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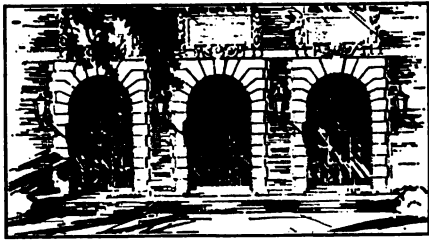


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A  
**HISTORY OF IRELAND,**  
FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME;  
INCLUDING A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF  
ITS LITERATURE, MUSIC, ARCHITECTURE,  
AND NATURAL RESOURCES;  
WITH UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES  
OF  
ITS MOST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

BY  
THOMAS MOONEY,  
LATE OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

VOL. II.

BOSTON:

PATRICK DONAHOE, 3 FRANKLIN STREET.

1853.



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## LECTURE XVIII.

FROM A. D. 1691 TO 1782.

**The Treaty of Limerick.** — Nature of its Conditions. — Honorably Signed. — King James's Parliament. — Its just Enactments. — King William's Character. — First Breach of the Treaty. — Seizure of Catholic Estates. — Disgraceful Deeds. — the King receives Bribes. — Wholesale Robbery. — Wholesale Swindling. — Second Breach of the Treaty. — Laws against the Catholics. — Penal Laws. — Protest of the Catholics contemned. — Third Breach of the Treaty. — Suppression of the Irish Woollen Manufacture. — Fourth Breach of the Treaty. — Suppression of free Navigation. — Two hundred thousand of the People driven away. — Character of William the Third. — Queen Anne. — George the First. — George the Second. — The Irish Brigade. — Fontenoy. — War between France and England. — English Atrocities in the East. — The Pretender. — Scottish Rebellions. — Last of the Stuarts. — Wesley and Whitefield. — George the Third. — Disputes with the Colonies. — Americans resist the English Taxes. — Burke's Resolutions. — Excitement in England. — First American Congress. — Thompson. — Battles. — The first Blood. — Montgomery. — Barry. — Bennington. — Triumph of America. — State of Ireland. — Low Condition of the Irish. — First Agitators. — Their Successors. — New Spirit of the Irish. — Molyneux. — Swift. — Lucas. — Flood. — Grattan. — Crisis. — England humiliated. — Non-Consumption of English Goods. — The Volunteers. — Their Preparations. — Declaration for free Trade. — Triumph of the Patriots. — Meeting of the Volunteers in Dungannon. — Their Resolutions. — New Ministry in England. — England alarmed. — The Day of Independence. — The State of the House. — Grattan's immortal Speech. — The Question carried. — Joy of the Nation. — The great Compact. — Nature of National Legislation. — First Year of Independence. — Sums voted in Aid of Manufactures, &c. — Various Enterprises and public Buildings commenced. — Influx of Strangers. — Decrease of Absentees. — Brilliancy of Dublin.

I CLOSED my last lecture at the historical epoch formed by the peace between Ireland and England, imbodyed in the treaty of Limerick, A. D. 1691.

That treaty was made under the most solemn, imposing, and binding circumstances. It was made between the generals of the English and the Irish armies, on the FIELD OF BATTLE.

It was a great national compact, entered into in the usual way that nations at war with each other are accustomed to end hostilities.

What are the attending circumstances of this treaty?

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King James the Second succeeded, by law and right, to the throne of the British empire in 1685. He was at once acknowledged king of Britain and Ireland. He proclaimed liberty of conscience to all his subjects. Some of the High Church party form a conspiracy against him. They make overtures to the Prince of Orange, then sovereign of the petty state of Holland. They invite him over with a foreign force. He comes and is joined by numbers in England, and James flies at his approach. The Irish espouse the cause of James. He abandons them in a moment of peril, and then they fight for their political rights, for freedom of conscience, for the undisturbed enjoyment of their estates, and for the fulness and integrity of their legislative powers. For these rights they contended in the field, under their various commanders, particularly the brave Patrick Sarsfield. And though King William sought, with all his force, to compel them to submit *unconditionally*, yet they did not submit. They held all the military posts beyond the Shannon, from Clare to Sligo; and, after trying, from the middle of July to the beginning of October, to reduce the garrisons of Limerick, Galway, Sligo, and other places, a treaty of peace was proposed by the English king and accepted by the Irish generals.

This treaty guaranteed to the Irish all that they went into the field to contend for — namely, a relief from all oaths except the oath of allegiance; perfect freedom of conscience, — the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own mind; the peaceful enjoyment of their estates; the rights of trade and manufactures; their political freedom; and their national legislature.

These were the rights contended for in the field, and ceded by a most solemn treaty, in presence of the contending armies. This treaty was signed upon a stone, by, and in the presence of, the representatives of England and Ireland, on the 3d of October, 1691. In two days after it was signed, a French fleet, bringing a great reënforcement of men, arms, and ammunition, to the Irish, appeared in the mouth of the Shannon. Having signed the treaty, Sarsfield sent them back to France. The treaty was *solemnly ratified by KING WILLIAM and QUEEN MARY*; and to show that the Irish did not enter into this treaty under an apprehension of failure, I will relate one circumstance. In making a clean copy of the articles from the original or rough draft, *two lines were omitted by negligence*, which error was not discovered until a few days after the contract was signed and the *first* garrison given up. But when the error was discovered, the Irish army *refused to give up the other garrisons until the omitted lines were reinserted*.

King William and Queen Mary thus speak after reviewing and approving of the treaty of Limerick, *with the omitted lines inserted*: —

“And whereas the said city of Limerick hath been since, in *pursuance of said articles*, surrendered unto us, now know ye, that we, having considered of the said articles, are graciously pleased hereby to declare that **WE DO, FOR US, OUR HEIRS AND SUCCESSORS, AS FAR AS IN US LIES, RATIFY AND CONFIRM THE SAME, AND EVERY CLAUSE, MATTER, AND THING THEREIN CONTAINED.** And as to such parts thereof for which an act of parliament shall be found necessary, we shall recommend the same to be made good by parliament, and shall give our royal authority and assent to any bill or bills that shall be passed by our two houses of parliament for that purpose.”

[Now mark.]

“And whereas it appears unto us that it was agreed between the parties to the said articles, that after the words ‘Limerick, Clare, Kerry, Cork, Mayo,’ or any of them, in the second of the said articles, the words following, *viz., ‘and all such as are under their protection in the said counties,’* should be inserted, and be part of the said articles, which words have been casually omitted by the writer, — the omission was not discovered till after the said articles were signed, but was taken notice of *before the second town was surrendered*, and that our said justices and general, or one of them, did promise that the said clause should be made good, it being within the intention of the capitulation, and inserted in the foul draft thereof: Our further will and pleasure is, and we do hereby confirm *and ratify the said omitted words,*” &c. And then the recognition of this treaty by their majesties proceeds, and provides for engrossing it in the records of chancery; and the “honor of England” was pledged to the carrying of its provisions into effect.

Thus, then, the conditions and treaty of Limerick were entered into between the highest military powers of both nations; were agreed to and signed on the field of battle; and, ere the Irish laid down their arms, even the literal errors of the treaty were corrected and ratified by their majesties in Whitehall.

We shall now witness the shameful violation of this treaty by those very persons who, on behalf of England, had put their solemn signatures to the national compact. The Irish army was disbanded; Sarsfield, and almost all the Irish generals and officers, accepted commissions in the French service; and the native military power of Ireland dissolved into its original elements. Then came a fresh, a faithless, a diabolical invasion of every right she owned, every interest and feeling she cherished.

During the short period of three and a half years that King James had power, the parliament which he called in Ireland, composed, as it was, of members of every religious faith, did more for the advancement of that country than had been done during the whole of the previous hundred years. King James, who was an expert naval officer, suggested an act for the creation and culture of an Irish navy. Several bonuses were given for the advancement and improvement of trade, and for the encouragement and increase of shipping and navigation. This act threw open to Ireland that from which she was previously debarred, namely, a free and unrestrained commercial intercourse with all the colonies and plantations of England—America being then included in those plantations; all duties of customs and excise were remitted, or considerably reduced, to the owners of Irish-built shipping; seamen were encouraged by remitting all taxes for ten years after they had registered as seamen; other privileges were also granted. To increase a knowledge of navigation, schools were opened for teaching and instructing in the mathematics and the art of navigation in Dublin, Belfast, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and Galway. Other clauses provided for the encouragement of national manufactures.

Thus was laid, in one session, the foundation of a commercial and manufacturing system in Ireland, which, if the people and parliament were permitted to carry on, would exhibit Ireland, in half a century onwards,—after all her sufferings,—the most flourishing nation of Europe. As it was, the seeds of enterprise had struck their roots into the earth, and were beginning to give forth promising plants.

Another act, passed by King James's parliament, was one declaring that the *parliament of England cannot bind Ireland*; another was an act for the encouragement of strangers and others to inhabit and plant in this kingdom of Ireland; another for vesting in his majesty the goods and property of *absentees*. Another act for LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE, and repealing all and any acts inconsistent with the same. Such were some of the principal enactments passed by what is styled the Catholic parliament of King James.

These acts, short-lived as they were, produced their good effects on Ireland. "The Irish," says Lord Taaffe, "engaged extensively in the import and export trade to the continent, particularly in the linen yarn and twine trade; and so great were the profits, and so flourishing the condition of the merchants,—who were principally Catholics,—that apprehensions were entertained that the estates of Protestants, by mortgage and otherwise, would soon revert to the hands of the Catholics. Lands rose by the influx of capital; the peasantry acquired valuable

interests; a sturdy yeomanry appeared; the very cotter was less miserable. All this, a few years after, was bartered for a shadow. The Irish Protestant sold Ireland for the maintenance of his monopoly in sectarian ascendancy; and the English Protestant trampled on the Catholic in order to maintain his national supremacy."

And now we shall behold Ireland, which, through a few years of honest legislation, put forth such blossoms of prosperity, blighted by a season of the most terrific persecution, commenced in the very lifetime of that William who treated, on the battle-field, with the Irish Catholics, as equal, honorable enemies.

It is generally admitted that William the Third was tolerant in his own country. He was, in religion, a Calvinist or Presbyterian, and had promised, on his getting power in England, to grant religious liberty to the dissenters. This promise he kept; and he bound himself to Sarsfield and the Irish Catholics, in the Limerick treaty, to grant them civil and religious liberty, which promise he *broke*.

About seven years after the treaty was signed, King William, who had been all that time at war with France, concluded a peace at Ryswick, after which his army returned to England to receive their pay. There was then more than a million sterling due to them, and, to obtain the means, the king turned his eyes directly towards the estates of the Irish Catholics—*those estates which had been guaranteed* to the owners by the treaty of the battle-field of Limerick. Parliament, the tool of every tyrant, instituted, to cover the robbery, a *commission*, the sort of instrument used by British kings for three hundred years, either to rob or delude the Irish; an instrument used down to the *very last* session, e. g. "the land commission," "the Catholic Charities' commission," of the year 1844, for the like purposes.

These robbing commissioners came to Ireland, opened their courts, summoned before them the unsuspecting Catholics, and put them upon a proof of their patents and titles to the possessions which came to them through a hundred generations. The Irish had no such documents as the commissioners called for, because their inheritance came down from father to son, and not by patents or leases from the kings of England. The commissioners knew this perfectly well: but this was their advantage; and accordingly they very deliberately seized, in the name of his majesty, on more than two millions of acres of the best land in the kingdom, with several hundred valuable houses, and great quantities of chattel property of every description. M'Geoghegan gives,

from the commissioners' report to parliament, the following tabular statement of their forfeitures:—

“We calculate that the confiscated lands in the following counties are of the value and extent as subjoined:—

Counties.	A.	R.	Annual Value.			Real Value.		
			£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Antrim, .....	10,103	2	1,944	18	6	25,284	0	6
Armagh, .....	4,962	0	588	0	0	7,644	0	0
Cork, .....	244,320	0	32,133	12	6	417,737	2	6
Carlow, .....	26,303	0	7,913	11	6	95,872	2	0
Clare, .....	72,246	0	12,060	17	0	156,791	1	0
Cavan, .....	3,830	1	478	12	6	6,222	2	6
Dublin, .....	34,546	0	16,061	6	0	208,796	18	0
Down, .....	9,079	0	1,016	6	6	13,212	4	6
Fermanagh, .....	1,945	0	389	0	0	5,057	0	0
Galway, .....	60,825	0	10,225	4	0	83,528	18	0
Kildare, .....	44,281	1	16,551	18	6	215,175	0	6
King's County, .....	30,459	3	6,870	18	0	89,321	14	0
Kilkenny, .....	30,152	2	5,243	3	6	68,161	5	6
Kerry, .....	90,116	0	3,652	11	9	47,483	12	9
Limerick, .....	14,882	3	4,728	10	0	61,470	10	0
Longford, .....	2,067	2	348	9	9	4,530	6	9
Louth and Drogheda, .....	22,508	0	6,331	11	0	82,310	3	0
Meath, .....	92,452	0	31,546	4	6	410,100	18	6
Mayo, .....	19,294	0	3,186	5	0	37,598	3	0
Monaghan, .....	3,832	0	558	16	0	7,264	8	0
Queen's County, .....	22,657	0	5,002	8	9	65,031	13	9
Roscommon, .....	28,933	0	5,808	15	0	69,767	2	0
Sligo, .....	5,562	0	998	17	6	12,985	7	6
Tipperary, .....	31,960	3	8,888	12	6	115,552	2	6
Wicklow, .....	18,164	0	2,719	3	0	35,348	19	0
Westmeath, .....	58,083	0	14,633	12	6	190,237	2	6
Wexford, .....	55,882	2	7,551	10	6	98,169	16	6
Waterford, .....	21,343	0	4,190	0	0	54,476	10	0

Total, one million and sixty-seven thousand acres, the value of which amounted to two millions six hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds sterling; independent, say the commissioners, of all the lands seized on by armed adventurers, who fell upon defenceless Catholic women and orphans, whose fathers had fallen in the wars, or had volunteered into the French king's service, which, at a moderate computation, exceeded five hundred thousand acres.

Here is evidence with a vengeance of the “glory and pride of British arms.” Let that deep, disgraceful stain remain upon thy escutcheon, O England, until wiped out by deeds of justice and restitution to unfortunate Ireland!

It is true that such Catholics as were able to bribe those commissioners sufficiently were reinstated in their lands. The king, too, and his

favorites, disgraced themselves by accepting those bribes ; and a certain "*Mrs. Margaret Uniack*" got many sums for her services in persuading Lord Romney to *persuade the king* to grant the restoration of certain lands.

We shall give a few specimens from the *second* commission of inquiry, which was appointed to inquire into the transactions of the first.

"John Kerdiff, a gentleman of the county of Dublin, gave *Mrs. Margaret Uniack* two hundred pounds, to induce her to prevail on Lord Romney to obtain a letter annulling his proscription, which was granted.

"Sir John Morris gave two hundred pounds to Mr. Richard Uniack, and three hundred to *Mrs. Margaret Uniack*, for his pardon, which she obtained through the influence of Lord Romney.

"Harvey Morris, Esq., gave *Mrs. M. Uniack* one hundred pounds, for having procured him his majesty's pardon.

"John Hussey, of Leixlip, being informed by Messrs. Bray and Briscoe, agents to Lord Athlone, who had the confiscation of Lord Limerick's estate, that he could not succeed in having his sentence removed if he did not give the present owner a mortgage of three hundred pounds, which he owed on the property of Lord Limerick, was obliged to do so in order to get his pardon.

"Edmond Roche gave Richard Darling, Lord Romney's steward, five hundred pounds for having procured him his pardon. This gentleman, who had been proscribed by virtue of the law enacted against those who were guilty of treason in foreign countries, was proved *never to have left the kingdom!*

"John Bourk, commonly called Lord Bophin, agreed to pay seven thousand five hundred pounds sterling to Andrew Card, for the use of Lord Albemarle, on condition that he would procure a letter from the king to remove his sentence of proscription, and restore him to his property ; three thousand pounds were to be paid on taking possession, and the rest soon afterwards. His majesty therefore wrote a letter to the lords justices in favor of Lord Bophin, to be communicated to the commissioners and court of claims. A decree was accordingly passed, which made it appear that it was to enable this nobleman to bring up his children in the Protestant religion, and to secure his property to Protestants."

In article 25, the commissioners have the following mysterious passage: "*Many have obtained favors from his majesty by giving money, who had enjoyed and have abused his confidence. In our endeavors to investigate this matter, we were unable to overcome the difficulty ; these arrangements had been made in the most private manner.*"

So here it comes out that the king himself acted as head of those dastardly, shoplifting, petty-larceny thieves! I would rather, a hundred times, be the poorest, meanest creature that crawls upon the earth than be this king ; and yet they drink him, in the Orange lodges, as the *glorious, pious, and immortal* William the Third!

Be it so. The dolts are incapable of perceiving their degradation.



There is no necessity to insert here thousands of similar instances. I have a rare book in my possession, in which the names of all the proscribed, as well as those who got their lands, are inserted; too voluminous, however, to make further use of in this book. By a glance at the following outline, it will be seen how this extensive plunder was disposed of.

“Lord Romney received three grants, of which he is in possession, containing forty-nine thousand five hundred and seventeen acres, on account of his services.

“Two grants to Lord Albemarle, of one hundred and eight thousand six hundred and thirty-three acres, on account of his services.

“William Bentinck, commonly called Lord Woodstock, received one hundred and thirty-five thousand eight hundred and twenty acres, for which no motive is assigned in the letters patent.

“To Lord Athlone, twenty-six thousand four hundred and eighty acres, as a reward for his services in the reduction of Ireland. These grants were afterwards confirmed by an act of the Irish parliament.

“To Lord Galway, thirty-six thousand one hundred and forty-eight acres, on account of his faithful services.

“To Lord Rochford, two grants of thirty-nine thousand eight hundred and seventy-one acres, as a reward for his services.

“To the Marquis of Puizar, three thousand five hundred and twelve acres, for his services.

“To Lord Conningsby, five thousand nine hundred and sixty-six acres, with the rights of lordships, titles, and houses in Dublin, and a mortgage of one thousand pounds sterling, as a reward for his services.

“To Lord Mountjoy, eleven thousand and seventy acres, for twenty-one years, on account of his services during the war in Ireland, the losses he had sustained in property, the imprisonment of his father in the Bastille, and his having been killed at the battle of Steinkerque.

“To Mr. Thomas Keightly, for ninety-nine years, two grants containing twelve thousand three hundred and eighty-one acres, as a portion for his daughter.

“To Colonel Gustavus Hamilton, five thousand three hundred and eighty-two acres, (nineteen hundred of which were not confiscated lands,) as a reward for his valuable services during the war in Ireland.

“To Dr. John Lesley, sixteen thousand and seventy-seven acres, on account of his active and diligent services in the commencement of the war in Ireland.

“To Sir Thomas Pendergast, two grants of seven thousand and eighty-two acres, for having discovered a conspiracy to assassinate the king, to destroy the liberties of Great Britain, and consequently the Protestant religion throughout Europe.

“To Mr. John Baker, sixteen hundred and forty-seven acres, as a reward for the memorable services of his father in his defence of Londonderry,” &c. &c.

Besides the foregoing, the commissioners appointed deputies through the country, who seized and sold the lands, goods and chattels, of the Catholics at mock auctions in Dublin, where none but the dominant

party attended. "A horse was sold," say the commissioners, "at *twenty shillings*, and sheep at *two and sixpence*." These chattels would have produced three hundred thousand pounds. There were also two hundred and ninety-seven valuable stone and brick houses in the city of Dublin, thirty-six in the city of Cork, two hundred and twenty-six in different towns in the kingdom, six ferries, and a "*great number of fisheries*," all together worth five hundred thousand pounds.

"We shall remark in this place," say the commissioners, "that dreadful havock has been committed upon the woods of the proscribed, particularly on those of Sir Valentine Brown, in the county of Kerry, in which trees to the value of twenty thousand pounds have been cut down or destroyed. The loss on the estates of Lord Clancarty, now in possession of Lord Woodstock, is estimated at twenty-seven thousand pounds. Those on whom the confiscated lands have been bestowed, or their agents, have been so greedy to *seize upon the most trifling profits, that several large trees have been cut down and sold for sixpence each*. This destruction is still carried on in many parts of the country. At the present moment, Sir John Healy, *chief justice of the common pleas*, and Peter Goodwin, who together purchased from Lord Conningsby the estate of Feltrim, within six miles of Dublin, are cutting down all the avenues and groves around the castle."

*There are the libellers of the Irish for you!*

One extract more from the commissioners.

"We must observe here, that the confiscations, however considerable they may appear, have been rather an injury than an advantage to his majesty. This might appear extraordinary, were we not to remark, that several obscure persons, who possessed no property at the time that Ireland was reduced, are at present masters of large estates. It is impossible that they could have acquired them without seizing on confiscated lands, either by intrigue or collusion.

"Nothing seems to have contributed more to this abuse than the sale of confiscated lands by auction in the city of Dublin exclusively, instead of in the chief towns of the counties in which they were situate. Few people took the trouble of coming to the capital from the provinces, at a heavy expense, and of neglecting their domestic affairs, when they felt persuaded that the agents of men in office would prevail against them, and knowing that *these would have the countenance of his majesty*.

"When they had succeeded, by their haughtiness and power, in removing all competition, they placed their rates on the estates they were desirous of having, and gave whatever price they pleased, by an understanding not to oppose each other, of which the following fact is a proof. Thomas Broderick and William Connelly, who acquired vast estates, and were partly *masters of these auctions*, no one having confidence to enter into competition with them, have been partners in all the lands they obtained, during 1695 and the following years. They have since set them in farms to greater advantage than they had been before. It must be observed, that their conduct appeared very extraordinary, particularly that of Mr. Broderick, *who was a privy counsellor*, and put in nomination by Lord Capel

for the office of *inspector of the auctions*, though he was well aware of the abuses which Broderick had been guilty of!!”

The report from which I make these extracts is signed FRANCIS ANNESLEY, JAMES HAMILTON, JOHN TRENCHARD, HENRY LONGFORD, *Dublin*, 1699.

I conclude this view of the question by quoting a recent English writer, Smiles.

“This extensive seizure of Irish estates by the government of William completed the confiscations of the seventeenth century, — a century of injury, exasperation, and revenge — of war, bloodshed, and spoliation. The forfeitures for ‘rebellion,’ during the century, amounted to about eleven millions and a half acres, the entire surface of Ireland amounting to only about twelve millions of acres! ‘It is a subject of curious and important speculation,’ says Lord Clare, in his celebrated speech on the union, ‘to look back to the forfeitures of Ireland incurred in the last century. The superficial contents of the island are calculated at eleven millions and forty-two thousand six hundred and eighty-two acres. Let us now examine the case of the forfeitures: —

Confiscated in the reign of James the First, the whole of the } province of Ulster, containing acres .....	2,836,837
Set out by the Court of Claims, at the restoration, acres .....	7,800,000
Forfeitures of 1688, acres .....	1,060,792
Total .....	11,697,629

So that the whole of your island has been confiscated, with the exception of the estates of five or six old families of English blood, some of whom had been attainted in the reign of Henry the Eighth, but recovered their possessions before Tyrone’s rebellion, and had the good fortune to escape the pillage of the English republic inflicted by Cromwell; and no inconsiderable portion of the island has been confiscated twice, or perhaps thrice, in the course of a century. *The situation, therefore, of the Irish nation, at the revolution, stands unparalleled in the history of the inhabited world.*

“The mode in which the lord justices and the “castle party” proceeded, is an edifying example of the mode by which the forms of law have been so often prostituted, to sanction injustice to Ireland. They indicted the Irish gentlemen who possessed any estates, of high treason, in the several counties over which they had jurisdiction, and then removed them all, by *certiorari*, to the Court of King’s Bench in Dublin. By this ingenious contrivance, those who were to be robbed lost all opportunity of making their defence: indeed, in most cases, they were ignorant of their being accused; and the Irish government were saved the trouble of showing how the Irish people could be guilty of high treason, for supporting the cause of their rightful monarch against a foreign invader. They felt conscious that this was not a matter to be proved easily; and we must give them due credit for the prudent modesty of their silence.” — TAYLOR.”

The English parliament now assumed supreme power over the parlia-

ment of Ireland. The first-fruit of this assumption was, the introduction of the bills against the growth of Popery. The parliament called in Ireland by James the Second, composed principally of Roman Catholics, declared *conscience free*. The succeeding parliament, called by William the Third, composed exclusively of Protestants, passed the *penal laws*. And what were these? They amounted to nearly a hundred enactments, every one of which being a direct violation of the first, second, and ninth articles of the treaty of Limerick.

And here let us examine what these articles were.

First, "The Roman Catholics of this kingdom [Ireland] shall enjoy such privileges, in the exercise of their religion, as are consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles the Second, (which include the right to sit in parliament, to plead at the bar, to be members of corporations and of the magistracy, to teach schools, and to publicly celebrate their religious worship;) and their majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom, will *procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular, as may preserve them from any disturbance upon the account of their said religion.*"

The second article, after reciting much technical matter, proceeds: "And all persons comprehended in this article (meaning the whole Irish Catholics, who were under the *protection* of the Irish army before the surrender of Limerick) shall have, hold, and enjoy, all their *goods and chattels, real and personal*, to them, or any of them, belonging and remaining, either in their own hands, or the hands of any persons whatsoever, in trust for, or for the use of them, or any of them. And all and every the said persons, of what *profession, trade, or calling*, soever they may be, shall and may use, exercise, and practise, their several and respective *professions, trades, and callings*, as *freely as they did use, exercise, and enjoy, the same in the reign of King Charles the Second*, — provided that no person whatsoever shall have or enjoy the benefit of this article, that shall neglect or refuse to take the oath of allegiance made by act of parliament of England, in the first year of the reign of their present majesties, when thereunto required."

Article ninth. "The oath to be administered to such Roman Catholics as submit to their majesties' government, shall be the oath *above said, [of allegiance,] and no other.*"

Now, then, we shall see those solemn articles broken through, *in every particular*, and the *religion, trade, education, and rights*, of the Irish nation suppressed, after their properties had been confiscated — in the

lifetime, too, of the very king with whom this solemn treaty was concluded.

The whole of the penal laws against the Catholics, passed by Queen Elizabeth, in England, were imbodied into one act of parliament, and passed through the Protestant parliament of King William. This code, 1st, stripped the Catholic peers of their right to sit in parliament. 2d. It stripped Catholic gentlemen of their right to be chosen members of parliament. 3d. It took from *all* the right to vote at elections; and, though *Magna Charta* says that no man shall be taxed without his consent, it double-taxed every man who refused to abjure his religion. 4th. It shut them out from all offices of power or trust, in any department of government, even the most insignificant. 5th. It took from them the right of presenting to church livings, though that power was given to Jews and Quakers. 6th. It fined them, at the rate of £20 a month, for keeping away from the church—though they believed not in its doctrines. 7th. It disabled them from keeping arms in their houses, for their defence; from maintaining suits at law; from being guardians or executors; from practising in *law* or *physic*; from travelling five miles from their houses. 8th. If a married woman kept away from church, she forfeited two thirds of her dower; she could not become executrix to her husband's will. 9th. It was rendered lawful for any *four justices of the peace*, in case a man was convicted of not going to the Protestant church, to call him before them, to compel him to abjure his religion, or, if he refused, they were empowered to *banish him for life*; and this, mind, without judge or jury; and if he returned, he was to be imprisoned for life, or suffer death. 10th. It enabled any *two* justices of the peace to call any person, older than sixteen years of age, before them, and to request him to abjure the Catholic faith; and if that man refused to comply, and was possessed of any property, it was awarded to his next of kin, who were, or should become, Protestant. 11th. It rendered a Catholic incapable to purchase lands, and all contracts entered into with him were *null and void*. 12th. It imposed a fine of £10 a month on any Catholic family, employing a Catholic *schoolmaster*; and imposed a fine of £2 a day on such schoolmaster. 13th. It imposed £100 fine for sending a child to a foreign Catholic school; and the child so sent was disabled from ever *inheriting, purchasing, or enjoying*, lands or profits, goods, debts, legacies, or sums of money, in England or Ireland. 14th. It punished the hearing of mass with a fine of £60. 15th. Any Catholic priest, who returned from beyond seas,

was liable to be hanged and quartered. 16th. Any Protestant who became a Catholic, or any Catholic who tried to induce a Protestant to become a Catholic, was liable to death. 17th. A Catholic schoolmaster, private or public, or even an usher, or assistant to a Protestant, was liable to be tried for *felony*. 18th. Any two justices might call before them any Catholic, order him to declare on *oath* where and when he *heard mass, who were present*, and the name and residence of any priest or schoolmaster he knew of, and, on refusal, these two men might condemn him without further trial, judge, or jury, to a year's imprisonment in a felons' jail. 19th. Any Protestant, suspecting any other Protestant of holding property in trust for any Catholic, might file a bill against the suspected trustee, and take the estate or property from him. 20th. Any Protestant seeing a Catholic tenant at will on a farm which, in his opinion, yielded one third more than the yearly rent, might enter on that farm, and, by simply swearing to the fact, enter the lands, dispossessing the Catholic tenant. 21st. Any Protestant, seeing a Catholic with a horse worth more than five pounds, might take the horse away from him, upon tendering him *five pounds*. 22nd. To shut off all chance of justice, at law, from those who professed the Catholic faith, none but known Protestants were to be jurymen, in all trials between a Protestant and a Catholic. 23rd. Horses and wagons of Catholics were to be, in all cases, seized for the use of the militia. 24th. Merchants of England, whose ships might be taken by privateers, whilst the nation was at war with any Catholic power, might levy their losses on Catholics in the British empire. 25th. Property of a Protestant, whose heirs at law were Catholic, was to go to next of kin, being Protestant. 26th. If a Protestant had an estate in Ireland, he was forbidden to marry a Catholic. 27th. All marriages between Protestants and Catholics were *annulled*, though many children might have been born from the marriage. 28th. Every *priest*, who celebrated a marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant, or between two Protestants, was condemned to be hanged. 29th. A Catholic father could not be a guardian to, or have the custody of, his own child, if the child, *however young*, pretended to be a Protestant; but the child was taken from its own father, and put into charge of a Protestant. 30th. If any child of a Catholic became a Protestant, the parent was to be instantly summoned, and compelled to declare *upon oath*, the full value of his or her *property of all sorts*; and then the chancery was to make such distribution of

the property as it thought fit. 31st. If the wife of a Catholic chose to *turn Protestant*, it set aside the will of the husband, and enabled the wife to distribute and appropriate his property to whatever purpose she pleased. 32d. "Honor thy father and thy mother," says the fourth commandment: "Dishonor thy father and thy mother," says this horrid enactment; for if any one of the sons of a Catholic became a *Protestant*, this son was to possess all the father had; and the father could not sell, mortgage, or dispose of the property he might have acquired by his labor, except by the permission of this son. 33d. A pension of £ 30 a year was awarded to any Catholic priest, who would abjure his religion, and become Protestant.

Now have I presented to the American reader this terrible code—a code carried into operation against the Irish nation, very soon after the solemn treaty was made before the walls of Limerick. These laws were not the growth of one reign, but were improved and refined upon in the reigns of William, Anne, and the first of the Georges. Sir Toby Butler, Mr. Cusack, Malone, and others, included in the treaty of Limerick, pleaded against those bills at the bar of both houses; but after hearing their arguments, the houses coolly proceeded to pass them, replying that, if they suffered any inconvenience by those laws, they had only to blame themselves for not conforming. Edmund Burke, speaking of those laws, says, "The most refined ingenuity of man could not contrive any plan or machinery better calculated to degrade humanity than this terrible code;" and Montesquieu, the French lawgiver, says, "This horrid code was conceived by devils, written in human gore, and registered in hell." So much for legislation against the mind and intellect of Ireland. Now let us see what they did against her trade, commerce, and manufactures.

The manufacturers and merchants of Bristol, jealous of the progress of the manufactures and commerce of Ireland, complained to King William, by address, that the "cheapness of provisions in Ireland, the advantages of water power, and goodness of the climate, doth invite over his majesty's subjects to settle there; and if a stop be not put to it by legislative enactment, that country [Ireland] would possess itself of the chief trade of the empire:" upon which King William replied, "Gentlemen, I shall do all in my power to promote the trade of England, and to *discourage the woollen manufacture of Ireland.*" This happened in 1696; and, in pursuance of the foregoing plan, both houses of the English parliament addressed King William, on the 9th of June, 1698. The lords stated, in their address, "that the growing manufacture of

cloth in Ireland, both by the cheapness of all sorts of necessaries of life, and the *goodness of materials*, for making all manner of cloth, doth invite your subjects of England, with their families and servants, to leave their habitations to settle there, to the increase of the woollen manufacture in Ireland, which makes your loyal subjects in this kingdom very apprehensive that the further growth of it may greatly prejudice the said manufacture here." And, in reference to this act, it need only be said, that prohibitory penalties were laid on every yard of cloth manufactured in Ireland. The act we refer to is the tenth and eleventh of William the Third, cap. 10, which recites, "that wool, and the woollen manufacture of cloth, serge, bays, kerseys, and other stuffs made or mixed with wool, are the greatest and most profitable commodities of the kingdom, on which the value of lands and the trade of the nation do chiefly depend; that great quantities of the like manufactures have, of late, been made, and *are daily increasing in the kingdom of Ireland*, and in the English plantations in America, and are exported from thence to foreign markets, heretofore supplied from England: all of which inevitably tends to injure the value of lands, and to ruin the trade and the woollen manufacture of the realm; and that, for the prevention thereof, the export of wool, and of the woollen manufacture, from Ireland, be prohibited, under the forfeiture of goods and ship, and a penalty of £ 500 for every such offence." Fuller's earth, so necessary in the manufacture of cloth, was prohibited from being imported from England into Ireland. And the parliament of King William, composed exclusively of Protestants, were so base, and so mean, as to respond to this iniquitous act, in the following resolution, which is on their records, 25th March, 1699: "The woollen manufacture, being the settled staple trade of *England*, from whence all foreign markets are supplied, can never be encouraged *here* for the purpose."

"At the passing of these fatal acts," says Dean Swift, "the condition of our trade was glorious and flourishing, though no way interfering with the English. The products of our looms were partly sent to the northern nations, from which we had in exchange timber, iron, hemp, flax, pitch, tar, and hard dollars. At that time, the current money of Ireland was foreign silver. A man could hardly receive £100 without finding the coin of all the northern powers, and every prince of the German empire, among it." *Letters on the Miserable State of Ireland.*

The products of the Irish loom were also sent to France, Spain, and Portugal, from whence wines, oils, silks, fruits, and other commodities, were received in return.



Thus had the bigotry alone of the Irish Protestant impelled him to surrender the independence and manufactures of his country to the avarice and jealousy of England. In addition to all these, there were passed the navigation laws, which forbade to any Irish merchant to ship beyond seas in any ships but those built in Britain. And this was improved upon by the embargo laws, twenty-two of which were passed in forty years, which forbade to merchants of Ireland, whether Protestant or Catholic, to trade with any foreign nation, or with any colony of Britain, direct; *or to export or import any article, except to or from British merchants resident in England*; forbade also to send cattle or corn into England — an old statute which was now revived. One exception was made to this terrible code: it was this — a most considerate one truly, coming from such Christian, philanthropic legislators: for the benefit of the colonial interests, and to keep up the sinking spirits of Ireland, she was permitted to import JAMAICA RUM, duty free!

Here was legislation with a vengeance!

You may talk of English bravery, philosophy, literature, Christianity, or what you please; but show us, in the revolving page of creation's history, a code of laws more diabolical than these.

Could Satan, in the councils of the doomed, propose any set of laws better calculated to degrade and destroy the spirit, virtue, morals, and industry, of a nation?

Stand forward, England, and answer to the freemen of the world for your crimes against the Irish race!

Stand forward, Saxon, and show cause, if any you have, why *you* should be permitted to visit the ships, and regulate the commerce, of the world!

These brutal laws drove out of Ireland forty-two thousand families, — say two hundred thousand human beings, who were engaged in the woollen manufacture, being one tenth of the entire population. Twelve thousand of those families were employed in the city of Dublin, and thirty thousand families through the provinces, all deriving a subsistence from this branch of national enterprise, and giving employment, in turn, to thousands upon thousands of their countrymen. Many of those people, too, were Protestant. These expatriated artisans wandered out of Ireland into foreign countries. Some of them settled in France, some in Spain; and they all contributed to establish the woollen trade in these respective nations. It is stated, by the historians of the day, that upwards of four hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen emigrated into France and Spain, from the accession of Elizabeth to the reign of George the Second;

as many more went into other parts of the continent, and were found, as I have shown, in the ranks of every potentate of Europe. These men filled the ranks of England's enemies and rivals, and met her armies on the plain and on the wave, and defeated them too, as we shall see.

King William the Third, commonly called the *Prince of Orange*, died from a fall from his horse. He reigned thirteen years; ten of which he was in war with foreign or domestic foes.

Wade, the English historian, says of him, "In furtherance of his ambitious aspirations, he was unscrupulous as to the means he employed. Parliament was bribed, the morals of the people corrupted, and the pernicious principle introduced of borrowing on remote funds, by which was engendered a swarm of loan-contractors, speculators, and stock-jobbers, whose harvest is gathered in the midst only of a nation's difficulties. It is to this monarch we owe the commencement of the practice of issuing exchequer bills; of raising money by lottery; the excise and stamp duties, which burdened posterity, and generated and supported wars of despotism and folly."

It is to this man that England owes the establishment of that terrible engine of oppression, the Bank of England, which has aided every corrupt minister in raising a debt on the people's shoulders which they never authorized and never can pay, and which, at last, will lead to a bloody revolution.

I find in Smiles's *Ireland* — (Smiles, an Englishman and a Protestant) the following honest page, which deserves a place here: —

"As it has not unfrequently been alleged against the Catholics that, if they had the power, and possessed the ascendancy in the Irish legislature that the Protestants have done, they would use it for purposes of their own aggrandizement, and to the injury of other religious sects, — it may not be uninteresting and unimportant here to place in juxtaposition the acts passed in the Catholic parliament of James and those passed in the Protestant parliament of William, allowing the reader to judge for himself which of the two legislated most in the spirit of constitutional freedom, and for the true interests of Ireland: —

*Acts passed in the Catholic Parliaments of James.*

"An act declaring that the parliament of England cannot bind Ireland; and against writs and appeals to be brought for removing judgments, decrees, and sentences, in Ireland, to England.

"An act for taking off all incapacities from the natives of this kingdom.

"An act for *liberty of conscience*, and

*Acts passed in the Protestant Parliaments of William and Mary.*

"An act, 3 William, recognized by the Irish parliament, (thereby recognizing the supremacy of England,) for excluding Catholics from parliament. — *Lords' Journal*, vol. i. p. 496.

"An act restraining foreign education. — 7 William, c. 4.

"An act for disarming Papists, con-

repealing such acts and clauses in any acts of parliament which are inconsistent with the same.

“An act for the encouragement of strangers and others to inhabit and plant in this kingdom of Ireland.

“An act for vesting in his majesty the goods of *absentees*.

“An act prohibiting the importation of English, Scotch, or Welsh wools into this kingdom.

“An act for the advance and improvement of trade, and for the encouragement and increase of shipping and navigation, &c. &c.

taining a clause rendering their spoliation, robbery, &c., legal. — 7 *Will.* c. 5.

“An act for banishing archbishops, priests, &c., for the purpose of extinguishing the Catholic religion. — 9 *Will.* c. 1.

“An act for discouraging marriages between Catholic and Protestant. — 9 *Will.* c. 5.

“An act confirming (i. e. violating) the Articles of Limerick. — 9 *Will.* c. 11.

“The acts for discouraging the woollen trade of Ireland, which afforded subsistence to 12,000 Protestant families in the metropolis, and 30,000 dispersed in other parts of the kingdom, passed in the English parliaments, (1 *Will. & Mary*, c. 32; 4 *Will. & Mary*, c. 24; 7 and 8 *Will.* c. 28; 9 and 10 *Will.* c. 40,) and recognized afterwards by the Irish parliament, in the bill passed 25th of March, 1699.

“An act completing the ruin of the woollen manufactory, and imposed, with all its violations of the trial by jury, &c., by the English parliament on Ireland. — 10 and 11 *Will.* c. 10.

“Such were the Protestant parliaments from the hands of which Ireland afterwards received its destinies, and such the constitution to which the monopolists of the present day still wish that we should revert! Such men and such assemblies were much more fitting to entertain the petitions of coal-heavers for the exclusion of Papists from the trade, or the infamous castration clause in the bill for mending the laws against the growth of Popery, or to burn Molyneux's book by the public hangman, than to legislate for the rights and interests of a free nation.”

William was mean and treacherous, as appears not only from his perfidious breach of the treaty of Limerick, but by the massacre of the Scottish chieftain *Macdonald*, and all his clan, in *Glencoe*, on the 31st of January, 1693. These men were murdered after they had submitted, and come in *on his proclamation of pardon, and taken the oaths of allegiance to him*. The brave old chieftain and all his clan were, in a moment of unsuspecting security, cruelly butchered in the night. This king used to be the god of the foolish Orangemen of Ireland; they begin latterly to perceive the folly of toasting the memory of that man who “delivered them from Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes,” in pro-

portion as they perceive that Catholics, *paper* money, and *bare* feet, multiply.

King William left no heir, and he was succeeded by Anne, Princess of Denmark, daughter of James the Second. She was a princess full of bigotry and toryism. It was in her reign that the parliament of Scotland was united to the parliament of England, principally by the means of bribes and honors showered on a venal portion of the members.

Then followed George the First, son of the Princess Sophia. He was chosen, by the parliament of Britain, from one of the remote branches of the palatine family found in Germany. The lawful succession was passed over, and he was taken from the last of fifty generations from the palatinate of the Richards.

It was thus that the house of Hanover was brought in to govern England, swearing, agreeably to the oath of William the Third, that the religion of the state should be Protestant.

George the First, who came to the throne A. D. 1714, was illiterate, avaricious, intemperate, and contemptible.

In those times lived Swift, Bolingbroke, Addison, Sir Richard Steele, Parnell, Pope, Dryden, and many other great lights of literature.

We pass into the reign of George the Second. It began in the year 1727. He was an illiterate person; no better than an ordinary farmer or yeoman; he was tasteless, of narrow and inveterate prejudices. His predilections for his German connections led him into wars with Spain and France. In these wars England was soundly beaten, and beaten, too, principally by Irishmen who had enlisted in the armies of those countries then opposed to her. Spain took one hundred and fifty English ships during that war, whilst England took but one hundred and twenty-five Spanish ships. One of the chief grounds of war with the Spaniards was the right which England then assumed of searching their ships, which claim *she relinquished on making peace with Spain*. At *Fontenoy*, the English were beaten by the French army, when and where they were driven from the field with a loss of ten to fifteen thousand men. Amongst those French forces that covered themselves with such glory, was the Irish Brigade, commanded by Dillon. It was in reference to these disasters, and hearing that Irish Catholics swarmed in the armies of France, that George the Second exclaimed, in reference to the penal laws, "Cursed be such laws, that rob me of such subjects!"

The next war commenced by England, in this reign, was that between the then French and English colonies of America. Canada in

the north, and Louisiana, and the vast region washed by the Mississippi, in the south of this continent, were owned by the French. Canada, together with those territories now known as "British provinces," were taken by the English, and so also were many of the settlements of the French in Asia and Africa. In the prosecution of the latter, the heartless agents of the English, *Clive*, *Watson*, and others, penetrated into India, and butchered millions upon millions of the innocent people of that region. It was the practice of Clive to take these helpless Indian prisoners, and, rather than let them live, tie them in bundles of six or seven, bring them close to his cannon, and blow them into atoms. By these and similar butcheries by the agents of England, in their conquest of India, upwards of forty millions of human beings were destroyed, in the course of fifty or sixty years. So terrified were the Chinese, Japanese, and other Eastern powers, at the barbarities practised by England, that the Christian religion was proscribed through all the east, because it was the religion of the English barbarians. Since the days of St. Francis Xavier, in the sixteenth century, (the first modern preacher of Christianity in the East,) that religion had made wonderful way in those parts. Through the labors of the Catholic missionaries, many millions were converted to the faith; but when the Chinese emperor heard of the continued rivers of blood shed by the English Christians, he turned upon the Catholic missionaries; and though a Catholic bishop had resided at Canton for thirty years, as head of an extensive mission, that bishop and several priests were put to death: in fact, all the priests in the empire were executed except three, who were saved for their knowledge of astronomy and gunnery.

The first and second Georges had to contend with two Scottish rebellions, in favor of the heir of the house of Stuart. These rebellions were suppressed — large confiscations were made — but these confiscations, instead of being handed over to English absentees, were consolidated, and placed under the management of the Highland Society of Roads and Bridges, for the improvement of Scotland, which proved a blessing to that nation, in affording a permanent fund of near a million sterling a year for the improvement of the country. As there has been a romantic interest interwoven with the "house of Stuart," a few words about the "last of the race" may be appropriate.

The last of this unfortunate race, the nephew of Prince Charles Stuart, the "Pretender," died at a very advanced age, in Scotland, in the year 1843. He had been, when a boy, with his father at the battles of Pres-

ton Pans and Culloden ; after that, was a soldier in the 42d Highlanders ; fought at Quebec under Wolfe, and at Bunker Hill in 1776 ; was at several battles ; passed through a variety of adventures ; was five times married ; had upwards of thirty children, all but one of whom died without issue before him. This singular old man possessed all his faculties to the extraordinary age of *one hundred and eleven*, at which he died, terminating in his person the existence of that celebrated, but unfortunate family.

In the course of this reign began the religious sect of Methodists, which branched into two denominations, under their respective leaders, Wesley and Whitefield.

As to the warlike prowess of England during this period, I quote from *the English Smiles* the following instructive page : —

“ It will be remembered by our readers that the flower of the Irish army entered the service of France, after the peace of Limerick. That gallant body of men, nineteen thousand strong, soon rendered themselves famous in continental history. In every great battle did they signalize themselves by their bravery, till the Irish Brigade became a word of terror to its enemies. The French government highly valued the services of their gallant allies, and resolved to keep up the strength and efficiency of the force by systematic recruiting. A regular traffic was accordingly commenced and carried on, from most of the seaports in the south of Ireland, — contractors for recruits undertaking to supply a certain number of men, and providing vessels for their transport. Those who voluntarily embarked as recruits were known by the name of ‘ wild geese ;’ but the rewards held out to the contractors were so tempting, that it is to be feared kidnapping was in many cases resorted to, and young men were seized and sent off by force, in order to complete the number that the contractors had engaged to provide. Proclamations against this system of recruiting for foreign service were often issued by the government, but invariably without effect : the exportation of recruits went on just as before.

“ It was not, however, until after the famous battle of Fontenoy, in which the British army were completely defeated, chiefly by the efforts of the Irish Brigade, that the attention of the English government was drawn to the impolicy of allowing France to draw upon the military resources of Ireland. The honorable method would have been, to hold out to the Irish the offer of civil privileges, and the enjoyment of their religion at home, together with a fair prospect of honorable advancement in the service of Britain, such as they enjoyed in foreign countries. But this did not suit the purposes of the Irish ascendancy, or of the English government. They accordingly adopted the mean and vindictive method of driving them, if possible, from the French armies ; and now passed an act, disabling all Irish officers and soldiers, that had been in the service of France or Spain since the 18th of October, 1745, from holding any real or personal property in Ireland, and that any real or personal property, in possession, reversion, or expectancy, should belong to the first Protestant discoverer. The Irish officers and soldiers, however, despised this impotent malice of the government, and shortly afterwards, they mainly contributed to the overthrow of the British army at Lafelt, which

decided the fate of the war, and compelled Great Britain to accede to an inglorious peace." p. 295.

Ye Irish serfs of the present day, remember that !

George the Third came to the throne of England in 1760. He was much better educated than the two previous Georges ; was a great dissembler, and a High Church bigot ; incapable of seeing the advantages of liberality in religious opinion, commerce, or manufactures. Ireland had been reduced, by the brutalizing action of the penal laws, to the lowest stages of human misery and degradation. I take Dr. Smiles's description of this period, in preference to any other, because he is an enlightened English writer, and cannot be fairly suspected of prejudice against his own country :—

"A century of unmingled oppression and suffering followed the peace of Limerick, during every period of which the Irish people suffered far more than they had done during even the hottest part of the war. One set of governors followed another, but always with the same results to the Irish nation. Bigotry succeeded bigotry, and oppression succeeded oppression. The records of each succeeding reign or administration was only a repetition of the same course of tyranny on the part of the governors, and of suffering on the part of the governed. The ramifications of oppression extended throughout the entire frame of society. All the officers of government imitated the conduct of their superiors. Magistrates, who belonged exclusively to the dominant faction, lorded it in tyrant pride within their several jurisdictions. The example was imitated by their officers and servants, and extended itself downwards to the pettiest underling of the government, and even the remotest capillary artery of society was permeated by the destructive poison.

"Any descriptive detail that we could give of the sufferings of the Irish people, during this lamentable period, must fall far short of the reality. It would, indeed, be impossible for any pen, no matter how graphic or eloquent, to depict the daily and hourly sufferings of a whole people, endured, without intermission, from infancy to old age — from the cradle to the grave. We can readily appreciate the miseries and horrors of a period of destructive civil warfare. We see the blood, we hear the groans, we witness the deaths ; the circumstances make a deep impression upon our minds, and we imagine them to be the very worst that civilized society can suffer.

"But there is a greater misery than this, though one that is calculated to make less impression on the mind of the general observer. It is a period of slow national torture, by means of the law — of quiet oppression and tyranny, inflicted by a bigoted 'ascendency' — of insult, and cruelty, and wrong, heaped upon an entire nation by act of parliament — of calamity and mischief inflicted upon a crushed and plundered people, for the exclusive benefit of the smallest and least deserving class in the state. What must be the feelings of a nation, when they perceive law and religion alike converted into instruments of torture against them — when they see justice systematically perverted, and government used as a mere instrument of coercion and plunder !" \* \* \*

"Famine had been making periodical visits to Ireland before this period ; sparing

neither the Protestants of the north nor the Catholics of the south. In 1727, Primate Boulter made a journey into the north, which was chiefly inhabited by Protestants, and 'met all the roads full of whole families, who had left their homes to beg bread, since their neighbors had nothing to relieve them with.' Accordingly, many hundreds of them perished from famine. — (See *Boulter's Letters*, vol. i. p. 128.) 'The pious Boulter,' says Mr. O'Connor, 'exerted himself to check this evil. He applied the public money to the purchase of provisions in the districts inhabited by Catholics, to be transmitted to those parts peopled by Protestants. This inhuman policy provoked resistance; the civil and military powers were exerted in vain to remove the provisions. The sense of all other dangers vanished in the dread of immediate starvation. The government stores were plundered of the provisions, and carried off in triumph by the populace.' Boulter also endeavored to check the evils resulting from the discouragement of tillage, by a bill (passed in 1727) requiring all persons, who kept in actual occupation one hundred acres of land, to till five acres at the least, under a penalty of forty shillings per acre. This act did nothing whatever to check the evil, and years of scarcity and distress continued to follow each other without intermission." p. 257.

The condition of the Catholic clergy, about this time, is thus described by Mr. O'Connor.

"In one of his letters, Primate Boulter states the number of priests at three thousand, a number, which seems perfectly incredible, considering the violence of the persecution against them. Many of them, indeed, had returned from exile, and displayed that invincible courage and persevering constancy which religion inspires. The spirit which invited them to the ministry lightened their chains and bolts, illuminated their dungeons, supported them in exile, and prompted them to return, under fictitious names, at the risk of their lives. These were mostly the sons of reduced gentlemen, had tasted of ease and affluence in their younger years, and were accustomed to refinement of manners and the graces of education; they were now confined to the association of poverty and ignorance, were exposed to the merciless pursuit of priest-catchers, and to the cold, and damps, and starvation, of bogs and caverns. When the rage of persecution abated, they issued from their hiding-places bareheaded, barefooted, half naked, and half famished; proceeded from cabin to cabin, instructing the ignorant, consoling the unfortunate, infusing the balm of religion into the wounds of the wretched. Against these men the iron hand of power was raised to crush them as the last of malefactors." — *O'Connor's History of the Irish Catholics*, p. 211.

As an evidence of the horrible persecution brought to act against the Catholics, I may mention two facts established by authentic history. The ascendancy party in the Irish house of commons *passed a bill*, containing, among other penal clauses against the Catholics, *one which subjected any Catholic priest who came into Ireland to the penalty of castration!* The bill was sent to England, backed by the most earnest recommendation of the lord lieutenant to have it passed into a law by the signature of the king; but Walpole, who was then minister, at the earnest importunity of Cardinal Fleury, quashed the infamous enact-



ment. Its spirit, however, remained in the Irish parliament, which was then a hot-bed and nursery for young tyrants.

The second fact is the martyrdom of father Nicholas Sheehy, of Tipperary. That estimable man was accused of encouraging a French invasion, and of inciting whiteboy insurrections. He had been frequently persecuted by the magistrates of that county; but at length information was lodged against him, at Dublin Castle, which charged him with treason; and a reward of £300 was in consequence offered for his apprehension. Father Sheehy gave himself up, was tried before the court of king's bench, and, after a searching investigation of fourteen hours, he was fully acquitted of all the charges preferred against him. His enemies, being determined to destroy him, effected their purpose in the following way:—they circulated a report that a man named Bridge had been murdered to prevent his giving information on the trial, and that father Sheehy was a participator in the murder. He was arrested, tried by his enemies in Clonmel, and, on the very same evidence that had been rejected in Dublin, was found guilty, condemned, hanged, and quartered! With his dying breath, the priest declared his innocence. The attorney who defended him had to fly for his life by night; and, to crown all, *Bridge*, it afterwards appeared, was *not* murdered; he was alive several years after the reverend gentleman suffered for his supposed death! It was after this that a very general emigration of the Irish Catholics to America began.

A little after George the Third's accession to the throne, the stamp act and bill for collecting customs, which the parliament of Britain had sent over to America, with men-of-war to enforce, were resisted at Boston. Previous to this period, the colonies of America were, *commercially*, coerced and restrained by the parliament and ministry of England, in the same manner as Ireland. The colonists could not build ships, nor trade with any colony or nation but England; and even this limited trade should be carried on in *British-built bottoms*. The iron found here must be sent to England, to be there manufactured. No slitting or saw-mills could be erected; the manufacture of hats was interfered with; no master was permitted to have more than two apprentices; no colony could trade directly with another colony.

Then came the propositions to tax the colonies, for the purpose of drawing revenue to England. An *agitation* in opposition to these measures was begun in Philadelphia, in 1764, by Mr. *Charles Thompson, an Irishman*, afterwards the *secretary of Congress*. The agitation was continued and extended. Benjamin Franklin was sent to London

by Pennsylvania to remonstrate with the ministry ; other states also appointed him their agent. He could effect nothing ; he wrote a letter to Thompson, saying, "The sun of liberty is set ; we must now light up the candles of industry." Thompson replied, "Be assured we shall light up torches of a very different kind." The agitation was continued. On the 18th of December, 1773, several armed persons, at Boston, in the disguise of Mohawk Indians, boarded three ships laden with tea, and threw the entire of the cargoes overboard, without doing further damage. The ships belonged to the East India Company. Similar resistance to the tax was made in New York and South Carolina. A cargo of tea landed in New York, under protection of a man-of-war, was obliged to be locked up.

In 1774, the stamp and other bills were withdrawn by the British minister ; but the American people, now surprised at their own strength, looked for a free trade, and liberty to use their own great resources.

In January, 1775, thirty men-of-war were fitted out, by England, to scour the American coast, and prevent the colonies receiving European manufactures. In February, a hot debate took place in the British parliament, on the propriety of coercing the Americans — carried in the affirmative, by ayes 304, noes 105. In the minority were Edmund Burke, Barry, Connolly, and other Irishmen.

Mr. Burke, in his celebrated speech, 22d of March, 1775, moved his thirteen conciliatory resolutions towards America, which were rejected, noes 270, ayes 78. The royal assent was given to a bill for restraining the trade of the colonies of New England, and preventing their fishing on the banks of Newfoundland.

*Mr. Wilkes*, as mayor of London, went up with an address to the king, *approving of the resistance* of the Americans, and praying the dismissal of ministers.

Meetings were held in Belfast, in Ireland, *approving of the resistance of the Americans!* Subsequent meetings in that town sent money to the American patriots.

A petition was brought up by Mr. Burke, from Bristol, *approving of the resistance of the Americans.* A great excitement grew up in London in consequence.

The delegates of the thirteen colonies of America met at Philadelphia, 10th May, 1775, and formed a congress. To this congress CHARLES THOMPSON, the Irish agitator, was appointed secretary. He had been one of the leading agitators against the power of England for the previous ten years. He was, in fact, among the first who raised the standard of

opposition to the tyranny of England ; and he had the signal honor of bearing the commission of appointment from congress to the immortal Washington to take the command of the forces of the United States.

On the 19th of April, 1775, the first blood was shed at Lexington, and the battle of Bunker Hill, in which the king's army lost upwards of one thousand men, took place on the 17th of June following.

Montgomery, an Irish commander, of brilliant talents, as major-general of the northern army, penetrated into Canada, and captured Montreal, in the name of the United States. He, afterwards, with a hardy band from thence, attacked Quebec by a *coup de main*. They carried the first redoubts ; but one of a company of British soldiers, in retiring from their ground, fired off a cannon loaded with grape, which killed the brave Montgomery as he was encouraging his men to the advance.

The first naval battle, on the American shores, was fought in the harbor of Margarett, where O'Brien, an Irishman, was placed, by twenty-seven volunteers, in command ; and a British sloop-of-war was taken. John Barry, an Irishman, from Wexford, volunteered as a navy captain, and received the command of one of the first American-built war-ships. He acted bravely on the seas, as the eventful pages of American history testify. See *American Encyclopedia*. — "Barry."

The brilliant exploit, at Bennington, of Stark, (who was of Irish extraction,) and his brave volunteers, many of whom were Irishmen, from the Irish settlement of Londonderry, in New Hampshire, — on which occasion he destroyed a British detachment, killing and capturing more than nine hundred, in a desperate assault, — led to a series of still more brilliant victories in the north, which ended in the capture of Burgoyne, at Saratoga, with five thousand English troops, arms, and baggage !

This brilliant run of victory changed, according to Jefferson, the whole aspect of the war ; from a period of gloom, disaster, and despondency, which was previously experienced by Washington's diminished army, every battle was now better sustained. The Americans supported more vigorously the cause of liberty, and, amid great privations, defeated the British in several engagements. At length, on the 8th of February, 1778, Lord North introduced his bill into the British house of commons, which *proposed to concede every thing the Americans contended for, except their nominal independence of the crown !*

The sudden abandonment of all points in dispute produced astonishment in the house, and his lordship's proposition was received, says the *Annual Register*, with a "dull, melancholy silence."

In a few days after this, the independence of the United States was acknowledged by France. Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee, were publicly received at the French court as THE AMBASSADORS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. A French army was then voted to aid the patriots, and from thenceforward their cause rose in Europe and America, until at length they triumphed. America soon after established her independence, which was the first move in advance towards establishing greater liberties in Europe.

Having thus passed in review the leading events of the eighty years which followed the treaty of Limerick, we now come to the stirring, bright period of Irish history, connected in the memory by the names of "Grattan," "Flood," the "volunteers," a "free trade, and independence."

The reader will remember that the solemn treaty of Limerick was broken, — basely, shamefully broken, by the English parties to that memorable compact. He will remember that they suppressed our manufactures, proscribed our religion, took from us the power of acquiring, even by purchase, an acre of the land of our forefathers; that they sowed discord and dissensions amongst us by act of parliament; introduced rum free of duty, that our oppressed people might be tempted into habits of intoxication: he will recollect *that they proscribed education; that they darkened the people's mind*, and thus reduced the once enlightened Irish nation to a degraded state in the social scale of nations; her intellect uncultivated, her morals damaged, her spirit broken, her trade gone, her people idle, ignorant, drunken, in the helpless, resigned condition of slavery.

Two generations had passed away under the operation of these soul-subduing laws. It was not until the American struggle had, in its advanced stage, attracted the attention of enlightened Europe to the first principles of civil liberty, that the Irish nation opened its eyes, and lifted a hope towards Heaven for freedom.

Previous to the year 1776, the Catholics were so dispirited, and their cause so neglected and out of fashion, that not a man in either house of the Irish parliament durst as much as speak a word in their behalf. There had appeared in the Catholic ranks, a few years before this, three distinguished men, who may be said to have given birth to that system of Catholic agitation, which, under various names, and in various forms, and under various leaders, ended at length in accomplishing the perfect freedom of the Catholics. These were Dr. Curry, Mr. O'Connor, and Mr. Wyse, to whom may be added John Keogh. The first was a prac-

tising physician of Dublin, who wrote the History of the Civil Wars of Ireland, embracing the period from Elizabeth to William. He was prompted to this undertaking by hearing a young girl, who was coming out of a Protestant church, exclaim, "*Are there any of those bloody Papists now in Dublin?*" This induced the doctor to obtain a copy of the sermon preached that day, which was composed of the grossest calumnies against the Irish Catholics. "*Curry's Review*," considering the times in which it was written, is a monument of industry, courage, and patriotism. It was the first book published on the Catholic side for a century, and it performed something like a miracle in awakening the torpid Catholics to a sense of existence. O'Connor of Ballanegar, the second of this distinguished association, has already received from me a merited notice. He first ventured some pamphlets in defence of Catholics, signed "*A Protesant Dissenter*," and then a "*Dissertation on Irish History*," which imparted to the fallen Catholics a reflected view of what their forefathers were, and how much they lost.

Mr. Wyse was a resident of Waterford, a descendant of the Norman race which settled there on the first invasions, a steadfast Catholic, for his adherence to which faith his family had suffered the loss of their property. He was not a writer, but a busy and vigorous agitator.

Keogh was a merchant of Dublin, one who, unbidden and unpaid, travelled, agitated, roused the Catholics, petitioned, negotiated, and finally succeeded in obtaining liberty to possess land, hear mass, receive instruction from a Catholic schoolmaster, and some other trifling privileges. Here I will again quote from Dr. Smiles a pertinent extract.

"The government was stimulated to exertion in the amelioration of the penal code, by the intelligence which arrived from across the Atlantic towards the close of the year. General Burgoyne had surrendered to the American 'rebels' at Saratoga, and the entire British army had been led into captivity! Of the Irish in America, a large proportion every where stood foremost on the side of the patriots. It seemed as if Providence had mysteriously used the victims of Britain's cruelty to Ireland — the men whom her persecutions had banished from the bosom of their own land — as the means of her final punishment and humiliation on a foreign soil. As the Irish Brigade struck down the British power at Landen and Fontenoy, so did the refugee Irish, in the ranks of the American patriot army, contribute to pluck from the haughty brow of Britain the palm of empire."

The concessions obtained by those four agitators were *trifles*, but they were trifles that broke the spell of tyranny; and now commenced the first movement for the reestablishment of Irish freedom. Ireland began to feel herself affected by the struggles of America. The spirit of independence had crossed the Atlantic, and the Irish people, awakened from

a trance, beheld with anxiety the great contest in which they now began to feel as if they were personally engaged. Meetings had been held in many parts of Ireland to cheer on the Americans. The people of Cork had sent a vessel, with provisions and clothing, to Washington's army, which vessel got safely into Boston. The pulse of Ireland began to beat quicker; her heart began to throb. The moment was critical; the nation became ignited; the spark of constitutional liberty had found its way into her bosom. She determined to claim and vindicate the rights of nature. She soon began to assume the language of a nation deserving independence. The sound of arms and the voice of freedom echoed from every quarter of the island. Distinctions were forgotten or disregarded. Every rank, every religion, alike caught the general feeling. She gradually arose from torpor and obscurity, and she exhibited, as if changed by the enchanter's spell, an armed and animated people, claiming their natural rights and demanding their constitutional liberty.

The Irish nation, it is true, possessed, at this time, a parliament, but one withal so subservient and restrained, that it could do little. By Poyning's law, passed in the reign of Henry the Seventh, the Irish parliament could originate no measure that had not the sanction of the British privy council. Notwithstanding this, the Irish parliament frequently manifested signs of vital independence, and kept the hand of England out of her exchequer. An occasional gleam of national spirit would flicker in the dark horizon.

Molyneux had written his "Inquiry how far England possessed Authority to bind Ireland," addressed to King William. The book was condemned and burned by order of parliament; but this only tended to spread its independent doctrines. The writings of Swift in favor of the manufactures of Ireland did much, those of Lucas did more, in generating a national sentiment.

Dr. Lucas established the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, which spoke then, as it does at present, the sentiments of nationality. He was returned a member for the city of Dublin; and for his independent writings he was expelled the house, and had to fly from his native city, from which he remained an exile eight or ten years.

But all these obstacles were too feeble to retard a nation in its march to freedom. There appeared at the Irish bar, at this period, a galaxy of the most splendid talent. Foremost in this bright constellation shone Flood, Grattan, Yelverton, Hussey Burgh, and others. Grattan was the leading spirit of this era; he was a lawyer, young, ardent, elo-

quent, and patriotic; he imbibed the sentiments of liberty scattered by Molyneux, Swift, Lucas, Flood, Burke, and others. Flood and Lucas had succeeded in passing the octennial bill, which limited the tenure of seats in parliament to eight years, instead of to life, as previously prevailed. This triumph spurred the public spirit. Grattan was brought into the Irish parliament in 1775, by the influence of Lord Charlemont, who held the nomination to some boroughs in the north.

Grattan was the leader of every thing liberal. He was the rallying point of the independent spirits which grew around him, and which seemed to be the creation of his breath. He presented petitions, attended meetings out of the house, roused and guided the people, conciliated, combined, and enlightened; in short, performed that part towards Ireland which O'Connell performs now. He was fearless, eloquent, and vigorous: his income was small, and his profession as a lawyer procured him little; for his clients were not individuals, but the nation.

The crisis now approached when Ireland was to rear her head once more among the nations. Strange and unforeseen events began to crowd into the world, and the old political maxims which used to govern mankind seemed to melt away before a newly-found dissolving agent. The colonies of America had declared their independence, and shaken off the authority of Britain. She was involved in war with France and Spain. They were united against her; and the admiral of their combined fleets swept the British seas, whilst the fleet and flag of England fled before him. These formidable allied nations talked of invading Ireland; and Ireland was called upon, by George the Third and his parliament, to protect herself.

She prepared for defence against foreign aggression, resolving, at the same time, to shake off native tyranny. It is true, she found herself without money, without a militia, a standing army, ordnance, or fortifications. The lord lieutenant applied to the English king for money to put the country into a state of defence; but none was to be had. He had already borrowed twenty thousand pounds of Latouche, the bankers, and applied to that firm for a second loan, but they were unable to afford it.

The leading spirits of the age commenced forming armed associations. The Catholic and the Protestant now regarded each other with better feelings than they formerly did. They saw that their interest was substantially the same; they breathed the same air, tilled the same soil, were liable to the same dangers, suffered the same privations. The few manufacturers of Ireland that remained were chiefly Protestant. They

saw that England, by legal restrictions and overwhelming competition, had drowned every effort which they attempted at manufacturing enterprise.

The first feeling that grew up in the minds of the people was one against the consumption of English manufactures. This feeling was reduced to a pledge, and was taken at several meetings in Dublin, and flew through the country like wildfire. It was adopted by every one. The next step towards freedom was taken by Alderman Horan, who, by force, put on board a foreign ship, that lay in the Dublin port, a few bales of woollen goods manufactured in Ireland. This was venturing to break an unholy law after the manner of the men at Boston, who flung the taxed tea into the water. The effort succeeded; for it showed the people the nature of the restrictions, *the very manacle itself* which bound them.

Meanwhile, the armed associations hourly gained strength in numbers and influence. They began to acquire the appendages of a regular army. They gradually distributed themselves into regiments. The completion of one corps stimulated the formation of another. They assumed various uniforms — green, white, scarlet, or blue. Their arms were at first provided by themselves; but the extraordinary increase of their numbers rendered them at length unable to procure a sufficient supply. They then applied to the government; and, though some hesitation was evinced, the lord lieutenant, with a reluctant aspect, handed out twenty thousand stand of arms. In fact, the government dared not refuse them.

At this time, the returning army of Cornwallis, from America, scattered through Ireland. Many veteran soldiers, who carried home from this liberated country the aspirings of the human heart for freedom, mixed with the people, and infused into their minds their own enlarged ideas of public liberty. These veteran soldiers got command in the volunteer corps, and instructed them in military tactics. They spent their convivial hours with their enthusiastic recruits. The successful resistance of America formed the theme, and the weather-beaten veteran would frequently be asked, "Why should not Ireland be as free as America?"

The volunteer corps were frequently reviewed by their officers. Ladies mingled in the public exhibitions, inspiring the patriots with the chivalry of their nature. These patriotic ladies made and ornamented flags and colors, embroidered uniforms with their own hands, contributed their trinkets and jewels to purchase ornaments, and infused their own enthusiasm into the hearts of all. The volunteer corps were, for a while, separate; but, at the suggestion of Earl Charlemont, they were



all consolidated into one army, of which the earl himself was elected generalissimo.

The Irish parliamentary session of 1779 now opened, and presented a more than common bustle and vivacity. The speeches of the lord lieutenants of Ireland, for one hundred years past, were nothing more than echoes of the king of England's voice; they were insipid and without meaning. The hour had arrived for "Ireland's opportunity." Grattan seized it, and, moving an amendment to the usual address, carried the majority of the house in a motion "that the trade of Ireland required freedom from all restraint, as the natural right of Irishmen."

The die was now cast. The spirit that was gathering outside had penetrated the walls of the house of commons. Several members seconded Grattan; his motion succeeded; and the first barrier, passed, opened the way for the army of freedom.

Free trade was carried in the Irish parliament, but it was not yet sanctioned by the king. Meantime the Dublin volunteers met for review in Dublin. They were the artillery corps commanded by James Napper Tandy, and they appeared on parade with their guns covered over with placards; and pasted very near the touchholes was the significant sentence, "Free Trade or Speedy Revolution!" This cry alarmed the king. Free trade was conceded. It was soon followed by a cry for a free parliament. From this to 1782 the public mind was ripening for independence.

At a meeting of the Dublin Volunteers, the 1st of March, 1782, the Duke of Leinster in the chair, the following resolution was passed with acclamation: "Resolved, That the king, lords, and commons, of *Ireland*, only, are competent to make laws *binding* the subjects of *this* realm; and that we will not OBEY, or give operation to any laws, save only those enacted by the king, lords, and commons of Ireland, whose rights and privileges, jointly and separately, we are determined to support with our lives and fortunes." This resolution, proceeding from the first men of station and talent in the land, produced a new pulsation through the heart of Ireland. It would be vain to describe the inspired emotions of the people; there was nothing talked of, nothing thought of, but the relative rights of Ireland and England; and the Irish nation quickly made up its own mind, with wonderful unanimity too, that England had no *right* whatever to legislate for, bind, or coerce it.

Protestant and Catholic united in this opinion, and associated to support it with their lives and wealth.

IT WAS A GLORIOUS HOUR IN THE HISTORY OF IRELAND! IS IT

too much to hope the return of such another? Is it treason to wish it? Is it delusion to revel in the belief that such an hour is approaching? — when *no more*

“The Orange beggar spurns  
The Papist beggar’s hand,  
While Freedom, shrieking, turns,  
And flies the hapless land.”

Yes! such an hour is most plainly and surely approaching. Let us hail and welcome it at home and abroad, for it is the morning dawn of Ireland’s independence.

Recurring to the volunteers, it was now determined to hold a grand convention, which would reflect the national mind and embody its will. Dungannon, a central point of the north, was fixed on for that great purpose. Two hundred delegates, the wisest and bravest of the volunteer commanders, were chosen at the head of their respective corps to perform this distinguished duty.

The *church* of Dungannon was chosen for the assembly hall, and the 15th of February, 1782, was the day appointed for its deliberations.

High was the heart of Ireland at this moment. The resolutions to be brought forward had undergone, on the 14th, a critical ordeal at the Earl of Charlemont’s, in Rutland Square. On all things but one the chief men of that little committee were agreed, and that *one* was the gradual emancipation of the Catholics. The Earl of Charlemont was bigotedly opposed to their emancipation. Grattan was vehemently in their favor.

Mr. Dobbs, a man of singular ideas on religion, but extravagantly devoted to the liberty of Ireland, was selected by this committee to carry the resolutions of Charlemont House to the Dungannon convention. Mr. Dobbs was himself a member of that convention, the better fitted for the duty; being seated on horseback at Lord Charlemont’s door, Mr. Grattan carried out the *whole* of the resolutions and stuffed them into his saddle-bags, — that in favor of the Catholics being amongst them. Mr. Dobbs arrived in Dungannon next morning, and presented the resolutions to the assembly: they were *unanimously* approved of; and thus, by the indomitable efforts of Grattan, Catholic right was placed upon that banner which proclaimed national right.

The memorable 15th of February opened on the village of Dungannon. Two hundred chiefs, the flower of Ireland, made their appearance at the church. The entrance of the delegates into that sacred place was a splendid spectacle: the glittering arms and array of two

hundred patriots selected to represent their country, to proclaim its wrongs, and insist on its rights, had an effect on the beholders which pen or pencil cannot trace. They passed a series of resolutions which embody the great doctrines of man in a free state. In those resolutions, which I subjoin, "civil and religious liberty" stand conspicuous.

"Resolved, unanimously, That a citizen, by learning the use of arms, does not abandon *any* of his civil rights.

"That a claim of *any* body of men, other than the KING, LORDS, AND COMMONS OF IRELAND, to make laws to bind *this* kingdom, is *unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance.*

"That the power exercised by the privy council of both kingdoms, under pretence of the law of *Poyning*, is *unconstitutional and a grievance.*

"That the ports of this country are by *right* open to *all* foreign countries, not at war with the king, and that any burdens thereupon, or obstruction thereto, save only by the parliament of IRELAND, are *unconstitutional, illegal, and grievances.*

"That a mutiny bill, not limited in point of duration from session to session, is *unconstitutional and a grievance.*

"That the independence of judges is equally essential to the impartial administration of justice in Ireland, as in England; and that the refusal or delay of this right to Ireland, makes a distinction where there should be no distinction; may excite jealousy where perfect union should prevail; and is in itself *unconstitutional and a grievance.*

"That it is our *decided* and *unalterable* determination to seek a redress of these grievances; and we pledge ourselves to each other, and to our country, as freeholders, fellow-citizens, and men of honor, that we will, at every ensuing election, support those only who have supported us therein, and that we will use every constitutional means to make such, our pursuit of redress, *speedy and effectual.*

"That as men and as Irishmen, as Christians and as *Protestants*, we rejoice in the relaxation of the penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects; and that we conceive the measure to be fraught with the *happiest consequences* to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland.

"That four members from each county of the province of Ulster (eleven to be a quorum) be, and hereby are, appointed a committee till next general meeting, to act for the volunteer corps here represented, and, as occasion shall require, to call general meetings of the province.

"That the said committee do appoint nine of their members to be a committee in Dublin, in order to communicate with such other volunteer associations in the other provinces, as may think proper to come to similar resolutions; and to deliberate with them on the most constitutional means of carrying them into effect."

These resolutions were passed unanimously; the assembly continued in deliberation several days; the resolutions were signed by all the delegates, to the support of which they pledged their lives and fortunes.

The electricity flew from Dungannon through the soul of every man in

Ireland. The British government became alarmed; the *North ministry* was dismissed; and the coalition ministry, having Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, among its members, succeeded. Grattan gave notice of his intention to declare the Irish parliament free; the new ministry became alarmed; they entered into correspondence with the leading patriots of Ireland; they besought Charlemont to calm Grattan, and delay his intended motion. Charlemont came to him, found him in bed, opened to him the wishes of the new ministry, and begged him to postpone his motion for a few days. He found Grattan sick; but the sick patriot rose from his bed, exclaiming, "No time! no time! my lord — not a day!" In the mean time, the Duke of Portland arrived in Ireland as the new lord lieutenant; he was full of promises to the Irish as to what his ministry *intended* to do. He sent for Grattan, heard his intended motion with embarrassment, begged a postponement, which Grattan would not listen to, and found himself unable to do any thing. In two days after the duke's arrival, the motion for national independence was to be proposed.

The morning of the 16th of April, 1782, arrived; the streets were lined with volunteers, the houses full of spectators, who anxiously watched the members as they entered; and here let us have, from Barrington's eloquent pen, a brilliant page in the history of Ireland.

"The great street before the house of parliament was thronged by a multitude of people of every class, and of every description, though many hours must elapse before the house would meet, or business be proceeded on. As it was a circumstance which seldom takes place on the eve of remarkable events, it becomes a proper subject of remark, that, though more than many thousands of people, inflamed by the most ardent zeal, were assembled in a public street without any guide, restraint, or control, save the example of the volunteers, not the slightest appearance of tumult was observable.

"Mr. Grattan entered, accompanied by Mr. Brownlow and several others, the determined and important advocates for the declaration of Irish independence. Mr. Grattan's preceding exertions and anxiety had manifestly injured his health; his tottering frame seemed barely sufficient to sustain his laboring mind, replete with the unprecedented importance and responsibility of the measure he was about to bring forward. He was unacquainted with the reception it would obtain from the connections of the government; he was that day irretrievably to commit his country with Great Britain, and through him Ireland was either to assert her liberty, or start from the connection. His own situation was tremendous; that of the members attached to the administration embarrassing; that of the people anxious to palpitation. For a short time a profound silence ensued. It was expected that Mr. Grattan would immediately rise, when the wisdom and discretion of the government gave a turn to the proceedings, which in a moment eased the parliament of its solicitude, Mr. Grattan of the weight that oppressed him, and

the people of their anxiety. Mr. Hely Hutchinson (then secretary of state in Ireland) rose. He said his excellency, the lord lieutenant, had ordered him to deliver a message from the king, importing that 'his majesty, being concerned to find that discontents and jealousies were prevailing amongst his loyal subjects of Ireland, upon matters of great weight and importance, recommended to the house to take the same into their most serious consideration, in order to effect such a *final* adjustment as might give satisfaction to both kingdoms.' And Mr. Hutchinson accompanied this message with a statement of his own views on the subject, and his determination to support a declaration of *Irish rights* and constitutional *independence*. \* \* \*

"Thus, on the 16th of April, 1782, after six hundred years of oppression and misery, after centuries of unavailing complaint and neglected remonstrance, did the king of Ireland, through his Irish secretary of state, at length himself propose to redress those grievances through his Irish parliament — an authority which, as king of England, his minister had never before recognized or admitted. In a moment the whole scene was completely changed; those miserable prospects which had so long disgusted, and at length so completely agitated, the Irish people, vanished from their view. The phenomenon of such a message had an instantaneous and astonishing effect, and pointed out such a line of conduct to every party, and to every individual, as left it almost impossible for any, but the most mischievous characters, to obstruct the happy unanimity which now became the gratifying result of this prudent and wise proceeding.

"Mr. Hutchinson, however, observed, in his speech, that he was not officially authorized to say more, than simply to deliver the message; he was therefore silent as to all details, and pledged the government to none; the parliament would act upon the message as to themselves might seem advisable. Another solemn pause now ensued — Mr. Grattan remained silent — when Mr. George Ponsonby rose, and, after eulogizing the king, the British minister, and the Irish government, simply proposed an humble address in reply, 'thanking the king for his goodness and condescension, and assuring his majesty that his faithful commoners would immediately proceed upon the great objects he had recommended to their consideration.'

"This uncircumstantial reply, however, fell very short of the expectation of the house, or the intentions of Mr. Grattan. On common occasions, it would have answered the usual purposes of incipient investigation; but the subject of Irish grievances required no committee to investigate, no protracted debates for further discussion. The claims of Ireland were already well known to the king and to his ministers; they had been recorded by the Dungannon convention, and now only required a parliamentary adoption in terms too explicit to be misconstrued, and too peremptory to be rejected. \* \* \*

"Mr. Grattan had long declared the absolute necessity of gratifying the people by a legislative declaration of Irish rights and constitutional independence, marking out, by an indelible record, that sacred Rubicon past which the British government should never more advance, and beyond which the Irish nation should never wander. On that point the fate of Ireland vibrated as on a pivot; it must rise or it must fall; it could no longer remain stationary; and the great landed proprietors strongly felt that they must necessarily participate in its vicissitudes. The court had totally lost its influence; the people had entirely acquired theirs;

the old system of Irish government was annihilated, and the British cabinet had neither the wisdom nor the disposition to take a decisive lead in more popular arrangements; the parliament and the people were gradually drawing together; an instinctive sense of the common difficulty called all men towards some common centre; and as that centre, all parties, all sects, and all factions, looked to the talents and the honesty of Mr. Grattan.

"It is an observation not unworthy of remark, in describing the events of that important evening, that the structure of the Irish house of commons, at the period of these debates, was particularly adapted to convey to the people an impression of dignity and of splendor in their legislative assembly. The interior of the commons' house was a rotunda of great architectural magnificence; an immense gallery, supported by Tuscan pillars, surrounded the inner base of a grand and lofty dome; in that gallery, on every important debate, nearly seven hundred auditors heard the sentiments and learned the characters of their Irish representatives; the gallery was never cleared on a division; the rising generation acquired a love of eloquence and of liberty, the principles of a just and proud ambition, the details of public business, and the rudiments of constitutional legislation.

"The front rows of this gallery were generally occupied by females of the highest rank and fashion, whose presence gave an animating and brilliant splendor to the entire scene, and, in a nation such as Ireland then was, from which the gallant principles of chivalry had not been altogether banished, contributed not a little to the preservation of that decorum so indispensable to the dignity and weight of deliberative assemblies.

"This entire gallery had been crowded at an early hour by personages of the first respectability of both sexes. It would be difficult to describe the interesting appearance of the whole assemblage at this awful moment. After the speech of Mr. Hutchinson, which in fact decided nothing, a low, confidential whisper ran through the house, and every member seemed to court the sentiments of his neighbor without venturing to express his own. The anxious spectators, inquisitively leaning forward, awaited with palpitating expectation the development of some measure likely to decide the fate of their country, themselves, and their posterity. No middle course could possibly be adopted; immediate conciliation and tranquillity, or revolt and revolution, was the dilemma which floated on every thinking mind. A solemn pause ensued. At length Mr. Grattan, slowly rising from his seat, commenced the most luminous, brilliant, and effective oration, ever delivered in the Irish parliament.

"This speech, — ranking in the very first class of effective eloquence, — rising in its progress, applied equally to the sense, the pride, and spirit of the nation; every succeeding sentence increased the interest which his exordium had excited. Trampling upon the arrogant claims and unconstitutional usurpations of the British government, he reasoned on the enlightened principle of a federative compact, and urged irresistibly the necessity, the justice, and the policy, of immediately and unequivocally declaring the constitutional independence of the Irish nation. \* \* \* Some passages of this oration were particularly characteristic of Mr. Grattan's energetic manner. 'He admired that steady progressive virtue which had at length awakened Ireland to her rights, and roused her to her liberties. He was not yet old, but he remembered her a child; he had watched her growth; from childhood she grew to arms; from arms she grew to liberty. Whenever historic annals tell

of great revolutions in favor of freedom, they were owing to the quick feelings of an irritated populace, excited by some strong object presented to their senses. Such was the daughter of Virginius sacrificed to virtue; such were the meagre and haggard looks of the seven bishops sacrificed to liberty. But it was not the sudden impulse of irritated feelings which had animated Ireland; she had calmly mused for centuries on her oppressions, and as deliberately rose to rescue the land from her oppressors.

“For a people to acquire liberty, they must have a lofty conception of themselves. What sets one nation above another, but the soul that dwells within it? Deprive it of its soul, it may still retain a strong arm, but from that moment ceases to be a nation. Of what avail the exertions of lords and commons, if unsupported by the soul and the exertions of the people? The Dungannon meeting had spoken this language with the calm and steady voice of an injured country; that meeting had been considered as an alarming measure, because it was unprecedented; but it was an original transaction, and all original transactions must be unprecedented. The attainment of Magna Charta had no precedent; it was a great original transaction, not obtained by votes in parliament, but by barons in the field. To that great original transaction England owes her liberty; and to the great original transaction at Dungannon, Ireland will be indebted for hers. The Irish volunteers had associated to support the laws and the constitution; the usurpations of England have violated both, and Ireland has therefore armed to defend the principles of the British constitution against the violations of the British government. Let other nations basely suppose that people were made for governments; Ireland has declared that governments were made for the people; and even crowns, those great luminaries whose brightness they all reflect, can receive their cheering fire only from the pure flame of a free constitution.’ \* \* \*

“Proceeding in the same glow of language and of reasoning, and amidst a universal cry of approbation, Mr. Grattan went fully into a detail of Irish rights and grievances, and concluded his statement by moving, as an amendment to Mr. Ponsonby's motion, ‘That an humble address be presented to his majesty, to return his majesty the thanks of this house for his most gracious message to this house, delivered by his grace, the lord lieutenant.

“‘To assure his majesty of our unshaken attachment to his majesty's person and government; that his subjects of Ireland are a free people; that the crown of Ireland is an *imperial crown*, inseparably connected with the crown of Great Britain, on which connection the interests and happiness of both nations essentially depend; but that the kingdom of Ireland is a *distinct kingdom*, with a parliament of her *own* the sole legislature thereof; that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind the nation but the king, lords, and commons of Ireland; nor any parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatever in this country, save only the parliament of Ireland; to assure his majesty that we humbly conceive that in this right the very *essence of our liberty exists* — a right which we, on the part of all the people of Ireland, do claim as their birth-right, AND WHICH WE CANNOT YIELD BUT WITH OUR LIVES.’

“The effect of this speech, and the concluding amendment, was instantaneous and decisive; a legislative declaration of independence at once placed the rights and determinations of Ireland on a footing too high to be relinquished without an exterminating contest; the circumstances of both nations were imperative; Ireland

was committed and must persist, and Great Britain had lavished in America her powers of resistance. That haughty government, which, in all the arrogance of superior force, had for so many centuries lorded over the natural rights and scoffed at the groans of her sister country, at length reached the highest climax of oppression and intolerance, and was necessitated to acknowledge the wrongs and the virtues of that people, and peaceably capitulate to a nation which, by honest means, it might at any time have conciliated. The whole house in a moment caught the patriotic flame, which seemed to issue from every bench of the entire assembly. [The author of this passage, (Mr. Barrington,) then a student in the university of Dublin, was present at this important scene as a spectator.]

“After Mr. Grattan had concluded, Mr. Brownlow instantly rose. A general symptom of approbation ran through the house at perceiving so weighty an auxiliary to so decisive a declaration. His example gave countenance to many, and confidence to all. His speech was short, but it was decided, and expressed in such terms as at once determined the country gentlemen to adopt the measure in its fullest extent without further delay, and to pledge their lives and fortunes to the support and establishment of Irish independence. \* \* \*

“On the conclusion of Mr. Brownlow’s speech, another short pause ensued; but it was not a pause of doubt; the measure was obviously decided; the victory was complete; the dynasty of diplomatic evasion had ceased to reign; and for the first time in the annals of British history, the officers and ministers of government appeared to be let loose upon the parliament, to recant their principles and capitulate for their characters.”

Mr. Ponsonby, on the part of the Duke of Portland, heartily acquiesced in that motion which it was vain to oppose — IT PASSED. The shouts of the auditors in the house proclaimed the fact to the volunteers without; the volunteers raised the cheer, and, applying the match to their guns, fired their artillery into the heavens, to give the gods and the nations assurance that they were free!

Ireland had now declared her inherent power, and England, and England’s king, acknowledged and guaranteed her freedom.

But it must be noticed by the historian, that the “unassisted oratory” of Grattan would never have won the independence of Ireland. No! His most striking images were the armed volunteers, his most brilliant illustrations the flashes of their bayonets; and the thunder of his denunciation was swelled by their cannon. Mr. Grattan delivered a splendid speech on this occasion, of which the following concluding sentences are a specimen: —

“I am now to address a free people! — Ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. I have spoken on the subject of your liberty so often, that I have nothing to add, and have only to admire by what Heaven-directed steps you have proceeded, until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliverance. I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with an eternal solicitude; I have traced



her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. *Spirit of Swift! Spirit of Molyneux! Your genius has prevailed!* Ireland is now a nation! In that new character I hail her! and, bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua!*"

The charter of Irish freedom was now won. The king and the ministry of England were compelled to sign it; and now the reader shall see that it was a plain, comprehensive charter, describing the powers of two independent nations — an independence much more distinct than at present exists between the states of this republic.

"*Anno vicesimo tertio*

"GEORGII III. REGIS.

"CAP. XXVIII.

"An Act for removing and preventing all doubts which have arisen, or might arise, concerning the exclusive rights of the parliament and courts of Ireland, in matters of legislation and judicature; and for preventing any writ of error or appeal from any of his majesty's courts in that kingdom from being received, heard, and adjudged in any of his majesty's courts in the kingdom of Great Britain: — Whereas, doubts have arisen whether the provisions of the said act [an act of the previous session] are sufficient to secure to the people of Ireland the rights claimed by them, to be bound only by laws enacted by his majesty and the parliament of *that* kingdom, in all cases whatever, and to have all actions and suits at law, or in equity, which may be instituted in that kingdom, decided in his majesty's courts therein finally, and without appeal from thence; — *Therefore, for removing all doubts respecting the same*, may it please your majesty that it may be declared and enacted, *and be it declared and enacted* by the king's most excellent majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, in this present parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the said right claimed by the *people of Ireland*, to be bound only by laws enacted by his majesty and the parliament of *that* kingdom, in *all* cases whatever, and to have all actions and suits at law or in equity, which may be instituted in that kingdom, decided in his majesty's courts therein finally, and without appeal from thence, shall be, and it is hereby declared to be, *established and ascertained forever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable.*

"And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that no writ of error or appeal shall be received or adjudged, or any other proceeding be had by or in any of his majesty's courts in this kingdom, in any action or suit at law or in equity, instituted in any of his majesty's courts in the kingdom of Ireland; and that all such writs, appeals, or proceedings, shall be, and they are hereby, declared, null and void to all intents and purposes; and that all records, transcripts of records, or proceedings, which have been transmitted from Ireland to Great Britain, by virtue of any writ of error or appeal, and upon which no judgment has been given or decree pronounced, before the 1st day of June, 1782, shall, upon application made by or in behalf of the party in whose favor judgment was given, or decree pronounced in Ireland, be delivered to such party, or any person by him authorized to apply for and receive the same."

If ever a treaty passed between two nations which may be regarded more solemn than another, it was this between Britain and Ireland. The British king, house of lords, and commons, agreed in every particular of this grand compact. The Irish lord-lieutenant, house of lords, and house of commons, solemnly ratified it. The compact was to last "*forever*." This was the agreed-upon term of its duration. It was treason to the people of Ireland to meddle with it.

To remove all speculation as to the effect of parliamentary independence on the happiness and prospects of the Irish people, the author would here insert a "Report," brought up by him in the National Repeal Association of Ireland, on the 26th of August, 1840, the Liberator of Ireland being present, which is taken from the Dublin Pilot of the 28th of that month.

"I have in my possession, sir, every act, and every vote, and every resolution, of the Irish parliament from the day of its birth to the day of its extinction at the Union. (Hear! hear!) I shall feel it my pleasing duty to come down here day after day with extracts from those valued records, showing you what your parliament did to aid your commerce, encourage your manufactures, draw forth your energies, and create employment for the universal people.

"On the 16th of April, 1782, the Irish parliament voted its independence. On the 27th of October, 1783, it was ordered, 'That a committee be appointed to inquire into the state of the manufactures of this kingdom, and what may be necessary for the improvement thereof; and a committee was appointed accordingly.

"On the 30th of October, a petition of David Bosquet, of the city of Dublin, was presented to the house, setting forth that petitioner had lately erected water-mills for flattening, rolling, and refining metals, and praying aid, as to the house shall seem meet. And a committee was appointed to take the same into consideration.

"On the same day, a petition of John and Henry Allen, woollen manufacturers, praying aid to carry on and extend the woollen manufacture at Ballynahich, in the county of Wicklow, was presented, and was ordered to be referred to the last-mentioned committee.

"On the 31st of October, a petition of Cornelius Marchall, of Caledon, in the county of Tyrone, cotton and linen manufacturer, praying aid to extend the cotton manufacture, was read, and it was referred to the consideration of a committee, which was then appointed.

"On the same day, the petition of Thomas Reilly, of the city of Dublin, iron merchant, was presented to the house, praying aid to bring the manufacturing and tilting of steel, and other great branches of iron works, to perfection in this country. The petition was referred to a committee.

"On the 1st of November, the petition of James Smith, *late* of Lancashire, but *now* of Balbriggan, in the county of Dublin, cotton manufacturer, praying aid to promote and extend the said manufacture, was presented, and the said petition was referred to the consideration of the committee.

"On the 3d of November, the petition of Comerford and O'Brien, of the city of Dublin, merchants, praying aid to promote and extend the cotton and mixed man-

ufacture, which was ordered to be referred to the committee on Joseph Smith's petition.

"On the same day, the petition of Anthony Dawson was presented, setting forth that petitioner had, at an expense of £2000 and upwards, erected mills and machinery, to be worked by water, at Dundrum Castle, near Dublin, for manufacturing the working tools of carpenters, wheelwrights, and other artificers; whereby he is enabled to sell the said articles twenty per cent. below the prices hitherto usually paid for the like articles imported, and praying aid and encouragement. The petition was referred to the committee.

"Same day, a petition of Nathaniel Wilson, of Belfast, in the county of Antrim, linen and cotton manufacturer, praying aid to promote and extend the said manufactures, was presented to the house, when the same was referred to the consideration of a committee. A committee was accordingly appointed.

