders of the penny publications* that floated gallantly under heavy freights of treason-felony.

* The "National Guard" by Jas McCormick, and the "Young Irishman" by G.

The clubs were nightly crowded, and their orators were more open-mouthed, and wilder, than ever. The Protestants caught the patriotic flame, and had formed a Repeal Association, of which Samuel Ferguson, that noble poet, was the leading member and orator. A new hope struck the hearts of the leading Old Irelanders (John O'Connell excepted), and the Confederation adjourned *sine die*, to form a "League" with them. There *seemed* to be unanimity and a purpose on all sides.

In the mean time the terrible condition of the country, which had forced the nationalists to a bolder policy, also made the government active. Every available and commanding position was occupied and fortified. In the Bank of Ireland, soldiers as well as cashiers were ready "to settle up accounts." The young artists and students of the Royal Hibernian Academy and Royal Dublin Society had to quit their easels to make way for the garrison. The squares of old Trinity College resounded with the tramp of daily reviews; the Custom House at last received some occupation by being turned into a camp. The Linen Hall, the Rotunda, Holmes' Hotel, Aldborough House, Dycer's Stables in Stephen's Green; every institution, literary, artistic and commercial, was confiscated to powder and pipe-clay. The barracks were provisioned as for a siege; cavalry horses were shod with plates of steel, to prevent their being

W. Draper. J. De C. Young and myself had issued the "Patriot" in April, which the police discontinued, by removing the placards and confiscating the stock in the hands of the venders. We then projected the "Tribune," and were joined by the parties named above.

injured and thrown into disorder by broken bottles, iron spikes, or the like; and the infantry were occupied in familiarizing themselves with the art of fusilading footpaths and thoroughfares.* Arms were taken from the people; and the houses of loyal families stocked with the implements of war.

While these dreadful notes of preparation were flinging consternation over the peaceable inhabitants, and harmonizing the nationalists of the metropolis, O'Brien was in Louth, Meagher in Waterford, Doheny in Tipperary, and other leaders in different localities, where the people received them with acclamation. Two days subsequent to the arrests in Dublin, the populace in Waterford and Cashel flung up barricades to prevent the arrest of Meagher and Doheny, who, fearing to precipitate a revolt without having a settled plan, dissuaded the people from their noble intentions. It needed the most impassioned exertions of Meagher to calm the multitude. "For God's sake, sir, give us the word; for heaven's sake give us the word!" arose wildly from those men, whose devotion to the prisoner broke the stubborn patriotism within them. They cut the traces of the horses, so that the carriage could not proceed, hoping that reflection might invoke the barricades. But Meagher was immovable. "You will regret it," they cried—"you will regret it; and it is your own fault." They almost turned upon him then. His progress out of the city was several times intercepted

* Vide Notes to "Meagher's Speeches."

by barricades. They even managed to divide the dragoons that formed his escort ; but to no purpose. After some hours of the greatest danger, surrounded at once by turbulence, anger and devotion, Meagher was allowed to leave the city. At the time, the city was in his hands. He ordered himself out of it.

In Cashel the display of the populace was not less devoted, and scarcely less exciting. When Doheny's arrest was known, the people crowded the way to the jail, and rescued him. He alone, and with difficulty could preserve order, and recapture himself. Imploring the populace to let him go with the authorities as his offence was bailable, he was taken to jail, being too truly his own guard.

I have elsewhere stated my belief that those were perhaps the most hopeful opportunities during the year. There is no doubt but that a decided success would have attended the people, had they been left to themselves. With such a beginning as the capture of an important city like Waterford, and a triumphant rising in a locality so situated as Cashel, I believe the southern men would have been in a stalwart attitude, if not in undeniable possession of Munster in a week.

Those glorious moments were lost through the want of a settled plan among the leaders. It is no wonder that the god of battles and of barricades forsook us. Whatever were the scruples of honor which guided Meagher and Doheny, I cannot but believe that they would have been completely justified in the success an opposite course would have met. And

while it is but fair to acquit those gentlemen, from their point of view, of any lack of earnestness in the cause, or desire for its success, it is but just to defend the people against the charges which have been made against them since, of want of sympathy and devotion. Such circumstances engender apathy, carelessness and distrust.

In a couple of weeks public speech was effectually crushed out in Dublin. The journal offices were tenantless—the club rooms echoless. The leaders had to fly from the towns. O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon, O'Gorman, and Doheny, for whom large rewards were offered,* were in the South. Every noticeable clubbist was either in jail, or on his way to the mountains of Tipperary. Reilly, McManus, Cantwell, Kavanagh, Stevens, O'Donohoe, Leyne and Halpin, made their way to the leaders. Brennan, Lalor and others, were arrested while seeking some sphere of action in which to precipitate a rising. I was almost the last man in the city. For some days, rumors of my arrest were current, and on the 27th July, Walter T. Meyler, a well-known literary-merchant in the city, came to my room, having found out that he and I would certainly be arrested. From a surer source my father had heard the same. We consulted. I determined to join O'Brien in the South, and left Dublin the next morning. Meyler did not, and was arrested that day.

Of the incidents which led to, and attended the movements at Ballingarry, Mullinahone, Killenaule,

* £500 for O'Brien ; £600 for each of the others.

and the Slate Quarries, by O'Brien, Dillon, McManus, Kavanagh, and their comrades; and at Abbeyfeale and its locality, by Richard O'Gorman and Daniel Hartnett, it is outside the scope of the present work to speak in detail.

Neither can I enter into any narrative of the adventures and wanderings of John O'Mahony and myself prior to, nor the incidents of, the second rising in September, when all those who were better known, were either in the hands of the enemy, or escaping from them. After some weeks of preparation, we finally "lit the fires" on the midnight of the 12th September. On the assaults at the barracks of Glenbower, Scogh, and the localities around Slievenamon by the Tipperary men under O'Mahony; or, on the movements at Portlaw, Rathgormuck, and other insignificant places along the northern slope of the Comeragh Mountains, in which I was made somewhat conspicuous, it would be, even if I had space, bootless to dwell. I may, however, be permitted to say, as well in justice to my friend on the one hand, as without any foolish egotism on the other, that our success was not commensurate with our endeavors.

In connection with these movements there is one fact which cannot be omitted, and that is the antagonism of the priests having jurisdiction over the localities into which the "rebels" were thrown. The names of the Rev. Messrs. Conolly and Byrne of Carrick-on-Suir, Corcoran and Cahill of Mullinahone, P. Laffan of Keilavalla, and Morissy of Ballyneale, will afford to the student who may be sufficiently

interested in the affairs of '48 as to look into its details, a sad contrast to those of the Kearns, Roches, and Murphys of fifty years previous.

After many disheartening adventures, much weary wandering, much hope and serious misfortune, the brave and gifted band who were flung into ill designed rebellion some months sooner than the period their calculations had led them to look upon as most opportune, were hunted, scattered, captured and banished.

O'Brien was arrested at Thurles, on the 6th August; Meagher and O'Donohoe near Rathgannon, on the 13th; and McManus in the bay of Cove, on board the ship N. D. Chase, on the 7th September. The others escaped after many vicissitudes, and in many disguises, out of the country.

The trials proceeded.

John Martin, the pure and estimable, who, combining with his persistent republicanism, a chivalrous friendship, rare in these days, settled up his worldly accounts, and staked the proceeds and his person in the columns of a journal, that Mitchel might not lie when he had promised for him in the dock. He was brought to trial on the 16th August, and sentenced to ten years' transportation on the 19th. His remarks at the bar were highly characteristic of the man. "There have (said he) been certain formalities carried on here for three days, but I have not been put upon my country, according to the Constitution said to exist in Ireland." He avowed his purposes, and added—"being a man who loves retirement, I never would have engaged in politics did I not think it

necessary to do all in my power to make an end of the horrible scenes the country presents." Upon the jury's recommending him to mercy, he indignantly, but with his peculiar calmness, exclaimed:—"I cannot condescend to accept mercy where I believe I have been morally right. I want justice, not mercy."

After undergoing two lengthy trials, on which the juries disagreed, Kevin J. O'Doherty was brought a third time to the bar, on the 30th of October. Young, promising, and gifted with those superior talents that give iron strength to a conclusion in the mind of an enthusiast, O'Doherty was in every respect equal to the time. His conviction became a passion with the vice-regal despot, who avowed that he *did* pack the jury, and that "under the circumstances," he did right. Although but twenty-four years old, he was already distinguished in his profession, having taken the prize for certain essays on medical science. O'Doherty flung himself with great enthusiasm into the movement; and proved himself as worthy of its honors and sacrifices as the best. He was transported for ten years.

At the conclusion of the trial, he confessed with pride that he desired to resist the government; and also disclaimed the authorship of one of the articles included in the indictment in the "Tribune," which suggested the flinging of burning hoops on the soldiery, and concluded by believing his jury to be "twelve conscientious enemies," and by deploring the destiny that gave him birth in Ireland, and compelled him to receive a felon's doom for discharging what he conceived to be his duty.

Williams was tried on the same charge and for the same articles as O'Doherty, and acquitted. At the time of his arrest, this

“—fickle, audacious, inconstant, imprudent,
Bloodshedding, verse-writing, medical student,”

was twenty-nine years old, and had been one of the earliest as well as one of the most distinguished of the poets who made the “Nation” famous. He was born in Tipperary—Tipperary of the broads hills and golden valleys; Tipperary where the rivers flow like Irish melodies, dividing their chorus with the more rugged and picturesque hills of Waterford, that seem to grow tame with listening, as the “rude sea” erst did to the “dulcet and harmonious breath” of Oberon’s mermaid. Here the soul of Williams was enlarged and charmed into the flashing wit of its mountain rills, the quiet humor of its whispering streams, the immovable patriotism of its hills, the broad, gushing passion of its potent rivers. Educated in Carlow College, monastic life seemed to have but given his studious temperament a greater fondness for retirement. He was pious as he was patriotic, and I well remember that his two great weapons in '48, were his prayer-book and his rifle. He went as regularly to religious service as to the rifle-gallery, and considered the preaching at the former incomplete without the practice at the latter. The crack of the rifle was the necessary “Amen” to his morning prayer. His genius is peculiarly and

gloriously versatile. His writings under the well-known signature of "Shamrock," are in every mood, and with equal success. In his patriotic odes a deep tone of elevated piety holds in, with beautiful effect, the struggles of an exuberant and well-stored fancy. His love poems are full of tenderness and feeling, and his "Misadventures of a Medical Student,"—in which he cracks jokes out of every joint of the human body; and rattles the "lank phalanges" of the skeleton to as merry a tune as some Andalusian castanet-player in a bolero—are really unmatched and unmatchable for wit and drollery. In his hands chemical science is a comical one; the Pharmacopeia becomes a "marvellous horn" of fun and frolic, and is thus put to its proper use, a hearty laugh being the best of physic. In his company the "Dublin Dissector" cuts up such pranks before high heaven as make the angels weep with laughter; and

"Statistics, the moon, or geology,
Mathematics, hydraulics, the tides, ichthyology,"

are figured, stoned, squared, pumped and fished up for the quaint and jocular revels of his muse. His acquittal was chiefly due to his being the author of a poem entitled the "Sisters of Charity," on the beauty, tenderness and pious feeling of which, his advocate Samuel Ferguson, dwelt with such force as to affect the jury. It is not a little remarkable that when the "Nation" was charged with infidelity, the Rev. C. P. Meehan, denying the imputation, referred to the fact that this same poem

was republished from its columns by the nuns and circulated by them. At present, Williams is a professor in a College in Mobile.

Smith O'Brien was brought to trial on the 28th September. His calm, heroic dignity has well been compared to that which history records of '98. O'Brien was born on the 17th October, 1803, and is the second son of Sir Edward O'Brien, of Cahirmoyle, County Clare. Sir Edward was one of those who in 1800 opposed the Union. He was a good-natured, impassioned man, and of a strong Irish character, which was heightened by the fact of his being the lineal descendant of the famous King Brian Boru. Smith O'Brien's entry into public life was made memorable by his joining the Catholic Association, and making in Parliament, which he entered early, a remarkably vigorous defence of that body, in moving an inquiry into the state of Ireland. He was ever the consistent and fearless advocate of his country, though he was not always an O'Connellite. He joined the Repeal movement at a time when the government was using every exertion to put it down; and while O'Connell was incarcerated, he took the lead in Irish affairs and conducted the business of Conciliation Hall. He looked upon it as the proper sphere of action, when hopes from an English Parliament became more than chimerical. In 1846 declining to enter on the routine of parliamentary duty, and being backed by the O'Connells' pledging to do likewise, he would not serve on a railway committee, and was imprisoned for twenty-

five days in consequence. In this affair, his conduct was made the subject of animadversion and ridicule; but, though betrayed by the O'Connells, he pursued his course of honest integrity, and received the universal acclamation of his countrymen. Conciliation Hall passed a vote of confidence in his "integrity, patriotism and personal courage." His constituents of Limerick held a public meeting in approval; the corporation of Limerick voted confidence in, and an address to him; and from Waterford, Galway, Athlone, Newry, Ennis, Kilkenny, Cashel, Cork, Tuam, Ballingarry, Kilrush, and other places, the united expression of the people poured in to cheer and ratify the purity of his motives. A deputation of the celebrated '82 Club, consisting of Messrs. O'Gorman, Mitchel, Bryan, Doheny, Meagher and McManus, presented him an address in prison; a deputation of the Liverpool Repealers did likewise, and the voice of the liberal press of Ireland had but one word of congratulation.

Educated, eloquent, fearless and disinterested, O'Brien did not receive more honor from the cause, pure as it was, than he conferred upon it. Of a noble family, his sympathies were ever with the people; and the advocate of their rights, he never disgraced them by demagoguism. He neither kissed the blarney-stone, nor touched the purse, which is so prominent an institution, and so prolific a fountain in Irish politics. In the Parliament—he towered above the Irish hacks there, as an Irish round tower, full of historic memories, ascends to heaven amid the mo-

dern hovels by which it is surrounded. As a Senator he was dignified, and as a rebel only too chivalrous. While true to the democracy, he was an aristocrat, and while an aristocrat, impeached the intolerance of his order. His speeches, if not always eloquent, are generally able; and his purity always made an impression where his rhetoric might fail. What Louis Blanc says of Odillon Barrot, may be applied to O'Brien. "His eloquence left a lasting impression, because it was sound, lofty and strong. * * Despite the slightly scornful turn of his lip, and the apparent stiffness of his demeanor, there was in him a simplicity of feeling, an ignorance of guile, a nobleness of heart and character, that gave him a great power to attract, if not to charm and captivate. People forget to bear him envy."*

On his return from Paris, after presenting an address from the Irish Confederation to the French Republic, he made a most powerful and gallant speech in the Commons. The Government charged the deputation with seeking French aid. The speech of O'Brien, while it denied the charge, created the greatest excitement and consternation in the House. "Irish Freedom must be won by Irish courage and Irish firmness," he said. "I have no desire to impose upon my country one description of servitude for another—for I believe that if the liberty of Ireland, and its redemption from its present position were won by foreign bayonets, its permanent position

* History of Ten Years. Vol. I, p. 487.

could be retained only by foreign bayonets." He went on to thank the French for having given an impulse to the cause of freedom, which he trusted would re-act beneficially on his own country.

"Every statesman in the civilized globe," he cried, "looks upon Ireland, as you look upon Poland, and upon your connection as entirely analogous to that of Russia with Poland." He dwelt on the sympathy of the Chartists, a petition signed by five millions of whom was that evening presented to the house. He went through the grievances of Ireland with a boldness only equalled by the condensed and graphic energy of every sentence; suggested what might be the situation of England with "an independent republic on the one side, and an independent republic on the other," and concluded by impeaching the ministers of the crown as traitors to the country, queen and Constitution.

At every word he was impeded, at almost every sentence hooted, mocked, yelled and laughed at. One single voice was heard in approval, and that was Feargus O'Connor's. But he was there to speak his mind, and he did speak it.

In look, stature, bearing and character, he was a man. Facing the Court on the morning of the 9th of October, 1848, he was asked "if he had anything to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon him." He replied, "My lords, it is not my intention to enter into any vindication of my conduct, however much I might have desired to avail myself of this opportunity of so doing. I am perfectly

satisfied with the consciousness that I have performed my duty to my country—that I have done only that which, in my opinion, it was the duty of every Irishman to have done, and I am now prepared to abide the consequences of having performed my duty to my native land. Proceed with your sentence.”

McManus was brought to trial on the 9th, O'Donohue on the 13th, and Meagher on the 16th October. On the 23d they were brought up for sentence. O'Donohue spoke but a few words; McManus' speech was thoroughly characteristic of his soldier heart and manly nature; he paid a fine tribute to the genius and legal ability of his counsel, felt his heart free and his conscience light, and concluded thus:—

“I have spent some of the happiest and most prosperous days of my life in England; and in no part of my career have I been actuated by enmity to Englishmen, however much I may have felt the injustice of English rule in this island. My lords, I have nothing more to say. It is not for having loved England less, but for having loved Ireland more, that I now stand before you.”

Meagher, at the time of his arrest, had just completed his twenty-fifth year, having been born in Waterford city, on the 3d of August, 1823.

At an early age he was sent to Clongowes Wood college, and afterwards to Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, England, where his frank and happy nature endeared him to his associates. Here he was distinguished for the heartiness with which he joined in all the freaks of student life, and the sudden impulses of study that

enabled him to carry off the honors from those who had paled their brows in months of laborious scrutiny. His mind was quick as gay, and retentive as playful. In English composition and rhetoric he was above all competitors, and already became remarkable for that elegant enthusiasm which afterwards, in so short a space of time, placed his name in the list of the recognized orators who have contributed so largely to make the history and literature of his country. Leaving Stonyhurst in 1843, fresh from the converse with the poets, soldiers, and heroes of Greek and Roman antiquity, with a rich brain and a richer heart, he flung himself into the national cause, around which so much fervor circled at the time. He attended the great meetings held at Lismore, Kilkenny, and other places ; became interested in the politics of his native city, occasionally made a few remarks, but was not prominently before the public until after the death of Davis. From that occasion to the present his name is a portion of Irish history, and synonymous with truth, courage, and eloquence.

The true orator has more living influence than the author, because he combines the actor and the author, and his gesticulation—which is as necessary to a finished orator, and produces an equal effect on his audience, as the matter of his discourse—aids his words, and stamps his thoughts upon the mind of his hearers. Dead, he has the same chance of reputation and influence as the author, if his discourses are what they should be, besides having the prestige of the influence they commanded when first he uttered them.