"Same day, the petition of Francis Kirchoffer, of the city of Dublin, machinist, was presented, setting forth that petitioner had, by great perseverance and at great expense, established most extensive machine warehouses, for the improvement and accommodation of the silk, woollen, linen, worsted, and cotton manufacture of this kingdom, and praying aid to support and extend the same. The petition was referred to the consideration of a committee.

"Same day, the petition of Thomas, Patrick, and Andrew Reilly, of the city of Dublin, iron merchants, praying aid to establish the iron wire manufacture, and tilting of steel, with many other branches of iron works, was presented, and the same was referred to the consideration of a committee then appointed.

"Same day, the petition of Robert Brooke, Esq., of the county of Kildare, praying the house to grant him a loan of £40,000, for seven years, to be secured by a mortgage of the town of Prosperous, in said county, and works therein, to be repaid by yearly instalments, for the purpose of promoting and extending the manufacture of mixed linen and cotton, was presented to the house and read. Ordered, that the said petition be referred to the consideration of a committee, which was then appointed.

"Same day, the petition of Henry and Robert Joy, Thomas McCabe, and John McCracken, of Belfast, praying aid to promote and extend the cotton manufacture, was presented, when the same was ordered to be considered by a committee, appointed accordingly.

"Same day, the petition of Charles Chadwick, of the county of Clare, cotton manufacturer, praying aid to extend the said manufacture, was presented. Same was referred to the committee.

"Same day, the petition of Jeremiah Vickers, John Page, Archibald Wright and Co., manufacturers of kentings, cambrics, lawns, threads, catgut, gauze, Spa thread, and stockings, and praying aid to establish said manufacture, was presented; and said petition was referred to a committee then accordingly appointed.

"On November 5, like petitions were presented, and severally referred to the committees then sitting, for there were several committees appointed.

"From Thomas Howard, Kilmacthomas, in the county of Waterford, cotton manufacturer, and from George and William Penrose, of the city of Waterford, praying aid to establish the flint glass manufacture.

"From Henry Crosbie, of the city of Dublin, woollen draper, praying aid in the carding, spinning, and twisting cotton by water.

"From John Howard Ryan, of the county of Wicklow, praying aid to erect a smelting-house and flattening-mill on the River Avon.

"Same day, Benjamin Harrison, of Spitalfields, in the city of Dublin, praying aid to establish the manufacture of carpets, camlets, stuffs, and other kinds of woollen cloths, in the county of Wicklow.

"From Samuel Oram, *late of the city of London*, but now of the city of Dublin, wire drawer, wire weaver, and worker, praying aid to carry on the said manufacture.

"From several office-bearers of cities and counties, praying aid to deepen rivers, construct harbors, make roads, &c. &c. The prayers of most of all complied with. And now we shall see the grants, the absolute gifts, made by that parliament in the course of one session.

"In the year 1783, the following premiums were paid by the Irish parliament:—

On corn and flour exported.....	£ 7,181 17 10
On corn and flour, by inland carriage to Dublin.....	31,467 18 5
On corn and flour brought coastwise to Dublin.....	11,225 8 7
On fishing vessels.....	22,637 3 7
On Irish cured fish, exported.....	4,193 10 11½
On the linen manufacture.....	7,500 0 0
To Robert Brooke, Esq., of the county of Kildare, as compensation for his expenses incurred in increasing and securing the manufacture of his country.....	1,000 0 0
To the corporation for the relief of the poor for the county of the city of Dublin.....	5,167 17 0
To repair the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, .....	2,181 3 6
To the Dublin Society for the improvement of agriculture, arts, and glass manufacture.....	6,907 4 4
To the lord mayor and commons, towards carrying on the ballast-office wall.....	2,000 0 0
To the governors of the Hibernian School.....	2,000 0 0
To erect a quay at Dungarvan.....	500 0 0
To build new churches.....	2,907 4 4
Premiums on flaxseed grown in Ireland, principally expended in Ulster .....	10,789 19 7
Bounty to the linen manufacture.....	12,500 0 0
To the trustees of the linen manufacture, on account of the parliamentary grant to Christmas, 1782, expended in Ulster.....	15,000 0 0
To the treasurers of several counties, to be distributed in premiums for encouraging the growth of flaxseed and hempseed in this kingdom.....	7,362 0 0
For distributing coals to the poor of Cork.....	1,524 0 0
To the county infirmaries throughout Ireland.....	6,723 6 2
To George Hamilton, of Balbriggan, to encourage the cotton, knitting, and thread manufactory.....	1,250 0 0
To Robert Brooke, Esq., of Prosperous, in the county of Kildare, for the like.....	1,250 0 0
To Jeremiah Vicars, John Page, and at Balbriggan, for the like..	1,000 0 0
To Edward Hardman, of Drogheda, for the like.....	750 0 0
To Charles Chadwick, of the city of Limerick, for the like.....	750 0 0

To Roguier Cannon, Esq., as a reward for his care and attention to the fisheries.....	£ 400 0 0
To the right honorable the visitors of Kilkenny College, to enable them to rebuild the same.....	2,000 0 0
To the trustees of the circular road round Dublin, to enable them to build a bridge over the Liffey, at Island Bridge.....	2,000 0 0
To Thomas Reilly, to enable him to carry on the iron wire manufactory.....	500 0 0
To Dr. Achmet, to enable him to erect and finish the Dublin baths, for the use of the poor.....	1,100 0 0
To the lord mayor and sheriffs of Dublin, to enable them to finish the new jail.....	1,000 0 0
To the mayor and sheriffs of Drogheda, to enable them to improve the navigation of the River Boyne.....	1,000 0 0
To the corporation, for relief of the poor of the city of Dublin....	3,000 0 0
To the governors of St. Patrick's Hospital, to enable them to finish the same.....	3,000 0 0
To the trustees appointed to improve Cork harbor, to be expended on the same.....	2,000 0 0
Marine Society, to support same.....	2,000 0 0
To the lord chancellor, for carrying on the building of offices for public records.....	5,000 0 0
To the governors of the Foundling Hospital and Workhouse, to support the same.....	5,000 0 0
Several grants to the speaker and other officers connected with parliament, and for parliamentary printing.....	20,000 0 0
Various payments made to the officers of the house of lords.....	16,000 0 0
" And upwards of £250,000 was paid in that year for erecting forts, batteries, barracks, and military depots, throughout the country; all of which, of course, gave employment to the people.	
To the collector of the port of Cork, to reimburse him for the purchase of one thousand five hundred barrels of oatmeal, shipped at Cork, and sent to the northern parts of this kingdom, for the relief of the poor inhabitants.....	r. 3,000 0 0
To the same for fifty tons of oatmeal, purchased and sent to Londonderry, for like purpose.....	1,000 0 0
To pay for coals distributed to the poor, 13th November, 1783....	1,662 15 7
To Joseph Smith, Balbriggan, to enable him to finish the machinery he had begun at Balbriggan.....	2,000 0 0
November 13th, to the Earl of Ross, and the Right Hon. Thomas Connolly, towards carrying on the navigation from Lake Erne to Woodford Lake, in the county of Leitrim.....	1,000 0 0
To Adam Colclough and Co., to work the coal mines and steam machine, on the lands of Doonane, Queen's county.....	1,000 0 0
To John H. Ryan, to build a smelting-house at Cronebawn, county of Wicklow.....	500 0 0
To Richard Tallot, Malahide, to enable him to complete his machinery.....	2,000 0 0

To John Staples and James Caulfield, to enable them to erect a steam-engine at their collieries, at Tyrone, Ulster.....	2,000	0	0
To the committee for protecting Irish manufacture, for the purpose of granting bounties on the sale of the following manufactures of this kingdom: viz., of wool; of wool, mixed; of cotton, mixed; thread, kentings, and manufactures of iron, copper, &c.	15,000	0	0

“To the company of undertakers of the grand canal, a loan of £50,000 was granted same session; and to the commissioners of inland navigation an unlimited supply of money.

“The total revenue of the nation raised that year by the Irish parliament, from three millions of people, was, in round numbers, £900,000, equal to an annual tax of 6s. for each person. This moderate levy was thus applied:—

For the interest of the national debt.....	£ 120,000	0	0
Army and ordnance, civil government, and other grants,.....	450,000	0	0
For premiums, grants, bounties, and aids to manufacturers.....	250,000	0	0
Surplus unappropriated .....	80,000	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£ 900,000	0	0

“I have wearied you with a recital of these grants, and bonuses, and absolute gifts, to aid our former manufactures. I could keep you for the longest day in the year recounting over the grants of the Irish parliament to sustain Irish trade, and when the day closed on my labor, I should not be near to the end of it. In the session into which I have dipped at random, I have shown you that the entire of the trifling revenue levied on the people by its own parliament was spent at home. I have shown you that the third part of the entire was appropriated to stimulate the trade and manufacturing industry of the people; that absolute grants, and gifts, and bonuses, and premiums, were scattered about on every side, and to no side of the country so plentifully as to Ulster. No wonder that those consequences followed which Mr. Sharman Crawford so cheerfully admits. May I ask Mr. Crawford, or any one for him, How much does the beloved parliament of England now scatter on our sunken manufactures? According to the old-fashioned scale of '83, there should be one third of our revenue, or two millions sterling, given now every year to prompt our declining traders and artisans, to stimulate our industry, and to reward it. Do they give us these two millions? No! Do they give us one million? No. Do they give us a hundred thousand pounds? No! Do they give us a single pound for such a purpose? No! And O my fellow-citizens, will you swim about in a dreamy delusion, looking for the fancied benefits of English legislation, frittering your valuable time and energies away in an idle, vain pursuit, when the plain, straight road to freedom lies before you? (Loud cheers.) I must entreat your attention to one other item, which will call forth from you the liveliest emotions: it is—

To Beauchamp Bagnell, David Latouche, and Peter Metge, Esqs., the trustees appointed by Henry Grattan, Esq., to be laid out in the purchase of lands in his majesty's kingdom of Ireland, to be settled on the said Henry Grattan and his heirs forever, in testimony of the gratitude of this nation for his eminent services to this kingdom.....	£ 50,000	0	0
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That grant was paid in the same year, and it did honor to those who gave it, as it did to him who received; and O that we may witness the return of that parliament purified by modern reforms, adhering to the maxims of gratitude which governed the illustrious dead! O that I may live to see a proposition carried in that parliament of a similar nature, but for ten times its amount, for services rendered by Daniel O'Connell to the emancipated country that gave him birth!"

The arithmetical evidences of the benefits of self-government furnished in this single report of *one* year's administration of the revenue and resources of Ireland are better than all which the most eloquent man could adduce from history, theory, or comparison. Here is what the Irish parliament did for Ireland, and would do again. It does not surprise us to read, in the speech of Lord Clare, and in the pamphlets published in his day, "*that no nation on the habitable globe advanced in cultivation, commerce, and manufactures, with the same rapidity as Ireland from 1782 to 1800.*" With the generous, impartial, ubiquitous application of her own vast resources to their self-development, in the manner just presented to us, it would be impossible for her to be otherwise than prosperous, great, and happy.

Yes; no other nation of the world — not even the expanding United States of America — has swelled into more brilliant opulence than Ireland did in the space of those twenty years. Artists and artisans came thither from Scotland, England, and France, attracted by the unbounded encouragement which the nation, through its parliament, afforded to every enterprise, to every invention, to every development of mind or labor. The population swelled in that time from three millions to five, and the wages of common labor doubled and trebled. There were in Dublin alone five thousand carpenters fully employed; *there are not beyond five hundred now*; there were in Dublin fifteen thousand silk weavers fully employed; *there are not three hundred now*, although the population has almost doubled. The same proportion holds with respect to all the other trades. There were then the separate residences and establishments of two hundred and seventy peers, and three hundred commoners, members of the upper and lower houses of legislation, with those of their kinsfolk who adhered to the capital of mind, art, legislation, and *ton*, who spent all their incomes in Dublin, the gross amount of which may be put at three millions per annum. *There are not a dozen of this class now resident in Dublin.* This wealth circulated through the country, and *remained* in it, reproducing new capital, which searched for new enterprise, and afforded new employment. The nation as a whole, and the people as atoms, became magnificent. Their architectural piles proclaim, at this day, at once their taste and opulence. They are

the graceful and unerring symbols of an independent people, and call, in eloquent language, upon the living to restore them to national purposes.

All the great undertakings of that era had their rise in the political independence of the nation, and in the healthy action of a national parliament. The parliament declared for free trade in 1779, and in two years after that, the magnificent custom-house was commenced, which took ten years, and a quarter of a million sterling, to complete. The parliament voted its independence in 1782, and in 1783 a quarter of a million sterling was applied to stimulate the agriculture, fisheries, mines, manufactures, arts, and literature of Ireland; and each successive year, down to the union, shows us a similar application. In 1784, the magnificent Rotunda was commenced. In 1786, the erection of the "Four Courts," the most elegant and extensive courts of law in the British empire, was begun, which took sixteen years and a quarter of a million sterling to complete. These were the works of the parliament in one city only. Every city in Ireland, and every harbor, evidenced, by some great improvement or erection, the presence of a careful, fostering authority. The dwelling-houses and public buildings, which grew up by a species of magic in Ireland during the independent action of the parliament, are beyond my limits to enumerate. In 1788, there were in Dublin fourteen thousand three hundred and twenty-seven dwelling-houses to one hundred and ten thousand inhabitants, or about eight persons to each dwelling. *There are but seventeen thousand now to a population three times the amount; so that eighteen persons, on an average, are crowded into one dwelling, and, in the poorer districts, as many as forty are crowded into one dwelling.*

Although the parliament did not declare its complete independence until 1782, yet, for thirty years before that, it showed unmistakable signs of virtue and nationality. It manifested, upon a hundred occasions, through the voice of a growing minority, its jealousies of English parliamentary interference in its affairs. In 1751,\* there was in the exchequer of Ireland a surplus of four hundred thousand pounds. This, instead of being matter of joy, was the cause of general consternation throughout the kingdom. It was feared the crown had become so rich that it could pay off the debt that was then on the nation, and having no further occasion for the annual grants, would call no more parliaments. There was a question, in that year, of disposing of this surplus of four hundred thousand pounds; and a bill was brought into parliament for that pur

\* Lord North's speech, May 30, 1785, quoted in John O'Connell's *Argument for Ireland*.



pose. The preamble was to this effect: "Whereas his majesty has signified his consent that the surplus now in the exchequer, &c., be disposed of," &c. The zealous patriots took fire at the word *consent*, though it had been inserted in two other acts before that, on similar occasions. They said that the king had a right to give his *assent* to that bill, as well as to any other, but that he had no right to give his *consent*; which latter term implied that the subject could not be so much as discussed, or made the substance of a bill, without the previous consent of the crown, as in the case of private grants. This was the ground of a great struggle in the commons, where the most formidable opposition ever known in Ireland was made against this word *consent*. The opposition triumphed. The word *consent* was struck out of the bill, which dropped on that account, its friends having no regard for it after it had lost the magical word. The triumph of opposition set Ireland in a blaze. Nothing but bonfires and illuminations was to be seen from one end of the kingdom to the other, and "the glorious one hundred and twenty-two" (the numbers on the winning side upon the division) was the first toast at every table.

In 1769, a money bill, which originated with the British ministry, was rejected by the Irish house of commons, because it did not originate in that house. A little while before this, the virtuous and growing minority, at the instance of Flood, carried through, as I have stated, the octennial bill, which limited the term of service of members of parliament from life to eight years—a reform which had not yet taken place in England. In the course of the twelve or fifteen years' legislation which took place between this period and 1782, the patriot minority had grown to a majority in the house of commons, had rejected *many* bills which were originated or altered in the British parliament, and passed many good enactments, including that which rendered the judges independent of the crown. As the legislation became more national, so, also, it became more tolerant and liberal; for several relaxations of the penal laws against the Catholics took place, and, as I have previously said, their full emancipation would have been carried by the Irish parliament in 1795, were it not for the bigotry of George the Third, the intolerance of the English aristocracy, and the knavery of Pitt.

Such was the parliament of Ireland in its semi-dependent and independent state. But its influence did not only protect the national revenue from foreign pillage, the national manufacture from foreign interference, the national jurisprudence from foreign cognizance, transfix the aristocracy to their native soil, diminish the absentee drain, protect

and employ the people, but it infused into the mind of Ireland a national element, vital, glorious, and immortal, which shall survive when monuments are crumbled into dust, and cities melted into air,—an element which bears, through all vicissitudes, a resurrectionary character, a character that gives to Greece her immortality, to Rome her fame, and to Ireland an unconquerable thirst for liberty, which must at last be gratified.

Cities and temples, and canals and highways, are perishable; but fragments of the ennobled mind of a nation live on through ages, when all else has perished. We can readily imagine, indeed, how the mind of Ireland was ennobled by the radiant action of her native parliament; how her youth prepared themselves for a distinguished manhood in the senate, at the bar, or in the walks of well-fostered science. We can imagine her classic youth of the university, who, from drinking in the eloquence of Tully or Demosthenes in the day, came to *hear* eloquence as inspiring, as lofty, and as pure, from the living lips of Grattan, Flood, Burgh, or Curran, in the evening. All that history relates of the proud and virtuous Cato was realized before his eyes in the inflexible Harry Flood; all that is in eloquence attributed to Demosthenes was realized to his ravished senses in the equally eloquent harangues of Grattan; and Tully found an embodiment in the philosophic and transcendent Curran.

This teaching of the Irish mind produced a race of scholars, philosophers, patriots, and orators,—some account of whom will be found in these pages,—whose brilliant track in the field of time stands out a beacon-light, inviting their admiring posterity to a vigorous emulation.

## MARCH OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

Some of the musicians of Dublin, in 1780, had been employed to compose a march for the general adoption of the volunteer corps throughout the kingdom, that all might be accustomed to march to the same air at their reviews, &c. They composed the following march, which is still interesting as connected with a recollection of the times, and of that unparalleled institution.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line that concludes with a double bar line. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment, also ending with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line with a repeat sign at the beginning. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The upper staff features a melodic line that ends with a double bar line. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment, also ending with a double bar line.

## SING! SING! MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

BY MOORE.

FLOWINGLY..

1. Sing, sing! mu - sic was giv - en To brighten the

gay and kin - dle the lov - ing; Souls here, like

plan - ets in heaven, By har - mo - ny's laws a -

- lone are kept mov - ing. Beau - ty may boast of her

eyes and her cheeks, But Love from the lips his true

ar - cher - y wings; And she, who but feath - ers the

dart when she speaks, At once sends it home to the

heart when she sings! Then sing, sing! mu - sic was

giv - en To bright - en the gay and kin - dle the

lov - ing; Souls here, like planets in heaven, By

har - mo - ny's laws a - lone are kept mov - ing.

## 2.

When Love, rocked by his mother,  
 Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,  
 "Hush, hush," said Venus; "no other  
 Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."  
 Dreaming of music, he slumbered the while,  
 Till faint from his lips a soft melody broke;  
 And Venus, enchanted, looked on with a smile,  
 While Love to his own sweet singing awoke!  
 Then sing, sing, &c.

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**ARISE! ARISE! THE HOUR IS COMING.**

BY T. MOONEY.

*To be sung to the foregoing air.*

## 1.

Arise! arise! the hour is coming  
 For every man to be up and be doing!  
 Rouse! rouse! the Saxon is drumming

To arms, and Erin is ready and moving;  
 Ye men who are brave, ye repealers, be ready  
 To stand by your nation, her cause, and her glory!  
 With stout hearts, unflinching, determined, and steady,  
 We'll march to the contest, and battle the tory!  
 O whack! for the true-hearted Paddies!\*  
 We'll whip all the *Sassanaghs* † Peel can send over;  
 True sons of our daddies,  
 We'll show them we're Paddies,  
 And send all the red jackets piping to Dover!

## 2.

Arise! arise! our banner is flying!  
 The red sword of England is naked and gory;  
 Our sisters are crying, our brothers are dying,  
 And Tyranny marches in front of the tory!  
 Our friends are in jail; ‡ lament and bewail;  
 Our national freedom is torn asunder!  
 But, sons of the Gael, § ye never can fail,  
 If led by a hero who'll never knock under!  
 O whack! for the true-hearted, &c.

\* *Paddy* is a corruption from *Patricius*, abbreviated *Patric.*, the title bestowed by pope Celestine and the emperor of Rome, on the apostle of Ireland, whose previous name was Magonias. It was the most exalted title of honor among the Romans, and was bestowed only upon the most distinguished that were admitted into the *order of the patricii*. The apostle of Ireland was addressed by his title, *Patric*, or *Patricius*, instead of his name; and his Christian followers have, in all ages, revered the honored designation, and bestowed it in pious remembrance on their children. The English, and the friends of England in America, have ever attempted to scoff at the Irish by the derisive application of the term *Paddy*. Children, and ill-informed Irishmen, have taken offence at this; but they ought to be proud of the appellation. The English applied the term *Yankee*, in derision, to the Americans, during the wars for liberty from 1775 to 1783; and it used to vex them. But when the *Yankees* won the battle, and established their freedom, they were, and are, proud to be called by the title. So also it will be with "the Paddies," when they establish their freedom, which they soon will do, please Heaven. Then "Paddy Whack" will be as much in vogue as *Yankee Doodle* is now.

† *Sassanagh*, an Irish term of scorn, applied to the English invaders in the old wars; but this term was not applied because they were English, but because they were oppressors. Vide "*Sasruightheach*, an oppressor."—*O'Brien*.

‡ Written while O'Connell and his fellow-martyrs were in prison. The text does not mean that O'Connell *lamented* while in prison, but it calls on Irishmen to lament and resent the outrage.

§ *Sons of the Gael*, a term by which Irishmen were formerly designated in Europe, from their inflexible adherence to the old Gaelic, or Irish language.

# LECTURE XIX.

FROM A. D. 1782 TO 1798.

The Compact of 1782. — Prosperity of Ireland. — Grants of the Irish Parliament. — Proposal to reform it. — "Volunteers" move in Reform. — Pitt and Flood the Leaders. — Assembly of Delegates. — Grand Procession. — The Bishop of Derry. — His Train and Equipage. — His Bearing. — Father O'Leary. — The Earl of Charlemont. — Seeds of Division. — Plan of Reform. — Schemes of the Government. — Lord Charlemont's Weakness. — The Debate. — Excitement. — Treachery. — Disolution of the Volunteers. — Disastrous Effects on the Nation. — Address to the Bishop of Derry. — His Reply. — Lull in the Public Mind. — Increase of Manufactures and Commerce. — The Condition of England. — Designs of Pitt. — His Propositions to Ireland. — The Regency Question. — French Revolution. — The Irish Catholics. — Theobald Wolfe Tone appointed Secretary of the Irish Catholics. — Catholic Convention. — National Guards. — Concessions to the Catholics. — Pitt's Policy. — Its Object. — Divisions and Distractions. — Inflammatory Sermons. — Outrage and Murders. — Peep-of-Day-Boys. — Defenders. — Battle of the Diamond. — First Orange Lodge. — The Orange System. — Declaration of Magistrates. — Dreadful Massacre and Persecution. — The United Irishmen. — Their Address to the Nation. — Their Plan of Reform. — Condition of Europe. — Escape of Hamilton Rowan. — Noble Conduct of his Preservers. — Napper Tandy. — Father Quigley. — French Ambassador arrives in Ireland. — Rev. Mr. Jackson. — Apprehension of Wolfe Tone. — His Expatriation to America. — State of Ireland. — Orangemen encouraged by Pitt. — The Yeomanry. — Orange Atrocities. — The Irish resolve to fight. — Tone sent Ambassador to France. — Tone sends his Brother to Ireland. — Proposals to the French. — State of Ireland. — Constitution of the United Irishmen. — Military Organization. — Fidelity of the Members. — Negotiations with France. — The Expedition in Aid. — Its Arrival in Bantry Bay. — Its Return. — Mode of defending Ireland. — Lord Edward's Plans of Discipline. — Plan proposed to Wolfe Tone. — Macneven proceeds to France. — Lord Camden. — Lord Castlereagh. — Free Quarters. — Arthur and Roger O'Connor. — Lord Edward appointed Chief of the United Men. — Reynolds the Traitor. — Surprise at Oliver Bond's. — Seizure of the Directory. — Members of the Directory. — Papers seized at Bond's. — Lord Edward's Escape. — Escape of Trainor. — Arrest of Emmet, Macneven, John Caldwell, and others. — The Sheares. — Spies in the North. — Concealment of Lord Edward. — His Adventures. — The Government anxious for his Escape. — Lord Edward pursued. — Great Excitement. — Lord Edward arrested. — His Death. — The Pike. — Martial Law. — Atrocities of the Army. — The Wearing of the Green. — The Insurrection. — Battle of Carlow and of other Places. — Tara and other Places. — Massacre on the Curragh. — Battle of Ovidstown. — Battle of Gorey. — Defeat of the King's Troops. — Burning of Chapels. — Battle of Enniscorthy. — Triumph of the United Army. — Battle of



Forth. — Consternation of the King's Party. — Excesses of the victorious United Men. — Atrocities of the King's Troops. — Harvey, Devereux, and Colclough. — Battle of Ross. — Burning of Scolobogue Barn. — Forbearance of the Catholics. — United Men's Respect for Females. — Deficiency of Commanders: of Powder. — The Camp on Vinegar Hill. — Butcheries of Dixon. — Wexford Bridge. — Battle of Fook's Mill, near Arklow. — Battle of Enniscorthy. — Battle of Vinegar Hill. — Dreadful Slaughter in cold Blood. — Honor of the United Men. — Atrocious Conduct of the King's Generals. — The United Men take to the Mountains. — A Glance at the North. — A Glance at the South. — The Wexfordians. — Their Battles in the Mountains. — Their Capitulation. — Cause of their Failure. — Infamous Tribunal. — Execution of the Rev. Mr. Redmond. — Dreadful Cruelties. — The State Prisoners. — Trial and Execution of Byrne. — Trial of Bond. — Negotiation with Government. — Dreadful Anxiety. — Bond relieved. — Compact with the State Prisoners. — Efforts of Wolfe Tone. — The Texel Expedition. — Put back by the Winds. — Tone's Unwearied Efforts. — His last Expedition. — The French land at Killala. — Battle of Castlebar. — Success of Humbert. — His fatal Error. — General Holt. — Capture of Tone and his Squadron. — Tone's Trial. — Effort of Curran to save him. — His Death. — End of the Insurrection of 1798.

MY two last lectures were occupied with the events of two revolutions, the first of which terminated triumphantly for Ireland, in the establishment of treaties in the field acknowledging her national integrity and power; the other, the treaty of 1782, between the English and Irish parliaments, imbodyed in the act of the 28th of George the Third, to which that monarch gave his royal assent. I showed how the treaty of Limerick, obtained by the armed force of Ireland, was broken, when that force was dissolved. I am now to show the breach of this second treaty, when the patriotic bands which extorted it were broken, betrayed, and butchered.

The recognition of the independence of the Irish parliament was followed by the most unexampled national prosperity which the annals of the nations of the earth can exhibit. There is no resource of Ireland that was not cultivated, worked, developed. Its agriculture, its inexhaustible fisheries, its linen manufacture, its cotton manufacture, its woollen, its silk manufacture, — all these great sources of national employment were favored by bounties, bonuses, and absolute gifts, from the Irish parliament. Public canals were undertaken; rivers were rendered navigable; the riches of the earth were explored. Mines of lead, copper, and iron were opened, and worked with success. Ships were built, not only for the protection of the coast, but for the extension of commerce. Tradesmen came into Ireland from England, Scotland, and even from France, and obtained ready employment.

I have in my possession every act and resolution passed by the Irish parliament from the first sittings to the last. The resolutions of this

parliament, from the declaration of its independence, in 1782, show in detail the *actual grant of one half of the revenue of the kingdom* to the support of its industry and enterprise, its docks, harbors, fortifications, roads, canals, factories, fisheries, commerce, literature, and public buildings.

These were the foundations of the nation's industry, wealth, and glory ; these were the sources of the nation's peace and happiness. Our countrymen were not, during the independent existence of this parliament, driven from their native land in quest of employment and bread. Their own country was all-sufficient to employ and pay them, and would be so now, if in possession of her legislative rights.

But although the Irish house of commons became, in 1782, independent of the English parliament, it was not a pure representative body — a pure representation of the national will. It was one thing to loose it from its bondage to England, and another to fit it for the purposes of freedom. The parliament, though independent, was yet a borough-mongering assembly — a parliament in which the aristocracy had far too much power — too many nominees — and the people little or none. The control of the people over the lords and the crown was yet inadequate, and the subsequent efforts of the British minister to influence the house of commons, soon taught the people that a reform of that house was necessary to their safety and the very existence of their freedom.

These considerations led the Irish people into a train of constitutional reasoning and deductions. The sentiment of inquiry spread to the great body of volunteers — a body that, having extorted the liberties of their country from an unwilling ministry, now assumed their guardianship.

The commanders of the volunteer regiments discussed parliamentary purity and political honesty at the heads of their companies. They taught those whom they commanded not only how to act in the field, but why that principle of action was demanded by their country. The naturally shrewd capacities of the Irish people taught them that the paroxysms of national virtue, which give rise to revolutions and produce liberty, do not endure forever ; and that, to secure the liberties they had acquired from the persevering, wearing, and eternal encroachments of the British minister, the parliament must be placed directly under the influence of the people, else all they had won was in danger, for the enemy had meditated, by indirection, a reëstablishment of his power.

The spirit of reform was abroad. *William Pitt*, the younger, was then its apostle in England, and Flood its advocate in Ireland.

Barrington, in a few lines, gives us Flood's character : —

“ Mr. Flood (one of the ablest men that Ireland ever produced) saw farther and thought deeper than any of his contemporaries. He knew the world, and of course was skeptical. As a popular orator, he was inferior to Mr. Grattan, but as a deliberate senator, he was vastly his superior. He knew that all precedent of British cabinets gave just reason to attribute this sudden transition of English policy [the Charter of Independence] not to the feelings of her liberality, but to the extent of her embarrassments; and that the Duke of Portland's having ‘*set his heart*’ upon obtaining the rights of Ireland, was only giving the gloss of voluntary merit to a concession which was in fact a matter of absolute necessity, and without which his grace foresaw that all British authority in Ireland would be extinguished forever; Mr. Flood's confidence, therefore, never was implicit. Mr. Grattan, on the contrary, was deceived by his own zeal, and duped by his own honesty; and his friend Lord Charlemont was too *courtly* a nobleman to suspect his grace of such consummate insincerity.”

The volunteer associations of Ireland *determined* to effect a reform of their parliament. For this purpose, a great convention of delegates from all parts of the nation was proposed to be held in Dublin, to consist of the same number of members which formed the house of commons. These delegates were elected with great ceremony by the various armed associations through the kingdom. They met in Dublin on the 10th November, in the year 1783. The delegates assembled in Sackville Street, accompanied each by a guard of honor from their respective regiments. They formed an immense procession, interspersed with artillery. The houses were thronged as they passed. The windows presented crowds of ladies, who exhibited every sign of their enthusiastic approbation. Unnumbered thousands cheered them from the house-tops. Garlands of flowers were flung by fair hands from the windows to the passing delegates. Their entrance into the rotunda was marked by the discharge of fifty pieces of artillery stationed along Sackville Mall, the most splendid street in Europe. The loud and incessant cheering of the multitude soon burst upon the senses. From street to street the deafening hurra continued, renewed and re-renewed, until the people satisfied themselves with the enjoyment of their ecstasy.

There did a man appear, amongst those delegates, that deserves our particular notice. He was the celebrated *Harvey*, Protestant Bishop of Derry, and Earl of Bristol. An Englishman by birth; a peer of England; of large private fortune, enjoying the rich benefice of Derry, and of boundless erudition. In early life, he was curate of a parish in Wales, but gradually advancing by the force of his talents, he reached at last the most distinguished place in the peerage. With all the pomp, but none of the meanness, of Wolsey, he was now the hero of the Irish nation.

He had read the story of Ireland, and it interested and enamored

him; he had shared in the struggle for her parliamentary independence, and it won for him the affection of her warm-hearted people. He was chosen a delegate for his own district, and entered the city determined to convince the people of Ireland that he was no lukewarm advocate of their freedom.

He entered Dublin in an open *landau*, drawn by six beautiful horses, richly caparisoned, attended by a suite of several carriages containing his immediate friends. His dress was remarkable — purple velvet, with diamond knee and shoe-buckles, white gloves fringed with gold, &c. He was surrounded by a guard of honor composed of light cavalry, who were splendidly accoutred, and whose horses were the finest chargers the bishop or his guard could procure. A part of these guards led the procession, a part rode on each side of the carriage, and a part closed it. Trumpets announced his approach, and detachments from several volunteer regiments joined his cavalcade. Thus surrounded, he proceeded to the rotunda to take his seat at the convention, to assist in reforming the parliament of his adopted country.

In his way, he stopped at the parliament-house in College Green. The trumpets sounded; the guards fired a volley; the congregated thousands sent their united shouts into the air; the house of lords was astounded; many of the members came to the doors to inquire the cause. The bishop bowed to them all, then moved on towards the rotunda, where he alighted, and entered amidst the cheers and blessings of the people. "Long live the bishop!" resounded from every mouth.

He entered the chamber in measured, studied form, presented his credentials, took his seat as a delegate, and joined in the business of the assembly with befitting earnestness.

I have thus presented this singular character in a sort of full-length sketch; for we shall see, by and by, that he took a most decided part in the after progress of the volunteers.

From the Catholic side there appeared in the convention the celebrated Dr. O'Leary, the most eloquent and accomplished controversialist of the day. The volunteers who lined the streets, principally Protestant, presented arms to him as he passed through their lines to the place of meeting, and he was cheered by the Protestant delegates as he entered the rotunda.

In this assembly there was also the courtly and polite Earl of Charlemont; and the choice of a president lay between the Bishop of

Derry and his lordship. Unfortunately for Ireland, the assembly elected the Earl of Charlemont.

His lordship was a cautious observer of order and etiquette. He ever manifested a courtly respect for the aristocracy, whilst he mingled in the popular assemblies, and appeared to deem the applause of the people the highest object of his ambition. Lord Charlemont had graduated through several of the most brilliant courts of Europe, and was in manners and address the *Chesterfield* of Ireland. Mixed up, however, in this splendid personal combination, was a deep vein of religious intolerance; he was an enemy to Catholic liberty, whilst the Protestant Bishop of Derry, on the contrary, was the avowed advocate of civil and religious liberty to all.

Amongst the commons, *Grattan* was the friend of Charlemont. *Flood*, his rival, ranged with the Bishop of Derry. This convention, therefore, commenced its operations with a sort of natural and inevitable division, which, as we shall see, proved destructive to its very existence, and defeated the object of its formation.

The government watched this national convention with great jealousy; it pleased them to find the courtly Charlemont elected to the chair; and they set their minds to the task of destroying the association.

The convention began the business for which it had assembled; it produced its plan of reform. That plan involved the parliamentary existence of one hundred and thirty-eight members of the house of commons. Those were returned by the influence of certain noble lords who owned little towns and villages, which had the privilege long conferred on them of returning two members to parliament, though each village did not number a score of houses.

Flood moved the adoption of a plan for the complete reform of the Irish house of commons. It was carried in the convention by an overwhelming majority. Flood, who was himself a member of the corrupt parliament, together with other members, who were also members of the *convention*, were nominated to move that measure in the house of commons. This petition was presented to the assembled parliament as the petition of a convention of *three hundred armed delegates*. It was debated at great length in the house; messengers and reporters were constantly passing between the members of each body, both of whom were sitting at the same moment — the one in Rutland Square, the other in College Green.

The government became alarmed, and affected to fear a *physical collision*; the *English* ministry were glad that this division had taken place, for they now saw a way opening through which they might destroy the

independence of that parliament which these very volunteers had, a little while previous, so signally contributed to establish. The British minister had reasons nearer home for doing all in his power to undermine the reforming spirit of the Irish volunteers. If the Irish parliament were reformed, nothing could prevent the English parliament from likewise changing its nature. The British minister in Ireland, therefore, resolved to separate the volunteers from the parliament, and, if possible, destroy them both.

For this purpose, the lord lieutenant of Ireland worked on the pride and fears of the courtly Charlemont. He was told that the volunteers were bent on enforcing their demands for reform by physical force, and that he, as their president, would be held responsible for all their acts. Lord Charlemont found himself in a situation of great embarrassment. If he held the presidency of the convention, he became responsible for its proceedings; if he resigned, the bishop succeeded him in the chair. "Lord Charlemont's pride," says Sir Jonah Barrington, — from whose work I have condensed much of the foregoing, — "resisted his resignation, and, after much deliberation, he adopted the suggestions of the courtiers; he did not oppose the volunteers, but he *duded them*."

I beseech the reader to pay attention to the development of this momentous transaction; for to Lord Charlemont's *weakness*, or *duplicity*, — and his friends may take their choice of the motives, — is Ireland indebted for the destruction of the volunteers, her national guard; the bloody onslaught made on her by Pitt's mercenaries in '97; the sanguinary massacres of '98; and the loss of her parliament in 1800.

I think it due to the present Lord Charlemont's feelings to mention, that, in a speech made by me as a member of the Dublin Repeal Association, in the year 1840, replying to a long letter from Mr. Sharman Crawford, I said then what I now write. These observations met the eye of Lord Charlemont through the press; and, at a public dinner given soon after to his lordship in Armagh, he commented very feelingly and severely upon me, — so much so, the reporters informed me, that tears came down his cheeks. I had applied the terms "timid and terrified Charlemont" to his father; and at this dinner, he indignantly disclaimed the accusation, applying to me, in return, some harsh remarks, alluding to my station in society, which was that of a man in trade, and therefore beneath his lordship's personal notice, or something of this sort.

There were two versions of his lordship's speech printed, one by the Dublin Monitor, which was extremely offensive to me, and one by the

Pilot, much less so. I cut both reports from the papers, enclosed them to his lordship, and requested to know which of the two he would adopt.

Suspecting my object, his lordship sent his agent, Mr. —, who was cashier in Latouche's bank, in Dublin, to my house in Francis Street, who most kindly and politely assured me that Lord Charlemont could not, in what fell from him, have intended to offer me the slightest offence; and that whatever he said applied solely to the "dishonest author from whom I quoted the history of the transaction concerning the late Earl of Charlemont."

My feelings were, so far, fully and satisfactorily appeased; but the matter did not stop here. Mr. O'Connell brought the question before the association, and flung himself between the assertion of Sir Jonah Barrington and the attained honor of the deceased Charlemont. The *Liberator* brought forward a long address to Lord Charlemont, in which he vindicated the honor of his father, alleging broadly that it was public property, and must be preserved undamaged.

I objected to that address up stairs in committee; but as we all yield obedience to the *Liberator*, his arguments, which simply went to invalidate the truth and honor of Sir Jonah Barrington, were received, and he therefore brought forward the address, *at the same time exonerating me from all improper motives in alluding to it as I had done.*

I am now administering a sacred duty to my countrymen, in compiling a fearless history of their nation. I feel that all the delicacy which, as a political subaltern, I owed to the *Liberator*, is removed; and though his motives and his objects are as pure and as holy as man can entertain, yet I feel it due to stern truth to return to my belief in the *general* assertion of Sir Jonah Barrington, as to the motives of Lord Charlemont in his sudden dissolution of the volunteers at the rotunda.

Mr. Hardy, the protégé and biographer of the late earl, may impart to the transaction a hue of "peace and order;" but the naked fact cannot be dressed, even by him, in tolerable sophistry. The convention was *dissolved, sine die, early in the day*, before "a house" had assembled; and, *it never after was called together by his lordship.*

The reader, from this explanation, will have a better notion of the tremendous facts that follow.\*

Mr. Flood, as I have said, was selected by the convention to present their reform petition to the Irish parliament. The lord lieutenant and his party in the house resolved to make a political assault on the convention and on their advocate. They resisted the consideration of the petition because it proceeded from an armed association; a long and furious

\* See note on this subject, at the end of the work.

debate ensued, which continued by adjournment for some days, the convention still meeting and deliberating daily at the rotunda.

Up to twelve o'clock on Saturday night, 16th November, 1783, no division was arrived at in the house of commons. The convention adjourned over till the ensuing Monday morning. The house continued the debate on to an early hour on Sunday morning, and finally divided, and decided against *considering the petition* for reform.

The utmost excitement grew up on Sunday. The Duke of Leinster and several other friends of the government saw Lord Charlemont on that memorable Sabbath, and prepared him for that act of timidity or duplicity, which Ireland afterwards deplored in tears of blood!

“On the Monday morning, [I quote from Barrington, a spectator in the convention and parliament,] on which the convention was, by adjournment, to have met at the rotunda, his lordship and some of his friends were at the place of meeting an hour before the appointed time. As the clock struck twelve, Lord Charlemont took the chair. A delegate rose to allude to the insults flung upon their body by some members of the government in the parliamentary debate of Saturday; his lordship became alarmed; a protracted statement might give time for the arrival of other delegates, when his objects would surely be frustrated; he at once took a step which had scarcely a parallel in duplicity in the history of political bodies; he instantly silenced the member, as being out of order, and after a few minutes more, he adjourned the convention *sine die*; the rotunda was quickly emptied, and when the residue of the delegates came to the meeting, they found the doors closed, the chairman withdrawn, and that body to which the nation was indebted for its independence, *dissolved forever*.”

Let us imagine the Repeal Association of Ireland, on which the nation has set its hopes for freedom, suddenly dissolved by Daniel O'Connell or Smith O'Brien, and then we shall have an idea of the nature of this extraordinary deed.

This was a joyful triumph to the British minister, and a source of deep and lasting sorrow to the Irish patriots.

The delegates, mortified and abashed, returned to their homes, and could give but a sorry account of their mission. Every eye now turned to the Bishop of Derry, who became the idol of the people. While Charlemont descended, the bishop rose like a phoenix from the ashes of the convention. The volunteers paraded, beat to arms, deliberated; but they found divisions existing amongst themselves. Charlemont was tinged with bigotry against the Catholics, and would not let them enter



the portals of parliament, nor even cede to them the poor privilege of voting for Protestant members. The bishop was their warm advocate, and would admit them into every office in the constitution. Religious exclusion on the one side, and religious toleration on the other, became the theme of partisan discussion; the disputes ran high; the people began to divide; and this unfortunate controversy gradually separated the people wider and wider, until they formed at last two distinct exasperated bodies, hating each other in the name of religion, creating thereby, for the hundredth time, the source of Ireland's weakness and ruin.

Some of the northern battalions came forward with an address to the Bishop of Derry, particularly the Bill of Rights Battalion, of which Mr. Caldwell, father of our worthy citizen John Caldwell, treasurer of the New York Repeal Association, was commander. They declared to him their determination to support their independence or be buried in its ruins; it was presented, under arms, to the bishop in Downhill. The bishop replied in a letter memorable for the sentiments it contains. That original letter is in the hands of my venerable friend Mr. Caldwell, and I will print a few extracts. It is dated 14th January, 1784. He says:—

“When, gentlemen, the conscience of a *patriot* bears testimony to the truth of the panegyric, then praise becomes the wholesome food of a manly mind, and *nourishes* that virtue it was intended at first only to approve. But, gentlemen, those who dare assert their own rights should rise above the mean policy of violating the rights of others. There is in this island a class of citizens equally respectable, and infinitely more numerous, than those that have hitherto opposed them—men who have crouched under the *iron rod* of their oppressors, not from any dastardly insensibility to their shackles, not from any unmanly indifference to the inalienable rights of men, but from a pious dread of wounding our common country through the sides of its tyrants; men in whose hearts beats, at this moment, as high a pulse for liberty, and through whose veins pours a tide of as pure blood, and as noble too, as any that animates the proudest citizen of Ireland; men whose ancestors, at the hazard of their property, and with the loss of their lives, obtained the first great bill of rights upon which every other must be founded—the *Magna Charta* of Ireland.”

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“But, gentlemen, the hour is now come when sound policy, as well as irresistible justice, will compel those who demand their own rights to sup-



its income, after defraying the expenses of government, to the aid of its national employments, such as fisheries, canals, roads, factories, harbors, shipping, &c. The parliament and government of England could not appropriate one shilling of the Irish revenue. England, on the contrary, had been accumulating a public debt ever since the days of William the Third. The wars of William, Anne, and the first and second Georges, had run the debt of England up to a hundred and twenty millions sterling; the American war cost England near two hundred millions; and now she was at war with the republicans of France, and was fast approaching a debt of *five hundred millions*.

The object of Pitt's policy was to get Ireland in for some portion of this debt; and, with that view, he proposed the celebrated *eleven commercial propositions*, known as "Ord's propositions," which were subsequently increased to twenty. These had in view the binding of Ireland to the defrayal of a very considerable portion of the expenses of the British navy. Those propositions were debated at great length in the Irish parliament, and rejected. It may be remarked, that on this occasion England treated with Ireland as a distinct and independent nation.

On the occasion of George the Third's temporary insanity, a question arose, in Britain, as to the appointment of a regent. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, was a whig; Pitt was the minister of the tories. The minister was anxious to put the regency into commission; the whigs were anxious for the Prince of Wales; and while the question was being debated in England, Ireland decided, in her house of commons, for the prince. This decision settled the question; the prince was appointed regent. It was a triumph over Pitt, and he never after forgave Ireland.

1789. But we have now arrived at the next great event in the progress of civil liberty; namely, the French revolution — that revolution which has been brought about by streams of human gore, shed in the name of liberty. The butcheries of Robespierre were not sacrifices demanded by liberty, but atrocities dictated by personal ambition or revenge. The French people, compressed for centuries within the narrow manacles of the aristocracy, now expanded with a terrible explosion, hurling death every where around, destroying the good and the bad by the same whirlwind of vengeance. The national assembly of France had assumed a permanent form and palpable substance; the king and queen were prisoners; a republic, like that of America, was resolved upon. Tom Paine was one of the new republican directory; his

Rights of Man was in every body's hands. La Fayette was a marshal of the republican army ; and *Dumourier*, one of its bravest

The struggles of the Catholic body for a reduction of their disabilities, previous to the year 1792, were attended with little beneficial result. Those who assumed the leadership belonged to the aristocratic circles, and were too exclusive in their manners to receive from the masses the warm life-blood of popular enthusiasm, or impress upon the popular mind their own intellectual images of freedom. The incessant efforts of *Wolfe Tone* and *John Keogh* tended to call up a spirit of inquiry and resolution among the masses, which could not be long in action without conferring on their struggle an importance never imparted to it by the wealth of aristocracy.

A Catholic convention was determined on, and it was next proposed by the chief committee to issue circulars to the Catholics in the country, inviting them to send forward their delegates to this assembly. The agents of government were familiar with the chief men in the Catholic committee, and more or less influenced their motives. In that committee were a sturdy minority, composed of those who scorned a servile submission to government. Upon one occasion this minority became a majority, nineteen to seventeen, and voted to take some more active steps than waiting on the whims and wishes of government. The Catholic convention was held with the utmost ceremony and parliamentary form, at the Tailors' Hall, in Dublin, in the year 1792. It had for its members Lords Kenmare, Fingal, Trembleston, Gormanstown, French, the Esmonds, Bellows, Burkes, Wyse, &c. At the opening of its proceedings, its tone was timid, and its demands were few; but Dr. William James Macneven, then an ardent young man, and representative for Navan, rose up and delivered a powerful address, urging the assembly to demand full and unqualified emancipation — to be placed on a perfect equality with their Protestant fellow-subjects. This spirited appeal was heartily echoed by the majority of the assembly, and their cheers put to flight forever the timid policy of the old aristocratic leaders. Lord Donoughmore, who supported the Catholics and the castle at the same time, waited on the convention in his carriage, in which he remained at the door, requesting that the petition prepared for the king might be, as usual, forwarded through the lord lieutenant. To this the committee demurred, unless the lord lieutenant would pledge himself to support its prayer. That being declined, the following delegation were nominated to proceed to the presence of majesty with the petition of the Catholic convention: Edward Byrne, John Keogh, James Edward Devereaux, Christopher Bellow, Sir Thomas French, accompanied by Wolfe Tone, as secretary to the delegation, and Major Edward Sweetman. The two

latter were Protestants ; and a considerable sum of money, amounting, it

rank and fortune, of military and literary ability. Amongst them were Hamilton Rowan, Dr. William Drennan, the Honorable Simon Butler, James Napper Tandy, Hutton, Tone, Neilson, Russell, and several others. Butler and Drennan were prosecuted, and Napper Tandy fled from the kingdom.

At this period of fearful excitement, the votaries of freedom were active in England. At their head was the renowned **ERSKINE**, who led the cause of reform with great energy and surpassing eloquence. Referring to the struggles for liberty which at all times distinguished Ireland, that great man has the following gratifying passage, in his celebrated pamphlet on reform: —

“The spirit of reform is at present high in Ireland. The recent zeal of that **BRAVE** and **VIRTUOUS** people has completely detected the false and pernicious calumnies on both countries. It has demonstrated that a desire to reform abuses in government is not at all connected with disloyalty to its establishment; and that the restoration of a free constitution, by the wisdom and spirit of a nation, has no alliance with, but on the contrary is abhorrent to, a submission to foreign force.”

The threatening aspect of Europe, and the symptoms of revolution at home, influenced the British ministry to concede some of the claims of the Irish Catholics. Accordingly, in 1793, Lord Westmoreland, the then lord lieutenant of Ireland, proposed, in his speech from the throne, the consideration of the Catholic claims. Although these claims were supported by the most enlightened men of both countries, yet, unhappily, the infatuated Orangemen of Ireland could not be reconciled to concede the smallest portion of them. Their passions were roused by designing men. The most uncharitable resolutions towards their Catholic countrymen were adopted in their lodges; *one* of which, as proved by the Lords' Report, No. 16, 1798, revived the terrible design of Cromwell to *exterminate the Catholics*. This dreadful resolution, though originating in the lowest of the lodges, was countenanced by some persons high in the employment of government. It openly avowed a determination to shed the last drop of their blood before any concessions should be made to the Catholics, and went so far as to “*swear to wade up to their knees in Popish blood.*” This undisguised threat, and the well-known willingness to carry it into effect of the men who made it, contributed to extend and combine the society of United Irishmen for their mutual safety.

Previous to this, *Dumourier*, on the 6th November, 1792, gained the decisive battle of Gemappe, and the army of revolution had made such alarming strides through Europe, that that same parliament which,

in the previous session, had contemptuously rejected the Catholic petition, brought forward, in 1793, a measure which gave to that persecuted body several privileges, that may be called their foretaste of freedom. Included in these privileges, were liberty for the Catholics to hold lands on long leases, educate their children, publicly profess their worship, vote for *Protestant* members of parliament, hold commissions in the army, practise in medicine, and become attorneys and lawyers at the bar. These privileges served as levers to enable them to extract the rest, which was not effected, however, till the year 1829, by the superhuman exertions of DANIEL O'CONNELL.

In 1793, nineteen proprietors of the Northern Star, chiefly Protestant and Presbyterian, were arrested in Belfast, for some republican articles which appeared in that paper. They all voluntarily came to Dublin, and appeared before the chief justice, accompanied by a great number of the most wealthy Catholics of the city; and, to show how thoroughly united were the religious sects, each traverser was bailed by a Catholic and a Protestant.

On the opening of the Irish parliament, the lord lieutenant, as I have shown, delivered a message from his majesty recommending them to take into consideration the claims of the Catholics; and, in four days after this, Mr. Grattan moved his resolution for a committee to inquire into the state of the representation. The courtiers supported this motion, and all the ministerialists were loud in its praise. Thus the two darling objects of the United Irishmen — parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation — seemed about to be realized.

On the 21st of January, 1793, Louis the Sixteenth suffered death. War was declared by England against the French republic. The armies of the republic now encountered a series of reverses. The British government recalled its liberality. Grattan's motion for reform was swamped by a considerable majority. The Irish house of commons consisted of three hundred members. The counties returned eighty-four, and the remaining two hundred and sixteen were returned by rotten boroughs. Forty members were returned by ten persons. Several of the boroughs had no electors at all; some of them had but one. Two thirds of the three hundred were returned to parliament by less than one hundred persons; and these were under the control of government. The reverses in the French army changed the British policy. Coercion supplanted conciliation. The volunteers were put down by indirect bills against keeping unregistered arms or gunpowder; an alien bill, which forbade the residence of foreigners in the kingdom



without license was passed; a hired militia was instituted. The house of lords undertook to send out queries to suspected persons, requiring answers on oath, as to their connection with the secret societies.

The Hon. Simon Butler and Hamilton Rowan prepared a set of resolutions denying the authority of the house of lords to issue such queries, or require answers on oath. For this they were called to the bar of that assembly, fined five hundred pounds each, and ordered to be imprisoned six months. The society of United Irishmen paid their fines, and supported them sumptuously. Dr. Reynolds, from the north, who also disputed the power of the house, was detained a prisoner five months.

By the Catholic Relief bill of 1793, the forty shilling franchise was given to that body. It was the greatest boon of the session. The Catholic convention had dissolved, publishing a valedictory address, in which they enjoined the doctrine of a speedy reform of the house of commons. In the latter end of this year, the Right Reverend Dr. Troy and Dr. Reilly, with some other Catholic bishops of Ireland, presented an address to the lord lieutenant, in which they lauded his excellency's government, decried the proceedings of the Defenders and other unnamed societies, and so far damped the exertions and irritated the feelings of the great body of their lay congregations, that a deep feeling of discontent and an irreverence for religion very generally grew up.

And now we shall be called on to study the wicked policy of Pitt, in ceding a portion of the Catholic claims. By granting to the Catholics, as the boon of the *king of England*, and the *English ministry*, that which the bigotry of the Irish parliament had refused the year before, he led the Catholics to believe that the English ministry were their friends, and the Irish parliament their enemies; and, to promote the delusion he had Lord Westmoreland recalled from the lord lieutenancy of Ireland, and the Earl of Fitzwilliam, the most popular nobleman of the day, and the friend and disciple of Edmund Burke, sent, as the symbol of conciliation, to govern in his stead. Pitt, all of a sudden, became the friend of Catholic liberty and parliamentary reform. He wrote letters to the Catholic universities of the continent, requesting a true definition of the allegiance rendered by Catholics to the pope; and having, from the replies, been enabled to show that they owed and acknowledged no civil obedience to the holy see, he thereby calmed down the No Popery cry. He induced Lord Fitzwilliam to hold out the most dazzling promises to the Catholics. The unsuspecting viceroy, little dreaming of the plot, did caress the Catholics with promises of complete emancipation. This extraordinary favor shown to them by

the English ministry, while the Protestant parliament at home dealt out its concessions with such niggardly hands, naturally begot between the ascendant party and the Catholics a deeper hatred than ever.

This was exactly what Pitt most desired; his plan took admirably. It was not long before very unequivocal marks of animosity were manifested in the north, between the Protestants and Catholics.

The French revolution now began to assume new features. Christianity was mocked by its leaders; atheism was publicly avowed; and the butcheries committed by the committee of public safety greatly shocked the feelings of the Irish people, always saturated with reverence for religion. Many viewed a republic as a thing of horror. Some ardent reformers were alarmed, and fell back into inactivity. The session of 1794 passed without any thing to ruffle administration. Grattan alone broke silence; but it was to say he would strenuously support the war against France, and the connection of Ireland with England—to denounce the French republicans and the United Irishmen. An outcry was raised against liberty itself, fed by the blood flowing from the French guillotine.

Earl Fitzwilliam was not suffered to remain long in Ireland. The Beresfords, together with Fitzgibbon, the attorney-general, afterwards Earl of Clare, proceeded to England, and influenced Pitt against granting more to the Catholics, or yielding to the revolutionary doctrines of the times. They were too successful. It was the very thing that Pitt wanted. The Earl of Fitzwilliam was recalled, Lord Camden was sent in his stead, and Ireland was once more given up to the Beresfords and the ascendancy faction.

Neither the Protestants nor the Catholics were aware of Pitt's grand scheme—which was to set both fighting with each other, and to destroy their parliamentary power.

We must now turn our eyes towards the north of Ireland, and look upon the commencement of that local strife from which the distraction and fall of the nation proceeded.

The Protestant county of Armagh had long been the field of contest between the *Peep-of-day Boys* and the *Defenders*. That acrimony, which had for some time been soothed into natural repentance, and shame at past errors, was rekindled, says *Plowden*, by secret agents, and converted into a ferocious warfare of religious contention. A little before the 1st of July, 1795, the Rev. Mr. Mansell, of Portadown, a Protestant clergyman, invited such of his flock as wished to celebrate the battle of the Boyne by church worship, and the hearing of an appropri-

ate discourse, to attend his church on the 1st of July, being the anniversary of that victory. This laborer in the vineyard so worked up the minds of his auditory, that, upon retiring from service, on the different roads leading to their homes, they gave full scope to the anti-Catholic zeal with which the preacher inspired them. *They fell upon every Catholic they met, beating and bruising them without provocation or distinction, breaking the doors and windows of their houses; and they concluded the day's work by murdering two unoffending farmer's men, who were digging turf in a bog.*

An unprovoked atrocity like this set the whole north into a flame, which quickly spread, and threatened a contest of extermination. A like assault was offered to some Catholics of the town of Lurgan; the Protestants were excited against the Catholics by secret agents. The Protestants determined on a war of extermination. Since the Catholics got liberty to vote for members of parliament, there was no longer any exclusive preference given by landlords to Protestant tenants; for it was found that Catholic tenants made more of the lands, and conferred equal political power on the landlord. To drive out these new comers was the object of several bands of the low Protestants; and for this purpose they raised the standard of religious bigotry, called themselves *Peep-of-day Boys*, and swore an oath of sweeping extermination against the Catholics. The Catholics, on the other side, ranged themselves into a defensive body, and called themselves *Defenders*; and these two parties met on the 21st of September, 1795, fully armed, near Portadown, in the north of Ireland. A battle took place at a village called the *Diamond*, where they fought with the most desperate resolution, until many on both sides were killed or wounded. There were magistrates present at this battle, who could have suppressed it if they wished, but they rather encouraged than dissuaded the combatants.

After this battle, the Peep-of-day Boys assumed, for the first time, the denomination of *Orangemen*; for then was the first *Orange lodge* formed in Ireland. At first, no person of consequence, of the Protestant faith, joined or entered the society; their original object was to exterminate the Catholics; they affected to unite in support of the constitution as established by King William the Third. Elated with their successes, the Orangemen continued their depredations on the defenceless Catholics. They confided in the protection, and boasted of the support, of the magistrates before whom the battle of the Diamond was fought. Some magistrates directly promoted, and most of them allowed these outrages to be committed with impunity.

Then commenced that dreadful system, described by Grattan as “a persecution conceived in the bitterness of bigotry; carried on with the most ferocious barbarity by a banditti, who, being of the religion of the state, had committed the most horrid murders; and had proceeded from robbery and massacre to *extermination!*” Those insurgents, said he, “call themselves Protestant boys—that is, a banditti of murderers, committing massacre in the name of God, and exercising despotic power in the name of liberty.”

They served notices on the Catholics to be off to hell or Connaught, and carried their forcible ejection into terrible execution. At the spring assizes in 1796, more than one hundred of these midnight banditti were put on their trial, charged with murder and housebreaking. Although, by the judge’s order, the prosecutors and witnesses were escorted, by dragoons, for security, on the public roads, yet many of them were way-laid, maimed, and murdered. The juries were packed, and no man durst, for his life, convict an Orangeman.

But, lest it might be supposed I charge those infatuated men, in this distant country, and at this distance of time, with crimes for which I have no proof, I will produce an extract from the declaration of Lord Gosford, (the governor of the county of Armagh,) and of thirty magistrates, who assembled to put a stop to those atrocities, on December 23, 1795.

“It is,” says the declaration, “no secret, that a persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty which have in all ages distinguished that calamity, is now raging in this country; neither age, nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence, is sufficient to excite mercy or afford protection. The only crime, which the unfortunate objects of this persecution are charged with, is a crime of easy proof indeed; *it is simply* a profession of the Roman Catholic faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency; and the sentence they denounce is equally concise and terrible!—it is nothing less than a confiscation of all property, and immediate banishment—a proscription that has been carried into effect, and exceeds, in the number of those it consigns to ruin and misery, *every example* that ancient or modern history can supply. These horrors are now acting with impunity. The spirit of justice has disappeared in the county, and *the supineness of the magistracy of Armagh is become a common topic of conversation in every corner of the kingdom.*”

Such was the unfortunate condition of the north of Ireland at that time. The credible historians of the day assure us that upwards of seven thousand Catholics were exterminated; *that is, butchered in detail;*

fifty thousand fled to the west and south of Ireland; and upwards of twenty thousand fled to the manufacturing districts of Scotland, and settled in Glasgow and Paisley, where they commenced that colony of Irishmen which has swelled to one hundred thousand at the present day, every one of whom is struggling with the Liberator of Ireland for the restoration of their country to its rank among the nations. Such was the origin of the Orange societies; and I am in a condition to prove, that these societies were instigated in their atrocities by *William Pitt*, the British minister.

The society of *Defenders* grew up, for mutual and self-protection, as the opposite of the Orange factions. In this society were many dissenters and liberal Protestants, who discountenanced the acts of the Wreckers, and who united to protect their Catholic neighbors against their atrocities.

And now I come to the formation of the "United Irishmen"—a society that was originally formed by the celebrated but unfortunate Theobald Wolfe Tone. In 1792, as I have already said, he was appointed secretary to the Catholic committee. He being a Protestant of great talent, and coming forward, in a season of gloomy bigotry, to advocate their claims, obtained their fullest confidence. He was universally respected, and, after having been successful in obtaining the limited privileges of 1793, which that year conferred on the Catholics, and seeing the weakness of the friends of freedom in Ireland, by reason of the long-fostered religious jealousies which were encouraged amongst the people by the British minister, applied himself to the formation of a society which should unite every religion in one common effort to increase the freedom and happiness of all. In this effort he was eminently successful. The United Irish society grew up from an almost unheeded event—that of a generous act of an independent company of Presbyterian volunteers in Belfast, who put forward, at a public meeting, a declaration in favor of the Catholic claims. That patriotic body received a vote of thanks from a few other places, and thus grew up a cordial sentiment. The scattered particles of the old volunteers of 1782 gradually merged in this society; they were Presbyterians, liberal Protestants, and Catholics; the Catholics formed the great majority. The two first classes joined for reform of parliament, religious liberty, the abolition of tithes, and all other abuses. The Catholics joined for all the above purposes, and they had superadded the strong motive of their own protection and emancipation to urge them on. The United Irishmen, in the commencement, as formed by Wolfe Tone, was an open society, not

bound by any secret oath ; its proceedings were kept strictly within the law. At a meeting held in Dublin, in the year 1793, of which Dr. Drennan was chairman, and the celebrated Archibald Hamilton Rowan secretary, an address of the United Irishmen of Dublin was offered to the Irish nation, from which the following is an extract : “ It is our right and our duty at this time, and at all times, to communicate our opinion to the public, whatever may be its success ; and under the protection of a free press, itself protected by a jury, judges of law as well as fact, we will never be afraid to speak freely what we freely think ; appealing, for the purity of what we write, to the justness of our cause, and the judgment of our country. On the 9th of November, 1791, was this society founded. We, and our beloved brethren of Belfast, first began that civic union which, if a nation be a society united for mutual advantage, has made Ireland a nation ; and at a time when all wished, many willed, but few spoke, and fewer still acted, we, Catholics and Protestants, joined our hands and our hearts together ; sank every distinctive appellation in the distinctive name of Irishman ; and, in the presence of our God, devoted ourselves to universal enfranchisement, and a real representation of the people in parliament, knowing that what the tongue is to the man, the press is to the people. Though nearly blasted in our cradle by the sorcery of the law officers of the crown, we have rallied around this forlorn hope of freedom, and will maintain this last citadel of the constitution at the risk of our personal security and all that is dear to us in life.

“ They have come to us with a writ, and a warrant, and an *ex officio* information ; but we have come to them in the name of the genius of the British constitution, and the majesty of the people of Ireland.

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“ We have addressed the friends of the people in England, and have received their concurrence, their thanks, and their gratulation. We have addressed the volunteers. Deliverers of this injured land, have we done wrong ? If we have, tear your colors from the staff, reverse your arms, muffle your drums, beat a funeral march for Ireland, and then abandon the *corpse* to militia, fencibles, and dragoons. If we have not done wrong, — and we swear by the revolution of 1782 that we have not, — go on, with the zeal of enterprising virtue, and a sense of your own importance, to exercise the right of self-defence which belongs to the nation.”

Such was an exposition of the original object and principles of the United Irishmen. These objects were, and must ever be, dear to the lover of freedom ; the means taken to carry these objects out were in-

fluenced very materially by the spirit of reform abroad, and the brilliant successes that attended the soldiers of revolution every where. America had freed herself by an eight years' struggle in the field. France had shaken off her king and aristocracy, abolished all monopolies, and erected herself into a republic. The sanguinary Robespierre fell in 1794; a new impetus was given to the French conscripts. Brilliant victories again followed her generals. The combined forces of the crowned heads of Europe were repulsed or defeated; and a new pulsation was awakened in the hearts of the oppressed throughout the world. Bonaparte had just obtained a considerable command in the French army, and had astonished Europe by the boldness and success of his military enterprise.

At this moment the United Irishmen increased their numbers very rapidly; they became more violent and less guarded; and, to do justice to the memory of Wolfe Tone, when he found them violent and incautious, he withdrew, for nearly two years, from their society. Lord Fitzwilliam now was, as I have said, suddenly recalled, and a new policy was secretly determined on by the British cabinet; all the hopes held out to the Catholics were dashed to the earth; all the promises of reform made to Grattan, Ponsonby, and Flood, were disregarded; in a word, the hopes of the Irish nation were blasted, the government was given up to the deadly enemies of reform, of the Catholics, and of the Presbyterians, viz., Beresford, Lord Clare, and Lord Camden. This *triumviri* now put their heads together to destroy the nationality of Ireland, and to reduce her people to that slavery from which they had begun to emerge but some dozen years previously; but the people had tasted of liberty, and it was not in human nature to forego, without a death-struggle, its enjoyment.

Grattan, Flood, Ponsonby, and thirty other members of the Irish parliament, resigned their seats, and refused to be reëlected, alleging the hopelessness of any parliamentary effort to extort just measures from a majority of that house, returned as they were by corrupt boroughs, and influenced by a ministry hostile to the nation. This naturally swelled the ranks of the United Irishmen, to which body the nation now turned its eyes for redress. That society grew up vigorously in Belfast, on the ruins of those others which had fallen or had been suppressed. The new movement originated with the farming and artisan classes, and gradually ascended to the highest grades. It was not begun by any very leading men; yet its extraordinary extension and power attracted, by degrees, into its vortex, some of the first spirits of the day.

A committee of secrecy was appointed by the house of lords, to inquire into the meetings and motives of all political societies. Hamilton Rowan was accused of sedition, tried, and, though defended by Curran with great eloquence, was convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Of the eloquent Curran I shall have a few special words in my lecture on the worthies of Ireland. His defence of Hamilton Rowan is a lasting memorial of Irish eloquence. The friends of Rowan joined in efforts for his escape, and it was planned by the late Thomas Addis Emmet. John Hubbock, his steward, was permitted to see him for a few minutes in the cell of Newgate; they exchanged clothes in an incredibly short time, and Mr. Rowan quickly appeared in his steward's big coat and old hat, at the first hatch, for the purpose of passing out. He passed the turnkey, was let out at the front door, and escaped. His friends had engaged a small vessel, that lay in the harbor of Dublin, to take him to France. The vessel was manned by Irish sailors, who knew nothing of the person whom they were to transport to the continent. His name, character, and every thing, were concealed; they agreed to "take a person to Havre for a hundred guineas, and to go with all possible expedition." The night that Mr. Rowan got out of jail, he boarded the little vessel, which was to sail in the morning; the wind, however, changed, and, instead of sailing off directly, she was detained five or six days in port. The morning after Mr. Rowan's escape, the town was full of the hue and cry. A proclamation, with three thousand pounds' reward for his apprehension, was immediately issued by the government. *His situation may now be imagined.* The sailors belonging to his little schooner consisted of five; they were Irishmen, constantly on shore—the proclamations were scattered every where; one of the seamen picked up a copy, brought it on board, and read it aloud in Mr. Rowan's presence—for he had never left the vessel. At length one of the crew cast his eyes on him, and, comparing him with the description in the proclamation, exclaimed, "You are the man! This is Archibald Hamilton Rowan!" Mr. Rowan, without a moment's hesitation, answered, "*I am Rowan. I am in the hands of my countrymen. Act as you think proper!*" Instantly every one of the crew answered, "**MR. ROWAN, YOU ARE SAFE! BY US YOU SHALL NEVER BE GIVEN UP. WE HAVE AGREED TO CARRY YOU TO FRANCE, AND THERE YOU SHALL BE LANDED.**" The next day, the wind becoming favorable, the schooner sailed for France; and there Mr. Rowan was finally landed. These poor fellows accepted less than one hundred pounds for the voyage, though *three thousand pounds* would have been given to any



one of them for giving him up. Let that instance of Irish virtue and patriotism be paraded against any thing of the kind to be found on the page of Greek or Roman history.

From France, Mr. Rowan made his way to America, the eternal home of the persecuted. In the course of some years he returned to Ireland.

**NAPPER TANDY.** A few words about this gentleman are in place here. Mr. Napper Tandy was a patriot of 1782, one of the earliest members of the volunteers, and was captain of the "Liberty Artillery." He had been the last to submit to the dissolution of that patriotic body, and continued, by his public exertions, to preserve the spirit that once had abode in its councils. In 1792, he challenged *Toler*, afterwards Lord Norbury, for some remarks in disparagement of his character, which he (*Toler*) uttered in the house of commons. In 1793, he published some tracts censuring the government, signed "Common Sense," written in Paine's style. For this he was indicted, and, knowing a long imprisonment awaited him if found guilty, fled to America, from whence he afterwards proceeded to France, enlisted in the republican army, and was promoted to the rank of general of brigade in that service.

In 1798, he accompanied the squadron that sailed with Humbert for Ireland, from which the *Anacreon* brig of war, containing the division under his command, separated. His vessel was prevented landing by the weather; and learning, at the Island of Rutland, off the coast of Donegal, the fate of the remainder of his friends, he instantly sailed for the coast of Norway, from whence he set off to Paris by land, taking his route through Hamburg.

Hamburg was then an independent republic; and here Tandy, with some other Irish refugees, thought they were safe from the power of Britain; but in this they were mistaken. Tandy, Morris, Blackwell, and Corbett, were specially arrested on the requisition of Lord Grenville.

In the mean time, Bonaparte arrived from Egypt, and, learning this circumstance, became highly incensed towards the Hamburgers, who sent deputies to explain, and mitigate his ire. Bonaparte ordered the deputies to prison. After a world of negotiation between the French, English, Austrian, and Hamburg governments, he wrote the latter government the following letter:—

"**BONAPARTE**, *First Consul of the Republic, to the Burgomasters and Senate of the free and imperial City of Hamburg.*

"PARIS, (9th Nivose, 8th year,) 30th December, 1799.

"Sirs, — We have received your letter. It does not justify your conduct. Courage and virtue preserve states. Cowardice and vice destroy them. You have vio-

lated the laws of hospitality. Such an event could not have happened among the most barbarous hordes of the desert. Your fellow-citizens must forever reproach you. The two unfortunate men whom you have delivered up will die illustrious; but their blood shall work more evil on the heads of their persecutors than a whole army would have done.

(Signed) **BONAPARTE.**

“HUGUES B. MARET, *Secretary of State.*”

The Hamburgers were fined by Napoleon four millions of francs.

The “two” specially surrendered to the agents of Britain were Tandy and Corbett, who were sent to Ireland to be tried on a charge of high treason. Corbett escaped out of jail in women’s clothes. Tandy was tried and condemned to die in Lifford; the British ministry, learning the fixed determination of Napoleon to hang up a dozen of their chief officers, who were his prisoners, pardoned Tandy; but this pardon was attempted to be violated in the basest manner; and it was not until Napoleon refused to sign the peace of Mathieu with the English unless General Tandy were given up, that he totally got out of their hands. Mr. Tandy was, finally, permitted to go to France. He was received by the inhabitants of Bordeaux with public illuminations, and resumed his command in the French army.

Soon after the arrest of Rowan, Mr. Bond and the Hon. Mr. Butler were arrested for contempt of parliament, and consigned to Newgate. Several other arrests and prosecutions took place under newly-made coercive laws unknown to the constitution.

The French government, which had, in 1793, sent an agent into Ireland to sound the leaders there as to their disposition to fling off the yoke of England, and who was at that time very coolly received, now again made another experiment of the kind, with a view to divert the arms of England, and render their own progress over the continent more easy. They sent the unfortunate Mr. Jackson from Paris to Ireland, for the purpose of sounding the people, and ascertaining if they were ripe for revolution.

The Rev. Mr. Jackson, who was a Protestant dissenting clergyman, arrived in London, in 1794, charged by the French directory with this delicate and important mission. On his arrival, he called on an old acquaintance, a Mr. Cockayne, to whom he communicated his intentions rather freely. Cockayne *immediately gave information to the government!* He was then ordered by Pitt to attend on the unfortunate Jackson to Ireland, and communicate to him all that fell under his observation.

Tone had at this time rejoined the United Irishmen; they began to proceed more cautiously. Very many men of sterling hearts had lately joined the body; though, as yet, neither Macneven, Emmet, Arthur O'Connor, nor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was amongst the number. Jackson was introduced to Tone, who, having been one of the founders of the society, was now naturally at the head of its management. Several free conversations occurred between them. Tone made drawings and descriptions of Ireland, which he gave the French missionary, together with a statistical paper classing the people according to their political opinions. In this paper the following occurs: "There seems to be little doubt but an invasion in sufficient force would be supported by the people. There is scarcely any army in the country, and the militia, the bulk of whom are Catholics, would, to a moral certainty, refuse to act if they saw such a force as they could look to for support." Dr. Jackson was soon apprehended, tried, and, being condemned to death, took poison in the Dock, and dropped down dead before the court. These circumstances had the effect of arousing the people still more; for the existence of a strong French sympathy in their struggle was now proclaimed to all the world.

Dr. Reynolds, who was deeply involved, escaped to America. Tone was arrested; he was in the power of a remorseless tyrant, from whom there appeared no way of escape. A compromise was, after much negotiation, effected between his friends, one of whom was Marcus Beresford, and the government; the result of which was, he agreed to quit his country forever, and go to the United States. Ere he left Ireland, he had interviews with Thomas Addis Emmet, John Keogh, and another friend, in Emmet's garden at Rathfarnham. He was urged by them, on his arrival in America, to get to France as speedily as he could, and urge on the French government the necessity of sending aid to Ireland.

On his arrival to take shipping in Belfast, he passed some days with the friends of freedom there — with Simms, Teeling, Russell, and others. They concurred in the advice he had received from Keogh and Emmet. Finally, Tone landed in America in 1795, where he found Hamilton Rowan, Dr. Reynolds, and Napper Tandy, all of whom had met with a variety of adventures in their escape from Ireland. He lost no time, after his arrival, in seeing the French minister, in Philadelphia, on the looked-for expedition; but that ambassador gave him little encouragement. However, he prepared a memorial to the French government, which the ambassador undertook to forward; and Tone having done all in his

power for his country, and not having, for a long time, heard from any of his friends, he turned his attention to a farm, which he had purchased for the support of his family.

Things now began to approach a crisis in Ireland. The United Irishmen, from an open society, became a secret one, with signs and passwords. They extended their organization in the north, and in the west and south. Lord Fitzwilliam, as I have said, was suddenly recalled, under the pretence of a difference in the cabinet on the Catholic bill; but it has since been proved to the world, by Lord Fitzwilliam himself, and by *Mr. George Ponsonby*, "that the Catholic question had no more to do with the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam than Lord Macartney's embassy to China." In short, it was secretly determined by the British minister to undermine and destroy the Irish parliament, rather than reform it; and this plot getting wind in Dublin, the Catholics publicly met to consider the threatened blow, and passed, among others, the following resolution: "That we are sincerely and unalterably attached to the rights, liberties, and independence, of our native country; and we pledge ourselves, collectively and individually, to resist even our own emancipation, if proposed to be conceded upon the ignominious terms of an acquiescence in the fatal measure of a union with the sister kingdom." So little was Pitt's design a secret in diplomatic circles, that *Carnot*, the chief of the French directory, told Dr. Macneven, in August, 1797, that a union was Pitt's object in his vexatious treatment of Ireland, and that it behoved the United Irishmen to be aware of his schemes. It appears, from Mr. Grattan's defence of Lord Fitzwilliam's policy and measures, that neither parliamentary reform, nor a repeal of the unconstitutional "convention act," was part of those measures intended for the amelioration of the Irish nation. From this explanation, the great body of the Irish people perceived, for the first time, that neither the whigs in opposition nor the tories in office offered measures that came even near their demands; and now all creeds and sects closed round the standard of revolution, and sighed for the aid of France, to establish a republic in Ireland.

The following plan of reform in the government was adopted as their object, which was to come into operation on the establishment of a republic under the *protection* of the French: —

1. That the nation, for the purposes of representation solely, should be divided into three hundred electorates, formed by a combination of parishes, and as nearly as possible equal in point of population.
2. That each electorate should return one member to parliament.

3. That every male, of sound mind, who has attained the age of twenty-one years, and actually dwelt, or maintained a family establishment, in any electorate for six months of the twelve immediately previous to the commencement of the election, provided his residence be duly registered, should be entitled to vote for the representative of the electorate.

4. That the votes of all electors should be given by voice, and not by ballot.

5. That no property qualification should be necessary to entitle any man to be a representative.

6. That representatives should receive a reasonable stipend for their services.

7. That parliaments should be annual.

The Orange society, on the other hand, formed to uphold the corrupt government, spread its influence very widely, and was secretly and warmly encouraged by the ministry. In the spring of 1796, three Orangemen voluntarily made oath, before a magistrate of Down and Armagh, that the Orangemen frequently met in committees, amongst whom were *some members of parliament, who gave them money, and promised they should not suffer for any act they might commit, and pledged themselves that they should be provided for under the auspices of government.* The magistrate notified this circumstance to the secretary of state, inquiring how he should act; but *he received no answer!*—See *Flowerden's History of the Insurrection.*

The government followed up this by enrolling a sort of militia, which they denominated a "Yeomanry"—a body composed almost exclusively of Orangemen, placed in the pay of government, supplied with arms, and stimulated with religious rancor. Perhaps on the face of the globe there never before appeared so terrible a banditti.

Pitt was now certain of being able to accomplish his object, which, in the language of Lord Castlereagh before the secret committee, was "to make the United Irish system explode." The people were every where goaded into madness by the sanguinary yeomanry. Justice fled the land. There was no law in any court except for Orangemen. They shot at the defenceless people in every fair and market, and, when brought to trial, were acquitted by partisan juries, packed by Orange sheriffs. On the other hand, the slightest offence committed by any of the people was punished with whipping, imprisonment, transportation, and death.

So early as 1795, executions for Defenderism had commenced. Lawrence O'Connor, a schoolmaster, was the first person of any conse-

quence who suffered trial and death. He defended his principles with considerable eloquence, and courted death with a manly bearing. Weldon, Hart, and Kennedy, were the next that were tried and executed for the same offence. These brave men met death with surprising fortitude. Thirteen hundred persons suspected of Defenderism were seized by order of Lord Carhampton, and sent on board the fleet. These men called in vain for trial. Parliament passed a bill indemnifying his lordship against the legal consequences.

It appears that the spirit of Defenderism, the opposite of Orangeism, penetrated through many of the militia regiments raised by the government, and they were resolved to bear down heavily on all found entertaining such opinions.

“Wherever the Orange lodges were established,” say O’Connor, Emmet, and Macneven, “there, also, were they sure of having numerous bodies of United Irishmen;” for oppressed people would naturally fall into the ranks of men united for self-protection.

It was now evident to all men in Ireland that this oppression could no longer be borne. The moderate men felt there was no longer any security for their liberties, properties, or lives, but in uniting with each other for mutual protection. The interior of the country was in a dreadful state. Under these circumstances, the leaders of the United Irishmen determined to do something decisive; for they preferred to die boldly in the field rather than be cut off one by one, by imprisonment and banishment, as very many of their brethren had been. They turned their eyes abroad for assistance. France was the only country to which they *then* could apply. Ireland had no agent at the French court. They had no one, *out of Ireland*, on whom they could rely for exertion and risk in their behalf, save Theobald Wolfe Tone. To him the leaders wrote in the latter part of 1796.

The following is the patriot’s own account of this application. Not having heard from France, in answer to his memorial, and having, for nearly twelve months, heard nothing from Ireland, he had made up his mind to retire to his farm near Princeton, New Jersey. “I fitted up my study,” says he, “and began to think my lot was cast to be an American farmer. In this frame of mind I continued for some time waiting for the lawyer that was to draw the deeds of my purchase, when I was aroused from my lethargy by the receipt of letters from *Keogh, Russell*, and the two *Simms’s*, wherein, after professions of the sincerest regard, they proceeded to acquaint me that the state of the public mind, in Ireland, was advancing to republicanism faster than even I could believe; and they pressed me in the strongest manner to fulfil the engagement I

had made with them at my departure, and to move heaven and earth to force my way to the French government, in order to supplicate their assistance. William Simms, at the end of a most friendly and affectionate letter, desired me to draw upon him for two hundred pounds sterling.

"I immediately handed the letters to my wife and sister, and desired their opinion. My wife, whose courage and whose zeal for my honor and interests were not in the least abated by all her past sufferings, supplicated me to let no consideration of her, or our children, stand for a moment in the way of our engagements to our friends and my duty to my country; adding, that she would be answerable for our family in my absence. My sister joined in these entreaties, and their opinions coinciding with my own, my mind was made up."

This patriotic lady, the wife of Wolfe Tone, still lives in Georgetown, District of Columbia. How we ought to revere the exalted relict!

Tone then set off next day to the French ambassador, taking Hamilton Rowan with him. They found the ambassador as anxious for the project now as he was lukewarm before. He gave Tone an introduction, in cipher, to the French government, recommending him in the strongest manner; and also money to bear his expenses.

Tone then sent his brother *Arthur* to Ireland, without letters, but with verbal communications to the following, and to no others, viz., *Neilson*, *Simms*, and *Russell*, in *Belfast*; *Keogh* and *M' Cormack*, in *Dublin*. To these he was to communicate his brother's departure for France, and to none other in Ireland.

He arrived in France, in about five weeks from thence, and lost no time in approaching the chief members of the French directory. His only credentials were a vote of thanks from the Catholics of Ireland, and an introduction, in cipher, from the directory's ambassador in America. He spent much time in negotiating, in very bad French, with the ministry. He asked for ten thousand men, forty thousand stand of arms, and an advance of £500,000. The whole cost of the expedition he offered to settle by the plighted faith of the future republic of Ireland. He stipulated that Ireland should be acknowledged an independent republic, under the guaranty of France. For a considerable time this proposal was not taken up warmly. Meantime Tone kept the question before the French government; and to qualify himself for military duty, entered the French army, was soon promoted to the rank of adjutant-general, and finally obtained the coöperation and confidence of Bonaparte.

Here must we leave him pushing his application for aid, and turn to the movements of the patriots in Ireland.

All religious feelings had now been blended by the United Irishmen. Protestant, Presbyterian, and Catholic, seemed to have wondered at their former differences, and to have united in a bond never again to be dissolved. The Orangemen, on the contrary, wearing the clothes and pay of the government, set up the cry of Protestant ascendancy, and "No Popery." The leaders of the patriots heeded not their gasconading, but set about a national organization, to prepare for revolution, confidently expecting assistance from France.

They established a system of organization amongst all the united societies; it consisted of committees, going from grade to grade. There was, first, the grand national committee; then each province had its committee; again, each county had its committee; and then, again, the counties were divided into baronies, each barony having its committee.

There were also two departments of organization, the civil and the military. The civil department consisted of the four classes of committees already mentioned; and the military committee had intrusted to them all plans of warlike operations. For the sake of secrecy, no society could exceed the number of thirty-six. When it amounted to this number, it was divided into two societies, of eighteen each: these again went on until they amounted in number to thirty-six; and were again divided. Five delegates from each province constituted the national committee. They were elected by ballot every three months. At the head of all these was an EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY of *five*, to whom the whole ramification was subservient. What was done in the primary societies of thirty-six went to the baronial; from thence to the county, and up to the executive. No information went down by these grades, so that the organization was well calculated to insure secrecy. Nearly half a million of men, Catholics, Protestants, and Presbyterians, were thus brought together. A national treasury was established, based on monthly subscriptions of the members.

The warlike organization was equally complete. All officers, to the rank of colonel, inclusive, were elected by the corps; all above this rank were appointed by the executive: each man was directed to furnish himself, as far as possible, with arms, ammunition, and every species of articles necessary to offensive or defensive warfare. Up to 1796 the chief management and organization of the society had its head in Belfast. After the junction of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Macneven, Enimet, and Arthur O'Connor, it was transferred to Dublin; and these brilliant men formed the chief management.



The fidelity of the Irish people to each other, and to their leaders, in this organization, was astonishing. Men died on the rack, and expired beneath the pains of torture, and still they would not reveal secrets to the spies and agents of government. The great multitude of the United men submitted willingly to the directions of their executive; and, according to the estimate made by Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet, five hundred thousand men were enrolled, three hundred thousand of whom could be brought into the field.

Such was the nature of the organized United Irishmen, in 1796-7. Their national committee held its meetings at the house of Oliver Bond, in Bridge Street. And now it was resolved to open an immediate communication with France.

The negotiations of Tone were, after six months of incessant attendance on the French directory, at length successful. Communications were exchanged between the French directory and the executive of the United Irishmen. The latter returned the following note, as the conditions upon which alone they would accept the aid of France. "They accepted the offer on condition that the French would come as allies only, and consent to act under the direction of the new government, as *Rochambeau* did in America; that, upon the same principle, the expenses of the expedition must be reimbursed, and the troops, while acting in Ireland, receive Irish pay." These terms were approved by the French directory, and a request was forwarded to Ireland that one or two of their chief men should at once proceed to Paris, to ratify the contract. Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Arthur O'Connor were selected for this perilous duty. After about two months' delay, in Hamburg, Basle, and other places, in the summer of 1796 they at last came into direct communication with the celebrated General *Hoche*, who was sent to them with full powers by the French directory. He had been appointed to take the command of the expedition, and to him, the men at the head of France confided every thing connected with the enterprise. It appears Lord Edward, from prudential motives, refrained from passing over the French frontier, and therefore confided all power to Mr. O'Connor.

Lord Edward returned to Hamburg, and, unluckily, met, in the conveyance, a lady who was going to the same city, *and who had actually been the mistress of an official colleague of Pitt*. "Wholly ignorant of her relationship with the British ministry," remarks Mr. Moore, "the habitual frankness of his nature not only expressed freely his opinions on all political subjects, but afforded some clews, it is said, to

the secret of his present journey, which his fellow-traveller was, of course, not slow in transmitting to her official friend."

The interview between Hoche and O'Connor took place, and all things were arranged for the expedition, which consisted of fifteen thousand men, on board seventeen sail of the line, and thirteen frigates, with transports, making in all forty-five ships, having sixty thousand stand of arms and an immense quantity of ammunition.

Tone, who was the prime mover in all this great drama, was kept, by the French directory, in ignorance of many of their movements; and so secretly did they manage all things, that, while they were preparing the expedition for Ireland, they kept its destination, and their own decision, a secret, even from Tone himself. The interview between Hoche and Arthur O'Connor was kept a profound secret from Tone, as we find by a note in his diary. "Hoche then asked me, 'Did you know Arthur O'Connor?' I replied, I did, and that I entertained the highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism. He asked me, 'Did he not some time ago make an explosion in the Irish parliament?' I replied, 'He made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that was ever made in that house.' 'Well,' said he, 'will he join us?' I answered, as he loved Ireland, that he undoubtedly would. [Mr. O'Connor is yet alive in Paris.] Hoche then went on to say, 'There is a lord in your country, (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing as I do what stuff our Irish peers are made of;) he is a son to a duke; is he not a patriot?' I immediately recognized my friend, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave Hoche a very good account of him."

The fleet, which was to sail in September, was not able to put to sea before December. The delay was caused by the blundering of the French commissaries. At length that fleet, which would have given liberty to Ireland, if not impeded by a blast of wind, set sail on the 15th December, 1796. It had but four days' sail, to make the west of Ireland; yet on the second night of the voyage, a strong gale, followed by thick weather, scattered the vessels. The ship in which sailed Hoche and the admiral, with eight or ten more vessels, was blown back on the French coast; whilst ten or twelve ships, having on board four thousand five hundred men, and twenty or thirty thousand stand of arms, in command of *General Grouchy*, — he who afterwards cut a remarkable figure in the army of France, — had made Bantry Bay. Tone, who was appointed by the French directory adjutant-general of the expedition, was amongst this party.

On arriving in the bay, a council was held. Tone and Grouchy were

for landing with the force they had. The rear-admiral of the squadron looked at his orders, which directed him, in case of separating from the fleet, to put out to sea, and finally return to France, if he should not be able to rejoin. This order he was resolved to follow literally, although, had they then landed their four thousand five hundred men, with their cannon and ammunition, there is no doubt but the independence of Ireland would have been established, seeing what was afterwards done by nine hundred men, under Humbert.

Revolutions are frequently brought about by the presence of only a few strangers in a country, and a prudent and at the same time, a courageous leader. The Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, landed in England with only two thousand men; with these, backed by the malcontents, he overthrew Richard the Third, though king and in possession of the whole powers, revenue, and army of the nation. William the Third, in 1688, landed in Torbay, with at first but seven hundred followers, and, with the discontented forces which joined him, overthrew king James the Second. *Nota Bene* — The hardest part of his work was done in Ireland. Many such examples are to be found in history. Had Tone, instead of seeking for such immense armed expeditions, only obtained about one thousand well-trained military men, who would act as *commanders*, a different result would have ensued.

For five or six days, as they lay in the bay, they were so near land, Tone informs us, that he could have jerked a biscuit on the shore. We may judge of his grief and indignation to find his enterprise baffled by an obstinate naval commander; when, if he were suffered to carry out that enterprise, he would have certainly given independence to his country.

The wind at length changed, and blew a furious gale from the land, which scattered the remnant of that magnificent armament. It returned, shattered, to France, — dispiriting the friends of Ireland at home and abroad. Tone, though depressed in spirit, was still resolved to see it out; he joined the French army, with a hope of reviving another force, in aid of his countrymen, which hope, as we shall hereafter see, he realized to a magnificent extent, which was baffled and defeated only by the hand of Heaven.

The appearance of a French fleet off the west coast animated the Irish people very much, and aroused, at the same time, the indignation of the government. "There were, *after* this event," remarks Moore, in his *Life of Lord Edward*, "batteries erected at Bantry; but, owing to

the great extent of the bay, without the aid of a considerable force they could not prevent a landing at this point. It was the opinion of Sir Ralph Abercrombie that the Shannon and the Bay of Galway were the most assailable parts of the island. This opinion was advanced by Colonel Keating, in a pamphlet entitled the Defence of Ireland, published in 1795. The colonel adds, "the peculiar facility with which an advance into, and conquest of, first the province of Connaught, and subsequently the whole kingdom, might be effected." Dr. Macneven recommended to the French directory Oyster Haven, in the south, and Lough Swilly, in the north. Speaking of the invasion of Ireland, I recollect that O'Callaghan, in his Green Book, lays down some peculiar rules for its defence. We will let himself speak:—

"Let us suppose that we could muster a force of two hundred thousand men, or only about twice the number of the volunteer army *then*, although our population is *more* than doubled *now*. Let Athlone be fixed upon as the national headquarters, or those of a grand army of the centre, amounting to one hundred thousand men. Let these one hundred thousand men have the care of the principal magazine of artillery, ammunition, provisions, money, &c., intended for the public defence; and act, in fine, as a sort of heart to the country, by extending to its extremities the current of martial vitality. Of the remaining one hundred thousand men, form four provincial armies or military *spokes*, each of twenty-five thousand men. Let each of these four *spokes* be at once in communication with and stretching along from the grand army of the centre in four lines, running as much as may be deemed requisite north-west and north-east, and south-west and south-east, to the corresponding parts of the coast of Ireland. Then, — speaking with reference to the four divergent armies, or provincial military spokes, just mentioned, — let four *less*, or *intermediate* ones, (each of these to consist of ten thousand men,) be kept ready for action by the grand army of the centre, which, exclusive of them, would still constitute a reserve of sixty thousand troops. In order to allow every advantage, and even much greater advantages than could be reasonably claimed by those who assert the inability of Ireland to stand against a foreign aggression without 'the *British* heart and the *British* arm,' let us next take for granted, that an invader *could* land four armies in Ireland, on four different points of the coast, each of these armies being as numerous as each of the four *provincial* armies or military *SPOKES* appointed to meet them. It is, in that case, evident that such an enemy must succeed in disembarking *in front* of the four great military *SPOKES*, or *between* some two out of the *FOUR* of them. If he disembarks his four armies in front of the four native provincial armies or military spokes, and they retreat on Athlone for reinforcements, the four minor or *intermediate* spokes of ten thousand men, can then issue from the grand army of the centre, and delay his operations, by subdividing themselves, and flanking, on both sides, with five thousand men, or ten thousand in all, each of the enemy's four successful armies.

"If, finally, according to the only alternative that remains to be considered, the invader should so far 'strive with things impossible, and get the better of them,' as

to drive in all the provincial and minor armies of the island upon that of the centre at Athlone, he would there have to meet, with his harassed and lessened force, a consolidated mass of troops, augmented by a numberless amount of enthusiastic irregulars, armed with Montecuculi's 'queen of weapons,' the pike, of which General Cockburn said, that, even in 1804, there were 'materials, carpenters, and smiths enough to arm ALL Ireland in a fortnight!' But this is a position of Phocian desperation to which such a country as Ireland, if united in herself, could never be driven.