Cicero, Demosthenes, Burke, Patrick Henry, Sheridan, and Curran, are read in the closet as classics. They influence thought as much as any of their merely writing cotemporaries. And Shakspeare is made ever present to us, because he is so constantly acted. His written eloquence is given to us as acted thought nightly, which keeps up his influence on parties who never read, while those who do read receive a double gratification from seeing him acted. The true orator has the greatest certainty of extensive reputation and lasting influence. Meagher's career is an evidence of the one, and no doubt will exert the other.

As Grattan was the orator of the Volunteers, Meagher was the orator of the Confederates. He was more completely than any other man the living symbol and mouthpiece of that brilliant organization.

Like that of Vergniaud, to whom he has been frequently compared, Meagher's "public life lasted only two years." Yet, in that short period, he made the world his audience; and it is no wonder, for as Brenan beautifully says, "His bright musical thoughts circled round his fallen country as spring birds round a ruin."

In those two years he became the acknowledged orator of a country proverbially wealthy in gifted speakers. In those two years he imbued national politics (if I can use such a combination), with a beauty, fervor, and force, to which his generation heretofore was unaccustomed. In those two years he became the most popular of the patriots. He flung demagoguism from the popular rostrum, and set up

honesty and chivalry in its place. He made the tribune an altar of invocation and defiance, from being the confessional of servile petitioners, and the show-box of wordy acrobats. He was immediately felt. His first burst of enthusiasm startled and created admiration; and his constant appearance, sustaining himself more brilliantly the more daring his flight, whirled the people into an excess of enthusiasm which is not yet abated. His speeches, previous to and about the period of the Secession, were criticised by the English journals as the speeches of no man of our day have been. Alluding to this remarkable and unusual fact, Mr. Henry Grattan expressed himself as not astonished, for "they displayed the talent of Junius, the spirit of Burke, and the courage of Flood and Burgh."

His speech in the dock at Clonmel is a peculiarly elegant and interesting effort. Though lacking the characteristics of his great bursts of passion, it has a purity and manly dignity so suitable to the occasion that I give it entire:—

"My lords," he said, "it is my intention to say a few words only. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time should be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary ceremony of a State prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that, hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might, indeed, avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments and that conduct in a light far different from

that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them; and by the country, the sentence which you, my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus, accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made in a just and noble cause I ascribe no vain importance, nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen so, that they who have tried to serve their country, no matter how weak the effort may have been, are sure to receive the thanks and the blessings of its people.

“With my country, then, I leave my memory—my sentiments—my acts—proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced as they must have been by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it, I feel sincerely, would ill befit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my lord, you, who preside on that bench, when the passions and the prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your conscience, and ask of it, was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the Crown.

“My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it may seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing I have ever done—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave, with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it; even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust; here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil opened to

receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, enraptures me. No, I do not despair of my poor old country, her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world—to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal—you (addressing Mr. M'Manus) are no criminal—you (addressing Mr. Donohue) are no criminal—I deserve no punishment—we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctified as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice.

“With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the Court. Having done what I felt to be my duty—having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death—the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I have sought to still—whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought, and spoke, and struggled for her freedom—the life of a young heart, and with that life, all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy and an honorable home. Pronounce then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs, I am prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness, as well as of justice, will preside, and where, my lords, many—many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.”

The prisoners were then sentenced to be "hanged, drawn and quartered," which was afterwards commuted to transportation for life.*

In addition to these men, some mention of other leading spirits becomes necessary, and I regret that space will not allow me to dwell as minutely on their genius, good faith and sacrifices as my inclinations desire.

One of the most remarkable men of the movement, taking either his personal appearance or mental acquirements into view, was James Fenton Lalor. Of a deformed person, ungainly action, comparatively blind and deaf, soured in temper, splenetic, bitter and self-opinionated, he was one of the most powerful political writers that ever took pen in hand. His arguments were as logical as his conclusions were fierce; his denunciations as bitter as they were eloquent, and his style as pure as his indignation was savage. The more ferocious his intentions, the better was his English; and never being in an amiable mood, his manner, consequently, was never faulty. He was as fearless to act as to plan. He knew no such thing as temporization; a half-measure would drive him wholly mad. Truth was the only expedient he believed in. He did not publicly enter

* Of the prisoners sent to Van Dieman's Land, M'Manus, O'Donohue, Meagher, and Mitchel effected their escape to America. M'Manus landed in 1851; he resides in California. O'Donohue landed in 1852, and died early in 1854. Meagher arrived in 1852; he resides in New York; and Mitchel arrived at the close of 1853. The latter started the "Citizen," in New York, on January 1st 1854, conducted it for one year, and then retired to a farm in Tennessee, where he now resides. In the conduct of the "Citizen," the writer was associated with Mitchel as literary editor.

political life until after Mitchel's banishment; but his letters to the latter show that he was ever a revolutionist, and like Kenyon disbelieved in the O'Connellite policy. A true patriot, a passionate hater of tyranny under any form or sky, he died a relentless republican, his health having been shattered by the treatment he received in prison.

John B. Dillon was born in the County Galway in the year 1814. Originally intended for the priesthood, he received a considerable portion of his education at Maynooth College; but changing his mind, he finished it at Trinity College, Dublin, and in due time became a lawyer. At the University, Dillon and Davis met, and from their meeting, no doubt, much of the healthy tone subsequently introduced into Irish politics emanated. They sounded the depths of each other's soul; and together ambitioned, projected and planned a national future. In figure, gesture, and everything personal, these students were unlike; but their national faith, hope and charity linked them together. Of the two, Dillon was the tallest and the handsomest, with luminously thoughtful eyes, an expression of serious sadness about the mouth in repose, of appreciative sweetness when moved with humor—and a sombre, Spanish visage, veiling a heart of Milesian heat and enthusiasm. Davis's manner betrayed the enthusiast—his bent shoulder, his more readably expressive face, his quickness of action, plainly exhibited the man of purpose, the student of many projects.

While in College, Dillon wrote some articles for

the "Morning Register," reviewing the rule that prevented Catholics from attaining the degree of Scholar in the University; they attracted notice, which induced Mr. Michael Staunton to offer the writer the editorship of his paper. On the starting of the Repeal Movement, Dillon's enthusiasm in its advocacy was too strong for the "Register." He requested the proprietor to make it a Repeal organ, and failing in the request, left the office. Soon, however, the entire population of Dublin were repealers; and as the "Register," had to live, it turned with the tide, and Dillon again entered the office. Knowing the talent of Davis, and the vast power latent in him, Dillon persuaded Mr. Staunton to associate his friend with him, which he did, and thus the students were fairly afloat with a glorious purpose and two stern pens.

About this time it was that the notice of the Irish Government was attracted to the "Register," and an attempt made to purchase the source of its spirit. The under-secretary for Ireland, Norman MacDonald, sent for the writer of certain articles. John Dillon went to the Castle. He was met in the most polite and elegant manner by the very "vain and empty" Secretary. Many arguments were used to prove how beneficial it would be for him to become a Whig, but were as firmly rejected as temptingly displayed. This was the turning point in Dillon's life. He might have joined the Government then, and easily worked his handsome head into a big wig, and his tall body to the bench since.

A notion soon entered the heads of Dillon and Davis that they would purchase the "Weekly Register," and change it into a high-toned, literary, political and educational journal. They had made up their minds to it, when one day in the hall of the Four Courts, they met Mr. C. G. Duffy, with whom Dillon had some acquaintance. They learned from him that he came from Belfast to start just such a journal as occupied their thoughts. They heard him with some surprise, but offered him, as he was a professional journalist, their services and support. The plans of all were united; and of this union the "Nation" was the noble child.

In the very first number of the "Nation," Dillon came boldly out in an article of remarkable force on that curse of Ireland, the landed aristocracy. He gave the key-note of democracy, which has been swelled since into such choral volume. Take such sentences as the following, for instance :

"The existence of a landed aristocracy is incompatible with public economy. Primogeniture is the basis on which it rests. The eldest son gets the estate, the rest must live. * * *

"A landed aristocracy makes idlers, and gives them the bread of industry—still worse, it makes idleness reputable, and industry contemptible." * * *

"The idlers' fund—the taxes and rents of these countries—are close upon one hundred and fifty millions a year. It is the business of every man who helps to produce the fund, to inquire whether it is well laid out. It is time to ascertain in what relation we of the plebeian order stand towards those people—whether we pay them a tribute as their slaves, or a salary for their services." * * *

Good maxims, these ! There is a philosophic firmness about Dillon's speaking and writing which make both attractive.

After the discomfiture in the South, Dillon made his way to his native Galway, eluded the authorities in the Achil isles, and with a brave comrade, Patrick J. Smyth, escaped to America disguised as a priest, from the actuality of which he formerly retired, and formed those associations which led to his exile. As a lawyer in New York, he is highly esteemed, and has associated with him, professionally, the partner of his principles and exile, Richard O'Gorman, who, after sharing the perils and misfortunes of the party in the South, made his escape in a vessel that turned him up, or set him down, in Constantinople. Knowing the power of England over the Ottoman Empire, O'Gorman secured passports by communicating with General Cavaignac, and ultimately arrived in America in 1849.