"The above outline of a system of defending Ireland against an invader is analogous in substance to the plan adopted by Napoleon in Spain, in 1808, — with this advantage in favor of Ireland, that HER forces would be fighting in their own, and consequently in a friendly country, whereas NAPOLEON'S armies in Spain were in a foreign and hostile territory. Again, the French, besides fighting against the *military*, had also to watch over and keep down the *civil* population of Spain. They had, moreover, to maintain a long, intricate, and continually-menaced communication with France, since, from it alone, the imperial forces could draw any recruits to make up for the 'wear and tear' of war. Colonel Napier's description of the mode in which Napoleon distributed his troops in the Peninsula, after hearing of the commotion at Aranjuez, is to the following effect: The French, while ranged with reference to the occupation of the most important points, were so stationed with respect to Murat's head-quarters at Madrid, (at once the capital and the centre, or Athlone, of Spain,) that from *that* grand centre, as regarded the entire kingdom, and from the subordinate centres connected with it, and formed by the respective head-quarters of the French armies branching into the provinces, (on the principle of the four Irish military spokes of twenty-five thousand men,) the forces of no three of those Spanish provinces (such forces being similar to the invader's armies in Ireland *between* her occupying military spokes) could act in concert without first beating a French corps; while, adds Colonel Napier, 'if any of the Spanish armies *succeeded in routing a French force*, the remaining corps could *unite without difficulty and retreat without danger!*' though, as has been before observed, they were NOT in a *friendly*, but a *hostile* territory. By this plan Napoleon enabled seventy thousand men, the greater part of whom were mere raw recruits, to maintain themselves in a strong and spacious country, inhabited by eleven millions of a proud, fierce, fanatical, and exasperated population, who, as the colonel remarks, were sufficient to have trampled the French under foot, were the latter not so skillfully disposed. On such a Napoleon system of military arrangement, containing all the inherent strength, unaffected by any of the weakness, incidental to the position of the French in Spain, might Ireland be triumphantly defended against any foreign power, however formidable, either by means of a completely Irish or a popular Anglo-Irish army, receiving support and assistance from a *friendly* country, instead of being situated, like the French, in the midst of a *hostile* nation."

It appears that Belgium, with a population of half that of Ireland, maintains an army of one hundred thousand men, while Holland, with less than Belgium, maintains an equal number. The army of France is five hundred thousand men, — and Ireland, with her eight millions, could surely, from her admitted resources, maintain two hundred thou-

sand, — men, too, who could live on the potato, which grows in every field.

As I am on this part of the subject, I insert a letter, which appeared in the *Dublin Nation* of 26th August, 1844 : —

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION.

“ Captain Warner’s blowing up a vessel is by no means a new discovery. I communicated with the government sixteen years ago respecting different inventions of destructiveness; but they declined having any thing to do with them, as they generally do upon occasion of applications from Ireland. In the *London Mechanics’ Magazine* for July, 1841, page 55, you will find the description of a destructive engine that I exhibited before the Marquis of Anglesey, at the Phoenix Park, and because (I suppose) it would only kill two or three hundred men a minute, I was told the wise government could do nothing for me.

“ A few more of my inventions — the blowing up of ammunition-wagons at half-a-mile distance, and to blow up a man-of-war at a mile distance — are quite as simple.

“ Destroyer the third is an air-gun which will discharge bullets at the rate of one thousand a minute.

“ The fourth is a machine which will discharge bullets at the rate of three thousand per minute, and any animal matter coming within range of this repeller would only appear like as much chaff before a storm; but, above all, it would be well if the government would allow me to show them the great danger of keeping large quantities of explosive matter in one place — a magazine in the Park, for instance. That magazine would be a very good experiment. I will not require to go nearer to it than one mile, and that in the dark, if required, and I will blow it up. Be assured that chemistry and electro-magnetism will work a great change in the way of destruction, as well as the vast improvements in the arts and sciences.

“ When man is enabled to draw down the lightning from heaven, and make it subservient to his will, he will soon show the world the futile nonsense of floating or land batteries, it being the great and tremendous mover of all matter, and the soul and eternity of systems.

“ Place any floating material where you please on the water, and I will not require to go nearer than where it can be seen distinctly, and I will blow it unto atoms at a given signal.

“ I remain, &c.

JOHN GILCREST, 47 Henry Street.”

If the nature of steam and electricity had been known in Ireland fifty years ago, the people would have less to fear from invasion : —

I insert here, from Moore, his notes of Lord Edward’s tactics.

“ In training the people to arms, it was the opinion of Lord Edward, that till they had been perfected in that first rudiment of soldiery, marching, or, in other words, moving through equal spaces in equal times, — till they had been also brought to a sufficient degree of celerity and precision in forming from column to line, and from line to column, and in executing these changes of position by dispersion and re-formation, it was altogether premature to think of placing arms in their hands. So far was he, indeed, from being impatient to see the people armed, that, for this as well as other reasons, his utmost efforts were directed to repress

that habit, so long prevalent among the lower orders of Irish, of providing themselves with weapons by the plunder of gentlemen's houses; his constant observation being that 'till the arms were wanted, they would be safest and best taken care of in the hands of their present owners.'

"Even for the purpose of training troops to be good marksmen, he had a notion, it seems, that fire-arms might be dispensed with, and the expense of the ammunition which target-practice requires, be saved. Having observed, while in America, that the Indians, who are almost all expert marksmen, have attained this accuracy of aim by the use of the bow and arrow while young, he was of opinion that, among the means of training a people to national warfare, the same economical mode of practice might be adopted — the habit of aiming at a mark with any missile, whether bow or sling, being sure to establish that sort of sympathy between the hand and eye, which enables the execution of the one to follow instantly the direction of the other; and this precision of aim once acquired, being, with little difficulty, transferable to the use of the musket or rifle.

"That Lord Edward may have thrown out this ingenious suggestion in conversation, can be easily believed; but that he had any serious notions of adopting it in his system of military organization for Ireland, appears somewhat questionable.

"Another peculiarity of opinion attributed to him is that of having preferred the rifle, as an arm of common use, to the musket; an opinion which is at variance, at least, with the first military authority of our age, who has declared, '*que le fusil est la meilleure machine de guerre qui ait été inventé par les hommes.*' — *Napoleon's Notes upon Rognard's Art de Guerre.* — An opinion of the sincerity of which there could not be a better practical proof than that, in the whole imperial army, there was not a single rifle. Whatever may have been Lord Edward's theory on the subject, it is certain that there occurs no mention of this description of arms in any of the returns made to the Irish executive by its officers; nor does it appear in what manner the supply of them, counted upon, it is alleged, by Lord Edward, was to be obtained. It is, indeed, stated that a *dépôt* of such arms was, by his orders, preparing at Brest, which, when the proper time should arrive, were to be run over in luggers, and landed; but for this supposition I cannot find any satisfactory evidence.

"Of his lordship's other views on military subjects, as conveyed in the conversations reported to me, I have not space sufficient to enter into any details. But, on all the points connected with the sort of warfare he was about to engage in; the advantages to be derived from the peculiarities, both moral and physical, of the country — from the equal diffusion of the population over its whole surface, enabling every district to produce its own army, and thus saving the expense and disorganization of long marches; the account to which superiority of numbers may be turned by the power they give of outflanking the enemy; the prudence of avoiding pitched battles; the disadvantage of being the assailant in mountain war,\* — on

\* " 'In imitation of the Central Juntas, they call out for a battle and early success. If I had had the power, I would have prevented the Spanish armies from attending to this call; and, if I had, the cause would now have been safe.' *Duke of Wellington's Letters to the Portuguese Regency.* 'The attacking party in mountain warfare will have the disadvantage.' *Révértes du Maréchal Saxe.* In a similar manner, Colonel Napier (without ever having, as he assures me, read Marshal Saxe) says, — 'He who receives battle in the hills has always the advantage.'"

all these, and other such tactical points, the mind of Lord Edward seems to have been considerably in advance of his contemporaries, and to have anticipated much that a long experience in warfare has taught to Europe since.

“At the time of the search after him on the 12th of March, there was found in his writing-box, at Leinster-house, a paper, which is generally supposed to have been the production of his own pen, and with the insertion of which, therefore, I shall conclude this part of my subject.

“If ever any unfortunate cause should put our city, with the other parts of the country, into the possession of a cruel and tyrannical enemy, whose government might, by repeated oppressions, drive us into the last stage of desperate resistance, our conduct then should be regulated in a manner best calculated for obtaining victory.

“The following thoughts are humbly offered for the inspection of every real Irishman:—

“In such a case every man ought to consider how that army could be attacked or repelled, and what advantage their discipline and numbers might give them in a populous city, acting in concert with the adjoining counties.

“It is well known that an officer of any skill in his profession would be very cautious of bringing the best-disciplined troops into a large city in a state of insurrection, for the following reasons:—

“His troops, by the breadth of the streets, are obliged to have a very narrow front, and however numerous, only three men deep can be brought into action, which, in the widest of our streets, cannot be more than sixty men; as a space must be left on each side or flank, for the men who discharge to retreat to the rear, that their places may be occupied by the next in succession, who are loaded; so, though there are a thousand men in a street, not more than sixty can act at one time, and should they be attacked by an irregular body armed with pikes or such bold weapons, if the sixty men in front were defeated, the whole body, however numerous, are unable to assist, and immediately become a small mob in uniform, from the inferiority of their number in comparison to the people, and easily disposed of.

“Another inconvenience might destroy the order of this army. Perhaps at the same moment they may be dreadfully galled from the house-tops, by showers of bricks, coping-stones, &c., which may be at hand,—without imitating the women of Paris, who carried the stones of the unpaved streets to the windows and tops of the houses, in their aprons.\*

“Another disadvantage on the part of the soldiers would be, that, as they are regulated by the word of command, or stroke of the drum, they must be left to their individual discretion, as such communications must be drowned in the noise and clamor of a popular tumult.

“In the next place, that part of the populace who could not get into the engagement, would be employed in unpaving the streets, so as to impede the move-

\* “The soldier, if posted in the streets of a town, will be assailed from the roofs and windows of the houses, and lost. He cannot remain there: nor is he much better off, in the squares surrounded by houses. The example of Warsaw, that of Ghent, and of Brussels in 1789, sufficiently demonstrate the truth of what I advance.” *Bulow, Spirit of Modern System of War.* To which may be added the examples of Paris, in July, 1830, and of Brussels soon after.



ments of horse or artillery; and in the avenues where the army were likely to pass, numbers would be engaged forming barriers of hogsheads, carts, cars, counters, doors, &c., the forcing of which barriers by the army would be disputed, while like ones were forming at every twenty or thirty yards, or any convenient distances the situation might require. Should such precautions be well observed, the progress of an army through one street or over one bridge would be very tedious, and attended with great loss, if it would not be destroyed. At the same time, the neighboring counties might rise in a mass, dispose of the troops scattered in their vicinity, and prevent a junction or a passage of any army intended for the city; they would tear up the roads, and barricade every convenient distance with trees, timber, implements of husbandry, &c., at the same time lining the hedges, walls, ditches, and houses, with men armed with muskets, who would keep up a well-directed fire.

“However well exercised standing armies are supposed to be, by frequent reviews and sham battles, they are never prepared for broken roads, or enclosed fields, in a country like ours, covered with innumerable and continued intersections of ditches and hedges, every one of which is an advantage to an irregular body, and may with advantage be disputed against an army, as so many fortifications and intrenchments.

“The people in the city would have an advantage by being armed with pikes or such weapons. The first attack possible, should be made by men whose pikes were nine or ten feet long; by that means they could act in ranks deeper than the soldiery, whose arms are much shorter; then the deep files of the pikemen, by being weightier, must easily break the thin order of the army.

“The charge of the pikemen should be made in a smart trot. On the flank or extremity of every rank, there should be intrepid men placed to keep the fronts even, that, at closing, every point should tell together. They should have, at the same time, two or three like bodies at convenient distances in the rear, who would be brought up, if wanting, to support the front, which would give confidence to their brothers in action, as it would tend to discourage the enemy. At the same time, there should be in the rear of each division some men of spirit to keep the ranks as close as possible.

“The apparent strength of the army should not intimidate, as closing on it makes its powder and ball useless; all its superiority is in fighting at a distance; all its skill ceases, and all its action must be suspended, when it once is within reach of the pike.

“The reason of printing and writing this is to remind the people of discussing military subjects.”

I have, in my travels, accidentally fallen in with an old Irishman who was acquainted with Wolfe Tone in Princeton. He told me he proposed to that heroic man the following scheme for the invasion of Ireland. Establish a military society in America. Pick out a number of brave, sober Irishmen, fit for military enterprise. Have them trained and educated in the highest as well as the lowest branches of military science and discipline. Let them be not only good field commanders, but sappers and miners, gunners and chemists, mathematicians and draughtsmen. Let them be trained in infantry, cavalry, and artillery tactics;

well taught in the fortification and defence of garrisons; as also in their siege and assault. Having trained these men for about twelve months, and appointed grades of command among them, send them into Ireland without any eclat, noise, or fuss. *Tone* thought this plan too tedious; and, aware of that *grand delusion* which had so often deceived his countrymen, — a RELIANCE MORE UPON FOREIGN AID THAN UPON THEMSELVES, — feared the people of his day were not ripe enough for such an exercise of their knowledge and strength; but in this he was deceived; for the Ulster United Irishmen, in 1797, sent up to the Dublin executive the most urgent request to be permitted to take the field with the one hundred thousand men which they had ready, *and rely on themselves alone*. *Lowry* of Belfast, *Teeling* of Dundalk, *J. M'Cann*, and *Lord Edward*, of Dublin, urged, in the national council, an immediate rising without the French. At that time there were not fifty thousand armed men on the side of government in all Ireland, and great numbers of those were in the interest of the United Irish.

Brave fellows! — Too much balancing of chances, and philosophising, prevailed for such an enterprise. *Moore*, in his *Life of Lord Edward*, makes the following allusion to them: —

“So impatient were the people of the north at this moment to rise, that it was with difficulty the chiefs of the Union succeeded in restraining them. \* \* \*

“Notwithstanding the dissent of their Dublin brethren, some of the more sanguine leaders of the north still persisted in their endeavors to force a general rising; and *Lowry*, *Teeling*, and others, proceeded to Dublin to concert measures for that purpose. A plan of insurrection — in drawing up which, it is said, some Irish officers, who had been in the Austrian service, assisted — had already been agreed upon; and, what was far more important, some of the regiments then on duty in Dublin having received intimation of the intended design, a deputation of sergeants from the *Clare*, *Kilkenny*, and *Kildare* militias waited upon the provincial committee of Dublin with an offer to seize, in the name of the Union, the royal barrack and the castle, without requiring the aid or presence of a single citizen.

“This proposal was immediately laid before the executive; and *Lord Edward* most strenuously urged, as might be expected, their acceptance of it. But, after a long and anxious discussion, their decision was to decline the offer, as involving a risk which the present state of their preparations would not justify them, they thought, in encountering. The whole design was, therefore, abandoned, and its chief instigators, *Messrs. Lowry*, *Teeling*, and *Tennant*, — the first a member of the executive committee of Ulster, — were forced to fly to Hamburg.

“To popular ardor, when at its height, the postponement of action is a check seldom recovered from; and it is the opinion of those most conversant with the history of the conspiracy, that the Leinster leaders, by their want of enterprise and decision at this moment, let pass a crisis far more pregnant with chances of success than any ever presented to them. That such was *Tone's* view of their con-

duct, as far as he could judge from the reports of the fugitives who had joined him at the Texel, will appear from the following passage in his diary: 'August, 1797. By what Lowry and Tennant tell me, there seems to have been a great want of spirit in the leaders in Dublin. I suspected it very much from Lewine's account, though I saw he put the best side out; but I am now sure of it. However, I did not say so to them, for the thing is past, and criticising it will do no good, but the reverse. The people have been urgent more than once to begin, and, at one time, eight hundred of the garrison offered to give up the barracks of Dublin, if the leaders would only give the signal; the militia were, almost to a man, gained over, and numbers of these poor fellows have fallen victims in consequence. It is hard to judge at this distance, but it seems to me to have been an unpardonable weakness, if not downright cowardice, to let such an occasion slip. With eight hundred of the garrison and the barracks to begin with, in an hour they would have had the whole capital, and, by seizing the persons of half a dozen individuals, paralyzed the whole government, and, in my opinion, accomplished the whole revolution by a single proclamation. But, as I said already, it is hard to judge at a distance. I am surprised that Emmet did not show more energy, because I know he is as brave as Cæsar of his person. It seems to me to have been such an occasion missed as we can hardly ever see return.'

Macneven was now (1797) despatched by the heads of the United men to France, to hasten the Batavian expedition, which Tone had been so successful as to obtain from the directories of France and Batavia, (Holland.) Lewine, an attorney of Dublin, had been sent a short time previous. It is due to history to state that poor Tone was tormented by calumniators and other such mean persons, too numerous in Ireland, who, overshadowed by his fame, thought only of effecting his disgrace, regardless of their country or its cause. He was, notwithstanding, eminently successful in all his undertakings on the French side of the Channel.

We shall leave himself and Macneven negotiating with Carnot and Bonaparte, and return to the affairs of Ireland; and here let us have a glance at the material and objects of the British and Irish ministry. I find their outlines so well given by Barrington, that I refrain from attempting to condense him.

"Mr. Pitt, having sent Lord Fitzwilliam to Ireland with unlimited powers to satisfy the nation, permitted him to proceed until he had unavoidably committed himself both to the Catholics and country, when he suddenly recalled him, leaving it in a state of excitation and dismay.

"The day Lord Fitzwilliam arrived, peace was proclaimed throughout all Ireland. The day he quitted it, she prepared for insurrection.

"The Beresfords and the Ponsonbys were arrayed against each other; and, in one week more, the Beresfords would have been prostrate. Mr. Pitt, however, terminated the question by dethroning Lord Fitzwilliam; the whigs were defeated; and Ireland was surrendered at discretion to Lord Clare and his connection. Within three months after Lord Fitzwilliam's dismissal, Lord Clare had got the nation into full training for *military execution*.

“The arrival of Lord Camden, to succeed Earl Fitzwilliam, was attended by almost insurrectionary outrage. The Beresfords were the ostensible cause of the people’s favorite being overthrown ; on that family, therefore, they conceived they should signalize their vengeance ; and their determination was nearly carried into execution.

“The chancellor, in his carriage, was assailed ; he received the blow of a stone on his forehead, which, with somewhat more force, would have rid the people of their enemy. His house was attacked ; the populace were determined to destroy him, and were proceeding to execute their intentions. At that moment their rage was, most fortunately, diverted by the address of his sister, Mrs. Jeffries, who, unknown and at great risk, had mingled in the crowd ; she misled them as to the place of his concealment. Disappointed of their object, they then attacked the custom-house, where Mr. Beresford, first commissioner of the revenue, resided. Dreadful results were with reason apprehended.

“Such was the inauspicious beginning of Lord Camden’s government. From the day of his arrival, the spirit of insurrection increased, and, in a short period, during his lordship’s government, more blood was shed, as much of outrage and cruelty was perpetrated on *both sides*, and as many military executions took place, as in ten times the same period during the sanguinary reign of Elizabeth, or the usurpations of Cromwell or King William. I have always considered, and still consider, William the Third as a usurper in *Ireland*, until the flight of James, and the articles of Limerick, capitulated for the whole nation ; *after* that, he was to be considered king *de facto* — by *conquest* : at all events, it was the result of a rebellion in England and of loyalty in Ireland ; and it should be recollected that the Irish people, *after* that capitulation, never did rise or rebel against his government, or that of his successors, as they did in Scotland twice, and partially in England.

“The conspiracy of United Irishmen, never profoundly secret, soon became public ; its members avowed themselves ; but the extent of its objects was unknown, and its civil arrangements and military organization far exceeded those of any association in history. Constituents knew not their representatives, and the soldiers knew not the names of those by whom they were to be commanded. Even the members of their *executive directory* were utterly unknown to some hundred thousand men, who had sworn obedience to their orders. Mr. Pitt was surprised, and found the conspiracy becoming rather too extensive and dangerous for his purposes ; — for a moment he felt he might possibly get beyond his depth, and he conceived the necessity of forcing a premature explosion, by which he might excite sufficient horrors throughout the country to serve his purpose, and be able to suppress the conspiracy in the bud, which might be beyond his power should it arrive at its maturity.

“Individually Lord Camden was an excellent man, and, in ordinary times, would have been an acquisition to the country ; but he was made a cruel instrument in the hands of Mr. Pitt, and seemed to have no will of his own.

“Earl Camden was of a high mind, and of unblemished reputation ; his principles were good, but his talent was not eminent ; he intended right, but was led wrong ; he wished to govern with moderation, but was driven by his council into most violent proceedings ; to the arrogant *dictum* of Lord Clare he had not a power of resistance, and he yielded to cruelties that his mind must have revolted at.

“His lordship became extremely popular amongst the armed associations which were raised in Ireland under the title of ‘Yeomen.’ He was considered the guardian of that institution. He did what justice he was permitted to do; and a single false act of his *own*, during his residence in Ireland, never was complained of. His secretary, Earl Chichester, (Mr. Pelham,) held up the reputation of the government to its proper standard. Without great talents, he had good sense, good manners, a frank address, with humane, honorable, and just intentions; but, at a critical moment, he was obliged to return to England for his health, and Lord Camden filled up his vacancy by his nephew, Lord Castlereagh. This relative became one of the most celebrated persons of his day, is the principal hero in the sequel of Irish history, and in England proved himself a most destructive minister to the finances and character of the British empire.

“However, with all his good qualities as viceroy, Lord Camden’s government was, by its consequences, the most ruinous and most unfortunate that Ireland ever experienced.

“Lord Clare and his connections, intoxicated by their victory over the late viceroy, set no bounds to their triumph; they treated the people as their vassals, the country as their demesne, and its patronage as their private property.

“On a review of the state of Ireland at that period, it must be obvious to every deliberate observer, that the design of Mr. Pitt, to effect some mysterious measure in Ireland, was now, through the unaccountable conduct of the Irish government, beginning to develop itself. The seeds of insurrection, which had manifested themselves in Scotland and in England, were, by the vigor and promptitude of the British government, rapidly crushed; and by the reports of parliament, Lord Melville had obtained and published prints of different pikes manufactured in Scotland, long before that weapon had been manufactured by the Irish peasantry. But in Ireland, as it appeared, from public documents, that government had full and accurate information of the Irish United Societies, and that their leaders and chiefs were well known to the British ministry, at the same period, and by the same means, that England and Scotland were kept tranquil, so might have been Ireland.

“Mr. Pitt, however, found he had temporized to the extremity of prudence. The disaffected had not yet appeared as a collected army, but a succession of partial outrages convinced him that prompt and decisive measures became absolutely indispensable. The Earl of Carhampton, commander-in-chief in Ireland, first expressed his dissatisfaction at Mr. Pitt’s inexplicable proceedings. His lordship had but little military experience, but he was a man of the world, of courage and decision, ardent and obstinate. He determined, right or wrong, to annihilate the conspiracy. Without the consent of the Irish government, he commanded the troops, that, on all symptoms of insurrectionary movements, they should act without waiting for the presence of any civil power. Martial law had not then been proclaimed. He went, therefore, a length which could not possibly be supported, his orders were countermanded, by the lord lieutenant; but he refused to obey the viceroy, under color that he had no rank in the army.

“Lord Carhampton found that the troops in the garrison of Dublin were daily brought over by the United Irishmen; he therefore withdrew them, and formed two distinct camps on the south and north, some miles from the capital, and thereby, as

he conceived, prevented all intercourse of the army with the disaffected of the metropolis. Both measures were disapproved of by the lord lieutenant, whom Lord Carhampton again refused to obey.

"The king's sign-manual was at length procured, ordering him to break up his camps, and bring back the garrison; this he obeyed, and marched the troops into Dublin barracks. He then resigned his command, and publicly declared, that some deep and insidious scheme of the minister was in agitation; for, instead of suppressing, the Irish government was obviously disposed to excite, an insurrection.

"Mr. Pitt counted on the expertness of the Irish government to effect a premature explosion. Free quarters were now ordered, to irritate the Irish population; *slow tortures* were inflicted, under the pretence of forcing confessions. The people were goaded and *driven to madness*.

"General Abercromby, who succeeded as commander-in-chief, was not permitted to abate these enormities, and *therefore resigned with disgust*. Ireland was by these means reduced to a state of anarchy, and exposed to crime and cruelties to which no nation had ever been subject. The people could no longer bear their miseries. Mr. Pitt's object was now effected, and an insurrection was excited."

The secret committee appointed by the government, 1798, admit, for the historian, the whole scope of the government designs in creating a sanguinary insurrection. They say: "It appears, from a variety of evidence laid before your committee, that the rebellion would not have broken out as soon as it did, had it not been for the *well-timed measures adopted by the government*, subsequent to the proclamation of the lord lieutenant and council, bearing date 30th March, 1798." We shall now see what those well-timed measures were, and shall collect, as with a lens, the burning glare of their reflection on the guilty head of Britain.

"In former times," says Dr. Macneven, in his pieces of Irish history, "resort was had to similar acts of outrage, for the purpose of driving the natives into a resistance that should be followed by a forfeiture of their estates: now a rebellion was intentionally produced by the chief agents of the British ministry, in order to give an opportunity for confiscating the whole power of the nation, by an act of union."

The Ulster men, dispirited by the rejection of their offer to rise, and a proclamation having appeared offering the protection of government to any who should come in and apply for it, very many of the Northern League surrendered their arms and obtained government protections. Some unaccountable dissensions between the Presbyterian and Catholic captains of the united corps contributed in some measure to this.

But these, after all, were but small drawbacks to the universal enthusiasm that pervaded the people throughout the nation. The movement, though begun in the north, spread rapidly through the population of the south and west; and by the beginning of the year 1797,

there was an actual return of three hundred thousand armed men on the books of the Union.

Arthur O'Connor, the editor and proprietor of the "Press," who had been arrested, with the Rev. Mr. Quigley, and some one or two others, at Margate, on their way to France, was committed to the Tower of London. Father Quigley, who had, while a student in France, actually fought in the assault of the Bastile, was sent into the north of Ireland among the prejudiced descendants of the Covenanters. No human being could be more enthusiastically received than he was by those men when they learned he had assisted in so glorious a work; and, priest though he was, these prejudiced Presbyterians poured their unbounded confidence into his keeping. This unfortunate gentleman, Lynch, and another, were found guilty of treason, and were executed at Maidstone, though it never has appeared that the United Irishmen gave them any authority to act for them; and it is said, by the friends of the unfortunate gentlemen, that certain criminal papers found on the person of Father Quigley were thrust surreptitiously into his pocket—a trick frequently practised in our times on the peasantry of Ireland, by the "detective force," as that branch of the police is fashionably styled. Arthur O'Connor denying all knowledge of the parties, and nothing criminatory having been found upon him, being also a member of the Irish parliament, and having received from several noble lords and gentlemen a very high character, was acquitted. The ministry deemed it unsafe to hold him in custody, or, perhaps, thought his liberation more likely to advance their plans by bringing things in Ireland to a crisis. While O'Connor was in temporary custody, the office of the "Press" was seized by order of the government. That celebrated newspaper was the depository and voice of the most brilliant spirits of the day. It engaged the pens of a number of talented men: Arthur O'Connor, Emmet, Macneven; Dr. Drennan, constantly wrote for it; and even Moore himself, who was then but seventeen, contributed his maiden prose and patriotic poetry to its brilliant pages. The "Press" was conducted then, as the "Nation" is at present, with great energy—full of ennobling eloquence, exalted sentiment, fascinating wit, and inspiring song. In Belfast, there had been an equally independent paper published, called the *Northern Star*, which was suppressed by the military, who forcibly seized on its presses and types, in 1796, under orders from government. See "Northern Star," in this work. The freedom of the press was thus completely put down. The slavish papers of the government were alone allowed to exist. When the papers were crushed

which conducted into the country the burning lava of the patriot hearts of Ireland, slips were printed and circulated throughout the kingdom, which kept the branch societies advised of all necessary information.

I must notice here the newspaper called the "Union Star," a violent paper published at that time, edited by Watty Cox. This print advocated assassination; it was denounced by the "Press," and was relinquished by Cox in '97, on compromising with Lord Castlereagh. See "Walter Cox" in this work. The government established, before that time, as a trap, a newspaper called the "Volunteer." Their articles against themselves were most violent; and they actually erected a sign over the office, on which was painted an armed volunteer. In a short time, however, the plot was discovered; the populace inflicted violence on the office, and the paper was soon discontinued.

An appeal was at this time made to the people, imploring them to abstain from ardent spirits, for the purpose of diminishing the revenue, and enabling themselves to take a proper position in the approaching struggle. This appeal produced, *before* the insurrection, a remarkable effect; but unfortunately, after it broke out, its wise lessons, in too many instances, were forgotten.

Mr. Roger O'Connor, of *Connorville*, (fourteen miles from Bantry,) the brother of Arthur, was at this period in custody, having been repeatedly seized and discharged, during a few months, on various suspicious pretences. For an interesting memoir of his sufferings, see *Plowden's History*, under the year 1801.

The leaders of the United Irishmen now entertained the strongest hopes of receiving French aid. The celebrated *Talleyrand* was then minister under the republic, and gave repeated assurances to their agent at Paris, that an expedition would be ready by April.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald was appointed to take the chief command of the United army, and he had accordingly devoted himself, heart and soul, to the duty of completing a perfect military organization, it being evident that, with or without French aid, the people would be necessitated to take the field. A revolutionary staff was formed, and an adjutant-general appointed, in each county, to transmit returns to the executive of the strength of each district. Detailed instructions were given to them, as to their duties, the moment the French landed. The following is an extract:— "Those in the maritime counties are charged, on the first appearance of a friendly force upon the coast, but especially on the most certain information being had of the debarkation of our allies, to communicate the same, in the most speedy manner, to the executive.



They must then immediately collect their force, and march forward, with as many of the militia as possible; each man to be provided with at least three days' subsistence, and to bring all they can of carts, draft horses, horses harnessed, and horses to mount cavalry, with three days' forage; taking care to seize nowhere the property of a patriot when an enemy can be found to raise contributions on."

A meeting of the executive committee, together with the provincial delegates, was fixed to take place at Mr. OLIVER BOND'S, in Bridge Street, Dublin, on the 12th of March, 1798, which was to have been the final meeting of the chiefs, previous to betaking themselves to the field. Finding, in Moore's Life of Lord Edward, a page highly descriptive of the state of things at that period, I adopt it.

"In this formidable train were affairs now proceeding; nor would it be possible, perhaps, to find, in the whole compass of history, — taking into account the stake, the odds, the peril, and the daring, — another instance of a conspiracy assuming such an attitude. But a blow was about to fall upon them for which they were little prepared. Hazardous as had been the agency of the chiefs at every step, and numerous as were the persons necessarily acquainted with their proceedings, yet so well contrived for secrecy was the medium through which they acted, and by such fidelity had they been hitherto fenced round, that the government could not reach them. How little sparing those in authority would have been of rewards, their prodigality to their present informer proved. But few or none had yet been tempted to betray; and, in addition to the characteristic fidelity of the Irish in such confederacies, the same hatred of the law which had made them traitors to the state kept them true to each other.

"It is, indeed, not the least singular feature of this singular piece of history, that, with a government strongly intrenched both in power and will, resolved to crush its opponents, and not scrupulous as to the means, there should now have elapsed two whole years of all but open rebellion, under their very eyes, without their being able, either by force or money, to obtain sufficient information to place a single one of the many chiefs of the confederacy in their power. Even now, so far from their vigilance being instrumental in the discovery, it was but to the mere accidental circumstance of a worthless member of the conspiracy being pressed for a sum of money to discharge some debts, that the government was indebted for the treachery that, at once, laid the whole plot at their feet; delivered up to them at one seizure almost all its leaders; — and thus disorganizing, by rendering it headless, the entire body of the Union, was the means, it is not too much to say, of saving the country to Great Britain.

"The name of this informer — a name in *one* country, at least, never to be forgotten — was Thomas Reynolds; and the information he gave, that led to the arrests at Bond's on the 12th of March, will be most clearly set before the reader in the following extracts from his evidence: —

"It was about the 25th February, 1798, that, in travelling with Mr. Cope to Castle Jordan, in order to obtain possession of some lands to which we were jointly entitled, I was induced by the persuasion of this gentleman, on whose friendship and honor I had the most implicit reliance, to disclose to him, in part,

the extent of the conspiracy. I added that, in order to enable government to counteract it entirely, I would procure a man who could get to the bottom of it, and detect the leaders. In consequence of this, I did, in the name of a third person, communicate to Mr. Cope, for government, all I knew of the plans and views of the United Irishmen, and particularly the proceedings of the meeting at Bond's of the 19th of February, 1798, which I had got from Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the intended (provincial) meeting of the 12th March, also at Bond's, which meeting was in consequence apprehended.

“In order to procure more certain knowledge of the intended meeting of the 12th of March, I applied to Bond, at whose house Daly had said it was to be held; and Bond referred me to John M'Cann as the man who was to regulate that part of the business, and to give any information that might be necessary about it. I accordingly applied to M'Cann, who said that, unless I brought up the returns from the county committee of Kildare, I could not be admitted to the provincial, neither could he give me any information thereof till I showed him said returns. On communicating this to Mr. Cope, he advised me to go down to my county, which I accordingly did on the Saturday week before the arrest of the meeting at Bond's. On the Sunday, I went to the Castle Dermott, where, for the first time, I met my officers, and settled returns of men and arms, &c., after which I called upon Daly at Kilcullen, who, I knew, was in possession of the returns, who wrote a copy of them, and gave it to me. On bringing this paper up to Dublin, I showed it to M'Cann, and asked him the time of the meeting of the provincial; when he said it was very odd there was not any increase in the returns since the last meeting, and that the delegates must be in town on the Sunday evening. M'Cann then promised that he would breakfast with me on Sunday, 11th March, 1798, at my house, No. 4 Cumberland Street, and tell me all particulars as to the time and place of the provincial meeting. Accordingly M'Cann did come on the next morning, Sunday, to breakfast; but no particular conversation then took place, as Mrs. Reynolds was present.

“After breakfast, M'Cann and I walked to the bottom of Church Street, when he told me that, at ten o'clock, on Monday morning, I must be at Oliver Bond's, and desired me to be punctual, as particular business would be done. Not wishing to be at the meeting, as I knew it was to be arrested, I wrote a note to Bond, which I sent on Monday morning, stating that Mrs. Reynolds was taken very ill; that I could not consequently bring my money at the hour appointed, and begged him to make an apology for me to M'Cann on that account.”

“The above information being laid by Mr. Cope before government, a warrant from the secretary of state's office was placed in the hands of Mr. Swan, a magistrate for the county of Dublin, who, on the morning of Monday, 12th of March, repaired to Mr. Oliver Bond's house, attended by thirteen sergeants in colored clothes, and by means of the pass-word — ‘Where's M'Cann? Is Ivers from Carlow come?’ — obtained ready admission to the meeting, and arrested all the persons there assembled.”

Fifteen military sergeants, dressed in colored clothes, entered the committee room, while a guard surrounded the house, entered the yard, and filled the staircase. When the sergeants entered, they commanded the delegates to lift their hands on pain of death. Some of the papers were destroyed, but enough was found to hang them all.

The persons arrested at Bond's were Bond, Ivers, Kelly, Rose, Cummins, Hudson, Lynch, Griffin, Reynolds, M'Cann, Divine, Trenor, Byrne, Martin, Bannan. The others, or more leading chiefs, had not arrived.

Among the papers found at Bond's, consisting chiefly of returns from the officers of the Union, there was a list of toasts and sentiments, of which the following is a specimen:—

“Mother Erin dressed in green ribands by a French milliner, if she can't be dressed without her!”

The instructions drawn up by the provincial committee of the United men of Leinster, were also found.

#### PROVINCIAL, 1798.

#### I N S T R U C T I O N S .

- “1st. A return of muskets in each regiment.
- “2d. Six good flints and a sufficient quantity of powder for each musket, to be got directly.
- “3d. A man to be got in each regiment or barony, who understands making ball cartridges, and a cartridge stick to be got for each company; the men to instruct others in making cartridges.
- “4th. One bullet mould must be had for each company at least.
- “5th. Powder of each regiment to be kept, if possible, by the colonel, or some other shopkeeper who can be depended on, the powder by no means to be buried.
- “6th. Each regiment to find a person who has served in the army or militia, to act as adjutant; this man to drill the captains, who are to drill the sergeants, who are to drill the men; the adjutant to go through the companies by rotation, and to be paid by the baronial committee.
- “7th. A standard to be got for each company, ten feet long, with a pike in the end; the flag to be of green stuff, about two feet square.
- “8th. Each company to provide a horn; a bugle-horn if possible, if not, a cow's horn; the person appointed to have them, to learn three sounds—first, an assembly; second, a charge; third, a call of captains to assemble.
- “9th. Every man to provide himself with a haversack, and, if possible, to have constantly by him at least a week's provision.
- “10th. Every man to keep kettles or pots in readiness.
- “11th. Every sergeant's division to be provided with one shovel, every second division with one fork, every third with one pick, every division with one bill-hook, and every company with one axe.
- “12th. Every company to have one good car and horse, both in good and perfect order for work.
- “13th. Every man to provide himself with straps to carry his great-coat or blankets; also small straps for his can and spoon.
- “14th. A bit of green stuff, or any other color, to be fastened at the end of each pike, as it has a great effect in frightening the horses of cavalry.”

Among the papers given to government by *Reynolds* was the following return, in Lord Edward Fitzgerald's hand-writing, which the unus-

pecting chief of the United Irishmen had given to his *friend* Reynolds, on the 24th of February, 1798, at a private dinner party at the Black Rock, near Dublin.

“*National Committee, February, 1798,*

“Ulster and Munster made no new returns this time, but state their former returns again of last Monday.

	<i>Armed Men.</i>	<i>Finances in Hand.</i>
Ulster, .....	110,990.....	£436 2 4
Munster, .....	100,634.....	147 17 2
Kildare,.....	10,863.....	110 17 7
Wicklow,.....	12,895.....	93 6 4
Dublin, .....	3,010.....	37 2 6
Dublin City,.....	2,177.....	321 17 11
Queen’s County,....	11,689.....	91 2 1
King’s County, .....	3,600.....	21 11 3
Carlow, .....	9,414.....	49 2 10
Kilkenny,.....	624.....	10 2 3
Meath, .....	1,400.....	171 2 1
	<u>279,896</u>	<u>£1485 4 9.”</u>

Reynolds was a colonel of a barony, and one of the five delegates from Leinster, and, for some time previous to the arrest, gave detailed information to the government respecting all they did or meant to do.

Lord Castlereagh had become secretary to the Irish government at this time ; and through him and his spies, all the acts, however secret, of the executive committee, were made known to the English and Irish governments almost as soon as they had taken place.

A copy of Dr. Macneven’s Memoir to the French government, which was considered by Talleyrand of so much importance that he kept it under his own key, was obtained by the agency of some spy in the pay of England, who had a seat at the council-board of the French directory. Macneven saw a copy of his own Memoir, in the French language, lying on the council-table before Lord Clare on the day of his interview with the ministers of Dublin Castle.

Pitt knew every tittle that transpired at home and abroad ; besides all which, the practice of opening letters at the post-office gave the government insight into every thing. On the other hand, he was made aware of nearly every move made for Ireland in France. The French directory was composed of only *five* members ; of these, *Carnot* was the chief. Carnot was the greatest man amongst all the great men that appeared in France during the revolution. He was the organizer of Napoleon’s victories To only *two* of the directory would he allow his project on Ireland to be known ; and yet so subtle was

British influence and British gold, that the secret of the second expedition for Ireland was extracted by Pitt.

*Macneven* or *Emmet* had not arrived at the council at Bond's on the 12th; but they were arrested at their own houses. The former had lately returned from France. Lord Edward Fitzgerald escaped. The officers had gone to his brother's at Leinster House; he was not there, but was walking towards the gate at the time, and was warned off by his servant, who met him at the entrance.

The following leading men were seized on the 12th March, some at their own houses, and some at Mr. Bond's: Arthur O'Connor, Roger O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, members of the bar; Dr. Macneven, Simms, Tennant, Chambers, Russell, Bond, Byrne, Trenor, Dowling, Hudson, M'Cormack, Sweeny, Sweetman, Finnerty, M'Cann, Esmond, Lawless, Dowdall, Wilson, Drennan, Orr, Sampson. Two thirds of the number of the leaders were Protestants and Presbyterians, one third Catholics. About twelve Catholic priests were concerned in the whole revolution, and about an equal number of Presbyterian clergymen.

In the course of the delivery of these lectures in New York, I received the following letter from a worthy Irishman, which I publish with great pleasure: —

“THOMAS MOONEY, Esq.

“SIR,

“In that part of your last lecture relating to the times and characters of 1798, you named a list of the principal persons taken at Oliver Bond's, on the 12th of March. Among those named was Mr. John Chambers. That is a mistake. Mr. Chambers was *not* arrested at Oliver Bond's, but at his own house, either the same day or the next. The only individual, I believe, now living, of the band of martyrs taken, on that memorable morning, at Oliver Bond's, is old Mr. Trenor, of this city. Mr. Trenor, at the time, was considered a wealthy man — one of the greatest, if not the largest ship-owner in Dublin. Upon the resignation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as treasurer to the United Irishmen, for the purpose of going north to take command of the forces in that quarter, Mr. Trenor was chosen treasurer, and was serving in that capacity when taken at O. Bond's. He managed, by chewing, to destroy some of the papers he had about him at the time; but more than sufficient were found to have hanged him among the rest, which would have been the case, had he not made his escape from the Castle of Dublin, some twenty days after his arrest. In 1832, by permission (!!) of the English government, Mr. Trenor *was allowed* to visit his native land. It was on that occasion that Major Sirr, who was still in command, accompanied Mr. Trenor to the Marquis of Anglesey, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, who, in the presence of Major Sirr, then made the observation to Mr. Trenor, ‘The man who could escape from that castle, guarded as it was by more than one thousand men, had he been a *loyal* subject, should have had a regiment of men,’ &c. &c.

“In the Dublin Directory of 1798, and previous, you will find Trenor's name as

'ship-owner,' very few being so denominated; in short, I have it from good authority, that in point of private fortune, he was the greatest sufferer of any individual engaged in the cause.

"Mr. Trenor, of late years, has almost entirely withdrawn himself from society, with hopes deferred for his country's disenfranchisement; and the loss of a large property has had a helping hand to bring about what, under reverse circumstances, would have been a green old age. I would refer you to Mr. John Caldwell, with whom you appear to be well acquainted, for confirmation of the facts as stated above. The writer of this used often to meet Mr. Caldwell at Mr. Trenor's; but of late years, neither myself, nor, I believe, Mr. C., has visited him often.

"Very respectfully yours, &c. &c.,

THE SON OF A '98 MAN.

"*New York, 30th March, 1843.*"

I have inquired, and find the above statement to be correct in every particular.

John Caldwell,\* was arrested, by Major Swan, in Britain Street, and suffered a long imprisonment. He managed, by the aid of the lady at whose house he lodged, and to which he was taken on his arrest, to destroy all the criminatory papers in his possession. The lady kept Major Swan engaged in conversation while Mr. Caldwell was burning his papers. He was treasurer of his district, and, when examined by Lord Castlereagh, was shown his name, under the letter C., in his ledger of victims; but he was finally saved by the evidence of acts of great humanity which he performed while in the administration of his insurrectionary office.

After the arrests at Bond's, the prisoners were kept in jail for some weeks before they were brought to trial.

The Sheareses, two barristers, natives of the south of Ireland, with some other daring spirits, were found to take the place of some of the arrested leaders, and resolved to lead on the revolution.

Here again the government agency detected them through the instrumentality of Colonel Armstrong, (yet alive,) who wormed himself into the confidence of the Sheareses. Armstrong was a colonel of the King's County militia, and came to the Sheareses with an offer of joining, with his regiment, the intended revolution. By this means he obtained their unlimited confidence. They were arrested on his information, and he deliberately appeared against them on their trial, which we shall come to in due time.

The government had its spies in the north. One Hughes, a book-

\* Mr. Caldwell now resides on the banks of the beautiful Hudson, and is an active member of the New York Repeal Association.

seller of Belfast, a member of the northern committee, was in its pay, and in daily communication with the castle; Colonel Sutton, also, of the northern United men, became a spy. Arrests, and trials, and whipping, and torture, were now the order of the day, on every side.

Lord Edward had hitherto eluded all pursuit, and, by frequently changing his residence and clothes, he managed to conceal himself for some weeks. The committee of the United Irishmen had established a chief executive for each province, and circulated a printed address through the customary private channels, in which the patriotic were earnestly urged to redoubled exertion; that the vacancies created by the late arrests were filled up; that the organization in the capital was perfect; and that the best legal assistance was secured for the defence of the chiefs who awaited their trial. The address concludes with the following paragraph:—

“Be firm, Irishmen, but be cool and cautious; be patient yet awhile; trust to no unauthorized communications; and, above all, we warn you, again and again we warn you, against doing the work of your tyrants, by premature, by partial, or divided exertion. If Ireland shall be forced to throw away the scabbard, let it be at her own time, not at theirs.

“*Dublin, March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, 1798.*”

The hopes of the nation were held up by the certainty that Lord Edward would be ready to lead them at the proper time; and great was their joy to find that his pursuers had not been able to track him out. The most romantic incidents and hairbreadth escapes occurred to his lordship in the course of his wanderings. It was given out by his friends that he had fled to France, and some of the government people and most of the citizens believed it. The United men expected him to return with the French, and so their hearts were high in regard to his fate.

A few words about this revered, but unfortunate nobleman, may be appropriate. His lordship was a son of the Duke of Leinster, and uncle to the present nobleman who bears that title. He was a major in the British army, and served in Canada and the colonies, during a portion of the American war. He was always considered a brave, patriotic, and humane man. Cobbett, who served in his regiment, (the fifty-fourth,) as sergeant-major, has written in the highest terms of Lord Edward's manly virtues. His lordship, admiring Cobbett's talents, procured his discharge from the army. In 1792, a subscription was set on foot in England, to relieve the French revolutionary soldiers who had been taken prisoners by the allies, to which his lordship, who had at the time

been in France, contributed. For this, and for drinking a republican toast, in Paris, he was cashiered from the British army by Pitt. Soon after this, he returned to Ireland, and was elected, by the county of Kildare, their representative to the Irish parliament. Here he honestly struggled for reform, and the emancipation of the Catholics. He was universally beloved by the people; he was the stern opponent of bad government, and was dreaded by the administration. In private life, he was a singularly amiable person. He had married a French lady, to whom he was most passionately attached. His letters to his mother, the dowager duchess of Leinster, bespeak him a man of exquisite sentiment, and of the most tender sensibilities. These letters have been published in Moore's charming biography of the "martyred Edward."

Upon one occasion, during his attendance in the house of commons, he delivered a severe philippic against the government. In the year 1792, when the ministry issued a proclamation against the revival of the old volunteers, Lord Edward denounced the proceeding in the house, uttering, in the course of his speech, the memorable sentence: "I do think, sir, that the lord lieutenant and the majority of this house are the worst subjects the king has!" Loud cries of "Bar!" "Take down his words!" resounded from all sides. The house was at once cleared of strangers, and a furious debate of three hours ensued; but all that the threatened rigor of the house could draw from him, in the way of explanation, was the following equivocal passage: "I am accused of having declared that I think the lord lieutenant and the majority of this house the worst subjects the king has. *I said so; 'tis true; and I am sorry for it.*" This was not deemed satisfactory. He was brought next day to the bar, but the matter dropped.

After the arrest at Bond's, Lawless, Lord Edward's bosom friend, took him, in disguise, to Lady Edward's lodgings in Denzil Street, where he spent an hour in affectionate conversation. After this, he was brought by Lawless to a retired house on the banks of the canal, near Dublin, kept by a widow lady, who was totally unconscious of the name of her distinguished boarder. A slight accident, however, discovered his rank. A pair of his boots having been left outside the door, the man-servant who brushed them told the lady, that he knew who the gentleman up stairs was, but that she need not fear, for he would die to save him. He then showed her Lord Edward's name, written at full length on one of the boots. The lady mentioned the circumstance to Lord Edward. "What a noble fellow!" he exclaimed. "I should like to have some talk with him." The lady told the man his lordship's



wish ; but he refused to see him, saying, "I will not look at him, for if they should take me up, I can then swear I never saw him."

Lord Edward remained here near a month. He used to walk out at nights along the banks of the canal, accompanied by a child to whom he was fondly attached. His friends, apprehending the danger of remaining too long here, provided him a place of concealment with Mr. Murphy, of Thomas Street, who kept a wool and skin store. His faithful friend Lawless brought him there wrapped in a countryman's big coat. Here he staid a fortnight, contriving to get a little fresh air by walking out at night with Mr. Murphy along the banks of the canal. He received the visits but of two or three persons, viz. Lawless, Major Plunkett, and Colonel Lumm, who were to be his companions in arms.

From the house of Mr. Murphy, he was removed, in about two weeks, to that of Mr. Cormick, a leather-merchant, in the same street, and between this house and that of Mr. Moore, an iron-merchant, nearly next door, he passed his time safe from detection. The connections of Cormick and Moore lay very much, from the nature of their business, with the United men and their friends. Here, therefore, Lord Edward occasionally came in contact with some of the country leaders. His over-anxiety to become possessed of every information connected with the country associations urged him to admit persons too freely to his concealment. Amongst those who obtained admission to his lordship, about the 20th of April, was one *Hughes*, a government spy, who carried on the business of bookseller in Belfast, one who had wormed himself into the confidence of the Ulster association for the purpose of betraying it. This man obtained an introduction to Lord Edward, through Neilson, under pretence of communicating to him the state of the northern army, and actually dined with his lordship at his place of concealment, in company with Lawless, Neilson, Cormick, and his wife.

Lord Edward shifted his quarters frequently between Cormick's and Murphy's. He now received a communication from France, in answer to an application, through his agent, for five thousand men, replying in the following disguised style: "I have just received a letter from L., who has made application to the trustees for the advance of five thousand pounds upon your estates, which they refused, saying they would make no payment short of the entire, and that they would not be able to effect that for *four months*."

He saw, however, that they could not wait so long ; that they must take the field at once, for already the king's troops and Orange yeomanry were let loose on the people, without the slightest check from

the government. The soldiers were allowed "free quarters," which means, to go into whatsoever man's house they pleased, sit down at his table, sleep in his beds, and take such other liberties with his family as they pleased, and, in case he resisted or complained, to shoot him dead!

Lord Edward, and the chiefs in his confidence, now issued an order for a general rising throughout Ireland, on the 23d and 24th of May. The government, justly afraid of the influence of his lordship, and the military skill which he could bring to the ranks of the people, signified to Lady Edward, and to his sisters, the Ladies Connolly and Napier, that they would be glad he quitted the kingdom, to which they should oppose no obstacle. Lord Edward scornfully declined this proposal, adding the expression of his contempt for the men who thought him capable of quitting the people at the very hour when his presence was required to lead them to the field. His friends, Cormick and Lawless, had him again removed to his former residence on the banks of the canal. He here saw more company than before; for as the great plot was thickening, he was obliged to hear and see many who were to join in it. About the 11th of May a proclamation, offering a reward of one thousand pounds for his apprehension, was issued by the government. He again quitted the quiet retreat on the banks of the canal, and resumed his former quarters in Murphy's feather-store. In a night or two after this, his lordship, who knew not the sensations of fear, rode out with Neilson, to reconnoitre the line of advance on the Kildare side to Dublin. They were both stopped by the night patrol, about two miles from the city; but, being well disguised, and representing themselves as doctors on their way to a dying patient, they were suffered to pass on.

Upon another occasion, his lordship was to pass, in the night-time, from Thomas Street to Usher's Island, accompanied by a body-guard; of which the indefatigable Major Sirr got wind, and posted himself, with some police and military, in Dirty Lane, one of the streets through which he was expected to pass,—placing Ryan, with another party, in Watling Street, to make sure of their game.

Lord Edward's escort happened to adopt a similar division of their body, and consequently a bloody conflict took place in both streets at the same time. Major Sirr, who had almost alone to bear the brunt in his own quarter, was near losing his life. In defending himself with a sword which he had snatched from one of his assailants, he lost his footing and fell. Lord Edward's friends hurrying off with their prize prevented the instant death of Sirr, at whom a pistol or two was snapped without effect. In the other rencontre, *M' Cabe*, Lord Edward's confidant, was arrested.

It was now the 18th of May, and the rising of the United men was to take place on the night of the 23d. The minutes counted as days, and the days as years, with Lord Edward and his friends. Once in the field, at the head of fifteen or twenty thousand pikemen, and all his petty anxieties were over. Had he but once got to that stage, with the brave and skilful staff ready to join him, all Ireland would be up at his command. On the morning of the 19th, a woman brought to Mrs. Moore a bundle, which Mrs. Moore desired her to fetch up to Mr. Murphy. The woman did so, delivered it into Mr. Murphy's hand, and retired. On opening, it proved to be a green military uniform, edged with red, with a cap of a conical form. Murphy brought these things up stairs to Lord Edward, who desired him to put them away in some concealed place.

In the course of the same day, a sergeant-major, with a party of soldiers, had arrived in the neighborhood from the castle, and halted before Moore's door. This induced Lord Edward to secrete himself. Murphy put him outside, on the roof of his house, and his lordship, lying down in one of the valleys, remained there for some hours.

Mr. Moore describes the scene of his arrest so much better than any other, that I present his sketch to the reader.

"During the excitement produced in the neighborhood by the appearance of the soldiers, Lord Edward's officious friend Neilson was, in his usual flighty and inconsiderate manner, walking up and down the street, saying occasionally, as he passed, to Murphy, who was standing in his gateway, 'Is he safe?' 'Look sharp!'

"While this anxious scene was passing in one quarter, treachery — and it is still unknown from what source — was at work in another. It must have been late in the day that information of his lordship's hiding-place reached the government, as Major Sirr did not receive his instructions on the subject till but a few minutes before he proceeded to execute them. Major Swan and Mr. Ryan (the latter of whom volunteered his services) happened to be in his house at the moment; and he had but time to take a few soldiers, in plain clothes, along with him, purposing to send, on his arrival in Thomas Street, for the picquets of infantry and cavalry in that neighborhood.

"To return to poor Lord Edward: As soon as the alarm produced by the soldiers had subsided, he ventured to leave his retreat, and resume his place in the back drawing-room — where, Mr. Murphy having invited Neilson to join them, they soon after sat down to dinner. The cloth had not been many minutes removed, when Neilson, as if suddenly recollecting something, hurried out of the room, and left the house; shortly after which, Mr. Murphy, seeing that his guest was not inclined to drink any wine, went down stairs. In a few minutes after, however, returning, he found that his lordship had, in the interim, gone up to his bedroom, and, on following him thither, saw him lying, without his coat, upon the bed. There had now

elapsed from the time of Neilson's departure not more than ten minutes, and it is asserted that he had, in going out, left the hall-door open.

"From my mention of these particulars respecting Neilson, it cannot fail to have struck the reader that some share of the suspicion of having betrayed Lord Edward attaches to this man. That his conduct was calculated to leave such an impression, cannot be denied; but, besides that the general character of his mind, bordering closely, as it did, on insanity, affords some solution of these incoherences, the fact of his being afterward left to share the fate of the other state prisoners would seem of itself sufficient to absolve him from any such imputation.\*

"Mr. Murphy had but just begun to ask his guest whether he would like some tea, when, hearing a trampling on the stairs, he turned round, and saw Major Swan enter the room. Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy describes him, 'like a tiger,' from the bed; on seeing which, Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect; and then, turning round short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier, who just then entered, 'Take that fellow away.' Almost at the same instant, Lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had had in the bed with him; and immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword-cane, entered the room.

"In the mean time, Major Sirr, who had stopped below to place the picquets round the house, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw, within the room, Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor, weltering in his blood, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened, as he was, with a fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire; and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right arm, near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him; but, as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door, Major Sirr called up the soldiers; and so desperate were their captive's struggles, that they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him before he could be disarmed or bound so as to prevent further mischief.

"It was during one of these instinctive efforts of courage that the opportunity was, as I understand, taken by a wretched drummer to give him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight, yet, from its position, contributed not a little to aggravate the uneasiness of his last hours. There are also instances mentioned of rudeness, both in language and conduct, which he had to suffer, while in this state, from some of the minor tools of government, and which, even of such men, it is painful and difficult to believe. But so it is,

'Curs snap at lions in the toils, whose looks  
Frighted them being free.'

"It being understood that Dr. Adreen, a surgeon of much eminence, was in the neighborhood, messengers were immediately despatched to fetch him, and his attention was called to the state of the three combatants. The wounds of Major Swan, though numerous, were found not to be severe; but Mr. Ryan was in a situation that gave but little hope of recovery. When, on examining Lord Edward's

\* Mr. Moore, in a letter to the "Northern Whig," in 1832, distinctly acquits Neilson of any participation in the treachery.

wound, Adreen pronounced it not to be dangerous, his lordship calmly answered, 'I am sorry for it.'

"From Thomas Street he was conveyed, in a sedan-chair, open at the top, to the castle, where the papers found upon him — one of them containing the line of advance upon Dublin, from the county of Kildare — were produced and verified. On hearing that he was at the castle, the lord lieutenant sent his private secretary, Mr. Watson, to assure him that orders had been given for every possible attention being shown to him, consistently with the security of his person as a state prisoner.

"By the gentleman who was the bearer of this message I have been favored with the following particulars — as honorable to himself as they cannot but be interesting to others — of the interview which, in consequence, he had with the noble prisoner : —

"I found Lord Edward leaning back on a couple of chairs, in the office of the secretary in the war department, his arm extended, and supported by the surgeon, who was dressing his wound. His countenance was pallid, but serene; and when I told him, in a low voice, not to be overheard, my commission from the lord lieutenant, and that I was going to break the intelligence of what had occurred to Lady Edward, asking him, with every assurance of my fidelity and secrecy, whether there was any confidential communication he wished to be made to her ladyship, or whether I could undertake any other personal act of kindness in his service, he answered merely, but collectedly, "No, no, — thank you, — nothing,\* nothing; only break it to her tenderly.""

When Lord Edward went abroad, he was generally attended by a body-guard. Some one or two walked thirty or forty yards in advance. One of these was Gallagher, another M'Cube, most faithful men. On the evening of his lordship's arrest, Gallagher, hearing of the scuffle, ran over to the St. Catharine's watch-house, seized on the arms found there, and distributed them among the first he met; and, flying to the rescue, encountered Major Sirr's party just as they had hauled their noble captive down stairs. A short battle ensued; but the friends of Lord Edward were overpowered by the Rainsford Street picquet, and the castle guard, which had been sent for by Major Sirr, and had arrived at the very nick of time to subdue all resistance. Gallagher was seized. M'Cube had been taken in the previous defence of the noble patriot, and had made his escape by assuming the Scotch accent and dialect, which he imitated so well, that he successfully passed himself as a Scotchman upon the sergeant of the guard, in whose custody he was confined in the castle. He talked of his relatives in Dumbarton; and so far enlisted the sympathies of the Scottish sergeant for an innocent countryman, that he winked at his escape. Gallagher got off by swimming from the convictship in which he was imprisoned in Dublin Bay, at a moment that some of his friends were making merry on the deck. He swam to a boat, got into it, and rowed off; and while in this perilous movement, he was seen by Major Sirr, who was coming, in another boat, with a batch of prisoners

to the vessel! Gallagher, however, succeeded in his daring enterprise. Both of these faithful friends of Lord Fitzgerald concealed themselves in Ireland for some months; they were present, at Ballynahinch, with the French, and finally got safe to France, where, by their industry and talents, they realized property.

Mr. Madden mentions the following persons, who were in constant communication with Lord Edward, viz.:— Surgeon Lawless, Major Plunkett, Colonel Lumm, S. Neilson, *J. Hughes*, J. Davock, William Cole, Richard Keene, C. Gallagher, M'Cabe, Palmer, Rattigan, and Walter Cox. One of these, namely, *Hughes*, was in the pay of the castle for a year previous.

It is due to the memory of *Neilson* to say, that his exiled companions in Fort George — and they were the chief leaders of the insurrection — acquitted him of any share in the discovery of Lord Edward. In truth, we need be little astray in the matter; for *Hughes*, the Belfast informer, who dined with him at Cormack's on the 20th of April, gave to the government the scent of his haunts, as appears by Hughes's own evidence before the secret committee, and the following entry in the castle books leaves no further doubt about it:— "June 20th, 1798, to F. H., for the discovery of L. E. F., £1000."

The arrest of their noble chief struck terror into the hearts of the United Irishmen all over the kingdom. Nearly all the leading members of the confederation were in prison, awaiting their trial. *Cormack* and *Lawless*, men high in the councils of the United army, had fled — the first to America, the second to France; and now the chief hope of the people was in the hands of their enemies. The few days between Lord Edward's arrest, and the breaking out fixed for the 23d, were days of agonizing anxiety to the throbbing-hearted millions who hung for freedom on the word of fate. Teeling says, in his "Narrative," that "the evening before Lord Edward's arrest, Colonel Lumm and two other officers brought his lordship a canvass purse full of gold, and would have joined him, in probably twelve hours more, at the head of the men of Ireland. One of these officers was Major Plunkett, who had served in the Austrian army, who will be honorably recorded while Buda or the Danube are remembered; another is a distinguished officer in the British army at present."

Poor Lord Edward, immediately after his arrest, was hurried off to Newgate. All access to him was strictly and positively denied to any person: he was placed in care of a trooper, and none but his physician was allowed to enter his cell. It was in vain that his beloved wife, or his sisters, bore the request of the Duke of Rich-

mond, the Prince of Wales, and several of the highest nobility of England, to the lord lieutenant—it was in vain that his brother, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, came from England bearing the request of some of the cabinet ministers, and the king's sons, to those in authority in Ireland, urging the favor of allowing his brother to see the dying nobleman. All was to no purpose. Their victim was too precious, and his death too necessary to their object, to allow a single human being save his jailers to enter his prison.

The unfortunate young nobleman lingered a few days; his open wounds bled; he did not wish to live. On the day before his death, the wretched government hanged a "rebel" in view of his windows, and the hum of horror consequent upon the execution was heard by the high-souled captive. It made him delirious; yet all this did not soften the stony hearts of his keepers. His lawyer, Mr. Leeson, was refused admittance to his presence to record his will. He was obliged to sit in his carriage outside of the prison, while Mr. Stewart, the government surgeon, who waited on the dying man, brought out, verbally, sentence after sentence to his lawyer, who was not suffered to approach nearer. The will was witnessed by Stewart and Lindsay, and is dated Newgate, 27th May, 1798. It bequeathed his estates, worth eight hundred pounds a year, to his wife and three children, share and share alike. (These estates, however, were attainted, and seized by the government, who sold them by auction; but Mr. Ogelvie, the second husband of the dowager duchess of Leinster, Lord Edward's mother, purchased them at auction, for his children and wife, for ten thousand pounds, and gave them to them. The attainder on Lord Edward's son was not reversed till long after the fall of Napoleon.) The unfortunate nobleman became weaker. Mr. Matthew Dowling, a prisoner in Newgate, wrote, on the 3d of June, to Lord Henry, that his brother was dying. His keepers at length relented, and allowed Lord Henry and Lady Connolly, (his brother and sister,) to see him ere his great spirit fled. It was, as we may well suppose, a trying scene between these loving relatives. In a few hours after their departure, he was no more. He expired on the 4th of June, and was given to his friends for interment on the night of the 6th. In following his remains to the tomb in Werburgh's Church, until time would permit its being brought to the family vault in Maynooth, the satraps of government offered to the exalted ladies and the adoring people who accompanied them the greatest indignities! *It was like them!*

As I write this sentence, the news of O'Connell's liberation is brought me! Thank Heaven! The blood of Fitzgerald will yet be honored!

His brother, Lord Henry, wrote a scathing letter to Lord Camden, the lord lieutenant, from which I make some extracts: —

“Thus situated as he was, who would have thought, my lord, but that, upon my arrival, you would yourself have urged me to see him. \* \* \* After this came my audience of your excellency. \* \* \* I implored, I entreated of you to let me see him. I never begged hard before. All, all in vain! You talked of lawyers’ opinions — of what had been refused to others, and could not be granted for me in the same situation. His was not a common case; he was *not* in the same situation. He was wounded, and in a manner dying; and his bitterest enemy could not have murmured, had your heart been softened, or had you swerved a little from duty (if it can be called one) in the cause of humanity.

“On Friday, the surgeon told me still that the wounds were going on well, but that he perceived, as the pain subsided, that his mind was more than usually engaged. He felt ill treatment. \* \* \* But he communed with his God, and his God did not forsake him. But, O my lord, what a day was Saturday for him! \* \* \* On Saturday, my poor, forsaken brother, who had but that night and the next day to live, was disturbed; he heard the noise of the execution of Clinch, at the prison door. He asked, eagerly, ‘What noise is that?’ and certainly, in some manner or other, he knew it; for, — O God! what am I to write? — from that time he lost his senses: most part of the night he was raving mad: a keeper from a madhouse was necessary. Thanks to the Almighty, he got more composed towards morning.

“Now, my lord, shall I scruple to declare to the world, — I wish I could to the four quarters of it! — that among you, your ill-treatment has murdered my brother, as much as if you had put a pistol to his head. In this situation, no charitable message arrives to his relations, no offer to allow attached servants to attend upon him, who could have been depended upon in keeping dreadful news of all sorts from him. No, no! To his grave, in madness, you would pursue him — to his grave you persecuted him.”

Knowing the reverence in which the memory of the beloved Lord Edward Fitzgerald has ever been held by the Irish people, I felt it due to that feeling to pursue his eventful career to the end. Although, unquestionably, his courage, heroism, and military knowledge, fitted him for the great work he attempted, still it must be felt by every impartial man who peruses his life as written by Moore, that he lacked that caution — *cunning*, if you will — which is so necessary in the chief of a revolution directed to the overthrow of the most cunning and treacherous government on earth.

Sampson has, in his Memoir, the following beautiful eulogy on Lord Edward, to which might be added scores from the pens of others: —

“But ere we fight, go call at Edward’s tomb; cry in his ears; bid him who sleeps to wake; bid him rise and fight his enemies. Brave as the lion, gentler than the lamb, the sparkling jewel of an ancient house, the noblest blood of any in our land ran through his veins. He hears you not. He sleeps to wake no more! Of all his country, and of all he owned, there rests no more to him than the cold grave he lies in.



"O, gallant, gallant Edward! fallen in the flower of youth, and pride of manly beauty, — had you lived to see your country free, the proudest conqueror that wears a sword dare not invade it."\*

On the arrest of the leaders, the moderate and steadiest of the United men then gave up the idea of any revolution. And had the government been satisfied with suppressing rebellion, and offering even a portion of those rights which the people sought, rivers of blood might have been saved; but this was not the object of Pitt and Castlereagh. Lord Carhampton, the commander of the forces, when he saw what the government wished him to do, resigned in disgust; Sir Ralph Abercrombie also resigned on the same account. Lord Camden, the lord lieutenant, who was unable to prevent the tortures practised on the people, followed his example, — a condemnation sufficient for posterity to damn the memory of Pitt to everlasting execration.

Lord Cornwallis, whose disgrace in America made him more subservient to the minister, was now sent over. Before his arrival, the insurrection had broken out. The United men were without leaders: they had no artillery, few guns, little ammunition; their principal reliance was the pike — a spear of about ten to twelve inches long, screwed on a shaft about six to eight feet in length. Every nation has a favorite weapon. The Poles have the lance, the Scotch the broadsword, the Americans the rifle, (and the English know it,) the Indian the tomahawk, and the Irish have the pike, which a French author has called the "*queen of weapons*."

Martial law was now proclaimed, and every man, *suspected* of being enrolled as a United man, was tried at the drum-head by military men, and either whipped or hanged, as it suited their caprice. Every day the disgusting spectacle was presented of unfortunate victims hanging from the lamp-posts.

The military, the Orangemen, the magistrates, glutted their bigoted fury or personal hatred with the blood of United Irishmen, and still they seemed to be insatiable. The riding-house of Mr. Claudius Beresford daily witnessed the torture of flagellation, while that zealous supporter of British supremacy presided himself at the execution: and, as often as the instrument became too much clogged with the flesh of the sufferer, he was seen to pick the cords of the cat-o'-nine-tails, that they might lacerate with deeper loyalty. Even children were sometimes scourged,

\* The house in which he was arrested is now occupied by Mr. John Burke, a true Irishman, who sleeps in the chamber in which Lord Edward received his death-wound. Some of his blood is yet to be seen, spattered on the wall, and Mr. Burke takes care that no profane hand shall cover it over or obliterate it.

sometimes immersed to the lips in water, to extort information from them against their parents, and concealment was punished with death. The privacy of families was insecure; the delicacy of females was not respected. Every where you beheld a spectacle of atrocities, or a melancholy gloom. Acquaintances and friends passed each other with averted eyes; and the stillness of terror was interrupted only by the march of military cut-throats, the processions of executions, or the savage orgies of Orangemen, maddened with ebriety, and fierce from bloodshed.

At the same time that the military tribunals were cutting down the most virtuous citizens in every quarter, the ordinary criminal courts were dooming to death, by the help of furious and malignant Orange juries, those of the United Irishmen, against whom the least evidence to go to a jury could be had. The vilest beings, informers and malefactors, were able, with a dreadful facility, to sacrifice in these courts, I will not say of justice, but at the bar of fanaticism and frenzy, the most upright men, who were led successively to certain death, passing through the forms of trial only to afford a more solemn festival to the enemies of Irish liberty.

A proclamation was issued by the Irish government on the 30th of March, declaring the entire kingdom in a state of rebellion, and at the same time they published an order *signed* by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, the commander of the forces, *authorizing the troops to act without waiting for the authority* of a civil magistrate.

The brave Abercrombie, finding himself compelled to sign such an order by the commands of the king and Pitt, resigned the command of the army in Ireland. Disgusted with both the army and ministry, he thus described the former: "It was in a state of licentiousness that rendered it formidable to every one but the enemy."

Yet this was the army who were sent out in squads through the country, previous to the unfortunate and immature rising of the 23d May. It was left to the Orange yeomen, a species of force the most sanguinary and remorseless that history records; a banditti incited by religious fanaticism, a desire for plunder, and a deep recollection that their ancestors became rich by pillaging and butchering the Roman Catholics of other days. This bloodthirsty band were joined together by the Orange oath, which bound them to the extermination of all Catholics, *should it be necessary*, in upholding the Protestant ascendancy of England; and *of this necessity*, the king of England, George the Third, and William Pitt, made them, by the foregoing order, the sole judges

throughout Ireland. That they deemed the *necessity* arrived, from the moment they got *the word* from head-quarters, is made clear to us by a thousand evidences. I will select three or four to satisfy the minds of American readers, who can otherwise hardly credit the existence of such atrocity. From Plowden's history of those times I take the following : —

“ Thomas Dogherty was a sick lad lying on the lap of his mother, in her cabin ; in which situation he was most inhumanly murdered by Wollaghan, a yeoman. For this atrocious murder Wollaghan was brought to trial before a court-martial, of which the Earl of Enniskillen was president. The other members of the court-martial were Major Brown, L. L. D. ;\* Captain Onge, ditto ; Captain Lesley, Fermanagh ; Captain Irwin, Fermanagh ; Captain Carter, R. I. D. ; Lieutenant Summers, 68th. Every circumstance of aggravation was fully proved. No attempt was made to disprove a particle of the evidence. But a justification was set up, that the horrid murder had been committed under a regular order of the commanding officer. And what, forsooth, was that order? That *if any yeoman on a scouring party* (which were out daily) *should meet with any, whom he knew or suspected to be a rebel, he need not be at the trouble of bringing him in, BUT WAS TO SHOOT HIM ON THE SPOT!* This order, and the *constant acting up to it* by the corps, was *proved by one private, one sergeant, and two lieutenants* of yeomanry. Captain Archer swore that *Wollaghan* (the murderer) was a sober and diligent man, ready to obey his officers, and an *acquisition* to the corps. Captain Gore confirmed Captain Archer's evidence *in every particular* ; and added, *that other corps had similar orders in other districts*. Here the *defence* closed, and the court *acquitted the prisoner*. Need it be observed, *that here an Orange murderer was acquitted* by sympathizing Orange judges and jurymen? A court-martial acts upon oath in both characters. The profligacy was too rank not to be publicly stigmatized by Lord Cornwallis, who had but lately come from England. The union was *yet at an awful and uncertain distance* ; and he had it in command to persuade the people that he was sent over to invert the system of Orange impunity and remuneration. The following official letter was accordingly written to General Craig : —

“ DUBLIN, October 18, 1797.

“ SIR,

“ Having laid before the lord lieutenant the proceedings of a general court-martial, held by your orders in Dublin barracks, on Saturday the 13th instant, of which Colonel the Earl of Enniskillen, is president, I am directed to acquaint you that his excellency entirely disapproves of the sentence of the above court-martial, acquitting Hugh Wollaghan of a cruel and deliberate murder, of which, by the clearest evidence, he appears to have been guilty. Lord Cornwallis orders the court-martial to be immediately dissolved, and directs that Hugh Wollaghan be dismissed from the corps of yeomanry in which he served, and that he shall not be received into any other corps of yeomanry in this kingdom. His excellency further desires, that the above may be read to the president and the members of the court-martial in open court. I have the honor to be, sir,

“ Your most obedient, humble servant,

“ H. TAYLOR, *Secretary.*

“ Lieut. Gen. CRAIG, &c. &c.

\* Loyal Irish Dragoons.

“P. S. I am also directed, that a new court-martial be immediately convened, for the trial of such prisoners as may be brought before them, and that none of the officers, who sat upon Hugh Wollaghan, be admitted as members.’”

It has become part of history, well authenticated by undoubted proof, that the Duke of York, son of George the Third, then commander of the forces, did countenance and encourage the formation of Orange lodges in the army. He was fanatically opposed to the Catholics, and had it in contemplation, should the king, his father, drop, to have the Prince of Wales, his brother, who was deemed favorable to the Catholics, deposed, and himself elevated to the throne, through the instrumentality of the Orangemen in the army and of those through the country. The same trick was nearly wrought by his present majesty of Hanover, in 1826; but the plot was frustrated through the bravery and industry of *William F. Finn*, then member for Kilkenny, and *Joseph Hume*, the able and honest Scotch reformer, of the house of commons.

The following *prefatory* acts of the government agents, taken from Plowden, p. 102, will establish their designs:—

“These military savages were permitted, both by magistrates and officers, in open day, to seize every man they wished or chose to suspect as a *Croppy*, and drag him to the guard-house, where they constantly kept a supply of coarse linen caps, besmeared inside with pitch; and when the pitch was well heated, they forced the cap on his head, and sometimes the melted pitch, running into the eyes of the unfortunate victim, superadded blindness to his other tortures. They generally detained him till the pitch had so cooled, that the cap could not be detached from the head without carrying with it the hair and blistered skin: they then turned him adrift, disfigured, often blind, and writhing with pain. They enjoyed, with horrid bursts of laughter, the fiend-like sport of seeing their victims either fall down, or knock their heads against the walls, in their eager but blind efforts to escape their torturers. This caused abhorrence and dread amongst their countrymen. At other times, they rubbed moistened gunpowder into the hair, in form of a cross, and set fire to it; and not unfrequently sheared off the ears and nosé of the tortured *croppy*. They abused, both by word and action, every female that happened to have a tint of green in her apparel. The most notorious master of these infernal sports, both for invention and execution, was a sergeant of the North Cork militia, nicknamed *Tom the Devil*. These atrocities were daily renewed, and continued with impunity up to the breaking out of that insurrection. Those Orange fiends never dismissed from their guard-house an unfortunate victim without expressing their inhuman joy by savage yells of exultation.— See *Mr. Hay's* valuable and authentic history of the insurrection of the county of Wexford, p. 58. That gentleman was an eye-witness to the whole of the Wexford insurrection, and is an illustrious instance of the utility of contemporary history.

“With difficulty does the mind yield reluctant credit to such debasement of the human species. The spirit which degrades it to that abandonment is of no ordi-

nary depravity. It wars with the first elements of social nature, and should be wrenched with the strongest arm of power from the state in which it has taken root. To prevent its continuance and growth in Ireland, by development of its noxious powers, is the intent of this publication. The knowledge of a national evil is the first step towards its removal. The spirit of Orangeism would never have existed in the country, but for the encouragement and countenance which the *higher orders* gave to the lower. It would be uncandid to retail only instances of the brutality of the lower orders, whilst evidence is forthcoming of persons of *fortune and education being still more brutalized by its deleterious spirit*. As a gentleman of respectability was passing near the old custom-house, Essex bridge, Dublin, in the afternoon of Whitsunday, 1798, two spectacles of horror, covered with pitch and gore, running, as if they were blind, through the streets, arrested his attention. They were closely followed out of the old custom-house by Lord Kingsborough and Mr. John C. Beresford, whom he knew, and by an officer in uniform whom he knew not. They were pointing and laughing immoderately at these tortured fugitives. One of them was John Fleming, a ferry-boatman, and the other Francis Gough, a coach-smith. They had been unmercifully flogged to extort confessions; but having none to make, they were called out on this festival, had melted pitch poured over their heads, and feathers stuck into it. The right ear of Fleming was clipped off, and Gough lost all his hair. They were sent adrift, without a rag of clothes, to make their escape through the streets. Gough's flagellation was *superintended by Lord Kingsborough*, who almost at every lash, questioned him how he liked it: it was so severe as to have confined him six months to his bed. The same spirit of Orangeism moved the colonel in Dublin, and his sergeant at Wexford. The effects of that spirit can only be fairly illustrated by facts. These have been verified to the author by the spectator and sufferer."

One Hemenstall, a government agent, distinguished himself in the work of his employers in a remarkable way. On many occasions, he volunteered to hang United Irishmen from his own shoulders. He sometimes could get no one to act the hangman; and, being very tall, strung the poor wretches up with a rope over his shoulders, and so put them out of the world. At his death, the following epitaph was written for him:—

*"Here lie the bones of Hemenstall,  
Judge, jury, gallows, rope, and all!"*

Sir Richard Musgrave, not being able to find any body to act, flogged a man in Waterford, with his own hands, to extort confessions; and the high sheriff of Tipperary flogged a poor wretch in like manner, with his own hands, to extort confessions, in presence of Sir John Moore.

John Claudius Beresford, as I have said, converted his riding-house into a flogging and torture room. The victims were variously tortured. The *triangle* was a wooden instrument made in the form of the letter A, about twice the height of a man, to which the person to be punished was tied, hands and feet, and lashed with wire cords knotted. In the midst

of this torture, questions about the conspiracy were asked, and if the answers were not satisfactory, the punishment was renewed! The *picket* was a torture inflicted as follows: The victim was suspended from a cross-beam by one of his arms, the other being tied behind his back. Immediately beneath him, issuing from the floor, was a very sharp spike, on which if he leaned his bared foot, he must experience great pain. Men were frequently suspended in this way for hours; taken down, questioned about suspected persons, and again hung up, if answers to the mind of the torturers were not returned. The *pitch-cap* was a closely-fitting canvass cap, made in the form of a nightcap, saturated in the inside with boiling pitch. The victim for whom this was designed was pinioned, his hair cut very close, and this hot pitched cap drawn over his head, covering his eyes and ears. In this condition he was questioned, or turned into the streets! "In the centre of the city of Dublin," says Teeling, "the heart-rending exhibition was presented, of a human being rushing from the infernal dépôt of torture and death, his person besmeared with a burning preparation of turpentine and pitch, plunging, in his distraction, into the Liffey, and terminating at once his sufferings and his life." — *Vide* his Narrative.

*Singeing*. — This was an operation dexterously inflicted, to make sport for the infernal mercenaries who were brought in to butcher the people. The hair of the head was cut in close furrows, gunpowder was then mixed with the tufts remaining, set fire to, and the process several times repeated, until the hair was burnt off, and the skull blistered and scorched all over in a shocking manner!

From a letter of Lady Napier's, dated Castletown, 27th June, 1798, to the Duke of Richmond, it will be seen how the tenantry of the Duke of Leinster were driven to revolt. — "The cruel hardship put on *his* [the Duke of Leinster's] tenants, preferably to all others, has driven them to despair, and they join the insurgents, saying, 'It is better to die with a pike in my hand than be shot like a dog at my work, or see my children faint for want of food before my eyes.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"You send us no militia, which is natural enough; and what are we to do? The small bodies of army quartered every where, to stop passes towards the capital, are harassed to death by want of sleep, and by running about, like a young dog in a rabbit-warren, here and there, flying from spot to spot, and catching little or nothing; for all those calculations of hundreds, which you see in the papers, are commonly from six to ten or twelve men killed — four or five poor innocent

wretches shot at in the fields, and afterwards bayoneted to put them out of pain. This a soldier told my sister."

Grattan, in a letter to the London Courier, in November, 1798, thus describes the whole machinery of the English for the sixteen years previous: "They opposed the restoration of the constitution of Ireland; they afterwards endeavored to betray and undermine it. They introduced a system of corruption unknown in the annals of parliament. Having, by such proceedings, lost the affection of the people of Ireland, they resorted to a system of coercion to support a system of corruption, and they closed by a system of torture, attendant on a conspiracy of which their crimes were the cause."

The son of Judge Fletcher says, in his book: —

"Thousands were tortured, with the connivance of government, and multitudes condemned to death in defiance of every principle of law and justice. Many were suspected of being rebels who were perfectly innocent. Multitudes were falsely accused; and not a few were judicially murdered."

Lord Moira, in his speech in the house of lords of England, 22d November, 1797, thus gives evidence against the government.

"I have seen in Ireland a marked distinction between the English and Irish. I have seen troops that have been sent full of this prejudice — that every inhabitant of that kingdom is a rebel to the British government. When a man was taken up on suspicion, he was put to the torture; nay, if he were merely accused of concealing the guilt of another, the rack, indeed, was not at hand, but the punishment of picketing was in practice, which had been some years abolished, as too inhuman, even in the dragoon service. He had known a man, in order to extort confession of a supposed crime, or of that of some of his neighbors, picketed until he fainted; picketed a second time until he fainted again; as soon as he came to himself, picketed a third time, until he once more fainted! — and all upon mere suspicion. Nor was this the only species of torture: many had been taken and hung up until they were half dead, and then threatened with a repetition of the cruel treatment unless they made confession of the imputed guilt. These were not particular acts of cruelty, by men abusing their powers, but they formed the system of our government. But this was not all. If it were supposed that any district had not surrendered all the arms which it contained, a party was sent out to collect the number at which it was rated, and in the execution of this order, thirty houses were sometimes burned down in a single night. Many such cases might be enumerated, which he was willing to prove before their lordships' bar."

The term *Croppy* grew from the custom of the English and Scotch reformers, in '95, who cut their hair short, and used powder. The same custom was adopted by the reformers in Ireland; and hence all those who wore their hair short were denominated *Croppies*, and were the marked objects of government vengeance. In truth, it constituted secondary evidence of treason, and was sufficient to cause the arrest of the person

daring enough to adopt it; and the grossest ill-treatment awaited him at the barrack-room, or provost's, from the ruffian soldiery.

The wearing of any green article of dress, by either man or woman, brought down upon them the brutal vengeance of the soldiery. A green ribbon, seen on the bonnet or in the dress of a lady, would be snapped out by these ruffians. A green handkerchief on the neck of any man, whether of the condition of gentleman or laborer, subjected him to arrest, and enabled the soldiery to "*suspect*" him a rebel, making him liable, of course, at their caprice, to death! — Take the following from the diary of *Newell*, the informer, published by Madden: —

"A Mr. Turner, of Newry, was standing in the parlor of the inn, talking to Miss Hanlon. He had about his neck a green handkerchief, which Lord Carhampton perceiving, went with some officers into the room, and demanded, in a most insolent manner, how he dared to wear that symbol of rebellion? Mr. Turner politely replied, it might or might not be a symbol — he liked the color, and would wear it. Lord Carhampton then said he would tear it from his neck. Mr. Turner told him boldly he might do as he pleased, and, putting his hands behind his back, held forward his head until Lord Carhampton took off the handkerchief. 'In any other situation, my lord,' said Mr. Turner, 'you durst not have done so. Your behavior is not that of a man: you shall find that I am one.' On leaving the room, Lord Carhampton asked who was that rascal. Mr. Turner answered, he should find he was a gentleman. In the course of the evening, Lord Carhampton received a note, the consequence of which was, making an ample apology to Mr. Turner for his improper behavior."

We have heard of the insolence of the British admiral, now on guard off the south of Ireland, who, in our own days; seized and hauled down the green flag from the masts of our trading vessels, in the ports of Cork and Dungarvan. But — we will *bide our time!* — O'Connell is liberated! October, 1844.

The Protestant Mr. Gordon, in his history of those times, furnishes the following, among a thousand similar instances: —

"The fears of the people became so great, at length, that they forsook their houses in the night, and slept (if under such circumstances they could sleep) in the ditches, and the women were even delivered in that exposed condition! These facts were notorious at the time; and had the government and magistrates of the country been actuated by the feelings that humanity naturally excites on such occasions, they might, with very little trouble, have convinced the deluded populace of the fallacy of such reports, and promised them public protection.

"Some, too, abandoned their houses for fear of being whipped, if, on being apprehended, confessions satisfactory to the magistrates could neither be given or extorted; and this infliction many persons seemed to fear *more than death itself!* Many unfortunate men, who were taken in their own houses, were strung up as it were to be hanged, but were let down now and then, to try if strangulation would oblige them to become informers. After these and the like experiments, several



persons languished for some time, and at length perished in consequence of them. Smiths and carpenters, whose assistance was considered indispensable in the fabrication of pikes, were pointed out, on evidence of their trades, as the first and fittest objects of torture. But the sagacity of some magistrates became at length so acute, from habit and exercise, that they *discerned* a United Irishman even at the first glance; and their zeal never suffered any person, whom they deigned to honor with such distinction, to pass off without convincing proof of their attention. The two following instances are selected from An Account of the late Rebellion, by the respectable Mr. Allender, an inhabitant of Ross.

“I now heard of many punishments of suspected persons, both by flogging and strangulation, being put into execution in the barrack-yard, (in Ross,) to extort confession of guilt. There were two of these victims brought from the barrack to the court-house, to undergo a repetition of former punishments. One of them, of the name of Driscoll, was found in Camlin wood, near Ross, where he said he generally wandered as a hermit. Upon him were found two Roman Catholic prayer-books, with which it was supposed he administered oaths of disloyalty. He had been strangled *three times*, and flogged *four times*, during confinement, but to no purpose.”

Thirty-six Catholic chapels were destroyed in the diocese of the archbishop of Dublin, and sixty-nine in other parts of Ireland, — these are reported by official data, — while not one Protestant church was destroyed by the “rebels,” throughout all the insurrection. The “loyalists’” claim for property destroyed was admitted by parliament at one million twenty-three thousand pounds sterling; but the losses of the people in the three years of military occupation have never been reported, nor even correctly estimated. They cannot be less, at the very lowest estimate, than worth three times that of the loyalists’, or **THREE MILLIONS** sterling. In the year 1798, the crops and herds were nearly all destroyed, through Ireland. The harvest was uncut — a harvest worth, annually, thirty millions sterling; and in the year 1799, there was, in consequence, a famine through the land, when hundreds of thousands were carried off by starvation. Oatmeal, potatoes, flour, and all other provisions, were enhanced, perhaps, to six times their ordinary value.

General Cloney relates that thirty men, who were imprisoned on suspicion in the jail of Carnew, were taken out, brought into the ball-alley, and deliberately shot, without accusation or trial, by the yeomen and a party of the Antrim militia, in presence of their officers. In Dunlavin Green, nineteen men were also shot on suspicion that, if the rebels got into the town, they would join them.

These are a few glimpses, offered to the reader, at the state of Ireland about the period of the arrests at Bond’s, ranging between that time and the breaking out of the insurrection, on the night of the 23d

of May, 1798. Several thousand persons had been, during these two months of terror, shot, or hanged, or imprisoned. The crown informers were at work, and there were *now* several of them. Reynolds, Hughes, Armstrong, Bird, Newall, M'Gucken, Macknally, Jemmy O'Brien, and others, have come down to us on the infamous stream of their self-created history. There were others, whose names have never been brought before the public. The above miscreants were privately betraying their companions to the government. Hundreds were taken up on their breath, and kept in prison without trial, lest a disclosure of the informers' names, as witnesses, would put a stop to their powers of mischief.

*Three hundred* of the chief men were now seized and awaiting their doom, whilst some of the goaded people were preparing to take vengeance on their immediate oppressors.

We come at length to the crisis of the insurrection.

On the 22d of May, Camden, the lord lieutenant, formally announced to the Irish parliament the threatened rising, and acquainted the loyalists that the troops prepared by the government to resist the outbreak amounted to one hundred and seventeen thousand men. These consisted of troops of the line, hired Germans, Hessians, &c., in one part, and the other of enrolled militia and yeomanry, drawn from the gentry and Orange lodges. The latter forming full two thirds of the British force, were but imperfectly disciplined, grossly disorderly, and universally disobedient to their officers. And it is now well known, by abundance of published evidence, that the government party, at one period of the fight, trembled for their existence.

The night of the 23d arrived. The first step of the United men, outside the city of Dublin, was to destroy all the mail-coaches that left the city on that night. This, by their non-arrival through the country next day, was to be the signal, to all the United men of the kingdom, that the battle had begun. The towns of Naas, Claine, Prosperous, Ballymore Eustace, and Kilcullen, were attacked and captured by the United army, scattered and unled as they were; and the next day, battles were fought in Hackestown, Carlow, Monastrevin, Tallagh, Lucan, Lusk, Dunboyne, Callon, Baltinglass, &c. Nearly in every one of these were the United men victorious on the first onset; but, for want of leaders of even moderate military knowledge, who, instead of letting them remain in worthless and ill-defended towns, where the opposing army could bring against them their trains of artillery, would have conducted them to well-calculated places of defence in the mountains, where a system of discipline and tuition could be commenced; where gunpowder and ball could be manu-

factured ; where commanders could be chosen ; and where, when the enemy chose to attack them, they would be found tolerably trained, formed into companies and regiments, and able to defend themselves with a hundred fold advantage, — wanting this discipline, they were, on the union of the king's troops, invariably defeated.

The battle of Baltinglass was well contested ; three hundred of the United Irish were killed, and one hundred and ninety-seven of the English. The former were routed. The battle of Prosperous took place in the night. Swain, the English commander, and all his men, were destroyed. The barracks were attacked, fired, and every one of the king's troops was either shot or burned. The attack was led by Dr. Esmond, of Ovidstown. The attack of the Irish on Naas was very clumsily managed ; the town was filled with the king's army, and, being well apprized of the attack, repulsed the assailants with great slaughter. After two hours and a half of dreadful fighting, several of the king's officers, and about one hundred and fifty men, were slain ; of the Irish, two hundred and fifty to three hundred were killed. Barrington says,

“ In the action at Kilcullen, which had taken place at seven in the morning, the inefficacy of cavalry against embattled pikemen was too clearly shown. A body of about six hundred of the Irish having taken post at the church of Old Kilcullen, General Dundas, without waiting for his infantry, ordered his cavalry, consisting of the light dragoons and Romneys, to charge ; and, in this service, three times repeated, they were repulsed with the loss of one of their colonels, and a number of subaltern officers and privates, besides many wounded, most of them mortally. Retiring to Kilcullen bridge, he attacked the enemy, who had followed him thither, with the infantry in front, who, in ten destructive discharges of musketry, discomfited and dispersed them.

“ A mistaken opinion of the force of cavalry against pikemen, seems to have been almost universal until this moment, when experience brought conviction.”

The battle of Rathangan was pretty well fought, but a train of artillery decided it.

The attack of the Irish on Carlow was clumsily attempted. It was the county town, and full of military, cannon, and all other sorts of arms.

“ The plan of assault was ill contrived, or ill executed. Different parties were appointed to enter the town at different avenues ; but only one — that which arrived soonest — attempted an entrance, the rest being deterred by the incessant firing of the troops. This body, amounting to a thousand or fifteen hundred, assembling at the house of Sir Edward Crosbie, a mile and a half distant from Carlow, marched into the town at two o'clock of the morning of the 25th of May, with so little precaution as to alarm the garrison at a quarter of a mile's distance, by the discharge of a gun, in the execution of a man who scrupled to accompany them in their enterprise. Shouting, as they rushed into Tullow Street, with that vain confidence which is commonly followed by disappointment, *that the town was their own*, they received so destructive a fire from the garrison, that they recoiled, and endeavored

to retreat; but, finding their flight intercepted, numbers took refuge in the houses, where they found a miserable exit, these being immediately fired by the soldiery. About eighty houses were consumed in this conflagration; and for some days the roasted remains of unhappy men were falling down the chimneys in which they had perished. As about half this column of assailants had arrived within the town, and few escaped from that situation, their loss can hardly be estimated at less than six hundred; while but a few, in comparison, fell on the side of the king's troops.

"After the defeat, executions commenced, as elsewhere in this calamitous period, and about four hundred in a short time were hanged or shot, according to martial law. Among the earliest victims were Sir Edward Crosbie, and a Mr. Heydon, who commanded in Sir Charles Burton's troop. The latter is believed to have been the leading chief of the insurgent column; to have conducted the assailants into the town, and on their ill success to have abandoned them. Sir Edward, at whose house the column had assembled, but who certainly had not accompanied them in their march, was condemned and hanged as a United Irishman.

"The court which condemned this amiable and unfortunate baronet was illegally constituted, being destitute of a judge advocate. The execution of the sentence was precipitate, at an unusual hour in the night, and attended with atrocious circumstances, not warranted by the sentence, and reflecting indelible disgrace on the parties concerned.

"The defeats of the United Irish at Monasterevan and Hacketstown, in the same morning with that of Carlow, were nearly as bloodless, on the side of the royalists.

"The incaution and confidence of the United Irish was nowhere more strongly exemplified than in their attack of Hacketstown, in the county of Carlow, forty-four miles from Dublin. The garrison, which was composed of the Antrim militia, under Colonel Gardiner, and a body of Orangemen under Captain Hardy, being apprized of the approach of the United army, marched out to meet them; but on sight of the enemy, whose number appeared to be above three thousand, the troops retreated, lest they should be surrounded, and took refuge in the garrison. This, as the event soon proved, answered the purpose of a feint. The United Irish, from joy at their imagined victory, raised a vehement shout, and, rushing forward in the utmost confusion, were, on the sudden arrival of a detachment of light infantry, charged with such address and spirit as to be completely routed, with the loss of near four hundred of their men, while not more than two hundred and fifty-three of the royalists were killed." — *Gordon*.

On the 26th, a tremendous battle was fought on the Hill of Tara, between the English and Irish. The Irish were commanded by Esmond of Ovidstown, and Aylmer of Painstown. It commenced early in the day, and continued till evening; and here, as in other places, the Irish may debit their defeat, not to their cowardice, but to the military ignorance of their leaders. This celebrated hill is easily approachable on every side, for infantry, cavalry, or artillery, and totally unfit to risk a battle between a newly-raised, undisciplined crowd, and a legion of veteran

soldiers with a raking train of artillery. That the Irish who fought that battle were brave, is attested by the number of themselves and of their enemy that lay dead upon the hill that night. Eleven hundred and fifty Irish, and nearly as many of the English, were killed.

These and other reverses, and finding the outbreak far from being universal, induced many of the United Irishmen of Kildare county to decide on compromising with government. A message to this effect was sent to General Dundas from a body of two thousand posted on Knockawin Hill, near the Curragh of Kildare, the beautiful plain on which the races take place. The message was couched in the following simple language: "That, as their brave officers were no more, and had fallen in battle, they would now, as being without a general, surrender their arms to him, on condition of their being permitted to retire unmolested to their habitations, and that he would likewise liberate one of their generals, named Perkins, from the jail of Naas." The general, having sent a messenger to Dublin Castle, and received permission from the government, assented to the terms. There have been different versions published of the "Curragh massacre," where nearly one thousand of these poor fellows were butchered in violation of this compact; but I will take, in preference to others, a very circumstantial account from the columns of the Dublin Pilot, of 22d September, 1843, furnished by a correspondent whose father was killed at the fatal spot. This massacre took place on the 31st of May, 1798.

"General Dundas was, without doubt, the commander of the district in which the Curragh is situate, in 1798, and it was to him that the people, confiding in the clemency of his character, after much persuasion, agreed to give up their arms; but it was not by him they were slaughtered. He, it is also certain, appointed the Rath of the Curragh as the place where the arms would be received. Some, fearing treachery, did not go; but a great number — about one thousand persons, I believe — did. They were there better than an hour before the appointed time, and had their arms piled in a heap on the Rath, when a man of the name of Burke, who was a shopkeeper in Kildare, and had been one of the people's captains, rode out to them from the town, and told them, from the bustle he saw amongst Major-General *Duff's* men, that he suspected some foul play was intended, advising them, at the same time, to keep their arms in their hands until General Dundas came up. The poor fellows, foolishly relying on Saxon honor, with a few exceptions, did not adopt his suggestion; he consequently rode away, and left them to their fate. Immediately after his departure, *Duff*, accompanied by all the yeomen and soldiers in or about Kildare, made his appearance. On coming to the Rath, he inquired if General Dundas, who stopped at Castlemartin House, opposite, had yet come. The people answered that he had not, but was expected there in less than an hour, the appointed time. 'Till he comes,' said *Duff*, who meditated revenge for a relative of his who had lost his life in the insurrection, 'I will take possession of the arms you

have piled.' This was not objected to on the part of the people. The instant, however, that he got possession of the arms, and saw the people as helpless as lambs, he commanded his myrmidons, who were previously aware of his intentions, to charge, and spare not. 'Cut them down, right and left, the rebelly dogs!' he exclaimed. Too well was he obeyed, from three to four hundred having been butchered on the spot, in the short space of an hour, before Dundas arrived. When the latter came up, he appeared shocked at what had taken place, instantly checked the slaughter, and put Duff under arrest. Many of the people then escaped, among whom was Hugh Cullen, father of Garrett Cullen, on whose property Mullaghmast stands. This Hugh Cullen was at the Rath of the Curragh as a captain of the people, leading whom he had, on several previous occasions, distinguished himself. When the slaughter commenced, he and a servant man of his endeavored to effect their escape in the best way they could. They were pursued by several mounted yeomen, and overtaken at length; but Mr. Cullen, having unhorsed the first man that came up, the rest retreated, leaving their comrade in his antagonists' hands. Short work would have been made of him, indeed, by the servant man, who was one of those that retained his pike, only Mr. Cullen seized, with true Celtic clemency, his arm, and bade him spare a vanquished foe. This was one of the very few acts of kindness evinced by Irishmen in that disastrous contest that was not forgotten. Mr. Cullen was subsequently arrested, and suffered two years' confinement; but when his trial came on, the yeoman whom he saved appeared as a witness in his behalf, testified as to his humanity, and he was therefore acquitted. These facts I give you, as they may be interesting to many, public attention being now concentrated on the slaughter at the Curragh as well as on that at Mullaghmast. To say the truth, I am anxious to rescue the name of Dundas, who saved my father's life, from the infamy with which you would load it, and to pay a well-deserved compliment, too, to Mr. Cramer Roberts, who is still alive — who, it is said, was the only man that tendered humane advice to, or interfered to procure what was then called 'protection' for the people from, General Dundas. I am a Papist; he is a Protestant; but these names should be now merged (as they were then by him) in that of Irishmen."

At the battle of Ovidstown, in the county Kildare, the United men fought well; but their brave general, Dr. Esmond, was taken prisoner. On the other hand, they captured the son of Lord Kilwarden, who commanded on the English side. This young nobleman was given into the custody of one *Lyman*; but the night after the battle Lyman, it is said, accepted from his wealthy captive a heavy bribe, and suffered him to escape; whereupon the English immediately hanged Esmond, the Irish general, in cold blood.

The standard of revolt was not raised in the county of Wexford till the 26th of May, 1798. About two thousand assembled on a hill near Gorey. A body of the king's troops marched against them; and, when they began to ascend the hill on which the United men were posted, the latter discharged at them so well-directed a volley of musketry, that they fled precipitately, the United men pursuing, when their com-

mander, several officers, and one hundred and fifty of their men, were killed.

This little victory, crowning the *first* stand made by the Wexford men, imparted courage to the inhabitants of the entire county. In four-and-twenty hours, from ten to fifteen thousand men were out in arms. Their feelings were wonderfully excited to revenge, by finding numbers of their relatives and acquaintance shot on the roads, or while at work in the fields, and even in their houses, unarmed and unoffending.

“Early on the following morning, being Whitsunday, the North Cork militia, with the Shilmalier cavalry and some auxiliaries, were marched from Wexford to stop the progress of this unexpected insurrection, which had become more serious than was at first imagined.

“Having halted a little, after a fatiguing and hasty march of seven miles, they proceeded three miles farther, and came in sight of the United Irish, collected in great numbers on the hill of Oulard, distant about ten miles from Wexford. Colonel Foote, of the North Cork, and General Lehunt, seeing their position so strong and commanding, thought it advisable not to attack them; but Colonel Wallace and Major Lombard, with all the other officers, being of a contrary opinion, orders were given to burn all the peasants' houses situated in the hollow between the king's army and the United Irish. This was done with a view to stimulate the Irish to revenge, and thus, if possible, to induce them to abandon the advantage of their situation.

“This feint, however, not succeeding, and the greater number of the officers still persisting in their opinion, General Lehunt and Colonel Foote addressed the soldiers, animating them at once to attack the Irish army, who, they said, would fly at their approach. Their words had the effect of making them advance.

“They descended from the small eminence which they occupied, and, crossing the valley between, began to ascend the hill of Oulard, while the Shilmalier cavalry took a circuitous route round the hill to the left, with the intention of preventing a retreat; but in fact they caused the cowardly part of the Irish to be brave, who might have run off on perceiving the approach of a serious engagement. This, also, contributed to make the United Irish rush in greater numbers, and with accumulated force, on the North Cork, who were charging up the hill. They had fired but two volleys, when they were totally discomfited. This success of the Irish was much promoted by a body of six hundred, concealed under cover of the ditches, who waited the close approach of the military. By this manœuvre, these were suddenly surprised by an inferior force; but the impetuosity of the attack occasioned their total overthrow, with the cruel slaughter of the North Cork militia, most of whom, with their colonel and officers, were left on the field of battle. In short, none of the infantry escaped, except General Lehunt, Major Allen, and eleven privates, who mounted the horses of the slain.

“The United Irish had but fifty-three men killed, and a few wounded. The Shilmalier cavalry, and their colonel, made a precipitate retreat to Wexford. A large party of the Wexford cavalry, also, who had no share whatever in the action, were involved in this retreat, in the course of which they shot a great number of straggling men, and burned several houses.

“While the country exhibited a scene of distress and consternation, houses in flames; and families flying on all sides for asylum, the United army marched from Oulard, flushed with victory, and perpetually augmented on its way by new accessions. They first took possession of Camolin, a small town six miles westward of Gorey, the obnoxious inhabitants of which had taken refuge in the latter.

“The great suspense felt by the ‘loyal’ inhabitants of Wexford, during the whole of this day, on account of so sudden an insurrection, now grew into serious alarm, such as unexpected news like this must inspire. The lamentation of the unfortunate widows and orphans of the soldiers who had fallen in the encounter increased the general consternation. These, clapping their hands, ran about the streets quite frantic, mixing their piteous moanings with the plaintive cries of their children, and uttering their bitterest maledictions against the yeomen, whom they charged with having run away, and left their husbands to destruction! — Letters were despatched to Duncannon Fort, and to Waterford, with these disastrous accounts, and requesting reinforcements.

“Those of the military then in the town vowed vengeance against the prisoners confined in the jail, particularly against Messrs. Harvey, Fitzgerald, and Colclough, but lately taken up; and so explicitly and without reserve were these intentions manifested, that many were heard to declare that they could not *die easy* if they should not have the satisfaction of putting the prisoners in the jail of Wexford to death, particularly the three gentlemen last mentioned. Nor was this monstrous design harbored only by the common soldiers; some of the officers declared the same intentions. The jailer heard the guards of the jail express their hostile intentions. He was so alarmed and apprehensive of their putting their threats into execution, that he contrived means to get them out, then locked the door, and determined to defend his charge at the risk of his life. He then, with a humanity and presence of mind that would have become a better station, communicated his apprehensions to all the prisoners, whom he advised to remain close in their cells, so as to avoid being shot in case of an actual attack. He armed several of the gentlemen in confinement, and formed so judicious a plan of defence, that in the event of their being overpowered, their lives could not be had at a cheap rate.”  
— *Gordon.*

The indignation and ferocity of the king’s party now knew no bounds. They committed every imaginable act of atrocity towards their unfortunate opponents. They deliberately shot forty-eight prisoners in the ball-alley of Carnew, without trial, some of whom had been already sentenced to transportation by the civil courts, and who were on their way to the convict ship. Thirty-four fine men, suspected of treason, were shot without trial, and with them, the informer upon whose testimony they were arrested. Officers wearing the king’s uniform sanctioned those terrible proceedings. These unfortunate men were afterwards lamented by the people in odes and songs.

On the morning of the 27th, a battle was fought between a newly-raised body of United men and the king’s troops, in which the former fled panic-struck at the first discharge from the opposing artillery.



The king's troops broke into the Catholic church of Gorey, tore up the altar and broke the windows, uttering the most violent threats against the priest and his flock. The Rev. Michael Murphy, who had determined, on the breaking out of the rebellion, to have nothing to do with it, — indeed the Catholic clergy of Ireland were generally averse to this insurrection, — when he found that his church had been destroyed, and his life threatened, gave up his first design of taking out a protection from the government, and committed his life to the protection of that band of his own countrymen which had appeared in the field under the ensign of its independence. The Rev. John Murphy had, for like reasons, joined the United Irish army.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon, the *Protestant* historian of these times, has the following in reference to these two clergymen : —

“These two clergymen had been remarkable for their exhortations and exertions against the system of United Irishmen, until they were thus whirled into this *political vortex*, which, from all the information we have been able to collect, they undertook under the apprehension of extermination.”

The royalists burned the houses of the United men, as a necessary mode of warfare. The United men retaliated, and thus the work of havoc and desolation was going on in every part of the ill-fated district. No language is sufficient to convey an idea of these dreadful scenes, which on both sides shocked humanity itself. The Roman Catholic chapels were, in every direction, fired and destroyed by the royalists, which, of course, set on the United Irish to destroy the houses of the gentry.

The United army now assumed some regularity and discipline. Commanders were appointed by the armed legions, and —

“They proceeded to attack Enniscorthy, where they arrived about one o'clock on the 28th, driving before them a great number of cattle, with a view of overpowering the infantry that had proceeded to the Duffrey gate, where the attack commenced. The assailants, posting themselves behind the ditches that enclose the town parks, kept up a severe but irregular fire of musketry, intermixed with pikemen, who were twice charged by the Enniscorthy and Heathfield cavalry, along the two roads leading into the town, with little or no effect. The battle lasted with various success for *four* hours. Colonel Snowe, not considering it prudent to quit his situation on the bridge to support the cavalry at the Duffrey gate, they then fell down, by degrees, into the town, leaving the suburbs, composed of thatched houses, unprotected, which then were set on fire, (each party accusing the other for doing so,) and, as it turned out, nothing could be more conducive to the success of the United Irish. During the confusion the conflagrations occasioned, a disorderly fight was maintained in the town, which, to render it untenable, was fired in many parts by the inhabitants not friendly to government, many of whom also aimed shots from the windows at the garrison. The assailants in a short time, extending themselves around, and

making dispositions to ford the river in several places, were galled from the bridge, which was now become the station of defence, by the fire of the militia. So fluctuating, for some time, was the success of the day, that many persons, to avoid the fury of each prevailing party in turn, alternately hoisted the orange and the green ribbon. At length, a considerable body of United Irish, *wading across the river, up to their necks in water*, had entered the eastern part, called Templeshannon, and made so furious an onset as to decide the fate of the day. The king's troops were now, in every direction, overpowered by the impetuosity and intrepidity of the United forces, many of whom fell in the gallant defence made against them; but the regular soldiers having but few cannon to support them, and the town being on fire in several places, they at last sounded a retreat. Whilst the town was thus circumstanced, a proposal was made to Colonel Snowe, to put the Irish prisoners to death before the evacuation of the place; but he, like a truly brave man, would not listen to such a diabolical proposal, and rejected it with scorn and abhorrence; notwithstanding which, a party went to the castle, determined to put all confined therein to death. An ineffectual attempt was made to break open the door, the keeper having forgot to leave the key, with which he had set off towards Wexford; and this circumstance providentially saved the lives of the prisoners, as it became too dangerous for the military to wait any longer to put their threats in execution — threats which they constantly repeated the whole of the morning while they stood guard over their prisoners. Indeed, so assured were the prisoners themselves of being put to death, that they had continued for hours on their knees at prayer, in preparation for that awful event, when the victors released them from confinement. Colonel Hunt, of the Enniscorthy infantry, and many officers, with about four hundred and eighty of the military, and some supplementary men, fell in this action.

“The loss of the United forces, who certainly suffered a very galling fire, was said to be five hundred.

“Great as the apprehensions of the inhabitants of Wexford had been before, they were much heightened by the mournful appearances and heart-rending recitals of these unhappy sufferers from Enniscorthy. All dreaded that their houses, their properties, and themselves, should share the fate of Enniscorthy and its inhabitants. At this critical period, the Shilmalier infantry, commanded by the Right Hon. George Ogle, marched into Wexford. Every possible preparation was now made for defence. The several avenues leading into the town were barricaded, and cannon were placed at the different entrances. The inhabitants universally manifested a zeal to defend their habitations, their properties, and their families, against the insurgents; and numbers offered themselves for the ranks, and to perform military duty. Upwards of two hundred were consequently imbodyed, there being arms for no more, under the command of gentlemen who had been in the army, and officers of militia then in the town on leave of absence. These occasional soldiers mounted guard in the same manner with the regular troops; and every precaution was taken to guard against a nocturnal surprise, which was strongly apprehended. The gentlemen confined in the jail were visited by numbers of those in town, who entreated them to write to their tenants and neighbors, to induce them to remain quiet at their homes, and to avoid joining the United Irish from the other side of the Slaney. This the gentlemen were obliged to comply with.” — *Gordon and Hay.*

Several regiments of the king's troops now marched into Wexford, and every effort was made to put the town into a state of defence. The wailing of the wives of those officers and soldiers who had fallen in *Oulard* was most heart-rending; they forwarded a request to the commanders of the United men for permission to bury them, which being granted, the sight of the dead bodies of so many brave soldiers, brought in amongst the royalist troops for burial, produced a most dispiriting effect.

The Wexford royalists now resorted to all kinds of expedients to divert the United men for a few days, by negotiation, till reënforcements could arrive from Dublin. Messrs. Harvey, Fitzgerald, and Colclough, commanders in the United army, who were prisoners in Wexford, were given their liberty on parole, on condition of visiting their friends, with the urgent request of the Wexford inhabitants to avoid burning the town.

Colclough returned from the Irish camp with a direct refusal. The chiefs threatened to march directly on Wexford. The United Irish had moved, with that intention, to the Three Rock Mountain, within three miles of the town. The king's forces in Wexford amounted to three thousand men, with several pieces of cannon; and a despatch had been sent by them to Dungannon Fort, which was forty or fifty miles distant, for a further reënforcement. This reënforcement, consisting of two thousand men, had been on its way under General Fawcett. The Wexford general, (Watson,) with a view of coöperating with Fawcett in the design of surrounding the United army in their camp, moved, before day on the 29th, with the most of his force, out of Wexford, to a point between the town and the Irish army.

The advanced guard of Fawcett, coming on the other side to his assistance, was however intercepted, by a brave body of United men, at the Mountain of Forth, where, after a desperate action, the English were nearly all destroyed, their cannon and arms seized, their ammunition blown up, and sixteen only of their number escaped; upon learning which, General Fawcett wheeled about with his rear guard, and in great haste fled back to Dungannon Fort. General Watson, who lay on the Wexford side of the United army, deeming that Fawcett had arrived at the appointed place, now moved near the Irish lines, but, when he came within cannon shot, was received by so well directed a discharge from the cannon captured but a few hours before from his confederate, that the Shilmalier cavalry on his left gave way; several of his officers were killed by able marksmen in the Irish ranks; General

Watson fell; the Irish pikemen made a move to surround them, and instantly the whole English force fled into Wexford, which they fearing would be attacked, immediately quitted, leaving royalists and rebels not under arms, women, children, wealth, and every thing, at the mercy of the victorious Irish. Some of the Orange yeomen attempted to murder all the prisoners in the jail ere they retreated; but the jailer refused them entrance, and delivered the key to Mr. Hay, the rebel chief.

Mr. Gordon thus graphically describes the consternation of the Wexford royalists on the abandonment of the town by the English army:—

“The confusion and dismay which prevailed was so great, as no kind of signal for retreat had been given, that officers and privates ran promiscuously through the town, threw off their uniforms, and hid themselves wherever they thought they could be best concealed. Some ran to the different quays, in expectation of finding boats to convey them off, and threw their arms and ammunition into the water. All such as could accomplish it embarked on board the vessels in the harbor, having previously turned their horses loose. Some ran to the jail to put themselves under the protection of Mr. Harvey. Officers, magistrates, and yeomen, of every description, thus severally endeavored to escape popular vengeance; and in the contrivance of changing apparel, as there was not a sufficiency of men's clothes at hand for all those who sought safety by this means, female attire was substituted for the purpose of disguise. In short, it is impossible that a greater appearance of confusion, tumult, or panic, could be at all exhibited. The Donegal regiment, on quitting the barracks, set them on fire, which, however, was immediately put out by a number of officers and privates belonging to this regiment, and others remaining in town.”

The *bravery* of the Orange troops is thus dwelt on by the reverend historian:—

“The town of Wexford was not only most shamefully abandoned, but even surrendered, to all intents and purposes, when it might have been easily defended, although no one will now acknowledge having been concerned in so scandalous a transaction; and, notwithstanding that the very persons who ought to have been its most strenuous protectors, from their situation and circumstances, were not only the first to yield it and fly so clandestinely as to put it utterly out of the power of all others besides themselves to retreat, but *left even their own wives and families to the mercy of an irritated and ungovernable multitude*. In any other country, such a manifest dereliction of duty would be punished in the most exemplary manner; the lives of such craven deserters would be forfeited for the miseries they occasioned; but in ill-fated Ireland, a display of unprincipled enmity and illiberal animosity to the great bulk of its people, constitutes loyalty and desert sufficient to wipe away the blame of misconduct, and even to obliterate the indelible stigma of cowardice.

“Those of the military who first retreated from Wexford were the Donegal regiment, commanded by Colonel Snowe, and the Scarawalsh infantry, under Colonel Cornock.

“All the Roman Catholic chapels at Maglass and its neighborhood were set on

fire by these runaways, as were a great many other houses in the course of their march, while others were plundered; and not a countryman that was seen and overtaken could escape being sacrificed to military vengeance; nay, not unfrequently, did neither feminine weakness nor helpless infancy afford protection — as they obtained, in several instances, no mercy from the indiscriminate fury of the retreating troops, who immolated some of the women and children of the affrighted peasantry, as they fell in their way. These acts of unprovoked, cold-blooded, and unmanly cruelty were avenged on the poor stragglers, who were, by any casualty, separated from the retreating body, as the exasperated country people, goaded as they had been, considered every person in a military garb as a sanguinary and relentless enemy. Several soldiers, who had been followed by their wives and children, were induced to stay behind, to afford them assistance on so distressing a march, which cost many of them their lives; but none of the women or children were intentionally hurt by the people; even many children who were abandoned by or had lost their parents, on this occasion, are still remaining in the country, cherished and protected by the inhabitants.”

The United army, having now possession of Wexford and several of the towns around it, — having been signally victorious over the king’s troops, backed as these troops had been by plenty of artillery, — and the victorious crowd swelling to forty or fifty thousand men, — became very unmanageable, and a source of great uneasiness to their brave and patriotic chiefs. Many of the turbulent spirits, which such a state of things called up, assumed command over straggling mobs, and, attacking individuals obnoxious to them, seized, imprisoned, and otherwise ill-treated, many innocent persons. It was in vain Mr. Keuogh, Mr. Harvey, Fitzgerald, or Hay, tried to dissolve those unruly mobs. The irritated feelings of those who had lost a friend or relative by the king’s army, mixed in the stream of discontent. Finally, the chiefs of the United men marched their forces out of the town to Vinegar Hill, and commanded all persons, except those on duty, to repair to the camp on pain of death. This subdued the violence. The town of Wexford was now placed in some order. Captain Keuogh was appointed governor; ward guards were appointed, who were regularly relieved morning and evening. The merchants supplied the camp at Vinegar Hill with every thing they wanted, taking tickets on the directory in payment. We find, by the items, that “whisky and leather” were the chief things required. Provisions were supplied in the greatest abundance, without charge, by the country people.

All the forges, both in town and country, were instantly employed in the fabrication of pike blades, and hundreds of persons were at work preparing and fitting handles to them, and soon no one could be seen without a gun or pike, and a green sash or cockade. Several armed

boats were sent out in the bay to cruise ; the forts were well mounted, and a few loaded boats were kept in the river, ready to be scuttled and sunk, to prevent the approach of any war vessels. Money had altogether disappeared ; few owned to have any, and bank notes were so valueless that no one would take them. Many, indeed, lighted their pipes with them, and others used them as wadding for their guns.

“In the country, the people formed themselves generally into parish divisions, and each division elected its own officers. All persons capable of carrying arms were to attend the camps, on being furnished with pikes or guns, as either could be best procured — some on foot, and others on horseback, as they could best accommodate themselves. Most persons were desirous to wear uniforms and ornaments of some kind or other ; green was the most favorite and predominant color, but on failure of this, blue was substituted ; and as to their flags or ensigns, they were also green, or of a dark-greenish hue, decorated with many emblematical figures, denoting the abolition of monarchy. Many damsels of superior rank made offerings of embroidered colors for the public service ; and to make these gifts the more acceptable, they usually decorated them according to their different fancies.” — *Gordon*.

Turning our eyes to the retreating troops of the king, we find, where-soever they passed, the bodies of their unoffending victims strewn along the roads or in the fields.

“Great numbers of people, taking their families, and such of their effects as they could conveniently transport thither, along with them, fled for refuge into Gorey, where a general panic, however, prevailed, although (besides a considerable force of the regular military, a regiment of the Clare militia, together with the Ballaghkeen, Coolgreney, Arklow, Northshire, and Coolatin corps of cavalry) the Finnahely and Wingfield corps of infantry were stationed there ; but notwithstanding, on a rumor that the United Irish were approaching, it was determined by the army to abandon the town, and proceed to Arklow ; but, previous to its evacuation, a number of men, *taken out of their beds, were brought, and butchered most inhumanly in the streets*. By order of the magistrates, however, upwards of two hundred prisoners were released from the jail and market-house, and many of them received protections, which they placed in their hats, in order to exhibit as conspicuously as possible ; but this precaution did not prevent their being shot by other parties of the military, whom they fell in with on their way home. The order for evacuation being announced at five o'clock in the morning of the 28th, a distressing scene of trepidation and confusion ensued. Affrighted crowds of people might be seen running in all directions, preparing for flight ; while such as could, were harnessing their horses, and placing their families on cars, with the utmost precipitation, all endeavoring to escape from the town as speedily as possible.” — *Gordon*.

The United army, however, did not bend their steps in this direction. A small body of them attacked and captured Newtown Barry, on the 1st of June. Several irregular skirmishes were now fought between

parties from both armies ; upon one occasion, the Irish suffered a defeat of some consequence, near Gorey, by which they lost some horses and a few men.

A general meeting of the Irish chiefs was held for the purpose of establishing a better system of command than had hitherto prevailed among their troops. Mr. Bagnal Harvey was appointed commander-in-chief of the Wexford army, and Mr. Devereux and Mr. Colclough were appointed his seconds in command. Mr. Harvey was a man of personal courage, one who had realized considerable wealth, as a lawyer, but, though having great moral influence over the people, was possessed of very limited military knowledge — perhaps we may say, *none*.

It is, indeed, a melancholy reflection for an Irishman to make, that amidst the whole of this valiant band of some thirty thousand men, who now ranged under the Wexford banner, no better-adapted person could be found to command them than this most unfit gentleman. He spent the night before the battle of Ross, not in preparing his plans and arranging for the certain capture of the town, but partook, with his staff, of a grand entertainment at Mr. Murphy's, where they revelled till near the dawn of morning, and were roused from stupefaction to the conflict by some of their followers.

Lord Kingsborough, commander of the North Cork militia, and some other royal leaders, were captured on board a sloop in the bay by the Irish, and were carried into Wexford and lodged in jail as *great prizes*.

“ At this time, reënforcements were every day crowding into Gorey. On the 3d of June, General Loftus arrived there with five thousand men under his command, as did also General Walpole from Carnew, whence he had several times gone out to reconnoitre the camp at Carrigrew. A determination was formed to attack this on the 4th, with the force then in Gorey, with which the troops from Carnew and Newtown Barry were to coöperate, so as to engage the United Irish on all sides ; and from these arrangements, and considering the force that was to act against them, little doubt was entertained of their total and speedy defeat. The army from Gorey marched out at the appointed time, and formed into two divisions. The one under General Loftus took route towards Ballycanew ; while the other, commanded by General Walpole, proceeded, by the Camolin road, directly to commence the concerted attack on Carrigrew. The United army had, however, quitted this post, and were in full march towards Gorey, when they suddenly and unawares fell in with this military body under General Walpole, at a place called *Tubberneering*. The meeting was equally unexpected on both sides, and this circumstance (no less true than extraordinary, neither party having any scouts) produced an instantaneous and confused action, in which General Walpole was killed in a few minutes after its commencement ; and his troops immediately gave way and fled in the utmost precipitation and disorder, leaving the victors in possession of nine pieces of caannon, two six-pounders, and another of inferior size. The fate

of this action was so quickly decided as to allow General Loftus not the smallest opportunity of affording the troops under General Walpole any assistance. The loss of the military, in killed and wounded, was considerable, besides a number of officers, with many privates, taken prisoners. The rest, in the greatest possible haste, being pursued by the United Irish, reached Gorey, which they as quickly passed through; but would, in revenge, have put the prisoners in the town to death, had they not feared that the delay it would occasion might cost them too dearly. This account is from one of the colonels, who opposed, with all his might, the perpetration of such a cruel and barbarous deed, and who, to his honor, was incapable of countenancing such an atrocity under any circumstances. The retreat was thence very precipitate to Arklow, where a council of war was hastily held, at which it was as hastily determined to abandon that town; and this was accordingly put into immediate execution. Some were so panic-struck, that they did not stop till they reached Dublin; but others stopped at different distances, when their horses or themselves were not able to proceed farther. General Loftus, on hearing the report of cannon and other fire-arms, in the engagement, not being able to go across the country, proceeded round by the road to the scene of action, where he found the bodies of many slain, and did not learn the fate of General Walpole till he saw him stretched on the field of battle. He then moved towards Gorey, but thought it most prudent to alter his line of direction, upon being saluted by the United Irish with the cannon they had just taken, and which they had drawn up to the summit of the hill of Gorey, which is immediately over the town, commanding it in every quarter. The general then marched to Carnew, and from that to Tullow. The troops that had proceeded from Carnew in the morning, to cooperate in the intended general attack on the United army at Carrigrew, did not return thither upon hearing of the defeat, but made Newtown Barry with those who had come out from thence on the same expedition.

“On the evening of the 4th of June, the United Irish stationed on the hill of Carrickbyrne, whither the Taghmon army, led by Mr. John Devereux, Jun., was transferred on the 1st, now proceeded to Corbet Hill, within a mile of the town of Ross, the garrison of which had lately received great reinforcements, by the arrival there of the Donegal, Clare, and Meath regiments, a detachment of English and Irish artillery, the fifth dragoons, and the Dublin militia, all under the command of General Johnson, who expected an attack during the night, and consequently the troops remained under arms, without being allowed to take any repose.

“The United army, headed by their commander-in-chief, Mr. Beauchamp Bagnal Harvey, a little after their arrival on Corbet Hill, were saluted with a few cannon-shot and bomb-shells from the town, without producing any other effect than that of increasing their vigilance. Mr. Harvey and his principal generals took up their quarters in the house of Corbet-hill, where, after holding a short consultation, it was determined to attack the town in three different points at once; and accordingly Mr. Furlong, the general's chief aid-de-camp, was despatched, at the break of day, with a flag of truce, and the following summons, to the commanding officer at Ross:—

“‘CAMP AT CORBET HILL, June 5, 1798.

“‘SIR, — As a friend to humanity, I request you will surrender the town of Ross to the Wexford forces now assembled against that town. Your resistance will but provoke rapine and plunder, to the ruin of the most innocent. Flushed with



victory, the Wexford forces, now innumerable and irresistible, will not be controlled if they meet with any resistance; to prevent, therefore, the total ruin of all property in the town, I urge you to a speedy surrender, which you will be forced to do in a few hours, with loss and bloodshed, as you are surrounded on all sides. Your answer is required in four hours. Mr. Furlong carries this letter, and will bring the answer.

I am sir, &c.

“B. B. HARVEY.”

“Mr. Furlong was shot the moment he approached the outposts, which so exasperated the people, that they could not be restrained from instantly rushing on to attack the Three-bullet-gate, being the part of the town next to them; and this it was that principally prevented the concerted plan of assault from being carried into execution; as three divisions of their forces were to have begun their operations against different parts of the town at the same time. This particular division, therefore, not waiting till the other two should have reached their several stations of action, the latter not only did not proceed, but were seized with such a panic, that they dispersed all over the country, flying in all directions to their several homes, and bearing, as they went along, the tidings of a total defeat.”—*Gor.*

Mr. John Devereux bravely led his division to the attack of New Ross, which Mr. Harvey, by his pompous demand of a surrender, had foolishly apprised and thereby prepared. This brave party, consisting of five thousand men, attacked nearly an equal force of the king's army.

“They first dislodged the royal army from their intrenchments outside the town, where they were very advantageously posted, and on this occasion, the cavalry, in their charges, were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. The regular military then retreated from their intrenchments into the town, pursued warmly by the United Irish, who obliged them to move from one situation to another, until they at last drove them, over the great bridge on the Barrow, into the county of Kilkenny.

“When the United army had thus got possession of the town, they fell to plundering and drinking, on which they became so intent, that they could not be brought on by their generals to follow up their advantage. In the mean time, the royal army rallied on the county of Kilkenny side of the bridge; and, although a retreat was before determined on, yet they were induced to return upon perceiving that there was no pursuit; and besides, they were powerfully instigated to this, by the timely reinforcements of some Scotch and British troops, just landed from England.

“The county of Dublin militia, on hearing of the death of their favorite colonel, Lord Mountjoy, were the first to renew the attack, under the command of Major Vesey. Their example was followed by the rest of the troops; and their united efforts shortly compelled such of the United Irish as were not too drunk, to fly out of the town, of which they had been by this time some hours in possession. Having respired a little, however, from their hasty retreat, which in a great degree made them sober, they again returned to the charge, and the contest which now ensued was maintained, on both sides, with great obstinacy, both parties being induced, by experience of the former encounter, not to relax their exertions. The intrepidity of the United Irish was truly astonishing, as, notwithstanding the

dreadful havoc made in their ranks by the artillery, *they rushed up to the very mouths of the cannon*, regardless of the numbers that were falling on all sides of them, and pushed forward with such impetuosity, **THAT THEY OBLIGED THE ARMY TO RETIRE ONCE MORE, AND LEAVE THE TOWN TO THEMSELVES.**

“But even after this, they soon fell into the same misconduct as before, crowning their bravery with drunkenness. Of this the proper advantage was quickly taken by the royal army, who again renewed the attack, by which they finally became perfect masters of the town. Several houses were set on fire and consumed in the course of this and the former attack; but one of these deserves particular notice: this was a slated house, four stories high, on the summit of the main street, near Christ's church, in which ninety-five persons were burnt to ashes; none having escaped but one man, who, in running off, was fortunate enough to escape, though fired upon by the soldiery.

“A great number of officers and privates, of the king's troops, in the various success of the day, were induced, from time to time, to attempt a retreat to Waterford through the county of Kilkenny. Some of these succeeded in their efforts, and from their unfavorable accounts of the battle, the Roscommon militia, who were in full march toward Ross, turned about for Waterford. Colonel Dillon, with some of his regiment, were intercepted, and put to death in their progress, by the country people, who, on sight of the fugitives, and on the report of the success of the United army, were making every preparation, and nearly in readiness to join them.

“The United forces, being upbraided by their chiefs for sullyng their bravery by drunkenness, made a third attempt to regain the town, and in this they displayed equal valor with what they exhibited in the earlier part of the day; but by this time, the king's army, having received fresh reinforcements, had acquired a degree of confidence in their own strength. While several houses blazed in tremendous conflagration, the United Irish received an irreparable loss by the sudden fall of *sixteen leading chiefs*, which put an end to their career of victory! Paralyzed by exertion and the loss of so many brave officers, and no longer able to withstand the violence of the flying artillery, the United army, after an engagement of above thirteen hours, sounded a retreat, bringing away some cannon, taken from the royal army in the course of the action. The United forces, after their defeat, returned to their former station, having encamped this night at Carrickbyrne.\*

“In this battle both armies lost four thousand men. Indeed, it is impossible to ascertain the actual loss of the people during the action, as the number of dead are said to be doubly accumulated by those who were killed unarmed and unresisting, after it was all over. Many men had become so intoxicated, in the course of the day, that they were incapable of flying out of the town in the retreat of their associates; and several of the inhabitants, whose houses were burnt, and having, therefore, no place to retire to, fell victims alike, as straggling insurgents, to the undistinguishing fury of the irritated soldiery, from which no person could escape who was not clad in military attire of one kind or other. The following day, also, the few houses that remained unburnt in the suburbs, being the only

\* General Cloney says, that after twelve o'clock in the day, the battle lay between three thousand United men and two thousand royal troops. The latter, towards evening, were reinforced by two English regiments of fresh men.

places that a common person could get into, were closely searched, and not a man discovered in them left alive. Some houses were set on fire even so thronged that the corpses of the suffocated within them could not fall to the ground, but continued crowded together in an upright posture, until they were taken out to be interred. We cannot suppose that these horrid massacres and conflagrations were committed in revenge for the infernal abomination perpetrated at Scullabogue, of which we shall have occasion presently to make mention, as no intelligence of that lamentable event could have reached Ross at the time; but be that as it may, officers of the first rank were not only present, but even promoted and encouraged those deeds of dreadful enormity, of which every breast not dead to human feeling must shudder at the recital!" — *Gordon.*

The valor of the United men who fought at this memorable action is thus testified to by the government historian *Taylor*: "Among the slain in the main street, I saw bodies with frightful wounds of about one fortnight's standing, evidently distinguishable from those received on this day. It is almost incredible that men with such large, deep wounds could bear the fatigue of even the march from Wexford to Enniscorthy. Some of their gashes were nearly, if not entirely, to the bone, and six inches long! I speak moderately. What infatuated desperadoes!" — Page 65, "*Battle of Ross.*"

I copy another evidence of a like nature, from the same author: —

"A piece of cannon on the town-wall was, in the very height of an emergency, overturned by too much precipitancy of its attendants. A dreadful interval took place before it was restored to its right position. This was effected with the more difficulty from the narrowness of the place, from which, on the outside, was a very deep ditch, so that a very little slip would have proved fatal. The piece was afterwards used with very great success; but it was soon taken by the rebels, who ran up to the very muzzle of it, and made its attendants retreat with more loss. These soon rallied with more troops, retook it, and used it with double effect to the very end of the conflict. 'O,' exclaimed Major (now Colonel) Vesey, of the Dublin regiment, 'had those rebels been properly trained and seasoned, and were they to fight in a loyal cause, how valuable to their country would they be! The devil in hell, and all his troops of fallen angels, (provided they were mortal,) could not withstand them. I shall think more of Irish courage than ever I did in my life!' Yet all did not avail them! Somewhere in the body of the town, a cannon belonging to the military was fired, and produced horrid carnage; instantly the remaining rebels, who, from some local circumstances, escaped, rushed on the piece, and though numbers of them fell by the musketry, and others by the sword, they pressed on, repulse after repulse, until one of them caught away the worm. The piece being now discharged, an old rebel took off his wig, and clapping it upon his pike, rammed it into the cannon, exclaiming, 'Huzza! the town is our own!' And so it was — just then; the worm being gone, the gun became useless, insomuch that the men were obliged to spike it, and break the carriage. Nevertheless, the rebels thought to make use of it, hammering with a stone at the spike, and pecking at it with the claw end of the hammer; but finding all to no purpose, the

old wigless man would exclaim, — ‘Bad luck to this fellow’s damnation brogue-nail! it is *clinched*, as if the devil himself was holding it in the hole within.’

“The rebels used their cannon very foolishly. A six-pounder they had tied upon a dray, and fired it in a most bungling manner. They had one howitzer, which was attended by one *Borwell*, formerly of the *Royal Irish Artillery*. He threw a couple of shells from it with tolerable judgment; but, through his bungling assistants, he was killed, and the piece taken. He was a true rebel; for being wounded, and unable to stand the fatigue, he desired to be tied to the piece. This man died a martyr to rebellion.”

The burning of the hundred and ten royalist prisoners in the barn of Scullabogue, by the infuriate people, was a barbarous act.\* It took place late in the day on which the battle of Ross was fought, and it was not suggested or promoted by a single person known to the commanders of the United army. So abhorrent to the feelings of the chiefs were these acts of useless cruelty, that a series of special orders were issued from the United camp, signed by the commander-in-chief, threatening death to all who should take upon themselves to decide on the guilt of any one considered an enemy. The following are extracts: —

“It is also resolved, that any person or persons, who shall take upon them to kill or murder any person or prisoner, burn any house, or commit any plunder, without special written orders from the commander-in-chief, shall suffer death.

“GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

“B. B. HARVEY, *Commander-in-Chief*.

“FRANCIS BREEN, *Sec. and Adj.*”

“HEAD-QUARTERS, CARRICKBYRNE }  
CAMP, June 6, 1789. }

“Proclamations of a similar tendency were issued by all the baronial generals, addressed to their different divisions, exhorting them to humanity, and calling on them to use every exertion in apprehending the savage miscreants concerned in the late abominable massacre.”

Next day an address was issued by Mr. Harvey to the people of Ireland: —

“At this eventful period, all Europe must admire, and in other ages posterity will read with astonishment, the heroic acts achieved by people strangers to military tactics, and having few professional commanders; but what power can resist men fighting for liberty!

“In the moment of triumph, my countrymen, let not your victories be tarnished with any wanton act of cruelty. Many of those unfortunate men now in prison were not your enemies from principle; most of them, compelled by necessity, were obliged to oppose you; neither let a difference in religious sentiments cause a difference among the people. Recur to the debates in the Irish house of lords on the 19th of February last; you will there see a patriotic and enlightened Protestant bishop, (Down,) and many of the lay lords, with manly eloquence, pleading for Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, in opposition to the haughty arguments of the lord chancellor, and the powerful opposition of his fellow-courtiers.

\* Fourteen of the sufferers were Catholics.

"To promote a union of brotherhood and affection among our countrymen of all religious persuasions, has been our principal object: we have sworn in the most solemn manner; we have associated for this laudable purpose, and no power on earth shall shake our resolution.

"To my Protestant soldiers I feel much indebted for their gallant behavior in the field, where they exhibited signal proofs of bravery in the cause.

"GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!"

"B. B. HARVEY.

"WEXFORD, June 7, 1798."

This is a triumphant refutation of the foul libel so frequently repeated by the enemies of the Irish people. Whenever the Irish Catholics had power placed in their hands by accident or conquest, they used it inoffensively towards their Protestant fellow-countrymen. In the reign of Queen Mary, they were restored to full power in Ireland, and they *did not persecute a single individual*. On the contrary, the Protestants who fled affrighted from Bristol received in Ireland hospitality and protection.

Again, when James the Second restored the Catholics of Ireland to their estates, to political office, and the full swing of political power, *they did not persecute a single Protestant*. **THEY PROCLAIMED LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE FOR ALL.**

In Maryland, the Catholics who settled that state proclaimed liberty of conscience for all; and when their political power was overthrown by the change of monarchs in England, the fanatics who succeeded to power passed prohibitory laws against conscience, and commenced the persecution of Dissenters and Catholics. And when, again, in 1745, the Catholics were restored to power in Maryland, they restored the principle of freedom of conscience to the legislature and the laws.

And we find, in the midst of revolution in Ireland, in 1798, when many of the Protestants of the country ranged with the English government against the people, that the sacred principle of forbearance towards Protestant life, property, and feelings, was inculcated with all the force of military authority by Catholic commanders.

Much more than this could be produced, in support of the proposition, if there was room. One more instance may be forced in: Lord Kingsborough, and thirteen officers of rank of the king's army, with several subalterns, had been captured by the United Irish, and were held in Wexford; and though Kingsborough was proved to be master of an Orange lodge, yet being in their power, the commanders interposed their authority to guard them against the chance fury of any portion of the multitude. Furthermore, when the jail of Wexford became over-crowded with royalist prisoners, the Catholic committee of safety, when it was

suggested to them to use the two stone Protestant churches as additional prisons, *absolutely declined*; and though some of the imprisoned Protestants begged that the churches should be so used, for their convenience, yet it was steadfastly refused. But spacious rooms in the assembly house, court house, &c., were fitted out for the purpose; and to the credit of the Catholics of that dreadful period, not a single Protestant place of worship of any sort was assailed or destroyed during the entire insurrection; nor can it be shown, that the honor of even one female of their enemies was assailed by the Irish army.

Excesses enough, however, were committed by the Irish party during this period, not only against their enemies, but against their friends. Instead of preparing to encounter the returning enemy, too many were indulging themselves in riot and excess. It is painful, indeed, to be obliged to record this; and, than this, nothing more vividly exhibits the grievous want of some well-disciplined military commanders amongst them, who would have divided the army into convenient and manageable battalions, and have kept them out of the towns, where too many luxuries and stimulants were obtainable. Had there been a few hundred skilful, well-instructed military leaders scattered among the people at that time, who would have disciplined the men, and have thrown them into manageable divisions of three to five thousand each, taking post in good positions in the mountains, near each other, thereby drawing the army from the fortified places to attack them, a vastly different result would have attended their efforts. It appears they were generally ignorant of the mode of making gunpowder, and depended for supplies upon what they could get in shops, gentlemen's houses, or capture from the enemy. Mr. Gordon says, they had not more gunpowder, during the whole insurrection, than would be sufficient for one or two good actions; and he adds, that it was the custom of the United men "to fire away as long as they had powder, and retreat when it was out."

Had they been well commanded, they would have intrenched themselves in mountains, established one or two powder factories, forges for the manufacture of pikes and all sorts of arms, and trained their men day and night,—carrying on a *defensive* warfare. Again, their commencement in the summer, and not in the winter, was ill-judged. The German soldiers brought against them, and even the English, suffer dreadfully by Irish winters, which are eternally rainy and therefore destructive to the health of foreigners; whereas the Irish, being inured to the climate, would not be much inconvenienced by camping in the mountains during winter.

After the battle of Enniscorthy, the United men moved towards the important position of Vinegar Hill, on which, and on the neighboring posts of Mount Pleasant and the Three Rock Hill, they encamped. Their regular effective force at this time amounted to about twenty thousand men. There were, in addition, about ten thousand stragglers, whose support was rather an encumbrance than otherwise. This description of men refused to obey the chiefs, appointed violent, bloodthirsty leaders of their own, and carried on a predatory warfare in insignificant bodies, which were most frequently cut off mercilessly by the enemy.

It was now about the 18th of June, and the United men had, during their three weeks of valiant warfare, acquired the shape and some of the discipline of a regular army—their chiefs brave and vigilant. The men were become inured to battle, and familiar with the roar of artillery. Having in their crude state defeated the enemy on *so many* occasions, they naturally calculated that increased discipline, and a more general coöperation, together with the landing of any force, however small, from their friends in France, would undoubtedly lead to ultimate success. Their camp was well supplied with provisions, and their only want, under that head, as we gather from their orders to their commissary at Wexford, was “leather and *whisky*.” The *latter* want, we hope, will never be felt in Ireland again.

The English army, daily increasing in the county of Wexford, was placed, by government, under the chief command of General *Lake*; and a combination of all his forces was now arranged, to surround, if possible, the Irish army. Dundas and Loftus were ordered from their respective encampments in Tullow and Baltinglas, with their entire force, to join General *Lake*'s grand division in the attack. But this plan was again countermanded by the commander-in-chief; for so much was he in dread of the United army, that, though he could now march against them some twenty-five thousand men, yet he hesitated to proceed without General *Needham*'s division, and some others of lesser consequence. In short, General *Lake* deemed it necessary to bring to bear on his enemy the entire English force in that part of the country, which amounted to *thirty-seven thousand men*.

In the course of the progressive marches of these various divisions of the English troops through the country, they perpetrated the most unparalleled outrages. Houses, grain, and cattle, were burned; old men were shot; young women were defiled; children were stabbed. The able-bodied men had all gone to the camp; and the old and helpless

were the objects of the ferocious and sanguinary vengeance of these armed mercenaries of government.

The leaders of the United men held a prolonged consultation on the movements next to be made. The enemy, though powerful, showed no signs of giving battle, when it was at length determined to march on Dublin, and, if possible, capture it, rightly judging that, if that bold measure could be accomplished, the fate of the kingdom would be soon decided; and the terrified condition of the English party in Dublin fully justified this movement. Two divisions set forth on the morning of the 20th of June, to carry out this bold project, under the command of *Roche* and *Devereux*. They proceeded but eleven miles—about one fifth of the way—when they were unexpectedly met by the royal army, under General *Moore* and Lord *Blaney*, at Fooke's Mill, near Arklow.

Both armies immediately commenced the unavoidable action. It continued for *seven hours*, with varying success, now won by one side, and then by another, when the United men, having expended the whole of their ammunition *at the very moment that the king's troops were about to give way*, thought it prudent to return to their camp, though they did not stir till the last shot was discharged, at which critical moment a powerful reënforcement of the king's troops, under Dalhousie, appeared moving to the support of the enemy.

This was the best-fought battle that had yet taken place. Both armies, covered, during the action, an area of six or seven miles square. The manœuvres were able on both sides, and victory had nearly declared for the Irish two or three times during the day. After seven hours' hard fighting, and the loss of sixteen hundred killed on the Irish side, and it is said an equal number on the other, the Irish made good their retreat to their intrenchments on the Three Rocks and Vinegar Hill.

On the same morning (20th of June,) Enniscorthy, which was in the hands of the United men, was attacked by General Johnston and an overwhelming English force. It is surprising to us, at this time of day, to find a handful of the United men dare to face such a force; but this they did for four hours, during which a dreadful slaughter took place on both sides. At length, they were driven from their position; and then *all the inhabitants found in the town, without distinction of sex, were put to death. The houses were set fire to, and the poor people were burned in the flames.*

The town had been twice stormed by the English, and each time



stoutly resisted. Every street in it had streamed with blood; many hundred houses were on fire, and the combat was carried on, hand to hand, in the midst of flames and falling edifices. The English force proving victorious, the Irish at length retreated, after losing several hundreds. The *hospital* was the first-point of attack of those cowardly conquerors. There were eighty-seven wounded Irishmen found here. The building was instantly set fire to, and every one of the wounded was burned.

The United party, finding such great numbers of the royalists in the field, now determined to battle on the defensive, maintaining their posts in the Wexford and Wicklow mountains, until the long-expected troops from France should arrive.

The division of United men on Kilcaven were attacked by Dundas and Loftus, with their united armies, and a great park of artillery. The United men, commanded by *Byrne* and *M' Cormick*, showed great courage, and shouted defiance. To surround and oblige the whole body to surrender, was thought, by some of the English commanders, a matter of easy accomplishment; but this was deemed by General Lake not practicable; and, after a brisk cannonade on both sides, both parties retired from the field—the Irish to Vinegar Hill, and the English to Carnew.

All the English generals, with their divisions, had now arrived at the appointed post of Solsborough, a few miles distant from Vinegar Hill.

The chiefs of the United army held a consultation as to whether they should surprise the enemy at Solsborough, or wait his attack in their present position. It was decided to remain in their intrenchments, and fight the enemy on his approach. All Irishmen were now called to the camp at Vinegar Hill, and every thing was done that vigilance and activity could effect for their defence in the approaching vital struggle. The town of Wexford was the chief hospital and store of the United army, and they held in its jail, as prisoners, several hundred of the enemy. Besides this, it was the place to which the affrighted women and children, royalist and rebel, from every side, fled for safety. Wherever the English army had appeared, they perpetrated the most revolting butcheries. As far as the eye could reach on any side, viewing the country from the highest hills, nothing was to be seen but the smoke and flame of burning habitations. These terrific signs indicated the approach of the enemy on all sides, who formed a *cordon* around the doomed district, and gathered, as with a drag-net, their victims to a centre for destruction. Thousands of old and helpless people, who were unable to leave their beds, were burned in their houses; any

person seen escaping was shot. Hundreds were found in the track of these monsters, lying on the roads with their throats cut from ear to ear. Male and female, young and old, were so found *in hundreds!* It is said that one of their generals (Moore) tried, but without success, to put a stop to this wholesale and cowardly butchery. The objects of their special fury were the Catholic chapels, which were the first burnt and torn down.

On the other hand, so infuriated were the Irish people against their enemies, that they readily listened to any proposition for vengeance, and, unfortunately for their honor, some of the least informed of them adhered to a violent, bloodthirsty fellow, named *Dixon*, who assumed to himself a leadership, independent of the main army. This Irish Robespierre, at the very moment that his countrymen were preparing to make a dignified and glorious stand for their country on Vinegar Hill, disgraced their cause by imitating the cold-blooded butcheries of their sanguinary enemies. Wexford, as I have said, was the depository of stores, women, and prisoners. It was left under the care of a council, a governor, (Mr. Keuogh,) and a couple of hundred men; the remaining forces having been called out to prepare for the approaching engagement.

Captain *Dixon*, who refused to be subordinate to the United chiefs, instead of bringing all his aid to Vinegar Hill, seized on that awful moment to proceed to the jail at the head of a mob, whom he infuriated with whisky, and forced in upon the prisoners. He then selected some fifteen or twenty at random, and had them brought out and shot! The commanders of the camp, hearing of this outrage, immediately sent Mr. Hay, with two hundred pikemen, to protect the prisoners. But this only increased the fury of Dixon's party, which had now grown to a prodigious number, increased at every moment by some new arrivals of infuriated people in the town, whose fathers, mothers, or sisters had been butchered or burnt within the previous few hours!

The cry of "Revenge! Revenge!" was raised by Dixon; and all that Mr. Hay or his force could do, together with the respectable people of the town, was ineffectual in moderating the fury of the multitude. At length, it was proposed to this mob to select their victims, for the crimes committed by themselves, or their immediate friends, towards the United cause. This proposal was reluctantly agreed to, and *seven* men were appointed a tribunal to try the prisoners. Four of these seven refusing obstinately to condemn any of them to death, the whole tribunal was set aside by Dixon, who, having promised two Orangemen their lives for informing on their fellow-prisoners, now proceeded coolly to

the bridge of Wexford, where he brought out the unfortunate prisoners, in batches of ten or twenty, heard the accusations of the two Orangemen, and all others that appeared against them, and coolly condemned and shot them on the spot, flinging their bodies into the river!

It was in vain the United governor and council of the town remonstrated, reasoned, and exhorted the infuriate people. Dixon now turned on the moderate Catholics, who opposed their lives and credit to a continuance of his butcheries; and here a most dreadful scene appeared, which no pen can describe. Several of those moderate men were seized, and, while one gentleman, named Kellet, was on his trial on the bridge, the Rev. Mr. Corrin, the Catholic clergyman of Wexford, returned from a journey of attendance on the dying, which he had been performing during the morning, and, making his way amid the dreadful multitude, flung himself on his knees, beseeching them to show as much mercy to the prisoners as they prayed God would show to their brothers, who were now about to engage the enemy. This appeal had the desired effect. Mr. Esmonde Ryan, one of their chiefs, who had been wounded at the battle of Arklow, got out of his bed to come amongst the people; and when they saw the wounded chief imploring them on the one side, and their clergyman on the other, it had the effect of softening their hearts, and they ceased in their work of death, which had already deprived of life ninety-seven human beings. Though they were thus sanguinary and revengeful in retaliation for the butcheries on the other side, yet it deserves to be noted, that the unfortunate victims were not deprived of their money, watches, or clothes, which was proved on the recovery of the bodies. This was called the *Massacre of Wexford Bridge*, which the Orange writers on Ireland continually fling on the heads of the United men, who *strove to the utmost to prevent it*, and who, on that melancholy day, sent an express from their camp to Wexford, threatening with instant death every man who persisted in putting any one to death without authority.

The Rev. Mr. Gordon, a Protestant clergyman who wrote the history of these wars, has the following passage on this sad affair: "But with respect to the business before us, the saying of a most liberal government gentleman must be regarded as possessing peculiar force in repressing misrepresentation. He says, 'I have heard of hundreds of United Irishmen, during the insurrection, who have, at the risk of their lives, saved Orangemen; but I have not heard of a single Orangeman who encountered any danger to save the life of a United Irishman.'"

While the chiefs on Vinegar Hill were preparing for the action, the

moderate inhabitants of Wexford entered into a treaty, through Lord Kingsborough, their prisoner, with the government, for the surrender of the town, on being assured of protection. These negotiations were not of the slightest use to those who were weak enough to begin them; for without, I believe, a single exception, the chief inhabitants who entered into them were afterwards either hanged, shot, or beheaded, *contrary to the terms* they obtained through Lord Kingsborough! — while their premature negotiations gave the enemy great courage.

The grand concerted plan of General Lake for attacking and surrounding the strong post of the Irish army at Vinegar Hill, was now put in operation. From thirty to forty thousand of the English, commanded by several able generals, had gathered round this devoted spot. Their plans were well laid, and they approached, in three or four divisions of seven thousand each, to the bottom of the hill. The Irish encamped upon the summit were twenty thousand, and their outposts ten thousand more. The attack began at an early hour in the morning of the 22d of June, by a tremendous cannonading from General Lake.

The Irish had dug a slight ditch around a large extent of the base. They had a very few pieces of half-disabled cannon, some swivels, and not above two thousand fire-arms, of all descriptions; but their situation was desperate. Barrington states that General Lake considered, even that small number of fire-arms in the hands of infuriated and courageous men, supported by a multitude of pikemen, might be equal to ten times the number under other circumstances. A great many women mingled in the multitude, and fought with fury. Several were found dead amongst the men, who had fallen in crowds by the bursting of shells.

“It was astonishing,” says this eloquent writer, “with what fortitude the peasantry, uncovered, stood the tremendous fire opened upon the four sides of their position. A stream of shells and grape was poured on the multitude. The leaders encouraged them by exhortations, the women by their cries; and every shell that broke amongst the crowd was followed by *shouts of defiance!* General Lake’s horse was shot under him, and by the merest accident his own life was saved. Many of his officers were shot. The English troops advanced gradually and steadily up the hill. The Irish kept up their fire, and maintained their ground. Their cannon was nearly useless, their powder deficient; but they died fighting at their post! At length, enveloped in a torrent of fire, they broke, and sought their safety through a line of cavalry, through which they cut their way, and made their retreat from the hill in good

order, leaving too many of their brave companions dead upon the field. During the battle, the pike and blunderbuss were in constant exercise. The cannon of the Irish were of little use to them, from a deficiency of powder."

No quarter was given on this occasion. No mercy was shown to any human being found on the Irish side. The wounded who lay on the field were bayoneted, and the flying, when overtaken, perished by the sabre. Yet this vanquished and half-slaughtered army hastily formed in order under their gallant leaders, EDWARD FITZGERALD, JOHN DEVEREUX, JUN., and GARRET BYRNE, and, having marched by the eastern side of the Slaney, met a strong reënforcement under *Roche*, which was coming in all haste to support them in the action, but which now were of the utmost service in checking the pursuing enemy, who amounted to five thousand furious, well-mounted cavalry. And now let me insert an extract or two from the Rev. Mr. Gordon, whose general opposition to the Irish cause does not prevent him publishing too many truths, that tell terribly on English valor.

"Vinegar Hill being thus recovered, excesses, as must be expected in such a state of affairs, were committed in all the adjacent towns, with horrid circumstances of barbarity, by the regular soldiery, particularly by the Hessian troops, who made no distinction between the king's loyal subjects and the revolters, some thousands of whom were killed after straggling from the main body, after the battle. Among other acts of cruelty, perpetrated at this lamentable period, was the firing of the hospital of the United Irish, in which numbers of sick and wounded were burned to ashes !!

"Soon after, the gentlemen\* arrived in sight of the army at Darby Gap. They then hoisted a flag of truce, and could descry the country all along between that and Enniscorthy in a most dreadful situation—houses on fire, dead men and women strewed, in numbers incredible, along the roads and in the fields; while the regular soldiers were hunting for such as might be concealed in the ditches, and bringing down every person they met. In fine, it was altogether a dreadful picture, exhibiting all the horrors of war.

"The remains of Enniscorthy, and all the surrounding villages, exhibited a dreadful aspect, as the greater part of the houses, which had escaped until the action of Vinegar Hill, were still on fire; and the houses which had been used as hospitals by the vanquished party, and which were set on fire *with all the patients in them*, continued burning until their arrival, *when they beheld scraps of the dead bodies still hissing in the embers.*

"The news of the deputies' arrival having quickly spread through the town, numbers of officers and gentlemen of their acquaintance crowded around them; some anxious to hear of their friends, while others expressed how disappointed they should be, if hindered to demolish Wexford, with all the concomitant horrors and atrocities usual on such dreadful and shocking occasions! Some had the

\* Delegates from the United men.

savage indecency even to mention some young ladies by name, who, they intended, should experience the effects of their brutal passions before they would put them to death; but these intentions, they feared, would be frustrated by the proposal of the people of Wexford. Others wished the extermination of all Catholics! Some inquired of their friends and relations, and, amidst these horrors, were not destitute of humanity."

After all these sad reverses, — after losing half their army by downright death in the field of battle, and observing with dismay the abortive and temporary efforts of some ill-managed bodies of United men in other parts of the kingdom, who, for want of even the slightest military knowledge, were defeated after the first onslaught, — and hearing nothing of the French aid, — they were divided in opinion as to laying down their arms. Lord Kingsborough, their state prisoner in Wexford jail, who was respected by all parties, proposed to the council of the United Irishmen in the town, that he would undertake their pardon on behalf of government, if they advised the people to surrender their arms. Some of the chiefs agreed to this, and gave their submissions to Lord Kingsborough, who had been authorized to receive them; upon which they retired to their homes, deeming their persons safe on the guaranty of the nobleman to whom the government looked for the pacification of that part of the country.

Some other of the chiefs, together with the whole body of the Irish army, refused to lay down their arms until fully and distinctly guaranteed their pardon by government. They therefore marched with their men, in pretty good order, to the mountains near at hand; whilst General Moore, with the king's forces, approached the town of Wexford, and, meeting no resistance, marched into the town; when — O, shocking to relate! — *the wounded men found in the hospitals were put to the sword, and great numbers of straggling inhabitants were coolly butchered.* THIS IN DEFIANCE OF THE "PROTECTIONS" WHICH HAD BEEN PROMISED TO THEM! *The poor people were butchered on the road-sides in every direction, with marks of the most savage barbarity, some having their bowels ripped out, others their brains dashed about the road!*

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From Needham's camp at Ballenkeele, detachments of the English mercenaries, Germans and Hessians, were sent out to scour the country. They burned all the Catholic chapels — burned all the houses *suspected* of being owned by men favorable to the Irish cause. Every house, ditch, wood, and cavern, was searched; every human being they met was put to death, and many of the royalist party suffered in this indiscriminate massacre. The old and decrepit, who were not easily moved,

and the young and tender females, were the victims upon this occasion. The fair, young, and lovely daughters of that fair portion of Ireland were now made victims to the lust of the monster soldiery. I insert here, from the Protestant pen of the Rev. Mr. Gordon, a touching paragraph descriptive of the deeds of these brutal invaders.

“Female beauty, which, at all other times, may be considered a blessing, now became a curse, as women paid dearly for their personal charms, which failed not to augment the general brutality of these odious and detestable deeds! What must be the pangs of a mother, on seeing her beloved, favorite child, dragged from her by the ruffian hands of an unfeeling monster, glorying in his barbarity, and considering his crime meritorious in proportion to its enormity, spreading death and disease to the utmost extent of his depraved capacity! The Hompesche dragoons are held in peculiar remembrance on this occasion. Indeed, the ferocity of the royal soldiery in general was such, at this period, that the women and children, through the country, even now, are worked up to the highest pitch of horror at the sight of a military man, as bringing to their recollection all the barbarous scenes of which they had been formerly witnesses. Notwithstanding the abominations of the vilest of pikemen, it is a well-established fact that, during the period of their uncontrollable sway, no female, not even one of the wives and daughters of those whom they considered their greatest enemies, ever suffered any kind of violation from them; and their general respect for the sex is as true as it is wonderful; and their forbearance in this particular is as remarkably civilized as the conduct of the king's troops was savage, sparing neither friend nor foe in their indiscriminate and licentious brutality.”

Sir Jonah Barrington has the following note upon these atrocious deeds: “It is a singular fact, that, in all the ferocity of the conflict, amid the storming of towns and villages, *women* were uniformly respected by the insurgents. Though numerous ladies belonging to the enemy fell occasionally into their power, they never experienced any incivility or misconduct. But the troops in our service not only brutally ill-treated, but occasionally shot, gentlewomen. A very respectable married woman in Enniscorthy, Mrs. Stringer, the wife of an attorney, was deliberately shot while standing at her own door. The rebels, a short time after, took some of those foreign soldiers prisoners, and piked them all to death, as they told them, ‘*just to teach them how to shoot ladies.*’”

*Taylor*, the royalist historian of this period, has the following to the same purpose: “A lady informed me that as she, in company with many others, was passing through Glenmore, (*near Ross,*) they saw myriads of armed rebels, *none of whom offered the smallest rudeness to a female, but regarded them, as they passed, with looks of real pity.* When all the virtues in the soul of an Irishmen are dying away, behold the last that exists — *tenderness to a woman.*”

Gordon, in another place, gives the following curious note : —

“ As to this species of outrage, it is, to the honor and fame of the United Irish, universally allowed to have been exclusively on the side of the royal soldiery. It produced an indignant horror in the country, which went beyond, but prevented retaliation on the fair sex. It is a characteristic mark of the Irish nation, neither to forget nor forgive an insult or injury done to the honor of their female relatives. It has been boasted of by officers of rank in the royal army, that, within certain large districts, a woman had not been left undefiled; and upon observation, in answer, that the sex must then have been very complying, the reply was, that *the bayonet removed all squeamishness!*”

“ A government lady of fashion, whose name is made mention of, having, in conversation, been questioned as to this difference of conduct towards the sex, in the regular military and the insurgents, attributed it, in disgust, to a want of gallantry in the Croppies — meaning the United Irish. Even the government writers admit, on all occasions, that the United Irish did not offer any violence to the tender sex.”

Mr. Roche, one of the four principal commanders of the United men, together with Mr. Harvey, the commander-in-chief, having passed into the lines of the English general, under the conviction that the promise of amnesty made by Lord Kingsborough, on behalf of the government, would be respected, were seized; also Mr. Keuogh, the Irish governor of the town, who had remained with Lord Kingsborough after the amnesty was agreed upon. Mr. Grogan, an old gentleman, seventy years of age, whose chief interference in the insurrection was to procure the safety of the lives of certain violent Protestants and Orangemen, taken in battle, was dragged from his own house as a traitor. A court-martial was instantly held on the prisoners on charges of treason. Messrs. *Roche* and *Keuogh* were the first victims sacrificed, and *the bridge of Wexford*, where both these men had saved the lives of hundreds of English but a few days previous, was now selected for their own execution. The head of Mr. Keuogh was put on the point of a pike, over the front of the court-house.

Messrs. Grogan, Harvey, Colclough, and Pendergast, were tried on the following day, and executed. The heads of Messrs. Grogan and Harvey were cut off, and placed upon pikes on the court-house, each side of that of Mr. Keuogh, the late humane governor. Their bodies were stripped and treated with the usual brutalities before they were kicked into the river. These ill-fated martyrs, remarks Mr. Gordon, “ were of the first rank and fortunes in the kingdom, and had, in every respect, borne the most amiable characters, particularly of humane landlords. In common with all the chiefs executed at this time, they displayed a calm intrepidity of spirit, and a dignity of deportment tempered with mildness, which commanded the admiration of the spectators.”

Mr. J. Kelly, who displayed such heroic bravery at the battle of New



Ross, where he was wounded, was taken from his sick-bed, his head cut off, the body flung into the river, and the head kicked about the streets, opposite to his sister's windows! O, these coward ruffians! These are but a few specimens of the general slaughter which now took place under the deliberate orders of British officers.

The main body of the United army, consisting of fifteen thousand men, under the remaining three intrepid chiefs, viz., *Fitzgerald*, *Devereux*, and *Byrne*, now intrenched themselves in the mountains in the south-western part of the county of Wexford, resolved to protract the war as long as possible, till the arrival of their French allies; and, in the mean time, to sell their lives as dearly as they could to the remorseless enemy. They were now so well inured to hardships and warfare, that the appearance of the enemy in his most formidable array had no terrors for them; and their mountain movements were so quick and skilful, that the British army approached their ground with great caution and hesitation. For some weeks a desultory warfare was carried on between squads and detachments from either side, which we will not pause to narrate, but direct the reader's attention to the state of things in the north of Ireland.

Although the north was the best organized in the beginning, and had, by the lowest computations, seventy thousand men regimented and armed, and though they sent up deputies, in 1797, urging the executive to take the field, yet, while these brave men of Wexford were alone upholding the independent flag almost victoriously, they were unaccountably still. Only one or two most insignificant attempts at rising were made, near the town of Antrim. It appears that the counties of Down and Antrim were to rise on the 7th of June; but, some disappointment occurring on the Down side, a rising was not attempted until the day following. About a thousand of the country people, armed with pikes and guns, attacked Antrim on the seventh, and drove the king's army out of the town. A further reënforcement of the royal troops soon appeared under General Nugent; but his van, consisting of cavalry, were beaten by the United men, and forty or fifty killed. He then brought the artillery to batter the town, against which the undisciplined multitude could not defend themselves. They were obliged to retire, and leave behind them a few small cannon, captured from the army. Feeble attempts were likewise made at Ballymena and Ballycastle; but, the men *not finding the leaders whom they were led to expect*, dispersed and returned to their homes on the exhortation of Mr. M'Cleverty, the magistrate of that district.

On the next day, the little rising in the county of Down took place. About five hundred men, under Dr. Jackson, made their appearance in Saintfield. They set forward through the country, and burnt the house of an informer against the United Irishmen, named *Mackee*, who perished, with all his family, in the flames. This body then placed themselves under *Henry Muras*, as general, and next day got intelligence that the king's army were in pursuit of them. They very cleverly placed themselves in ambuscade, into which the king's troops were completely drawn, and, on the first attack from the Irish, were routed, and were about to fly; but, being rallied by their officer, Colonel Stapleton, whose infantry came to their support, the United men were ultimately dislodged, and retired from the field with some loss. Little damped by this reverse, they re-formed, and took post on the hill of Ballynahinch, where their numbers increased.

Colonel Stapleton, fearing to attack them with his present forces, waited the arrival of General Nugent's division, and that of Colonel Stewart from Downpatrick. All these united forces formed, on the 12th, at the base of the hill. The Irish army now posted here was four thousand, and that of the English at least as many. Both parties spent the whole of the night in preparing for the decisive battle of the next morning. At the dawn of day, the fight began with great fury on both sides. The combat was continued for three hours with intrepid firmness. At length, the right wing of General Nugent's army was attacked with such determined fury by the Irish pikemen, that they fell back, in great confusion, on the Hillsborough cavalry, which likewise fell back in equal disorder. The want of good discipline on the Irish side lost to them all the advantage of their valor. The English, by their sergeants, rallied and re-formed, and, fresh reënforcements coming up, made a flank attack. The Irish, confused at this unexpected onslaught, retreated to their former position on the top of the hill, where they made a stand for some time, fought with great bravery, but, being nearly surrounded, and in danger of being cut to pieces, retreated precipitately towards Slyeeve Crooh, where not finding certain promised leaders, whom they were led to expect, they resolved, like their countrymen on the Antrim side, to disperse and lay down their arms. Their leaders were seized in their haunts and houses, and executed. After a season of butcheries and hangings by the English, the effort at independence terminated in the north.

A slight effort was made in the south of Ireland, by a few United men, south-west of Bandon; but it was suppressed in a couple of days, and hardly deserves lengthened notice.

Returning to the intrepid Wexfordians, whose hardy bands we left contending with the English, in the mountains —

“The main body, (as I have said,) supposed to be fifteen thousand in number, having lost most of those chiefs who were men of distinction and property, directed its march to Scollogh Gap, an opening in the great ridge of Mount Leinster, which separates the counties of Wexford and Carlow, with intention to penetrate into Kilkenny, in hopes of raising the colliers about Castlecomer, who had been in a state of disturbance in the year 1793. Upon entering the Gap, they dispersed a powerful body of the royal troops, who opposed their progress, and burned the little town of Killedmond. They also defeated a regiment of the 4th dragoon guards, and a part of the Wexford militia, who disturbed their passage over the River Barrow. Some were killed, and thirty-seven taken prisoners, of whom seven, condemned as Orangemen, were shot. Major-General Sir Charles Asgill, who had marched with his forces to seize the post of Newbridge, arrived too late to stop the progress of the Irish, who, by a rapid movement, had preoccupied that post, where they passed the night. The general was likewise, on the following day, too late at Castlecomer for the protection of the town. On the next morning, the United troops descended from the heights upon Castlecomer, and defeated the royal troops who opposed them at Coolbawn, a mile and a half from that town, of whom they killed about fifty. The town was set on fire; and of this conflagration each party accuses the other. It would be painful to the reader to wade through the particular instances of outrage and barbarity committed in this quarter on both sides, in burning, plundering, maiming, torturing, and murdering. These barbarities were practised reciprocally; and it is allowed by the best informed and most impartial persons, that infinitely more cold blood was shed, more property destroyed, more houses burned, by the royal troops than by the people; and it must be noted, as to the abuse and ravishing of the fair sex, that whatever gloss or palliation we may derive from the law to throw over the conduct of the king's military, that same law would work but faintly upon the passions of an indignant and irritated people, in open rebellion, towards the prevention of retaliation.

“After the town of Castlecomer had been taken by the United troops, they hastily abandoned it, and retired to the high grounds over it, where they remained for one night in consultation and advice, which ended in a general resolution to act only on the defensive until the arrival of their allies, the French. According to this determination, they moved from the ridge in the morning of the 25th of June, and, directing their march towards Newbridge, took post at a place called Kilcomny, on a rising ground. Here they were assailed on three sides at once, on the following morning, by the army of General Sir Charles Asgill. After an hour's firing of cannon, the Irish troops, fearing to be surrounded, fled towards the Gap with their usual celerity, leaving all their riches and artillery behind them. Their artillery consisted only of ten light pieces, and among the articles of plunder were seven hundred horses. They bravely forced their way back through the Gap, where they were opposed by the flying artillery, and directed their course north-eastward, through the dwarf woods, near Fearn's, to the mountains of Wicklow. Their loss on this occasion may have amounted to five or six hundred men.

“Before their arrival in those mountains, an army of their associates there had

been foiled in an attempt on Hacketstown. They now formed a junction with the Wicklow forces, and attacked Hacketstown at five o'clock on the morning of the 25th.\* The royal army were drawn up ready to receive them; but, having been forced to give way, they retired into the garrison, from which their fire did great execution. After an action of nine hours, the United force retired, but retreated not wholly from the scene of action till seven o'clock in the evening. The loss of the king's army was very considerable. That of the Irish army, exposed so long to a galling fire of musketry and cannon, is stated to have been seven hundred. It is admitted that the garrison could not possibly have maintained its post if the assailants had been furnished with cannon, of which they had not a single piece; but these engines had never been used by the Wicklow army, and the Wexfordians, in their astonishing retreat, were obliged to leave all theirs behind.

“Disappointed by the repulse at Hacketstown, the remaining forces of Wexford, in conjunction with their Wicklow associates, directed their march towards Carnew, which they were resolved, if possible, to carry; but General Needham, having been informed of their approach, detached a strong body of infantry, and about two hundred cavalry, from his camp at Gorey, to intercept them. The cavalry alone came up with the advance-guard of the United force on the road to Carnew. These, feigning a retreat, having timely notice of their approach, suffered the cavalry to pass, until they brought them into ambush, where their guns-men were placed on both sides of the way, behind the ditches, to receive them. At the first discharge, they were utterly confounded, losing eighty of their men, among whom were two officers, the Marquis de Giffard, a young Norman emigrant of the ancient British, and Adjutant Parsons, of the Ballagh-Keen cavalry. The rest, with some loss, effected their retreat to Arklow. The United force lost not a single man in this action. The harassed Irish now proceeded to the White Heaps, at the foot of which they fixed their station for a few hours; from whence they moved, during the night of the 4th of July, to Wicklow Gap, where they attacked and instantly discomfited a party of the royal army, with the loss of one hundred and thirty privates and several officers. All the cavalry saved themselves by flight; but on the morning of the 5th, the armies under General Sir James Duff and General Needham, under cover of a very thick fog, surrounded them in four powerful divisions, before they could perceive the approach of any enemy. Finding themselves unable to withstand a battle against a force supposed to be three times their number, and aided by a powerful train of artillery, they broke through the pursuing cavalry, of whom they slew, in ten minutes, about one hundred, and moved with great celerity in the direction of Carnew. Upon their arrival at a place called Oranford, they resolved to make resistance and await the approach of their enemy, however numerous they might be, although their own force was then very considerably reduced. They resolutely maintained the contest for two hours and a half with the utmost intrepidity, having repulsed the cavalry, and driven the artillery-men three times from their cannon; but fresh reinforcements of the king's army pouring in on all sides, they were obliged to give way, quitting the field of battle with less slaughter to themselves than might be expected; and, notwithstanding all their fatigue, effected, with their usual agility, a surprising and masterly retreat.

“The United Irish, reduced now to about five thousand men, and hunted in every quarter by various bodies of the king's troops, which, in all, at this period,

\* General Cloney commanded this force.

amounted to no less than one hundred and fifty thousand men, made a flying march from place to place in the counties of Kildare, Meath, Louth, and Dublin, skirmishing with such parties of the royal army as overtook or intercepted them. The brave and desperate heroes, after being thus harassed and hunted, were at length overtaken, on the 14th, by the cavalry of Major-General Wemys and Brigadier-General Meyrick. On the arrival of the infantry and artillery to the assistance of the cavalry, they broke and fled, after making a desperate and bloody stand for an hour and a half against a superior force. Unable to make head any longer against government, and being disappointed in their hopes of assistance from France, the principal chiefs in arms, Mr. Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. William Aylmer, negotiated with General Dundas, to whom they surrendered, on condition that all the leaders who had adventured with them should be at liberty to retire whither they pleased out of the British dominions. The same terms were afterwards secured by General Moore to Mr. Garret Byrne, and by General Hunter to Mr. John Devereux. Thus did these outstanding chiefs, conditioning for themselves and others, fare much better than those who laid down their arms in Wexford, depending on the faithful fulfilment of the terms entered into with Lord Kingsborough." — *Gordon*.

"*It was generally in small bodies,*" says Sir J. Barrington, "*that the insurgents were successful.* The principal battles were those of Arklow, Gorey, and Vinegar Hill, Tara, Kilcullen, and the storming of Ross and Enniscorthy. At Arklow, in a regular line, the peasantry assailed a disciplined army in the field, and the result was a *drawn* battle. At Ross, after storming and gaining the town, after ten hours' incessant fighting, they surrendered themselves to drunkenness, and were slaughtered in their inebriety. At Vinegar Hill the intrenchments were defended for several hours, though attacked by twenty thousand regular troops and a heavy park of ordnance. The loss of the insurgents was here disproportionally small; they retired unpursued, and soon formed another army, and marched to Kilkenny, in the very heart of Ireland. At Gorey, Carnew, the Three Rocks, and *numerous* places where they fought in ambuscades, they always succeeded; and had they confined themselves to desultory attacks and partisan warfare, they might soon have destroyed their local enemies, the yeomen, and exhausted and destroyed the regular troops." Messrs. Macneven and Emmet, in their *Pieces of Irish History*, have the following remarks: "When the contest began, its vigor greatly exceeded the calculation of those who provoked it. For some time, it carried with it the justest terrors; and, partial as it was, it almost shook the government to its centre. Of the progress of this insurrection, of the valor it developed, or of its unfortunate issue, I shall not speak at present. Let me, however, observe, that the prowess manifested by men untutored in scenes of death, except by their own sufferings, has convinced every thinking mind, that if they had

then received even the small coöperation, which arrived too late, under General Humbert, *or if they had been possessed of more military skill and military stores, THEIR SUCCESS WOULD HAVE BEEN CERTAIN.*”

General Lake now established a mixed commission of magistrates and military in Wexford, for the punishment of rebels. This was a dreadful tribunal. The magistrates were nearly all Orangemen, and the military portion were infuriated against the unfortunate people by the several signal defeats which such a handful of brave men inflicted on their serried legions. Thousands of persons were now taken up and tried before this horrible tribunal. It is sickening in the extreme to pursue the history of this cold-blooded, murderous association. It was easy to prove, according to the standard of guilt laid down, that their unfortunate victims “aided and assisted” in the late rebellion. To give food to any of the Irish in arms was deemed “aiding and assisting;” to restrain the armed Irish from deeds of violence or plunder was deemed “aiding and assisting,”—for the person proved guilty of this humanity was deemed to have “influence and command” with the rebels,—and so they were swung off by the necks.

The Rev. John Redmond, the Catholic priest of Newtown Barry, who had, during the heat of the contest, done all in his power to save the houses of Lord Mountmorris, and other gentlemen, from being plundered, was sent for by the very nobleman whose house and property he was instrumental in preserving. The reverend gentleman, conscious of his own integrity, most readily obeyed the summons, thinking he was, perhaps, about to receive some distinguished token of the noble lord’s gratitude. But alas! far otherwise was his destiny! He was instantly seized, brought before this terrible court, condemned as having “command” in the United army, and was instantly executed; while, to add to the cruelty, the holy martyr’s body was treated with the most brutal indecencies. The body of Father Murphy had been similarly treated previously.

Such are specimens of the acts of this horrible tribunal. “Whoever could be proved to have saved an Orangeman or royalist from assassination,” writes Mr. Gordon, “his house from burning, or his property from plunder, was considered as having *influence* among the revolters, and consequently a rebel commander.” A mention of the notoriety of this practice drew, unreflectingly, the following extraordinary exclamation from one of the rebel commanders: “I thank my God that no person can prove me guilty of saving the life or property of any one!”

At length, the trouble and formality of a trial was entirely dispensed

with, and several corps of these bloodthirsty soldiers were let out about the country, with orders to scour it, and not to be at the trouble of bringing in any *suspected* persons, but to shoot them on the spot. These monsters hunted the brakes, hedges, and ditches, with dogs, to spring any unfortunate person that might have concealed himself from their fury. When any such ill-fated being was started, he was instantly shot.

These "pacificators" marked out the whole country for either robbery or murder. Such farmers as had lived out of the immediate theatre of the late battles, and had been fortunate enough to obtain, through their landlords, "protections" from the government, were watched, when going to fair or market with their cattle or corn. The very night after their return, these government guards surrounded their houses in squads, and demanded their money. The demand, in most instances, was complied with in silence, to preserve the lives of the inmates; but the perpetrators were at length discovered, by the spirited resistance of one farmer, who fired on the banditti, and shot some of them, who fell, and were found with the king's clothing on their backs, and his arms in their hands. It is due to Generals Hunter and Fitzgerald to say, that, in the end of August, they resolved to put down this system of torture and robbery, and did exert themselves, with considerable humanity and courage, to repress the underlings of Dublin Castle.

The insurrection was now apparently suppressed throughout the country, and the government had, during the progress of these events in the south, instituted a special commission in Dublin, to try the "state prisoners." These numbered NINETY, the flower of the Irish patriots.

The first persons put upon their trial were JOHN and HENRY SHEARES. The singularly unhappy fate of these two gentlemen, in the prime of life, deserves of me and my reader the most respectful attention. They perilled and lost their valuable lives in the attempt to give their country freedom. Both gentlemen were barristers, the sons of a wealthy and respected father, Mr. H. Sheares, of Cork, who was a partner in a banking-house in that city. The Sheareses were Protestants, highly educated, had travelled on the European continent, and particularly through France, during some of its revolutionary eruptions. Henry, the eldest, was married; John was not. They were members of the United Irishmen, contributors to the "Press," (newspaper,) and, after the arrests at Bond's, assumed the chief direction of the approaching insurrection. The last number of the "Press," (No. 63,) when seized, contained John Sheares's letter to Lord Clare, signed "Dion." Before this, the organization of the south was principally confided to John Sheares, the most enthusiastic of the two.

Unfortunately for themselves, they were introduced by Byrne, the bookseller, of Grafton Street, to Colonel Armstrong, of the King's county militia, (who is still alive.) The 'colonel approached them in the guise of a friend to his country; but, as the sequel proved, only to betray. Day and night, after he made their acquaintance, he haunted their residences. He offered to join their cause with his entire regiment. He entered into plans of military operations, and extracted from them their most secret intentions. He carefully noted down the substance of each conversation, and the parties present; and never, as he swears, had any interview with the Sheareses but he had one immediately after with Lord Castlereagh, with whom he deposited his memorandums. The Sheareses were arrested, on Armstrong's information, on Monday morning, the 21st of May, 1798. On the previous evening, (Sunday,) Armstrong was at the house of his friend Henry Sheares, where there was a convivial party made to entertain him. He spoke almost in ecstasy of Mrs. Sheares's performance on the harp, whilst he was arranging in his mind the evidence he should give to have her husband and brother hanged!

Lawless and Dease, surgeons, heard on Saturday night that Armstrong had sold them. Dease cut his throat, rather than fall into the hands of Castlereagh, and Lawless fled, and succeeded in getting to France. The Sheareses were arrested on Monday morning; Henry Sheares in his own house, in Baggot Street, and John Sheares (accidentally) at the house of Lawless, whither Major Sirr had been in search of the doctor. While the major and his party were examining the doctor's papers, a person knocked at the front door; a policeman opened it; John Sheares walked in to see his friend Lawless, and to his surprise met Major Sirr, who instantly arrested him.

Both the Sheareses were tried. Toler prosecuted for the crown; Curran and Plunkett defended them. John prepared and wrote, he says, every syllable of their defence. Proclamations, to be issued to the United men, on the seizure of the castle, foolishly and violently written, were found among their papers. They were found guilty, and ordered for execution.

The two brothers came out, from the prison to the scaffold, hand in hand, perfectly resigned to their fate. John, the younger, seemed to be the most unconcerned. Henry was excited and unmanned by his great affection for his wife and children, from whom he was so suddenly torn; and at the very instant of their execution, and while the executioner was holding up the head of Henry, exclaiming, "Behold the head of a traitor!" Sir Jonah Barrington arrived at the scaffold with a re-



prieve for him. It was a few seconds too late. John Sheares wrote many affecting letters a few days before his execution, one or two of which I give. He wrote thus to his sister Julia : —

"KILMAINHAM PRISON, July 10, 1798.

"The troublesome scene of life, my ever-dear Julia, is nearly closed, and the hand that now traces these lines will, in a day or two, be no longer capable of communicating to a beloved and affectionate family the sentiments of his heart. A painful task yet awaits me. I do not allude to my trial or to my execution. \* \* \* I will not now recapitulate the instances of a perverse destiny that seem to have marked me out as the instrument of destruction to all I loved.

"Robert and Christopher,—dear, valued brothers!—if it be true that the human mind survives the body, I shall shortly join you, and learn for what wise purpose Heaven thought fit to select me as your destroyer. My mother too! O God! my tender, my revered mother! I see her torn locks — her broken heart — her corpse! Heavenly Author of the universe, what have I done to deserve this misery? I must forbear these thoughts as much as possible, or I must forbear to write [his defence;] my time comes on the day after to-morrow, and the event is unequivocal."

After *condemnation*, the following letter was written to his mother. It was enclosed in one to his friends, the Messrs. Flemming, bearing the following words — "God bless you both, my excellent friends. Give the enclosed to Julia for my afflicted mother, when their griefs have sufficiently subsided. Farewell forever. J. S."

"My mother, my dear, injured, perhaps expiring mother! Hear a son's, an unworthy son's, expiring request. Grant to my beloved sister, Sally,\* that portion of your generosity bestowed on me; else she is penniless. But why urge this? You know her worth and generosity. Farewell, my dear, dear, my injured, my adored mother! O Sally! I hear your curses; they are just! Julia, beloved Julia, farewell forever.

JOHN SHEARES."

I confess that I do not remember ever being more affected by any tale of woe, than while transcribing these two most interesting letters. I find them among a number of others, so industriously collected and beautifully set by Dr. Madden, in his admirable work. The circumstance that most imbittered this fine young man's last moments, was, the consciousness he felt that his brother was condemned and about to suffer death for acts of his; for the criminatory documents were all in the hand-writing of John. His brother had a wife and *ten* children, whom he tenderly loved, and they were thus suddenly deprived of a protector by his (John's) indiscretion. Besides this, there was an exalted and accomplished lady, betrothed to him; the parting from whom, forever, enlarged his agony. The young lady was Miss *Maria Steele*, of Cork, (lately deceased,) who loved him dearly. Dr. Madden publishes some

\* The wife of Henry.

letters from John Sheares to her, which, in chaste and glowing language, exhibit his tenderness and his affection. He was among the noblest victims slain upon the altar of his country. Of Henry Sheares we speak in sorrow and sickness of heart. His offer to be "whatever the government wished," if they but spared his life, was far beneath the heroism of many an obscure peasant who suffered tortures and death rather than offer to disclose a word about his companions.

Dr. Madden and some friends, in 1842, took the trouble to prepare leaden and oaken coffins for the two unfortunate men. He had them raised from their graves, enclosed in those substantial coffins, and re-deposited, by the side of each other, in St. Michael's Church, Dublin, near the grave of Miss Cruickshank, the nun, and Dr. Rosborough.

The doctor labors hard to prove Sir Jonah Barrington an informer, and instances the execution of the Sheareses, Keuogh, Harvey, Grogan, Colclough, Hay, and some other leading gentlemen of the Wexford insurrection. Now, in my humble opinion, the fate of these unfortunate gentlemen can easily be accounted for without attributing it to Sir Jonah. The Sheareses, as we have seen, were condemned to death on the testimony of Colonel Armstrong. And further, it must be told of Sir Jonah, that he actually procured a reprieve for Henry Sheares from the lord lieutenant, on the day of his execution, and arrived at Newgate with it a few seconds too late; for, being delayed by the crowd and the military which surrounded the prison, he could not make his way to the sheriff soon enough to arrest the fatal blow; and, with a pardon in his pocket for Henry Sheares, he had the mortification to behold the head of his friend, just severed from the body, held up by the executioner, who made the usual exclamation, "Behold the head of a traitor!" The Wexford gentlemen were executed by the military victors after the insurrection subsided, and in defiance of Lord Kingsborough's pardon. But no *secret* evidence of their rebellion was needed; for, excepting old Mr. Grogan, they all appeared in arms as commanders and office-bearers of the United men. Grogan's estates were worth £10,000 a year; Harvey's, £3,000 a year; and Colclough's, about half as much; and most of this property was forfeited to the crown.

Mr. BYRNE, of Cabinteely, was the next man tried,\* and, on the testimony of *Reynolds*, condemned. His execution took place on the day after his trial: —

"Mr. Byrne was of one of the first families of the country, and among his relatives had many friends, who, without his knowledge, exerted their interest to

\* John M' Cann, one of the bravest of men, was tried and executed the previous day.

preserve his life. They were told that, if he would express regret at being a United Irishman, and declare that he was seduced by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, he should be forgiven. When this proposal was made known to him, he spurned at it with abhorrence. He declared that he had no regret but that of not leaving his country free; that he was never seduced to be a United Irishman, and least of all by that hallowed character, whose memory they wished to traduce. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'they intend to rob his children of his inheritance; but my existence shall never be disgraced by giving sanction to so base a design.' This young man, having a strong sense of religion, received its rites with a cheerful hope and an assured conscience, expressing the greatest consolation at quitting life in his perfect senses, with leisure for previous preparation, and in so virtuous a cause. His very adversaries were forced to admire and do homage to that cause which produced such martyrs. So complete was the self-possession and delicacy of his mind, that, in passing to the scaffold by the window of Mr. Bond's apartment, where Mrs. Bond was then with her husband, he stooped so low as not to be seen by her, lest he should alarm the feelings of a wife and a mother at that moment trembling for all that she held dear." — *Macneven and Emmet's Pieces of Irish History*.

"His life was offered to him," says Sampson, "on condition that he would exculpate himself at the expense of the deceased Lord Edward Fitzgerald. His noble answer to the bearer of the proposition was, "Go and tell the tempter that sent you, that I have known no man superior to him you would calumniate, nor one more base than he who makes this offer!" M'CANN was then tried and executed.

OLIVER BOND was next placed in the dock. The principal evidence in this, as in the last case, was the notorious *Reynolds*. Mr. Bond was ably defended by Curran, but of little avail. He was found guilty, and ordered for execution the next day.

Whilst these trials were going on, the celebrated Mr. DOBBS, Lord Charlemont, and other influential gentlemen, stepped forward as mediators between the government and the accused. The government had received intelligence of the exertions of WOLFE TONE in France, and of his active preparations for a second landing. Anxious, between terror and a desire to compromise, to put an end to the insurrection, which, even in its partial manifestation, had already surprised and alarmed them; knowing also that the great majority of the United men had yet held their arms, awaiting the first appearance of a French force on the shore to rise *en masse*, and that a brave remnant of the Wexford army were yet in the mountains, — and being also now somewhat anxious to have the honor of stopping the effusion of blood, and to lay on the leaders of the United men the blame of all the atrocities of the king's troops: — all these considerations induced the government to give their attention to the negotiation proposed by Mr. Dobbs.

Oliver Bond, who had been condemned to die, and whose coffin had

already been sent into the yard of Newgate, was now surrounded by such of his nearest relatives as were permitted to enter his mournful dungeon. On one side of him was his wife, and on the other his confessor. In the yard before his window was the coffin. He was to be swung off in front of his prison at noon. The executioner and sheriff were on the ground, and the jail was surrounded by triple lines of military, and the streets crowded with mourning citizens.

At this hour of deepest agony, the negotiation was pending between three of the state prisoners, on behalf of themselves and their associates, and the government authorities. It was not yet closed. The hour for Mr. Bond's execution had arrived, and as yet no intelligence was had from the castle. The state prisoners filled the principal rooms of Newgate, and could rest their eyes upon nothing but preparations for their execution. All was anxiety and agony on every side. At length Mr. Bond must ascend the stony ladder to his ignominious gallows. As he mounts the steps, a bustle is heard in the outer hatchway of the prison, and soon the joyful sound of "*A reprieve!*" is heard. It is a reprieve, but only for *two hours!* Lord Castlereagh, Lord Clare, Lord Cornwallis, and Mr. Cook, were engaged on one side, and *O'Connor, Emmet, and Macneven*, on the other. The leaders of the patriots were unflinching in their adherence to honor and principle, though the scaffold thirsted for their blood.