The name of Michael Doheny is intimately connected with every movement suggested by the ills of his country, or projected for its amelioration, for twenty years. His life is an evidence at once of the untamable nature of indigenous ability, and of the cares which unconquerable devotion to an idea engenders and overcomes. His first twenty years were as remarkable in their unlettered throbbings, as the remainder were active in the rostrum, at the hustings, in the journal office. In those latter years, he was but putting into energetic and eloquent service, the visions and impulses that visited him at the

plough. Actually, he was an inspired plough-boy. Doheny was born on the 22d May, 1805, at Brookhill, near Fethard, County Tipperary. His childhood was precocious, and from the age of five to eight years, he was noted for remarkable mathematical knowledge, which submerged almost every other branch of the education he at this period received from a "poor scholar" domiciled in his father's house. From a position of comparative independence, Doheny's father fell under misfortunes, and the child was put to guide the plough. The passion for knowledge was upon him, and having a brother at the time being educated for the priesthood, some translations of the classics fell into his hands. Mounted on the horse, he pored into the magic realm of Greek and Roman story, became a creature of another world, until the animal, left to itself, jerked the plough from its intended furrow, raised the audible indignation of the holder, and brought our child-dreamer from the classic heaven to his Tipperary earth. "Blair's Compendium" fell in his way, and scarcely ever left the person of the boy. It learnt the horse to be idle, it initiated rust on the spade; and dispossessed for the time the old hills and the historic links that surrounded him. Nothing could seduce him from the "Compendium," but one thing—and that was, a fox-hunt. The sound of the horn, the yelp of the hounds, were to him, as the "warlocks and witches" to Tam O'Shanter, they bewitched him; and mounting *his* "grey mare, Meg," away the boy went, helter skelter, over ditch and dyke and fence and gap, as though

all the "rigwoodie hags," were chasing him to the Brig a' Doon. Thus the boy grew up to be twenty-one years old, when in company with Pat. Daverne,* he went into Limerick in search of education. Meeting a noted scholar named Maher, of Emly, on the road, the three adjourned to a "neighboring ale-house" (as the novelists say) and the two young men stipulated with the schoolmaster, that for thirty British shillings, the latter should, in the course of the ensuing eight or ten months, transfer all he knew in the way of classics to them. Thus at twenty-one years old, Doheny went to school—to read, write, and get the Latin; and the fifteen shillings then paid, was all that his education ever cost him. He boasts of this. He is proud of it, and looking at the position he attained, the speeches he made, and the various writings both in prose and verse from his accomplished pen, there are none who can deny the assiduity and energy that must have produced such results. In due time, having wonderful facility and popular power as an orator, he became a lawyer, writing for the London press to defray the expense of putting in his terms in that city; settled in Cashel, became a prominent local politician, and afterwards well-known on the national platform. In '48 he escaped (in the garb of a pig-drover) from the South of Ireland to Bristol, reached London, went to Paris, and finally to America, where he resides, and follows

* Afterwards a most distinguished priest, and noted as the author of a series of powerful letters to Lord Hawarden.

the profession of law. In his course, Doheny has been as true and firm as the famous rock opposite to his house at Cashel. He was, and is, as Mitchel calls him in his "Jail Journal," "a devoted rebel." His great facility for public speaking often puts him forward to bear the brunt of public criticism; but he is fearless, and quite as ready to attack as to defend. He rarely thinks of consequences if he has made up his mind that he is right. His honesty renders him impolitic, and the brusqueness of his manner at times, demands the consideration of even his most ardent friends. He is withal an Irishman of true capacity and action. As an orator, he has stood beside O'Connell with advantage; and in the "Young Ireland" movement, was scarcely less effective than Meagher.

Joseph Brenan, whom Mangan said had "all of Shelley's soul," has seen at present about twenty-eight summers, and was born in the North of Ireland. Corkmen generally claim him among the list of their notabilities, which, while but just to his intellect, is not true in fact. At an early age he was removed to Cork, and grew up there, which has led to the error. He was originally intended for the Church, but disappointed "fond anticipations," like many of his friends, and took to writing very clever articles, when not more than eighteen or nineteen, in one of the Cork papers. He met Mitchel in Cork early in '48, beheld his ideal Irish revolutionist, and soon afterwards sold his rifle to pay his expenses to Dublin, where, about the last days of the "United

Irishman" he arrived, to see the man banished, to join whom he had left his home. Brennan became immediately known to his Dublin associates and the government, as a brilliant, forcible young fellow, equal and ready to face any emergency. Some of his writings in the "Felon" were prosecuted. He was imprisoned in Dublin and Belfast for about nine months, and wrote there some beautiful poems. After his release he edited the "Irishman" with great force, versatility and elegance, and in October of 1849, had to fly to America, being implicated in an attack on the police barracks of Cappoquin, and the leader of an insurrectionary movement in that locality. At present he is chief writer on the New Orleans "Delta." Brennan has written more really fine, sterling things than any man of his years; and many men whose names make a "sensation"—people of many years' "literary standing" which does not always imply understanding—will never write anything half so good. His temperament is highly poetic, which, coupled with a delicate appreciation of nature, and a bold, copious phraseology, makes him at once a writer of great flexible vigor, and an orator of much picturesque expression. He sees things originally, and gives a quaint, happy, or philosophic guise to everything he touches, according to the mood of his muse. For some years he has labored under the calamity of comparative blindness, induced by unsuccessful treatment while in the horrors of the yellow fever in 1853. Under this and the decimation of his household, his poetic nature deepened

into gloomy sensitiveness, from which his spirits have happily arisen like the bright crocus from the desolation of winter.

Dr. Thomas Antisell, at the time he joined with the students on their appearance in the political arena, was already distinguished as a geologist and chemist, to the archives of which sciences he has contributed some valuable treatises. He was a pupil of Sir Robert Kane, and regarded as second only to that celebrated chemist and successful scientific experimentalist. In America he has found a prolific field of investigation, and has fully sustained and enlarged the reputation for which he received credit. He has lately been engaged on a scientific mission by the United States government in California.

On the banks of the Suir, at a place called Mulrough, in the county Tipperary, there lived in the beginning of '48, a gentleman farmer, of ample means and thorough education, of unassuming manners and devoted patriotism, in whose warm southern nature a deep knowledge of the ancient Celtic tongue and misfortunes brooded, and tinct with a silent but lofty veneration and enthusiasm, the hopes and aspirations which at the period manifested themselves in the Young Ireland party—who in a word, was a “rebel;” a pure-souled, high-hearted, courageous, and in his district—which encompassed the counties of Tipperary, Waterford, and Kilkenny—most powerful rebel. His name was John O'Mahony.

When the leaders took “to the hills,” he succored, aided, and cheered them, and when they were ar-

rested, wandering outlawed through the island, or seeking the shores of America and France, O'Mahony still brooded over the wrongs and sorrows of the fatherland. He could not leave his native hills. He looked down the golden valley of the Suir, and said, as Cromwell said when gloating over the same scene, "This is a country worth fighting for." The inspiration of Davis throbbled through him, and he felt the ambition of the poet's soul :

"Be mine the lot to bear that flag
And head the men of Tipperary."

Looking for O'Brien and Meagher, I met O'Mahony, and having the same faith, being inspired by the same hopes, fresh prospects, and visions of success, or, at least, "one bold effort," beckoned us on. Hunted almost by night and day, but resting secure in the devotion of the peasantry, we visited the "disaffected" districts, and organized the rising before alluded to. O'Mahony, by a series of really startling adventures, eluded the vigilance of the police. He was in Clonmel during the trial of O'Brien, organizing a force to attack the court-house, when he was discovered, and saved himself by leaping from a back window. He ultimately escaped from Dungarvan, in the county Waterford, in a fishing-smack, and was landed in Wales, where he remained for six weeks, until an opportunity offered for his conveyance to France. He resided in Paris for five years, and came to America towards the close of 1853. Of indomitable

will, great physical power, and scholastic and scientific strength—of a pure and elevated nature, stored not only with a variety but a profundity of knowledge, —with a rectitude unbending, and a faith unfathomable, O'Mahony is one of the greatest enthusiasts that ever drank music from a moth-eaten manuscript in the Celtic tongue, and as resolute a guerilla as ever inspired or mastered a multitude of like resolute souls. The same faculties which make him a student also make him a revolutionist. His great, quiet power is to overcome; and at books or barricades, is equally capable.

Of John Kavanagh, who was seriously wounded at Ballingarry, James Stevens, Dr. Hetherington Drumm, formerly sub-editor of the "Nation," James Cantwell, the late M. Crean, and other refugees, it is impossible for me to say more than that they all deserved well of their countrymen in serving their country.

The following is a list, alphabetically arranged, of those who were arrested in '48. I do not give it as perfect, for the means of making it so are not within reach :

Michael Joseph Barry.

* Patrick Baker.

James Bergen.

Joseph Brenan.

* John Brennan.

John Brennan, Dublin.

Francis Bridgeman.

● John Burke.

Edward Butler.

Robert Cane, M. D., and J. P. Patrick Ferrall.

T. W. Condon.

* Brian Connell.

* Michael Daeres.

Peter Davy.

Michael Doheny.

* James Donovan.

* Fenton Doran.

— Dowling,

Chartist Repealer.

Charles Gavan Duffy.

Andrew English.

Thomas Fahey.

* Michael Flanagan.

Lawrence Geoghegan.

Patrick Gogarty.

John Gray.

Thomas Matthew Halpin.

* Patrick Hannegan

James Hayes.

* Joseph Hewson.

Denis Hoban.

Edward Hollywood.

John Hughes.

* William Hunt.

* Michael Jay.

Patrick Kelly.

* James Kenna.

Phillip Kennedy.

John Killilea.	Thomas Francis Meagher.	Thomas Devin Reilly.
James Fenton Lalor.	Stephen Joseph Meany.	Col. Rochford.
James Francis Lalor.	Walter Thomas Meyler.	Miss Ryan.
Denny Lane.	John Mitchel.	Francis B. Ryan.
John Lawless.	— Morrissey.	* Pierce Saunders.
John Lee.	Dennis Mullin.	Timothy Sexton.
Maurice Richard Leyne.	William Smith O'Brien, M. P.*	— Sheehan.
Denny P. Lyons.	John O'Brien, Cork.	* Edward Slaney.
Patrick Marron.	John O'Brien, Dublin.	Thomas F. Strange.
John Martin.	Kevin Izod O'Doherty.	* Jeremiah Sullivan.
Eugene Martin.	Patrick O'Donohue.	* John Sullivan.
William Mathews.	John O'Donnell.	Charles Taafe.
* Daniel McCarthy.	Patrick O'Higgins.	Edward Trouton.
William McCarron, M. D.	Thomas O'Rourke.	Edward C. Varian.
Thomas D. McGee.	Anthony O'Ryan, M. D.	John Varian.
Thomas McGrade.	Frank O'Ryan.	* John Walsh.
Michael McKenna.	Bernard O'Sullivan.	Edward C. West, M. D.
Terence Bellew McManus.	Miss Eliza Power.	Richard D'Alton Williams.
Charles McNamara.	* Michael Power.	Jóhn De Courcey Young.
William McNaughton.	John Rea.	

* Those marked thus (*) were arrested for taking part with the present writer in the attack on Portlaw. The principal of the above was Mr. James Kenna, a master smith, "a man of good circumstances," who kept "two forges." The assizes report of July 12, goes on to say, "It may be remarked that, with the exception of Kenna, who pleaded guilty, who was a respectable-looking tradesman, of about sixty years of age, all the prisoners were young men, apparently above the rank of common laborers, clad in good broad-cloth, and all ranging between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five."

Of those not mentioned there were some fifteen arrested in Cashel, sixteen in the "Wilderness," near Clonmel, a number at Ballingarry, three at Carrick on Suir; whose names I exceedingly regret I have not been able to ascertain.

THOMAS DEVIN REILLY.

THOMAS DEVIN REILLY.

It is with great diffidence I approach this portion of my "labor of love:" diffidence of my capacity to put on paper an idea of Thomas Devin Reilly equal to my knowledge of him, or worthy of the friendship which existed between us. This very friendship mars to a great extent the satisfaction which one who knew him less might feel in writing of him; for so much rises before me—so many pleasant details of his life and genius crowd upon me as to render the curtailment a sad and perplexing duty. I shall, therefore, confine myself to an outline of his career, with such illustrative matter as the imperfect scope of these pages will permit.

Thomas Devin Reilly was born, as his mother's Bible informs me, in the town of Monaghan, County Monaghan, Ulster, at "half-past five A.M., Tuesday, 30th March, 1824." His father, an attorney of large practice, was solicitor for Lunatics and Minors in the Court of Chancery at the time of his son's opposition to the government, and at present is Taxing Master of the same Court. Devin received the rudiments of his education at Monaghan. On his father's removal to Dublin, about the year 1836, he was put under the tuition of the priests on Usher Quay, and afterwards

received his college entrance course at Huddart's noted seminary. In college he was distinguished for classical and mathematical attainments; took some honors, but did not graduate, having flung himself from the cloisters and classics of old Trinity, into the national cause, at a time when Irish politics were at that white heat which, under the bold strokes and Thor-hammer energy of "Young Ireland" soon took tangible shape in the Confederation.

Reilly was an indignant scion of an untamable race. He had all the restlessness, activity of brain, impatience under opposition, and love of war so characteristic of the Clan Colla tribe of the Heremonians that ruled in ancient Oirgiall, from which he was descended.

At the time he entered politics, Reilly was a sturdy, rugged, impetuous youth, with a loving heart, a passionate self-reliance, and an audacity fed by convictions as stubborn as they were stern. He was in a state of revolution, and impressed every sheet of paper that came beneath his pen with himself. The mass of knowledge he had accumulated in his youth, the philosophies, the histories, the political economies, and governmental sophistries that were in him, were in revolt; and his brain, under the necessities of the period, and the natural bias of his organization, dashed amid the multitude and selected the component parts of a consistent government for the man. The heroism of antiquity, the fierce democracy of the French Revolution, the chivalry of the Irish Brigade, the gallant faith of '98, with the cheering vehemence

of Davis and the "Nation," combined to illuminate and command from him a homage and devotion as fierce and strong as such a union of influences will readily suggest.

The first mention of Reilly's name I find among those who attended the funeral of Davis; about a month after which, he made his appearance in the literary columns of the "Nation."* The article is noticeable only for a clear exposition of the nature of the work under review; and exhibits none of the remarkable power, freshness of style, and pictorial pen-labor which at once made his reputation on the appearance of his brilliant papers on Louis Blanc's "History of Ten Years," shortly afterwards. He seemed to have thoroughly caught the spirit of the great Frenchman. Revolution was the natural bias of Reilly's mind, and he revelled in the drama of 1830, which, to use his own words, made "Edmund Burke 'look daggers' from his coffin—tumbled poor Niebuhr into his grave," and made Europe stand aghast. While condemning the St. Simonism of Blanc, he could readily appreciate the love of the poor and miserable that was the secret of it; and while differing with his doctrines of centralization, could not but "sympathize in the admiration of a great mind" which produced it. The thunders of

* His first article was on Dr. Madden's "Connection between the Kingdom of Ireland and the Crown of England," Oct. 25, 1845. I have seen it several times stated, and by the "Nation" among others, since his death, that the noted review of Blanc's "Ten Years" was the first. The two parts of the latter appeared respectively on Dec. 27, 1845, and Jan. 17, 1846. My authority is his own handwriting, marking the articles he contributed to that journal.

July still rolling through the pages of Blanc, shook his young reviewer into as vivid an activity as if he had been one of the polytechnique students, who led the workmen against the barracks in the Rue Tournon, or tramped through the galleries of the Tuilleries, and waked their gallant comrade in the throne of the Bourbons, surrounded with the broken statues of kings.

Ah! the dead student on the throne was greater than the living king. He commanded the people.

Transferred to the Louvre, the student of Trinity could have knelt down and worshipped in wild Ulster accents, the officers who tore off their epaulettes and broke their swords sooner than point them at the throats of the people. He revelled in the blouses of the faubourgs, and chronicled with a characteristic vigor the "nobility of soul and principles of honor," that animated starvation and rags in a manner "unknown to the aristocratic herds and monarchic broods of earth."

These papers gave Reilly an immediate position among the able men who were creating a new literature for Ireland. He was fond in after years, of dwelling on these volumes of Blanc, and of referring to his early appreciation of them. It appeared as though the study of them confirmed his opinions and helped to form his style; to the aid of which, however, he brought a more poetic organization, which in turn, while it heightened its effect in general, to suit his particular audience, was more diffuse than that employed by the French historian.

In February of 1846, Mr. Steele called the attention of Conciliation Hall to some resolutions moved by Hon. Felix McConnell, of Alabama, "in the American House of Assembly," which held out inducements for the annexation of Ireland to the Republic. Mr. Steele, who "in the absence of O'Connell," felt it his duty to speak for him, would rather see the island "overwhelmed and submerged for ever by a swelling and upheaving of the wild Atlantic Ocean," than "annexed to a slave-holding republic." He "disdained the attainment of a selfish Irish nationality" at the sacrifice of "the sublime principle of universal liberty." This brought Reilly out in the "Nation" of the following Saturday. He denied that nationality was selfish, and condemned the mock philanthropy that negatives home interests while going abroad for principles to fight about. "Such philanthropy as Mr. Steele professes," wrote Reilly, "is a species of nationalist polygamy. Your true Cosmopolite is a moral Grand Vizier, a Platonic Turk, a lover on too large a scale to love at all. He loves every country and none truly. Nationality is a pearl—the richest, too, in charity's casket. Philanthropy enlarged is the pearl dissolved."*

The increasing reputation of Reilly was soon visi-

* On the Monday following (Feb. 9th) Mr. Steele, in the "Hall," made an opportunity to reply, by stating he had received an anonymous letter desiring him to apologize to Mr. McConnell. He stigmatised the writer—evidently meaning the "Nation"—as "an anonymous miscreant Molly Maguire notice-writer," and sooner than retract his "truly O'Connellite speech, would have his head chopped off."

ble in the announcement in April, of two works from his pen, for the "Library of Ireland." They never were written, but the fact of his name being used to strengthen the prospectus may be taken as evidence of the position he acquired so rapidly, and the reliance placed on his ability.* At intervals, I find his bold words flashing out in and lighting up the editorial columns. He attacks the Poor Laws. On the Oregon question he was for America, not wishing "to see a Canada on the north-west of the American continent; and for other reasons." He welcomes the Portuguese insurrection of May, and invokes his brethren to watch well the lessons of Freedom. The Portuguese of northern Minho were forced, by excessive taxation, to take up arms. The minister, Costa Cabral, introduced a bill into the Cortes, avowedly founded on Peel's Irish Coercion Act, and enforced its adoption, by referring to it as a measure which enlightened England was preparing for peaceable Ireland. "Then," said Reilly, "did we blush to think that our degradation was the strongest weapon of foreign tyrants." But the flame spread through the provinces of Traz-os-Montes and Beira. The women commenced the assault on the troops; the men rushed to the defence of their women. The "Agrarian outrage" turned into a revolution; Cabral barely saved his life by flight, and the queen, "profoundly afflicted," revoked the odious laws, and guaranteed liberty of the press.