The dreadful hour of three o'clock now arrived. It was known that some agreement had been entered into, but as yet no order about Bond had arrived at Newgate. Dreadful were the apprehensions about him. He was universally beloved — was wealthy, patriotic, humane, and upright. The prisoners within, and a great majority of the citizens of Dublin, loved the man. *Three o'clock had passed.* The sheriff and the bloodthirsty magistrates had now the power to swing him off, and all the benefit of the compromise would be lost to *him*, the most beloved and endeared of the patriots. The reader may judge of the throbbing anxieties of that moment — anxieties in which hundreds of thousands, through the city, participated.

At fifteen or twenty minutes past three, an express from the castle was descried galloping up Capel Street. The shouts of the immense throng, in the streets, telegraphed the intelligence to the innermost cells of Newgate, and it was a welcome cheer. In a few minutes, the pardon of Mr. Bond arrived, and with it the welcome news that the other state prisoners were likewise to be saved.

The following is a copy of this compact; it was dated 29th July, 1798:—

“That the undersigned state prisoners in the three prisons of Newgate, Kilmainham, and Bridewell, engage to give every information in their power, of the whole of the internal transactions of the United Irishmen; and that each of the prisoners shall give detailed information of every transaction that has passed between the United Irishmen and foreign states; but that the prisoners are not, by naming or describing, to implicate any person whatever; and that they are ready to emigrate to such country as shall be agreed on between them and government, and give security not to return to this country without the permission of government, and not pass into an enemy’s country, — if, on so doing, they are to be freed from prosecution; and also Mr. Oliver Bond be permitted to take the benefit of this proposal. The state prisoners also hope that the benefit of this proposal may be extended to such persons, in or out of custody, as may choose to benefit by it.”

Poor Bond, notwithstanding, died that night, from an apoplectic fit brought on by excitement; and this solemn compact, as we shall subsequently see, was basely broken by the government.

The following returns of the arms seized by the military, or surrendered to the magistrates, show the extent to which the arming of the people had proceeded: —

Guns, . . . . .	48,109
Bayonets, . . . . .	1,756
Pistols, . . . . .	4,463
Swords, . . . . .	4,183
Blunderbusses, . . . . .	248
Ordnance, . . . . .	22
Pikes, . . . . .	70,630
Total,	129,411

and there were very many arms which never were surrendered.

Having closed my account of the Leinster insurrection, which I have compiled from *Hay, Gordon, Moore, Madden, Plowden, Taylor, and Sir Jonah Barrington*, I now turn to the efforts made, by THEOBALD WOLFE TONE, to raise foreign supplies.

After the abortive end of the Brest expedition, under Hoche, and the loss, in addition, of Hoche himself, whose premature death was brought on by fever, caught in this enterprise, Tone made his way to Holland, which was then a new-made republic, under the denomination of the *Republic of Batavia*, and specially under the protection of France.

The leaders of that republic had lately experienced some bad treatment from England. Their chiefs were mad with indignation. Tone seized on these circumstances, acted on their interests and feelings, and was successful enough to engage them as warm allies in the cause of Ireland; and finally, by dint of great address, by patient and continued

tampering with the members of the Batavian convention, by the friendly counsel of the French directory, and by the presence at Brussels of Macneven and some more delegates from Ireland, (who were afterwards arrested,) an expedition was negotiated for. It was to consist of sixteen thousand men, sixty pieces of cannon, sixty thousand stand of arms, and proportionate ammunition, together with three hundred thousand pounds in money.

The French wished to add five thousand men of their own to this armament; but the Dutch declined it, wishing to have all the glory of success for their own troops. The object of this expedition was to establish Ireland as a republic, under the protection of France and Holland; the cost of the armament to be paid back by Ireland in instalments, and the most liberal treaties of commerce between Ireland and her allies to follow.

This expedition was got ready, with the greatest haste, in the *Texel*—a port on the west coast of Holland. Tone was again honored by a high command in the Batavian army, that of adjutant-general. But here, again, the winds favored England. The fleet lay for thirty-five days in the bay, confined there by a continued adverse gale; and, finally, a tremendous English fleet, under *Duncan*, gathered at the mouth of the harbor, and blocked them up, so that the force destined for Ireland had all to disembark, and dissolve again into other duties. The Batavian war-ships were ordered out, by the executive of the republic, to give battle to the English fleet. In this naval action, England, as Tone foresaw, was victorious; and thus he was doomed a *second* time to feel his brightest hopes blasted and broken, and the fate of his country still obscured in uncertainty.

This brought him to 1798, when the arrests were made at Oliver Bond's. Tone heard of those arrests with deep-felt anguish, but not with dismay. He returned to Paris, applied to Bonaparte and the French directory, with whom he ably negotiated for a *third* expedition, which was fitted out in Brest and in Rochelle.

The plan of this latter enterprise was arranged differently from the others. The ships were to sail in small squadrons, and land the forces wherever they could, who were then to join the United Irishmen, who were in the field.

In pursuance of this plan, General Humbert sailed from Rochelle for the west of Ireland, with about one thousand men. General *Hardy* sailed from Brest, with three thousand men, and made for the north-west of Ireland; and General *Kilmaine* had placed under his command nine thousand more, as a reserve.

The first of these expeditions, under Humbert, landed at Killala, in the west of Ireland, and consisted of about one thousand men, one thousand spare arms, one thousand guineas, some clothing, and a few pieces of artillery. Three Irishmen accompanied this hero, viz., Matthew Tone, the brother of Wolfe Tone, Teeling, of Lisburn, and Sullivan, who had been some time in France.

They landed in Killala, on the 23d of August, 1798, just as the revolution was suppressed in the east and south! They surprised the Protestant bishop and his parsons, who were holding a visitation, but behaved exceedingly well, which the bishop acknowledged in a public letter, for which he was removed from his see.

“On the morning after his arrival, Humbert began his military operations by pushing forward to Ballina a detachment of a hundred men, forty of whom he had mounted on the best horses he could seize. A green flag was mounted over the castle gate, with the inscription of *Erin go Bragh*, importing to invite the country people to join the French. Their cause was to be forwarded by the immediate delivery of arms, ammunition, and clothing, to the new levies of the country. Property was to be inviolable. Ready money was to come over in ships expected every day from France. In the mean time, whatever was bought was paid for in drafts on the future directory.

“Humbert left Killala with a quantity of ammunition, in the possession of two hundred men and six officers, and on the 25th, about seven o'clock in the evening, took possession of Ballina, from whence the garrison fled on his approach. Here he left behind him but one officer, with a very small part of the French, and several of the Irish recruits. Humbert was sensible of the advantage of pushing forward with vigor, and that a rapid progress into the interior could alone bring the natives to his standard. At Ballina, many hundred peasants repaired to him, and with eagerness received arms and uniforms. The French commander determined to attack the forces at Castlebar, and began his march on the morning of the 26th, with eight hundred of his own men, and less than fifteen hundred of the raw peasantry. He advanced through mountains, by ways generally deemed impassable to an army, with two small curriple guns, the repairing of the carriage of one of which, fortunately for the British army, caused some hours' delay in their march. The French were at seven o'clock within two miles of the town, before which the king's army had their position, on a rising ground, to receive them.

“Humbert, being desirous to magnify his little army by the appearance of numbers, had dressed up near one thousand of the peasantry in uniforms, and afterwards posted them on the flanks in such a manner as to protect his column from the fire of the enemy.

“The field of battle, to which he was now in full march, consisted of a hill, at the north-west extremity of the town, where the English forces were drawn up in two lines which crowned the summits; a small reserve was stationed in the rear; some curriple and battalion guns were posted in the front, and commanded a rising ground, over which the invaders must necessarily pass. The effective strength commanded by General Lake on this day fell very little short of seven thousand men.

\* About eight o'clock in the morning, the French were seen advancing in column, and the peasantry, who joined them, made an ineffectual attempt to divert the fire of the artillery, which was well served, and at first made such execution among the French, that they instantly fell back some paces. They then opened, filed off in small parties to the right and left, and assailed the English troops in flank, who had scarcely fired a second round, when they and their commander were seized with a panic, broke on all sides, and fled in extreme confusion through the town, on the road to Tuam. So strong was the panic, occasioned principally for the want of a skilful commander, that the royal troops, on this fatal occasion, never halted till they reached the town of Tuam, nearly forty English miles from the scene of action. General Lake, being still in the utmost state of trepidation, renewed the march of the army after a short refreshment, and retired still farther towards Athlone. The artillery lost by his army in this defeat consisted of fourteen pieces, of which four were curricule guns, besides that of the carabineers, of which no return has been published." — *Gordon*.

*At this battle, as soon as the Irish fired their muskets, they flung them away, and rushed to the charge with their pikes; two regiments of the English were taken prisoners, besides two thousand slain! Sir Jonah Barrington gives the following racy sketch of this battle, and those which immediately followed: —*

"The French kept up a scattered fire of musketry, and took up the attention of our army by irregular movements. In half an hour, however, our troops were alarmed by a movement of small bodies to turn their left, which, being covered by walls, they had never apprehended. The orders given were either mistaken or misdelivered; the line wavered, and, in a few minutes, the whole of the royal army was completely routed; the flight of the infantry was as that of a mob; all the artillery was taken. *Our army fled to Castlebar; the heavy cavalry galloped amongst the infantry and Lord Jocelyn's light dragoons, and made the best of their way, through thick and thin, to Castlebar, and towards Tuam, pursued by such of the French as could get horses to carry them.*

"About nine hundred French and some peasants took possession of Castlebar, without resistance, except from a few Highlanders stationed in the town, who were soon destroyed.

"This battle has been generally called the *Races of Castlebar*. A considerable part of the Louth and Kilkenny regiments, not finding it convenient to retreat, thought the next best thing they could do would be to join the victors, which they immediately did, and, *in one hour, were completely equipped as French riflemen*. About ninety of these men were hanged by Lord Cornwallis afterwards, at Ballynamuck. One of them defended himself by insisting 'that it was the army, and not he, who were deserters; that, whilst he was fighting hard, they all ran away, and left him to be murdered.' Lord Jocelyn got him saved. \* \* \* The insurgents were active in profiting by this victory; forty thousand of them were preparing to assemble at the Crooked Wood, in Westmeath, only forty-two miles from Dublin, ready to join the French and march upon the metropolis.

"The French continued too long at Castlebar, and Lord Cornwallis at length



collected twenty thousand troops, with which he considered himself pretty certain of conquering nine hundred men. With above twenty thousand men, he marched directly to the Shannon, to prevent their passage; but he was out-manceuvred: the insurgents had led the French to the source of that river, and it was ten days before his lordship, by the slowest possible marches, (which he did purposely to increase the public terror,) reached his enemy. But he overdid the matter; and, had not Colonel Vereker (Lord Gort) delayed them in a rather sanguinary skirmish, in which he was defeated, it is possible they might have slipped by his lordship, and have been revelling in Dublin, whilst he was roaming about the Shannon. However, he at length overtook the enemy. Lord Jocelyn's fox-hunters were determined to retrieve their character, lost at Castlebar, and a squadron, led by his lordship, made a bold charge upon the French; but the French opened, then closed on them, and they were beaten, and his lordship was made prisoner."

Great was the consternation of the English party at Dublin; and had Humbert — who had now penetrated one hundred and forty miles into the country with his victorious army — pushed on towards the capital, he would, in all probability, have changed the destiny of Ireland.

On the contrary, he remained eight or ten days in Castlebar and its environs, partaking of hospitality, like St. Ruth behind Athlone, whilst Lord Cornwallis availed himself of the pause to gather forces to surround him, which was at last effected, near Granard, the centre of the country, after he had defeated the *government force in five or six engagements!!* and this surrender is yet somewhat incomprehensible; for the Irish peasantry showed what they were capable of doing when led by *disciplined commanders*. They had no idea that Humbert would have surrendered on the appearance of an overwhelming force, which he might, by some dexterous manœuvre, have evaded; and the peasantry were hourly flocking to his standard. The surrender is obscured in mystery.

Lord Cornwallis then marched against the United men, still masters of Killala, and, after a sanguinary struggle in the streets, well sustained by the poor fellows until slaughtered by artillery, the town was taken; and then began a repetition of the "Wexford butcheries," which the reader must now be familiar with. Teeling and Blake, who came over with the French, were recognized, and instantly executed as traitors.

Cornwallis, whose long line of military completely cut off all communication between Humbert's force and the rising United men of Granard, sent a strong division of his men into that town, to attack a body of the peasantry, who had risen in anticipation of joining the French, and who were about to perform the foolish exploit of attacking the town. They were routed by the royal troops, pursued and slaughtered in great numbers. *Towns* should never have been attacked by the peasantry,

unless well provided with artillery, balls, and shells. Their best place was the mountains, where they always with tenfold advantage met the enemy, who must pursue them to their fastnesses. This is proved by the extraordinary prowess, among the mountains, of the brave Irish general, *Holt*. He made no forced levies. On the contrary, he would have no men but those whom he selected. His little army never exceeded five hundred men; and with these, in the mountains, he managed to defeat, avoid, repel, and elude, five times the number of the king's troops, whom he generally pounced upon, with his well-disciplined band, at the very moment they were in pursuit of *him*! Hundreds of the king's army were cut off by this brave man; and yet they could not subdue him. A reward of one thousand pounds was offered for his apprehension; and, with all their exertions, the government could not capture him, and were forced to offer him a pardon on his consenting to leave the country.

It is also proved by the bravery of another mountain chief, named *Dwyer*. There is little known of this daring hero, and yet his astonishing feats deserve a memorial. Dwyer was a captain of the Wicklow United men. He scarcely ever had a greater number under his command than from fifty to a hundred. For several weeks, he and his little band carried on a vigorous warfare, in the mountains, against the king's army. He destroyed, by adroit ambuscades, sharp-shooting, and astonishing dexterity, several companies of the enemy, and generally contrived to escape with little or no loss. A strong detachment from one highland regiment was sent specially in pursuit of him, with the promise of a rich reward, to be divided among the men and officers, should they succeed in the capture. This detachment, flushed with resolve and the hopes of a rich reward, were nearly *every one destroyed*, after six or seven days and nights' battles in the mountains. Not more than one officer, and a dozen men, ever returned! The Scottish blood, roused by defeat, induced a larger volunteer force from this regiment to go in quest of the rebel chief; and, prompted by the promises of a still greater reward from the commander of the district, they recommenced their pursuit. Dwyer eluded his enemies for several days and nights. His party were reduced, by death and wounds, to some eighteen or twenty, every man of whom determined to sell his life dearly. Several further days and nights were spent in this desultory warfare, during which Dwyer's party lost not a man, but brought down many of their pursuers. M'Allister and himself, with their little party, having stopped one night to take food and sleep in a farmer's house, their pursuers came on them.

Dwyer and M'Allister lay in a barn, while Quinn, and the rest of the party, lay down in the dwelling. They appointed, as usual, a picket; but in the middle of the night the pursuing party were seen entering the farm-yard, and the picket had time only to alarm those who slept in the dwelling, who got off, but the troops surrounded both buildings, and finding the doors of the barn not open for them, they fired in. Dwyer and his brave companion were up to receive them, and returned several destructive volleys through the small window of the barn. Some of the highlanders fell dead, which excited the survivors to madness. They set fire to the barn; and, as it burned, Dwyer and M'Allister kept up their destructive fire on their assailants, managing to avoid all their volleys. At length they must surrender; there was no escape; but, ere they did this, M'Allister proposed to his captain the sacrifice of his own life for the chance of preserving his— which, for fidelity and disinterestedness, is not surpassed in history. "There is now," said he, "but one way for you to escape. I will unbolt the door, jump in amongst them; they will take me for you, and discharge the contents of all their guns into my body. At that instant you may rush out and escape." No sooner proposed than done! It turned out just as M'Allister had anticipated. He received the contents of twenty guns. Dwyer seized on the critical moment, rushed through his confused assailants, and escaped.

This extraordinary man contrived, for some weeks after, to elude the vigilance of the army, and at length came in and surrendered under a general proclamation of pardon issued by the government; was some time imprisoned in Kilmainham jail, and at length pardoned and liberated. These facts I have from the late Mr. Dunn, the governor of Kilmainham, and from Mr. Quinn, now a resident of this state, near Saxonville, who was one of the eighteen surviving men of Captain Dwyer's band who escaped on the night of M'Allister's death.

In the mean time, the second part of the French detachment, under General Hardy, arrived in Lough Swilley, on the north coast of Ireland. This squadron consisted of seven or eight frigates and three thousand men. They were instantly signaled by the British cruisers; for, unfortunately for them, their destination was known in London, and provided for by Pitt. The English had several squadrons on the lookout on the west and north of Ireland; and, before Hardy could land any of his men, Sir John Borlase and six sail of the line, of the largest class, bore down upon him.

A bloody engagement between the ships now ensued; and, as the French had but one line-of-battle ship in the squadron, they were

all soon taken prisoners, though not till their ships were nearly all destroyed.

Wolfe Tone was amongst the prisoners, and passed as a French officer. He was not recognized for some days, until on the occasion of the French officers being invited to breakfast by the Earl of Cavan, when he was known by Sir George Hill, who accosted him politely at the breakfast-table, to which Tone responded, acknowledging himself. In a few minutes after, he was requested to go into another room, where he was arrested, ironed, and sent to Dublin. He was there tried by a court martial; and, disdaining all attempts at palliation, only claimed the privilege of a French soldier, — to be tried by the laws of honorable warfare. He addressed the court in brave and eloquent language, alleging he had attempted that for his country in which Washington was successful, and Kosciusko failed. Unlike either, he had forfeited his life. This every brave man, who ventured to liberate his country, should be prepared to sacrifice. His request was refused, and he was therefore tried as a traitor. He then asked the favor of being executed as a soldier, viz., by a round from grenadiers, in one hour after his condemnation. This, also, they refused. *He was ordered to be hanged*; but the proud spirit of Tone would not submit to that degradation. He endeavored, the night after his trial, to cut the jugular vein, but missed it.

Next day, *Curran* moved the King's Bench, by *habeas corpus*, to have him brought up, and tried by the laws of his country. Lord Kilwarden granted the *habeas*; but when the officer of the court arrived at the royal barracks, he was refused admittance. Lord Kilwarden, on hearing this, sent the sheriff, who was informed that Tone was dying.

*Curran's* object was to procure delay by the forms of law, in order that Bonaparte might claim him in an exchange of prisoners; for Bonaparte had, at that time, great numbers of British officers. Poor Tone lingered for a few days, and finally expired from loss of blood. He frequently exclaimed he did not wish to retain life, and witness the slavery of his native land, whilst all his gigantic efforts for her freedom were baffled. And thus fell the life and soul of the insurrection of 1798, and with him fell the fortunes of his loved country.

A few concluding words upon this extraordinary man, and his incredible efforts to redeem his country, are surely due from us. When we consider that Theobald Wolfe Tone proceeded to France without the introduction of friends, without knowing a human being in that kingdom, without money to bribe his way, without any diploma of rank but a vote

of thanks from the Catholic Committee of Ireland, without even a knowledge of a dozen words of their language, — and that, in the short space of six or eight months, he was enabled to obtain from the government of that nation an expedition of so gigantic a nature as that which first sailed, viz : sixty ships, fifteen thousand men, sixty thousand stand of arms, and a splendid park of artillery, under the command of *Hoche*, himself the ablest general in the French service, and the teacher of Napoleon ; which expedition was only defeated by the hand of Heaven ; when we consider this, it fills us at once with admiration towards the man, and with hope for the country that gave birth to such a one. But when we reflect that so unconquerable was his great spirit, that the scattering of this vast armament was to him only as the darkening shadow of a temporary cloud ; and when we contemplate his second achievement in diplomacy with the Batavian government, from which he obtained an expedition quite as gigantic as the former, but which again the winds alone, the “ unpensioned allies of England,” interposing, blockaded that second powerful fleet in the Texel, and there held it fast until the scattered ships of England gathered around its mouth and completed the embargo, — our surprise increases. Thus our extraordinary countryman saw his hopes overthrown, and his gigantic efforts frustrated, by the seeming hand of Heaven !

Such repeated disasters would have crushed the hopes and efforts of even a great man ; but Tone was no ordinary great man. He negotiated successfully with the French government for a *third* expedition for his down-trodden country, — the unfortunate termination of which, and his own distinguished end, I have just detailed in the preceding pages. Surely Ireland can never forget this extraordinary man ; never forget his exertions, nor the impediments flung in their way by the winds *alone*, and above all, they will remember to conciliate that nation which proffered them such substantial aid in their hour of need ; aid which would most surely have been successful had steam navigation been as well known then as it is at present.

(Tone's son entered the French service, in which he signally distinguished himself. The excellent, the patriotic widow of Tone subsequently married a Mr. Wilson, with the full approbation of her family. She is again a widow, and resides in Georgetown, District of Columbia, revered by all who have the happiness to know her.)

Ireland was now seized as the spoil of the pirates. Her chiefs were all either destroyed, in captivity, or in exile. The government abandoned the country to the licentious soldiery — to spies, informers, and pil-

lagers. Desolation swept along its verdant fields. Ruin was pictured on all the towns and villages. The weeping of widows and orphans disturbed the repose of the dead. The ground went untilled. The jails were crammed. The executioners were busy, and the work of death alone proceeded. A famine came the following year, and carried off hundreds of thousands. \* \* \* \* \*

Such was the condition of unhappy Ireland in 1799, after a contest which cost the British government twenty thousand of their best soldiers, and in which fifty thousand of the Irish were slain, — the majority of whom were butchered in cold blood!

## THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

*From the "Nation."*

1. Who fears to speak of Nine-ty-Eight? Who blush - es



at the name? When cowards mock the patriot's fate,



Who hangs his head for shame? He's all a knave, or



half a slave, Who slights his coun - try thus; But a



true man, like you, man, Will fill your glass with us.

2.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
 The faithful and the few;  
 Some lie far off beyond the wave;  
 Some sleep in Ireland, too.  
 All, all are gone! but still lives on  
 The fame of those who died;  
 All true men, like you, men,—  
 Remember them with pride!

## 3.

Some, on the shores of distant lands,  
 Their weary hearts have laid ;  
 And, by the stranger's heedless hands,  
 Their lonely graves were made !  
 But, though their clay be far away  
 Beyond the Atlantic foam,  
 In true men, like you, men,  
 Their spirit's still at home.

## 4.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;  
 Among their own they rest ;  
 And the same land that gave them birth  
 Has caught them to her breast !  
 And we will pray that from their clay  
 Full many a race may start  
 Of true men, like you, men,  
 To act as brave a part.

## 5.

They rose, in dark and evil days,  
 To right their native land ;  
 They kindled here a living blaze,  
 That nothing shall withstand.  
 Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right !  
 They fell, and passed away ;  
 But true men, like you, men,  
 Are plenty here to-day.

## 6.

Then here's their memory ! may it be  
 For us a guiding light  
 To cheer our strife for liberty,  
 And teach us to unite.  
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
 Though sad as theirs your fate ;  
 And true men be you, men,  
 Like those of Ninety-Eight !



## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

BY MOORE.

APPETTUOSO.

1. Oft in the still - y night, Ere slumber's chain has

The first system of music features a treble and bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Oft in the still - y night, Ere slumber's chain has".

bound me, Fond Memory brings the light Of

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bound me, Fond Memory brings the light Of".

oth - er days a - round me; The smiles, the tears, Of

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "oth - er days a - round me; The smiles, the tears, Of".

childhood's years, The words of love then spo - ken; The

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "childhood's years, The words of love then spo - ken; The".

eyes that shone, Now dimm'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now

bro - ken! Thus, in the still - y night, Ere

Slumber's chain has bound me, Sad Mem - ory

brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

## 2.

When I remember all  
 The friends, so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garland's dead,  
 And all but he departed!  
 Thus, in the stilly night,  
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

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REST, WARRIOR, REST.

*A celebrated composition, by Michael Kelly.*

The musical score is written in 6/8 time and consists of five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

# LECTURE XX.

FROM A. D. 1798 TO 1800.

## THE "UNION."

Ireland prostrate. — Daily Executions. — Reign of Terror. — The State Prisoners. — Their Fortitude. — Their Examination before the secret Committees. — The Replies of Emmet, Macneven, and O'Connor. — O'Connor's Letter from his Dungeon to Lord Castlereagh. — Cunningham Plunkett. — The Prisoners in Prison. — Mrs. Emmet. — Emmet's Sister. — Departure of the Prisoners. — Their Imprisonment in Fort George. — Character of the Governor. — Government Spies. — Character of *Reynolds*. — The three Majors, Sirr, Swan, and Sandys. — *Jemmy O'Brien*. — *Counsellor Macnally*. — Hughes. — M'Guckan. — Newall. — The UNION proposed. — Powers of the Irish Parliament. — Its perfect Independence. — Its great Utility to the Nation. — Pitt and his Designs. — Lords *Clare*, *Cornwallis*, *Castlereagh*. — Cooke. — First Attack on the Parliament. — The Union argued in Pamphlets. — Bar Meeting to oppose the Union. — Motion in the House for a Union. — Defeated. — Fate of Ireland in the Balance. — Composition of the House of Lords. — Bribery and Recreancy. — The Lords consent to a Union. — Government try to delude the Catholics. — Pitt's Perfidy. — Cornwallis his Instrument. — O'Connell opposes the Union. — Lord Castlereagh offers Bribes to every one. — The Nature of his Negotiations. — Meetings against the Union. — Specimens of the Resolutions. — Meetings dispersed by the Military. — Open Purchase of Seats. — Introduction of thirty Nominees of the Crown. — The Debates on the Union. — Grattan reenters Parliament. — His Duel with Corry. — Speeches in Opposition to the Union. — Remarkable Words of Foster, Ponsonby, Fitzgerald, Crookshank, Barington, Knox, Plunkett, O'Donnell, J. M'Donnell, Dobbs, Burrows, Saurin, Bushe, Grattan. — Division. — Last Night of the Irish Parliament. — Names of the virtuous Minority of one hundred and fifteen. — Names of the Traitor Majority. — Bribes they obtained. — Conditions and Articles of the Union. — Desolation. — Speeches of English Statesmen against the Union.

1799. IRELAND was now completely prostrated — completely at the mercy of Pitt and Castlereagh. They had filled the country with one hundred and seventy thousand armed men, equally composed of foreign and native mercenaries, in the pay of England.

The constitution had been more than twelve months suspended. Military courts martial had usurped the supremacy of trial by jury. The *habeas corpus* act was set aside, and every man in Ireland enjoyed his personal liberty and his life only during the pleasure of the British minister. The Castle of Dublin was filled with spies and traitors,

some of whom were entertained in the secretary's apartments, and were receiving from the government enormous premiums for giving information of persons *suspected* of favoring or aiding the late insurrection. The process of arrest was simplified. The *secretary's warrant* was substituted for all the legal forms dictated by the constitution. The breath of an "informer" gave it motion and authority. The *victim* might be brought to trial before five military captains, or sent to a prison and kept for years (as many were) without trial, just as it suited the policy of the two ministers, Pitt and Castlereagh.

Hundreds upon hundreds of the leading men of Ireland were seized in their houses, without notice, bound and carried to a prison, loaded with chains, insults, and contumely, by the ruffianly agents of government. They knew not the charge made against them, and as the constitution was suspended, they could not demand a trial. Brothers and neighbors were suddenly separated from each other. Those who remained at large knew not the moment they were to be arrested. The prisons and convict ships were soon filled, and new jails were erected. Among the latter I may note the *Provost* of Dublin, a prison erected in the lower castle yard, where six hundred of the chief men of Ireland were kept for many months, in a state of existence more excruciatingly painful than ever before was experienced by hapless victims. From twelve to eighteen persons were crushed into rooms not larger than ordinary bed-chambers. The castle yard, which lay before their grated doors, was the scene of *daily* executions, whippings, and tortures.

No man, in jail or out, knew the moment he was to be seized and hanged. All Ireland was affrighted. This state of unopposed tyranny was more intolerable than any stage of the insurrection. The people were now sorry enough that they ever gave up their arms. Thousands fled from the country, they knew not whither. *Any* ship leaving Ireland was gladly seized by the unfortunate people, through which to make their escape. Many men, who were found on board ships by the government agents, were dragged from their hiding-places to military trial and execution. To endeavor to quit the country, was *evidence of treason*, and punishable with death. Those who were fortunate enough to escape were carried abroad, wheresoever the ships were bound — some to the States, some to Canada, some to France.

As an evidence of the summary way in which the best men were deprived of life, I may adduce the case of two young priests, students of Carlow College, who had arrived in Dublin, and who were on their way to France, for the purpose of entering one of the ecclesiastical colleges

of that country. They were seized on the day they came to Dublin, and, *without a particle of criminatory evidence*, were condemned to death by the military court, and were EXECUTED IN THE CASTLE YARD, THE MORNING AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL!!!

It was in the midst of these horrors that the British minister proposed to extinguish the Irish parliament, by a UNION — a merging of its powers in the parliament of England. Lord Byron well described this *union* as “the union of the shark with its prey.” But ere we come to the details of this last terrible stroke of British perfidy, we must look after the state prisoners, Messrs. Emmet, O'Connor, Macneven, and the distinguished men who were seized at Oliver Bond's.

While the French fleets floated around the British coasts, the government were willing to enter into a compromise with the leading prisoners seized during the insurrection. They entered on this compromise under the flag of humanity; but their real motive was very different indeed. One of their objects was to blacken the characters of the leading patriots, as a sort of justification of their own cruelty. The lord lieutenant (Cornwallis) and his party demanded from the state prisoners a written memoir of their entire proceedings, for the purpose of publication. This was prepared by O'Connor, Macneven, and Emmet, and presented in due time. But it contained such a detail of truth against the government, and withal so powerful a justification of themselves, that the privy council refused to publish it. Lord Castlereagh (secretary of state for Ireland) then sent a most threatening message to the prisoners, acquainting them that government were about to nullify the whole compact, and that they, of course, would be brought to trial. This threat was calmly, but firmly met, and they refused to *alter one word of their memorial*.

Lord Castlereagh then tried to effect his object by *ex parte* publications, through means of an inquiry before a parliamentary committee, by whose members detached questions could be put, and the answers published just as government pleased. Accordingly, the celebrated “secret committees” of lords and commons of 1798 were appointed, before which O'Connor, Macneven, and Emmet, were separately examined.

The examination was conducted in the most searching manner by the members of the government; and the replies put in by the deputation from the prisoners are evidences at once of their courage and their talent. I wish the limits of my book permitted me to give a copious extract. Let me state that *the lord chancellor (Clare) had before him the identical memoir presented by Dr. Macneven to the French*

*directory*, which was obtained by the most subtle influence ; for Talleyrand had kept it in his private cabinet, under his own key. The following passages are specimens of the inquiry :—

“*Lord Chancellor.* Pray, Dr. Macneven, what number of troops did the Irish directory require from the French government for the invasion of Ireland ?

“*Macneven.* The *minimum* force was five thousand men ; the *maximum*, ten thousand. With that number, and a large quantity of arms and ammunition, we knew that an Irish army could be formed and disciplined : this, aided by the universal wish of the people to shake off the yoke, we had no doubt would succeed ; and we were always solicitous that no foreign force should be able to dictate in our country. Liberty and national independence being our object, we never meant to engage in a struggle for a change of masters.

“*Lord Chancellor.* Was not your object a separation from England ?

“*Macneven.* It certainly became our object when we were convinced that liberty was not otherwise attainable ; our reasons for this determination are given in the memoir. It is a measure we were forced into ; inasmuch as I am now, and always have been, of opinion, that if we were an independent republic, and Britain ceased to be formidable to us, our interest would require an intimate connection with her.

“*Lord Chancellor.* Such as subsists between England and America ?

“*Macneven.* Something like it, my lord.

“*Archbishop of Cashel.* In plain English, that Ireland should stand on her own bottom, and trade with every other country, just according as she found it would be her interest ?

“*Macneven.* Precisely, my lord. I have not, I own, any idea of sacrificing the interests of Ireland to those of any other country ; nor why we should not in that, and every respect, be as free as the English themselves.

“*Archbishop of Cashel.* Ireland could not support herself alone.

“*Macneven.* In my opinion, she could ; and, if once her own mistress, would be invincible against England and France together ; but this, my lord, is a combination never to be expected. If necessary, I could bring as many proofs, in support of this opinion, as a thing admits of which may be only supported or opposed by probabilities.” \* \* \*

“*Archbishop of Cashel.* Can you account for the massacres committed upon the Protestants by the Papists in the county of Wexford ?

“*Macneven.* My lord, I am far from being the apologist of massacres, however provoked ; but if I am rightly informed as to the conduct of the magistrates of that county, the massacres you allude to were acts of retaliation upon enemies, much more than of fanaticism : moreover, my lord, it has been the misfortune of this country scarcely ever to have known the English natives, or settlers, otherwise than as enemies ; and in his language, the Irish peasant has but one name for Protestant and Englishman, and confounds them ; he calls both by the name of *sasanagh*. His indignation, therefore, is *less against a religionist* than against a *foe* ; his prejudice is the effect of the ignorance he is kept in, and the treatment he receives. How can we be surprised at it when so much pains are taken to brutalize him ?

“*Lord Chancellor.* I agree with Dr. Macneven. The Irish peasant considers the two words as synonymous ; he calls the Protestant and Englishman, indifferently, *sasanagh*.

"*Lord Kilwarden.* I suppose the religious establishment would be abolished with the tithes?

"*Macneven.* I suppose it would.

"*Lord Kilwarden.* Would you not set up another?

"*Macneven.* No, indeed.

"*Lord Kilwarden.* Not the Roman Catholic?

"*Macneven.* I would no more consent to that than I would to the establishment of Mahometanism.

"*Lord Kilwarden.* What would you do, then?

"*Macneven.* That which they do in America; let each man profess the religion of his conscience, and pay his own pastor."

They then entered on the subject of the separation.

"*Lord Chancellor.* How is it possible, Mr. Emmet — just look on the map, and tell me how you can suppose, that Ireland could exist independent of England or France?

"*Emmet.* My lords, if I had any doubt on that subject, I never should have attempted to effect a separation; but I have given it as much consideration as my faculties would permit; and I have not a shadow of doubt that, if Ireland was once independent, she might defy the combined efforts of France and England.

"*Archbishop of Cashel.* My God! her trade would be destroyed!

"*Emmet.* Pardon me, my lord. Her trade would be infinitely increased. One hundred and fifty years ago, when Ireland contained not more than one million and a half of men, and America was nothing, the connection might be said to be necessary to Ireland; but now that she contains five millions, and America is the best market in the world, and Ireland the best-situated country in Europe to trade with that market, she has outgrown the connection.

"*Lord Chancellor.* Yes: I remember talking to a gentleman of your acquaintance, and I believe one of your body and way of thinking, who told me that Ireland had nothing to complain of from England; but that she was strong enough to set up for herself.

"*Emmet.* I beg, my lords, that may not be considered as my opinion. I think Ireland has a great many things to complain of against England. I am sure she is strong enough to set up for herself; and give me leave to tell you, my lords, that if the government of this country be not regulated so as that the control may be wholly Irish, and that the commercial arrangements between the two countries be not put on the footing of perfect equality, the connection cannot last.

"*Lord Chancellor.* What would you do for coals?

"*Emmet.* In every revolution, and in every war, the people must submit to some privations. But I must observe to your lordships, that there is a reciprocity between the buyer and seller; and that England would suffer as much as Ireland, if we did not buy her coals. However, I will grant our fuel would become dearer for a time; but by paying a higher price, we could have a full, sufficient, abundance from our own coal mines, and from bogs, by means of our canals.

"*Archbishop of Cashel.* Why, twelve frigates would stop up all our ports.

"*Emmet.* My lord, you must have taken a very imperfect survey of the ports on the western coasts of this kingdom, if you suppose that twelve frigates would block them up; and I must observe to you that, if Ireland was for three months.



separated from England, the latter would cease to be such a formidable naval power.

*Lord Chancellor.* Well, I can conceive the separation could last twelve hours.

*Emmet.* I declare it to God, I think that, if Ireland were separated from England, she would be the happiest spot on the face of the globe."

At which they all seemed astonished.

*Lord Kilwarden.* You seem averse to insurrection. I suppose it was because you thought it impolitic.

*Emmet.* Unquestionably; for if I imagined an insurrection could have succeeded without a great waste of blood and time, I should have preferred it to invasion, as it would not have exposed us to the chance of contributions being required by a foreign force; but as I did not think so, and as I was certain an invasion would succeed speedily, and without much struggle, I preferred it even at the hazard of that inconvenience, which we took every pains to prevent.

*Lord Dillon.* Mr. Emmet, you have stated the views of the executive to be very liberal and very enlightened, and I believe yours were so; but let me ask you whether it was not intended to cut off (in the beginning of the contest) the leaders of the opposition party by a summary mode, such as assassination. My reason for asking you is, John Sheares's proclamation, the most terrible paper that ever appeared in any country: it says that 'many of your tyrants have bled, and others must bleed,' &c.

*Emmet.* My lords, as to Mr. Sheares's proclamation, he was not of the executive when I was.

*Lord Chancellor.* He was of the new executive.

*Emmet.* I do not know he was of any executive, except from what your lordship says; but I believe he was joined with some others in framing a particular plan of insurrection for Dublin and its neighborhood; neither do I know what value he annexed to those words in his proclamation; but I can answer, that while I was of the executive, there was no such design, but the contrary; for we conceived that when one of you lost his life, we lost a hostage. Our intention was to seize you all, and keep you as hostages for the conduct of England; and after the revolution was over, if you could not live under the new government, to send you out of the country. I will add one thing more, which, though it is not an answer to your question, you may have a curiosity to hear. In such a struggle, it was natural to expect confiscations; our intention was, that every wife who had not instigated her husband to resistance, should be provided for out of the property, notwithstanding confiscations; and every child who was too young to be his own master, or form his own opinion, was to have a child's portion. Your lordships will now judge how far we intended to be cruel.

*Lord Chancellor.* Pray, Mr. Emmet, what caused the late insurrection?

*Emmet.* The free quarters, the house-burnings, the tortures, and the military executions, in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, and Wicklow.

*Lord Chancellor.* Don't you think the arrests of the 12th of March caused it?

*Emmet.* No; but I believe, if it had not been for these arrests, it would not have taken place; for the people, irritated by what they suffered, had been long pressing the executive to consent to an insurrection, but they had resisted or eluded it, and even determined to persevere in the same line. After these arrests,

however, other persons came forward, who were irritated, and thought differently, who consented to let that partial insurrection take place.

"*Lord Chancellor.* Were all the executive arrested or put to flight by the arrests of the 12th of March ?

"*Emmet.* Your lordships will excuse my answering to that question, as it would point out individuals." \* \* \*

"*Lord Castlereagh.* Don't you think the Catholics would wish to set up a Catholic establishment, in lieu of the Protestant one ?

"*Emmet.* Indeed I don't, even at the present day. Perhaps some old priests, who have long groaned under the penal laws, might wish for a retribution to themselves ; but I don't think the young priests wish for it ; and I am convinced the laity would not submit to it, and that the objections to it will be every day gaining strength."

Mr. Emmet was a Protestant, well acquainted with the feelings of the Irish Catholics. His evidence, on oath, against the oft-repeated imputation of the designs of the Irish Catholics to set up their church as a state engine on the establishment of Ireland's independence, is a direct refutation of that hackneyed calumny. As soon as this examination concluded, the real objects of the government became apparent, by the publication of detached pieces of its proceedings in the newspapers. When those extracts were seen, the deputies, O'Connor, Macneven, and Emmet, published a refutation, charging the government with falsifying, suppressing, and misrepresenting their evidence. This fearless condemnation of the cabinet fell like a thunderbolt among the members and their supporters. Arthur O'Connor followed up this denial by the publication of a pamphlet styled "A Letter from the Dungeon to Lord Castlereagh," signed with his name.

In this letter, which is very strong, Mr. O'Connor asserts, that Lord Castlereagh, in their first conference, assured him that Lord Cornwallis's honor was pledged to them for the religious performance of the agreement, and that he and his colleagues at first refused to sign it, from detestation of entering into any conditions with the Irish government, or those who composed the councils of Lord Cornwallis's administration. In answer, the Lord Chancellor Clare made use of these remarkable expressions : "It comes to this — either you must trust the government, or the government must trust you. A government that could violate engagements thus solemnly made, neither could stand nor deserve to stand." He alleges five substantial and most severe deviations, on the part of the government, from the terms of the original agreement, justified upon the allegation of a change of circumstances after it had been first acceded to.

Of the amnesty bill, Mr. O'Connor thus speaks : "You assured me that government would not shed any more blood, for any act hitherto done in the Union, except for murder, which you did not suppose I would wish to have excepted ; but that, though you would assure me that no more blood should be shed, you would not consent that we should have any part of the credit. Convinced, from every infor-

nation we had obtained, that the murders which had been committed upon the people were beyond all comparison more numerous than those which had been committed by them, and being equally abhorrent of murder, be the perpetrators of what side they may, we assured you that we were desirous that murderers of no side should receive any quarter; and as to the credit of putting a stop to the further effusion of the blood of my countrymen, I did not contend for what you called the credit: I contended only for that performance for which we were to give the equivalent."

Of the treaty, Mr. O'Connor says,—

*\*The last sentence was added, to mark that more was conditioned for than could be expressed.* Pursuant to this agreement, at the instance of government, Emmet, Macneven, and I, drew up a memoir containing thirty-six pages, giving an account of the origin, principles, conduct, and views, of the Union, which we signed and delivered to you on the 4th of August last. On the 6th, the secretary of state came to our prison, and, after acknowledging that the memoir was a *perfect performance of our agreement*, he told us that Lord Cornwallis had read it; but, as it was a vindication of the Union, and a condemnation of the ministers, the government, and legislature of Ireland, he could not receive it, and therefore he wished we would alter it. We declared we would not change one letter: it was all true, and it was the truth we stood pledged to deliver. He then asked us, if government should publish such parts only as might suit them, whether we would refrain from publishing the memoir entire. We answered that, having stipulated for the liberty of publication, we should use that right when and as we should feel ourselves called on; to which he added, that, if we published, he would have to hire persons to answer us; that then he supposed we would reply, by which a paper war would be carried on without end between us and government. Finding that we would not suffer the memoir to be garbled, and that the literary contest between us and these hirelings was not likely to turn out to your credit, it was determined to examine us before the secret committees, whereby a more complete selection might be made out of the memoir, and all the objectionable truths, with which it was observed it abounded, might be suppressed.

"Immediately after the committees had reported, but before their reports had been printed, the newspapers (notoriously, by their own declaration, under your absolute dominion) inserted the most impudent falsehoods with respect to what we had sworn. We published a contradiction of those scurrilous falsehoods, which appeared in the newspapers, adding, that, by our agreement, *we were not, by naming, or describing, to implicate any person whatever.* The manner in which this was taken up, by those men who sat in the house of commons of Ireland, is upon record, and will form a precious morsel for the future historian of that illustrious body. I am not now writing their history; I am describing your conduct. Conscious, as you must have been, that, in contradicting those infamous falsehoods, we were doing no more than exercising a right for which we had strictly conditioned, why did you not come forward in that fair and honorable manner, to which a regard for truth, for the house, and for your own honor, so imperiously bound you, and avow the existence of your stipulations with us for publications of our written agreement, somewhat of which, on the second day, the house learned from its being published by General Nugent, at Belfast? You did neither the

one thing nor the other ; but you did that which convinced the discerning part of the world that there was something which you dare not avow, nor yet disclaim ; but although you had neither the spirit nor honor to defend your own stipulations, you had the meanness to censure, and to fill up the measure of the perfidious part you had acted. You sent one of those very men to my prison, whose hands were reeking with the blood of my beloved, valued, \*\*\*\*\* friend, Edward's precious blood, for which, in these times of stalking butchery, not even the semblance of an inquisition has been had. This was the mute you sent with orders to circumscribe my prison to the still narrower limits of a cell. For two months these orders were varied with the most fantastical absurdity ; but all with a view to make a prison more irksome, adding wanton cruelty to the basest perfidy.

“In consequence of which a bill was brought into parliament, said to be conformable to an agreement which, according to Lord Clare, ‘a government that could violate, neither could stand nor deserve to stand.’ You are the minister who furnished the act to the parliament ; and if gross and palpable falsehoods have been delivered, you are that minister who has dared to deceive them. It is asserted in this bill, in which I find my name in company with eighty-nine others, ‘that I had acknowledged my *crimes*, retracted my opinions, and implored mercy, on condition of being exiled to such foreign country as to his majesty, in his royal wisdom, shall seem meet.’ On reading this bill, shortly after it was brought into the house, not one of the ninety, whose names are inserted, but was astonished and indignant at these unfounded assertions ; and before it was passed, Neilson wrote the following letter to the editor of the Courier :—

“SIR :

“Having seen in your paper of the 16th inst. a publication purporting to be a copy of the bill now on its way through the Irish parliament, relative to the emigration of ninety persons in custody under charges of high treason, which states that they had acknowledged their *crimes*, retracted their *opinions*, and *implored pardon*, — I thought myself peculiarly called upon to set you right, by enclosing to you a copy of the compact, as settled between us and the government, which cannot by any means authorize such a statement. None of us did either acknowledge a crime, retract an opinion, or implore pardon. Our object was to stop an effusion of blood.

“I am, sir,

“Your obedient, humble servant,

“SAMUEL NEILSON.’

“In two hours after this letter was sent to Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Neilson was notified by his excellency, the lord lieutenant, ‘that he would consider its publication an infraction of the whole negotiation, and executions should go on as formerly.’”

Extract from another part of Mr. O'Connor's letter :—

“On the 25th of September, I wrote to Lord Cornwallis, demanding the fulfilment of the engagements to which you had pledged him. After nearly a month had elapsed, on the 21st of October, I received an answer, informing me that we should emigrate to America, and that we should be obliged to give security not to return to Europe. This was the third interpretation of the agreement, a direct and gross violation of the written compact, and totally different from those terms ex-

pressly stipulated; yet, the very next day, Mr. Marsden came to our prison to tell us that the whole purport of the letter we received the day before, all was revoked, and that in a few days a fresh interpretation would be notified us by the government. After six weeks had elapsed, we received the fifth interpretation of the agreement, in a scroll of your writing, brought here by Mr. Marsden, of which the following is a literal copy:—

“Samuel Neilson, Thomas Russell, Thomas A. Emmet, Wm. I. Macneven, Henry Jackson, Arthur O'Connor, John Sweeney, Hugh Wilson, John Chambers, Matthew Dowling, John Sweetman, Joseph Cuthbert, Miles Duigenan, John Cormick, Deane Swift.

“The above persons cannot be liberated at present: the other state prisoners, named in the banishment bill, will be permitted to retire to any neutral country on the Continent, giving security not to pass into an enemy's country. The lord lieutenant will be glad to extend this indulgence to the prisoners now excepted, as soon as he can do it consistent with the attention which he owes to the public safety, and laments that a change of circumstances has rendered the present precaution necessary.”

“Here all respect for all former conditions is laid by, and a state necessity is made the pretext, which, if admitted as a justifiable plea for breach of engagement, at once destroys every principle of good faith, honor, or justice.

“For the part I have taken in my own country, my acts shall be my vouchers. Neither the force of foreign mercenaries, nor the corruption of traitors, nor the falsehood of ministers, nor the calumny of hired defamers, nor the torture of tyrants, can condemn me, as long as conscious integrity finds a place in my heart. Disloyalty, rebellion, and treason, are confounded, by the mass of mankind, with the success that attends them; whilst with the magnanimous, success conveys no acquittal, nor defeat condemnation. That the constitution contained some of the purest principles of liberty, that they have been most violently assailed, that the assailants have been enormously criminal, and that they should be selected for exemplary justice, I have uniformly asserted: then let those vital principles of the constitution be the standard, and let their violation be the criminal test. I ask but that the world should be informed of the part I have acted. There have been instances of virtue which might challenge the brightest page of the world; there have been crimes which cannot be equalled in the records of hell. I demand a fair allotment of my share in a just distribution; and with the claims of a calumniated man, I call on my calumniators for publication, not only by the imprescriptible right of self-defence, but by the right of express stipulation. The whole of what has been delivered by me fills one hundred pages, of which only one has been published. Publish the ninety-nine which have been suppressed; and when the world are informed of the crimes I have detailed, and the principles upon which I have acted, then let them judge whether I have had recourse to resistance and to foreign aid against the constitution, or against racks, tortures, lashings, half-hangings, burning houses, rape, military execution, bastiles, free-quarters, and every species of oppression. If these ninety-nine pages contain falsehoods, why have I not been exposed by their being published? If they contain confessions of conscious guilt, or humbly imploring his majesty's mercy, why are they not published? \* \* \*

“Let me be banished to the most distant pole,—you cannot eradicate the love of country from my heart. Country is my god; upon its altar I could offer up not

only fortune, not only life, — I can do more; I can sacrifice revenge. Had the dreadful list of those beloved friends, whom I shall mourn while I live, been greater than it is — had the profusion of my own particular blood been so abundant that I were left the last of mine own race — did my sufferings equal (for exceed they could not) the most excruciating tortures which resounded in every hamlet throughout the nation — *if the salvation of our island were at stake*, I would stretch out one arm to grasp the bloody hands of my deluded, maddened, betrayed countrymen, point the other to our common parent, and in the deliverance of our common country bury all remembrance of the past; while mutual tears of bitterest grief, sorrow, and regret, should wash away all memory of how all former blood has flowed. Add these to my crimes, and let the exposure of your guilt be one. The more clearly I have depicted you, the more vindictive your revenge. What I value, and which I now defend, is above your reach. Power is not tempered to pierce the shield which honesty can forge. Put character upon its trial; no jury can be packed; the patriots who have ever lived are duly summoned to attend, and time records the verdict. The patriots of Greece and Rome — the Russells, Sidneys, Hampdens, and Roger Moore — the patriots of Helvetia, of Batavia, of America — have all been branded traitors in the days they lived; but posterity has done them justice. Character is never fairly before the world until the owner is no more. While I live, though it be within the precincts of the scaffold, I will vindicate my honor, I will raise my voice from the depths of my dungeon; and when I shall have discharged the last debt my country can expect, or I can pay, the world will do me justice.

“ Young lord, I sought you not. You have grappled with my honor upon these troubled waters. If yours shall have perished, blame your own temerity. Mark but the smallest shade in any charge I have made against you, that is not grounded in the brightest truth, and I will feel more pleasure (if possible) in retracting it, than I have felt pain in travelling through the long and shameful history of your dishonor. Those who know me best will acquit me of the despondent, gloomy mind, which likes to dwell on human nature's dark, deformed side; whilst those who know me least, and hate me most, shall seek for grounds for defamation. Had your offences been those of folly, of inexperience, of ignorance, or of inordinate presumption, the pompous, empty carriage of the man should have insured your acquittal; but vacant indeed must be the mind that cannot mark the strong and glaring lines which separate truth from falsehood, honor from infamy, and faith from perfidy. Convince me that you are guiltless, that I am in error, and I will do you justice; but with these strong impressions of strong conviction on my mind, I can subscribe myself, with no other sentiment than that which arises from a mixture of pity and contempt,

“ ARTHUR O'CONNOR.

“ *From my prison, January 4th, 1799.*

“ TO LORD CASTLEREAGH.”

This brave condemnation of a sanguinary government came upon them like an avalanche. The ministerial members in the house of commons attacked the prisoners with much brutality, urging upon the government the necessity of their immediate execution. Among the members who most vehemently urged the performance of this atrocious

deed was Cunningham Plunkett, afterwards promoted to the chancellorship of Ireland by the *whigs*. This man was educated at the expense of Dr. Emmet. He was the schoolfellow, and almost brother, of the three Emmets. He is still alive, and in the enjoyment of a retiring pension of four thousand pounds a year from the Irish government, while his *eleven* sons and sons-in-law, whom Cobbett called "the young Hannibals," are still quartered on the country.

Every species of persecution which the horrors of a close imprisonment could admit of was now put in force, by the ministry, towards the fifteen devoted martyrs, whose names are canonized to posterity by the discriminating warrant of the British government. Notwithstanding the vigilant cruelty of government, the prisoners contrived to gain the affection of their keeper, in Kilmainham, who used to admit them all into one room at midnight, where they sat on the bare floor, or stood up, as they had a mind to, conversed till daylight, and then softly stole to their separate cells. This was an enjoyment for which they dearly paid, and which to them was worth any amount of worldly wealth.

The wife of Thomas Addis Emmet was permitted to visit him upon one occasion, and she refused ever after to quit the prison. She declared, when once admitted, that she would never leave it but with her husband. The servants of the government ordered her, in a peremptory manner, to leave the prison, but she as positively declined. Force was not resorted to; but the keeper had orders, if she ever left the room, never to permit her to return. She never left the room but once for twelve months. Her child, then at Mr. Emmet's father's, was taken sick, and dangerously ill. Information was communicated to Mrs. Emmet; but how was she to go? She appealed to the mother of children, to the jailer's wife, and at the hour of midnight she let Mrs. Emmet out of her cell, and conducted her through the jailer's apartments to the street. She visited her child, remained till the next night, and returned by means of the same sympathy. As she was on the point of entering Mr. Emmet's room, one of the keepers discovered her; but it was too late. She never availed herself of the same permission again. During her absence, Mr. Emmet's room was frequently visited; the curtains around the bed were closed, some bundles of clothing were put in the bed, and the keepers desired to step very softly, and not to disturb Mrs. Emmet when afflicted with the headache!

After Mr. Emmet and his companions in a noble cause had remained in prison some months, and the British government had extended the work of extermination over the island, and the executioners became

wearily; after he and Mrs. Emmet had been confined in a room of twelve feet square, that overlooked the dock from which the unhappy victims of the revolution were daily taken for execution; at length, after a close imprisonment of nearly twelve months, an order came suddenly one night to the prisoners' cells, acquainting them that they must prepare to leave Ireland at four o'clock next morning. There were twenty state prisoners included in this order. All was alarm, for no one knew his destination. Through the sympathetic friendship of the jailer's wife for Mrs. Emmet, that gentleman's family and friends were apprized of this sudden command. Mr. Emmet's sister immediately came to his prison, saw, and parted from him with tears; but, determined to assure herself of her beloved brother's destiny, she took a carriage, and, late as it was, repaired to the house of the lord lieutenant alone. She introduced herself, and found him and his lady, unattended, in their apartment. She made known her business. She came to inquire her brother's fate. Whither was he to be sent? Was he to be doomed to the scaffold, or forced into exile on some desolate coast?

The lord and lady lieutenant shed tears. He said he would tell her all that a regard for duty permitted him. The destined abode of her brother and the others he could not mention; but this he would say,—*no harm would occur to them.* News had arrived that the French were about to make a descent upon Ireland; her brother and nineteen more were therefore to be removed from Dublin, and kept as hostages. This was communicated to the prisoners by the lady, and it served to calm their apprehensions.

At four o'clock the next morning, the state prisoners beheld Ireland for the last time. I shall continue the narrative of their imprisonment from a little work on the life of Thomas A. Emmet, written in America, by his intimate friend General Haines.

“Mr. Emmet and his fellow-prisoners were landed in Scotland, and imprisoned in Fort George, a fortress in the county of Nairn, in the north-eastern part of Scotland, on Murray Frith. Mr. Emmet and his companions were transferred to this place early in 1799. Here they were confined for three years. Mrs. Emmet was permitted to join her husband, and never left him afterwards. During their confinement here, Mr. Emmet and Macneven wrote part of an essay towards the history of Ireland, which was printed in New York, in 1807, and deserves to be more extensively known. It displays great vigor of thought, clearness of conception, and elegance of language, and will one day be read with great avidity and delight. Amid all his troubles, his mind remained firm and unbroken, full of vigor and industry:—

‘*Exilium causa ipsa jubet sibi dulce videri,  
Et desiderium dulce levat patria.*’



“Of his residence at Fort George, Mr. Emmet relates many anecdotes with great ease and apparent pleasure. Governor Stuart, an invalid officer, who had served abroad, commanded at Fort George during the whole residence of the Irish patriots in that place. Mr. Emmet speaks of him with enthusiastic regard. By a conduct at once noble, generous, frank, and polite, the governor endeared himself to all the prisoners; and his death, which occurred a few years since, was heard of with regret by all who had known him. He told them, when they arrived, that they were gentlemen, and so he should treat them; and so he did treat them on every occasion. He set an example and gave a tone to the whole garrison, even to the lowest private soldier.

“Whenever the prisoners wished to go beyond the fort, and requested permission, the answer was always the same from Governor Stuart: ‘You go on one condition — your parol of honor. I take the responsibility, and place my character for fidelity in your hands.’ The prisoners wished to bathe in the sea. Vessels were constantly at anchor or hovering on the coast, and when once on the shore, which was considerably outside the fort, any prisoner might have swum to a French or American vessel, and escaped. When the prisoners requested permission to enjoy the sea-waters and the surf, Governor Stuart told them the consequence of his granting their request, if any complaint should reach the government. ‘But,’ said he, ‘go. I trust to your honor.’ And where was the prisoner who would have escaped? ‘As soon,’ says Mr. Emmet, ‘would we have committed suicide.’ When Mrs. Emmet joined her husband, every delicate attention, consistent with a military government, was paid her by Governor Stuart. He sent a message to Mr. Emmet, that he was at liberty to accompany his wife to any distance from the fort which she chose to visit; and on her visits to the families residing in the neighborhood, Mr. Emmet could always escort her. Mr. Emmet wrote him a note, that if this indulgence came from the British government, he could not consistently embrace it; if from Governor Stuart himself, it would give him sincere pleasure to accept of his kind offer. Governor Stuart wrote a note in answer, that it was his own proffer, and it was gladly accepted and enjoyed. On all gala days, Governor Stuart remembered his prisoners, and they were treated with every thing the country could afford.

“After the expiration of three years, the British government concluded to discharge the prisoners from Fort George, and end their sufferings. A correspondence was opened with Governor Stuart, and after every thing was arranged, a list of pardons was sent him; and here occurs an incident which deserves to be remembered in the life of Mr. Emmet. The list of pardons came, including every prisoner’s name *but his own*. Governor Stuart sent for him, and with evident emotion told him the fact. For Mr. Emmet there *was no pardon*, and he was doomed still to remain a state prisoner. Neither Governor Stuart nor Mr. Emmet could divine the cause of this want of lenity in his case. After a moment of deep reflection, silence, and anxiety, Governor Stuart said, in a decided tone, ‘Mr. Emmet, you shall go. I will take all hazards and all responsibility; you shall go to-morrow with the rest of the prisoners, and I will stand between you and the government!’ The next morning, Mr. Emmet left the shores of Scotland, associated with many painful and some pleasant and grateful recollections.

“I have thus particularly named Governor Stuart, because he displays a char-

acter worthy of the warmest admiration. Happy would it have been for poor Napoleon, had such a man been the governor of St. Helena! The commander of Fort George was a personage fit for the days of chivalry, when bravery was blended with refinement of feeling and the most generous sympathies of human nature. He had been a gay young nobleman, and expended an elegant fortune in the enjoyment of pleasure and amusement. He died old, and never suffered for permitting one of the greatest men that Ireland in that age produced to regain his freedom and establish a lasting fame on another continent.

“Mr. Emmet, with his lady and the other nineteen prisoners, was escorted to the frigate, which was sent to convey them to the continent of Europe, with waving banners and joyful acclamations. It was a kind of triumphal procession, in which officers and men, subjects and rulers, all joined; for there was no feeling towards the prisoners at Fort George but love, sympathy, and good-will. All rejoiced in their liberation.

“On their liberation from Fort George, Mr. Emmet and his family were landed at Cuxhaven, on their way to Hamburg. They left that city, and passed through Holland, visiting Amsterdam and Rotterdam; and spent the winter of 1802 in Brussels, where Mr. Emmet received intelligence of his father’s death, and met his brother, the celebrated martyr, Robert Emmet.”

Mr. Emmet, and most of the other gentlemen, entered into the republican army of France, and received command, with a view of raising a new expedition of aid for Ireland; but not being sufficiently encouraged in the project, Emmet, Macneven, Cornack, Chambers, Sampson, and some more, came out to America. I shall have a few words more to say on the after-fate of the state prisoners, in my lecture on Robert Emmet.

To show that this insurrection was not originated by the Catholics, or for Catholic purposes, so frequently insinuated, I present a tabular analysis of the station, religion, and fate of the chiefs of this formidable association, which I take from Madden’s United Irishmen:—

*“Religion professed by the leading Members of the United Irish Society, or Persons suspected of so being.*

“The names in braces are those of the state prisoners who had been confined in Fort George.

“PROTESTANTS.

Thomas A. Emmet, Bar.,	Hon. Simon Butler, Bar.,	*Anthony Perry,
Arthur O’Connor, “	A. H. Rowan,	*T. W. Tone, Bar.,
Roger O’Connor, “	James Napper Tandy,	*Bartholomew Tone,
Thomas Russell,	Lord Edward Fitzgerald,	Thomas Wright,
John Chambers,	*Henry Sheares, Bar.,	Wm. Livingston Webb,
Matthew Dowling,	*John Sheares, “	William Hamilton,
Edward Hudson,	Oliver Bond,	Matthew Dowling, Attor.,
Hugh Wilson,	*B. B. Harvey,	Richard Kirwan,
William Dowdall,	*Leonard M’Nally, Bar.,	James Reynolds, M. D.,
Robert Hunter,	John Russell,	Deane Swift, Bar.,

\*Matthew Keogh,  
Thomas Corbett,  
William Corbett,

William Weir,  
John Allen,  
Thomas Bacon,

Joseph Holt,  
\*Robert Emmet,

“ PRESBYTERIANS.

William Tennant, M. D.,  
Robert Simms,  
Samuel Neilson,  
George Cumming,  
Joseph Cuthbert,  
Rev. W. Steele Dickson,  
William Drennan, M. D.,  
\*William Orr,  
\*Samuel Orr,  
William Putnam M'Cabe,  
\*Henry Monroe,  
\*James Dickey, Attor.,

Henry Haslett,  
William Sampson, Bar.,  
\*Henry Joy M'Cracken,  
William Sinclair,  
J. Sinclair,  
Robert M'Gee, M. D.,  
Israel Milliken,  
Gilbert M'Ilvain, Jun.,  
Robert Byers,  
\*Henry Byers,  
S. Kennedy,

Robert Hunter,  
Robert Orr,  
Hugh Grimes,  
William Kean,  
James Burnside,  
James Greer,  
Rowley Osborne,  
Mr. Turner,  
William Simms,  
John Rabb,  
James Hope.

“ CATHOLICS.

W. J. Macneven, M. D.,  
John Sweeny,  
Joseph Cormick,  
John Sweetman,  
Peter Finnerty,  
\*William Michael Byrne,  
\*John M'Cann,  
\*J. Esmond, M. D.,  
William Lawless,  
Edward John Lewins,  
\*William Byrne,

\*Walter Devereux,  
John Devereux, (the Gen-  
eral Devereux),  
Garret Byrne,  
\*Esmond Kyan,  
Charles Teeling,  
Bartholomew Teeling,  
Richard M'Cormick,  
Thomas Doorley,  
\*Felix Rourke,  
Bernard Mahon,

John Sweetman,  
E. Fitzgerald, (Wexford),  
William Aylmer,  
\*S. Barrett,  
Ferdinand O'Donnell,  
\*Col. O'Doude,  
\*John Kelly, } Gener-  
Thomas Cloney, } als.  
\*John Clinch,  
James Farrell,  
Michael Dwyer.

“ The clergy who were implicated or accused of being concerned in the rebellion, were the following:—

“ PRESBYTERIANS.

\*Rev. Mr. Warwick,  
Rev. W. Steele Dickson,  
\*Rev. William Porter,  
Rev. Mr. Barber,

Rev. Mr. Mahon,  
Rev. Mr. Birch,  
Rev. Mr. Ward,  
Rev. Mr. Smith,

Rev. Mr. Sinclair,  
\*Rev. Mr. Stevelly,  
Rev. Mr. M'Neill,  
Rev. Mr. Simpson.

“ CATHOLICS.

\*Rev. Moses Kearns,  
\*Rev. Joha Murphy,  
†Rev. Michael Murphy,  
Rev. Mr. Kavanagh,

\*Rev. Mr. Redmond,  
Rev. Mr. Stafford,  
\*Rev. P. Roche,  
Rev. H. O'Keon,

\*Rev. Mr. Prendergast,  
Rev. Mr. Harrold,  
\*Rev. J. Quigley,  
Rev. Dennis Taafe.

“ Those marked (\*) were executed ; (†) shot.

“ The eminent chemist and mineralogist, Richard Kirwan, on the authority of Dr. Macneven, was sworn by him, [Dr. Macneven.]

“ The preceding list of the names of the leaders of the United Irishmen includes those of the actors in the rebellion, as well as those of the originators and

organizers of it; but if we separate the one from the other, and enumerate the organizing leaders, we shall find that the Protestant and Presbyterian members, compared with the Roman Catholic members, are in the proportion of about four to one. There never was a greater mistake than to call this struggle a Popish rebellion: the movement was preëminently a Protestant one.\*

The following northern leaders were returned to the secret committee by Hughes, the Belfast informer, who was himself one among them, viz.: Orr, a chandler, who afterwards suffered death; Robert Hunter, a broker; John Tisdall, a notary; J. M'Clean, a watch-maker; S. M'Clean, a merchant; \* Thomas M'Donnell, a grocer; J. Luke, a linen factor; Hugh Crawford, linen merchant; A. M'Clean, woollen merchant; W. Crawford, ironmonger; H. Dunlap, builder; and W. Hogg, linen factor. Besides these, there were Russell, Neilson, Lowry, M'Cracken, (*M'Guckan*, a traitor,) Francis Jordan, treasurer for Antrim, Cunningham Gregg, Charles Rankin, Robert Thompson, Magennis, Alexander Lowry, the Rev. Mr. M'Mahon. The latter was most urgent to have the United men rise without the French. Teeling was the chief leader of Dundalk; he was a linen merchant, and wrote an excellent narrative of the rebellion. Tony M'Cann was of the same town, as were Samuel Turner, John and Patrick Byrne.

And now let us return to the proceedings of the government towards the unfortunate people of Ireland during the *memorable years* 1799 and 1800. O, where is the pen to depict the horrors of that black and bloody season! Not Pagan Rome, in the most revolting exercise of her power, in her most sanguinary persecutions of the Christians, equalled the bloody reign, at this period, of the British government in Ireland.

Troops of wretches were kept in their pay, whose business it was to swear against the suspected. The constitution was kept suspended. The trials by court martial proceeded with fiendish regularity. The daily business of the authorities was to superintend the "trials," whipping, hanging, or transportation, of companies of unfortunate men whom the wretches denominated "*king's evidence*" marked out for destruction. There were several of these wretches kept in the most elegant apartments of Dublin Castle. Some of them were supported at the "Castle Hotel," in Essex Street, and their bills, at the rate of thirty to fifty pounds a week, were paid at the secretary's office when presented. Several *grades* were established in this staff of villains. Some of them got as much as a thousand guineas for running down a distinguished leader. Others were satisfied to swing off a dozen for a fifth of the

\* This gentleman is at present a wealthy resident of Madison city, on the Ohio.

sum. The fees were paid according to the quality of the victim. I find in Plowden, Barrington, Macneven, Madden, and some other authors, numberless descriptions of those master villains. I have not room to give many portraits, but those I present are adepts in wickedness. It has been eloquently remarked by Macneven himself, that in no nation under the sun are the opposites in virtue and vice seen more distinctly, or in greater extremes, than in Ireland. "We shall see," says he, "fortitude worthy of the most heroic ages; fidelity that would honor the most virtuous; benevolence of intention, with philosophy of design, that would insure the greatest blessings; and, side by side of these, occasionally are to be met an audacity in the commission of crime, a maturity in corruption, a consummateness in villany, that will exhibit the Irish people frequently wise or wicked, but never little."

*T. Reynolds.* (By Dr. Macneven.)

"When Lord Edward Fitzgerald spoke to me of Reynolds, which was not until early in March, as one of the Kildare colonels chosen through his influence, I was alarmed, and acquainted him with my strong dislike and distrust of that man. He thought me over-cautious; but it was to the bad opinion I had of Reynolds that I owed my safety — that I escaped from a snare he laid deliberately against my life.

"The day before the meeting of the 12th of March, he called at my residence twice in one forenoon without finding me. The second time, he gave my servant a few lines, in which he requested I would inform him where the Leinster Provincial was to hold its next sitting, and to leave a note for him before I went out.

"His asking a written answer to such a question, in those times, was so much worse than folly, that it struck me as if all were not right; but I had no idea of the extent of my danger, for I knew nothing of the nature of the confidence reposed in him by Lord Edward; neither had I any knowledge of those traits of villany in his character which afterwards came out on the trial of Mr. Bond. My precaution arose simply from the obvious indiscretion of the demand, together with my contemptuous opinion of the individual himself; and I adopted the following mode of verifying my suspicion. I folded a piece of blank paper after the manner of a letter, which I laid upon the chimney-piece, and as Reynolds left word with the servant he would come back for an answer before dinner, I waited for him within. Between three and four he made his appearance, when I told him, that, as he had come himself, it was unnecessary to hand him my answer, throwing the paper in the fire. Never shall I forget the sudden falling of his countenance, and his rueful expression of disappointment at that moment. I coolly said I knew nothing of the matter, and looked about as for my hat. He could not recover his composure, but at once withdrew. My opportunities enabled me to know (for I attended professionally on his mother and her daughters) that he was given to lying, much of a glutton, and both expensive and avaricious — qualities which I had never seen to belong to a man of firm resolution, generous purpose, integrity, and courage. I also learned that by his near relations he was not esteemed. I take Reynolds as a case to prove how much it is a violation of morals on any account to conceal from the

knowledge of the world the heinous transgressions of bad men. These are, then, the wolves in sheep's clothing, whose wicked nature is not changed by lenity, but concealed in ambush until their pounce is deadly. Tenderness for his mother and her honorable relatives, the Fitzgeralds of Geraldine, caused a veil to be drawn over the crimes of his youth. Had he been unmasked in time, he never could have brought about the ruin of the virtuous Lord Edward, nor of so many other excellent men, nor of Ireland at that period. No pure character would ever suffer his approach if a coroner's inquest had been held on the death of his mother-in-law. It was not, however, until the trial of Mr. Bond, that the circumstances of that horrid affair became public. On the day of trial, Mr. Henry Withrington, a cornet in the 9th dragoons, presented himself voluntarily, and made oath, that he believed Reynolds not deserving of credit in a court of justice, and that he had poisoned his (Withrington's) mother. Reynolds had married a daughter of Mrs. Withrington, a lady of great respectability and good fortune, and was to receive at her death fifteen hundred pounds of his wife's portion. In some time, he persuaded the good lady to lend him this sum, and take the interest during her life. Subsequently to the transaction, Mrs. Withrington became indisposed with a cold, for which her son-in-law gave her a dose of medicine, — he said tartar emetic; but she grew worse. The cornet, her younger son, at that time seventeen years of age, testified that she sent an express the same evening for him and her son Edward, who was major of the regiment, both quartered in Athy, thirty-two miles from Dublin; that he himself set off immediately, and arrived in town before morning; but that his mother was nailed up in her coffin, which Reynolds would not suffer to be opened, but wished to proceed with the burial; that he resisted the removal of the coffin, and remained leaning on it until his brother Edward arrived, who was very indignant at the haste, and had the coffin opened. There they found their mother's body wrapped in a pitched sheet. After this, all intercourse ceased between the major and Reynolds. I have no copy by me of Mr. Bond's trial, where the evidence of the cornet is detailed; but every body must see it was quick work for a sudden death happening in the middle of the night, and no physician called. Major Withrington also appeared on the trial, whether voluntarily or by summons, I do not know, and he corroborated Henry's testimony. To a question why he had concealed such a fact so long, he answered, he had the misfortune of having a sister married to Reynolds, and wished not to destroy her peace. Mrs. Withrington was rich, and was said to have received, a few days before her death, a large sum of money. There was not found, after her decease, sufficient to bury her.

“Reynolds admitted, at the trial, every thing brought forward to impeach him, and the Orange jury convicted on his testimony, and the government took the part of his character.”

On the trial of Byrne, the following persons deposed that they did not believe him worthy of credit on his oath: Mr. Val. O'Connor, a merchant of Dublin, of the highest respectability; Mrs. Mary Malloy, his cousin, a nun; Mrs. Anne Fitzgerald, his mother's sister, a nun; Major Edward Withrington, his brother-in-law; Mr. Henry Withrington, another brother-in-law; Mr. Warren, his mother's former partner in trade; Mr. Peter Sullivan, a clerk of Mr. Reynolds.

On Bond's trial, he admitted having taken the following oaths: He had sworn to secrecy, on becoming a member of the United Irishmen. He had taken an oath of fidelity to his captains, on being appointed colonel. He had taken another, before a county meeting, that he had not betrayed his associates at Bond's. He had also taken the oath of allegiance twice, and an oath before the privy council once, and thrice in the courts of justice, on the trials of M'Cann, Byrne, and Bond.

By the parliamentary returns of the outlays of secret service money in Ireland, in 1798, 1799, connected with the rebellion, published by Dr. Madden, in which the original entries of the blood money, paid to Reynolds and the other informers, appear, — the following entries are curious and instructive:—

" 1798.	Sept. 29,	Mr. T. Reynolds	received	£1000;
—	Nov. 16,	do.	do.	2000;
1799.	Jan. 19,	do.	do.	1000;
—	March 4,	do.	do.	1000;

— to complete £5000."

On the 14th of June, he received his annuity, in full, to the 25th March, 1799. He received that annuity of £1000 for thirty-seven years! In 1817, he was appointed consul to Iceland, from which he returned in a year; was then appointed to Copenhagen. His pension was settled on himself, his wife, and his sons, or to the latest survivor; and the oppressed people of Ireland and England are at present paying this blood-money to the son or sons of Reynolds.

If ever there was a triple-formed villain, it was he. A few days after his having procured the arrest of Bond and the directory, he paid a visit of condolence to Mrs. Bond, and caressed the child of her bosom, whose father he was about to hang! He paid a similar visit to Lady Edward Fitzgerald, ten days after having given information against her husband. He told Lady Edward he was about to leave Ireland. So high was her confidence in this perfidious wretch, that she took a ring from her finger, desiring that when he had any thing of importance to write to her for her husband, he would seal his letters only with this ring.

Perhaps Curran's pithy summary of this man's character is the happiest that ever was uttered. "A man," said that great master of description, "who measured his value by the coffins of his victims, and in the field of evidence appreciated his fame as the Indian warrior does in fight, by the number of scalps with which he can swell his victory."

Having resided several years in London, in prudent privacy, receiving

his pension from government, and performing, in return, services similar to those which first drew him into communion with power, he was placed on a packed jury to try Dr. Watson and others, for the Spafields riots and treason. The press of London seized upon and held him and his employers up to the scorn of the English people, as the wretch who had dipped the evangelists in the best blood of his native country. He was then removed from London by his employer, Lord Castlereagh. On the accession of Mr. Canning to the foreign office, in 1822, he returned, but his influence was at an end. He was employed by the government no more. Mr. Canning distinctly told him, in reply to an application for employment, that he did not consider himself bound by Lord Castlereagh's engagements. Reynolds then retired to Paris, where he lived till his death, which took place in 1836. His remains were brought to England, and buried in the village church of Wilton, in Yorkshire; and well may that pithy epitaph be written under his niche, in history, which was aptly applied to a kindred spirit, *Luttrell*, the traitor of 1691: —

“ If Heaven be pleased when mortals cease to sin ;  
 If Hell be pleased when villains enter in ;  
 If Earth be pleased when it entombs a knave ;  
 Then all are pleased, — for Luttrell 's in his grave ! ”

The chief managers of those government ruffians were Majors Sirr, Sandys, and Swan. The *majors* stood between the government and the informers. These informers became a distinct order in the state: they were denominated the *battalion of testimony*. The corps was made up from wretches who had been condemned to death, and whose lives were offered them for swearing away the lives of others. When a suspected person was to be seized, one of the majors was sent for; the victim was marked, and the inferior myrmidons were soon in pursuit. These majors frequently seized men on their own authority, and often compromised, for a sum of money, to give their victims liberty. In this way they amassed considerable wealth. In short, these master villains could demand from any man what *hush-money* they pleased to ask.

*Major Sirr* enjoyed the confidence and employment of the government for more than forty-five years. It would require a volume to portray his adventures. He left, at his death, the rarest collection of paintings and curiosities that probably ever was gathered by any individual in Ireland. They were exhibited at the Rotunda for several weeks, and a charge was made to the public for admission, so extensive and curious was the valuable gathering. There is not the least doubt but that much of this extraordinary collection (which I spent several hours examining)



was the property of suspected persons, who readily yielded up to this master of torture their pictures, their jewels, curiosities, and money, — to avoid a dungeon.

Of the character of *Sandys*, something may be learned from the following statement, made by Curran in the trial of Major Sirr upon an action for assault and false imprisonment on a Mr. Hevey; one of the numerous circumstances of wanton atrocity distinctive of the period:

“On the 8th September last, Mr. Hevey was sitting in a public coffee-house; Major Sirr was there. Mr. Hevey was informed that the major had at that moment said, he (Hevey) ought to have been hanged. The plaintiff was fired at the charge: he fixed his eye on Sirr, and asked if he had dared to say so. Sirr declared that he had, and said it truly. Hevey answered that he was a slanderous scoundrel. At the instant, Sirr rushed upon him, and, assisted by three or four of his satellites, who had attended him in disguise, secured him and sent him to the castle guard, desiring that a receipt might be given for the villain. He was sent thither. The officer of the guard chanced to be an Englishman but lately arrived in Ireland: he said to the constable, ‘If this was in England, I should think this gentleman entitled to bail. But I don’t know the laws of this country. However, I think you had better loosen those irons upon his wrists, or they may kill him.’

“Here he was flung into a room of about thirteen feet by twelve. It was called the ‘hospital of the Provost.’ It was occupied by six beds; on which were to lie fourteen or fifteen miserable wretches, some of them sinking under contagious diseases. Here he passed the first night, without bed or food. The next morning, his humane keeper, Major Sandys, appeared. The plaintiff demanded why he was imprisoned, complained of hunger, and asked for the jail allowance. Major Sandys replied by a torrent of abuse, which he concluded by saying, ‘Your crime is your insolence to Major Sirr: however, he disdains to trample upon you. You may appease him by proper and contrite submission; but, unless you do so, you shall rot where you are. I tell you this, that, if government will not protect us, by God we will not protect them. You will probably (for I know your insolent and ungrateful hardness) attempt to get out by a *habeas corpus*; but in that you will find yourself mistaken, as such a rascal deserves.’ Hevey was insolent enough to issue a *habeas corpus*; and a return was made upon it, that Hevey was in custody under a warrant from General Craig, on a charge of high treason; which return was grossly false.”

Plowden, in his admirable history of those times, gives us a picture of *Jemmy O'Brien*, the notorious informer and murderer of '98, which I present to the reader without any curtailment:—

“The case calls upon the historian to develop something more of that system, under which these unassailable powers had been vested in, and were so long exercised by, Majors Sirr and Sandys. They had taken into their service and peculiar confidence, for two or three years, the notorious perjured informer, *Jemmy O'Brien*, to whom they had allotted, as an appendage to their own office of inquisition, a subaltern apartment in the castle yard, where he and a permanent guard were on constant duty for every emergency. They had also procured him the appointment

of deputy keeper of Bedford Tower, in the castle. This Jemmy O'Brien was a deserter from the army. He had been prominently active in putting up, or swearing in, United Irishmen, and, after having been formally enlisted as an informer, had been enabled to raise and marshal a corps of desperadoes, as like to himself as he could engage. They were uniformly armed, like their captain, with pistols, hangers, and poniards, under their coats, and bludgeons in their hands. Major Sirr himself went generally accoutred with two brace of pistols, a dagger and a poniard. Thus, in detachments, they made their domiciliary and other visits, mostly by night, generally by force.

"Upon the sole evidence of this man, scores were hanged, and hundreds flogged and imprisoned. At one time, sixteen were capitally indicted upon his sole evidence, (one witness sufficing to convict of high treason in Ireland;) but Mr. Curran, in cross-examining him, on the trial of Patrick Finney, so palpably convinced the jury of barefaced perjury, that the judge ordered the remaining fifteen to be discharged, no credit being due to the testimony of such a perjured informer. He was, notwithstanding, warmly befriended and encouraged by Majors Sirr and Sandys, and other persons of more consequence about the castle. On a Sunday evening, Major Sirr, with Jemmy O'Brien, marched armed, in costume, with a party of soldiers, to disperse some foot-ball players from a field near the barracks: it was precipitately cleared on their approach.

"There happened, however, to be strolling in the field, with his wife, a decrepit man, one Hoey, a grocer, from Essex Street, for the sake of air, having been long confined by illness. As he was feebly attempting to crawl through a gap in the field wall, he was assailed by Jemmy O'Brien, and most inhumanly butchered, by repeated stabs, in the presence of his wife and of many others. The murderer marched back unmolested with the soldiers to the castle, where he remained secure, in the exercise of his usual functions, for above a week, during which no attempt was made by the sheriffs, magistrates, or officers of justice, to apprehend him. Major Sirr did not surrender him, and Alderman James, and other county magistrates, absolutely refused to take examinations of the murder. Examinations were at last taken, and a warrant issued for the apprehending of O'Brien, which was effected by means of a large reward given to the sergeant of a Highland regiment, which then mounted the castle guard. He was not brought to trial for above six months after the murder. He was instantly convicted; and the public indignation, accompanied with a general conviction that he would be pardoned, obliged Lord Cornwallis to refuse the most powerful intercessions in his favor.

"Above two hundred thousand spectators attended this execution; and, contrary to the usual feelings of the public in the awful moment of a malefactor being launched into eternity, the mob rent the air with three successive shouts of exultation. An escort of cavalry attended the corpse to Surgeons' Hall, where it was to have been dissected; but through the earnest solicitation of Majors Sirr and Swan, and Alderman James, the body was not dissected, but interred behind the old men's hospital. After the corpse had been deposited at Surgeons' Hall, the populace took the car, on which it had been conveyed, and led it several times round the statue of King William, when they repeated their shouts of exultation that their land was freed from such a monster — an awful lesson to the surviving protectors, friends, and employers of Jemmy O'Brien.

"In the trial of Finney, Mr. Curran said of this monster: 'I have heard of

assassination by sword, by pistol, and by dagger: but here is a wretch who would dip the evangelists in blood. If he think he has not sworn his victim to death, he is ready to swear without mercy and without end. But O! do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath! The arm of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the Gospel. If he will swear, let it be on the knife, the proper symbol of his profession.”

But far beyond all these in importance to ministers, were the refined villains, *the mock advocates of the people*, who by permission vehemently abused the government, in order to worm themselves into the people's confidence, the better to betray them. Distinguished among these was *Counsellor Macnally*, an ardent defender, at the bar, of the United Irishmen. He was regularly in the pay of government, giving them all the information which came to his ears, in his professional intercourse with the unfortunate men whose fate was placed in his hands. Macnally was placed on the secret pension list of the castle, and received three hundred pounds per annum till his death.

*Hughes*, who was a bookseller in Belfast, appeared to be, indeed, a deep-dyed villain. He was a confidential leader among the northern United men. The government pretended to arrest him on the charge of high treason — to treat him with cruelty — had him sent in among a jail-full of prisoners, where, by disclosing to them pretended secrets, and denouncing the government, he obtained their confidence. By this means he got a knowledge of many persons implicated, whom he himself did not know. Among these were Binns\*, Baily, and Bonham, delegates sent from London to establish a brotherhood between the discontented of both countries. At one period, he pretended to be insane, and had prevailed on the Rev. Mr. Dickson, in prison under a charge of high treason, to admit him to his room in the jail. Here he tried to entrap the reverend patriot by a thousand affected fits, and confidential disclosures, during lucid intervals. But the latter, and his friends in prison, avoided him. Hughes never appeared in the courts to give evidence; he was kept for a higher purpose. He was soon after removed from the prison, and kept in Dublin Castle till 1801, when, the parliament being extinguished, he was “paid off” by two hundred pounds, came to America, settled in Charleston, South Carolina, and became a dealer in cotton.

*Mágin*, of Saintfield, in the county Down, was giving information, regularly, to the reverend chaplain of Lord Castlereagh, from April, 1797, to May 31, 1798. He received near one thousand pounds for this. This villain died poor, near Belfast.

\* The present Alderman Binns, of Philadelphia.

*M'Guckan*, the Belfast solicitor of the United men, was likewise in the pay of government. He was intrusted with the defence of the northern prisoners, was largely paid by them, and pensioned, at the same time, by government.

*Newall*, *Bird*, and *Magnan*, high in command among the United men, were regularly in communication with the castle, and eventually maintained in the state apartments.

*Mr. Frederick Dutton* was a northern informer, regularly in the pay of government. He followed Arthur O'Connor and the Rev. Mr. Quigley to Maidstone, and stuffed the treasonable paper into the great-coat pocket of the priest, mistaking it for the coat of Arthur O'Connor.

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## THE UNION.

The reader, who has looked over the previous fifty or sixty pages of this book, must have got a sufficient insight into the condition of Ireland, the designs of the British minister, the hordes of sanguinary wretches he employed, and the horrifying scenes which he created in a country fair and prosperous only some six or seven years before.

It was, alas! that very prosperity which drew upon ill-fated Erin the desolating torrents of her jealous "sister's" wrath.

At such a moment as this — when all laws were laid prostrate; while the green earth was besmeared with the blood of the purest and the bravest men; when *one hundred thousand* of her choicest patriots were either killed, exiled, or in dungeons; when a thundering foreign army, aided by a native legion of traitor bands, held the nation a prisoner, and hushed its cries to silence by the flourishing of blood-clotted sabres, — at such a moment was proposed the "*union*" of the Irish parliament with that of England.

The Irish parliament had now been seventeen years exercising its functions perfectly independent of any authority in England, save the monarch's. By the constitution, as settled in 1782, the monarch's power was purely of a ministerial, or else a negative character. The government of Ireland consisted of a commons' chamber, of three hundred members; a lords' chamber, of two hundred members; and a lord lieutenant and privy council, appointed by the king of England. The great law officers of Ireland, the lord chancellor, attorney-general, and judges, were appointed by the king of England, through the mouth of his lord lieutenant. All legislative acts must receive the approbation and sign-manual of the English king. The supplies necessary for the

government and defence of Ireland were voted alone by the Irish house of commons. If the king of England needed, in any of his wars, a supply of landsmen or seamen, with outfit, he sent a message to "his faithful commons of Ireland," representing the urgency of his case, and the necessity of immediate supplies. The message was then taken up and discussed, pro and con, in the usual way; the members voting in the negative or affirmative, just as they thought fit.

For instance, when the American war was commenced by George the Third, he sent to "his faithful commons of Ireland" for a supply of men to aid him in the enterprise. The demand was eloquently and vigorously resisted in the Irish commons, by Barre, Flood, Fitzpatrick, and others. Public meetings were held in many parts of Ireland, applauding the Americans for resisting, and denouncing the ministry. Resolutions were passed, at various public meetings, instructing their members, in the house, to vote against the "supply." After a debate and a fruitless opposition, the king's demand was voted by a corrupt majority. But Lord North, learning, by all these proceedings, that the public sentiment of Ireland was decidedly in favor of the revolting colonies, declined, as leading minister of the war, to avail himself of a single Irish regiment, in his crusade against the liberties of America. He hired twenty-seven thousand Continental mercenaries, from among the serfs of German despots, for his purpose, and he thus paid the Irish the compliment of supposing them incapable of fighting against a principle worshipped by their hearts and judgments.

On another occasion, when the French and Dutch threatened to invade England, the Irish parliament voted thirty-two thousand Irish seamen to man the British fleet. In 1760, when the Irish treasury was plethoric with money, the king of England sent a "message to his faithful commons of Ireland," requesting the transfer of their superabundant wealth to his exchequer of England, *which, however, they peremptorily refused*. The taxes, revenue, treasury, army and navy of Ireland, were perfectly independent of England. In short, had the king of England removed for a season to Ireland, *Ireland would, during the continuance of that period*, be as perfectly independent of England, in all and every particular, as England is of France.

Such was the nature of the "connection" between Ireland and England from 1782 to 1800. The Irish parliament, though more than half composed of members returned by boroughs, was still a *national* assembly. There were many of its members patriotic, honest, and fearless; many whose eloquence eclipsed the senators of Greece or Rome.

The corrupt were known, discountenanced, and checked, by the public eye. That parliament, unreformed and exclusively Protestant as it was, kept the business of the nation going on; kept her out of debt; kept the plundering hands of England out of her pockets; kept the aristocracy at home; kept the wealth of the country at home, and pretty well distributed among the people; kept them employed, and happy, in their native country. Religious toleration was gradually making its way through the rising generation; and, in half a dozen years after the arrival of Earl Fitzwilliam, had Ireland been left to herself, Catholic emancipation and reform of parliament would, most certainly, have been carried.

Such was that national bulwark, which for a while protected Ireland, promoted her every interest, developed her every resource, employed and paid every industrious man and woman of her population. Such was that national machinery which prevented absenteeism and emigration, which fostered the national enterprise, and dried up the sources of pauperism; which kept the people out of convict-ships, jails, and poor-houses; which kept the intellect and labor of Ireland at home, by high rewards derived from the liberal application of Ireland's own resources.

We have seen the minister foment a rebellion, that he might have an excuse for slaughtering the people. We have seen the people slaughtered in cold blood by his command, that he might get into the unguarded temple of their liberties. He has now approached the portals of that temple, and we are next to witness the unparalleled treachery by which he obtained possession.

The character of William Pitt is known to every body. The son of the great Lord Chatham, he entered political life as a reformer of parliament, but abjured his principle when he got place; the insincere friend of the Catholics, who promised them, during the discussion of the union, their full emancipation, from the liberality of an imperial parliament, but never intended to carry any part of that promise into effect; who, being thwarted by the Irish in all his schemes of political tyranny in England, now volunteered to stir up the virulent passions of English men against their Irish brethren, and their commercial jealousies against her interest.

Some of the instruments he selected to complete the ruin of Ireland were Irishmen. He raised Fitzgibbon, a successful lawyer, to the dignity of lord chancellor of Ireland, with the title of earl of Clare. This man was proud, overbearing, talented, and ferocious. The law courts of Ireland, with all their patronage, were placed at his

disposal. He acted up to the wishes of his master throughout the terrible season of the insurrection. He appointed and dismissed magistrates, created offices, interpreted acts of parliament, drew up proclamations, was the keeper of the lord lieutenant's *conscience*, bound or loosed all criminals, and, in short, administered all powers in the state just as his caprice suggested, responsible only to his confederate in wickedness, William Pitt. Barrington completes the portrait of this eminent scoundrel.

"He commenced his office with a splendor far exceeding all precedent. He expended four thousand guineas for a state carriage: his establishment was splendid, and his entertainments magnificent. His family connections absorbed the patronage of the state, and he became the most absolute subject that modern times had seen in the British Islands. His only check was the bar, which he resolved to corrupt. He doubled the number of the bankrupt commissioners. He revived some offices, created others, and, under pretence of furnishing each county with a local judge, in two months he established thirty-two new offices, of about six or seven hundred pounds per annum each. His arrogance in court intimidated many whom his patronage could not corrupt; and he had no doubt of overpowering the whole profession."

The two personages next in consequence in this bad undertaking were the Marquis Cornwallis, an Englishman, and Lord Castlereagh, an Irishman. I will allow Barrington's portraits to go to the reader untouched.

"Lord Cornwallis, with the exception of the union, which renders him the most prominent person in Irish history, had never succeeded in any of his public measures. His conduct in America had deprived England of her dominions, and her army of its reputation. His catastrophe at Yorktown gave a shock to the king's mind, from which it never entirely recovered. In India, having defeated Tippoo Saib, he concluded a peace which only increased the necessity of future wars. Weary of the sword, he was sent to conclude the peace of Amiens; but, outmanœuvred by Lucien Bonaparte, his lordship's treaty involved all Europe in a war against England. He had thought to blind or conciliate Lucien, by complimenting the first consul, even to the extent of sacrificing his sovereign's title as king of France, which had been borne since the conquests of our Edwards and Henrys. He was now employed by Mr. Pitt to produce the union — a measure which has failed in every result, by the prediction of which it was justified.

"Lord Castlereagh had been more than seven years in the Irish parliament, but was undistinguished by talents. In private life, his honorable conduct, gentlemanly habits, and engaging demeanor, were exemplary. Of his public life, the commencement was patriotic, the progress corrupt, and the termination criminal. His first public essay was a motion to reform the Irish parliament, and his last was to corrupt and annihilate it, by bribing one hundred and fifty-four of its members. It is impossible to deny a fact so notorious. History, tradition, or the fictions of romance, contain no instance of a minister in Ireland who so fearlessly deviated from all the principles which ought to characterize the servant of a constitutional monarch, or the citizen of a free country. The facts of this history will prove the justice of this observation. The means by which, as the working artist, he

effected the union, will teach the people of England to appreciate their escape from a continuation of his public services,"—by his cutting his own throat.

There was a fourth, though an inferior member of this unholy agency, who deserves our notice. He was Mr. Under Secretary *Cooke*, an English official sent to Ireland by Pitt, from his own private cabinet. This Englishman was plausible, deep, mean, talented, and unprincipled. He was chief master and manager of all the villains, whom the "insurrection money" and the "union money" had called into life. He distributed gold and place to the meaner scoundrels, while Lords Castle-reagh, Cornwallis, and the chancellor, tampered with those of high degree. The official pack who had seats in the house of commons, and places at the disposal of the court, were left to the management of *Cooke*, together with which, he had under his command, and immediately in his pay, all the spies and informers, all the ruffians and bullies of the kingdom. Some of these lived in his grand apartments in the castle, breakfasted and dined with him, for several days.