* The works, as announced, were "Biographies of the United Irishmen," and "The Penal Days."

I can see Reilly's soft blue eyes dancing at the news, and his mobile lips uttering mingled maledictions and hurrahs. The circumstances were peculiarly applicable to Ireland; and by chronicling the facts, he felt he would be telling the Irish to imitate the brown sons of Portugal, who rose up against "Peel's policy."

Now, Reilly is defending Smith O'Brien in his parliamentary cellar on "legal" grounds, and looking at his position as one not involving "personal but national liberty;" and now, he is disentangling the misstatements and filling up the omissions in Moore's "History of Ireland," which he looks upon as "the growth of an age which delights in teaching a little of everything, and nothing well." However he might glory in Moore as a poet, he had not the slightest respect for him as a historian. "The rebel," says Moore, "has seldom a chronicler," to which Reilly adds, "May he never have the like of *him* again."

Yester eve he saw the sun setting in radiant splendor by the waters of the "thundering Oregon;" this morning he saw it rise again on the quickening vineyards of the Douro; at noon he is in the pauper districts at home, where the Poor Law comes between the Irish race and the face of Heaven; he takes refuge in the cellar of O'Brien, and in the quiet eve sits by the mangled carcass given by Moore as the body of Irish history, and re-writes the legend inflicted on its coffin. Everywhere he carries with him an observant eye and an impressionable soul, a haughty step, and

a tongue forked with bitterness, the lavish dispenser of historic memories, parallels, and hopes.

On the 22nd June, after the stormy debate on the "Juvenile orators," Mitchel proposed Reilly as a member of the Repeal Association.

On the 6th July, Lord Milltown, in a letter to his "dear O'Connell," proposed to the latter the postponement of the Repeal agitation, "for a season, to give time to form an Irish party to assist the ministry—if willing, to urge them on—if lagging, in procuring justice for Ireland." Reilly immediately, in the editorial columns, exposed the effrontery of the "Miltonian theory," which would "experimentalize on poor Ireland in the old fashion—fuse her marrow in a whig crucible—and obtain the invaluable residuum of half-a-dozen placed barristers, or colonial Dogberries, lately professed in Irish popular principles, and a few hundred Catholic policemen, ready drilled to shoot their own fathers." Postpone the nationality of Ireland until she tried to acquire a contented provincialism? "If Mr. O'Connell acted on the suggestion, he would be the basest and blackest traitor that ever poisoned God's air, even in Ireland." A fortnight afterwards he gibbeted the Hon. Cecil Lawless (son of Lord Cloncurry), who took up the "Miltonian theory," and defended the Dungarvan election. "Let no stripling whig dare to talk of 'poor Ireland' begging at England's door, for 'measures of atonement,' we are sick of such stuff." Both of these articles were included in the indictments of the "Hall" against the "Nation."

After that of his admission, the only occasion in which Reilly's name is visible in the reports of Conciliation Hall, is upon the day on which he left it for ever. It was immediately after Mitchel rose to reply to John O'Connell. There was considerable excitement in the body of the Hall, in the midst of which, in the words of the report, "Mr. Devin Reilly rose and claimed the protection of the Lord Mayor, against a person who had grossly insulted him," and pointed out the man. After some confusion the Lord Mayor, from the chair, stated that no person was entitled to speak or express an opinion who was not a member.

Mr. Reilly.—My lord, I am a member of this Association, and I have a perfect right to approve or disapprove of any sentiment I please. (Oh, oh.) This man had the audacity to place his hand on my collar; he is a salaried officer of the Association. (Oh, and hisses.)

The Salaried Officer.—This gentleman, when Mr. Mitchel stood up, commenced cheering most unmeaningly. (Oh, oh, and hisses.)

The Head Pacificator came to the rescue in his official capacity; "Keep yourself quiet, Maguire (said he), you are misbehaving yourself most grossly;" the salaried officer disappeared like a weed in the ocean, and the debate was resumed which ended in the Seccession.

The ensuing issue of the "Nation" was bolder and more self-reliant than ever. In the leading article, Mitchel fairly stated the position of "Young Ireland." "If," said he, "it was merely in compliment to the

great leader of the Association, that those men have been laboring in it, then the first indication of their having fallen under his displeasure will put them to flight in confusion and dismay." And Reilly, in a stirring appeal to the country, indicated "The Road before us." He did not know such a word as despair. He wrote to the men of Ireland:—

"If you are still slaves, it is not your fault.

"Your leaders war with each other. Your supreme Council is torn asunder in internal dissension. Free and independent opinion, the right, the sacred 'right to differ,' is banned in the Hall, called of 'Conciliation.' Your giant Confederacy rocks in peril. Your winged hopes pause irresolute, or are borne back by the blast of disgust. The hell of damned provincialism seems closing over Ireland again. Do you, her sons, despair? * *

"If the Association roll into eternity to-morrow, with all its Young Ireland and Old Ireland, are you to be dragged with it?"

He continued to expose the trickery of the Hall, and the whiggery for which O'Connell had sacrificed the heart and sinew of the country; and from "The Hill, Monaghan," under date August 25th, and over his own signature, sent a letter to the secretary of the Association, reviewing sharply the whole question, and dissenting from Mr. O'Connell on the points at issue. In the movements which followed he took an active part, put himself in communication with the Remonstrance Committee, was the acting secretary to the Seceders, transacting the business with Mr. O'Connell and the provinces, during the period of the conferences between the "Young" and "Old" Ireland parties; was, with Mitchel, Dillon, O'Gorman,

and Duffy, selected by the Dublin Remonstrants to draw up an address to the country, on the "real position of the difference," and on the formation of the Confederation, was made one of the Council.

Such, so far, is a view of Reilly's political life. A little more than a year since he beheld himself anonymously in type; and he has, by his powerful pen, written his burly figure into a front rank. Not twenty-three years old, and he might have died with honor.

It is worthy of remark, that Meagher, Mitchel, and Reilly, certainly the greatest combination of eloquence, knowledge, and vigor in the party, entered the stage at nearly the same period. Reilly, from wholly confining himself to the pen, was not so distinguished or publicly known as his friends, but he labored with a passion worthy of either, and which was thoroughly recognized by both. The friendship formed between Mitchel and Reilly was something beyond the scope of most men's comprehension. They could admire, but not understand it. It was a novelty in these latter days of personal suspicion and universal benevolence. They were flung much together, were both Ulstermen, equally fearless, and equally interested each other by the honesty of their views and the resources each brought to illustrate them. In Mitchel, Reilly beheld, and took every occasion to say so up to the day of his death, the truest as well as the most consistently great man he ever met.

During 1847, Reilly entered with full enthusiasm into the movement, writing both literary and political

papers, attending the Irish Council and the Confederation. At the latter he rarely came forward, save to second some motion, or hand in subscriptions. Though having the brain, he had neither confidence in his own powers, nor ease of manner so necessary to make an orator. He did not manifest any desire for the tribune. He was a student, and like all men of knowledge and enthusiasm, could, at a sudden crisis, surpass himself and astonish his friends. He made two speeches, however, from which I shall allow him to outline his own ideas. They hold brave principles in brave language:—

“A people, sir, which tamely lies down in its own land to starve, deserves to starve. If it be given to men to interpret the motives of the living God—and I, for one, do not believe this famine is His work; yet, whatever of it be His—was done by Him, I am convinced, to make the national existence of our country identical with our personal lives—to make us act like men, that we may live like animals—to make us brave in self-defence.”*

April 22nd he brought forward Mitchel's report on Mr. Godley's noted scheme for “raising in the back woods of Canada an Irish nationality, with its Irish Catholic Church, by means of a joint stock company of London merchants.” After a very able review of this proposition, in which he tore the mask off the “imperial cold-blooded juggle,” he concluded by a scathing recital of the state into which the Irish had allowed themselves to fall. It was at once a bitter

* Speech at Confederation, April 7th, 1847.

picture of the present—a maddening memorial of their dishonor as men, and a withering retrospect of the cowardice and shame entailed on them by their adherence to O’Connellite agitation, and their forgetfulness of the great men who had gone before him.

After enumerating the degradations to which they were subject, he continued :—

“You are all slaves. * * * False flatterers—sycophants of your vices—have told you, you are a brave and a noble people—that you are the bravest and the noblest people of Europe, and so forth. Now, I, one of you—one of the class, in false language, called “the people”—one, too, of that native race which the English government propose to brush off the Irish soil—tell you, you are no such thing. You are—nobles, citizens, merchants, farmers, beggars, and all—what your present masters and owners call you—an inferior caste, because they *are* your masters and owners. You are at this present moment the most humiliated, the most pitiable, the most helpless, the most despised people, with a white skin, on the face of God’s whole earth. You are not Irish *men*, but Irish slaves—a mean and broken species. For forty-seven years to what tyranny have you not submitted—to what depths of obsequious servitude have you not sunk! What insult has been too keen for you to bear—what degradation too gross—what oppression too grinding—what wrong too sore—what cruelty too cruel for your natures, slaves? * * *

“Now, then, choose at last—choose whether you will wait on quietly till the most agonising of deaths, the most horrid of diseases, and the most cruel of infamous projects shall have swept you all from the Irish soil; or whether you will at once spring to your feet from your apathy and your degradation, and win your spurs of nationhood like men. (Loud cheers.) * * * Tell them that here, you, at all events, come what may, shall die.

(Loud cheers.) So, even should Irish Nationality perish for ever. * * * Even so, the world will recognize in the nobility of our death a grand example of patriotism and manhood; and Heaven itself, moved to tears and wrath, looking down upon the land where we fell, will avenge the fate of a nation of heroes."

These brave, bold and bitter sentences show the passion that was devouring and inspiring his heart, and the holy purposes that enveloped him like a flame. He could not find words strong enough to convey the disgrace he felt, nor arms strong enough to remove it. He desired to free his country "from the empire's yoke should the empire fall in ruins around."

With such faith it is not strange that he formed so deep a friendship with Mitchel. With the latter, and for the same reasons, he retired from the "Nation" and Confederation; and in the "United Irishman," and afterwards in the "Felon," poured forth the irresistible throbings and yearnings of his soul, in a manner which made them not less read, and scarcely less effective than Mitchel's writings. In his papers on the European revolutions, there was a lyrical beauty of diction, a picturesqueness of arrangement, and a passionate democracy that held the breath like the beholding of the actual catastrophe. In his letters to Lord Clarendon, there was a cold-blooded brilliancy, that while it held one in amaze at the audacity, startled him with the truths so vividly horrible, and dazzled him with the hopes so defiantly

radiant. And he changed off so suddenly from wild defiance to calm argument, from satirical to statistical figures, balancing both with equal strength, that the reader was whirled away into lauding sedition for the sake of the style; and into excited approval of treason, under the felonious felicity of the facts before him.

Reilly was arrested for marching men through the streets, but was not prosecuted at the time. Becoming a most dangerous, because the ablest leader who visited the clubs, he was outlawed by the government, and betook himself to the Tipperary mountains for safety, from which he wended his way to the North of Ireland, and ultimately, after many exciting adventures, escaped in a small cockle-shell of a vessel, which, however, bore him safely to New York, where he landed about the end of November, 1848. He was in a very sorry plight. Rags and melancholy smothered his big heart; his burly frame had wasted to a gaunt incapacity, and his face was haggard with combined sorrows of the mind, wants of the body, and the misery of an unusually long voyage, pent up in a small and ill-stored craft. Thus he stood in the great city. He made a few inquiries, and in due time wended his way to the dwelling of Robert (since Judge) Emmet.

How that name must have quivered through him? what a torrent of heroism and disgrace—what contrasts of historic devotion and abandoned agitation must have passed through his brain, at once quickening him into fervor and subduing him into shame.

Freely would he have died—oh, how freely, like the noble uncle of the man before whose door he was standing in ragged outlawry—but his time had not come. He is reserved for something? Ah, the time may come—it must come! The dogs of the street may become historic by lapping up *his* blood! The very thought enlivens him—he knocks.

The attendant was rather struck aghast at the impudence of the “gentleman who wished to speak with Mr. Emmet.” The latter came into the hall, and the man in tattered freize, patched corduroy breeches, and brogans, with pale face and closely-cropped hair, introduced himself as “Devin Reilly.” The name was sufficient. Judge Emmet greeted him, as became the name he bore, and led his comical and sorrowful visitor into the parlor, when who should his exiled eyes fall upon, but John Dillon. In utter ignorance of each other’s fate, neither knowing that the other escaped, much less was in America, the meeting may be imagined. Reilly, surrounded by the ladies of the family, felt an awkwardness in his disguise which was at once highly ludicrous and touching. He begged Mrs. Emmet not to form any impression of him at present, gracefully referred to the Judge for a “character,” and made the dinner table memorable to every one present. During the evening, he poured out his pent-up feelings, recounted his adventures with a mingled passion and humor, which is vividly remembered by his listeners. “With commingled crying and laughing,” said Judge Emmet to the present writer, “Reilly went over the

details of the past few months, and kept us deeply interested, or shaking with laughter, the whole night."

Soon he was at work, for the vulture was gnawing at his bosom. In January, 1849, he issued the "People," with William E. Robinson,* and after a brilliant career of six months, the proprietors being of opposite American politics, it was discontinued. In it Reilly sustained his reputation, and created an era in Irish-American journalism.

For many months after the cessation of this journal, Reilly lived in Brooklyn, an uncertain, depressing and wandering life; being chiefly sustained by occasional remittances from home. His chief delight and solace was in the study of the Revolutionary history of America, and in fitful flights into the works of Jomini and other military strategists. He had once almost concluded to enter mercantile life; and at another time had made some preparation to go to the West, and employ his mathematical knowledge in such a manner as would enable him ultimately to become a surveyor or engineer. His anti-English proclivities used to find vent in recounting, in our long walks and talks at the time, the horrors of the prison ships of Wallabout, in tracing the remains of Fort Greene, and following up the tracks of the Revolutionary War in the neighborhood of Brooklyn—in talking over his friendship with Mitchel

* To this talented gentleman nearly every Irish refugee, especially those who landed immediately after the failure, is indebted for many serviceable attentions, the memory of which should not be forgotten.

—and in the evenings at Doheny's residence, going over the whole movement, criticising the men who suffered, and bitterly condemning those whom he believed had aided the failure. His passionate heart should unburden itself. On other evenings at my father's, the music of the Irish melodies would harmonize the chaos within him. Some quaint or tender old Irish song would stimulate his humor or pathos; and there was one, Davis' "Lament for the Milesians," of which he was excessively fond, and the beautiful music of which ever forced the tears to steal quietly down his cheeks. Poor fellow, he was more thoroughly a man in being so truly a child. His guileless simplicity as well as his uncompromising frankness, endeared him to those who thus met and understood him.

Early in 1850, he was induced to go to Boston to write the chief articles in the "Protective Union," a paper started by the printers on the joint stock principle, to advocate the rights of labor.

His letters of the period did not exhibit any great change in his monetary prospects. One of his earliest says to me, "After some time I think I will be able to make room for you here. At present the return is *nil*, and no vacancy on that same." In May, still coupling my prospects with his own, he writes, "I have only a share in the 'Protective Union,' and it pays little or nothing;" and from time to time he expresses much dissatisfaction at his position in Boston.

However inauspicious in this regard, his visit to

the "Athens of the North," was productive of a great and healthy influence on the remainder of his life. He there met, and, after a short courtship, married, Miss Jennie Miller,* formerly of Enniskillen, who, under the many trying circumstances and anxieties of her husband's brilliant, but too brief career, proved herself thoroughly worthy of the title of "Roman matron," with which he dignified her, in a letter to me, some few months before his death.

After some solicitations on the part of Mr. D. W. Holly, then publisher of the "American Review," who had a great appreciation of Reilly's genius, the latter came to New York, and in the close of 1851 and beginning of 1852, produced a series of splendid papers in that periodical, exposing the foreign policy and internal ignorance of England. His style lent a charm to statistics, that made them more important by taking away their dryness. He disrobed political economy and social philosophy of their musty and unintelligible technicalities, and made them so popular, that Mr. Greeley, in a leading article in the "Tribune," directed attention to them, and said if they were printed in pamphlet form and scattered in Europe, they would create a revolution.† He also devoted much study to the Central American question,

* They were married on the 30th of March, 1850, at Providence, R. I.

† His principal articles in the "American Whig Review" are entitled "British Policy, Here and There," Nov., 1850, "Russian Ambition" (a political and literary review of Talvi's "Slavonic Literature"), and "British Policy, Here and There—Who feed England?" Dec., 1850, "'London Assurance,' or Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, *versus* Yankee Newspapers," Jan., 1851. "World's Fair," "The First Olympiad of Cant," and "'More of it,' another chapter of 'London Assurance,'" Feb. "America and Europe, 'Peace and Foreign Relations,'" March. "The Democratic Reviewer Reviewed," (on Free Trade), April.

and wrote on the subject. After some time, Mr. Priestley, the proprietor of the "Review," thought these writings of too radical a nature, which opinion led to the cessation of Reilly's pen for some months. Having met Mr. George N. Sanders, that gentleman, with Reilly and Holly, entered upon some consultations, the issue of which was the purchase of the "Democratic Review," and which, under the new management, produced an excitement memorable in the political history of the day. Its republicanism was of the most ultra and unswerving caste; and while indicating and sharing in the exciting political struggles in America, hoisted the Democratic banner over every nationality in Europe; and took up the cause of Hungary, Italy, France, Germany, and Ireland. While belaboring the "Old Fogies" in America, it never forgot to dinge the crowns of Europe. Politicians were in a nervous fever in the breathing time from month to month, between congratulating themselves on not having been noticed in the last number, and fear of being scarified in the next. The newspapers were eager to get an early copy to extend the obituary of some decapitated "Fogy," or contradict the rumor that the "Democratic Review" had killed him.