The siege of the Irish parliament was commenced in form by *Cooke*, who published a pamphlet entitled "Arguments for and against a Union considered." It was plausibly written, and it was the "first gun." Mr. Cooke was promptly replied to by a pamphlet entitled "Cease your Funning!"—a clever thing, which, in the garb of wit and irony, covered Cooke with ridicule, and conveyed reasons so powerful against the proposition, that the public mind was roused to a sense of the approaching danger.

The press now began to teem with pamphlets, *pro* and *con*. Nearly a dozen a week were issued. The minds and pens of men were turned from the contemplation of their lost friends to the threatened annihilation of their parliament. The government procured venal scribes to write pamphlets, who raised false issues in the public mind. The debate went on through pamphlets innumerable. The Catholics were promised their emancipation by consenting to this union; the Protestants, their ascendancy; the Protestant church, security in its possessions; the bar, promotion in England and the colonies; the boroughmongers, magnificent compensation. Every interest was courted and cajoled; the merchant was promised more trade, the artisan more wages.

The siege had now continued some months. The prostrate nation plucked some courage from the patriotic example of a few great spirits. Grattan had left Ireland on the breaking out of the rebellion, and Flood was in retirement. A meeting of the Dublin bar was called, by the requisition of some of its leading members, to discuss the proposed



union. The requisition was signed by Saurin, Plunkett, Bushe, Burton, Barrington, O'Driscoll, Jebb; P. Burrowes, Lloyd, O'Farrell, Joy, and some others. These were the most eloquent men of the day; they were king's counsel; many of them were members of the house of commons, and nearly all of them were subsequently promoted to the bench.

This, the first meeting called to resist the union, was held in the exhibition room, William Street, on the 9th of December, 1799. After a spirited debate, in which some of the government hacks took part, Mr. Gould, then a young barrister of great talent, delivered a splendid speech against the proposed union, the conclusion of which was remarkably able.

Mr. Gould said: "There are forty thousand British troops in Ireland; and with forty thousand bayonets at my breast, the minister shall not plant another Sicily in the bosom of the Atlantic. I want not the assistance of divine inspiration to foretell, for I am enabled, by the visible and unerring demonstrations of nature, to assert, that Ireland was destined to be a free and independent nation. Our patent to be a state, not a shire, comes direct from Heaven. The Almighty has, in majestic characters, signed the great charter of our independence. The great Creator of the world has given our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom. The God of nature never intended that Ireland should be a province, *and by G— she never shall!*"

The assembly burst into a tumult of applause; a repetition of the words came from many mouths, and many an able lawyer swore hard upon the subject; but the division was —

Against the proposed union . . . . .	166
In favor of it . . . . .	32
Majority . . . . .	134

It is a singular fact illustrative of the bribery and corruption of the time, that *those thirty-two*, who formed the inglorious minority on that occasion, were rewarded by rich judgeships, commissionerships, and chairmanships, very soon after.

Some of those one hundred and sixty-six members of the bar, who voted against the union, held, at that time, offices in the gift of government. *They were immediately dismissed.* The Right Honorable James Fitzgerald, then prime serjeant, was the first victim. The bar met, and offered him an address of admiration for his patriotic intrepidity. There never was a purer or more consistent patriot. He opposed the measure in every stage, and, after the fall of his country, lived in retirement the rest of his life, rather than accept any office from so perfidious a government.

The assault on the citadel was now resolved on. It took place on the 22d January, 1799, by a direct motion, in the house of commons, to consider the terms of a parliamentary union with England. It lasted till eleven o'clock in the morning of the 23d, or twenty-two hours. The government obtained a majority of only one, and that by palpable seduction. The second debate commenced at five o'clock on the same day, and continued till late in the morning of the 24th, when, the country being roused, the treasury bench was unexpectedly defeated. About seventy of the members had no alternative but to obey the minister, or be deprived of their subsistence; otherwise, nine tenths of the house would have voted against the union. The minister, on the second debate and division, was left in a minority of six. Sir Jonah Barrington gives a vivid sketch of this division.

“The question was loudly called for by the opposition, who were now tolerably secure of a majority. Above sixty members had spoken: the subject was exhausted, and all parties seemed equally impatient. The house divided, and the opposition withdrew to the court of requests. It is not easy to conceive, still less to describe, the anxiety of this moment. A considerable delay took place. Mr. Ponsonby and Sir Laurence Parsons were at length named tellers for the amendment; Mr. W. Smith and Lord Tyrone, for the address. One hundred and eleven members had declared against the union, and, when the doors were opened, one hundred and five were discovered to be the total number of the minister's adherents. The gratification of the anti-unionists was unbounded; and, as they walked deliberately in, one by one, to be counted, the eager spectators, ladies as well as gentlemen, leaning over the galleries, ignorant of the result, were panting with expectation. Lady Castlereagh, then one of the finest women of the court, appeared in the serjeant's box, palpitating for her husband's fate. The desponding appearance and fallen crests of the ministerial benches, and the exulting air of the opposition members as they entered, were intelligible. Mr. Egan, chairman of Dublin county, a coarse, large, bluff, red-faced man, was the last who entered. His exultation knew no bounds; as number one hundred and ten was announced, he stopped a moment at the bar, flourished a great stick which he had in his hand over his head, and with the voice of a Stentor, cried out, ‘And I'm a hundred and eleven!’ He then sat quietly down, and burst out into an immoderate and almost convulsive fit of laughter. It was all heart. He continued shaking hands with every body that came near him, till the house adjourned. Never was there a finer picture of genuine patriotism; there was no man in the house seemed so delighted. He was very far from being rich, and had an offer of some thousands a year to vote for a union. He refused it with indignation.”

Of the one hundred and five who voted for ministers, seventy were holders of place, whose very subsistence depended on the good-will of government. The rest were expectants of office, whose reward was bargained for; and there were eighty-four members absent.

Mr. Ponsonby, who led the opposition against the minister, now of

ferred the following declaration to the house, having prefaced it with an appropriate speech — “That this house will ever maintain the undoubted birthright of Irishmen, by preserving an independent parliament of lords and commons resident in this kingdom, as stated and approved by his majesty and the British parliament in 1782.” Lord Castlereagh and Toler (afterwards Lord Norbury) were the only persons who objected to this declaration. Having suffered so recent a defeat, they did not dare to risk a division. The speaker rose to put the question. A loud cry of approbation followed. The motion was carried. The members were rising to withdraw, when the speaker called on Mr. Ponsonby to *write* down his motion accurately. The delay of a few minutes more occurred. Some of the anti-union members had left the house. This moment—the most critical, perhaps, in Irish history — seems to us to have been that in which fate decided against us.

Barrington describes the proceeding: —

“On Mr. Ponsonby’s handing up his motion, he stood firm and collected, and looked around him with the honest confidence of a man who had performed his duty and saved his country. The silence of death prevailed in the galleries, and the whole assembly displayed a spectacle as solemn and important as any country or any era had ever exhibited.

“The speaker put the question; the ‘ayes’ burst forth into a loud peal; the gallery was in immediate motion; all was congratulation. On the question being put the second time, (as was usual,) a still louder and more reiterated cry of ‘Ay, ay!’ resounded from every quarter; only two negatives were heard, feebly, from the ministerial side; government had given up the contest, and the independence of Ireland was on the very verge of permanent security, when Mr. William Charles Fortescue, member for Louth county, requested to be heard before the final decision was announced.

“He said, ‘that he was adverse to the measure of a legislative union, and had given his decided vote against it; but he did not wish to bind himself for *ever*; *possible* circumstances might hereafter occur, which might render that measure expedient for the empire, and he did not approve of any determination which for *ever* closed the doors against any possibility of future discussion.’

The opposition were paralyzed; the government were roused; a single sentence, plausibly conceived and (without reflecting on its destructive consequence) moderately uttered, by a respectable man and an avowed anti-unionist, eventually decided the fate of the Irish nation. It offered a pretext for timidity, a precedent for caution, and a subterfuge for wavering venality.”

Mr. French, of Roscommon, and Lord Cole, who had voted with Mr. Ponsonby in his majority against the union, expressed, unreflectingly, their concurrence in the view taken by Mr. Fortescue. It is impossible to describe the disappointment and surprise of the anti-unionists. To be defeated by an enemy was to be borne; but to fall by the clumsy

secession of a friend was disheartening in the extreme. Mr. Ponsonby felt the critical situation of the country. The opposition had but a majority of five on the first division; three seceders would have given a majority to government, and a division could not be risked.

Mr. Ponsonby's presence of mind instantly suggested the only remaining alternative. He lamented "that the smallest contrariety of opinion should have arisen amongst men who ought to be united by the most powerful of all inducements, the salvation of their independence. He perceived, however, a wish that he should not press the motion, founded, he supposed, on a mistaken confidence in the engagements of the noble lord (Lord Castlereagh) *that he would not again bring forward that ruinous measure without the decided approbation of the people and of the parliament.* Though he must doubt the sincerity of the minister's engagements, he could not hesitate to acquiesce in the wishes of his friends, and he would therefore withdraw his motion."

A dead silence followed Mr. Ponsonby's avowal. The intelligent spectators in the house saw that the victory gained over the minister was so feeble, that he would certainly persevere in the attack. The populace outside cheered the *victory*, believing that their country was saved. Their enthusiasm knew no bounds. But little did they suspect the nature of that machinery then set to work for their destruction.

The government party saw their advantage in this state of things; and, though Mr. Pitt intimated to his confederates in Ireland, that, unless supported by a *majority of fifty* in the commons, he would not press the question, yet, so favorable were their prospects drawn by the lord lieutenant after this debate, that he returned to the contest with redoubled energy.

Another source of government hope was found in the pliability of the Irish house of lords. The majority of the lords owned boroughs through Ireland. These boroughs returned members to the commons. The dozen or two voters, who alone in these boroughs possessed the power of returning the members, were the tenants, servants, gate-keepers, herds, and stewards of these lords, whose votes were as regularly sold by them as the cattle raised upon their farms. There were about one hundred and seventy members returned to the commons from boroughs of this description. The chamber of peers therefore became the next object of attack. The members were coaxed and cajoled at the castle banquets. Immense sums were offered to them for the votes of their

boroughs. Many of them were in debt; and the prospect of immediately getting from the government a sum of money, for the votes of a dozen of their dependants, greater than their entire estates would fetch, if sold, dazzled them not a little; 10,000, 20,000, 30,000 pounds were stipulated to be paid for each borough to its lordly *patron*. Besides this, their sons and sons-in-law were promised the highest grade of dignities and emoluments. The church, the bench, the law offices, the navy, the army, the colonies, the Indies, were all thrown open to the sons and relatives of Irish recreant peers and commoners. The most sumptuous entertainments were given, at Dublin Castle, to these rotten depositories of political power. Nothing was talked of but the future offices which each man was to occupy in Ireland, England, or beyond the seas. Each recreant lord felt himself pregnant with future office, emolument, and dignity. His poor relations were to be provided for; his creditors were to be paid off. A single "ay," like the touch of Aladdin's lamp, would bring under his command the wealth of the world.

Under this battery, the "virtuous aristocracy" of Ireland reeled. The lord lieutenant's message to the lords' chamber, "to consider the terms of a union with England, with a view to consolidate the power and resources of the British empire," was favorably responded to by a majority of that house.

"After an ineffectual resistance by some, whose integrity was invincible, the Irish lords recorded their own humiliation, and, in a state of absolute infatuation, perpetrated the most extraordinary act of legislative suicide which ever stained the records of a nation.

"The reply of the Irish lords, to the speech of the British viceroy, coincided in his recommendation, and virtually consented to prostrate themselves and their posterity forever. The prerogatives of rank, the pride of ancestry, the glory of the peerage, and the rights of the country, were equally sacrificed."

The "union agitation" now expanded to national dimensions. The affrighted country, though prostrate, bleeding, and imprisoned by a foreign army, showed some galvanistic signs of vigor. Nothing but indignation was heard on every side. Many of those who spoke audibly were imprisoned. Those who were in any employment at the command of government were hushed into silence. Others, who had influence with the people, were promised great things if they would exercise that influence in favor of the government. The parliamentary session was soon brought to a close, and Lord Cornwallis set out on a grand tour through Ireland. As for Lord Castlereagh, the session had scarcely closed, when his lordship recommenced his warfare against his country.

The treasury was in his hands, patronage in his note-book, and all the influence which the scourge or pardon, reward or punishment, could possibly produce on the trembling rebels, was openly resorted to. Lord Cornwallis determined to put Irish honesty to the test, and set out on an experimental tour through those parts of the country where the nobility and gentry were most likely to entertain him. He artfully selected those places where he could best make his way with corporations at public dinners, and by visiting the mansions and cottages of the aristocracy, country gentlemen, and farmers. Ireland was thus canvassed, and every jail was converted to a hustings.

Mr. Pitt received from his agents in Ireland the most encouraging letters, and returned answers fully corresponding with all their desires and designs. The most extensive quantity of money,—offices, promotion, and titles,—were placed at the disposal of his ministers. He directed Lord Cornwallis, in his journey through the country, to see as many of the Catholic bishops and “leaders” as he possibly could, and to assure them, nay, to *pledge* himself to them, that, on the passing of the “union bill,” Catholic emancipation would be made a special measure of the English cabinet.

About this premeditated fraud, there cannot be the slightest doubt. I will at once place on record the evidence from Plowden's History of those times — Plowden, an Englishman, sent to promote the “union.” It appearing, after the union, to the Catholic aristocracy, (some of whom had been induced to vote for that measure on the faith of Lord Cornwallis's *pledge*, authorized by Pitt,) that good faith was not to be kept with them, their advocates in the English parliament questioned the members of the Pitt administration, charging them with fraud and deception. Pitt, Portland, Cornwallis, and other members of that administration, when they found George the Third unwilling to emancipate the Catholics, formally resigned, giving to the Catholic leaders, as the cause of their resignation, their *inability* to carry out the pledges given to them before the union, and repledging themselves against “*again embarking in the service of government, except on the terms of the Catholic privileges being obtained.*”

*Both the first pledge and the second were deliberately made to be broken.*

The following is Mr. Plowden's account of the affair : —

“Immediately after Mr. Pitt's resignation, his excellency sent for Dr. Troy, the Catholic archbishop of Dublin, and Lord Fingall, the first Catholic nobleman of Ireland, on the same day, though they attended him at separate times, and in the

presence of Lieutenant-Colonel Littlehales, delivered to them the following written declaration; desiring, at the same time, that they should be discreetly communicated to the bishops and principal Catholics, but not inserted in the newspapers. Within a short time after, they found their way into the English and Irish prints.

“The leading part of his majesty’s ministers, finding insurmountable obstacles to the bringing forward measures of concession to the Catholic body, whilst in office, have felt it impossible to continue in administration under the inability to propose it with the circumstances necessary to carrying the measure with all its advantages; and they have retired from his majesty’s service, considering this line of conduct as most likely to contribute to its ultimate success. The Catholic body will, therefore, see how much their future hopes must depend upon strengthening their cause by good conduct in the mean time; they will prudently consider their prospects as arising from the persons, who now espouse their interests, and compare them with those which they could look to from any other quarter. They may with confidence rely on the zealous support of all those who retire, and of many who remain in office, when it can be given with a prospect of success. They may be assured that Mr. Pitt will do his utmost to establish their cause in the public favor, and prepare the way for their finally attaining their objects. And the Catholics will feel that, as Mr. Pitt could not concur in a hopeless attempt to enforce it now, he must, at all times, repress, with the same decision as if he held an adverse opinion, any unconstitutional conduct in the Catholic body. Under these circumstances, it cannot be doubted that the Catholics will take the most loyal, dutiful, and patient line of conduct; that they will not suffer themselves to be led into measures which can, by any construction, give a handle, to the opposers of their wishes, either to misinterpret their principles, or to raise an argument for resisting their claims; but that, by their prudent and exemplary demeanor, they will afford additional grounds, to the growing number of their advocates, to enforce their claims on proper occasions, until their objects can be finally and advantageously attained.”

“Such was Mr. Pitt’s pledge or promise, which falls certainly within Lord Holland’s meaning of a written communication between the agents of government and the Catholic body. That of Lord Cornwallis was under the following title, viz. :— *The Sentiments of a sincere Friend to the Catholic Claims.* ‘If the Catholics should now proceed to violence, or entertain any ideas of gaining their object by convulsive measures, or forming associations with men of Jacobinical principles, they must, of course, lose the support and aid of those who have sacrificed their own situations in their cause, but who would, at the same time, feel it to be their indispensable duty to oppose every thing tending to confusion. On the other hand, should the Catholics be sensible of the benefit they possess, by having *so many characters of eminence pledged not to embark in the service of government, except on the terms of the Catholic privileges being obtained,* it is hoped that, on balancing the advantages and disadvantages of their situation, they would prefer a quiet and peaceable demeanor to any line of conduct of an opposite description.’

“It having been given out, and generally believed by Mr. Pitt’s party, that these papers had been disowned by Mr. Pitt and Lord Cornwallis, and the noble marquis having been appointed to the general government of India in 1805, the author determined to verify the fact by the best evidence the nature of the case would admit of, feeling it a duty to his own credit, and an important service to Ire-

land, to place the matter out of doubt. He wrote a letter, for that purpose, to Lord Cornwallis, on which the following correspondence took place:—

“SIR:

“BURLINGTON STREET, April 7, 1805.

“I have received your letter of yesterday’s date, and feel no difficulty in giving the most satisfactory answer to it in my power. I have neither a copy nor a distinct recollection of the words of the paper which I gave to Dr. Troy; but this I perfectly well remember,—that the paper was hastily given to him by me, to be circulated amongst his friends, with a view of preventing any immediate disturbances, or other bad effects, that might be apprehended from the accounts that had just arrived from England; and if I used the word *pledged*, I could only mean, that in my opinion the ministers, by resigning their offices, gave a pledge of their being friends to the measure of Catholic emancipation; for I can assure you that I never received authority, directly or indirectly, from any member of the administration, who resigned his office at that time, to give a pledge that he would not embark again in the service of government except on the terms of the Catholic privileges being obtained.

“I have the honor to be, sir,

“Your most obedient, humble servant,

“CORNWALLIS.’

“It had been written and delivered by the viceroy himself, in the presence of his first secretary, to the first ecclesiastical and lay personages amongst the Catholics. Under these impressions, the author wrote the following letter in reply to his lordship:—

“MY LORD:

“Having given you my history, and, in my letter of the 6th instant, pointed to the page of it which contained that important paper, of which you have neither a copy nor a distinct recollection, I take the liberty of enclosing an exact copy of it from the manuscript of Dr. Troy, in my possession, which led me to believe that it had been neither hastily given nor insidiously intended to answer a temporary purpose, nor to meet the effects of a flying report.

“I have the honor to be, with all due respect,

“Your lordship’s obedient humble servant,

“FRANCIS PLOWDEN.

“ESSEX STREET, April 8, 1805.’

“To this letter the author received the following conclusive admission of the genuine authenticity of the important documents published in the *Historical Review*:—

“BURLINGTON STREET, April 8, 1805.

“SIR:

“I have alluded in my former letter to a short paper, which I gave to Dr. Troy, on the morning after the account of the resignation arrived. I have no copies of the papers, which you have now transmitted. *I do not, however, doubt their authority*; but of one circumstance I can speak with the most confident certainty, *viz.*, that I had on no occasion any authority for using the word *pledged*, but what I thought arose from the act of resignation.

“I have the honor to be, sir,

“Your most obedient and most humble servant,

“CORNWALLIS.’”



Let the reader compare this lord's letter with the passage marked in *Italic* in his *memorandum*, and then pronounce a verdict upon the guilt of him and his political associates.

It is but simple justice to the Catholics of Ireland to record here, that *they*, as a body, were not deceived by these men, nor were they assenting parties to the union. On the contrary, in 1795, when a union was first talked of to them as the condition of their emancipation, they met in Dublin,\* and "unanimously resolved that they would rather endure the ignominy of eternal exclusion from parliament and office, than consent to the transfer of the rights of Ireland to the parliament of England;" and, upon a remarkable occasion, in the midst of the union agitation, in 1799, O'CONNELL, then a young man, came forward on behalf of the Catholics, at a public meeting held in the royal exchange of Dublin, and delivered an eloquent address against that union, and, on behalf of himself and fellow-Catholics, disclaimed, forever, all share in the political privileges of the state, rather than consent for one moment to the destruction of their country. I reserve this speech for the opening pages of O'Connell's life, which the reader will find toward the conclusion of this book.

It is true, however, that some of the Catholic aristocracy did receive favors from the Pitt ministry. Sir J. Barrington states that Mr. *Bellew* got a pension, which he was in the receipt of to his time, 1820. Lord Cornwallis, in his journey through Ireland, to which I wish to call back the reader's attention, scattered promises and pledges all round. He assured the Catholic aristocracy, on the one side, that they never would obtain their freedom from the Orange parliament of Ireland. To the Orangemen he represented that unless *they* consented to the union with England, the Catholics would become too strong for them, and finally subdue them, and establish a Catholic ascendancy.

There never, surely, was a nation so thoroughly deluded as Ireland.

The agitation *against* and *for* the union now rose to an indescribable pitch of excitement. Lord Castlereagh, says Sir J. Barrington, made no secret of his readiness to bribe every body, under the specious plea of "*compensation*." He then boldly announced his intention to turn the scale, by bribes to all who would accept them, under the name of *compensation* for the loss of patronage and interest. He publicly declared, *first*, that every nobleman who returned members to parliament should be paid, in cash, fifteen thousand pounds for every member so returned; *secondly*, that every member who had *purchased* a seat in parliament should have his purchase-money repaid to him, by the treasury of Ireland; *thirdly*, that all members of parliament, or others, who were

\*The meeting was held in Francis Street Chapel.

losers by a union, should be fully recompensed for their losses, and that one million five hundred thousand pounds should be devoted to this service. In other terms, all who supported his measure were, under some pretence or other, to share in this fund of corruption.

A declaration so flagitious and treasonable was never publicly made in any country; but it had a powerful effect in his favor; and, before the meeting of parliament, he had secured a small majority, (as heretofore mentioned,) of eight above a moiety of the members, and he courageously persisted.

After the debate on the union in 1800, he performed his promise, and brought in a bill to raise one million and a half of money upon the Irish people, nominally to compensate, but really to bribe, their representatives, for betraying their honor and selling their country.

Meetings were now called, by the patriotic part of the gentry and people, in all parts of the country. This whole book would hardly hold the resolutions, proceedings, and protests, in opposition to this hated measure. I give, from a "Report of the Dublin Repeal Association, brought up by the LIBERATOR, a few specimens.

"It will be seen from the Report — a fact which is now part of the melancholy history of Ireland — that the period chosen for urging the baneful measure of the union was one in which all protection of law was taken away from the people of Ireland. They had no legal protection whatsoever for their lives or liberties. The *habeas corpus* act was suspended; martial law was proclaimed; the trial by jury was superseded by courts martial; the judges of the land could hold no shield over the victim of power; property was at the discretion of the military; even the name of liberty was taken away; there was no guaranty for the safety of limb or life; the soldier and the sword were every thing; the law and the constitution were practically annihilated.

"Such was the state of Ireland when the union was proposed: no law! — no liberty!! — no protection!!! — no security!!!!

"Such was the state of Ireland when the union was proposed; and yet, even in such a state, the people of Ireland protested and struggled against the fatal measure.

"It is a fact that two county meetings, convened by the sheriffs, were dispersed by military violence; the one in the Queen's county, the other in the county Tipperary; the gentry and freeholders, meeting peaceably and legally at the summons of the civil representative of the crown, were interfered with by ruffian military violence; were assailed by horse, foot, and artillery; and escaped with difficulty with their lives.

"Notwithstanding all this, the Irish people struggled against the fatal measure which was to extinguish their rights as a nation. Some had the courage to attend public meetings, at whatever peril; multitudes prepared and signed petitions against the destruction of the constitution; there were more than *seven hundred and seven thousand signatures* to the petitions against that measure, whilst in its favor, all the influence of the crown, all the assistance of placemen, pensioners,

bribers, and bribed, could not procure more than *five thousand* signatures of these who were considered to be favorable to the union; in point of fact, not above three thousand of those persons expressed an opinion favorable to it; the remainder merely prayed that the matter might be taken into consideration.

“ Amongst those who had the courage, the manhood, and the honesty, publicly to protest against that measure, we have selected various resolutions exhibiting the patriotism and love of country of several influential bodies.

“ The first we shall set forth is that of the **BANKERS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN**, held at the Mansion-house, on Tuesday, the 18th December, 1798, deprecating even the agitation of the measure; the right honorable the lord mayor in the chair.

“ *Resolved*, That since the renunciation of the power of Great Britain, in the year 1782, to legislate for Ireland, the commerce and prosperity of this kingdom have eminently increased.

“ *Resolved*, That we attribute those blessings, under Providence, and the gracious favor of our beloved sovereign, to the wisdom of the Irish parliament.

“ *Resolved*, That we look with abhorrence on any attempt to deprive the people of Ireland of their parliament, and thereby of their constitutional right, and immediate power, to legislate for themselves.’

“ The next extract is from the resolutions of a post assembly of the **CORPORATION OF DUBLIN**, held on the 17th of December, 1798; the lord mayor in the chair.

“ *Resolved, unanimously*, That by the spirited exertions of the people and parliament of this kingdom, the trade and constitution thereof were settled on principles so liberal, that the nation has risen rapidly ever since in wealth and consequence.

“ *Resolved, unanimously*, That, having boldly defended the constitution in king, lords, and commons, against the open and secret abettors of rebellion, we are determined steadily to oppose any attempt that may be made to surrender the free legislation of this kingdom, by uniting it with the legislature of Great Britain.

“ *Ordered*, That the said resolutions be published.

“ Signed by order,

“ **ALLEN and GREENE, Town Clerks.**’

“ There was a very important meeting on the 10th January, 1799, of the **FREE-MEN AND FREEHOLDERS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN**, held at the Session House, Green Street, the high sheriff in the chair. The following resolutions were unanimously agreed to, signed by the high sheriff, and published in all the newspapers: —

“ *Resolved*, That, as the commerce and constitution of this country have been acquired by an Irish parliament, by an Irish parliament alone can they be effectually protected.

“ *Resolved*, That an incorporating legislative union, which would *extinguish our own parliament*, and would send a *few Irish members to the British senate*, would change the free constitution of this country into an arbitrary government, as it would submit the Irish nation to the dominion of a power over which we could have no control.

“ *Resolved*, That the house of commons are the *trustees, not the masters*, of the people; that the constitution should guide and limit the conduct of parliament, as the law does the conduct of the judges of the land; and that the legislature *is not competent to alter, much less to subvert, the present form of our government.*

“ *Resolved*, That whoever shall propose a measure, having for its basis the extinction of the independent parliament of this kingdom, we consider an *enemy to Ireland, to British connection, and to that constitution we are sworn to maintain.*’

“ On the 13th of January, the KING’S COUNTY met; Thomas Bernard, Jun. Esq. in the chair; and passed the following resolutions. We insert them.

“ *Resolved, unanimously*, That we are, and have proved ourselves to be, firmly attached to his majesty’s sacred person and family, and to the connection established between this kingdom and Great Britain by the laws of both countries.

“ *Resolved, unanimously*, That the constitution of parliament, established above six hundred years in this realm, is the BIRTHRIGHT of the PEOPLE OF IRELAND, and that no power on earth, save with the consent of the people fully and freely given, has a right to deprive them thereof; which constitution, to make use of words in the Bill of Rights, WE CLAIM, DEMAND, AND INSIST UPON, AS OUR UNDOUBTED RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES.

“ *Resolved, unanimously*, That an incorporating union with the parliament of Great Britain would be a virtual surrender of our constitution and liberties; and therefore we solemnly proclaim our dissent from any measure having that incorporation for its object.’

“ We next insert a declaration signed in the COUNTY OF TIPPERARY, as a specimen of the light in which the union was regarded in that county. It should never be forgotten, that a county meeting, duly convened by the high sheriff to enter into resolutions condemnatory of the projected union, had been dispersed by military violence, previously to this declaration.

“ The declaration, with its signatures, are as follow: —

“ *County of Tipperary.* — An address and resolutions from the county Tipperary, respecting a legislative union between the independent kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, having appeared in last August, in some of the public prints, —

“ We, the undersigned noblemen and freeholders of that county, think it necessary to declare, in the most firm and unequivocal manner, our decided disapprobation of that measure, which we consider to be in the highest degree prejudicial to the interests of this nation; and we, the freeholders of said county, do hereby instruct our representatives to maintain the same conduct in parliament which contributed to defeat the last attempt to subvert the constitution of Ireland.

MOUNTCASHEL,  
LISMORE,  
PETER COUNT DALTON,  
J. LATOUCHE, M. P.,  
R. LATOUCHE, M. P.,  
J. LATOUCHE, Jun., M. P.,  
L. PARSONS, Bart.,  
Hon. W. MOORE, M. P.,

Hon. R. W. O’CALLAGHAN, M. P.,  
H. OSBORNE, Bart.,  
ARTHUR MOORE, M. P.,  
C. B. PONSONBY,  
W. H. ARMSTRONG, M. P.,  
Rev. E. LLOYD, Limerick,  
Rev. M. MOORE, Tipperary,  
Rev. T. LLOYD, Castle Lloyd,

And upwards of twelve hundred other names.’

“ We have great pleasure in next submitting to the public a declaration emanating from the COUNTY OF ARMAGH, which, with its signatures, we subjoin.

“ *County of Armagh.* — We, the undersigned noblemen, gentlemen, freeholders, and inhabitants, of the county of Armagh, feel that it has been made necessary for

us to come forward with this public expression of our sentiments on the subject of a legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland.

“The decided opinion of this county against that ruinous measure has already been declared at a public meeting, constitutionally convened for that purpose; and cordial approbation was bestowed on the representatives of the county in parliament, for their conduct in rejecting it.

“We have, therefore, seen, with much surprise, a paper circulated, which, under the pretext of offering a tribute of respect to our gracious sovereign, invites us to petition parliament for a re-discussion of the question, and calls on us to pass an implied censure on the representatives of the county, for their adopting that conduct for which we had before applauded them.

“We do, therefore, feel it our duty to re-assert our fixed and unalterable aversion to that pernicious measure, and our abhorrence of the means which have been resorted to in the prosecution of it. We consider the proposal as one not proceeding from our gracious sovereign, for whom we entertain the most zealous and affectionate attachment, but from the rashness and folly of his ministers.

“Signed,

CHARLEMONT,

MAXWELL,

BELMORE,

CORRY,

Sir CAPEL MOLYNEUX, Bart.,

Sir JOHN PARNELL, Bart.,

Sir JOHN MACARTNEY, M. P.,

JOHN MOORE, M. P., Drumbagher,

E. D. WILSON, M. P., Carrickfergus,

JOHN REILLY, M. P., Scarva,

Rev. J. CRAWFORD,

*Magistrates.*

WM. BROWNLAW,

WM. RICHARDSON,

H. CAULFIELD,

F. OBRE,

JOSEPH ATKINSON,

JOHN STEELE,

ROBERT LEVINGSTON,

R. SHIELDS,

F. EASTWOOD,

— O'CALLAGHAN,

And three thousand other respectable names of this county.’

“The declaration of the County of Cork is so emphatic and satisfactory, that we cannot avoid giving it insertion.

“*County of Cork.* — We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, conceive it necessary thus publicly to declare our sentiments on the subject of a legislative union, and, concurring with the sense of the nation, to give our decided disapprobation of the renewal of that measure, already condemned by the house of commons. We will yield to none in affection for our king, and attachment to our constitution; we desire to preserve British connection, and therefore we desire to maintain our independence.

“Since the glorious period of 1782, when the independence of our constitution was finally established, we have seen this kingdom advancing in prosperity, in a manner almost unexampled in the history of nations; as its commerce and agriculture, its arts and manufactures, have extended and improved, its resources and revenues have increased; and in proportion to its improvement, has this kingdom become a more effectual support to the strength of the empire at large.

“Having thus, in the face of our country and of Europe, declared our opinions, we cannot be recorded among the abettors of that fatal policy, who still continue to struggle against the collected mind of Ireland, whose pertinacity will not

show them to recede, and whose perseverance will leave nothing to our posterity, but the inheritance of perpetuated strife, protracted tumult, and interminable calamity.

MOUNTCASHEL,	WM. B. PONSONBY, M. P., Bishop's
DE VESCI,	Court,
RIVERSDALE,	GEO. FOOT, Barrister, Dublin,
LISMORE,	H. BROWNE, Barrister, Mallow,
MATHEW, M. P.,	JOHN LATOUCHE, M. P., Harris-
ROBERT LATOUCHE, M. P., Har-	town,
ristown,	JOHN LATOUCHE, Jun., M. P.,
R. SAUNDERS, Barrister, Harriet-	Harristown,
ville,	GEO. PONSONBY, M. P., Johnville,
E. CONNOR, M. D., Mallow,	THOMAS TOWNSEND, M. P.,
J. BARRY, M. D., Mallow,	Cork,
JOS. HOARE, M. P., Annebella,	J. FREKE, M. P., Castle Freke,
E. HOARE, M. P., Richmond,	D. M'CARTHY, P. P., Ardfield,
G. EVANS, M. P., Bulgaden Hall,	D. BURKE, P. P., Ross,
C. BEAMISH, Clerk, Cork,	J. LOMBARD, Clerk, Harrietville,

And five hundred freeholders of the county.'

"But there were still some Orangemen too honest to consent, for any party purposes, to the sale of their country and the annihilation of the Irish constitution. We insert three specimens:—

"ORANGE LODGE. — At a full meeting of Lodge 652, held in Dublin, on Monday evening, 3d March, 1800, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved, *unanimously*, That, as a loyal and Protestant association, attached as we are to our most gracious sovereign and happy constitution, we cannot, without the utmost indignation and regret, see a resolution from the Grand Lodge, enjoining us to silence on the momentous question of a legislative union.

"That, sorry as we are to differ in opinion from the Grand Lodge, we should consider our silence as being accessory to the annihilation of that constitution, which, as Orangemen and freemen, we have solemnly sworn to support.

"That we consider the friends of that abominable measure, a union with Great Britain, as the greatest enemies to our most gracious sovereign; a measure which would destroy our existence as a nation, and eventually involve the rights, liberties, and even the lives, of the people of Ireland.

"That, from the above considerations, we solemnly protest against that destructive measure, and do call upon our brother Orangemen, by every legal means, to support that constitution for which we risked our lives and properties in the hour of danger.

G. S., *Deputy Master*.  
H. F., *Secretary*.'

"At a full meeting of the ORANGE LODGE, No. 500, held in Mountmelick, the 4th February, 1800, the following address was unanimously agreed to:—

"To all Brother Orangemen: Conscious as we are of our loyalty to his majesty, George the Third, and of our attachment to the happy constitution of this kingdom, as established in 1782, we have beheld with surprise and concern an address from the Grand Lodge to all Orangemen, entreating of them to be silent on a question whereby that constitution is vitally attacked, and whereby the loyalty of the most valuable part of our countrymen is shaken or endangered. We cannot

think it the duty of an Orangeman to submit implicitly, in all cases of the utmost moment, to the directions of a lodge which is principally composed of persons who are under a certain influence, which is exerted against the rights of Ireland; and while a lodge under such influence shall give the law to all Orangemen, we fear that our dearest interests will be betrayed. We, therefore, protest against its injunctions of silence; and declare, as Orangemen, as freeholders, as Irishmen, in all the several relations in which we are placed, that we consider the extinction of our separate legislature as the extinction of the Irish nation. We invite our brother Orangemen to elect, without delay, a grand lodge which shall be composed of men of tried integrity; who shall be unplaced, unpensioned, unbought, — and who shall avow this best qualification for such a station, that they will support the independence of Ireland and the constitution of 1782.

Signed, HENRY DEERY, *Master*.  
JOHN ROBINSON, *Deputy Master*.  
ABRAHAM HIGHLAND, *Sec.*'

“ORANGE LODGE, 651. — At a numerous meeting of the brethren, it was

“*Resolved, unanimously*, That we deeply lament the necessity which compels us to differ from the Grand Lodge, as we conceive no body of men whatsoever have so just a right to take into serious consideration the subject of a legislative union with Great Britain, as Orangemen, who have associated and sworn for the sole purpose of supporting their king and constitution.

“That we see, with unspeakable sorrow, an attempt to deprive us of that constitution, of our trade, of our rising prosperity, and our existence as a nation, and reducing us to the degrading situation of a colony to England.

“That we consider this measure but an ill return to men who clung to that constitution in the hour of danger and distress, and resigned their lives and properties in its support, to have it snatched from them almost at the moment they saved it.

Signed, GEORGE GONNE, *Master*.  
S. H. SMITH, *Pro. Sec.*

“DUBLIN, 19th February, 1800.”

Sir James May, collector of the port of Waterford, assembled his yeomen on the general parade, in that city, and left it to their option, whether they would sign in favor of the union or be shipped to Botany Bay. Driven to this alternative, they embraced England rather than transportation, and were numbered with the enlightened advocates of the incorporation of both parliaments. So says Dr. Macneven.

Every county and town of Ireland endeavored to meet, and protest, and petition. Every trade and corporation protested; and but that the people were deprived by the military of the power of assembling, it is certain another real insurrection would have broken out.

Lord Castlereagh and his emissaries proceeded coolly in their work of villany. They filled the country towns with military, to keep down the people; and they negotiated with that portion (the eighty-six members) who were absent from the house of commons on the first debate.

Even these, rotten as some of them were, could not be induced to vote against their country. The utmost that *some* of them would consent to, was to vacate their seats, and allow some other persons to fill their places. Thirty or forty agreed to do this, and received from Castlereagh enormous "compensation." Fifteen to twenty thousand pounds was not considered too much to bestow on each.

The vacated seats were then filled by English captains and courtiers, who possessed not a foot of earth in Ireland, and whose names were sent down to the boroughs by the respective "*patrons*," the *noble lords*, who received their share of the spoil for their consent.

It was thus the constitution of Ireland was undermined at every part. The reader, I presume, has anticipated the result. The parliament of 1800 now assembled, with a certain ministerial majority for the union. Eloquence was vain before this band of traitors. The classic *façade* of the parliament-house was filled with a regiment of soldiers; and on the flattened roof were mounted several pieces of artillery, ready loaded, to be discharged on the people, should they attempt to impede the villanous legislation within. Castlereagh acted with the coolness of a philosophic demon. He boldly faced the crowd on the steps of the house, and threatened to remove the parliament to Cork if they proceeded to violence, pointing significantly, at the same time, to the lines of military that flanked him on each side.

The debates commenced. Parsons, Bushe, and Plunket, had spoken against the union with an eloquence never equalled. Grattan and Curran had retired in disgust from the parliament, four years before. Curran never returned; but Grattan was induced by his friends to come once more into that assembly whose freedom he had achieved. He was worn with sickness, oppressed with grief, and sinking into the grave; but we shall have his reëntury into parliament from the graphic pen of Barrington.

"At that time, Mr. Tighe returned the members for the close borough of Wicklow; and, a vacancy having occurred, it was tendered to Mr. Grattan, who would willingly have declined it but for the importunities of his friends.

"The lord lieutenant and Lord Castlereagh, justly appreciating the effect his presence might have on the first debate, had withheld the writ of election till the last moment the law allowed, and till they conceived it might be too late to return Mr. Grattan in time for the discussion. It was not until the day of the meeting of parliament, that the writ was delivered to the returning officer. By extraordinary exertions, and perhaps by following the example of government in overstraining the law, the election was held immediately on the arrival of the writ; a sufficient number of voters were collected to return Mr. Grattan before midnight. By one o'clock, the return was on its road to Dublin; it arrived by five. A party



of Mr. Grattan's friends repaired to the private house of the proper officer, and, making him get out of bed, compelled him to present the writ to parliament before seven in the morning, when the house was in warm debate on the union. A whisper ran through every party that Mr. Grattan was elected, and would immediately take his seat. The ministerialists smiled with incredulous derision, and the opposition thought the news too good to be true.

"Mr. Egan was speaking strongly against the measure, when Mr. George Ponsonby and Mr. Arthur Moore (now judge of the Common Pleas) walked out, and immediately returned, leading, or rather helping, into the body of the house, Mr. Grattan, in a state of total feebleness and debility. The effect was electric. Mr. Grattan's illness and deep chagrin had reduced a form never symmetrical, and a visage at all times thin, nearly to the appearance of a spectre. As he feebly tottered into the house, every member simultaneously rose from his seat. He moved slowly to the table. His languid countenance seemed to revive as he took those oaths that restored him to his preëminent station; the smile of inward satisfaction obviously illuminated his features, and reanimation and energy seemed to kindle by the labor of his mind. The house was silent. Mr. Egan did not resume his speech. Mr. Grattan, almost breathless, as if by instinct, attempted to rise, but was unable to stand. He paused, and with difficulty requested permission of the house to deliver his sentiments without moving from his seat. This was acceded to by acclamation, and he who had left his bed of sickness to record, as he thought, his last words in the parliament of his country, kindled gradually till his language glowed with an energy and feeling which he had seldom surpassed. After nearly two hours of the most powerful eloquence, he concluded with an undiminished vigor, miraculous to those who were unacquainted with his intellect.

"Never did a speech make a more affecting impression; but it came too late. Fate had decreed the fall of Ireland, and her patriot came only to witness her overthrow. For two hours he recapitulated all the pledges that England had made and had broken; he went through the great events from 1780 to 1800, and proved the more than treachery which had been practised towards the Irish people. He had concluded, and the question was loudly called for, when Lord Castlereagh was perceived earnestly to whisper to Mr. Corry; they for an instant looked round the house; whispered again; Mr. Corry nodded assent, and, amidst the cries of '*Question*,' he began a speech, which, as far as it regarded Mr. Grattan, few persons in the house could have prevailed upon themselves to utter. Lord Castlereagh was not clear what impression Mr. Grattan's speech might have made upon a few hesitating members. He had, in the course of the debate, moved the question of adjournment. He did not like to meet Sir Laurence Parsons on his motion, and Mr. Corry commenced certainly an able, but, towards Mr. Grattan, an ungenerous and an unfeeling personal assault. It was useless; it was like an act of a cruel disposition, and he knew it could not be replied to. At length the impatience of the house rendered a division necessary, and in half an hour the fate of Ireland was decided. The numbers were, —

"For an adjournment, Lord Castlereagh had. . . . . 138

"For the amendment . . . . . 96

"Majority. . . . . 42."

The language applied by Corry, who was chancellor of the exchequer,

to Mr. Grattan, produced from the latter an instant challenge. They met about the dawn of day, while the debate was proceeding. Grattan wounded him, returned to the house, and resumed his seat. It was soon buzzed through the auditory, amid very great excitement.

It is due to the dead, to the living, and to posterity, to perpetuate the names and words of the immortal one hundred and fifteen Irish representatives who bravely and virtuously opposed the fall of their native land, not one of whom could be bribed, intimidated, or otherwise influenced from his duty, his country, and liberty, and many of whom lost command in the army, and office in the government, for the virtuous exercise of their parliamentary right.

I will print a few of the words uttered by the leading orators in the last debate, as an evidence at once of their virtuous opposition, their eloquence, and their prophetic perception. Every *one* of the injuries and miseries which the union inflicted upon Ireland, was foreseen and described by these able and eloquent men. The millions of Irishmen scattered in exile through the world, and those who live at home in bondage, will join in attesting this truth.

*Mr. Foster*, the speaker of the house, spoke for four hours against the measure, in which he reviewed its commercial, political, financial, and moral effects. It was a masterly speech, from which I can only make one or two extracts:—

“Theory says, the parliament may disagree with the king in his declaration of peace and war, or in his treaties; but in the course of the British history, how often has it disagreed; and have any, and what, national injuries followed such disagreement? It would be difficult to find them; never, I believe, since the constitution has been the happy one it now is.

“Theory says, the two houses may, in legislative acts of material necessity, disagree with each other; and, therefore, would you venture to prevent the evil by an absurd and impracticable attempt to force one to surrender its liberty to the other? or, in the fashionable phrase, by consolidating them both into one great mass of wisdom, united strength, and increased power?

“Theory, and theory only, says the same of the separate parliaments of the two kingdoms; and there is no one argument you can apply for the necessity of consolidating them, that will not apply much stronger for the consolidating of the two houses in each; and the same arguments will all further apply, with equal strength, to consolidate the two houses, after such junction, with the king, as the third estate, for fear of the national concerns being impeded by their disagreeing with him, or he with them; and thus your arguments will end in the absurdity, that you must consolidate the three estates of each kingdom into one, for fear of an inconvenience from a difference of opinion arising from the exercise of their free judgment; that you must abandon the glorious constitution of a mixed government, which you now enjoy, and adopt that of a single monarch, or single power, wherever it may rest, either in a monarch, or a republic, or an oligarchy. \* \* \*

“Finance so occupies his \* mind, that it is the ruling principle of all his measures; it attended the commercial system in the shape of a supply for imperial concerns; and if you could contrive now to give him the purse of the nation, without extinguishing your parliament, believe me, you would hear no more of union.

\* \* \* \* \*

“If a similarity of laws be an essential means of union, it is already attained and zealously continued by the voluntary acts of both kingdoms. But the noble lord† wants more—he wants your purse and your trade. \* \* \*

“He wants a union, in order to tax you and take your money where he fears your own representatives would deem it improper, and to force regulations on your trade which your own parliament would consider injurious or partial. I never expected to have heard it so unequivocally acknowledged, and I trust that it will be thoroughly understood, that it is not your constitution he wants to take away for any supposed imperfection, but because it keeps the purse of the nation in the honest hands of an Irish parliament. \* \* \*

“But the only real and avowed argument turns out to be, a desire to take from you the power of taxation, and vest it in Britain. If no trade, no manufactures, no capital, has been or can be given to you by the measure, but, on the contrary, all you enjoy will be rendered insecure; if it increases your absentees, draws away the property, the talents, and the industry, of the country; if it damps all enterprise, and degrades a great and rising kingdom into an abject and depressed colony; if no means of tranquillity or security against the enemy is to be its result, but discontent and danger are to arise from it; if it tends to disunite the affections, and to create jealousy between the two great members of the empire, who are now firmly, happily, and cordially united; if the example of Scotland, which is held out to you as a temptation, affords no one inducement, but as far as any argument can be drawn from it, warns you loudly against the measure; \* \* \* If the step you take should prove wrong, if it should unfortunately end in the nation’s calling for her old constitution again, and the politics of a British cabinet should be so desperate as not to listen to that call, think of the dreadful consequences you may be the cause of, if fatally the shock of arms should follow.”

“*Mr. G. Ponsonby* said, ‘The open avowal of the noble lord (Castlereagh) saved him the trouble of proving that the words of the address could mean nothing less than that the house would entertain and discuss the idea of annihilating the Irish parliament and the constitution of the country. He boldly avowed the principle, that neither the legislature, nor any power on earth, had a right or authority to do this. The crown or the peers evidently had no such power, and the representatives of the people were appointed to make laws only; they were not vested with permanent and unlimited authority, and therefore could not pronounce definitively on the rights of the people.’

“*Mr. Fitzgerald* (prime serjeant) said, ‘I must declare that it is not, in my opinion, within the moral competence of parliament to destroy and extinguish itself, and with it the rights and liberties of those who created it. The constituent parts of a state are obliged to hold their public faith with each other, and with all those who derive *any serious interest under their engagements*. Such a compact may, with respect to Great Britain, be a union, but with respect to Ireland, it will be a *revolution*, and a revolution of a most alarming nature.’

\* Pitt.

† Lord Castlereagh.

“*Mr. Crookshank* said, ‘Sir, I deny that the parliament of an independent state, for which the members of that parliament are trustees, has any right whatever, without the permission of its constituents, expressly or impliedly given for the purpose, to surrender to another country the whole or any part of its legislative authority.’

“*Mr. Barrington*. ‘The foulest and most unconstitutional means, he believed, had been used to intimidate and to corrupt it, and either to force or to seduce a suffrage, when nothing but general, independent, uninfluenced opinion, could warrant, for a moment, the most distant view of so ruinous a subject. He had good reason to believe that corrupt and unconstitutional means had been used by the noble lord to individuals of the Irish parliament.’ (Here *Mr. Barrington* was called to order, and his words desired to be taken down; on which *Mr. Plunket* rose and declared the same opinion, and his determination to use stronger language; and recommended the words to be taken down, in order to bring the subject forward. This not being persisted in by the treasury bench, *Mr. Barrington* continued:) ‘He repeated, that he had reason to believe that corrupt and unconstitutional means had been used towards individuals of the Irish parliament. Some of those means were open and avowed. Two of the oldest, most respectable, and most beloved officers of the crown had been displaced because they presumed to hint an opinion adverse to the stripling’s dictates on a subject where their country was at stake. Their removal crowned them with glory, and the minister with contempt.’

“*Mr. Knox*. ‘I am satisfied that, in point of commerce, England has not any thing to give to this country; but was it otherwise, I would not descend to argue it, for I would not surrender the liberties of my country for the riches, for the wealth, of the universe.’

“‘I cannot find words to express the horror I feel at a proposition so extremely degrading and insulting; to entertain it, even for a moment, in my opinion, is not free from some criminality. What! shall we deliberate whether this kingdom shall cease to exist? whether this land shall be struck from the scale of nations? whether its very name is to be no more, but erased from the map of the world forever? Shall it, I say, be a question, whether we surrender to another separate country, and to another separate legislature, the lives, liberties, and properties of five millions of people, who delegated us here to defend, but not destroy, the constitution? It is a proposition monstrous in the extreme; and should be considered merely to join our disgust and execration with that of the people — then dash it from us, never to take it up again. Will any advocate for this detestable union tell me we shall be represented with any effect in the senate of the empire? How could our few transported, itinerant, strolling members have any weight in the scale of British representation? The idea is preposterous.’

“*Mr. Plunket*. ‘Sir, I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hand on the constitution! I tell you, that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a mere nullity, and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately. I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose. You are appointed to make laws, and not legislatures; you are appointed to act under the constitution, and not to alter it; you are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them; and if you do so, your act is a dissolution of the govern-

*ment; you resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.* \* \* \* Sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honor, and I am told I should be calm and should be composed. National pride! independence of our country! these, we are told by the noble lord, are vulgar topics, fitted only for the meridian of a mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this; — they are trinkets and gewgaws, fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair.

\* \* \* For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar, and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.'

"Colonel O'Donnell, (in a maiden speech.) 'There is no person, in or out of this house, who can be more anxious for supporting the closest connection between England and Ireland than I have been, and ever shall. I have fought to preserve it from being interrupted by external and internal foes; but should the legislative independence of Ireland be voted away by a parliament which is not competent thereto, I shall hold myself discharged from my allegiance.' (A cry of 'Order, order!') 'I say, Mr. Speaker, the constitution will be violated. I will join the people in preserving their rights. I will oppose the rebels in rich clothes with as much energy as I ever have done the rebels in rags.'

"Mr. J. M. O'Donnell. 'I deny that the constitution is an article to be bartered for. I deny the power of parliament to barter or dispose of it, on any terms; and I publicly assert that, should we ever be base enough to do so, the people will have a right to oppose it. For my part, I will oppose it here, there, and every where. If my opposition to it in this house shall not be successful, I will oppose it *in the field*. It is no common question; it is one which goes to the very existence of my country. I have made up my mind on what my conduct shall be: I shall either live free, or fall by the cut-six of some Hessian sabre, or some other foreign mercenary. While I have existence, I shall oppose it.'

"The Right Honorable J. Fitzgerald. 'If you reject the amendment, you will, with that rejection, consign the future talents, genius, and virtues of the Irish nation to waste in this desert air — to die unknown. Have you children? Will you put out the light of Ireland? I know not where you will find that *Promethean heat which can that light restore, should you repent.* \* \* \*

"The genius, the ambition, and the aspiring thoughts of man, are not to be controlled; and little reason have we, dressed in a little brief and questioned authority, to expect that the increasing population of four millions of people will respect this compact, if entered into, as sacred. They will be told that the country was called upon to this compact when martial law was in full force. They will hear of the years 1779 and 1782. They will inquire how they lost the great acquisition of those days — *a free, residing, superintending legislature.*'

"Mr. G. Ponsonby. 'If ever this house should consent to its own immolation — if ever the members of the Irish commons should assent to an act for turning themselves out of doors — if this should ever happen, hope shall not quit me, until the last man shall have passed the door, which the minister should close upon our liberties. When they shall approach that door, if they but cast a look behind — if they but view that chair, where integrity now sits enthroned — if their eyes but linger on that floor, where the flow of patriot eloquence has been poured forth for their

country — if they but recollect all the struggles of honorable legislation which these walls have witnessed — they will stop before they have taken the last, irretrievable step. They will cling to this house, the temple of their honor, their freedom, and their glory !’

“ *Mr. Dobbs.* ‘ Sir, I rise to make my solemn protest against entertaining, even for a moment, this message from the British minister, delivered under the usurped name of majesty. I say the usurped name of majesty, for it would not be decent in me to suppose that that identical monarch, who guaranteed the constitution of 1782, should, in the year 1800, desire this house to annihilate itself, and, at the same time, surrender the independence of Ireland. \* \* \*

“ ‘ We behold a right honorable member, who was chancellor of the exchequer, dismissed from his office because he would not betray his country. We behold a right honorable and learned member dismissed from the office of prime serjeant because he would not betray his country. We behold honorable members, who were commissioners in the revenue and barrack boards, dismissed from their offices, because they would not betray their country. And we know that even the office of cursitor to the court of chancery was taken from an honorable member because he dared to do his duty.

“ ‘ It was not for nothing that the serpent, and every venomous creature, had been banished from this land. *I tell the noble lord, I tell you, sir, and this house, and I proclaim it to the British and Irish nations, that the independence of Ireland is written in the immutable records of heaven.* I shall, therefore, vote against going into this committee.’

“ *Mr. P. Burrowes* said, ‘ Frivolous and fallacious as the right honorable secretary’s statement has been, I do not found my opposition to going into a committee upon the peculiar demerit of the system of union which he has detailed. I openly avow that no terms or conditions can ever persuade me to surrender the constitution of Ireland — to transfer the supreme power of the state to a country which has continued distinct from ours, since the creation, by boundaries which cannot be removed, and by feelings which cannot be eradicated. If a union shall pass, as an Irishman I shall be indifferent how many or how few deputies shall be sent from this emasculated country. As long as the parliament which legislates for Ireland shall exist in the bosom of a distinct country, as long as a rival feeling shall actuate the heart of that country, — that is, as long as the heart of man shall beat, — this country, deprived of its domestic parliament, will be the prostrate victim of British prejudice and British oppression. This is sound theory ; this is true history.’

“ *Mr. Sawin.* ‘ You may make the union binding as a law, but you cannot make it obligatory on conscience, and it will be obeyed only as long as England is strong ; but resistance to it in the abstract will be a duty, and the exhibition of that resistance will be a question only of prudence.’

“ *Mr. Bushe.* ‘ I strip this formidable measure of all its pretences and its aggravations. I look at it nakedly and abstractedly, and I see nothing in it but one question — *Will you give up your country ?* I forget, for a moment, the unprincipled means by which it has been promoted ; I pass by, for an instant, the unseasonable moment at which it was introduced, and the contempt of parliament upon which it is bottomed, and I look upon it simply as England reclaiming, in a moment of your weakness, that dominion which you extorted from her in a moment

of your virtue — a dominion which she uniformly abused, which invariably oppressed and impoverished you, and from the cessation of which you date all your prosperity. It is a measure which goes to degrade the country, by saying it is unworthy to govern itself, and to stultify the parliament, by saying it is incapable of governing the country. It is the revival of the odious and absurd title of conquest; it is the renewal of the abominable distinction between mother country and colony which lost America; it is the denial of the rights of nature to a great nation, from an intolerance of its prosperity. \* \* \*

“What is it we are called upon to give up? I speak not of national pride or dignity; I declaim not upon theoretical advantages; but I tell you, that you are called upon to give up that municipal parliament which has procured you, within the memory of you all, municipal advantages which no foreign parliament can supply. We hear of nothing but imperial topics. Good God! is the parliament nothing but an instrument of taxation? Is nothing understood of a house of commons but that it is an engine for raising money out of the pockets of the subject and throwing it into the coffers of the crown? Take up any volume of your statutes upon that table; you will find the municipal acts of parliament in the proportion of more than forty to one to the imperial. What has, within the memory of many men alive, changed the face of your land? What has covered a country of pasture with tillage? What has intersected a formerly impassable country with roads? What has nearly connected, by inland navigation, the eastern channel with the western ocean? A resident parliament! Look at your statutes and your journals, and there is not one of those improvements which you cannot trace to some document of your own public spirit now upon that table, and to no other source or cause under heaven. Can this be supplied in Westminster? Could a committee of this house make a road in Yorkshire? No! nothing can supply a resident parliament, watching over national improvement, seizing opportunities, encouraging manufactures, commerce, science, education, and agriculture, applying instant remedy to instant mischief, mixing with the constituent body, catching the sentiment of the public mind, reflecting public opinion, acting upon its impulse, and regulating its excess.’

“*Mr. Grattan.* ‘How came the Irish parliament, with all its borough members, in 1779, to demand a free trade; in 1782, to demand a free constitution? Because it sat in Ireland; because they sat in their own country; and because, at that time, they had a country; because, however influenced, as many of its members were, by places, — however uninfluenced, as many of its members were, by popular representation, — yet were they influenced by Irish sympathy, and an Irish law of opinion. They did not like to meet every hour faces that looked shame upon them; they did not like to stand in the sphere of their own infamy: thus they acted as the Irish absentee at the very same time did not act — they saved the country because they lived in it, as the others abandoned the country because they lived out of it.

“I will not say that one hundred Irish gentlemen will act ill, where any man would act well; but never was there a situation in which they had so much temptation to act ill, and so little to act well. Great expense and consequent distresses, support from the voice of an Irish public no check, they will be, in situation, a sort of gentlemen of the empire; that is to say, gentlemen at large, unowned by one country, and unelected by the other; suspended between both,

false to both, and belonging to neither. The sagacious English secretary of state has foretold this. "What advantage," says he, "will it be to the talents of Ireland, this opportunity in the British empire thus opened!" That is what we dread — the market of St. Stephen opened to the individual, and the talents of the country, like its property, dragged from the kingdom of Ireland to be sold in London. These men, from their situation, (man is the child of situation,) — their native honor may struggle — but, from their situation, they will be adventurers of the most expensive kind, adventurers with pretensions, dressed and sold, as it were, in the shrouds and grave-clothes of the Irish parliament, and playing, for hire, their tricks on her tomb — the only repository the minister will allow to an Irish constitution — the images of degradation and the representatives of nothing. \* \* \*

"The Catholics of the city of Dublin have come forth in support of the constitution. I rejoice at it. They have answered their enemies by the best possible answer — by services. Such answer is more than refutation; it is triumph. The man who supports and preserves parliament qualifies. The path of glory leads on to privilege. Enjoy — with me if you please, without me if you are illiberal, but by me certainly — and at all events enjoy the parliamentary constitution of your country. This is to defend the tower; this is to leap upon the wreck; this is to sit by the country in her sick-bed; if she recover, there is a long and bright order of days before her, and the Catholics will have contributed to that event; if she perish, they will have done their utmost to save her; they will have done as an honest man ought in such an extreme case; they will have flung out their last setting glories, and sunk with the country. \* \* \*

"\* I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chains, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags: he may be naked, but he shall not be in iron; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause shall live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ that conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him, and give birth to myriads of votaries yet to come."

Several others of the patriotic minority spoke equally forcibly against the suicidal measure; but I regret my inability to make room for any more extracts. Lord Castlereagh's artfully-worded motion to print and circulate the resolutions and basis of a union was then put, when the tellers announced the numbers to stand thus: —

For Lord Castlereagh's motion, . . . . .	158
Against it, . . . . .	<u>115</u>
Majority, . . . . .	43

On a subsequent day, after many debates, the motion that the bill for the union, founded on the resolutions, be read a third time, and passed,

\* This passage was delivered upon a previous occasion, but I place it here, being, in my judgment, appropriate.



was moved by Lord Castlereagh. I take from Barrington his graphic description of the closing scene, and

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

“The commons house of parliament, on the last evening, afforded the most melancholy example of a fine, independent people, betrayed, divided, sold, and, as a state, annihilated. British clerks and officers were smuggled into her parliament to vote away the constitution of a country to which they were strangers, and in which they had neither interest nor connection. They were employed to cancel the royal charter of the Irish nation, guaranteed by the British government, sanctioned by the British legislature, and unequivocally confirmed by the words, the signature, and the great seal, of their monarch.

“The situation of the speaker, on that night, was of the most distressing nature. A sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents; he resisted it with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence, and his eloquence.

“It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feelings; solicitude was perceptible in every glance, and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered.

“The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable. They were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches; scarcely a word was exchanged amongst the members; nobody seemed at ease; no cheerfulness was apparent; and the ordinary business, for a short time, proceeded in the usual manner.

“At length, the expected moment arrived: the order of the day for the third reading of the bill for a ‘legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland,’ was moved by Lord Castlereagh. Unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips; and, as if a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject.

“At that moment he had no country, no God, but his ambition. He made his motion, and resumed his seat, with the utmost composure and indifference.

“Confused murmurs again ran through the house. It was visibly affected. Every character, in a moment, seemed involuntarily rushing to its index — some pale, some flushed, some agitated — there were few countenances to which the heart did not despatch some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful, momentary silence succeeded their departure. The speaker rose slowly from that chair which had been the proud source of his honors and of his high character. For a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the bill for a moment in silence. He looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone, ‘As many as are of opinion that THIS BILL do pass, say *ay*.’ The affirmative was languid, but indisputable. Another momentary pause ensued.

Again his lips seemed to decline their office. At length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed, with a subdued voice, '*The AYES have it.*' The fatal sentence was now pronounced. For an instant, he stood statue-like; then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the bill upon the table, and sank into his chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province. Ireland, as a nation, was extinguished."

The following is the list of one hundred and fifteen who voted to the last for the independence of their country. There are one hundred and twenty-one given to us by Barrington; but six of them must have been prevented, by some impediments, from voting on the last division.

Honorable A. Acheson,	Wm. Charles Fortescue,	Lord Mathew,
William C. Alcock,	Rt. Hon. John Foster,	Thomas Mahon,
Mervyn Archdall,	Hon. Thomas Foster,	John Metge,
W. H. Armstrong,	Arthur French,	Thomas Newenham,
Peter Burrowes,	Hamilton Georges,	Charles O'Hara,
John Ball,	Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan,	Sir Edward O'Brien,
Charles Ball,	Thomas Gold,	Col. Hugh O'Donnell,
Sir Jonah Barrington,	Hans Hamilton,	James Moore O'Donnell,
Charles Bushe,	Edward Hardman,	Hon. W. O'Callaghan,
William Blakeney,	Francis Hardy,	Henry Osborn,
William Burton,	Sir Joseph Hoare,	Rt. Hon. George Ogle,
H. V. Brooke,	Wm. Hoare Hume,	Joseph Preston,
Blayney Balfour,	Edward Hoare,	Rt. Hon. Sir John Parnell,
David Babbington,	Bartholomew Hoare,	Henry Parnell,
Honorable James Butler,	Alexander Hamilton,	W. Conyngham Plunket,
Col. John Maxwell Barry,	Hon. A. C. Hamilton,	Rt. Hon. W. B. Ponsonby,
Viscount Corry,	H. Irwin,	J. B. Ponsonby,
Lord Clements,	Gilbert King,	Major W. Ponsonby,
Lord Cole,	Charles King,	Rt. Hon. G. Ponsonby,
Honorable Lowry Cole,	Hon. Robert King,	Sir Laurence Parsons,
R. Shapland Carew,	Lord Kingsborough,	Richard Power,
Joseph Edward Cooper,	Hon. George Knox,	John Staunton Rochfort,
Lord Caulfield, [now	Rt. Hon. Henry King,	Sir William Richardson,
Lord Charlemont,]	Major King,	William E. Reilly,
Henry Coddington,	Gustavus Lambert,	Charles Ruxton,
George Crookshank,	David Latouche, Jun.	William P. Ruxton,
Dennis B. Daly,	Robert Latouche,	Francis Saunderson,
Noah Dalway,	John Latouche, Sen.	William Smyth,
Richard Dawson,	John Latouche, Jun.	James Stewart,
Arthur Dawson,	Charles Powell Leslie,	Hon. W. J. Skeffington,
Francis Dobbs,	Edward Lee,	Francis Savage,
John Egan,	Sir Thomas Lighton, Bt.,	Francis Synge,
R. L. Edgeworth,	Lord Maxwell,	Henry Stewart,
George Evans,	Alexander Montgomery,	Sir R. St. George, Bt.,
Sir John Freke, Bart.,	Sir John M'Cartney, Bt.,	Nathaniel Sneyd,
Frederick Falkiner,	John Moore,	Robert Shaw,
Rt. Hon. J. Fitzgerald,	Arthur Moore,	Rt. Hon. William Saurin,

William Tighe,	Hon. R. Taylor,	E. D. Willson,
Henry Tighe,	Charles Vereker,	Nicholas Westby,
John Taylor,	Owen Wynne,	John Wolfe.*
Thomas Townshend,	John Waller,	

I now present the *black list*, containing the names of those who voted for the union, with the considerations which they received:—

*R. Aldridge*; an English clerk in the secretary's office; *no* connection with Ireland.

*Henry Alexander*; chairman of ways and means; cousin of Lord Caledon; his brother made a bishop.

*Richard Archdall*; commissioner of the board of works.

*William Bailey*; commissioner of ditto.

*Right Hon. John Beresford*; first commissioner of revenue; brother-in-law to Lord Clare.

*John Beresford, Jun.*; then purse-bearer to Lord Clare, afterwards a parson, and now Lord Decies.

*Marcus Beresford*; a colonel in the army, son to the bishop, Lord Clare's nephew.

*J. Bingham*; created a peer, got eight thousand pounds for two seats, and fifteen thousand pounds compensation for Tuam. This gentleman first offered himself for sale to the anti-unionists; Lord Clanmorris.

*Joseph H. Blake*; created a peer; Lord Wallscourt, &c.

*Sir J. G. Blackwood*; created a peer; Lord Dufferin.

*Sir John Blaquiere*; numerous offices and pensions, and created a peer; Lord de Blaquiere.

*Anthony Botet*; appointed commissioner of the barrack board, five hundred pounds a year.

*Colonel Burton*, brother to Lord Conyngham; a colonel in the army.

*Sir Richard Buller*; purchased and changed sides; voted *against* the union in 1799, and *for* it in 1800.

*Lord Boyle*, son to Lord Shannon; they got an *immense* sum of money for their seats and boroughs; at fifteen thousand pounds each borough.

*Right Hon. Dennis Brown*.

*Stewart Bruce*; gentleman usher at Dublin Castle.

*George Burdet*; commissioner of a public board, five hundred pounds *per annum*.

*George Bunbury*. " " " " " "

*Arthur Brown*; *changed sides and principles*, and was appointed serjeant; in 1799 opposed union, and supported it in 1800; he was senior fellow of Dublin University; lost his seat the ensuing election, and died.

— *Bagwell, Sen.*; *changed twice*, got half the patronage of Tipperary, his son a dean, &c. &c.

— *Bagwell, Jun.*; *ditto*, got the Tipperary regiment, &c.

*William Bagwell*, his brother.

*Lord Castlereagh*; the Irish minister.

*Sir Henry Cavendish*; receiver-general during pleasure; deeply indebted to the crown.

*George Cavendish*; secretary to the treasury during pleasure; son to Sir Henry.

*Sir Broderick Chinnery*; placed in office after the union.

\* For list of the Lords who resisted the union, see p. 1059.

*James Case* ; renegaded, and got a pension.

*Thomas Casey* ; a commissioner of bankrupts under Lord Clare ; made a city magistrate.

*Colonel C. Cope* ; renegaded, got a regiment, and the patronage of his county.

*General Cradock* ; returned by government ; much military rank ; now Lord Howden.

*James Crosby* ; a regiment, and the patronage of Kerry, jointly ; seconded the address.

*Edward Cooke* ; under secretary at the castle.

*Charles Henry Coote* ; obtained a regiment, (which was taken from Colonel Warburton,) patronage of Queen's county, and a peerage, (Lord Castlecoote,) and seven thousand five hundred pounds in cash for his interest at the borough of Maryborough.

*Right Hon. Isaac Corry* ; appointed chancellor of the exchequer, on dismissal of Sir John Parnell.

*Sir J. Cotter* ; privately brought over.

*Richard Cotter*.

*Hon. H. Creighton* ; *Hon. J. Creighton* ; renegades privately purchased.

*W. A. Crosbie* ; comptroller to the lord lieutenant's household.

*James Cuffe* ; son to Mr. Cuffe, of the board of works ; created Lord Tyrawly.

*General Dunne* ; returned for Maryborough by the *united* influence of Lord Castlecoote and *government*, to keep out Mr. Barrington ; gained the election by *only one*.

*William Elliott* ; secretary at the castle.

*General Eustace* ; a regiment.

*Lord Charles Fitzgerald*, Duke of Leinster's brother ; a pension and a peerage ; a sea-officer of no repute.

*Right Hon. William Fitzgerald*.

*Sir Christopher Fortescue* ; renegaded officer, king at arms.

*A. Fergusson* ; got a place at the barrack board, five hundred pounds a year, and a baronetcy.

*Luke Fox* ; appointed judge of common pleas ; nephew, by marriage, to Lord Ely.

*William Fortescue* ; got a *secret* pension out of a fund (three thousand pounds a year) intrusted by parliament to the Irish government, *solely* to reward Mr. Reynolds, Cope, &c. &c., and those who informed against rebels.

*J. Galbraith* ; Lord Abercorn's attorney ; got a baronage.

*Henry Dean Grady* ; first counsel to the commissioners.

*Richard Hare* ; put two members into parliament, and was created Lord Ennismore for their votes.

*William Hare*, his son.

*Colonel B. Henniker* ; a regiment, and paid three thousand five hundred pounds for his seat by the commissioners of compensation.

*Peter Holmes* ; a commissioner of stamps.

*George Hatton* ; appointed commissioner of stamps.

*Hon. John Hutchinson* ; a general ; Lord Hutchinson.

*Hugh Howard*, Lord Wicklow's brother ; made postmaster-general.

*William Hancock*, (Athlone) ; an extraordinary instance ; he made and sang songs against the Union in 1799, at a public dinner of the opposition, and made and sang songs for it in 1800. He got a peerage.

*John Hobson* ; appointed storekeeper at the castle ordnance.

*Colonel George Jackson* ; a regiment.

*Denham Jephson* ; master of horse to the lord lieutenant.

*Hon. George Jocelyn* ; promotion in the army, and his brother consecrated *bishop of Lismore*.

*William Jones*.

*Theophilus Jones* ; collector of Dublin.

*Major-General Jackson* ; a regiment.

*William Johnson* ; returned to parliament by Lord Castlereagh, as he *himself* declared, 'to put an end to it;' appointed a judge since.

*Robert Johnson* ; seceded from his patron, Lord Downshire, and was appointed a judge.

*John Keane* ; a renegade ; got a pension.

*James Kearny* ; returned by Lord Clifton, being his attorney ; got an office.

*Henry Kemmis* ; son to the crown solicitor.

*William Knott* ; appointed a commissioner of appeals, eight hundred pounds a year.

*Andrews Knox*.

*Colonel Keatinge*.

*Right Hon. Sir H. Langrishe* ; a commissioner of the revenue, received fifteen thousand pounds cash for his patronage at Knochtopher.

*Thomas Lindsay, Sen.* ; usher at the castle ; } paid fifteen hundred pounds  
*Thomas Lindsay, Jun.* ; commissioner of stamps ; } for their patronage.

*J. Longfield* ; created a peer ; Lord Longueville.

*Captain J. Longfield* ; appointed to the office of ship entries of Dublin ; taken from Sir Jonah Barrington.

*Lord Loftus* ; son to Lord Ely, postmaster-general ; got thirty thousand pounds for their borough, and created an English marquis.

*General Lake* ; an Englishman (*no connection with Ireland*) ; returned by Lord Castlereagh *solely* to vote for the union.

*Right Hon. David Latouche*.

*General Loftus* ; a general ; got a regiment ; cousin to Lord Ely.

*Francis M'Namara* ; cash and a private pension ; paid by Lord Castlereagh.

*Ross Mahon* ; several appointments and places by government.

*Richard Martin* ; commissioner of stamps.

*Right Hon. Monk Mason* ; a commissioner of revenue.

*H. D. Massy* ; received four thousand pounds cash.

*Thomas Mahon*.

*A. E. M'Naghlen* ; appointed a lord of the treasury, &c.

*Stephen Moore* ; a postmaster at will.

*N. M. Moore*.

*Right Hon. Lodge Morris* ; created a peer.

*Sir Richard Musgrave* ; appointed receiver of the customs, twelve hundred pounds a year.

*James M'Cleland* ; a barrister ; appointed solicitor-general, and then a baron of the exchequer.

*Colonel Charles M'Donnel* ; commissioner of impressed accounts, five hundred pounds per annum.

*Richard Mageness* ; commissioner of impressed accounts, five hundred ditto.

*Thomas Nesbit* ; a pensioner at will.

*Sir W. G. Newcomen, Bart.* ; bought, and a peerage for his wife.

*Richard Neville* ; renegaded ; reinstated as teller of the exchequer.

*William Odell* ; a regiment, and lord of the treasury.

*Charles Osborne* ; a barrister ; appointed a judge of the king's bench.

*Charles M. Ormsby* ; appointed first council commissioner.

*Admiral Pakenham* ; master of the ordnance.

*Colonel Pakenham* ; a regiment ; killed at New Orleans.

*H. S. Prittie* ; a peerage ; Lord Dunally.

*R. Pennefather.*

*Thomas Prendergast* ; an office in the court of chancery, five hundred pounds a year ; his brother crown solicitor.

*Sir Richard Quin* ; a peerage.

*Sir Boyle Roche* ; gentleman-usher at the castle.

*R. Rutledge.*

*Hon. C. Rowley* ; renegaded, and appointed to offices by Lord Castlereagh.

*Hon. H. Skeffington* ; clerk of the paper-office of the castle, and seven thousand five hundred pounds for his patronage.

*William Smith* ; a barrister ; appointed a baron of exchequer.

*H. M. Sandford* ; created a peer ; Lord Mount-Sandford.

*Edmund Stanley* ; appointed commissioner of accounts.

*John Staples.*

*John Stewart* ; appointed attorney-general, and created a baronet.

*John Stratton.*

*Hon. Benjamin Stratford* ; renegaded to get seven thousand five hundred pounds, his half of the compensation for Baltinglass.

*Hon. John Stratford* ; paymaster of foreign forces, thirteen hundred pounds a year, and seven thousand five hundred pounds for Baltinglass.

*Richard Sharkey* ; an obscure barrister ; appointed a county judge.

*Thomas Stannus* ; renegaded.

*J. Savage.*

*Right Hon. John Toler* ; attorney-general ; his wife, an old woman, created a peeress ; himself made chief justice, and a peer.

*Frederick Trench* ; appointed a commissioner of the board of works.

*Hon. Richard Trench* ; a barrister ; created a peer, and made an ambassador.

*Charles Trench*, his brother ; appointed commissioner of inland navigation — a new office, created by Lord Cornwallis, for rewards.

*Richard Talbot.*

*P. Tottenham* ; compensation for patronage ; cousin, and politically connected with Lord Ely.

*Lord Tyrone* ; one hundred and four offices in the gift of his family ; proposed the union in parliament by a speech written in the crown of his hat.

*Charles Tottenham.*

— *Townsend* ; a commissioner.

*Robert Tighe* ; commissioner of barracks.

*Robert Uniack* ; a commissioner ; connected with Lord Clare.

*James Verner.*

*J. O. Vandeleur* ; commissioner of the revenue ; his brother a judge.

*Colonel Wemyss*; collector of Kilkenny.

*Henry Westermore*, father of Lord Rossmore, who is of the very reverse of his father's politics.

It appears, from these lists, that between the first debate and division, in 1799, and the second, in 1800, Lord Castlereagh had purchased the votes of *twenty-five* members, which made a difference of *fifty* votes in favor of government. It was simply by this treacherous and illegal operation, and not by consent or conquest, that Ireland was stripped of her independence.

Her three hundred representatives in the Irish commons were reduced to one hundred deputies to the British parliament, where they were encountered by five hundred and fifty-eight English and Scotch members. (This proportion was altered by the addition of *five* Irish representatives, at the passing of the reform bill) Her two hundred lords were reduced to *twenty-eight* deputies to the British chamber of peers, where they are encountered by three hundred and sixty English and Scotch peers. The impartial reader will at once see that Ireland might just as well submit, without any show or pretence of legislation, to the will of the British minister, as rely on her present representation to procure her a single good measure in the councils of the British parliament.

I will not fill up valuable space, or perplex the reader with details of the *affected arrangements* of commerce and taxation which Lord Castlereagh, with such cool and consummate hypocrisy, then brought forward. These arrangements were comprehended in eight articles of the union, which may be found in the last statutes of the Irish parliament. Every one of the taxation and financial compacts has since been broken. The public debt of Ireland, at that time, was twenty-four million pounds sterling; the debt of England, four hundred and forty-six millions. The taxation on Ireland was to be raised and preserved separate from that of England in the proportion of two pounds on Ireland to fifteen pounds on England. But this distinction was dropped in the progress of a few years, and both exchequers were "consolidated" — made one.

Let it be remembered, too, that, in 1797, Ireland owed only three millions, and that twenty millions were subsequently borrowed in her name, to crush her liberties and butcher her people. The following statistics, which appear on the parliamentary records of that time, fully attest and explain all this. The king's army in Ireland, or receiving his pay,

in 1797, was about . . . . .	50,000 men;
in 1798, . . . . .	96,000 men;
in 1799, . . . . .	130,000 men;
in 1800, according to Lord Grey,	170,000 men.

Cost of military force in Ireland, from 1797 to 1802, . . .	£16,000,000
Paid "compensation" ( <i>bribery</i> ) to owners of Irish boroughs at the union, . . . . .	1,500,000
Paid claims of "suffering loyalists," . . . . .	1,500,000
Secret service money, ( <i>blood money</i> ), from 1797 to 1804, . . . . .	53,547
Pensions paid to deserving men, ( <i>traitors</i> ), for services in suppressing the rebellion and carrying the union, and continued in part to the present time, . . . . .	1,000,000
Increase of legal expense and judicial tribunals, . . . . .	500,000
Additional expenditure in public offices, in 1798, and at the union; compensation and allowances to public servants dismissed in consequence of offices discontinued by the removal of the parliament, . . . . .	500,000
Total, . . . . .	£21,053,547

The tariff which Ireland had erected as a protection to her manufactures was gradually abolished, and the matured and pampered manufactures of England were poured into the Irish stores and shops, much cheaper than they could be made in Ireland, the English parliament paying premiums or remitting duties on articles of English fabrication, when carried into Ireland, to the same extent as if shipped to a foreign country. Stripped of her parliament, her wealth, and her gentry, Ireland could not stand against this competition. Her manufacturers failed one after another; their machinery rotted; their hands were driven to England, Scotland, or America. Emigration then regularly commenced; the wealth of Ireland began to drain away; the rich left the country in quest of happiness, the poor in quest of employment, and those who remained declined to a state of torpid slavery; the laws and constitution were suspended; the country was full of armed men; the best patriots were dead, or gone, or subdued. The jails and convict ships were full of men, imprisoned on suspicion, but whom the government refused to try; terror and despair pervaded every heart, and the storms of desolation swept unresisted through those valleys where, a few years before, all was peace and happiness.

I am anxious that this book shall contain the chief arguments in favor of Ireland's parliamentary independence, and I therefore insert here, as a kind of appendix to this lecture, some remarkable opinions expressed by *English* statesmen, in opposition to such a "union" as now exists between the sister nations. The first series of opinions were promulgated in the *British* house of commons in the year 1782, when the charter of



Irish parliamentary independence was agreed to, *forever*. These very important extracts were taken from Dodsley's Register of that year by JOHN WARRAN JAMES, Esq., of Boston, and inserted by him in the address which accompanied a remittance of one thousand pounds from this city to the Repeal Association of Ireland, in 1844.

The second series were taken by the author from the London Daily Star newspaper, of 1800, a volume of which is in his possession. He presented these extracts as a report to the Repeal Association of Ireland, in the year 1840, and he now prints them, having been obliged to curtail them considerably.

*Opinions of English Statesmen in Favor of Irish Legislative Right,  
in 1782.*

On the 11th of April, 1782, a message from the king was read to the house of lords, "earnestly recommending to the house to take into their most serious consideration the prevailing discontents which existed among his loyal subjects in Ireland, in order to such a final adjustment as may give mutual satisfaction to both kingdoms."

Lord Shelburne, then the ministerial leader, reviewed the condition of Ireland at great length, fully according to them the rights which they claimed to make their own laws, and, on the 17th of May following, said, in reference to the same subject, "Ireland has demanded, in the first place, a free constitution, which they could not be said to enjoy while they were subject to laws not made by their own consent. How it came to pass that such a control (Poynings's law) should exist in a country similar in all respects to this, and having long had a parliament of its own, formed exactly on the model of ours, it was easy from history to trace. This claim for legislative rights had always been made; and now that Ireland was united, religious disputes all composed, growing in wealth and strength, and fast improving in all the arts of peace, it was impolitic, it would be unjust, and he believed he might appeal to their lordships' conviction, that it would be impossible, to resist their claim." The noble earl then moved, among other resolutions, that "it is indispensable to the interest and happiness of both kingdoms, that the connection between them should be established, *by mutual consent*, upon a solid and permanent footing."

The Earl of Carlisle approved of the motion, and spoke of the honorable conduct of the volunteers, and said, "Had he been less persuaded than he was, that Ireland had never relinquished its right of free legislation, which he knew they neither had nor could give up, he should still have thought it was wise to accede to their claim, because, from the gratitude and affection of the country, and the wisdom of their parliament, much more advantage would arise to this country than by maintaining any offensive and ill-founded pretensions to a control over them."

Lord Loughborough supported the motion, and was followed by Lord Camden, who spoke much of the virtues and increasing prosperity of the Irish; that no laws could be just but such as had the consent of the people; the Irish parliament not only echoed the voice of a brave and armed, but a generous people. It was



the subject of the judicial authority of the English over the Irish courts. On one of these occasions, Mr. Fox, then secretary of state, said that it was the intention of ministers to make a *complete, absolute, and perpetual surrender of the British legislative and judicial supremacy over Ireland*. Mr. W. Grenville, secretary to his brother, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, declared that there was not a man in either kingdom more decidedly of opinion than the lord lieutenant is, that the faith of England is pledged to Ireland, for the truth of this proposition, *that England has fully and completely renounced all legislative and judicial jurisdiction, and that nothing could be more conducive to the harmony and interests of both kingdoms than that this national faith should be preserved inviolate*.

"Mr. Secretary Townshend remarked, that to lay all doubts and disputes about constitutional points fast asleep, so that they might never wake again, was the object he had in view; and he hoped Ireland would rest satisfied that in no change of affairs would England ever retract that faith which, in his opinion, she had pledged when she repealed the 6th of George the First, fully to surrender all legislative and judicial authority over Ireland. He then moved for leave to bring in a bill recognizing the exclusive rights of the parliament and courts of Ireland, in matters of legislation and judicature; which motion was seconded by Mr. Grenville, secretary to Lord Temple, who spoke for some time with great eloquence on the near relations of Ireland with England, and on the mutuality of their interests, and, having shown that the prosperity and adversity of each must necessarily be mutual, hoped the motion would meet with the unanimous concurrence of the house.

"Mr. Eden said that the business of this day showed, beyond a possible doubt, not merely the good faith, but the industrious anxiety, of England to gratify Ireland in the point of free legislation, and then alluded to the ungenerous, the unmanly, and ill-founded notion that Ireland owed these repeated attentions to the weakness and embarrassments of England. The insinuation was not only injurious and untrue, but it was unwise; for, if the concessions were the forced fruits of England's embarrassments, what would be the natural fruits of her returning prosperity? Ireland ought, then, to found and rest her security where she safely might — on the basis of national wisdom, national affections, and national faith.

"Mr. Fox referred to the act of last year, which repealed the 6th George the First, and said, 'Whoever would now come forward and arraign that wise, that salutary and important measure, he would deliver it as his opinion, that the objector did not understand the business. Did not the whole kingdom of Ireland breathe the most heartfelt gratitude? *The parliament, by the repeal, were virtually invested with full powers to regulate every domestic inconvenience, according to their own discretion, without the control of any power on earth, He vowed to God, he would rather relinquish the dependence of Ireland on the crown of England altogether than see them subjected to it by force of arms.*'

"Mr. Eden wished for the time when the two kingdoms will have realized and secured one constitution, one commerce, one king, one friend, one enemy, and one fate; and when it would be impossible for any one to wish the prosperity of the one country more ardently or more earnestly than the prosperity of the other.

"Mr. William Pitt, who was at this time (January, 1783) chancellor of the exchequer, rose in support of the motion, and remarked that no objection had been made to it of weight and importance enough to deserve a serious answer. *The concession of the previous year he did not think effectual enough, and supported the*

pending motion as arising out of the former act to repeal the act of 6th George the First, and even tending to complete it. He was anxious for such unanimity in the house as would give the motion weight and authority with the people of Ireland, and *hoped they should go through the business with a manliness, and in a liberal and magnanimous manner, not only to the satisfaction of Ireland, but also to the honor of the British parliament.* Mr. Pitt said, in the English parliament, about the same time, ‘from the revolution to a period within the memory of every man who heard him, — indeed, until within these very few years, — *the system had been that of debarring Ireland from the enjoyment and use of her own resources, to make the kingdom completely subservient to the interests and opulence of this country, without suffering her to share in the bounties of nature, in the industry of our citizens, or enabling her to contribute to the general interests and strength of the empire — a system that counteracted the kindness of Providence, and suspended the industry and enterprise of men. Ireland was put under such restraint, that she was shut out from every species of commerce. She was restrained from sending the produce of her own soil to foreign markets, and all correspondence with the colonies of Britain was prohibited to her, so that she could not derive their commodities but through the medium of Britain. This was the system which had prevailed, and this was the state of thralldom in which that country had been kept ever since the revolution.*’ The motion was then carried unanimously, and Mr. *Secretary Townshend*, the mover, was placed on a committee with *William Pitt*, the chancellor of the exchequer, to prepare a bill declaring the exclusive right of the parliament and courts of Ireland in all matters of legislation and judicature, and the 28th George the Third, chap. 28, was accordingly reported, and unanimously passed, whereby ‘THE RIGHT, CLAIMED BY THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND, TO BE BOUND ONLY BY LAWS ENACTED BY HIS MAJESTY AND THE PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND, IN ALL CASES WHATSOEVER, SHALL BE, AND IS HEREBY DECLARED TO BE, ESTABLISHED AND ASCERTAINED FOREVER, AND SHALL AT NO TIME HEREAFTER BE QUESTIONED OR QUESTIONABLE.’

“It was in reference to these solemn transactions that Edmund Burke so emphatically declared that the true revolution to Ireland, which substantially resembled the English revolution of 1688, was the Irish revolution of 1782. And the patriot *Flood*, as if prophetic of the apostacy of the then new chancellor of the exchequer, *William Pitt*, added this striking comment: ‘If England should renounce her legislative pretension, and afterwards resume it, her own act of parliament would be her condemnation all over Europe; every cabinet would exclaim against her baseness, and think themselves authorized to assist the oppressed subjects, whom her own act would prove not to be rebels.’”

These are the words of but a few of the most eminent Englishmen, who, in 1782–3, placed upon the lasting record of history their deliberate opinions in favor of Irish independence — in favor of that principle popularly denominated “REPEAL OF THE UNION.” We shall now read the opinions expressed in that same British parliament by the most eminent Englishmen of the year 1800, some of whom have been since prime ministers of England. These records are condensed from a report brought up by me to the Repeal Association of Dublin, on Monday, 27th April, 1840, and published in the *Dublin Pilot* of the 29th

*“First Report upon the Opposition given by the Members of the British Parliament to the Union; brought up by Mr. Mooney.*

“Extract from the speech of Mr. Tierney, in the English house of commons, on debating the question of the union with Ireland, Thursday, 7th February, 1799:—

“I expect an answer to this question, which I think decisive on the subject. What advantages can be gained by a union which cannot be obtained without it? I am clearly of opinion that these resolutions would produce the same effect if they were sent over without parliament being pledged to them.

“It is said by the minister that something must be done for Ireland; and then we are told that these resolutions are not to be acted upon. Then I should be glad to be informed what is to be done for Ireland. I have no doubt but that the people of Ireland will treat his resolutions as they have treated his speech, viz., that they will paste them up against the walls as arguments against the union. If this was all, I should not mind it; but if you agree to this motion, it will not be the ministers, but the parliament of England, that is implicated. If you persevere, every step you take will be looked upon with suspicion. If you send over more troops, the object may be misrepresented. *I understand that more troops are to be sent over, and that letters have been sent to the commanders of some militia regiments, to know if they are willing to go to Ireland, and stating that the government of that country must be maintained by force.*’

“On Monday, February 11th, 1799, General Fitzpatrick addressed the house as follows:—

“In 1782, he was officially employed in carrying into effect what he would venture to say was then universally considered as a small adjustment between this country and Ireland. He must here remind the house how the case stood, and he would venture to affirm that, if ever there was a compact solemnly entered into and binding between a prince and state, or between any one state or kingdom with another, binding upon both, the compact of 1782, between England and Ireland, was of that character and description. It might be said that the union now proposed was not inconsistent with that settlement. No two things could be more inconsistent with one another than the speech of the minister and the spirit of the settlement of 1782.

“He could not help observing that it had often been imputed to the chancellor of the exchequer of this country, that, while he decries, he imitates and follows, French examples. He knew of nothing more violent in all the conduct of the French, in point of breach of faith, than this measure would be towards Ireland, if carried by the British parliament. Not even the conduct of the French in Switzerland would deserve to be considered worse than this. He should be glad to know, when the imperial parliament met, what chance Cork, which was said to be a place in which the measure was approved of, would have; he should be glad to know what chance Cork would have with Bristol, if the interests of the two cities should clash. *He could not help remembering that the late Mr. Burke lost his seat for Bristol in consequence of the share he took in a measure supposed to have been advantageous to Ireland. This he only stated to show the local spirit by which Ireland would be overpowered if the union took effect.* In short, he would say that, if this measure had originated in Ireland, the entertaining it here might be fair; but that



*as easy to make the River Thames flow up Highgate Hill as that England should continue to legislate for Ireland."*

"Instead of extinguishing the animosities and divisions which distracted Ireland, and for which it was proposed as a remedy, it would, in a great measure, tend to inflame and perpetuate them."

"Mr. Banks, an opponent of Catholic emancipation, said, same day, —

"With respect to the independence of Ireland, he certainly thought that it was more to be ascribed to the volunteers than to the exertions of any men in parliament. If it was thought necessary to grant any further immunities to the Catholics of Ireland, the parliament of Ireland was competent for it. Another great objection to the plan of a union was, that, if found to be wrong, and to have been established on an improper basis, it would be very difficult to correct the error. As a mode of settlement between the two countries, he preferred the mode proposed in 1785, combining regulations both as to commerce and imperial points. He did not see how local matters, canals, election disputes, &c., could be so well adjusted here as in a local parliament. He did not think the tie of connection between the two countries so frail as was represented, nor such as to require such a measure as this to render the connection permanent."

"On the debate of the question in the house of lords, on Monday, the 21st April, 1800, —

"The late Lord Holland, (nephew of Fox,) 'disapproving of the principle, from being unable to trace the smallest advantage it would be to either country, opposed going into the committee. He contended that it was entirely against the wishes of the people of Ireland, and consequently not calculated to increase their attachment to England. He did not believe there was a well-informed man out of that house that was not of opinion that the measure had been carried through the parliament of Ireland by corruption within the walls and intimidation without. Even that house must recollect, at first the proposition was thrown out entirely, and that, after a change of seats beyond what was ever known except at a dissolution, and with all this intimidation and corruption, which might be termed political manœuvres, they had only been enabled to carry it by a majority of forty, and that without bringing over one individual from the opposition. Could any noble lord lay his hand upon his heart, and say, he did not believe the minority spoke the sense of the people?"

"The minister plainly said to the people of Ireland, (however it might be glossed over,) "It will suit our convenience to govern you, for you are unable to govern yourselves." The same language might have been held out by the French directory to the unfortunate Swiss; and, indeed, it was customary for the most powerful to treat as local prejudices the forms and constitution of the lesser state, when it was inclined to take them away. If these Irish members were the almost brutes which they had been held out, why was such a number to be introduced into the British parliament? They were known to be of a different description, and the design by their introduction was to add to the influence of the crown."

"House of Commons, April 23d, 1800: —

"The present Earl Grey, then Mr. Grey, in controverting the assertion that five sevenths of the country, and all the principal towns, except Dublin, had petitioned in favor of the union, says, —

"That petitions were presented from several different counties I will not deny. But by what means were they obtained, and by whom are they signed? The

lord lieutenant, who, besides being the chief civil magistrate in the kingdom, is commander of a disciplined army of one hundred and seventy thousand men, who is able to proclaim martial law when he pleases, and can subject whom he pleases to the arbitrary trial of a court-martial, in his progress through the kingdom procured these petitions, which are signed by few names, and those by no means the most respectable. It has been said that all were Jacobins who opposed the union. It might be said with more truth that a great number of those who signed these *vaunted petitions in favor of it were men who were in the power of the lord lieutenant, and who were obliged, from the fear of punishment, to come forward and put down their names.* These petitions besides, disreputable as they all are, were clandestinely obtained; *not one of them was voted at a meeting called together by the high sheriff, legally constituted, and of which there was a reasonable notice.* They can with no propriety be called the petitions of counties; they are merely those of a few worthless individuals. Yet the right honorable gentleman tells us that they prove the whole Irish nation to be decidedly in favor of that measure. Of this species of groundless declamation, however, he has not the honor of being the original inventor. We have an admirable instance of it in the great dramatic poet. The Duke of Buckingham, in giving Richard the Third an account of the manner in which the citizens of London had agreed to his claim to the crown, says, —

“Some ten voices cried, ‘God save King Richard!’  
And thus I took the vantage of those few;  
‘Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,’ quoth I;  
‘This general applause and cheerful shout  
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard.’”

Fortunately, there were many petitions on the other side — petitions which were not obtained by solicitations and at illegal meetings, but at public assemblies, of which legal notice had been given. *Twenty-seven counties have petitioned against the measure.* The petition from the county of Down is signed by upwards of *seventeen thousand* respectable, independent men, and all the rest are in a similar proportion. Dublin petitioned under the great seal of the city, and each of the corporations in it followed the example. Drogheda petitioned against the union; and so far from Drogheda and Dublin being the only towns which did so, almost every other in the kingdom in like manner testified its disapprobation. Though the petition from Down was signed by seventeen thousand, the counter-petition was signed by only four hundred and fifteen. This instance might be taken as a very fair standard for the whole kingdom. *Though there were seven hundred and seven thousand who had signed petitions against the measure, the total number of those who declared themselves in favor of it did not exceed three thousand,* and many of these even only prayed that the measure might be discussed.

“When I look upon these facts, and consider the majority who voted with the minister, I must say, that if the Irish parliament were left to itself, untempted, unawed, and unintimidated, it would, without hesitation, have rejected the resolution.

“*All holding offices under government, even the most intimate friends of the minister, who have uniformly supported his administration till the present occasion, if they hesitated to vote as directed, were dismissed from office and stripped of all their employments. Even this step was found ineffectual, and other arts were had recourse to, which, though I cannot name in this place, all will easily conjecture.*

“A bill framed for preserving the purity of parliament was likewise abused,



and no less than sixty-three seats were vacated by their holders having received nominal offices. I defy any man to lay his hand upon his breast, and say, that he believes the parliament of Ireland was sincerely in favor of the measure. We are to receive one hundred Irish members into the house of commons; and these the right honorable gentleman says, will be sufficient to express the will and support the interests of the Irish nation. By the vote of these, the union would have been rejected, as almost all the members for the counties and towns, by which they are to be chosen, keenly oppose it. I, therefore, call upon you to pause and to suspend your judgment until the point is elucidated. We have no right to discuss this question until it is proved to us that the passing of the resolutions will be agreeable to the great body of the Irish nation.

“In Ireland there is a separate national debt, (that of England is now become enormous,) and it will be necessary that there shall be always a separate council of state resident on the spot. *Ireland can have no security that she will not be oppressed, unless she pays the very same taxes with Britain. The property of a nation should not be left at the discretion of any man, or any set of men, who are strangers, however just or generous he or they may be; and it is impossible for Ireland to enjoy that security her constitution at present affords her, if she is united to England in the manner proposed. It is impossible that men should so coolly and dispassionately consider a tax which does not affect themselves as if they were immediately to pay it. Not more than one sixth of the united parliament will be Irishmen. We naturally take a pleasure, when in calamitous circumstances, in bringing others into a situation equally deplorable; it is, therefore, to be apprehended that we would not unwillingly be instrumental in making the burdens of Ireland as heavy as our own.*

[Earl Grey has lived to see all his prophecies and apprehensions realized.\*]

“Again he says, —

“Has Ireland prohibited the importation of your goods? Has she disturbed your possessions in the Indies? Has she refused to limit the succession to the crown in the same manner as is done by the parliament of Britain? *On the contrary, is there not an agreement which nothing but the folly of ministers can derange, and an affection which nothing but their violence can destroy?*

“We cannot bestow upon the government that power which is necessary to subdue the freedom of others without arming them with weapons that might be fatal to our own liberties.

“I trust that ministers will not be able, by undue means, to triumph over their opposition. *If a union were effected by such means without a cordial consent, without a real union of heart and affection, it would more than any thing endanger the separation of the two countries.*

“Mr. Grey concluded with moving,

“That an humble address be presented to his majesty, that he would be graciously pleased to direct his ministers to suspend all proceedings on the Irish union till the sentiments of the Irish people, respecting that measure, could be ascertained;” which was negatived on a division.”

Here is evidence submitted to the calm eye of the present generation, and of posterity, to show that the repeal struggle has its source in eternal justice; that it was foreseen and foretold by the most eminent British

\* Since this was written Earl Grey has died.

statesmen, and justified in anticipation by the most constitutional, philosophical, and unanswerable arguments. When those able arguments, now for the first time published in history, shall come under the eyes of growing generations of Englishmen, they must, in proportion to their intelligence and their honesty, become convinced that Ireland never will, *and never ought to be*, satisfied under the control or government of any external power on earth.

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*The following Protest was accidentally omitted at page 1044.*

“For these, and many other reasons, too tedious and too obvious to be here dwelt upon, we have deemed it our bounden duty, both to ourselves and to our descendants, thus publicly to declare our dissent from those resolutions approving of the measure of a legislative union, which have passed this house, calling on our latest posterity to entreat that, in virtue of this our solemn declaration, they will acquit us of having been in any wise instrumental to their degradation, and to the ruin of that country which they may hereafter inhabit.

LEINSTER.  
 DOWNSHIRE.  
 MEATH.  
 GRANARD.  
 LUDLOW, by proxy.  
 MOIRA, by proxy.  
 ARRAN.  
 CHARLEMONT.  
 MOUNTCASHEL.  
 FARNHAM.  
 DILLON.  
 STRANGFORD.  
 POWERSCOURT.  
 DE VESCI, by proxy.  
 WM. DOWN AND CONNOR.  
 RD. WATERFORD AND LISMORE.  
 LOUTH.  
 MASSY, by proxy.  
 RIVERSDALE, by proxy.  
 SUNDERLIN, for the first reason.”

## THE EXILE OF ERIN.\*


1. There came to the beach a poor ex - ile of

E - rin; The dew on his thin robe was

heav - y and chill; For his coun - try he

sighed, when at twi - light re - pair - ing, To

\* There was a controversy, for some time, going on about the authorship of this beautiful song. For a long while it was attributed to the Scottish poet, Thomas Campbell; and even Moore believed it; but the sworn evidence, very lengthy and circumstantial, of Miss Reynolds, the sister of the late George Nugent Reynolds, of Westmeath, proves it to have been the production of her brother, for she was in the habit of writing his poetical compositions, and took down from his lips the "Exile of Erin," which he addressed to his exiled friend, in America, Joe McCormick, the companion of Macneven and Emmet in prison.



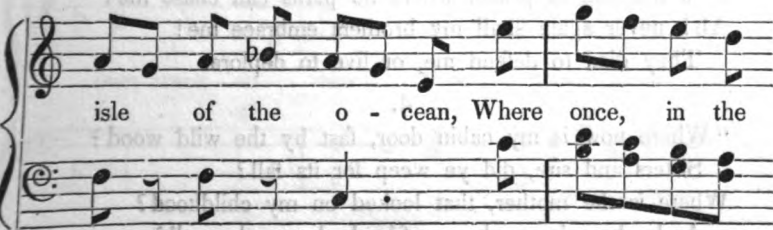
wan - der a - lone by the wind - beat - en hill.



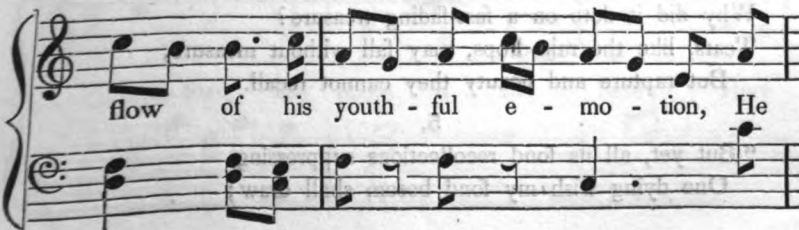
But the day - star at - tract - ed his eye's sad de -



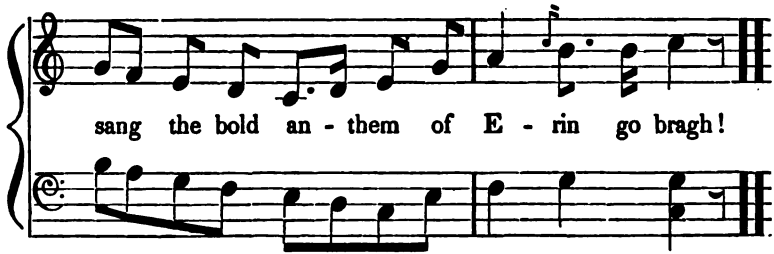
- vo - tion, For it rose o'er his own na - tive



isle of the o - cean, Where once, in the



flow of his youth - ful e - mo - tion, He



## 2.

“O! sad is my fate,” said the heart-broken stranger;  
 “The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee!  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger;  
 A home and a country remain not to me!  
 Ah! never again, in the green, shady bowers,  
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
 And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go bragh!

## 3.

“O Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
 But, alas! in a far, foreign land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more;  
 And thou, cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?  
 Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me!  
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

## 4.

“Where now is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?  
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother, that looked on my childhood?  
 And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all?  
 Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure!  
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?  
 Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

## 5.

“But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw;

Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
 Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud, with devotion,  
 Erin ma vourneen! sweet Erin go bragh!"

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

BY MOORE.

WITH MELANCHOLY FEELING, BUT NOT TOO SLOW.

1. Come, rest in this bo-som, my  
 own strick-en deer! Tho' the herd have fled  
 from thee, Thy home is still here; Here

still is the smile that no cloud can  
o'er - cast; And the heart, and the  
hand, all thine own to the last.

2.

O! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same  
Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame?  
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart;  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

3.

Thou hast called me thy angel, in moments of bliss;  
Still thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this!  
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,  
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

## WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

BY MOORE.

*Intended for George the Fourth.*

IN MODERATE TIME

1. When first I met thee, warm and young, There

shone such truth a - bout thee, And on thy lip such

prom - ise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I

saw thee change, yet still re - lied, Still clung with hope the



fond - er, And thought, tho' false to all be - side, From

me thou couldst not wan - der. But go, de - ceiv - er,

go! The heart, whose hopes could make it Trust one so

false, so low, Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

## 2.

When every tongue thy follies named,  
 I fled the unwelcome story;  
 Or found, in even the faults they blamed,  
 Some gleams of future glory.

**I** still was true, when nearer friends  
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;  
**The** heart that now thy falsehood rends,  
 Would then have bled to right thee.  
 But go, deceiver, go!  
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken  
 From pleasure's dream, to know  
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

## 3.

**Even** now, though youth its bloom has shed,  
 No lights of age adorn thee;  
**The** few who loved thee once have fled,  
 And they who flatter scorn thee.  
**Thy** midnight cup is pledged to slaves;  
 No genial ties enwreath it;  
**The** smiling there, like light on graves,  
 Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!  
 Go, go! though worlds were thine,  
 I would not now surrender  
 One taintless tear of mine  
 For all thy guilty splendor!

## 4.

**And** days may come, thou false one, yet,  
 When even those ties shall sever;  
**When** thou wilt call, with vain regret,  
 On her thou'st lost forever!  
**On** her who, in thy fortune's fall,  
 With smiles had still received thee,  
**And** gladly died to prove thee all  
 Her fancy first believed thee.  
 Go, go! 'tis vain to curse,  
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;  
 Hate cannot wish thee worse  
 Than guilt and shame have made thee!

## LECTURE XXI.

### LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT EMMET.

ROBERT EMMET and THOMAS RUSSELL. — Destiny of Ireland. — What is Treason? — The Emmet Family — Christopher, Thomas, and Robert. — College Days of Robert. — Russell. — New Conspiracy at Brussels. — Bonaparte's Promises. — Letter of Thomas A. Emmet. — Letter of Macneven. — Emmet and Russell proceed to Ireland. — Preparations for Revolution. — An Explosion. — Preparations for an Outbreak. — Meeting in Dublin Castle. — Hour and Signal for Attack. — The Outbreak. — Failure. — Massacre of Lord Kilwarden. — Termination of the Outbreak. — Fidelity of the Persons concerned. — Defenceless State of the Castle. — Russell's Attempt in Belfast. — His Arrest, Speech, and Execution. — Alarm and Cruelties of Government. — Lord Cloncurry. — Emmet and his Companions. — Their Arrest. — Lord Norbury. — Plunket. — The Trial. — Emmet's Speech. — The Sentence. — Emmet's last Hours. — His Execution. — His Grave and Epitaph. — The Tears of his Country. — Sarah Curran. — Her Affection for Emmet. — Her Marriage. — Her Death and Burial. — Moore's Lament.

1803. I FEEL the difficulty of describing the condition of Ireland in the years 1801, 2, and 3. The reader who has passed over the last hundred pages will fully understand it. Her parliament was extinguished; the voice of her orators silenced; her people betrayed, subdued, and bleeding; her chiefs in exile or in death; her gentry quitting her desolated cities; her artisans pining in anticipated poverty; the whole nation immersed in stupefaction, astounded at their fall, unable to account for it, and incapable of hoping ever to be free again.

But it would seem that a national vitality pervades the Irish race, and God has decreed that, though they may be persecuted, they shall not be exterminated or subdued. Every age of gloom, and suffering, and disaster, and despair, has brought forth some exalted spirits, heralds of heaven, who walked among the Irish, and infused into their souls the divine spark of independence — rekindling, from generation to generation, the fires of freedom, and feeding the sacred flame with the vital fluid of their glowing hearts.

Even this desolate period of Ireland's history gave forth signal evidences of her undying vitality; for, in the midst of all this gloom and despair, there appeared two men of high station, illumined intellect, un-

daunted courage, and patriot hearts, willing to peril all in making one more attempt to give her independence. These were **ROBERT EMMET** and **THOMAS RUSSELL**, names that will live as long in the memories of men, as Brutus, Bruce, Hofer, Tell, Hampden, Sidney, Thompson, Washington, or Bolivar.

Emmet and Russell were conspirators; they plotted treason, I admit, nay, I avow it; and so did all these men here named, and so did a thousand others enshrined in the memory of everlasting history. The queen of England holds her throne in descent from conspirators; the king of France his, and so do the kings of Belgium, Greece, and also Egypt. The whole cluster of governments in South America, and this glorious republic of the United States, have descended to the present generation of men from the hands and hearts of "traitors" and "conspirators."

Men in civilized life owe more than they acknowledge to conspirators and students. The following appropriate passage on this head, is attributed to Emmet himself. "How ungrateful are mankind! How thoughtless are nations! The philosopher is neglected, and the patriot unhonored. Yet, without knowledge and liberty, how valueless all the possessions of man! How little do those who profit by wisdom or glory, in the possession of freedom, know of the student's privations, or of the conspirator's danger! and without study and treason how few could be either wise or free! Nations exult in the enjoyment of their rights, but too often forget those to whom they are indebted for the blessing."

I have heard the name of Emmet dishonored because he failed and suffered. I acknowledge, with shame, my coward lips opened not to defend him. The dread of some undefined punishment, obloquy, or ill, — the effect of ignorance, I admit, — hath held my tongue silent. But I make this public avowal in atonement to his angry spirit. The mist of fear, or whatever it may be called, has passed from around us. No man dreads to speak of Emmet, and call him patriot, now.

"Who fears to speak of '98?"

This question has passed from heart to heart throughout the Irish race, and has found its meridian enunciation in the banquet given to O'Connell in the city of the violated treaty.\*

While well-deserved honors were heaped, at that banquet, on the living, justice was done to the patriotic dead. Twice honored are the men

\* See the banquet to O'Connell, at Limerick, in November, 1844, in this book.

who there assembled ; for justice, like charity, blesseth him that gives and him that receives.

Before I enter directly into the daring exploits of Emmet and Russell, I shall give some account of the Emmet family ; for the race was a race of patriots.

The father of the Emmets was an eminent and successful physician of Cork, the capital city of the south of Ireland. The family were of the Protestant religion. Three sons and a daughter, out of a numerous progeny, alone arrived at maturity. Christopher Temple was the eldest son, Thomas Addis the second, and Robert, the youngest. Miss Emmet was married to the celebrated Counsellor Holmes. This gentleman is still alive.

*Christopher* had been educated for the bar, and practised very successfully as a lawyer, but died just as he was rising into eminence. His death was produced by the exercise of unusual energy in the cause of a particular client, in which he took a passionate interest.

*Thomas Addis* was educated for the medical profession, had studied in Dublin and Edinburgh, received his degrees, went to London to attend the hospitals, and from thence visited the leading cities of Europe. When at Paris, he heard of the death of his brother, and received the advice of his father to devote his life and talents to the profession of the law — a profession which he ornamented both in Dublin and New York.

Young *Robert*, like his brothers, had passed with much credit through the University of Dublin. He had frequently manifested evidences of very superior talent.

Moore, who was his class-fellow in college, thus remembers him in the preface to his poetical works: "About the same period, (1797,) I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think, by one class in the university. I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners."

There was a debating society formed at this time in Trinity College, whose meetings were held from chamber to chamber, according to circumstances, in which the nature of democracy, and "the duties of a soldier to his king and his fellow-citizens," were freely discussed. Mr. Moore continues: "On the former of these questions, the effect of Emmet's eloquence upon his young auditors was, I recollect, most striking. Emmet took, of course, the side of democracy in the debates. Upon one occasion, after a brief review of the republics of antiquity, showing how

much they had all done for the advancement of science and the arts, he proceeded hastily to the grand and perilous example then passing before all eyes, the young republic of France. Referring to the circumstance told of Cæsar, that, in swimming across the Rubicon, he contrived to carry with him his Commentaries and his sword, the young orator said, 'Thus France wades through a sea of storm and blood; but while in one hand she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the glories of science and literature, unsullied by the ensanguined tide through which she struggles.'"

It seems that into the superior association, the Historical Society then existing in the college, Moore and himself were admitted about the same time. Here, again, he was conspicuous in the various debates. "On the popular side, in the society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet. So eloquent and powerful were his speeches, and so little were even the most eloquent of the adverse party able to cope with his powers, that it was at length thought advisable, by the higher authorities, to send among us a man of more advanced standing, who belonged to a former race of renowned speakers in that society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet.

"I have already adverted," continues Moore, "to the period when Mr. Bunting's valuable volume of music first became known to me. There elapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work, and, though never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the piano-forte. Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished playing that spirited tune called the 'Red Fox,' (to which the song beginning, 'Let Erin remember the days of old,' is now set:) he exclaimed, 'O that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air!' How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feeling, ('O breathe not his name!') or that another of those mournful strains would long be associated, in the hearts of his countrymen, with the memory of her [Miss Curran] who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer."

A little before the insurrection broke out, it came to the ears of government that a lodge in connection with the United Irish Society had been formed within the walls of the college. Lord Chancellor Clare, in consequence, came thither in person, and opened a court of inquiry, com-

pling the students to submit to examination on oath. Moore and several others were sworn and examined, but nothing was extracted from them. Robert Emmet, Brown, Lawless, and one or two others, absented themselves from the inquiry, particularly as some of the students were induced by terror to tell all they knew about it.

Emmet never after returned to the college; he was sent by his family privately to one of the universities of the continent, to continue his studies, and thus escaped the vengeance of Lord Clare only to become a more distinguished victim.

After the termination of the fatal failure of 1798, the principal state prisoners concerned in the attempt were, as the reader knows, kept closely confined in the castle of Fort George, in Scotland, for nearly three years. Amongst these state prisoners, included with O'Connor, Macneven, and Thomas Addis Emmet, was the celebrated but unfortunate *Thomas Russell*, of Belfast, the "P. P." so often affectionately mentioned by Tone in his "Diaries."

He was a man of varied abilities and pure patriotism; he was also distinguished for splendid military talents; had served with high credit in the British army, both in the East and West Indies. On his return, he was made a magistrate of Tyrone, and was universally respected by rich and poor. He was ever confided in by the patriots of the day. When first arrested, in 1792, on a charge of making seditious speeches, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor, and other leading men, visited him in Newgate. When Wolfe Tone was leaving Ireland, Russell was the last man he embraced, with Mr. Emmet, at Cassina Lodge, in Rathfarnham; and when he sent his brother, Arthur Tone, from America, with a verbal message to the United Irishmen, Thomas Russell was one of the five men with whom alone, amidst the whole United association, he was to communicate.

He was liberated from Fort George, after more than three years' imprisonment, and was sent with the other prisoners to Hamburg, from whence he proceeded to France, and from that centre of revolution passed over the continent of Europe on his way to Ireland, having got permission from the British government to return. During his journey to Paris, he met young Robert Emmet, with his brother, at Brussels, where Mr. Addis Emmet and his family had been spending some time. It appears that Mr. Addis Emmet had met his brother Robert at the post-office, in Brussels, by the merest accident; and here took place, in 1802, a re-union of Russell, the Emmets, Macneven, and a few others, who concerted a further plan to give freedom to their country.

Mr. Russell visited Paris, had an interview with Napoleon, and was promised some assistance in another effort to make Ireland an independent nation.

The enthusiasm of Mr. Russell exceeded that of Mr. Emmet, inasmuch as it possessed a person of maturer age, extensive experience, wonderful discernment, deep reflection upon the situation of his country, and the endurance of severe personal suffering for her cause.

Mr. Robert Emmet had just heard of the death of his father in Ireland, from whom he inherited, by his will, a patrimony of three thousand pounds. The legacy came opportunely to the hands of the ardent and courageous young patriot; and having had an interview — the last — with his brother, Thomas Addis, (who, with the other state prisoners, was bound for France,) an expectation was formed that Bonaparte would give his sanction to another expedition, of a still more formidable character, to aid Ireland; and, had he done so, *in good faith with his own promises to Macneven, Arthur O'Connor, and Thomas Addis Emmet*, the destiny of Europe might have been changed. This opinion was entertained subsequently by Napoleon himself, which he frequently expressed to Barry O'Meara, in St. Helena. "Had I," said he, "taken an army to Ireland, instead of Egypt, the destiny of the world might have been changed."

Mr. Emmet proceeded to Dublin, and Mr. Russell subsequently to Belfast, to reorganize the scattered fragments of insurrection, which the year 1798 had left behind. Both gentlemen acted with the greatest secrecy, and with the most complete unity of purpose. Both relied on their friends in Paris, to have Ireland acknowledged independent by the French government as soon as she should strike, and to have a suitable force immediately sent to aid in sustaining it. That the state prisoners had a settled idea of this nature, may be gathered from the two following letters, written by Dr. Macneven and Thomas Addis Emmet, on their arrival in America, to M<sup>c</sup>Cormick, one of their companions in the whole conspiracy of 1798, who had settled in Georgia, in this country. The originals of these letters are in the possession of the widow of M<sup>c</sup>Cormick, who now resides in Zanesville, Ohio. I was permitted, when in the west, to make the annexed copies: —

The first is from Thomas Addis Emmet, and bears date

"NEW YORK, January 28, 1805.

"MY DEAREST JOE:

"Never did a letter give greater pleasure to an entire family, than was felt by ours on the receipt of yours. On our first landing in New York, we had inquired



concerning you, among others, and had been informed that you had caught cold, and had died of a consumption. Believing this melancholy intelligence, we were astonished and delighted at getting a letter from you, which had almost the appearance of coming from the other world.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am on the point of setting out on another journey, which will show you that my lot, as to my future residence in America, is pretty nearly cast. You desire me not to decide on that subject, without further inquiry about the Southern States. You know the insuperable objection I have always had to settling, where I could not dispense with the use of slaves, and that the more they abound, the stronger are my objections; but, in truth, circumstances have decided me to settle here, if I can.

"On my arrival, I received so much friendship from the most influential people in this state, and so many promises of assistance to overcome any difficulties that might occur to my settling professionally, that both Mrs. E. and I agreed it was impossible to refuse them, because, if I fail, I have nothing to reproach myself with; but if, having declined those offers, and thrown away that opportunity, I tried elsewhere, and then failed, I should blame myself exceedingly. Their friendship and assistance continue unabated, and I am going to Albany, tomorrow, to get an act passed by the state legislature, enabling me to be admitted to practise as a lawyer, notwithstanding my being an alien; and if I succeed in that shape, I shall be called to the bar immediately. In Georgia, I probably should not succeed so rapidly, and yet my friends here do not permit me to doubt of success.

"You will, probably, expect to hear from me some news of our friends in France. I wish I could give you such as you would like to hear; but the situation of those you love and esteem is extremely unpleasant. General O'Connor is a general of division. No other United Irishman is more than a captain. You know the general's skill in making a party. Swiney has had a duel with Tom Corbett, in which S. was wounded, and Corbett has lost his life. Swiney, Macneven, Lawless, Tennant, Dowdall, and some others, have given in their resignations, which would *not* be accepted. Nor could they, or Chambers, get permission to come here. I myself escaped but by a day, an order having issued to bring me back; but I had sailed. It is now a horrid country, and all I conceived of it, at a distance, is nothing to what I found it to be on close inspection. It will do nothing for our country; and, if it attempted any thing, I believe it would do harm. Our friends are prisoners there, forced to continue in the service against their will. I rejoice you are not there, and I wish those who are were here; except Wilson, who is doing very well at Bordeaux. *Ware*, I understand, has joined O'Connor with all his might; he was Corbett's second; Macneven was Swiney's.

"Our little family are well. Mrs. Emmet, Robert, Margaret, and Elizabeth, desire a thousand loves to you. Your little fellow-traveller, Jane Erin, is still our youngest, we having lost a lovely little baby in Paris. But a few weeks promise to make us once more amends. *Jane Erin* is a darling child, and a universal pet. Give my most affectionate love to your brother.

"Ever yours,

"T. A. EMMET."

The other letter is from Dr. W. James Macneven to the same.

"NEW BRUNSWICK, August 5, 1805.

"MY DEAR JOE:

"After having waited long enough in France, and seen my *expectations in favor of our unhappy country repeatedly baffled*, I saw it was fit I should at last look to my own interest, and I accordingly came out to America. I arrived at New York on the 4th of July, but, though not in time for all the exhibitions of the day, I could witness the important parts which the Irish bore, where there was a very general display of the strength of the republicans. The immense majority are on this side, and I trust they never will be so unprincipled or foolish as to desert it.

"You may have heard that an Irish legion was embodied in France. I accepted of a commission in that corps, for the purpose of learning tactics, AND OF GOING WITH IT TO IRELAND; but while at Brest, and in its neighborhood, it was evident to me that this same corps was only held up as a scarecrow to frighten England into a peace, and that *we were in reality made mere instruments by Bonaparte, to answer his own selfish views*. This was not all; but he sought, through this association of Irishmen, to agitate their country, and thereby bring England the sooner to his terms. I could not lend myself, after that, to so mischievous a purpose, and I accordingly resigned. I am also of opinion, and I have the most direct reasons for it, that, if ever Bonaparte does land a force in Ireland, he will endeavor to dictate a form of government and administration to that country, unless the vigor of the Irish themselves shall deter him from it. Lawless, for reasons similar to my own, sent in his resignation after me; but it was not immediately accepted. Tennant, I heard, wished to quit the corps likewise; Tierney quitted when I did, and he would have been out with me, but for a nice young lady in Morlaix, whom he staid to marry. She has a handsome fortune.

"Not wishing to pass the month of August in New York, and wishing to see something of the country, I have come out to pass two or three weeks in New Brunswick, with Emmet and his family, who have taken a house here for the summer. Every body tells me I shall do well in New York, in a little time; but by Jove, I have very little more time to lose. One physician tells me there is no fortune to be made in the profession, though one may live. *It is, I believe, his own case*. The expense of living is very great, and *patients pay as little as they can*.

"Let me know every thing that interests you. You know how much I am attached to you all, and that I will be happy to hear of your welfare; being

"Your sincere and affectionate friend,

"W. J. MACNEVEN.

"P. S. I left our friend Sweetman well. He mostly lives in Paris; but poor Mat. Dowling died last winter, after a short illness."

I feel it due to the subject I treat of to publish these two memorials of two men who were long respected residents of New York — of two men who periled their lives over and over again to give freedom to Ireland. These letters are necessary to the true comprehension of the unfortunate enterprise of 1803. I now return to the immediate history of that effort.

Russell, as I have said, went to organize the North. Emmet bent his steps to Dublin, where, having realized the legacy left him by his father,

amounting to three thousand pounds, he set about the business which was the object of his heart, with a cool and deliberate resolution that deserved from fate the triumph of success.

During the first four or five months after his arrival, nothing transpired about his plan. He lived in obscure lodgings in Harold's Cross, under the assumed name of Hewitt. On the 25th March, 1803, he took a lease of a malt-house, in Mass Lane, in the city of Dublin, as a depot for the ammunition and arms he was about to provide for the execution of his project. He established, at the same time, a second depot in Patrick Street, in the same city, where rockets and ball-cartridges were fabricated. In the beginning of April, he quitted Harold's Cross, and took a new house, under the name of *Ellis*, near Rathfarnham.

His most confidential assistants were Mr. William Dowdall, formerly secretary to the whig club; one Nicholas Stafford, a baker; Quigley, a bricklayer; and Charles Kane. The different depots and all the expenses were sustained by Mr. Emmet. They were furnished with pikes, handles, ammunition, and clothing, in the space of four months, without the slightest breathings of information having reached the ears of government.

In June, the lord lieutenant received some intimation that the county of Kildare showed symptoms of an insurrectionary character. In July, these symptoms had increased, and his excellency sent troops to three or four parts of that county; and the commander-in-chief, by order of the lord lieutenant, set out on a tour of inspection through the counties of Kildare, Meath, and other midland districts.

In a few days after government had been thus put on its guard, Mr. Emmet's powder factory, in Patrick Street, was accidentally blown up; and two men, employed by him in the composition of the powder, were nearly suffocated: one of them immediately died; the other was taken prisoner. This alarmed the government a great deal; for there were here discovered pike-handles, rockets, and all the *et cetera* of a revolutionary depot.

Mr. Emmet immediately changed his quarters, and came directly into Mass Lane, where his chief arsenal was fixed. Here he animated his workmen in person, who were employed day and night manufacturing all sorts of military weapons. These workmen were supported at his sole expense, and they amounted to near sixty. He slept in the depot, on a mattress, and conducted his preparations for an attack on Dublin Castle with astonishing secrecy.

Although, in the week previous to the outbreak, several intimations, it

seems, were given to Mr. Marsden, the under-secretary at Dublin Castle, yet the government treated the matter with less attention than it seemed to deserve; indeed, the lord lieutenant (the Earl of Hardwicke) totally disbelieved in the existence of any such conspiracy, even at the last moment, when direct information had been given that a rising of the peasantry would positively take place, in the counties of Dublin and Kildare, on the night of the 23d of July.

In the mean time, some deputies from the associated bodies in Kildare and Wicklow, in connection with Mr. Emmet, came to town, and had an interview with him, in the depot in Mass Lane. Whether they conceived the attempt as merely a rash one, in which they deemed it imprudent to join, or whether some mistake arose as to the time and place of attack, cannot now be explained; but it is certain that the forces in the country districts, which Mr. Emmet relied on to join him, never appeared.

On the morning of the 23d of July, 1803, the lord lieutenant held a council in Dublin Castle, at which Colonel Aylmer, of Donadea, in the county of Kildare, attended, and gave positive information that a rising was intended in that county. Information of a like character was given by a manufacturer in Chapelizod, a village near the city. The officers of state, present at this council, separated at three o'clock. The lord lieutenant, attended by a sergeant and twelve dragoons, drove out to the lodge, in the Phoenix Park, where he and the lord chancellor, and a party of friends, dined as usual. His excellency repeatedly urged upon his council the impolicy of spreading any alarm through the country, and probably drove out in this unguarded way to allay any suspicions in the public mind that he apprehended danger. The commander-in-chief of the forces returned to Kilmainham. The lord chief justice went out of town. No intimation was given to the lord mayor that danger was apprehended. Sir E. B. Littlehales, secretary for the war department, was entertaining a party of friends at his apartments in the castle; and every department of the government seemed to be hushed in the repose of security.

About nine o'clock in the evening of this memorable day, an unusual number of unarmed men, in separate groups, assembled in and about Thomas Street, within five minutes' walk of the seat of government and the chief arsenal. At ten o'clock, they moved in a body to the depot in Mass Lane, where they were quickly furnished by Mr. Emmet with pikes and other military weapons. As fast as they were armed, they returned to Thomas Street. The number of men thus equipped did not

exceed two hundred ; but numerous bodies were momentarily expected from the country, and they were looked for through every avenue.

A rocket was let off at ten o'clock, which was the signal for an immediate turn-out. Mr. Emmet, with his small staff, appeared at that moment, dressed in full uniform, their swords drawn, and ready to lead the premeditated attack on the castle. Unfortunately for his plans, some drunken persons of the party, who got arms, had misled the men in Thomas Street, ere he took command : the party was broken into two or three fragments ; and when Mr. Emmet looked to the men with whom he was to capture the castle, he found that some of them had, quite contrary to his instructions, and the proclamation he had intended to issue, attacked yeomen and soldiers, who made no resistance.

Finding he could not direct a sufficient body to the attack, and also finding that the promised supplies from the country did not appear, he judged it better to relinquish the attempt, and seek safety in flight towards the Wicklow mountains.

Meantime, the mob in Thomas Street, not precisely knowing what they were to do, commenced wreaking their vengeance upon every obnoxious person that came in their way. Although the proclamation, prepared by Mr. Emmet, contained the following injunction, "*that no man should be put to death in cold blood, and the first prisoners that should fall into their hands should be treated with the respect due to the unfortunate,*" this wise command was disregarded, and the infuriate mob attacked several persons they deemed obnoxious, particularly individuals of the yeomanry corps.

As Lord Kilwarden was returning from his country-seat, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Wolfe, and a clergyman, he was attacked and killed by this drunken mob. He had been mistaken for Lord Norbury, the celebrated but heartless and bloody-minded judge, who had become obnoxious to the people by having prosecuted and condemned many of the United men to death. Curran and Phillips both describe Lord Kilwarden to have been a humane, just, and tender-hearted judge. His last words, while the mob drove their pikes into his body, were, "Let no man suffer for my death but by the regular operation of the laws."

Miss Wolfe ran, distracted, to the castle, sought the secretary of war, and from her lips did he first learn of the outbreak. All this took place in the short space of twenty minutes. The castle garrison was alarmed soon after the explosion, and a force was sent to quell and disperse the scattered parties that were found in arms. Such was the careless discipline observed, that the depot, where all Mr. Emmet's arms and ammu-

nition were deposited, was left unprotected. The commander of the government detachment took possession of it, and found there thirty-six thousand ball cartridges, eight thousand pikes, besides scaling-ladders, grappling-irons, military uniforms, and colors, eight thousand printed proclamations, some addressed to the citizens of Dublin, others to the men of Leinster, Munster, &c. A prospectus or plan of government, on a perfectly republican principle, consisting of thirty short articles, was also found. It was addressed and headed, "*The provisional government to the people of Ireland,*" and set forth the principles upon which Ireland, as an independent republic, was to be governed by the new and successful powers.

This extraordinary attempt at revolution was made and exploded before the garrison of Dublin had the slightest intimation of its existence. It began at ten o'clock at night, and ended before eleven. And it cannot but surprise us, that such extensive preparations for a revolution could have been made in the very heart of the city of Dublin; that such immense quantities of ammunition, and some ten thousand pikes, could have been manufactured; that a set of uniforms for the leaders could have been made; that eight thousand proclamations could have been printed, and sundry other things of a like nature done, all of which required so many hands to perform, besides all those who were to take a part in the insurrection, — it does, I say, appear extraordinary that no direct information was given to the government by any of the persons employed; *that, in short, no traitor appeared!* Such, however, is the fact; and that bold attempt, if supported by five hundred sober men, on that night, would have been completely successful. It is admitted by all, that Emmet could, with that number of brave followers, have captured the castle and arsenal of Dublin, containing, at the time, fifty thousand stand of arms. There were but six pieces of ordnance and two artillery-men in Dublin Castle on that night, and these two were invalids; in the arsenal there was not a single cannon-ball. The mere possession of such a quantity of arms would have enabled the population to sustain their independence; for, in the words of Moore, —

"If the chains for a moment were riven, that tyranny flung round us then,  
It is not in man or in heaven, to let tyranny bind them again."

On the next day, the 24th of July, an attempt similar, and in concert with that of Mr. Emmet, was made in Belfast by his brave companion in arms, THOMAS RUSSELL. But the north, though the very hot-bed of the former effort of 1798, weeping for its chiefs that were gone, did

not respond to his patriotic call. Although Mr. Russell issued a proclamation, describing himself as a member of the provisional government, calling the patriots of the north to arms, the appeal was not answered by any number of men worth naming. Russell fled to Dublin, as the best place of concealment, to await the expected succors from France. He took lodgings in Parliament Street, in a gunsmith's house, within a few paces of the castle. For some months he remained here secure, but was at length tracked by means of a large reward offered for his discovery, and by the vigilance of Major Sirr.

When brought by the major into the presence of *Wickham*, secretary of state, he manifested the most determined courage.

"I glory," said he, "in the cause in which I have engaged, and for it I would meet death with pleasure, either in the field or on the scaffold; but do not imagine that my death, or that of hundreds, will avail to serve the continuance of your power. No! though my arrest may prove some embarrassment to my friends, the organization is too extensive, and the plan too well executed, to entertain a doubt that the object will ever be relinquished."

Russell was immediately executed, and his blood added one more rivulet to the patriot stream. He was among the bravest of the brave, the truest of the true; and his name, with Emmet's, should ever be inseparably entwined in our speeches and memories. I know not where he was buried, but presume it was near Emmet's grave, in the royal hospital.

The arrests and the dungeoning that followed this unfortunate effort would be, if they were not incontestably proved by the most honorable historians, downright incredible. The lord lieutenant, who was all security and confidence before the outbreak of the 23d, now called for the most unconstitutional measures to support his government. He got leave to suspend the *habeas corpus* act, by which he deprived suspected persons of the right of trial; and whomsoever Major Sirr and his satellites chose to suspect were immured in a dungeon, on the warrant of the secretary of the castle.

This suspension of the constitution continued from 1803 to 1806, during which period, thousands were torn from their families. "The jails and prison-ships," says the historian Plowden, "were crowded to a degree that endangered the lives of all, and proved fatal to very many." In July, 1804, there were stowed in Major Sandys's *Provpst* four hundred of these wretched victims. There were prisoners kept in

Kilmainham jail for *three years*, who were not permitted to hear divine service, or see a clergyman.

As an instance of the terrible cruelty resorted to in these times, I may mention that the present Lord Cloncurry, on mere suspicion of disaffection to the power of England, was confined two years in the Tower of London, without pen, ink, or paper, with two guards in his room, changed every two hours. No charge was made against him, and he was at last liberated without trial!

But I now turn to the tragical end of poor Emmet. On the unfortunate night of the 23d of July, Mr. Emmet and his chief followers fled towards the Wicklow mountains. He was accompanied, among others, by Dowdall, Nicholas Stafford, Quigley, and Charles Kane. Stafford and Kane escaped to America; the first settled in Philadelphia, where he died a few years ago; the second settled in Savannah, in Georgia, where he was living not long since. Mr. Kane says that ere Mr. Emmet betook himself to the mountains, he sought and obtained an interview with his beloved Sarah.

In the mountains they disguised themselves for a few days; but Mr. Emmet returned to his former lodgings in Harold's Cross, under the name of Hewitt. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension. By the vigilance of Major Sirr, a clew was obtained to his residence, which was a little outside of Dublin.

Mr. Emmet was seized one evening, when just sitting down to dinner, by the major and a party from the castle; and in five weeks from the period of his daring attempt to liberate his country, he was placed on trial for his life before a special commission, composed of Lord Norbury, Barons George and Daly, and Justice Finucane.

Lord Norbury was one of those ferocious monsters that grow up in seasons of corruption, blood, and terror. The ferocity implanted in his composition by nature, expanded by the force of education, formed a miscreant, a scourge, and curse, to the community that had the misfortune of his society. This "lord's" name was *Toler*. He rose to distinction at the bar, as government prosecutor, during the dreadful reign of Lord Castlereagh. He was solicitor-general, while Wolfe (Lord Kilwarden), had been attorney-general. When that just lawyer shrank from overstraining the constitution and law against the United Irishmen, he was promoted to the bench to make way for Toler, who became, thenceforward, the fitting prosecutor of the Castlereagh government. This transition took place on the eve of the "state trials" of 1798. Toler became attorney-general a few days before the trials of the



Sheareses, M'Cann, Byrne, and Bond. He did his work well, and was, in time, duly promoted to the bench, Plunket following, in succession, to the office of attorney-general.

Toler carried to the bench the expanded ferocity of his nature, with all that he had acquired from long and familiar contact with Major Sirr, Jemmy O'Brien, Armstrong, Reynolds, Beresford, Hempenstall, Clare, and Castlereagh. He was a compound formed of the vicious essence of all these villains. He had swung off the United men by scores. The "black cap" contained for him no monition of awe. He wore it almost daily, and indulged in ribald jests while he bade men prepare for eternity. He sported with the dying as the cat with its game. To him the wailing of widows and orphans was music, and a tribute to his loyalty.

In criminal cases he almost invariably charged for the crown, and in common law for the plaintiff. He was as bloodthirsty as *Jeffries*, without his dignity; dishonest as *Mansfield*, without his skill; and had more than the brazen effrontery of the congenial *Pennafather*,\* without his legal learning. He was the scourge of Ireland for more than thirty years, and was at length removed from the bench, on the petition of Daniel O'Connell, who charged him with his incapacity and brutal manners in the judgment-seat, where he frequently fell asleep during the progress of a trial in which he was to give judgment. Such was Lord Norbury, the chief justice of that commission before whom Mr. Emmet was arraigned for trial; and to increase the misery of the unfortunate gentleman, this monster judge, it is said, had been his baptismal father.

The present Lord Plunket was the attorney-general, and conducted the prosecution with extraordinary, though needless, virulence. What rendered this the more galling to Mr. Emmet, was the circumstance that Plunket, who was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman of the north of Ireland, was sent, when a youth, to the care of old Dr. Emmet, to Dublin, by whom he was sent to school with his own sons — was kept an inmate of his house, and treated in every respect as one of his children.

Plunket was subsequently in the same volunteer corps with Thomas

\* During the progress of the state trials, in Ireland, in 1844, Baron Pennafather, who tried the prisoners, retired at the close of the business, every day, from the Court of King's Bench, to Dublin Castle, where, as a privy councillor, he took his seat with Lord De Grey and the attorney and solicitor-general, at that council board, where the details of the prosecution of the state prisoners were entered upon and arranged! His lordship, as judge, tried the prisoners daily, from ten to three, and advised on the best mode of prosecution from three to six; which practice regularly continued during the entire trials!

Addis Emmet, and was also a member of the United Irishmen, in the commencement of the organization of that body.

He imbibed all his political principles from Dr. Emmet, and was as deep in the insurrectionary movement, up to a certain stage, as any of the others; but on the first arrests he got frightened and backed out. He then took the first opportunity to join the government, and even went out of his way to fling his virulence on those whom they prosecuted.

The court-house was filled with military; not a single person was allowed to enter, except the lawyers, the officers of the court, and the reporters.

Twenty others were put on their trial with Mr. Emmet, for aiding and assisting him, eighteen of whom were found guilty and executed: their names were Edward Kearney, Thomas Maxwell Roach, Owen Kirwan, James Byrne, John Biggs, Denis Lambert Redmond, Felix Rourke, John Killen, John M'Cann, Thomas Donnelly, Laurence Begley, Nicholas Tyrell, Michael Kelly, John Hay, Henry Howley, John M'Entosh, and Thomas Keenan.

Mr. Emmet was first put forward for trial. The indictment was read. The attorney-general charged him with being an agent and emissary of the French government; with having no other design than to substitute a French despotism — “the despotism of Napoleon,—for the *mild* sway of the British government,” &c.

The speech of the attorney-general was as virulent and cowardly, towards the unfortunate gentleman, as could well be imagined. The facts charged, of appearing in rebellion against the king, &c., were easily proved, and no attempt was made to deny them.

Curran was Emmet's counsel; but his eloquence availed not. When put to the bar, and called upon by the clerk, in the usual phraseology of the law, to know what he had to say why sentence of death and execution should not be pronounced against him according to law, he arose with great firmness and composure, and delivered a speech of considerable length, and of great power and eloquence. He would have extended it to a much greater length, only that Lord Norbury, fearing its effect upon the people, frequently interposed some objection, with a view to disconcert and intimidate him. The composure, the settled fortitude, exhibited by Mr. Emmet during his trial, the brilliant talent displayed in his memorable speech, and the heroic calmness with which he met death, mark him to posterity as one who deserves to rank among the purest, boldest, and most gifted victims that Ireland has offered at the altar of liberty.

Lord Norbury frequently complimented him for his great talents, and lamented, in the usual cant of the corrupt bench, that such abilities were not better applied.

Mr. Emmet rose up and addressed the court in nearly the following words, as taken down by Ridgeway, the best reporter of that day.

*Last Speech of Robert Emmet, August 31, 1803.*

“Why sentence of death and execution should not be pronounced against me, I have nothing to say; for that had been determined on ere this trial had taken place. But why my name and character should not be transmitted to posterity loaded with the foulest obloquy, I have much to say.

“A man in my situation has to combat with not only the difficulties of fortune, but those, too, of prejudice. The sentence of the law, which delivers over his body to the executioner, consigns his name to obloquy. The man dies, but his memory lives; and that mine may not forfeit all claim to the respects of my countrymen, I use this occasion to vindicate myself from some of the charges brought against me. Let what I have to say, and the few observations I shall make as to my principles and motives, glide down the surface of the stream of your recollection, till the storm shall have subsided with which it is already buffeted.

“Were I to suffer death only after having been adjudged guilty of crime, I should bow my neck in silence to the stroke; but — [Interruption from Lord Norbury.]

“Why did your lordship insult me — or, rather, why insult justice — in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question; the form also presumes a right of answering. It is true, this might be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the castle before your jury was empanelled. Your lordships are but priests of the oracle, and I submit to the sacrifice; but I insist on the whole of the forms.

“I am accused of being an emissary of France; of being an agent for that country in the heart of my own. It is false! I am no emissary! I did not wish to deliver up my country to a foreign power, and least of all, to France. I am charged with being a conspirator! with being a member of the provisional government. I avow it! I am a conspirator. I am, and have been, engaged in a conspiracy, of which the whole object is the disenthralment of my beloved country.

“It never was, never could be, our design to deliver over our country into the hands of the French! No! From the proclamation of the provisional government, it is evident that every hazard attending an independent effort was deemed preferable to the more fatal risk of introducing a French force into our country. What! yield to the French! Heaven forbid! No! Look to the proclamation of the provisional government, — to the military articles attached to it. Is there a sentence there that will warrant such a construction? Had I been in Switzerland, I should have fought against the French! In the dignity of freedom I would have expired on the threshold of that country, and their only entrance to it should have been over my lifeless corpse! Were I in any country whose people were adverse to their principles, I would take up arms against them. But if the people were not adverse to them, neither would I fight against the people. Is it, then, to be supposed I would be slow to make the same sacrifice to my native land? Am I, who have lived but to be of service to my country, who would subject myself even to the bondage of the grave to give her independence, — am I to be loaded with the foul and grievous calumny of being an emissary of France? Were my country once freed from the yoke of England, had my countrymen a country to defend, then, should a foreign foe attempt to invade their shores, would I call on them, ‘Be united, be firm, and fear no force without! Look not to your arms. Oppose them with your hearts. Wait not their attack, but run to your shores and meet them. Receive them with all the destruction of war, and immolate them in their very boats, nor let your land be polluted by the foe! With the sword in one hand and the torch in the other, oppose and fight them with patriotism, love of liberty, and with courage! Should you fail, should your love of country, your love of liberty, and courage, not prevail, in your retreat lay waste your country. With your torch burn up every blade of grass. Raze every house. Contend to the last for every inch of ground in ruin. Conduct your women and children to the heart and centre of your country. Place them in the strongest hold. Surround and defend them till but two of you remain, and when of these two one shall fall, let him that survives apply the torch to the funeral pile of his country, and leave the invader nothing but ashes and desolation for his plunder.’

“I am also accused of ambition. O my countrymen, was it ambition that influenced me, I might now rank with the proudest of your oppressors. [Interruption from the judge.]

“My lord, I have always understood it was the duty of a judge,

when a prisoner was convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law, I have also understood that a judge sometimes thought it his duty to hear with patience and speak with humanity — to deliver an exhortation to the prisoner. I appeal to the immaculate God, I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, by the blood of the martyred patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other motive but the emancipation of my country from the oppression under which she has too long and too patiently travailed.

“ You say I am the key-stone, the life-blood and soul of this conspiracy. On my return to Ireland, this conspiracy was already formed. I was solicited to join it. I asked for time to consider, and the result of my deliberation was, that it appeared to me the only means of saving my country. My lord, I acted but a subaltern part. There are men who manage it far above me. You say that, in cutting me off, you cut off its head, and destroy the germ of future conspiracy and insurrection. It is false! This conspiracy will exist when I am no more. It will be followed by another more strong, and rendered still more formidable by foreign assistance. [Interruption from the judge.]

“ What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold which tyranny has erected for my murder, and of which you are only the intermediary executioner, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor — shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I, who fear not to approach the omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life — am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed during your unhallowed ministry into one great reservoir, your lordships might swim in it! [Interruption from the judge.] Think not, my lord, that I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by advancing a falsehood on a subject so important. Again I say, that what I have spoken is not intended for your lordship. It is meant as a consolation to my countrymen. If there be a true Irishman present, let my last words cherish him in the hour of affliction. [He was here interrupted again by Lord Norbury, who told him that, instead of advancing any thing in his justification, he continued to speak nothing but treason and sedition; said his (Emmet's)

family had produced men of great talent, and that he himself was not the meanest of them. He had just then afforded them proof, and lamented the situation he had reduced himself to, &c. After thanking the judge for his compliments to his family, he proceeded.]

“ My lord, I did not mean to utter treason. I did not mean to use seditious language. I did not even seek to exculpate myself. I did only endeavor to explain the obvious principles on which I acted, without even so much as an attempt at their application. Where is the boasted freedom of your constitution? Where the impartiality, mildness, and clemency of your courts of justice, if a wretched culprit, about to be delivered over to the executioner, be not suffered to vindicate his motives from the aspersions of calumny? You, my lord, are the judge; I am the culprit. But you, my lord, are a man, and I am another. And as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will use the last moments of that life in rescuing my name and memory from the foul and odious imputations thrown upon them. *If the spirit of the illustrious dead can witness the scenes of this transitory life, dear shade of my venerable father, look down with a virtuous scrutiny on your suffering son, and see, has he deviated for a moment from those moral and patriotic lessons which you taught him, and which he now dies for.* As to me, my lords, I have been sacrificed on the altar of truth and liberty. There have I extinguished the torch of friendship, and offered up the idol of my soul, the object of my affections. There have I parted with all that could be dear to me in this life, and nothing now remains to me but the cold honors of the grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is finished, and the grave opens to receive me. All I request at my departure from this world, is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph. No man *can* write my epitaph. And as no man who knows my motives dares to vindicate them, so let no man who is ignorant of them, with prejudice asperse them. When my country takes her rank amongst the nations of the earth, then only can my epitaph be written, and then alone can my character be vindicated. I have done.”

Lord Norbury and his brother judges were much moved by this remarkable speech. He addressed his unfortunate victim, evidently deeply affected and subdued from the many reproofs which he had received during the trial, and concluded his remarks by pronouncing the awful sentence of the law.

Mr. Emmet bowed, and, ere he retired, embraced two young friends, one of whom is BISHOP PONSONBY, the other JUDGE PERRIN.

He was taken back to Kilmainham jail, where, previous to his trial, he occupied a small room on the ground floor. To this room he was returned, where he was strictly guarded during the night. It is not true that Miss Curran or any one of his friends was permitted to see him before his execution. The Rev. Dr. Gamble, the Protestant chaplain, and the jailer, only, had access to him.

Upon one occasion, in the night, the governor entered his room rather abruptly, according to orders from the castle. He observed a remarkable expression in his countenance, and that he was engaged in a characteristic employment. He had a fork affixed to his little deal table, and appended to it was a tress of hair. "You see," said he, "how innocently I am employed. This little tress has long been dear to me, and I am plaiting it to wear at my execution to-morrow."

It was a ringlet from the dark tresses of Sarah Curran!

On the little white deal table there was sketched, in ink, by his own pen, an admirable likeness of himself, the head severed and apart from the body, surrounded by the scaffold, the axe, and all the frightful paraphernalia of execution.

We may well exclaim, What an extraordinary union of tenderness, enthusiasm, and fortitude, was combined in him!

The governor, after some conversation, left him; and when next he entered, in the course of the night, he found him soundly asleep.

When the morning dawned, he arose from his bed, knelt down, and prayed fervently at some length. He next called for some milk, which he drank; wrote two letters, one to his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, who was then in France, and another to the secretary of state, enclosing it, with the request of a dying man that it should be forwarded to his beloved brother. But this request was never complied with. Mr. R. Emmet, of New York, assures me they never received it. He then desired the sheriff to be informed that he was ready. When they came into his room, he said that he had two requests to make—one, that his arms might be left as loose as possible; the other, that he might be permitted to suffer in his revolutionary uniform—green, with gold trimmings and cocked hat. The first request was granted, the last was refused.

He was passing out, attended by the sheriff, and preceded by the executioner. In one of the passages stood Mr. Dunne, at that time the under-jailer, but who was since governor of the jail. To Dunne's care was Mr. Emmet assigned during his imprisonment. This good fellow loved him in his heart, and the tears were streaming from his eyes. Mr. Emmet paused for a moment; his hands were not at liberty; he kissed the

jailer's cheek; and the man, who had been for years the master of a dungeon, fell senseless at his feet! When he got to the outer passage, leading directly into the street, he found it lined with military officers. He bowed respectfully to them, but they stood unmoved, and responded not. The dying patriot felt a transitory sensation of humility, that for a moment he had been deceived into a notion that they were gentlemen.

He passed to the scaffold, which was erected for his execution in Thomas Street, where he bravely met death, on the 1st of September, 1803, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. Thousands upon thousands of his afflicted countrymen were sorrowful spectators. His remains are deposited within the enclosed walls of the royal hospital, Kilmainham, on the left-hand side of the state road, leading from the entrance to the commander-in-chief's quarters.

Perhaps the day is not very distant, when Ireland will be enabled to erect his monument and his epitaph in the halls of her restored parliament. When that day arrives, and that the travellers from distant lands shall visit Erin, and particularly when the American traveller of other days shall stand before the shrine of Emmet, the tears of joy will rush into his eyes, for he will find written on the enduring marble, "AMERICA CONTRIBUTED TO ERECT THIS MONUMENT!"

Our patriotic countryman and incomparable lyricist, THOMAS MOORE, has offered the tributary tears of Ireland at the grave of Emmet, in the beautiful stanzas beginning —

"O breathe not his name!"

and —

"When he who adores thee;"

together with that tender composition on the death of Miss Curran,

"She is far from the land,"

which, with Moore's own music, will be found at the conclusion of this lecture.

Phillips, one of the most gifted of Erin's sons, describes Mr. Emmet thus: "He was but just twenty-three, had graduated in Trinity College, and was gifted with abilities and virtues which rendered him an object of universal esteem and admiration; every one loved, every one respected him; his fate made an impression on the university, which has not yet been obliterated. His mind was naturally melancholy and romantic; he had fed it from the pure fountain of classic literature, and might be



said to have lived not so much in the scene before him, as in the society of the illustrious and sainted dead: the poets of antiquity were his companions, its patriots his models, and its republics his admiration."

Every one felt deeply for the tragic end of this brave and patriotic gentleman; even his enemies lamented the stern policy that required his execution; but there was one heart whose anguish it would be in vain to describe. In happier and more light-hearted days, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting lady. She was Sarah Curran, the daughter of the celebrated orator, patriot, and advocate, *John Philpot Curran*. She loved young Emmet with the fervor, purity, and enthusiasm, of a woman's first and only love. When every worldly rule and maxim were arrayed against him, when blasted in fortune, and when disgrace and danger thickened round his person, *she* loved him more ardently for his sufferings and his danger. If his fate could have awakened the sympathy of his foes, what must have been the anguish of her, whose soul was occupied by his image! What must have been her suffering on the day of his arrest! What must have been her agony on the day of his execution!

Miss Curran was about nineteen years of age; her eyes and hair were dark and beautiful; she played well upon the harp, sang sweetly, and was passionately fond of music. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by the families of wealth and distinction to whom she was known, and where she was a welcome guest. She was led into society; and they tried, by all kinds of amusements and employment, to dissipate her grief, and wean her from a remembrance of the tragic image of her beloved. But it was all vain; she never objected to visit the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked the blandishments of proffered friendships. She moved about uninfluenced by the world's pleasures, and apparently unconscious of them.

Upon one occasion, she attended a masquerade at the Rotunda. There can be no exhibition of wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet, in such a scene, a wandering, joyless being, where all around is gay; to see that spectre being, dressed in the trappings of mirth, and looking so woe-begone as if it would cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the giddy crowd for some time, she sat down on the steps of the orchestra, and began to warble one of the plaintive airs of her country. She had an exquisite voice, and on this occasion it breathed forth such touching

sounds, that a crowd was instantly drawn around her: they remained mute and silent. Every one was melted into tears.

Amongst that crowd was a brave officer, whose heart was won by the interesting story of Miss Curran. He thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove true to the living: he proffered her his hand and heart. At first she declined his attentions, for her thoughts were fixed upon the dead. He, however, persisted in his suit: he solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and a sense of her own destitute and dependent condition. She at length consented to bestow on him her hand, with an assurance that she could never give him her heart, which was buried in the grave with Robert Emmet.

\* \* \* \* \*

They were united. He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. Parties of pleasure, parties of music, were got up, with a view to subdue the remembrance of him that suffered for her native isle of the west; but they were all of no effect. Her constitution wore away. She finally sank under her grief—wasted by the eating of an inward woe. She made a last request to be buried in her native country. It was religiously obeyed. She sleeps in Erin.

## O! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

BY MOORE.

*PENSIVELY.*

1. O, breathe not his name; let it sleep in the

shade, Where, cold and un-hon-ored, his

rel-ics are laid; Sad, si-lent, and

dark, be the tears that we shed, As the



night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

2.

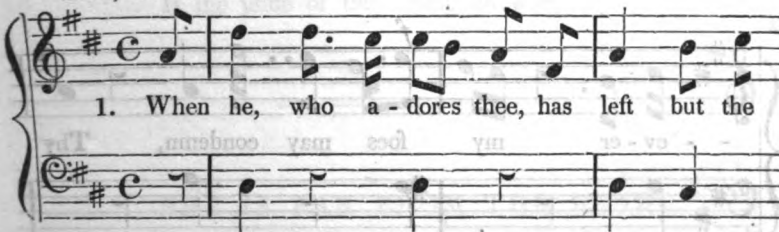
But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;  
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

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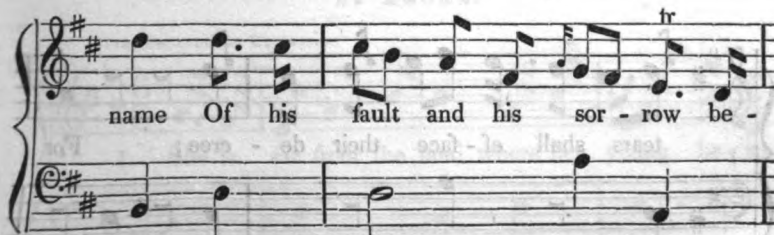
WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

BY MOORE.

SLOW, AND WITH FEELING.



1. When he, who a-dores thee, has left but the



name Of his fault and his sor-row be-

- - hind, O, say, wilt thou weep, when they

dark - en the fame Of a life that for

*Espress.*  
thee was re - signed? Yes, weep, and how -

- - ev - er my foes may condemn, Thy

tears shall ef - face their de - cree; For

Heaven can wit - ness, though guil - ty to them,

I have been but too faith - ful to thee.

2.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;  
 Every thought of my reason was thine;  
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,  
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine!  
 O! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live  
 The days of thy glory to see!  
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,  
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

## SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

BY MOORE.

WITH MELANCHOLY EXPRESSION

1. She is far from the land where her young he - ro

sleeps, And lov - ers are round her sigh - ing;

But cold - ly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,

For her heart in his grave is ly - - ing.

2.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
 Every note which he loved awaking—  
 Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,  
 How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

3.

He had lived for his love; for his country he died;  
 They were all that to life had entwined him!  
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried;  
 Nor long will his love stay behind him!

4.

O! make her a grave, where the sunbeams rest  
 When they promise a glorious morrow!  
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,  
 From her own loved island of sorrow!

## LECTURE XXII.

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### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Biographical Sketches:— Thomas Moore.— Dr. Drennan.— Surgeon Lawless.— Peter Finnerty.— Watty Cox.— Peter Burrows.— Dr. Macneven.— Thomas Addis Emmet.— Arthur O'Connor.— Curran.— Molineux.— Swift.— Lucas.— Charlemont.— Flood.— Grattan.— Burke.— Sheridan.— Phillips.— Black.— Frye.— Sloane.— Boyle.— Brooks.— Aylmer.— Barrett.— Berkeley.— Hamilton.— Young.— Parnell.— Steele.— Francis.— Goldsmith.— Sterne.— Dr. O'Leary.— Halliday.— Malone.— Macklin.— H. Kelly.— Milliken.— Stranger Barry, the player.— Barry, the historical painter.— Dixon.— Smith.— Hickey.— Gardiner.— Jarvis.— Murphy.— Mossop.— Wilkes.— Mrs. Woffington.— O'Neil.— O'Hara M'Allister.— M'Ardle.— Michael Kelly.— O'Casey, &c.

I AM about to present to the reader a few brief sketches of the most distinguished Irishmen who have flourished during the last hundred years. I feel thoroughly pained that the space at my disposal will not allow me to do more than give a mere enumeration of their names and their peculiar talents, and that I shall not be able to detail those deeds on which their well-earned fame is enthroned.

I am now near the *eleven hundredth page*, and have yet very important matter to crowd into this already overgrown volume. Anxious to give a tolerably complete history of Ireland, to which all things else ought to give place, I must necessarily omit, in my biographical sketches, much that would impart to them an interest, a charm arising out of the detail of life, — its vicissitudes, adventures, successes and reverses, often more wonderful than the creations of fiction.

I have, in the preceding pages, given biographical sketches of men, who, by their piety, talents, valor, and fidelity, have rendered their country illustrious in by-gone ages. The men of whom I shall next treat have not bled for Ireland on the scaffold or the field, but have, by their brilliant genius, wrapt her in a blaze of glory, like the fiery coating of



the sun, that will shine through all time, proclaiming her eternal nationality, which never can be extinguished by the power or machinations of her enemies.

Some of them have developed, by their science, the inmost secrets of nature, bestowing on the world their valuable discoveries, products of vast intellects highly cultivated. Others have given to mankind the purest and most beautiful models of eloquence and composition that ever met the eye of educated man — models which the youth of surrounding nations select for their study and imitation. Many, in devotion to liberty, in philanthropy, in patriotism, in works of taste and fancy, in music and poetry, have not been surpassed by any nation on earth; while there are those yet living, the vigor of whose genius and philanthropy, towering beyond all living men, has attracted the astonished gaze of an admiring world.

I readily confess my inability to do justice to those great men, and shall therefore confine myself to a compressed outline of each distinguished subject, and present them without chronological order, only as they appear connected with each other, in the issue of our eventful history.

#### THOMAS MOORE.

First of this glorious constellation I shall place **THOMAS MOORE**. He was the early college mate, and had nearly been the scaffold companion, of Robert Emmet. But fate preserved him to breathe the inspiration of heroic melody through the souls of the sons of Erin. Who has not banqueted on the melody of his inspired muse? Who has not plucked wisdom from his wit, delight from his sentiment, or spirit from his strains? Who has not felt his griefs or his joys expressed by Thomas Moore? What sentiment has he not enrobed in the lovely drapery of his brilliant fancy? It was Moore who won homage from our oppressors, while he told them unwelcome truths, and evoked resistance to their sway; the doing which any other man would have expiated with his life upon the scaffold. He wrote in a season when it was literally "treason to love, and death to defend," his country. The beauty and power of his strains paralyzed the uplifted arm of his enemies, and, as he well expressed it, —

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;  
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep;  
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep."

All this, and much more, has been realized for Erin by the poetry of her own immortal bard.

Thomas Moore's parents were natives of the county of Wexford. Without going into the particulars of their early affairs, which, the reader is informed, were not much unlike those of most young beginners in life, we find Mr. Garret Moore, the poet's father, in 1778, the busy and reputable owner of a grocer's store, in Aungier Street, in the city of Dublin, on the left hand, near the corner as we enter from Stephen Street,— which house, I believe, is still occupied as a grocery. Here, in 1780, on the 28th of May, the poet was born. His parents were Catholics, and Moore has adhered inflexibly to the ancient religion; in support of which he has written a very able though humorous work, entitled, "An Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion."

Having passed the years of boyhood at the school of Mr. Whyte, his father, with that laudable zeal which has ever characterized the Irish people to educate their children, had him placed in the Dublin University, with the intention of educating him for the bar, which was just then, together with the university, thrown open to the Catholics. Within that centre and soul of Protestant ascendancy, the young poet felt the brand of Catholic degradation burning his forehead, and the insolence of Orange domination, eternally presented to his aching eyes, by the sprigs of aristocracy, who were, for the most part, his college companions. These sneered at his religion, hated his country, and their detestable persons approached him in the garb of bigotry and treachery. These circumstances contributed to root in his heart that thorough hatred to the tories which has ever through life influenced all his writings.

While he was passing through the Dublin University with literary renown, about 1796 and 1797, Robert Emmet, John Sheares, and Edward Hudson, were his companions. They were Protestants, as the reader knows, but free from the wretched prejudices which taught Irishmen to hate each other on account of creed. These patriotic but unfortunate young gentlemen were the beloved friends of young Moore. Their hearts were charged with the electricity of revolution, which then was flashing outside the college walls.

Moore, whose muse was vital from childhood, — for he tells us himself that he rhymed in the nursery, made odes at school, and translated Anacreon in college, — contributed some stirring pieces, in prose and verse, to the publications of the day — particularly to the "Press," the organ of the United Irishmen. One of these letters attracted his mother's notice, who, foreseeing the yawning precipice to which her boy was hastening, besought him, with tears and entreaties, to abstain from all further association with that journal or its conductors. The young poet,

then but seventeen, promised and pledged himself to his mother, whom he loved with surpassing tenderness, to withdraw from all further association with the "Press." There was still another motive besides this: Lord Clare (the chancellor of Ireland) had held a court of inquiry in Trinity College, before which young Moore and several others were examined. Emmet, Sheares, and Hudson staid away from the college during the inquiry, and a general suspicion fell upon pupil after pupil, which threatened imprisonment or expulsion. These conspiring circumstances deterred the young poet from further participation in the gathering storm of revolution.

At sixteen, he began to translate the lyrical odes of Anacreon from the original Greek. These were a species of college exercises in which he delighted, and in which he was indulged by Dr. Kearney, his immediate preceptor. About this time, he obtained a copy of Bunting's collection of old Irish music, the effect of which on his youthful heart must be told in his own words: "It was in the year 1797 that, through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardor then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies—a mine, from the working of which my humble labors, as a poet, have since then derived their sole lustre and value. There can be no doubt, that to the zeal and industry of Mr. Bunting his country is indebted for the preservation of her old national airs. During the prevalence of the penal code, the music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut from the pale of civilized life, and seldom any where but in the huts of the proscribed race could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers, among whom, for a long period, our ancient music had been kept alive, there remained but few to continue the precious tradition; and a great music meeting, held at Belfast, in the year 1792, at which *the two or three* of the still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish music to preserve to their country the only fragment of grace or ornament left to her, out of the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. Thus what the fierce legislature of the Pale had endeavored vainly, through so many centuries, to effect, — the utter extinction of Ireland's minstrelsy, — the deadly pressure of the penal laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accom-

plished ; and, but for the zeal of Mr. Bunting at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures, containing incontestable evidences of Ireland's early civilization, would probably have been lost to the world."

Full of the sentiment which so rich a banquet of melody was calculated to inspire, and enamored of the fascinating songs of Anacreon, it may easily be imagined that Coke, Littleton, and Blackstone, were not very deeply pondered over by the embryo bard of Erin. At this susceptible age (nineteen) he was sent "to eat his terms," as they call it, at the inns of court, London, preparatory to being called to the Irish bar — a legal pilgrimage imperiously required by the insolent genius of British domination.

During his probationary exercises in London, he published his translation of Anacreon, his first regular offering on the altar of the muses. This brought him into immediate and distinguished notice, and he was quickly introduced to convivial society, where his combined poetical and musical abilities soon made him the admired of every circle, and the idol of his own. There was then before him, in that centre of the English system, in the zenith of his glory, his own distinguished countryman, RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, whose friendship for the youthful law-student, bard, and musician, soon opened for him every door in London, including that of royalty itself. When first introduced to the Prince of Wales, his royal highness asked if he was the son of a certain baronet, of the same name, whom the prince remembered. "No, your royal highness," replied young Moore, "I am the son of a Dublin grocer." It is hardly necessary to say, that the dull technicalities of law were abandoned for the delightful studies of poetry and music, which presented to his imaginative mind those boundless fields that he has since careered over with such pleasure, success, and fame.

His friends around the court procured him, in the year 1803, a government appointment ; namely, the registership of Bermuda, to which island he sailed ; and from thence — having appointed a deputy to do his duties — he visited the United States. It was during the administration of Thomas Jefferson, to whom the youthful poet obtained an introduction, and of whom he exclaims, in a tone of fervent pride, "I had the honor of shaking hands with the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence !"

He wrote a series of poetical epistles from the United States, which he subsequently published in London. These contain some passages which Moore evidently penned in ignorance of the real character of the people, and under influences which he more than hints at in the follow-

ing passages that I take from the volumes of his poetical works now in my possession. "Few, and transient too, as had been my opportunities of judging for myself of the political and social state of the country, my mind was left open too much to the influence of the feelings and prejudices of those I chiefly consorted with; and certainly in no quarter was I so sure to find decided hostility, both to the men and the principles then dominant throughout the Union, [Jefferson was then president,] as among officers of the British navy, and in the ranks of an angry federalist opposition. This may account for the strong bias, if any, which seems to pervade my epistles from the United States, —so strong at the time, that it was the only period of my past life, during which I have found myself at all skeptical as to the soundness of that liberal creed of politics, in the profession and advocacy of which I may be almost literally said to have begun life, and shall most probably end it." Again, "The good-will I have experienced from more than one distinguished American, sufficiently assures me that any injustice I may have done to that land of freemen, if not long since wholly forgotten, is now remembered only to be forgiven."

I have learned from an American gentleman, to whom Mr. Everett communicated the circumstance, that Mr. Moore told him he often wished for an opportunity, in a public assemblage of American gentlemen, to give vent to some explanations of his former expressed opinions of America. The opportunity may yet be afforded, when, no doubt, he will amplify the brief but significant texts I have just quoted.

Mr. Moore's journey to the Falls of Niagara, and down the River St. Lawrence, through Canada, afforded material for many splendid productions. He writes in natural admiration of the breaking up of seas at Niagara, and says it resembled, in sublimity, a view of the heavens by moonlight, from among the ruins of the Coliseum of old Rome. His "Canadian Boat Song" was composed and sung while passing down the rapids.

In 1806 he was again in London, and he then published his *Travels in America*. Here he married a Miss Dyke, a most accomplished lady, from which happy union has grown a numerous family of sons and daughters. In 1807 he commenced writing his "Irish Melodies," in the arrangement of which to the old music of Ireland he was, as I have noted in my remarks on music, assisted by Sir John Stephenson. The sublime poetry in which those melodies are clothed is Moore's: the *airs*, or *tunes*, belong to the past ages of Ireland—to composers, many of whom are unknown, who, perhaps, fell unsung by the ruthless hand of the invader.

Many of those delightful melodies are scattered through this work, and will ever impart to it much of its value. Mr. Moore, writing to Sir John Stephenson, on this undertaking, most truly remarks, "While the composers of the continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland, — very often without the honesty of acknowledgment, — we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unreclaimed and fugitive. Thus our airs, like too many of our countrymen, for want of protection at home, have passed into the service of foreigners."

To the patriotic labors of Bunting, Moore, Miss Owenson, (Lady Morgan,) Sir John Stephenson, Bishop, and a few others, are we indebted for that splendid collection of music, known as "Moore's Melodies."

The success of this latter work lifted Moore to the loftiest literary eminence. He became universally known, and wherever known, became the favorite of the great of the day, particularly the whig or anti-tory party. Most of his amusing squibs and pasquinades, full of wit, sarcasm, fun, and ridicule, were produced under the influence of his political associates, who found them more subtle and effective weapons than the heavier broadsides of their newspapers. His "Letters to the Prince Regent," the "Twopenny Post Bag," "Fudge Family in Paris," and a thousand other similar things, are of this stamp. Indeed, he continues to the present day to fling out, at intervals, on the enemies of Ireland, those mischievous hand-grenades which scarcely ever fail to destroy the object at which they are aimed. Though the snow of five-and-sixty winters be on his head, his heart, like the Vesuvian crater, is burning still; and, in the beautiful idea of Sheridan, his soul seems as if it were a particle of fire separated from the sun, and was always fluttering to get back to that source of light and heat. To particularize his works in this sketch, is out of the question. I have before me *ten volumes* of poetical pieces, almost any one piece of which would give a literary reputation to any man. In his youth he wrote many lyrical pieces, under the assumed name of *Thomas Little*, charged with an amatory spirit, which he apologizes for in his years of gravity. His *Lalla Rookh*, founded on scenes and manners in the East, is equal to any poetic composition that ever appeared in any country. Every line contains an idea, and every idea is beautiful or brilliant, as becomes the theme. There is hardly a passion of the human heart that does not find expression in some unequalled passage of that beautiful production. Some resemblance may be found, in the heroes and villains of this grand Oriental poem, to those martyrs and inforners of unhappy Ireland, whose

images are ever present in the poet's mind; and that which confers upon it an additional merit, and proves the varied talents of the author, is the fact that Moore never was in that India he so accurately describes. Men travelled in that vast region have asked if Moore had been in India, and expressed their surprise on learning that he had not. This beautiful poem has been translated into every language of Europe, and has been dramatized, and acted in private theatricals, by emperors and princes. It is quite true, as Mr. M'Gee says, in his admirable sketch of Moore, ("O'Connell and his Friends,") that Lord Byron highly complimented him on this performance. "I shall not," says his lordship, "suffer the Misses Byron to read it, lest they discover there is a greater poet than their father."

His biographies are charming productions. O for such a pen to write his own! He has written the lives of Sheridan, Byron, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. These are in every body's hands, and will pass to other ages as models of the style biographical. He enjoyed the unrestrained friendship of Lord Byron during many of the latter years of that nobleman's life; and to Moore his lordship bequeathed, as a legacy, the memoirs of his life, written by himself. His last words, on quitting England for Greece, are moulded into the beautiful song, "Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!" On Lord Byron's death, Moore accordingly set about the publication of his autobiographical memoirs, the copyright of which he sold to his bookseller for two thousand pounds. The family of Lord Byron, becoming alarmed at the proposed publication, and being most anxious to suppress the work, proposed to Mr. Moore to pay him the full sum he had received from his bookseller, for its suppression. He declined the considerate offer, but placed all the materials in Lady Byron's possession, and they were immediately burned in his presence. The singularly high-minded delicacy of this act deprives me of the pleasing privilege of a single comment.

While the admiration of so high and self-sacrificing a principle is glowing in our minds, we may call to memory one or two other equally brilliant evidences of high-souled independence. Some time after his return from Bermuda, he found that the deputy whom he employed to perform his duties in that island, ran behind several thousand pounds in his accounts with the government, for which of course he became liable. In these circumstances he was naturally the object of sympathy. Some of his friends came forward to his aid. His bookseller proffered to advance him the money, and Lord Lansdowne proposed simply to pay it; both of which offers he refused, replying that he would retire to his closet

until he had earned the sum required, which, in a few years, he fully accomplished.

Again, when Catholic emancipation was carried, to which he contributed so very materially by his powerful poetical articles in the London Times, *kept up for several years*, in the very citadel of Ireland's enemies, he was offered the representation of Limerick by the grateful people of that unconquered city; and as it was known that he had not the property qualification of three hundred pounds a year, required by the laws of parliament, it was proposed to raise a public subscription to purchase for him an estate that would yield him the necessary income. This proposal Mr. Moore declined, from an over-refined sense of independence, — which, as an Irishman, I deeply regret, inasmuch as he has been obliged, in his old age, to accept a pension of three hundred pounds a year from the queen and government of England. It is quite true he has not solicited this pension; but during the reign of the Melbourne administration, when favors were showered upon the patriots of Ireland and upon the literati of England, it was deemed by the ministry very mean to *pass over Moore*; and I firmly believe it was to acquire reputation, more than to confer a substantial favor, that they recommended her majesty to confer three hundred pounds a year on the author of "The valley lay smiling before me."

Thomas Moore contributed very largely to that overflowing lake of popular enthusiasm, which, like his own Lough Neagh, swallowed up the towers and turrets of Protestant ascendancy. Those who lived through the perilous twenty-three years ranging from the death of Emmet to the accession of Canning, during which Moore wrote his most scathing and galling tirades against the governing party, may appreciate his courage, his patriotism, and his services. One thing may be mentioned, which, I think, shielded him in some measure; he resided constantly in England, where, if he must be prosecuted, he would have the benefit of a fair jury — a thing which no man could, or *at present can*, be certain of in Ireland, for the "packing system," practised by the government so lately as 1844, proves to us that the *will* to trample on Ireland remains as firm as ever, though the *means* be somewhat diminished.

Here are a couple of specimens of his style: —

The following half-dozen stanzas are taken from a collection in which there are thousands as witty and as scathing. It is for scholars to say whether Moore does not equal Horace or Juvenal, Hudibras or Swift, in powers of sarcasm.



REFLECTIONS ADDRESSED TO THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,  
*In Reply to a Recommendation to increase the Church Establishment in Ireland, as  
 the grand Means of tranquillizing the People.*

"I'm quite of your mind ; though these Pats cry aloud  
 That they 've got too much church, 'tis all nonsense and stuff ;  
 For church is like love, of which Figaro vowed  
 That even *too much* of it 's not quite enough !

Ay, dose them with parsons ; 'twill cure all their ills ;  
 Copy Morrison's mode, when, from pill-box, undaunted he  
 Pours through the patient his black-coated pills,  
 Nor cares what their quality, so there's but quantity.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm therefore, dear Quarterly, quite of your mind :  
 Church, church in all shapes, into Erin let's pour ;  
 And the more she rejecteth our med'cine so kind,  
 The more let's repeat it — '*Black dose, as before.*'

Let Coercion, that peace-maker, go hand in hand  
 With demure-eyed Conversion, fit sister and brother ;  
 And, covering with prisons and churches the land,  
 All that won't go to *one* we'll put *into* the other."

The following was addressed, in 1828, to the Duke of Newcastle,  
 who was a violent opponent of Catholic emancipation : —

WRITE ON, WRITE ON.

*Salvata fratres asini.* — ST. FRANCIS.

"Write on, write on, ye barons dear ;  
 Ye dukes, write hard and fast ;  
 The good we've sought for many a year  
 Your quills will bring at last.  
 One letter more, *Newcastle*, pen,  
 To match Lord *Kenyon's* two,  
 And more than Ireland's host of men  
 One brace of peers will do.

Sure, never, since the precious use  
 Of pen and ink began,  
 Did letters writ by fools produce  
 Such signal good to man.  
 While intellect, 'mong high and low,  
 Is marching on, they say,  
 Give me the dukes and lords who go,  
 Like crabs, the other way.

Even now I feel the coming light ;  
 Even now, could folly lure  
 My lord *Mountcashell*, too, to write,  
 Emancipation 's sure.  
 By geese (we read in history)  
 Old Rome was saved from ill,  
 And now to *quills* of geese we see  
 Is Rome indebted still.

Write, write, ye peers, nor stoop to style,  
 Nor beat for sense about ;  
 Things little worth a noble's while  
 You're better far without.  
 O, ne'er since asses spoke, of yore,  
 Such miracles were done ;  
 For write but four such letters more,  
 And freedom's cause is won."

His humorous historical epitome, entitled *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, published in 1825, while the agitation for emancipation was at the highest, was certainly the most widely-circulated commentary on the history of Ireland ever published. Captain Rock was the supposed hero of Irish insurrection against English oppression, and under his various adventures the policy of England is thoroughly exposed and ridiculed. I remember that the *Dublin Evening Mail*, the organ of the dominant faction in Ireland, published the entire of the work in the course of two or three impressions. His *Loves of the Angels*, and his *Epicurean*, are productions of the highest class, in their way.

Moore's incomplete *History of Ireland* is a failure. This is the opinion of some of the most learned and patriotic men of Ireland. Mr. Moore is as unfitted, by nature and habits, for the black-letter plodding of an historian, as he is for the drudgery of a lawyer ; both walks are almost the opposite of those which he loves to tread.

I cannot avoid noting, that a coldness exists between Moore and O'Connell. I never have heard any sufficient reasons given for this. They are both men whom not only their own countrymen, but all the liberal and patriotic portion of mankind, love and revere. Their walks in the fields of intellect are different ; their talents different, affording no opportunity for the animosity of rivalry to insert its dissevering wedge. Their hearts are moulded from the same true Irish metal. Both have exalted and adorned their country's fame. Both have borrowed powers and radiance from each other. O'Connell seldom makes a grand speech without pointing his shafts with the poetic metal of Moore ; and Moore has found many a beautiful image for his muse in the boundless

creations of O'Connell. It is painful to the Irish heart to contemplate the estrangement of these great men. Some little shafts have dropped from the poet's quiver, which may have wounded the mighty chief of Erin. But both these men have more magnanimity than usually falls to the lot of ordinary individuals.

Who, so well as either of them, can picture forth "the curse of division"? Who can describe its disastrous effects on the fate of Erin, like him who wrote —

"And when your tyrants joined in hate,  
You never joined in love"?

How can we feel surprise at the broils and battles of the less enlightened chiefs of other days, when now, with the advantage of all our knowledge and bitter experience, those whom we, in our day, are proud to acknowledge as our chiefs, are separated from each other by the action of their proud feelings?

Alas for Erin that I write it, too many of her most able and brilliant men are now estranged from each other; and truly may I remark, in the words of Sir Richard Steele —

"You'd think no fools lived in the latter reign,  
Did not some grave examples yet remain."

Could we behold Moore, O'Connell, and Shiel, once more united upon their country's platform, what boundless hope, and joy, and courage, would spring into our hearts! O for some Heaven-sent messenger to unite again this triple constellation, whose heat and rays would warm and direct the sons of Erin in their path to freedom!

Mr. Moore has lived almost all his life out of his native country. Fallen and poor, she was unable to reward his genius. London offered that market for his labors which has attracted to its dazzling centre so many brilliant spirits from the "land of eloquence and song." In 1807-8, he went over Ireland in company with Sir John Stephenson, collecting the old native tunes from the cottage and the castle. In 1815, he wrote his "Farewell to the Harp," fearing, as he said, that he should exhaust the bright treasures of Irish music, and begin to gather but the seed pearls; but again resumed it, and has written to some subsequently-discovered tunes a series of charming songs. In 1818, he again visited his country, when he was entertained at a grand public dinner in Dublin, the Earl of Charlemont presiding, — his father sitting on one side, and himself on the other, of the noble chairman. He came to Ireland again in 1835; and on that occasion, his fame still ascending and extending, he was entertained in an extraordinary manner

in the county Wexford, the birthplace of his fathers, in a style befitting a bard of the people. Nine virgins clothed in white, wreathed with laurel and shamrocks, danced before him, singing his praise after the ancient practice of Ireland. At the conclusion of this national dance, one above the rest, the queen, placed upon his head the poet's crown, composed of laurel, roses, and shamrocks. This singular but gratifying ceremony was superintended by Mr. Boyce, of Bannow.

In 1838, he again visited Ireland. His appearance and reception at the Dublin theatre I have noticed in my chapter on music. (See page 236.) His musical powers, and the taste he evinces in singing his own melodies, are there also described.

Although he has received considerable sums, from time to time, for his works, yet these fell far short of their worth. For instance, he received for *Lalla Rookh* three thousand guineas; but that work yielded to Longman & Co., it is said, twenty thousand pounds; the *Life of Sheridan* brought two thousand guineas; for his *Irish Melodies*, he got five or six thousand pounds, besides an annuity of five hundred pounds a year from Power, the publisher; but Power became a bankrupt, and from that source his income was cut off. His booksellers may be said to have drunk rich draughts from his skull. As a musical poet or melodist, he stands above all the men of his day in Europe. He has been writing for *half a century*, and the last of his productions sparkle, and play, and dance on the surface, as lively as those of his youth, while the current of wisdom, wit, and thought beneath, has swelled in width and depth. As Bunting's music inspired Moore, so Moore's divine combinations of poetry and music inspired others; and thus a new growth of national bards appear, who are fully capable to transmit the loud song of liberty to the next generation. The Right Rev. Dr. M'Hale has stamped his approbation upon many of Moore's melodies, by translating them into the Irish language. I have those patriotic, I may add sacred pieces before me, printed in the Irish character. The selection made by his Grace of Tuam has guided me, to some extent, in that which I present. Moore was for many years in receipt of five hundred pounds per annum for writing in the *London Times*; but when that paper turned against the whigs, he transferred his contributions to the *Morning Chronicle*, from which, until lately, he received an income, though somewhat less than that paid him by the *Times*. For some time after the appearance of the *Dublin Nation*, it was conjectured that he wrote for that paper; but this is not a fact.

In the opinion of Lord Byron, Moore will live in his *Irish Melodies* for ever, and in his own expressive language we may say

“ Even should his memory now die away,  
 ’Twill be caught up again in some happier day,  
 And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,  
 Through the answering future, his name and his song. ”

His monody on the death of Sheridan, which will be found under the sketch of that extraordinary man, a few pages onward, is the most perfect piece of its kind that ever was written.

And now, having given the reader a sketch of the poet’s life, I conclude with unveiling a half-length portrait of his person.

Behold TOM MOORE, the bard of Erin, “ the admired of every circle, and the idol of his own! ”

Long may he live to shield her honored name,  
 And give her race an everlasting fame!

#### DR. DRENNAN.

Dr. Drennan was the war bard of ’98. His songs were written for the occasion, to instruct and to inspire. They were sung at every table in the country, surrounded by the patriotic. He flung his compositions into the “ Northern Star,” and the “ Press,” but principally into the latter. When Orr was executed, he wrote a beautiful ode to his memory, beginning with, “ O, wake him not with woman’s tears!” which had a wonderful effect on the nation; it roused them to the madness of revenge. It was he who wrote the immortal song beginning “ When Erin first rose,” and another, in which Ireland, for the first time, was called the “ Emerald Isle,” a patronymic at once appropriate and lasting. Drennan had written, in 1784, some able prose pieces, one of which, signed “ The Irish Helot ” stands unrivalled. He was one of the distinguished little band who formed the political and literary club of 1790, in Belfast, which included in its circle Tone, Drennan, Peter Burrowes, Russell, T. A. Emmet, Stokes, and Neilson. By some means unknown to me, he escaped the agents of the crown, and, when a general pardon was proclaimed, went to reside in Belfast, where, for five or six years, he published a very able periodical, called the “ Belfast Magazine,” which he conducted, in conjunction with Messrs. Templeton and Hancock, from 1809 to 1814. It was a very able publication. Drennan died in Belfast, in 1820, and is buried near Haliday, in the churchyard.

#### SURGEON LAWLESS,

the friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was a man of the mildest manners and the bravest heart. He escaped from Dublin the night before the ar-

rest of Sheares, made his way to France, and entered and was promoted in the French service. Attracting by his bravery the distinguished notice of Napoleon, he was appointed to the rank of general. At Walcheren, his intrepidity excited the admiration of both armies. When the town was taken by the British, he maintained his post with great bravery for a considerable time, and, when compelled to retreat, he wrapped his colors round his body, and swam to a boat in the middle of the harbor amid a volley of bullets. At the battle of Dresden, he lost a leg. He died in Paris, 1824, respected and beloved by all. Had he, Lord Edward, Colonel Lumm, and Plunket, reached the battle-ground of Kildare with twenty thousand men, they would have proved themselves heroes and victors!

#### PETER FINNERTY

was the editor and printer of the "Press," which he published at No. 62 Abbey Street, from 1796 to 1797. He was prosecuted for the celebrated letter signed "Marcus," addressed to Lord Camden, which appeared in that paper, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. After the rebellion, he went to London, where, like many of his literary countrymen, he found employment on the press as a reporter, in which profession he excelled. He was the most celebrated wit of that supremely witty fraternity, the republic of London reporters. In 1810, he published a pamphlet or letter, in which he lacerated Lord Castlereagh for his tortures, whippings, and murders, during the years 1798-9—for which he was prosecuted under the law of libel. He defended himself in court very ably, but was, of course, found guilty; for, in England, the greater the crimes of a man, the greater is the "libel" which proclaims them. Poor Finnerty, for this, was cast into jail, and suffered a long imprisonment and a heavy fine. He was an Irishman of undoubted patriotism, original mind, great talent, and the scourge of the enemies of his country.

#### WATTY COX;

one of the most singular and eccentric of the United Irishmen. He was the son of a blacksmith, of decent circumstances, in Westmeath, who was seized and illegally imprisoned under the proclamation of Lord Carhampton, on suspicion of Defenderism, from which he was subsequently liberated. The youth Walter was bound to the business of a gunsmith. Powell, his master, was a contractor for guns to the government. Cox left him, and set up for himself; married, was deprived of his wife

by death; married a second, who was rich. He joined the United men about '96, and, having been in the habit of writing squibs for the papers, started the "Union Star." Having learned to set up types, he edited, composed, and printed the paper himself, in a cellar, and sent it for sale to other parts of the city. The reader may perceive, from this, that Cox was no common man. This paper contained the most violent denunciations against the government and those who aided them. It marked out for assassination such individuals as were conspicuous in torturing the people or burning their houses; for it argued that assassination was the only remedy open to the oppressed people, redress having been denied them in the tribunals of justice. The paper was printed only on one side, that it might be posted up on the walls; and, still more extraordinary, this paper, was set up in Little Ship Street, within a few yards of the castle.

Cox's paper embarrassed the United leaders much, for it brought down odium on their cause. Thomas Addis Emmet and Arthur O'Connor denounced it in the "Press." The government were, at first, apparently pleased at the language of the "Star," for it justified, in part, their brutal treatment of those whom they were pleased to call rebels. But after about sixteen months of its existence, they offered a very large reward for the writers and printer. It appears that no leading person was connected with the paper. Cox, fearing, as it is said, to be discovered, formed the singular design of anticipating the informers of the day by informing on himself! Before he took this bold step, he consulted with Arthur O'Connor, who advised him to it, by all means, as the best way of compromising for the libels he had published, but cautioned him against discovering any thing about others. Cox accordingly had an interview with Cooke, the under-secretary; obtained for himself, in the first instance, a written pardon for all offences of which he might have been guilty against the government, and, having this in his pocket, coolly announced himself as the sole editor, compositor, printer, and publisher of the "Union Star," and, with an effrontery which none but Cox could assume, demanded the reward for informing on himself! The secretary and the castle functionaries were astounded at his boldness, but deemed it likely that they could make some use of him; and, though they did not pay him the advertised reward, they treated him with marked civility, and put to him a variety of questions; but it does not appear that Cox ever betrayed even one of the leaders of the United men, and whatsoever he may have told the secretary, to amuse or put him on a wrong scent, it never appeared that he made any disclosures

against his companions in the conspiracy. He was intimate with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave him the map of Dublin, with the weak parts marked, which was found in his lordship's desk, and which Cox went before the privy council and owned.

Dr. Madden more than insinuates against him foul play, for he says that, in some years after the insurrection, Cox, on his first return from France, considered himself neglected by the government, and, for the purpose of annoying it, set up, in November, 1807, the "Irish Magazine," commonly called "Watty Cox's Magazine," which he published for many years, to the great annoyance of the administration. This publication, which came out monthly, was a curious compound of scurrility, patriotism, denunciation, talent, and gossip. It was certainly a sore thorn in the side of the tory government of that day; and, if Cox had been an informer in previous years, some means would have been taken, by the government, to prove him so before the Irish public, when his powers of annoyance would instantly cease; for so odious is the character of an informer in the eyes of the Irish, that they will not have even a service conferred on them by such a one. It is true that *Brennan*, the "wrestling doctor," who was engaged with Cox in publishing the Magazine, and who quarrelled with him, and set up an opposition "monthly," charges him with betraying Lord Edward, and Russell also, the associate of Robert Emmet. But no circumstantial evidence is offered by Brennan, whose own character was very faulty; and, though a talented person, he was a sad libeller of the good as well as the bad.