Being always in a rage itself, the "Review" soon created a like feeling in the public—it became the rage. Comic papers caricatured its writers, and revived its victims into ludicrous notoriety; comic versifiers squibbed on its suggestions; leading journals all over the country poured out praise and denunciation with equal heartiness; and the wise heads of Congress

even took to criticising and debating on its merits and men. In the midst of this clamor, "Young America" was born; a rotund "Red" Kentuckian; a tall, and firm as tall, Buckeye; a thin Connecticut Yankee; and a brace of Young Ireland refugees, standing sponsors. Baptized in an ink-bottle, wrapped in the sheets of the "Review," and rocked in the cradle of Democracy, it was as healthy as the Constitution of the United States could make it, and avowed its principles to be word for word the Declaration of Independence. The name then made popular has since been used to identify a sectionality beneath it, and to cover principles it could not preach.

Through the chief part of 1853, Reilly was comparatively inactive. About September he went to Washington, and soon was appointed to a position in the Land Office, by the President. He wrote, a short time before leaving New York, the famous paper on Naturalization, and the Kostza case, which was generally regarded at the time, as a governmental, if not a State document, and was variously attributed to General Cushing, Charles Sumner, Edward Everett, and other leading men. From that time I did not see him until he was in his coffin. The letters written during his residence in Washington, a couple of which I give, exhibit his good, thoughtful nature, and show some of those finer—because private—feelings, by the aid of which one may estimate him. The following familiar epistle was in reference to the death of Dr. F. B. Ryan, a mutual friend, and whose professional and other attentions to his family and mine fully justified the tone in which he wrote.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Sept. 18, 1858.*

MY DEAR JACK:

The news of Ryan's death which you sent me, has shocked me greatly. He was, indeed, a kind-hearted, noble fellow, and I am deeply sorry for him. We both have lost a true friend, and to Brenan the loss is that of a brother. If Joe thinks well of a monument or stone for him, let me know at once. I wish, however, we could do something for his unhappy wife. But I am unable to suggest anything here. If you hear of any thing being done by his friends, let me know at once. My poor wife, too, has been miserably ill since I left—Good God! what a desolation her loss would make.

I have not yet seen the President, but am waiting for the moment. I predicate nothing on good fortune, and do not shun the worst. I am much obliged to you for your note. Love to Meagher.

Ever yours,

DEV.

The following letter to the daughters of Captain Samuel C. Reid, whom he highly prized for having beaten his "ancient enemy," the Briton, at Fayal, in 1814, and in whose family he stood on terms of the warmest friendship and intimacy, contains some very pleasing allusions to himself and home, and some happy indications of his nature.

Our house is the corner of Connecticut Ave. and K. St

WASHINGTON, D. C. *1st Dec., 1858.*

SISTERS:—On this day five years ago, I had the honor of buying something between a hat and a cap, in some place near Chatham street. It is a long story—but as I landed the night previous, without either hat, or cap, or coat, or anything but a gold piece, which the Jew somewhere about the corner of Cherry, changed for "four eighty-four," to oblige the other Jew from whom I bought the cap; it is one of the most remarkable

events unrecorded in *modern* history. Suffice it to say that on this day, five years ago, I became a child of our great mother; and as I pay homage to her, and the stars and stripes, I seek a fairer and more ennobling emblem of the beauty and of the glory of Republicanism—I seek something to which even as good a married man as Gen. J—— must bow his head, to bend mine to you and to your mother. If I meet but lilies on the way-side, I must stop my horse to get down to worship them. Can you feel offended if, on this weary long path through existence, I pay the same homage to you.

Beauty is to me a thing immense—the line of a lovely woman's face or arm, conveys to me, always did convey to me, all the "philosophy" "sages" coax themselves so much about. It conveys to me, this look on a woman's face, the ideal of excellence. I see in it virtue, courage, right, fondness, love beyond all increasing, happiness to all about it, fidelity, incorruptibility, health, home, and that quiet, careful, dear care which takes us to its arms when we are young, and lays us, calling on the sextons not to let the stones grate upon our coffin-lid, when we die.

They have gone out to market. I am alone. I believe for the first, for a very long, time. I have, too, the happiness of not being compelled to write for a day or two. I thought the *very best* thing I could do, was to write to you. It will ennoble me to raise myself up beside the standards of grace and beauty so excellent. The poor vine so rich in bearing merry juice—the honey-suckle that used to creep into my windows, when as children we played about its leaves, all these had yet something to train them by, some great ideal of their own to whose altitude they wished to aspire. So it is with me. I remember taking pity once on a little rose-tree which was so small and weak, that you could hardly think it would live, if it was asked for the fun of it. I took it—I got my head broke for my impudence in interfering with mother's choicest, *petite*, Chinese rose—but, oh! it did the work. It grew up. It is now a beauty in my own island of flowers, and blushes with its deep damask among the vines and the honey-suckle which creep and festoon around

the windows where I used to meet a mother's smile, and where, for the first of my race, I was born. Well, it surely does a man good once in a while to look back to where he came from, and to *measure his latitude* in intellect, in virtue, and in the great ideals which *make intellect and virtue*. I thought that the best thing that I could do this day, was simply to write to you both. The town looks fine—nobody ever saw such preparations in Washington to get up a *regular "winter."* For myself, being alone and desolate out here, "on the corner of Connecticut Ave. and K. St.," in a — (oh, I beg pardon, I was going to curse) very cold house, I have pretty much everything outside on the high-road with an off-slantendicular by-road or two to get over, to my satisfaction. I have likewise a room with a stove, and the neatest little furniture. In fact, if an angel from heaven would say she was coming here, Jennie would see all right for her, and could you ask a better servant than myself?

Of course I have been misrepresented. I know that in the course I have pursued and am pursuing, and that, till the thing is done, which is only to *pull down that British flag once more*, I am open to every attack. Well, I can take everything and live to do my work. More I do not wish, unless it be the smile and love of beauty; and oh! girls! whenever you throw your arms about man, think what an inestimable treasure you throw around him. Greek and Roman, and Modern English, and Hollandeth Dutch, and all the Italians, and yet the "Crystal Palace" half-dozen committees have *sat* on art. Horace Greeley, for instance, has given *his* judgment about Powers' slave, and other people have sat in judgment upon much finer statues. Well, then, my critical judgment loses now, all its mere fanciful exactness. It may be that Powers has hit off the turn of reluctant and excelling beauty. It may be that according to the destiny of this vile and merely modern civilization, beauty may be to me as a forgotten picture, or as a lily which has faded. Yet, still, though buried down with all the misfortunes of existence, think of me, often, very often,

As your friend and worshipping servant,

T. DEVIN REILLY.

A P.S. to M. and L.—The occasion of this is that they have just returned from market, and of course my wife wishes either to send you a whole rib-bone of this very valuable chicken, or else to ask you to come down and eat it, for herself; for you know that ladies always like to so do over, or overdo, all things.

DEAR MARY AND LOU:—We have almost got a little cottage like Tone's—but yet, hardly yet, not so, we want some angels about our Godhead. Write somebody to one of us and say.

R.

Friday Morning.

I wrote all the enclosed last night, blots and all. I thought it should be torn when it is so blotted. But yet I thought again that it was the very best compliment to send to you both. Mary will see a soul even through blots like these, and Lou will rub away the blots and leave the soul all clear, as God first fashioned it.

To your dear mother my kindness and most loving love.

R.

Soon he was completely absorbed in politics, and could only steal occasional moments to inform his friends of his speculations, movements, and writings. In the highest quarters in Washington, his remarkable ability as a political writer soon made lasting impressions. He rode on the enthusiasm and trust he created, and present comfort was just closing his previous struggles from view, and disclosing a certainty of future happiness and emolument, when he closed his eyes for ever. He died March 6th, 1854.

No sooner were the sad tidings made public, than the appreciation in which the genius of the dead was held, was manifested by several eminent and leading men calling in person on her who had so cheered in

misfortune, and helped to concentrate in success, the mind of the deceased. President Pierce was deeply moved at the intelligence conveyed to him by Mr. Chas. A. Reilly; and his private Secretary, Sydney Webster, Esq., and the Under-Secretary of State, Col. Dudley Mann, in person conveyed to Mrs. Reilly the condolence of the Executive, as well as their own sympathy.

A public meeting, of which Beverly Tucker, Esq., was president, and Senators Shields, and John R. Thompson, and John C. Breckenridge, Hiram Wallbridge, and other members of Congress, with many professional and distinguished men, vice-presidents, gave expression to the feeling of his fellow-citizens; and embodied them in a series of resolutions, which too truly assured the public:—

“That in the death of Thomas Devin Reilly, a great public loss has been sustained—a loss to his fatherland, to his adopted country, and to the cause of progressive principles.”

I met Devin Reilly in a riot, in the streets of Dublin, on an occasion when, the old Ireland party attacking the Confederates, we were thrown side by side; I left him in the grave, resting on the bosom of that “great mother,” who was set free by the principles he so proudly vaunted, and so energetically preached.

THE END.

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