Without attempting either to defend or impugn Cox, I may note, for their singularity, a few of the circumstances of his life. His system of attack on the Irish government through his Magazine, from the years 1807 to 1814, was unprecedented for its effect in the annals of the press. Being well acquainted with the character of all the meaner agents of the administration, having his mind full of the dreadful reminiscences of the castle-yard during the reign of blood and spies, he was enabled to scald the chiefs of the Irish government, once a month, with a compound of truth, sarcasm, filth, wit, ridicule, and denunciation, which was far less supportable than the most polished compositions. Wood-cuts were given of the various horrible expedients of torture used by Beresford, "the majors," and the Orange magistrates. He was used to offer up, once a month, some new victim to public scorn, whose ancestry, life, deeds, and effigy, were displayed to the public gaze, laughter, and contempt. The administration and their friends were in constant alarm. The Orange magistrates in the interior were in daily dread of being gib-



beted by him; and truth bids me say that they were more afraid of Watty Cox, for the seven years of his rule, than of God or Satan.

Cox was of course prosecuted. He was found guilty of libel, and sent to Newgate. No sooner was he liberated from one imprisonment than we find him brought from his prison to the dock, to undergo, for his innumerable sins, a new trial, a new fine, and a new imprisonment. He was pilloried, sentenced to almost perpetual imprisonment, and still his Magazine appeared with unswerving regularity and boldness. He had become, by long practice, an able writer. His style was his own, perfectly so. Those who have read Cobbett much — and who are they that have not? — would recognize in Cox's style a striking resemblance to that great master of English composition.

The article which called down the heaviest vengeance of the government, was the celebrated and very clever paper called "The Painter cut;" a paper ably, but mysteriously worded, in which Ireland was presented to the mind as a small boat attached, by cords, to a ship, (England,) which might be easily, and ought to be, cut away. For this he was doomed to a long imprisonment. The article was not written by him, but by a Mr. "T. F.,"\* of Carlow, whom, to the last, he refused to give up to government. His shop and shopmen were seized for fines. The men who carried round his Magazine were arrested, and sentenced to short terms of imprisonment; but all was not able to crush him. He changed his shopmen, and at one time employed the celebrated Bryan Maguire, of duelling notoriety, whose name was a terror to many of the small deer of ascendancy.

At length the government, seeing no way of silencing the battery of his pen, sent a flag of truce to his room in Newgate, where he had contentedly lived for three or four years. A compromise was effected, by which he was to receive a pension of one hundred pounds a year on leaving the British dominions forever. He came to America in 1818, resided in New York for a couple of years, where he established some periodical, in which he first praised the country, but afterwards severely attacked it. He left America for France in 1821, where he learned that the heads of the Irish government were talking of discontinuing his annuity; on hearing which he wrote a letter to a friend connected with the castle, in which he declared, with an oath, that, "if they stopped his pension, he would invade Ireland."

He subsequently returned to Ireland, and continued to receive his pension in peace. During the liberal administration of Lord Wellesley, in 1822-3, the Orangemen set up a paper to abuse that nobleman, which

\* Thomas Finn.

they called the "Dublin Evening Mail." This paper was started by a person named *Hayden*, of some talents, but of low station, and Cox started a small weekly sheet, which retorted on the "Mail" in suitable billingsgate. This thing was called "Watty Cox Grinding the Mail," and was an amusing bit of trash while it lived. The Irish government being then different in its politics to what it used to be, Cox supported it heartily, and abused its enemies. But on the accession of the Earl of Mulgrave (now the Marquis of Normanby) to the chief government of Ireland, a general overhauling of the castle pensions took place, and Cox's, amongst others, was ordered to be discontinued. Poor Cox felt this severe blow in his old age. He remonstrated, showing that the government of Mr. Peel entered into a compromise to pay him one hundred pounds a year during his life, as the price of his silence. He had kept faith, and it was hard to be thus cashiered at the end of nineteen years' existence of the compact. Lord Mulgrave ordered him one last hundred pounds; soon after which, in 1837, poor Cox died, at the age of sixty-seven. The small house in which he lived in Finglass, with three or four acres of ground, he bequeathed to a Mr. Crosbie. He was a Catholic through life, and was attended in his last moments by the Rev. Mr. Kelly, of Lucan. There was not one of all the men who were raised from the people by the oppressions of the government, who proved so powerful an opponent of that government as Cox, — which shows how far more potent is the pen than the sword.

#### PETER BURROWES.

The life of this most honest among honest patriots, affords no very striking material for biography. He was one of that illustrious circle who gave birth to the sentiment of genuine religious liberty and friendship in the north of Ireland, in 1790–91. The trusted companion of Tone and Russell, of Neilson, and Tandy, and Rowan, he never swerved from their principles, and was only more fortunate than they were in escaping the vengeance of government, for he was a United Irishman all through. A Protestant, he ever inculcated toleration and Christian charity among his brother Protestants towards their Catholic brethren; a member of the Irish parliament during the bribery and intimidation of 1799 and 1800, he voted on every division against the union; nor did he subsequently, while pursuing his profession at the bar, accept of any appointment from the dominant plunderers of his country's independence. On the accession of the whigs to office in 1832, (I think it was,) he was promoted to a commissionership, in the Insolvent Court, Dublin, which, I

believe, brought him an income of seven or eight hundred pounds a year. He was born in 1750, and died in 1841, over ninety years of age, full of honor and years.

#### DR. MACNEVEN.

William James Macneven has written his name in lasting characters on the history of his country. The present sketch is to serve as an index-reference to the share this patriotic man had in the affairs of Ireland from 1792 to 1805. His name appears in almost every page of this book which covers that period.

In 1792, young Macneven, who was a doctor by profession, and a Catholic in creed, was sent from the town of Navan as the delegate of that district to the celebrated Catholic convention, which sat at the Tailors' Hall, Dublin. Macneven it was who proposed, in a strikingly eloquent speech, the celebrated resolution calling on the Catholics of Ireland to demand full and complete equality with Protestants; to accept nothing less; which was *then* considered a bold resolution. It was carried in the convention with acclamation, and produced quite as much animation among the Catholics of Ireland as did the celebrated resolutions of Patrick Henry among the American people.

Macneven, from this point, was admired by the Catholics, and stood forward as one of their most promising advocates. In 1795, he spoke, in the Catholic chapel of Francis Street, against the then mooted proposition of a parliamentary union with England, and said that he and his fellow-Catholics would never accept any part of their rights on condition of voting for the annihilation of their parliament. In 1796, he joined the directory of the United Irishmen; in 1797, was sent as their ambassador to France; in 1798, was arrested, and kept a prisoner till 1802. On his liberation, he went to France, entered the army of Napoleon, for the purpose, as he writes, of learning tactics, and to accompany another French expedition to Ireland, with the hope of making one other attempt, in conjunction with R. Emmet and T. Russell, for the liberation of his country. Remaining long enough in France to witness every effort frustrated, and every hope extinguished, (see his letter, page 1080,) he resolved, as he says, to be no party to Bonaparte's plan of agitating Ireland merely to frighten England into a peace.

In this frame of mind he left France for the United States, where he landed on the 4th of July, 1805. His letter vividly describes his impressions of America and his personal prospects. It seems that the English government had made efforts, through Mr. Rufus King, the

American minister in London, to have the distinguished exiles rejected from the free soil of America. But King, it appears, had no authority from his government to warrant such an inhospitable proceeding. Macneven and Emmet, in their "Pieces of History," scathed him on his own ground. They say, "The very oppressions which the Irish suffer at home, teach them to prize the freedom of America more ardently than is always done by her native sons, who have the exalted privilege of knowing nothing of despotism but what they learn from the descriptions of other nations. If they may be justly reputed the best Americans who feel most devotion to our republican institutions, those whom Mr. King sought to exclude from our shores will be found to have juster pretensions than many who claim extraordinary merit for being a degree or two removed from a European ancestor" — an argument equally forcible, at the present day, against a class of men who are trying to establish the exclusive principles of Mr. Rufus King, which had been execrated by the people of this happy Union.

Dr. Macneven's professional success in New York was equalled only by his profound scientific skill and his own exalted personal character. For *five-and-thirty years* did he practise in that city, winning a high reputation for himself and his country. He was appointed to the professorship of several branches of public education. The chairs of chemistry and medicine, from which he lectured, afforded him an opportunity to develop those stores of knowledge and that unsurpassed eloquence which nature and education had conferred upon him. His knowledge and his virtues reflected honor upon his exiled countrymen in America, whose destiny was to labor for their daily bread. He was ever the genuine and generous friend of his poorer countrymen, whom fate had driven to the American shore. Such of them as were sick he attended without charge; such of them as were poor he relieved.

Nor did he, in his affluence, or the hurry of business, forget the struggles of his native land for her liberties. When O'Connell formed the Catholic association, Dr. Macneven and T. A. Emmet were the foremost men of America to call up its sympathy in aid of the struggle. Several important contributions from New York swelled the exchequer of the Catholic association in the years 1825 to 1828; and when repeal was started, in 1840, Dr. Macneven was to be found, even on the verge of death, breathing his patriotic spirit into his countrymen. He died in July, 1841, at seventy years of age, full of years and honors. His admiring countrymen in New York have entered into a subscription to raise a suitable monument to his memory; and it will soon, I hope, be erected, to telegraph to other ages the virtues of one of the most true-

hearted sons of Ireland. One of his last beneficent acts towards his unfriended countrymen was the establishment of the "Immigrant Society" of New York, in which he was assisted by Dr. Hogan and other patriotic gentlemen.

The sons of Dr. Macneven, of New York, inherit their father's virtues, and enjoy a good share of his medical practice. They are the prompt friends of unhappy Ireland upon every legitimate occasion.

#### THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

T. A. Emmet has, like Dr. Macneven, written his name, by patriotic deeds, upon the history of Ireland. He belongs to a family in which, as it was eloquently remarked by Charles Phillips, patriotism and genius were hereditary. His father was the most eminent physician in Ireland; and his brothers, *Temple* and *Robert*, were endowed with genius and talents of the highest order. The name of EMMET is engraven on the heart of Ireland, and the waves of persecution or of time shall never wear away the dear impression.

It would be to write over again the previous two hundred pages, to sketch the life of Thomas A. Emmet. He was, as I have stated before, educated for the medical profession, and passed with the highest credit through the university and the medical schools of Dublin, esteemed by the faculty among the first in Europe. He next graduated in the medical colleges of Edinburgh, where he was so much honored as to be at one time the chosen president of *five* scientific societies. He attended some time at the London hospitals, to acquire a knowledge of practice, and then passed, at his father's request and expense, through some of the medical schools of Europe, particularly that of Paris.

On learning that his brother Temple, the lawyer, had died, he turned his mind, at the request of his father, to the study of law. In this new and still more arduous avocation, he showed, when called to the bar, capacity, genius, and eloquence. When he joined the Catholic cause, in 1792, he was in the enjoyment of a good business. He came forward when few Protestants were found to advocate the emancipation of their Catholic brethren. He was the companion of Tone, Hutton, John Keough, Sweetman, Byrne, M'Donnell, Macneven, and the other men of that era, who, by their vigor, patriotism, and talent, broke some of the Catholic's chains, and enabled him to break the remainder himself. When he first joined the Catholic committee, (remarked Tone,) and spoke at their board, the members were so struck by his eloquence and air, that they vented their admiration in exclamations of "Oh! oh!"

In 1796, he defended and procured the acquittal of some United Irishmen, and in 1797 joined the directory of that body. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, O'Connor, and Macneven, had previously joined that body. His wisdom and talent were highly appreciated by his companions. I may mention here, as a thing worth remembering, that Mr. Emmet told his friend, General Haines, that "so well organized were the United Irishmen, they learned almost every thing which the British government had resolved on to embarrass them, except the fatal arrests. He further said that a very considerable portion of the British fleet would have been brought into the ports of Ireland by the Irish sailors, had the revolution been once vigorously commenced. *The plan was concerted to effect the object.* "Had Ireland," he adds, "never relied at all on France, I have always apprehended that her prospects might have been better realized. The French having once promised, the reliance on this promise more or less embarrassed every thing." The reader who has passed his eyes over the affairs of 1798, need not be told of all he did and suffered. He and Macneven, on their liberation, made their way to France. In the course of the journey, he met his brother Robert, for the last time, at Brussels. He and the other state prisoners entered the army of Napoleon with a view to learn military tactics, and accompany another French expedition to Ireland, which the fickle chief of France had promised them for the liberation of their country. But, like Macneven, observing that the first consul used them only as "scarecrows to frighten England," he quitted the French service, and came out to the United States.

On his arrival in New York, he was received on the beach by a crowd of his countrymen, with whom some of the first inhabitants of that city joined in offering him welcome and the hospitality of the country. Mr. Emmet's speech on that occasion is a lasting memorial of his eloquence and sensibility. It would be in this book if there was room.

He had been only a few months in New York when the legislature of that state gave him a special license to plead as a lawyer in all their courts. This was, perhaps, the highest compliment ever conferred by that, or any other state, upon a foreigner, who had no claim upon their friendship but that which his virtues, his talents, and his sufferings, had created.

It is not within my plan to pursue Mr. Emmet in his brilliant career at the New York bar. The great extent of his knowledge — scientific, historical, political, and legal — made him the ablest man at that bar, and fed his skilful tongue with inexhaustible eloquence. It is hardly necessary to say that a most profitable stream of business flowed in upon him. He was deemed by General Haines, himself an American lawyer, to be the

most eloquent man in the United States. Mr. Duer, an American, thinks he was not surpassed in eloquence by any of his countrymen but Burke. An American, writing of him in the *Truth-teller*, of February, 1832, has the following remarks upon his oratory: "As a jury lawyer, he was decidedly the greatest I ever listened to. Men who had controlled and enchained senates were powerless beside him when he thundered on or conciliated the jury-box. In the last cause which tasked his mighty efforts, he soared above Webster and Van Buren. He died, as a great lawyer should die, in the midst of his professional exertions, surrounded by his professional associates, in the very room, and within the very walls, that a few hours before had echoed to his thrilling voice. Judges whom he had delighted mingled their tears with those of his brethren at the bar over his remains."

His speech against the Orangemen of New York on a riot case, coming as it did from an Irish Protestant, melted the judge and jury into tears; for he pictured to them, from his vivid memory, in words of fire, the scenes of desolation which that misguided party inflicted upon their native country. This single speech broke down the Orange party in America. The authorities from that day forbade their public parade.

During the twenty years of his practice at the bar of New York, his eloquent voice was eternally heard in the court-house, reflecting each new day, upon his countrymen in exile, a new ray of honor and reputation. The continued action of Macneven and Emmet, through the medium of science, politics, and law, upon the public mind of New York, for so long a period, brightened and purified the horizon over the heads of their exiled countrymen, forming a healthy public opinion, of which Irishmen, for years to come, will be the participants.

Consistent with his early principles, he struggled in exile to aid his Catholic countrymen to establish their emancipation. Himself and Macneven toiled together in New York to send money home to the Catholic association; and he anticipated, though he had not the gratification to witness before he descended into the grave, the triumph of at least one of the great questions for which he periled life and fortune—the emancipation of his Catholic fellow-countrymen.

He died in the Sessions Court, in the midst of a forensic display, in November, 1827, at the age of sixty-three. His first professional display at the New York bar was made as counsel for the Manumission Society, and his last was the defence of a bequest to superannuated freemen.

Dr. Macneven, his inseparable friend, for thirty years, in peril and affluence, was appropriately selected to pronounce his eulogy, which reflected credit alike on the living and the dead. The following beauti-

ful passage deserves immortality : " It is the historical fate of patriotism, when exerted in advance of general intelligence, to attract the vengeance of alarmed power, while it receives only the timid assent of hesitating friends. Persecuted on one side, unsustained on the other, the monumental fame of genius alone survives, and, like the splendid ruins in the Palmyrian deserts, gains a solemn sublimity from the surrounding desolation."

His admiring countrymen of New York erected a splendid monument to his memory in St. Paul's church-yard, Broadway, to glad the eyes of every new exile that seeks the shores of Columbia. It is an obelisk thirty feet high, consisting of one beautiful block of white Italian marble. His epitaph was penned by two eminent Americans and one Irishman. One inscription in the Latin, one in the English, and one in the Irish language. The latter was written by his gifted Catholic countryman, the Right Rev. Dr. England, bishop of Charleston. The following is a translation :— " He contemplated invaluable benefits for the land of his birth ; he gave eclat to the land of his death, and received in return her love and admiration. He was born in Cork, 1764, died in New York, 1827."

Mr. Emmet has left two sons, T. A. and Robert Emmet, who enjoy honors and legal business in that city. Mr. Robert Emmet, of New York, was born in the prison of Fort George. The latter has two sons, Robert and A——, who inherit the family predilection for liberty and Ireland.

#### ARTHUR O'CONNOR ;

the last link of that formidable combination of 1798, whose power the sword of fate alone was sufficient to destroy. This venerable exile, who is now beyond eighty years of age, resides in Paris, where he has lived for forty years. Presuming that the reader has perused the pages I have devoted to the rise, progress, and conclusion, of that powerful conspiracy, — the leader of which he will recognize in Arthur O'Connor, a Protestant, but descended from the old Milesian kings ; the proprietor of the " Press ;" the head of the United Irishmen ; the most daring and eloquent member of the Irish house of commons ; the chief ambassador from Ireland to France for the ratification of an alliance ; the *Carnot* of the Irish directory, and the terror of Clare and Castlereagh, — I shall not retravel that ground, but content myself with remarking that Arthur O'Connor, with his fellow-prisoners, on their liberation from Fort George, entered into the army of Napoleon, receiving command in a brigade



composed of all the Irishmen who had contrived to escape to France during the previous seven years. O'Connor was created general of division in the French service, and was much in favor with Napoleon, for he was gifted with a powerful, original, and well-cultivated mind.

I am not so well acquainted with the history of his latter years as to venture a statement. He married a wealthy lady, whose name he added to his own. I understand he continued to enjoy the friendship of the emperor until his fall, and I believe he retained his rank and pay in the French service for many years after, and that he still receives a retired allowance suitable to his rank. A few years ago, he obtained liberty from the British government to visit his relatives in Ireland, with a view to make some arrangements touching his property in the south of Ireland. He is designated, in Paris, the *Chevalier O'Connor*, and enjoys tolerable health for one of his advanced age.

#### JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

We have now reached the most talented man that appeared in Ireland during the eighteenth century. He was, perhaps, the most eloquent, certainly the most witty, and, beyond question, one of the most steadfast and incorruptible of her patriots. Born of humble parents, in an obscure village, he rose from the depths of poverty to high dignities in the state, without forfeiting the smallest particle of that unbounded confidence which the masses of his countrymen reposed in him, from the hour when his value became known, till the hour of his death.

John Philpot Curran was the ragged son of a poor farmer of Newmarket, in the county of Cork. His father, whose ancestry could be traced no higher than Cromwell's invasion, happened to have some employment in the court-house of that town. Having a numerous family to provide for, and being obliged to work hard to maintain his children, he took little care of their education. That part of the family concerns was left to Mrs. Curran. The village school received him as an early pupil, where he soon evinced a capacity superior to his little ragged companions, and, in the hours of play, proved his superiority in the variegated sciences of marbles and chuck-farthings, evincing a sportive fancy in all the arch pranks and practical stratagems of the play-ground.

One of the first incentives to his eloquence, he relates himself, was his volunteer performance of Punch's man in a strolling puppet-show. The proprietor of this humble company accepted young Curran's offer to talk low wit and scandal, behind the scenes, of all the village folks,

on condition that he should be kept sacred and *incog*. The thing took admirably. The "house," *i. e.* *barn*, was crowded nightly. The future orator, judge, and senator, enjoyed the ecstasy of disclosing every private amour, caricaturing every remarkable character, and mimicking all the old maids and scolding wives in the parish.

The natural talents, in this and in hundreds of other instances, displayed by young Curran, attracted the notice of a generous lady named Allworthy, who took the neglected boy under her protection, and undertook to pay for his education in the grammar-school of Middleton. From this, at the expense of a worthy gentleman, Mr. ———, he was duly transferred to Trinity College, which he entered as a *sizar*, that is, monitor or assistant teacher, in which office he was to earn his living and education in the college. He did not distinguish himself; but his great and original mind received a formation which, on the wide theatre of the world, shone forth in all the rich effulgence so beautifully expressed by Moore:—

"As streams that run o'er golden mines  
With modest murmur glide,  
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines  
Beneath their gentle tide,—  
So, veiled beneath a simple guise,  
Thy radiant genius shone,  
And that which charmed all other eyes  
Seemed worthless in thy own."

Curran left college, in 1771, to enter the law Temple of London, where the provincial subjection of Ireland renders it necessary for all her law students to repair, for the purpose of receiving, ere they shall plead at the Irish bar, the stamp of English degradation on their brow. Here he had, like many of his countrymen before him, to support himself by his contributions to the literature, or the fun, of the periodicals of London, which then, as now, were enriched, and chiefly sustained, by Irish talent, which reluctantly seeks reward in that centre of affluence and legislation.

On his return to Ireland, in 1775, he was called to the bar, and passed the first few years in a state of neglected poverty. For a long time, he went the Munster circuit, more, as it would seem, to acquire the practice of the county assizes, than in the hope of deriving any income; for his fees were hardly enough to pay his hotel bills. In one of those southern journeys, he saw and was smitten with a Miss O'Del, to whom he offered his hand, which being favorably received, they were married. The youthful barrister had thenceforth to provide for an additional expense; and we may judge of his poignant feelings on finding himself, for years,

without business, while his young family increased. Few minds, indeed, could bear up with such elasticity and vivacity against the accumulated troubles that fell to his lot.

It was at a contested election that Curran, who was employed for one of the candidates, first gave evidence of his powers of sarcasm and eloquence, in reply to a sneer upon his poor dress, from his opponent. This reply, so unexpected, and yet so powerful and withering, fixed public attention on the man. From thenceforward he rose into notice and business. It is not in my power to give room to the many peculiar cases he was engaged in, by which, as steps in the ladder to fame, he ascended higher each day. He was once employed in the south to prosecute a Mr. *Sellinger*, who assaulted a Catholic clergyman. Though Curran was a Protestant, he defended and lauded the Catholics, upon this occasion, with such generous sincerity, that it ushered him into the affections of that numerous body of his countrymen. A duel grew out of this lawsuit. Curran met his antagonist, *Sellinger*, received his fire, but returned it not. This brought him very prominently before his countrymen, and thenceforward he had plenty of business thrust upon him.

Mr. Curran, being now prosperously occupied at the bar, devoted his leisure hours to the enjoyment of the convivial society of the most eminent men of that day. It was the eve of Ireland's great stand for freedom. The public mind was beginning, like its advocates', to spring into an independent maturity. Grattan, Charlemont, Flood, Bristol, Bishop of Derry, Daly, Yelverton, O'Leary, and others, used to associate together with Curran, for the purpose of enjoying the pleasure of each other's society, and the anticipation of that which they were banded to accomplish — their country's independence. It was at this time Mr. Curran established the convivial society known as the *Monks of the Screw*, (the Corkscrew,) among whom, as the bottle travelled round the board, sparkling wit evaporated. He was appointed *prior* of this singular society, and retained the distinguished post for many years. They used to meet in Kevin Street, now the most dilapidated part of Dublin:

After the declaration of national independence, Curran got into parliament by means of a borough. He took the side of the people in despite of the adverse influence of his patron — a post which he never after relinquished. His personal labors in his profession, and in the service of his country, are almost incredible. His forensic duties occupied much the greater portion of his time, and daily demanded his presence

in one or all of the four courts. His post in the senatorial ranks was usually allotted in the rear of the debate, and, as he previously toiled through the courts the entire day, he brought to the house of commons a person enfeebled and a mind exhausted. He most frequently spoke when the topic of debate, and the patience of the auditory, were expended, and had then to devote the residue of the night, after the division, to reading his briefs, and preparing to meet the judges early the next morning. But, fatigued as he was upon those occasions, his wit, vivacity, and spirits, never failed him, and he ever was able to impart to a languishing debate a new blaze of light and heat, which contributed to illumine the pathway of his countrymen to the goal of freedom.

I wish the plan of this book would admit many specimens of this great man's eloquence and wit. I give a few particles of both, for the purpose of spurring the reader to the purchase and study of Curran's Speeches, edited by DAVIS, the able co-editor of the "Dublin Nation."

*On the corrupt Supporters of Government.*

"When I behold an English secretary, day after day, marching down to this house from the castle, like a *petty German clock-maker*, with his wooden *time-pieces* dangling at his back, in order to deposit them on their shelves, in dumb show, until their manager shall pull the strings for their *larums* to go off, or their *hurdy-gurdies* to play their appointed tunes, I feel for the honor of the country he came from, as well as for the debasement of my own. Such is the miserable machinery by which his questions are carried in this house, without even the semblance of argument or the decency of candid discussion."

*On the Licentiousness of the Soldiery.*

"If, for instance, you would wish to convey to the mind of an English matron the horrors of that direful period, when, in defiance of the remonstrance of the ever-to-be-lamented Abercrombie, our people were surrendered to the licentious brutality of the soldiery, by the authority of the state, you would vainly endeavor to give her a general picture of lust, and rapine, and murder, and conflagration. Instead of exhibiting the picture of an entire province, select a single object: do not release the imagination of your hearer from its task by giving more than an outline. Take a cottage: place the affrighted mother of her orphan daughters at the door; the paleness of death upon her countenance, and more than its agonies in her heart. Her aching eye, her anxious ear, struggles through the mists of closing day to catch the approaches of desolation and dishonor. The ruffian gang arrives, the feast of plunder begins, the cup of madness kindles in its circulation. The wandering glances of the ravisher become concentrated upon the devoted victim. You need not dilate, you need not expatiate. The unpolluted mother to whom you tell the story of horror, beseeches you not to proceed. She presses her child to her bosom. She drowns it in her tears. Her fancy catches more than an angel's tongue could describe. At a single view, she takes in the whole miserable succession of force, of profanation, of despair, of death."

*On the Liberty of the Press.*

“What, then, remains? The liberty of the press only; the sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing but the depravity, or folly, or corruption, of a jury can ever destroy. And what calamities are the people saved from by having public communication left open to them? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from. I will tell you, also, to what both are exposed by shutting up that communication. In one case sedition speaks aloud, and walks abroad. The demagogue goes forth; the public eye is upon him; he frets his busy hour upon the stage; but soon either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment, bears him down, or drives him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the flame. If you doubt of the horrid consequences of suppressing the effusion even of individual discontent, look to those enslaved countries where the protection of despotism is supposed to be secured by such restraints. Even the person of the despot there is never in safety; neither the fears of the despot, nor the machinations of the slave, have any slumber; the one anticipating the moment of peril, the other watching for the opportunity of aggression. The fatal crisis is equally a surprise upon both; the decisive instant is precipitated without warning, by folly on the one side, or by frenzy on the other; and there is no notice of the treason till the traitor acts. In those unfortunate countries (one cannot read it without horror) there are officers whose province it is to have the water, which is to be drunk by their rulers, sealed up in bottles, lest some wretched miscreant should throw poison into the draught.

“There is a sort of aspiring and adventitious credulity which disdains assenting to obvious truths, and delights in catching at the improbability of circumstances as its best ground of faith. To what other cause, gentlemen, can you ascribe, that, in the wise, the reflecting, the philosophic nation of Great Britain, a printer has been found guilty of a libel for publishing those resolutions to which the present minister of that kingdom (Mr. Pitt) had actually subscribed his name? To what other cause can you ascribe, what in my mind is still more astonishing, that in such a country as Scotland, — a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth: cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering, winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Hume, to the sweet and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic, morality of her Burns, — how from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents, should be banished to a distant, barbarous soil, condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life?”

*On the same Subject, at the Trial of Peter Finnerty, the Printer and Publisher of “The Press,” in which Newspaper appeared an impassioned Account of the Trial and Execution of Orr.*

“Gentlemen, I am not unconscious that the learned counsel for the crown

seemed to address you with a confidence of a very different kind from mine. He seemed to expect a kind of respectful sympathy from you with the feelings of the castle and the griefs of chided authority. Perhaps, gentlemen, he may know you better than I do. If he does, he has spoken to you as he ought; he has been right in telling you, that, if the reprobation of this is weak, it is because his genius could not make it stronger: he has been right in telling you, that his language has not been braided and festooned as elegantly as it might; that he has not pinched the miserable plaits of his phraseology, nor placed his patches and feathers with that correctness of millinery which became so exalted a person. If you agree with him, gentlemen, if you think the man who ventures, at the hazard of his own life, to rescue from the deep the drowned honor of his country, must not presume upon the guilty familiarity of plucking it by the locks, I have no more to say. Do a courteous thing, upright and honest jurors! find a civil and obliging verdict against this printer; and when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow-citizens to your own homes, and bear their looks as you pass along. Retire to the bosom of your families; and when you are presiding over the morality of the parental board, tell your children, who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Form their young minds by your precepts, and confirm those precepts by your own example. Teach them how discreetly allegiance may be perjured on the table, or loyalty be forsworn in the jury-box; and when you have done so, tell them the story of Orr; tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his crime, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage, and of his death. And when you find your little hearers hanging on your lips; when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow, and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanism, tell them that you had the boldness and the justice to stigmatize the monster *who had dared to publish the transaction.*"

*On the Informer, Jimmy O'Brien, who was the Crown Witness against Patrick Finney and several others, for High Treason.*

"Gentlemen, have you any doubt that it is the object of O'Brien to take down the prisoner for the reward that follows? Have you not seen with what more than instinctive keenness this bloodhound has pursued his victim? how he has kept him in view from place to place, until he hunts him, through the arenas of the court, to where the unhappy man now stands, hopeless of all succor, but that which your verdict shall afford? I have heard of assassination by sword, by pistol, by dagger; but here is a wretch who would dip the evangelists in blood. If he thinks he has not sworn his victim to death, he is ready to swear on, without mercy and without end. But O, do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath: the lips of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the gospel. If he *will* swear, let it be on his *knife*, the proper and bloody symbol of his profession and his livelihood."

Mr. Curran was a United Irishman, and was fully in the confidence of the directory; but it was arranged to omit all mention of his name at their meetings, for the purpose of allowing him the greater moral power and freedom in the law courts, where he was almost perpetually engaged in defending some of their body against the prosecutions of the government. His professional income became considerable — at least four to six thousand pounds a year, and occasionally much more. The tory Lord Chan-

cellor Fitzgibbon, who was his bitter antagonist at the bar and in the senate, continued to be his enemy after he (Fitzgibbon) was raised to the chancellor's seat. His ear was ever cold and closed to the arguments of Curran. In consequence, the latter lost all his chancery business, the most profitable portion of his practice. Curran himself says, in a letter to Grattan, that for twenty years his political independence and the hostility of the chancellor lost to him *thirty thousand pounds a year*.

So gross was Chancellor Fitzgibbon's (Lord Clare's) conduct towards Curran, that his lordship, who, when off the bench, assumed as proud a disregard for the decorous formalities of his station, as for his importance on it, generally walked to his court, accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog, which became afterwards his associate on the bench:—one day, while Mr. Curran addressed his lordship in a most elaborate argument, the chancellor, as if to mark his utter disregard, amused himself by fondling his dog, to which he paid much more attention than to the learned advocate. This gross indecency was observed by the whole bar. Mr. Curran stopped for some time, but the chancellor missing his voice, and twitched by his silence to an effort of attention, said, with an air of the coldest indifference, "Proceed, Mr. Curran, proceed." "I beg pardon, my lords," answered the wit, "I really thought your *lordships* were employed in consultation; but as your *lordships* are now at leisure, I will proceed. Then, my lords, as I have already observed to your *lordships*—" The dog and his master were so aptly and so ludicrously conjoined in this allusion, that his lordship, with marked *chagrin*, thought fit to dismiss his *shaggy vice-chancellor*, and resume his attention, perhaps more to the symptoms of suppressed laughter that mantled on the countenances of the whole bar, than to the arguments of the learned advocate.

There were hundreds of specimens of his wit given to the world, which would, if collected, fill a handsome volume. Upon one occasion, dining, on circuit, with the Munster bar, where judges and advocates sat at the same table, Lord Norbury, famed for hanging the United Irishmen, was amongst the guests. Curran asked leave to help his lordship to some pickled tongue. The judge politely declined it, saying he did not like *pickled* tongue, but if it had been *hung*, he would try it. "My lord," replied Curran, "if your lordship will only *try* it, 'twill be *hung* to a certainty!"

There were many and many sparkling repartees flung out from the inexhaustible resources of his brilliant fancy which are lost to the world. Mr. Hoban, of Washington, in his delightful compilation of *Gems of Irish Wit and Eloquence*, has preserved some, to which the reader

is referred for many similar traits of Curran ; and in Curran's *Life*, by his son, he will find a still richer mine of wit, and worth, and talent.

An English clergyman, the Rev. George Croly, who had the advantage of hearing many of Curran's best speeches, has drawn a life-like picture of the style of this great advocate, from which I condense a few sentences. His elocution, rapid, exuberant, and figurative, in a singular degree, was often compressed into a pregnant pungency which gave a sentence in a word. That word lost, the charm was undone ; but his manner could not be transferred, and it was created for his style. His eye, hand, and figure, were in perpetual speech. Nothing was abrupt to those who could see him. Nothing was lost, except when some flash would burst out, of such sudden splendor as to leave them suspended and dazzled too strongly to follow the lustres that shot after it with restless illumination. His reported speeches have been more or less impaired by the terror and the difficulties which surrounded their delivery. Some have been totally lost. His speech in defence of the Shearses was made at midnight, and it is said to have been a masterpiece of forensic and pathetic eloquence.\* An outline of that delivered in behalf of Hamilton Rowan is preserved, and will pass down the stream of time as a model of eloquent advocacy. The period was fatal to the preservation of those splendid effusions. When Erskine pleaded, he stood in the midst of a serene nation, pleading like a priest at the temple of justice, with his hand on the altar of the constitution, and all England below prepared to treasure the oracle that came from his lips. Curran pleaded not on the floor of a shrine, but on a scaffold, with no companions but the wretched men who were to be plunged from it into eternity hour by hour, and no hearers but the trembling multitude who crowded anxiously to that spot of hurried execution, and then rushed away, glad to shake from their memories all traces which had torn every heart.

Curran, in the presence of an Irish jury, was first of the first. Where he could not impel by exhortation, or overpower by menace, he did not disdain to bend at their feet, and conquer by grasping the hem of their robe. The course of other great speakers may generally be predicted from their outset ; but in this man, the mind, always full, was always varying the direction of its exuberance. It was not a proportioned stream, flowing in regulated amplitude. No ; it was a wayward mountain torrent, perpetually delighting the eye or ear by its music or its curvatures, always rapid or picturesque, always glancing back sunshine

\* This celebrated speech, together with many others, deemed to have been lost, are published in Davis's *Life and Speeches of Curran* ; a book for the orator.



till it swelled into sudden strength, and thundered over like a cataract. For his noblest images there was no preparation. They seemed to come spontaneously, accompanied with the lightest and heaviest products of the mind. It was the volcano flinging up, in succession, curls of vapor and fiery rocks, all from the same exhaustless depths, and with the same unmeasured strength, to which the light and the massive were equal. When we read his printed speeches, we are somewhat struck by their irregularity; but we should remember they were spoken for a triumph, which they very frequently achieved. We should remember that we are now pausing over the rude weapons of the dead, without reference to the giant's hand that with them drove the field. We have but the fragments of his mind, and are investigating those glorious relics, separated and mutilated like the sculptures of the Parthenon, while they ought to have been gazed on where the great master had placed them, where all their shades and foreshortenings were relief and vigor; image above image, rising in proportionate and consecrated beauty, as statues on the face of a magnificent temple.

Such was Curran before his elevation to the judgment-seat as master of the rolls. This unlooked-for dignity, conferred on him by the whigs, in 1806, completely extinguished the lights of his wit and fancy, and circumscribed his eloquence within the cautious channels of judicial tameness. Previous to this, too, his heart was desolated by the infidelity of his wife, who was, in the blaze of prosperity, and with an interesting family growing around her, seduced by a clergyman of the Church of England, who enjoyed the unsuspecting hospitalities of Mr. Curran's most hospitable house.

A quarrel, also, with his early friend George Ponsonby, who was elevated to the Irish seals, and who conditioned for Curran's elevation to the rolls, imbittered the evening of his life, and caused him to withdraw completely from the circles of conviviality in which he had delighted in his youth and during the prime of manhood. He travelled much in England and France, and died at Brompton, England, in 1817.

The Trades Union of Dublin have erected a monument to his memory, in the burial-ground of Glasnevin. It is the honest tribute of honest politicians to one of the honestest of the public men of the last century.

Sir Jonah Barrington sums up his character in the following pregnant sentences: He had passed through the University of Dublin undistinguished by any honor; admitted to the bar scarcely known, and totally unpatronized. With the privileged classes he had no intercourse. But whatever were his early disadvantages, they were soon lost sight of

amidst the brilliancy of his talents; and a comparison of what he had been with what he rose to, conferred on his character the more celebrity. Never did eloquence appear in so many luminous forms, or so many affecting modulations, as in that gifted personage. Every quality which could form a popular orator was combined in him; as if nature had taken some splendid attribute from all former orators to embellish and decorate her favorite. On ordinary occasions, his language was copious, and frequently eloquent. On great occasions, the variety and luxuriance of his elocution were quite unrivalled. Solemn, ludicrous, dramatic, argumentative, humorous, sublime; in irony invincible, in pathos overwhelming. Wit relieved the monotony of narrative. The wise, the weak, the vulgar, the elevated, the ignorant, the learned, heard, and were affected. He commanded alternately the tear and the laugh; and at all times acquired a despotic ascendancy over the most varied auditory. He was the charm of private society. His wit was infinite and indefatigable; but its flashes never wounded the feelings of his company. His political life was unvaried. From the moment he became a member of the Irish parliament, his opinions or principles never changed. From the commencement of his life to its close, he was the uncompromising advocate of his country. The United Irishmen found in him an eloquent and powerful defender. Although it was not in his power to save his clients, he scared the government from many a prosecution, and the judges, too, from many a partial charge; for the bench trembled before him. As master of the rolls, he never forgot the duty he owed to his country as an Irishman.

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Having shown the reader the miniatures of a few men; who, as it seemed to me, should be placed near the gallery devoted to the martyrs of 1798, I will now open to his view another splendid apartment, and let him see, indiscriminately in miniature and half-length, a collection of patriots and orators, of philosophers and artists, that any nation, in any age, might well be proud to boast of.

#### WILLIAM MOLYNEUX;

the author of "The Case of Ireland," and the father of that national sentiment which ignited in a brilliant conflagration in 1782. Molyneux came from a respectable and talented parentage. He was born in Dublin, in 1656. He passed through the Irish university distinguished for probity, acquirements, and ability. On the breaking out of the revolution of 1688, he retired to Chester, in England. There he de-

voted himself to the study of astronomy, optics, and mathematics. He wrote two works, which were much valued by the learned, entitled *Dioptrica Nova* and *Sciothericum Telescopium*, and published many pieces in the Philosophical Transactions.

He returned to Dublin after the wars of William were over, and was chosen a member of the first parliament called in Ireland by that prince, in 1692. In 1698, on the introduction of the bill to extinguish the woollen manufacture of Ireland, Molyneux published his celebrated Inquiry how far Ireland ought to be bound by Laws made in England by the British Parliament. This book was addressed to King William, but was discountenanced at court, and subsequently condemned by both parliaments, and burned by the public hangman. The sentiments of the book, however, found a congenial soil in the Irish heart. It was republished after its author's death, and furnished texts to Swift and Lucas, who followed him, and to Flood and Grattan, who preached independence with this book in their hands, and eighty thousand armed men at their backs. It is said that Thomas Jefferson read this book in his youth, and drew from it many of those just and immortal principles in government which he imbodyed in the Declaration of American independence.

Flood said of this book, that if but one copy of it could be procured, he would offer a thousand pounds for that copy. And Grattan exclaimed, on the passage of his celebrated declaration of independence, "Spirits of Molyneux, of Swift, and Lucas, you have prevailed!" Molyneux died in 1699, and was buried in the old abbey of St. Audeons:

I have seen a copy of the second edition of this book, published in Dublin, 1727, in the possession of my friend Mr. MICHAEL KENNEY, of West Cambridge, near Boston, a gentleman to whom I am indebted for the use of many very rare books of Irish biography.

#### SWIFT.

"And Swift, the wonder of the age;  
Statesman, yet patriot; priest, yet sage!"

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT, generally called *Dean Swift*, was born in Dublin, in 1667. His father died before his birth, and his mother was in very poor circumstances. At six years of age, he was sent to the school of Kilkenny by his uncle, from whence, in due time, he was transferred to Trinity College, to be educated for the Protestant church, where, it appears, he made little progress in science or dry theological subjects, his inclinations leading him to the study, almost exclusively, of history and poetry. When examined for the degree of bachelor of arts,

he was rejected. In some years farther on, he obtained that honor by the interference of friends, which was granted to him as a *special favor*, being, in fact, a *mark of literary degradation*. But the learned of Oxford, in subsequent years, deemed this a mark of extra honor, and therefore threw open to Swift their academic portals.

By the aid of his uncle and other friends, he became known to the celebrated Sir William Temple, who introduced him to King William the Third. Temple, on dying, left Swift, whom he much loved, a handsome legacy, together with his posthumous works, which he collected, published, and dedicated to King William, and expected his majesty would promote him to a church living, in which, however, he was disappointed. He then returned, in dudgeon, to Ireland, and wrote against the king, whose very name he detested.

On the death of his majesty, a change of ministers occurred. Swift then got some promotions in the church. He changed his party, became a considerable person through the instrumentality of his writings, was recalled to England, assisted the tories in ousting the whigs, and, though never enjoying any office, was tossed about on the sea of politics for many years.

Swift was full of eccentricities. On being promoted to a rectory in the parish of Laracor, in Ireland, where Protestants were very scarce, he gave notice that he would read prayers in the church on Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent. But on entering the church on the first of these days, he found no one there but Roger Cox, the parish clerk. The rector, however, ascended the desk, and, rising up, very gravely began, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places," &c., and so proceeded to the end of the service.

In the course of subsequent years, he obtained the dignified post of Dean of St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin; but was so unfortunate, on the assumption of the office, as to incur the hostility of the populace, who pelted him with mud as he walked the streets; but, having subsequently engaged heartily on the popular side in politics, he rose rapidly into favor, and exercised unlimited sway over the national mind. The celebrated Bishop Burnet admits his powers, while he expresses towards him his jealousy and dislike.

In 1723, Dean Swift wrote his memorable appeals to the Irish nation, urging the use of their own manufactures, in which he counselled them "to burn every thing that came from England but the coals." In this patriotic movement, he led the way, teaching his countrymen, by his wit and knowledge, the nature and advantage of *nationality*.

About this time, the government gave a patent to one *Wood* to issue several thousand pounds in copper coin; but Swift attacked this coinage in his celebrated *Drapier's Letters*, and so completely inflamed the popular mind that Wood had to fly, and his halfpence were cried down. The government were greatly irritated at this, and issued a proclamation offering a reward for the discovery of the author of the *Drapier's Letters*. The author, however, was not discovered. The dean took care to have his public letters copied by a faithful servant before he sent them to be printed. The "*Drapier*" became the idol of Ireland. Acclamations and prayers for his prosperity attended him wherever he went, and his effigy was painted on signboards. He was consulted on all points relating to the trade of Ireland, and was more immediately regarded as the legislator of the weavers, who frequently sent deputations to him to consult upon the best means of promoting their prosperity. He was consulted by the corporations and other public bodies, and for many years reigned over the populace as an absolute monarch.

Dean Swift was full of the most extraordinary eccentricities. He did nothing and said nothing like other men. He treated his wife like a mistress. Though regularly married, he approached her with the utmost mystery; wrote her several pieces of poetry under the name of "*Stella*." He entertained towards another lady a romantic affection, to whom he addressed some poetry under the name of "*Vanessa*." The latter lady died broken-hearted from his neglect.

There are a thousand witty things attributed to him still related in Ireland. He wrote, besides several other works, the *Tale of a Tub*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Directions to Servants*, the *Drapier's Letters*. The first three abound in wit, the latter in patriotism. His tales and political pamphlets are numerous. In combating with English writers who ignorantly undertook to write about Ireland, he was laughably severe; in one of his "replies" there appears the following passage: "I have seen the greatest impositions passed upon them, [the English;] that the wild Irish were taken in toils, but that, in some time, they would grow so tame as to eat out of your hands. I have been asked by hundreds, and particularly by your neighbors, your tenants at *Pepper Harrow*, whether I had come from Ireland by *sea*! and upon the arrival of an Irishman in a country town, I have known crowds coming about him; and wondering to see him look so much better than themselves."

Again, we find the following left by him:—

“ Britain, confess this land of mine  
 First gave you human knowledge and divine;  
 Our prelates and our sages, sent from hence,  
 Made your sons converts to God and sense.”

Towards the close of this extraordinary man's life, his mental faculties began to fail him. Walking one day with Dr. Young, he stopped and looked earnestly at a tree, whose branches were withered. Presently he exclaimed, “ I am like that tree. I shall die at the top ! ” for he felt a presentiment of his fate. He appropriated, before his death, the bulk of his property to the erection of a hospital for those who were deprived of their mental faculties; and Swift himself was the first inmate. It is called, after him, “ Swift's Hospital,” and is an admirable institution. Dean Swift's devious existence was terminated in 1745, in the 78th year of his age. He has been recorded, on the historical page of Ireland, as one of her sternest patriots; and the spirit of his writings fed the succeeding patriots, Lucas, Flood, and Grattan, who have conducted to our days the cause of liberty, strengthened and unsullied.

I may best sum up Swift's character in the words of the late Baron Smith: “ On this gloom one luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry — her true patriot, her first, almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw, he dared. Above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic; remedial for the present, warning for the future. He first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she might cease to be a despot. But he was a churchman: his gown impeded his course and entangled his efforts. Guiding a senate, or leading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England. As it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His mission was but of ten years' standing; and for those ten years did his personal power *mitigate* the government; but though no longer feared by the great, he is not forgotten by the wise. His influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of SWIFT.”

#### CHARLES LUCAS;

one of the founders of that national sentiment which Ireland breathed anterior to 1782. He was the boldest, bravest, purest patriot of his time. No language at my command will do justice to his char-

acter. He lived in an era when the nationality of Ireland was dead; when the majority of her people were excluded from the protection of laws; when the minority ruled by the force of terror, or by the aid of corruption; when subserviency to Britain was the universal instinct of both slaves and tyrants.

Such as Lucas was, O'Connell now is. Without the multifarious talents of the Liberator, Lucas possessed all his energy, bravery, love, and admiration of his native land. Lucas was a Protestant, within reach of all the national honors which then bloomed and blossomed for Protestants alone. He was a medical practitioner, and his daily bread was derived from a bigoted circuit of connections. The public opinion of Ireland had been perverted by the penal code. *English supremacy* in things commercial, political, and religious, was admitted by every party with a resignation and a settled quiet which seemed to forebode its eternal fixity.

At such a season in the years of Ireland, this extraordinary champion of nationality appeared. He stood forth to exorcise the demons of English supremacy and Irish despair. It was, indeed, an herculean attempt; but we shall see, by the following very brief outline, how well he performed the patriotic labor.

The parents of Lucas were humble farmers in the county of Clare. They settled in Dublin in 1713, about which time Charles was born. When of sufficient age to be able to earn a livelihood, he was apprenticed to an apothecary, for which he had been qualified by an excellent education bestowed on him by his father. We find his first public acts were performed when he kept an apothecary's shop at the corner of Charles Street, in Dublin. He had obtained the degree of M. D. from the dispensers of that dignity in Trinity College, and his medical skill was admitted by all, even by his most virulent political opponents.

Lucas first attacked, in pamphlets, the supremacy of British corruption. He then established the *Freeman's Journal*, which continues, to this day, the fearless asserter of Irish rights. He raked the power of Britain through the battery of his columns. An excitement grew up unprecedented in Ireland. The printing-press was, *for the first time*, brought to play regularly upon the outworks of British supremacy. He was soon distinguished by his fellow-citizens, solicited to become a member of the parliament, and was thus afforded a still more advantageous position from which to carry the war into the heart of the British citadel.

It would far exceed my limits to pursue this extraordinary man in his

wonderful battles with British corruption and power. He was a member of the Dublin corporation; and there, also, he distinguished himself, above all others, in his war on profligacy. He wrote addresses to his constituents on each new struggle with the agents of tyranny. Whether he succeeded or was beaten, his addresses appeared, cheering on the desponding and the timid, and animating the courageous. He was prosecuted for "sedition;"—of course he was. Dreading the infuriate vengeance of his opponents, who, with the aid of packed juries and partisan judges, could have transported him for life, he fled from their grasp, and remained out of Ireland for nearly ten years; during which he suffered a series of bitter privations. The seeds which he had strewed around were cultivated by Flood and by others. As government became stronger in their corrupt parliament, they became weaker out of doors. About the breaking out of the American agitation, the British ministry became more tolerant, because less powerful. Lucas returned to his friends, was received with magnificent demonstrations of joy, and resumed his place in the cause of his country. Flood, Grattan, and Charlemont, were now forward in the popular ranks. Lucas fell in, not as a leader, but as a commissary in the army of the people. The cause which he had so well cherished in its infancy, he now sustained by his pen and his press against the shocks of power, intrigues, and ministerial machinations.

He died in 1771, at the age of 58, ere he witnessed the triumph which awaited the systematic *agitation* he had begun. He was married three times; and from his first entrance into political life, no offers, promises, or denunciations, could seduce him from that untainted patriotism which characterized his early career. His funeral was attended by the lord mayor and corporation of Dublin, in state, together with all the distinguished characters then in the metropolis of Ireland. A most accurate and beautifully-chiselled statue of him, in white marble, was erected to his memory by the city. It stands in a niche in the grand staircase of the royal exchange of Dublin. His name, still more lasting, will pass down upon the stream of Irish history as one of the most FEARLESS, PURE, and ABLE PATRIOTS of the era in which he appeared.

#### THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT

is a name identified with the brightest days of modern Ireland. The founder of the house, Tobias Caulfield, came to Ireland, with a patent from James the First, to divide certain confiscated lands in the north of Ireland amongst the hungry plunderers of that reign. Like the saga-



cious monkey who was called upon by the contending cats to divide a piece of cheese equitably between them, he helped himself handsomely for his trouble. The *Caulfield estate*, on which was situate the borough of Charlemont, from whence the title is derived, was the reward of his labors, and it has passed down to the late Earl of Charlemont, of whom it is requisite an Irishman should know something.

Born in 1738, and highly tutored under his father's eye, he set out, when quite a youth, on the grand tour of Europe, to benefit a delicate frame, and improve his mind. He was accompanied by Mr. Murphy, one of his three tutors. With this elegant scholar he traversed, for several years, the classic lands of Italy, Greece, and Egypt, and learned from books and ruins the memorials of the mighty past. He dwelt alternately in Florence, Paris, Rome, Constantinople, and Vienna, acquiring a practical knowledge of the polite languages of Europe, and a thorough insight into its political economy. Whatever books, experience, observation, and sound advice, could effect in forming a finished gentleman and scholar, the young Lord Charlemont was in the enjoyment of.

On his return to Ireland, after full nine years' travel through all the most celebrated countries of Europe and Africa, he found the gloom of tyranny overhanging the land of his birth. He found the demon of British domination sitting in the chair of state, and influencing the councils of the country — if the cabals of plunderers and bigots may so be called. These plundering oppressors of Ireland were split into two factions, and the young lord was courted alternately by one or the other; but he had the tact and spirit to keep himself independent of both.

Being in London at the period when the Prince of Wales, late George the Fourth, was about to marry the Princess Caroline, that celebrated German lady was received, on her landing in England, by a grand procession of the peers and peeresses subject to the British crown; but before the princess landed, the Duchess of Bedford had orders to acquaint the Irish peeresses "that they were not to walk, or form any part in the ceremonial." This audacious insult on his country was taken up by the spirited young Irishman, who waited boldly on the king, and, though the cabinet had sanctioned the indignity towards the Irish peeresses, had the address to obtain the king's order to have the Irish ladies take their place in the procession according to their rank. This circumstance, small as it is, contributed not a little to kindle the patriotic ire of the young Earl of Charlemont.

Returning to Ireland full of indignant jealousy of British domination, he naturally cohered with *Lucas*, who, at that period, had begun a small

but intrepid band, that had sworn to put down the supremacy of Britain in their native land. Lord Charlemont had written the "History of Italian Poetry," and of "Irish Manufactures;" and from his rank, fortune, and elegant manners, naturally formed the head of this new-born party.

Before 1766, the members sent to the Irish parliament held their seats for life. By a vigorous opposition, headed by Charlemont, Flood, and Lucas, the *octennial* bill, which compelled them to vacate at the end of eight years, was forced through the Irish parliament. To the able pen of Lucas may this first victory be chiefly traced. The old parliament was dissolved, and the new members, borne into the house by the swell of popular enthusiasm, carried into it much of the patriotism existing without. Among the first members of this partially-reformed Irish parliament, who led onwards the popular sentiment, were, Hussey Burgh, Henry Flood, John Hely Hutchinson, and Dennis Bowes Daly. Subsequently Grattan joined, and invigorated the hardy band. They were the first soldiers of liberty who entered the citadel of the corrupt aristocracy, contended foot to foot with its mercenary guards, and, almost naked, cleft their way through armed ranks of the enemies of freedom.

The penal laws had worked out their objects in degrading, nay, brutalizing, the people. The English party in Ireland thought they had no security for their power and property while a single vestige of liberty remained to the Catholics. They recklessly passed those laws already described, which Burke said "were a disgrace to the statute-books of any nation, and so odious in their principles, that one might think they were passed in hell, and that demons were the legislators." The *octennial bill*, by occasioning frequent elections, produced a new element in agitation and sectarian strife. Every new election gave rise to new and more bitter animosities. A freehold, or profit rent, of forty shillings a year for thirty-one years, constituted every Protestant an elector. The result was that, every eighth year, the Catholic, whose farm had been cultivated for many preceding years by the labors of himself and his children, was turned out of possession, to beg, with his family, or to starve, in order to make room for the manufacture of as many *Protestant* freeholders as his land would admit. We might, indeed, doubt the credibility of history, which coolly tells us this terrible fact; but our doubts are silenced, while our indignation is roused against the vile progeny of that vile aristocracy, who play the same sort of pranks with the poor people in Ireland at the present moment. It is true the tenants are not turned out of the holdings tilled by their forefathers, to make room

for *Protestants*; for there is no longer either wealth or political influence to be realized by that operation; but the rearing of hogs and oxen are deemed by the English-Irish landlord far more profitable to his income than that of human beings. Hence the latter must give place to the former—must resign up their cottages for stables, and their well-cultivated gardens for pasture to the brutes. This is the nature and action of that “clearing system,” which daily wrings the hearts of the peasantry, and for which there is no remedy but repeal or revolution.

The first victory, in 1766, on Freedom’s side, brought down those terrible ills upon the unfortunate Catholics. They were again hunted as their fathers were in the times of Elizabeth and Cromwell. In 1768, Lord Charlemont brought a bill into the Irish house of lords, which might enable the poor Catholic peasant to take a lease for ninety years of a cabin and a potato garden. Owing to a thin house, he had it carried through the first and second stages; but, on the third reading, the trumpet of bigotry was sounded, the lords rushed in, voted Lord Charlemont out of the chair, “not wholly,” says his lordship, “unsuspected of being little better than a Papist.”

This petty overthrow frightened Lord Charlemont from ever again taking any step in favor of the Catholics. Notwithstanding that the majority of his personal friends and political associates were vehemently in favor of emancipating the Catholics, his lordship was so weak as to refuse to take any other step during his life in their behalf—an evidence, if no other existed, of his diminutive mind and imbecility. It is impossible to exaggerate the disastrous consequences to Ireland of this criminal imbecility. Had Lord Charlemont insisted on making the gradual emancipation of the Catholics part of his political creed, the party which he nurtured, and which grew under his command to national dimensions, would have adopted the sacred principle as theirs,—which, indeed, is amply proved by the liberality of the Protestant delegates of Dungannon in 1782, who placed civil and religious liberty on their banners, and thereby frightened England into justice. Besides this, his lordship had the folly to return a reply savoring of offensive bigotry to the armed volunteers, who were Protestant and Catholic, and who, when, by their courage and union, they had succeeded in forcing England to acknowledge their national parliament independent, prayed their generalissimo to lead on in its reformation, by which alone they could hope, as subsequent events proved, to secure the advantages that had been gained. Lord Charlemont replied to that address in the following

memorable and disastrous words: "That, however desirable parliamentary reform might be, and was, it was admissible only on the basis of *Protestant ascendancy*."

This single sentence produced the fall of Ireland! The volunteers, on whom her liberties rested, divided on this question. They formed two hostile parties, which the British minister encouraged to hate and battle with each other. A civil war was generated; foreign troops were poured into the country; the people were goaded into premature rebellion; spies were sent amongst them; their leaders were tracked and seized, and, undefended, they were butchered without mercy; in the midst of which, the British minister laid his hands upon the constitution, and carried the precious diadem away! [See the year 1783, page 864.]

#### HENRY FLOOD.

One of the most honest politicians of the last century was Henry Flood. His father was chief justice of the Irish King's Bench; and the patriot was born, in 1732, in the city of Dublin. After completing his education, he was returned, in 1759, by the influence of his father, to the Irish house of commons, of which he was two years a silent member.

His first considerable effort in parliament was the legislative definition of Poynings's law. For more than a century, the ministers of England had so far overstrained the great powers given them by that unconstitutional act, that the Irish parliament became a mere cipher. This act, as I have already shown, prohibited the introduction of any measure into the Irish parliament which had not previously received the sanction of the cabinet of England, and further assumed that the parliament of England had authority to legislate for and bind Ireland. Poynings's act, passed in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and the sixth of George the First, chap. 5, completely disabled the Irish parliament. Flood's was the first parliamentary attack on these impositions of English domination. He diminished their force by defining their power. The spirit which he evoked against them never rested till the acts were repealed — which was effected in 1782.

His next great work was the bill for limiting the duration of parliament to eight years. Previous to this, (1766,) members of the Irish parliament held their seats during the life of the king. This bill of Flood's was the true origin of that constitution and independence which Ireland soon after established.

Becoming now a very important man, government endeavored to

attach him to its interest. Before he accepted any office, he precisely stipulated with the crown for liberty to enforce all his well-known principles in parliament, as hitherto. This was conceded; and from the fervent advocacy of those principles he *never* deviated. He was appointed privy councillor of both kingdoms, and one of the vice-treasurers of Ireland. These offices he held for six years, and *voluntarily* resigned them in 1781, at the beginning of that moral, and nearly physical, revolution, in which he acted so distinguished a part.

Although Mr. Grattan, who was the more eloquent man, divided the worship of the million with Flood, yet the latter seemed, to a portion of his countrymen, the more clear-sighted politician. When Grattan obtained the consent of the Irish parliament and the British ministry to the simple repeal of Poyning's law, without the accompaniment of a *renunciation act*, Flood proposed that England should formally *renounce* all previously assumed authority over Ireland, *for the past and for the future*. This proposition was at first supported by only three members of the Irish house of commons; but soon the country outside perceived its value, and insisted on its adoption. A few weeks were sufficient for revolving this proposal in the public mind. The nation made up its opinion in favor of Flood's renunciation act. The ministry hesitated, then conceded: the act of 28th George the Third, already quoted, page 843, was the consequence.

In 1783, Flood was the prime mover of the national convention of Ireland. The volunteers were swayed by his powerful reasoning, and reposed unlimited confidence in his honesty. He presented a bill for the reform of parliament to the convention, and moved a resolution, which was carried, that himself and some members of the convention, who were also members of the parliament, should proceed forthwith to their places in the house of commons, with the plan for its reform, while the three hundred soldier delegates should continue, by adjournment, its sitting, to await the event. This was, it must be confessed, a bold measure, and Flood was its author.

Grattan was nominated by the convention to give this measure his support. Owing to the unfortunate quarrel which had grown up between himself and Flood, his support of this measure lost all it would have derived from a united and hearty coöperation with his great rival. The fate of that convention has been already told.

Flood never lost any opportunity to impart to his countrymen and their children a true notion of their rights, and the means by which they could be best secured. Phillips tells us, that he addressed the boys of

the Rev. Mr. Armstrong's school in Sligo, who received him in military uniform, in very remarkable words. "Your sports," said he, "are superior to those of the Spartan boys. But shall I call them sports? No; they are exertions which make youths men, and without which men are but children! Milton, in his treatise on education, has set apart precepts for military exercises, which your worthy teacher has brought into example; and I behold your early, but auspicious, exertions, with the same pleasure the husbandman contemplates the pleasing promise of a benignant harvest." This wise and eloquent lesson should not be passed over with neglect by the men who are endeavoring to make Ireland a nation. The boys of Ireland, like the boys of America, should be taught to make military exercises part of their amusements — amusements, however, which should be governed by *method*. —

Flood and Grattan now quarrelled publicly —

A quarrel sad, by which their country fell,  
And we survive the bitter truth to tell.

Their disputes infused a poisonous *animus* into the popular mind fatal to the vitality of freedom. It would have been well for Ireland had but one of those great men lived at one time for her. They were two suns, whose rays, by turns, dimmed or neutralized each other.

Soon after this unfortunate business, Mr. Flood retired from the Irish parliament, and accepted a seat in the British house of commons as representative for the English town of Winchester. He remained a member of the British parliament till his death; but his transplantation was fatal to his oratorical fame. He never could, it appears, summon all his faculties in the chilling legislature of Britain. He ever appeared in that assembly as the zealous advocate of parliamentary reform; and his peculiar *plan* for the reform of the English constitution was remarked by Fox to be "a scheme the most rational that ever had been produced on that subject."

Mr. Flood died at his seat in Kilkenny, in 1791, at the age of fifty-nine. He was married to a daughter of Beresford, Earl of Tyrone, but had no issue. He devised his whole estate (having first made some friendly bequests) to his wife, — to revert, at her death, to the University of Dublin, on the following extraordinary, patriotic conditions: —

"Willing and desirous that, immediately after the said estate shall come into their possession, they shall appoint two professors, one for the study of the native Erse or Irish language, and the other for the study of Irish antiquities and Irish history, and for the study of any other European language illustrative of, or auxiliary to, the study of Irish antiquities or Irish history; and that they shall give, yearly, two liberal premiums for two compositions, one in verse and the other in

poets, in the Irish language; and also two other liberal premiums for compositions in the Greek or Latin language — one upon any point of literature, ancient or modern, and the other upon some great action of antiquity, ‘seeing that nothing stimulates to great actions more than great examples.’ After these purposes shall have been answered, he directs that the remaining fund shall be employed in the purchase of books and manuscripts for the library of the university. And if his directions in these respects shall not be complied with, the devise to them is made null and void; and if by any other means they shall not take the estate so devised to them, according to his intentions, then he bequeaths the whole of his estate to Ambrose Smith, Esq., in fee simple, forever. And he desires that Colonel Vallancey, if living, shall be one of the first professors.”

This splendid bequest, amounting to eight thousand pounds a year, for the exalted purpose of reviving the ancient language of Ireland, was litigated, after his lady’s death, by relatives. By some unlucky looseness in the bequest, and by the mischievous ingenuity of lawyers, his will was broken, and the patriotic legacy was diverted from its holy purpose!

History, sanctioned by public opinion, has placed HENRY FLOOD among the *purest* and *noblest* of the sons of Ireland.

#### HENRY GRATTAN.

The father of Henry Grattan was an eminent lawyer of the Irish bar, and was raised to the dignity of recorder of Dublin. Henry was called to the bar in 1771. He got little business, and indeed, his mind was so filled with the political concerns of his country, that he could hardly bestow a thought on any thing else. Lucas introduced him to Lord Charlemont, then the most patriotic and the most polished of the Irish nobility. By his lordship young Grattan was brought into the Irish parliament, as member for his borough of Charlemont. His private income, at this time, amounted, by his father’s bequest, to about five hundred pounds a year. His mind was ardent, his tongue eloquent, his ambition daring, and his prostrate country the goddess of his idolatry. With these feelings and attributes he devoted himself intensely, heart and soul, to the development of her neglected or benumbed resources. He studied oratory in retired groves, that he might launch his pointed arrows against her oppressors. He studied and imbibed the *national* lessons of Molyneux, Swift, Lucas, and Flood, which presented to his enthusiastic mind a national creed and constitution.

In 1778 the distress of the Irish manufacturers had reached an excessive degree of severity. Grattan proposed, as a remedy for their sufferings, the removal of the embargo, and the establishment of “free trade.” It was caught at by the nation. Flood, who was in office and a member

of the government, gave the motion his heartiest support. In the next year, Grattan moved an address to the crown, embodying the principle; it was seconded by Hussey Burgh, and, receiving the support of nearly all sides, government were afraid to oppose it. The question of "free trade" was thus carried. This triumph led the way for the next, and the victory of national independence was won. The reader, who would acquire a true conception of Grattan's brilliant services to his country, must read those pages in this book devoted to the history of the period between 1775 and 1782 — a few brief years, but of supreme consequence to Ireland. It will not be expected that I should go over the ground again. It was, as I have remarked, unfortunate for Ireland that two such highly-gifted men as Grattan and Flood were bestowed on her at once.

Flood was first in the field, and strewed about those political seeds which Grattan came to reap. Flood had been seven years an officer of the government, which office he resigned, when his holding of it interfered for a moment with his duties to Ireland. Grattan, who had never been in place, was honored by a gift of fifty thousand pounds from the Irish parliament; and an offer from the lord lieutenant of the vice-regal palace, in the Phoenix Park, until his new house should be erected. Flood could not but feel chagrined at being passed over in the award of gifts by his country, on which he had conferred such substantial services.

An opportunity was not long wanted to explode the mutually pent-up feelings of dislike entertained by those great men towards each other. In the year 1783, on the motion of Sir H. Cavendish for retrenchment, Flood supported the motion, and Grattan opposed it. The debate became so personal between those rival orators, that they were both ordered into custody, and were never after reconciled.

Ireland, I repeat, suffered grievously from this unfortunate disagreement, and from the unaccountable weakness of Lord Charlemont. The British minister saw with delight the cracks in the national breastplate. Through these cracks he drove his spear into her heart.

A specimen of Grattan's virtuous oratory may be cited merely to give the casual reader an idea of his eloquence. He makes a charge against the Irish administration of 1790.

"Sir, I have been told it was said that I should have been stopped, should have been expelled the commons, should have been delivered up to the bar of the lords, for the expressions delivered that day.

"I will repeat what I said on that day: I said that his majesty's ministers had sold the peerages, for which offence they were impeachable. I said they had applied the money for the purpose of purchasing seats in the house of commons



for the servants or followers of the castle, for which offence I said they were impeachable. I said they had done this, not in one or two, but in several instances; for which complication of offences, I said his majesty's ministers were impeachable, as public malefactors, who had conspired against the common weal, the independency of parliament, and the fundamental laws of the land; and I offered and dared them to put this matter in a course of inquiry. I added, that I considered them as public malefactors, whom we were ready to bring to justice. I repeat these charges now; and, if any thing more severe were on a former occasion expressed, I beg to be reminded of it, and I will again repeat it. Why do you not expel me now? Why not send me to the bar of the lords? Where is your adviser? Going out of the house, I shall repeat my sentiments, that his majesty's ministers are guilty of impeachable offences; and advancing to the bar of the lords, I shall repeat those sentiments; or, if the Tower is to be my habitation, I will there meditate the impeachment of these ministers, and return, not to capitulate, but to punish. Sir, I think I know myself well enough to say, that if called forth to suffer in a public cause, I will go farther than my prosecutors, both in virtue and in danger."

Mr. Grattan was ever, through life, the able and zealous advocate of the Catholics, and actually had carried his bill for their relief through its first stages, in 1795, when the duplicity of Pitt became, for the first time, manifest. In 1795, the celebrated coalition between the Pitt ministry and the Irish whigs took place. Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform were to be carried, as the basis of this coalition. Earl Fitzwilliam was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, Grattan and the Ponsonbys were to support him, and the Catholic clergy were to be attached to the court by the most lavish distribution of power and patronage among their friends. Dr. *Hussey*, a Catholic ecclesiastic, who had been some time in communication with the government, undertook to arrange all things between the Catholics and them. Great promises were held out, on every side, to every body. Grattan unfortunately opened with a denunciation of the French, which disaffected towards him the feelings of a large part of the Irish people, who looked to French republicans more than British cabinets for an alleviation of their miseries. This weakened the popular power; Earl Fitzwilliam was recalled; and Grattan's bill, consequently, fell, for want of ministerial support.

"On the 15th of May following, 1797, Mr. W. B. Ponsonby moved his great question of parliamentary reform. A very spirited debate ensued, and Mr. Grattan closed an energetic speech with these words: 'We have offered you our measure; you will reject it: we deprecate yours; you will persevere: having no hopes left to persuade or dissuade, and having discharged our duty, *we shall trouble you no more, and after this day shall not attend the house of commons.*' From this time Mr. Grattan ceased to attend in the senate."

Mr. Grattan resided, during the next two years, in England. He was worn down in body, and distracted in mind. He saw his country the theatre of a terrific civil war, where the hell-hounds of religious vengeance were let loose, and the uplifted hand of a perfidious minister about to strike down the constitution; and himself actually accused of high treason, before a privy council composed of his enemies, by Hughes, a common informer.

Enfeebled as he was, he returned to Ireland just in the crisis of her fate, when Lord Castlereagh's motion for the union was under consideration. Mr. Tigh, of Woodstock, offered him a seat for the borough of Wicklow. Castlereagh tried every way to delay the election, and to bring the debate to a division ere Grattan should make his appearance. The friends of independence, on the other hand, were equally determined to keep the debate open. On the memorable 15th of January, 1800, the discussion continued through the whole night, until the dawn of morning, when the spectral figure of Grattan was seen advancing into the body of the house, leaning on the arms of Ponsonby and Moore. Egan, the incorruptible, was actually referring, at the moment, to the charter of 1782, when the author of it entered the great door. His appearance electrified the house and galleries. Worn away, emaciated with sickness, his eyes sunken, his frame tottering, — the father of that constitution, now about to be destroyed, sat down to survey the ministers of death, and for a short time eyed them with a withering glance. At length he spoke. The minister became pallid at the first sound of his voice. It was a voice from the grave — it was the voice of Grattan! His accents at first were feeble, but his soul lit up as he proceeded, and then he poured forth those prophetic words which live on in the hearts of his countrymen, and which blaze abroad in the realized conflagration of repeal agitation. We copy a few sentences of this celebrated speech, merely to give the reader an idea of his style.

“I will put a question to my country. I will suppose her at the bar, and I will then ask, ‘Will you fight for a union as you would for a constitution? Will you fight for those lords and commons, who, in the last century, took away your trade, and in the present, your constitution, as for that king, lords, and commons, who restored both?’ Well, the minister has destroyed this constitution. To destroy is easy. The edifices of the mind, like the fabrics of marble, require an age to build, but ask only minutes to precipitate; and, as the fall is of no time, so neither is it the effect of any strength. That constitution which, with more or less violence, has been the inheritance of this country for six hundred years; that *modus tenendi parliamentum*, which lasted and outlasted of Plantagenet the wars, of Tudor the violence, and of Stuart the systematic falsehood; even the bond and condition of our connection, are now the objects of ministerial attack.” \* \* \*

“How does the minister’s plan accomplish this? He withdraws the landed gentlemen, and then improves Irish manners by English factors. The minister proposes to you to give up the ancient inheritance of your country, to proclaim an utter and blank incapacity to make laws for your own people, and to register this proclamation in an act which inflicts on this ancient nation an eternal disability; and he accompanies these monstrous proposals by undisguised terror and unqualified bribery; and this he calls no attack on the honor and dignity of the kingdom. The thing which he proposes to buy is what cannot be sold — liberty. For it he has nothing to give. Every thing of value which you possess you obtained under a free constitution. If you resign this, you must not only be slaves, but idiots. His propositions are built upon nothing but your dishonor. He tells you (it is his main argument) that you are unfit to exercise a free constitution; and he affects to prove it by the experiment. Jacobinism grows, he says, out of the very state and condition of Ireland. I have heard of parliament impeaching ministers; but here is a minister impeaching parliament. He does more; he impeaches the parliamentary constitution itself. The abuses in that constitution he has protected; it is only its existence that he destroys: and on what ground? Your exports since your emancipation, under that constitution, and in a great measure by it, have been nearly doubled; commercially, therefore, it has worked well. Your concord with England, since the emancipation, as far as it relates to parliament, on the subject of war, has been not only improved, but has been productive; imperially, therefore, it has worked well. To what, then, does the minister in fact object? that you have supported him, that you have concurred in his system; therefore he proposes to the people to abolish the parliament, and to continue the minister. He does more; he proposes to you to substitute the British parliament in your place, to destroy the body that restored your liberties, and restore that body which destroyed them. Against such a proposition, were I expiring on the floor, I should beg to utter my last breath, and to record my dying testimony.”

I have given other fragments of this splendid speech at p. 1040.

On the adjourned debate upon this momentous question, Mr. Corry, the chancellor of the exchequer, personally assailed Grattan; they met, by arrangement, in deadly combat; Grattan wounded his antagonist, returned to the house, and resumed the debate. Catlereagh’s motion was carried. Corruption and intimidation triumphed. The minister was victorious — Ireland fell.

Mr. Grattan now retired from public life, and remained altogether in the secluded bosom of his family till 1806, when he was again drawn forth to support the whigs, who had come into power about that time. He was elected representative, for the city of Dublin, to the British parliament, for which city he continued a member until his death, in 1820.

He was ever the sincere and eloquent advocate of Catholic emancipation. He made an able defence for them before the committee of 1782, when few were found to support them; yet, towards the termination of his career, he incurred the hostility of the Dublin populace by voting, I

believe, for an insurrection act, or for a disarming act. It is probable he took a view similar to Daniel O'Connell's of all those secret or Ribbon societies that were, from time to time, formed in Ireland for the redress of grievances. He doubtless thought them dangerous to every one but the British government, and might be considered an honest man though bitterly repudiating the formation and midnight proceedings of such associations.

The speeches of Grattan—an invaluable collection of oratorical gems—have just been published by Mr. Madden, a young barrister of Dublin. They will form a study for the scholar, orator, and patriot.

It is stated by his son Henry, in his *Life and Times of Grattan*, that the great orator entertained in his youth some very loose doctrines on the subject of religion. He had been in communication with English infidels. Some of his letters exhibit anti-Christian doubts. An issue was raised on this and other grounds, in 1844, by the *Dublin Review*, with a view to expose his character to a more rigid analysis than his countrymen had previously directed towards it. The reviewer having gone the length of insinuating *corruption* against Grattan, Mr. WALSH, late of the *Boston Pilot*, entered into an able defence of the Irish patriot, in that paper. The *Review* was supported by the indomitable, the scholastic, and eloquent pen of PATRICK SANSFIELD CASSERLY, in the *Truthteller*, under the signature of "Sarsfield."

The latter very powerful writer, and deeply-read historian, was able to show several times and places, when and where Grattan, from wounded pride, from his quarrels with Flood, and from apathy, neglected or mistook his duties to Ireland; but I believe not one where he was guilty of the criminality of corruption in his treatment of Irish interests. Sir Jonah Barrington has left us the portraits of both these men:—

"Mr. Flood had become most prominent amongst the Irish patriots. He was a man of profound abilities, high manners, and great experience in the affairs of Ireland. He had deep information, an extensive capacity, and a solid judgment. His experience made him skeptical—Mr. Grattan's honesty made him credulous. Mr. Grattan was a great patriot—Mr. Flood was a great statesman. The first was qualified to achieve the liberties of a country—the latter to disentangle a complicated constitution. Grattan was the more brilliant man—Flood the abler senator. Flood was the wiser politician—Grattan was the purer. The one used more logic—the other made more proselytes. Unrivalled, save by each other, they were equal in their fortitude; but Grattan was the more impetuous. Flood had qualities for a great prince—Grattan for a virtuous one; and a combination of both would have made a glorious monarch. They were great enough to be in contest; but they were not great enough to be in harmony: both were too proud; but neither had sufficient magnanimity to merge his jealousies in the cause of his country."

Mr. Grattan died in London, May, 1820. His admirers in England were numerous, and they sent a deputation to his sons, Henry and James, to request they would allow his remains to be entombed in Westminster Abbey, in company with the great dead whose deeds and fame have gathered them to that celebrated shrine. The request was acceded to. Grattan sleeps beneath the floor of Westminster Abbey. The place of his temporary repose is indicated by a very simple slab, on which is inscribed the name, age, and quality of the deceased. It is level with the floor, and forms part of the grand promenade. When the freedom of his country shall be restored, then, possibly, the Irish nation, imitating the grateful French towards Napoleon, will claim his sacred dust. Till then, it must repose in the land of the stranger.

#### EDMUND BURKE.

The great Edmund Burke was born in Dublin, on the 1st of January, 1730. His father was an attorney, in the enjoyment of a good business, and an annual income of two hundred pounds a year, from a small estate. Young Burke was educated in the Quaker school of Balitore, under the care of the celebrated Mr. Shakelton. From this he was, in due time, removed to Trinity College; where, however, it does not appear that he made any distinguished progress. "If Burke won no university honors," writes his biographer, "neither did Johnson, Swift, Gibbon, Dryden, or Milton."

In 1753, he arrived in London, to pass the usual terms, required of a law student, in the Temple. It was here his talents began to bud. He soon put forth those blossoms, through the London periodicals, by which he derived some income and considerable reputation. Becoming acquainted with his countrywoman, Mrs. Woffington, the celebrated actress, she introduced him to the highest men of genius in London. Macklin, too, the first tragedian of that day, a countryman of Burke's, extended the circle of his acquaintance. Although he professedly read law, he gave himself to the study of the widest range of knowledge, particularly that which unfolded human nature, history, ethics, politics, poetry, and criticism.

His first essay of consequence was an ironical imitation of Bolingbroke's philosophical writings on natural society. The hit was happy; the style was so well sustained, that many believed it to be a new tract written by Lord Bolingbroke himself. Macklin, Warburton, and Chesterfield, were imposed upon, and did not detect the sting until they

found the writer leading them to principles destructive of their own order, dignities, and properties. His next, and probably his most splendid essay, was that written on the Sublime and Beautiful, which should be in the hands of every writer, speaker, or artist. This work exalted him to the first rank of literary society. Dr. Johnson, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the celebrated painter, proffered him their friendship. The latter deemed his book on the Sublime and Beautiful a perfect standard of taste, which he plainly acknowledges, in his own excellent work, on the same subject, delivered in the form of lectures. He also won the affectionate friendship of his great countryman, Oliver Goldsmith, who, having been his chum at college, was now his contemporary in the great mart for Irish genius.

In 1758, he began, for the publisher Dodsley, the Annual Register of the civil, political, and literary transactions of the times, which he contributed to and superintended for many years. He was induced by Hamilton, secretary to the lord lieutenant Halifax, to go back to his native country, in capacity of his secretary. Here he composed speeches for his patron, for which he was placed on the Irish pension list, at three hundred pounds a year. But Burke and his patron quarrelled, and, on Hamilton reminding him that he had taken him from *a garret*, Burke indignantly rejoined, "Then, sir, it was I that *descended* to know you."

When Lord Grenville was driven from office in 1765, by the excitement in the American colonies, the Marquis of Rockingham, who succeeded him, took Burke as his private secretary, and had him returned to parliament for the borough of Wendover, in England. Dr. Johnson said that in whatever society Burke was placed, he would shine, and this was soon realized by his splendid abilities in parliament. His was a life of study, of the acquirement and the display of knowledge. Poetry and history afforded him imagery and facts; philosophy, power. His reverential study of the fathers of the church, particularly those of the middle ages, taught him the nature and use of logic and subtle reasoning; and a vivid fancy and retentive memory gave him the command of the vast number of ideas and facts which an incredible extent of reading had stored in his mind. His first business in parliament was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with all its rules, precedents, usages, even to the most minute. One so well fitted for a debater could hardly fail of becoming, as he afterwards did, the first man of the nation.

Notwithstanding all these acquirements, he did not venture rashly into the parliamentary discussions: on the contrary, so anxious was he to

practise public speaking, that he became a member of the "Robin Hood Debating Society," for the purpose of acquiring ease and confidence. His maiden speech in parliament was delivered in favor of conciliating America. It produced a great impression through the country, and obtained the hearty applause of Mr. Pitt. On the fall of the Rockingham administration, Burke retired from parliament. He published a "defence" of that administration, and an ironical "reply" to his defence, that keenly lacerated the Pitt ministry, which succeeded. After this, he repaired to Ireland, his much-loved country, to see his friends and relatives. But he soon returned to parliament, where he led the opposition against the Pitt ministry. That administration fell, and was succeeded by that of Lord North, by whom coercion was commenced against the American colonies. And now grew up the famous excitement against *Wilkes*, which brought Burke forward as the majestic advocate of the right of the people to resist irresponsible and usurped government. The American colonists were cheered on in their opposition to unjust taxation by this eminent Irishman. His countrymen at home and abroad were appealed to in behalf of the struggling colonies; and the effect produced upon them may be measured by the remark of the Earl of Chatham, in the house of lords, when opposing the war with the colonies — "a great portion of the people of England have declared against this war, and *Ireland to a man is against it.*"

At this time appeared, in the London Advertiser, the celebrated letters signed "*Junius*," which were attributed to Mr. Burke; but he most solemnly denied the authorship to Dr. Johnson. These letters were written, however, by *Sir Philip Francis*, another Irishman, which we shall notice when we come to treat of his life.

In 1774, Burke was called upon by the citizens of Bristol to stand for that city, as their representative. He was returned with Mr. Cruger, who was little of a speaker. Upon an occasion when he had delivered one of his best speeches, Cruger rose up, and said, "I say *ditto* to Mr. Burke, I say *ditto* to Mr. Burke!" Mr. Burke was a Protestant, but had been the consistent and eloquent advocate of freedom of conscience for the Dissenters and Catholics, and thus acquired a sort of sectarian popularity, that rendered him a *very influential* man, both in and out of parliament. The British parliament of 1774 was distinguished for the highest class of eloquence and talents. Fox, who had been a silent member for some time, now catching the blaze of the popular mind, gave vent to the most impassioned bursts of eloquence that ever proceeded from human lips in the British senate. He took the same general

view of the national questions which Burke did. Hence a friendship, of a hearty character, grew up between these two great men, that lasted some years.

Mr. Burke, in consequence of his strenuous support of the bill for relieving Irish trade from the many restrictions to which eighty years of the basest legislation had subjected it, and for his hearty and eloquent support of Catholic emancipation, lost the support of the Bristol electors, who rejected him in 1780; but he was again returned to parliament by the borough of Malton.

In 1781, the opposition in the British parliament included the most brilliant orators that England had heard of for ages. A motion, by Fox, for the house to resolve itself into a committee on the American war, was supported by Sheridan, Dunning, Pitt, and Burke. This distinguished phalanx continued to harass the North ministry, night after night, with speeches, motions, and divisions, until at length it fell before their well-arranged attacks. A new ministry was formed, of which Fox and Burke were members, the first being secretary of state, the latter paymaster of the forces. It was at this time that Grattan and the volunteers of Ireland stood forward to claim from England the acknowledgment of their independence. The English nation was too weak to resist the claim; and the ministry, liberal in its material, and decidedly friendly in its two leading members, Fox and Burke, yielded to Ireland that celebrated constitution, solemnly recited in the 28th of George the Third, so basely violated in 1800 by Pitt and Castlereagh.

This administration did not hold office long. Burke and Fox were again in opposition; and, after nine months of skirmishing, they found themselves once more in office; Lord North being joint secretary with Fox; Burke again in his old place, paymaster. It is not my purpose to follow these ministers through all the sinuosities of office and opposition. The interesting life and speeches of Burke will ever form an excellent study for the orator and politician.

In 1782, a committee of the British house of commons had been appointed to inquire into the execution of justice in India. Burke was a member of this committee, and resolved to drag Warren Hastings, the chief criminal against offended justice, to trial. His opening speech, in impeaching Hastings, will ever remain a model of political and forensic declamation.

On the breaking out of the French revolution, however, he threw himself into the arms of the aristocratic faction, which he had, from his first starting, opposed. He denounced, in his place in the house of



commons, the leaders of the revolution, while Fox and Sheridan, his brilliant associates, applauded them. This forever separated him from those great men. Mr. Burke, in the latter end of his career, differed materially from his former self. He soon lost that immense popularity which he had acquired in youth. The celebrated Tom Paine levelled a deadly shaft at him, in answer to his *Reflections on the French Revolution*. From this he never recovered. He became a pensioner of George the Third, and an enemy of every radical change in the government; he even opposed the freedom of the dissenters, because they had avowed French principles in Britain and Ireland. He died suddenly, in the 68th year of his age. As an orator, he had no equal in the British parliament; as a politician, he was vacillating; as an Irishman, he was ever a friend to the religious and civil equality of his countrymen; as a patron of the native genius of Ireland, he surpassed all others.

He introduced a new style into English composition and eloquence, which the ablest critics of England and Scotland admit. The *Edinburgh Review*, 1814, speaking of Curran's eloquence, thus alludes to Burke:—

“The wits of Queen Anne's time practised a style characterized by purity, smoothness, and a kind of simple and temperate elegance. Their reasoning was correct and luminous, and their raillery terse and refined; but they never so much as aimed at touching the greater passions, or rising to the loftier graces of composition. Their sublimity was little more than a graceful and gentle solemnity; their invective went no farther than polished sarcasm, nor their vehemence than pretty vivacity. Even the older writers, who dealt in larger views and stronger language,—the Hookers, and Taylors, and Barrows, and Miltons—although they possessed, beyond all doubt, an original and commanding eloquence, had little of nature, or rapid movement of passion, about them. Their diction, though powerful, is loaded and laborious, and their imagination, though rich and copious, is neither playful nor popular; even the celebrated orators of England have been deficient in some of their characteristics. The rhetoric of Fox was logical; the eloquence of Pitt consisted mainly in his talent for sarcasm, and for sounding amplification. Neither of them had much pathos, and but little play of fancy.

“Yet the style of which we speak (Mr. Curran's) is now familiar to the English public. It was introduced by an Irishman, and may be clearly traced to the genius of BURKE. There was no such composition known in England before his day. Bolingbroke, whom he is sometimes said to have copied, had none of it; he is infinitely more careless; he is infinitely less impassioned; he has no such variety of imagery, no such flights of poetry, no such touches of tenderness, no such visions of philosophy. The style has been defiled since, indeed, by base imitations and disgusting parodies; and in its more imitable parts, has been naturalized and transfused into the recent literature of our country; but it was of *Irish origin*, and still attains to its highest honors only in its native soil.”

Mr. Burke lost a son, who, during the lifetime of his father, exerted

himself in London as the paid agent of the Catholics. On the junction of Wolfe Tone with their committee, young Burke was discontinued; and it does not appear that he subsequently distinguished himself to an extent that calls for further notice.

#### DR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Dr. Thomas Sheridan, the friend of Swift, was born in the county Cavan, about 1684. He was the grandfather of the eminent Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of whom I shall presently speak. Dr. Sheridan kept an academy in Dublin, at which several very distinguished men received the rudiments of their education. His school gave to the world many eloquent scholars, who irradiated their light upon the times in which they lived. Dr. Sheridan was a learned man. He knew books better than men; was all abstraction, humor, wit, and eccentricity.

His eldest son,

#### THOMAS SHERIDAN,

was an eminent actor. He became lessee of the Dublin theatre, and was unfortunate enough to encounter a riot as manager and actor. This damaged his property, depressed his enterprise, and drove him from that mode of life. He then prepared and delivered lectures on elocution before the Dublin and Oxford universities, receiving the highest honorary degrees from these ancient seats of literature. He also compiled the celebrated Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. After passing through many vicissitudes incidental to a walk of life such as his, he died in 1788. His wife, Mrs. Frances Sheridan, wrote several pieces for the stage.

#### RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN,

the third son of the preceding, became a most distinguished orator, statesman, and dramatist. He was born in Dorset Street, 1751. At eighteen years of age we find him in Harrow school, "indolent, witty, facetious, and entertaining." He never entered the university, as the affairs of his family would not afford it. He married at twenty-two, and entered the king's inns, as a law-student, in the same year. His wife was a public singer of the first distinction; but he withdrew her from the public exercise of her talents, by which he lost a considerable income.

Sheridan wrote many pieces for the stage. His first was the "Rivals;" his second was the "Duenna," a musical piece, which ran twelve nights longer than the Beggar's Opera. The music of the Duenna is delightful,

and much of it is drawn from the fragmental remains of ancient Ireland, which the gifted author translated, and modernized, from the old Irish.

Although those splendid talents would have been, in the possession of another, an independent fortune, to Sheridan they were the cause of poverty. His table was ever open to his admirers, and ever full; and his habits involved him in debt from which he never after could extricate himself. He was frequently reduced to the most miserable shifts to appease, or escape from, his creditors.

In 1776, he became a partner in Drury Lane theatre, and there brought forward his celebrated comedy, the "School for Scandal." This play so fascinated the fashionable world, that it filled the treasury of the house to overflowing, and continued to attract for many years. He soon after produced the "Critic," a capital farce, and intended to plague Cumberland, the dramatist. It drew crowded houses.

He would, perhaps, have continued to write for the stage, had not the secret whisperings of ambition impelled him towards the vortex of politics. An acquaintance with Charles James Fox ripened into friendship. A short time before that great man became minister, Sheridan was urged by him to enter parliament. He obtained a borough, for which he was returned, in 1780, to the English house of commons. He now abandoned the stage and the muses, and wooed public approbation as an orator and a patriot. He attended several public meetings; opposed the American war; attacked, with powerful sarcasm, Lord North's administration; and soon became as distinguished in the senate as he had been in the drama. When Fox became secretary for foreign affairs, he made Sheridan his private secretary. When he retired, Sheridan was again disconnected from the government. He then engaged in the publication of a weekly journal, called the *Jesuit*; and on the formation of North and Fox's celebrated coalition ministry, in 1783, he was called back to office as secretary of the treasury.

On the breaking up of that ministry, he was again at large; and now he employed himself with *Burke* in bringing forward the celebrated impeachment against Warren Hastings. This was preferred in 1786. A very remarkable evidence of his great ability — and such as no other man in Europe, past or present, can claim the honor of — was exhibited on the night of his closing speech against Hastings. The galleries of the English house of lords were filled to overflowing to hear what all expected would be a masterpiece of eloquence. Peers and peeresses were glad to obtain seats early in the day, in which they continued nearly the entire night, tumultuously overcrowded. On the same night, his play, the

*School for Scandal*, the best comedy on the British stage, was playing at one theatre, and his opera, the *Duenna*; the best in *its line* on the stage, was performing at another, while the gifted author was himself delivering to the entranced British senate the most eloquent harangue *ever delivered* within its walls.

Mrs. Siddons, the sister of Kemble, the first tragic actress of the day, was present in the gallery of the house that night. Familiar as she was with the simulation of passion, and the artifices of rhetoric, yet was she so fearfully excited, so thoroughly affected, by the hideous picture of Hastings's atrocities which Sheridan so truthfully and eloquently drew, that she shrieked and swooned in the midst of the spectators. Burke, the first orator of the age, pronounced a high eulogium on this speech, which I forbear to transcribe, because he may, as a countryman, be deemed partial to Sheridan. He said that this speech surpassed all he had ever heard or read, that it stretched beyond all he had conceived, and never could be equalled by another. To which I will add the following testimony from Byron, Pitt, and Fox: —

Mr. Fox said, "all that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapor before the sun."

Mr. Pitt said, that "it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and possessed every thing that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind."

Lord Byron said of him, "Whatever Sheridan has done, or chosen to do, has been, *par excellence*, always of the best kind. He has written the best comedy, (*School for Scandal*), the best opera, (the *Duenna* — in my mind, before that *St. Giles's* lampoon, the *Beggar's Opera*,) the best farce, (the *Critic* — it is only too good for an afterpiece,) and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous *Beguine* speech) *ever conceived or heard in this country*." It is remarkable that his first speech in parliament was a failure. Aware of his powers, he said to one of his friends, "*It is in me, and it must come out!*"

In his political principles, he was the purest. He adhered firmly to the political doctrines of Fox, and took opposite sides to his friend Burke on the French revolution. While Burke condemned that movement in principle and in means, Sheridan applauded the first while he deplored and condemned the latter. On the regency question, he took the side of the Prince of Wales, (afterwards King George the Fourth of England.) He was, indeed, the bosom friend and convivial companion of that scion of royalty, who, however, abandoned him to want in his old age and difficulties. The whole life of Sheridan was one continued scene of ex-

citement. The applauses of the public, wafted into his ears from all the cardinal points, completely intoxicated his brain, and when those public praises occasionally grew faint, he supplied the mental excitement so necessary to his existence by the bottle.

It is, indeed, painful to be thus compelled to write of one whose talents flung a lustre over the green isle of his birth. In 1806, on the death of Fox, had he been temperate, he would have been, says Moore, prime minister of England. In the progress of years, he plunged so heavily into intemperance and debt, that he was continually obliged to avoid his own house, or the public thoroughfares, to escape his creditors or their bailiffs!

He had, in the days of his meridian, mixed in the circles of royalty; was the welcome guest of dukes and earls; yet, when sickness overtook him, when poverty shut him up in the gloom of a garret, they all, prince and peers, lords and ladies, deserted him. In his utmost need, an application was made by a friend on his behalf to the Prince of Wales for some assistance. *It was refused.* Subsequently the prince relented, and sent him two hundred pounds. It came too late. It was returned by Sheridan's own order, for death was near; and he who might have been saved by a little assistance, given in time, now declined to receive any part of the tardy generosity.

The life of this extraordinary man is, perhaps, the most striking evidence in history of the dreadful evils of intemperance. Here was, indeed, a noble mind overthrown by alcohol! Nor was it effected all at once. Sheridan was, at first, a *moderate* drinker, by turns the hospitable host, or the welcome guest. He drank to make others happy around him, — to increase a mutual pleasure. Fatal disposition! At thirty years of age, he was, as we have seen, the first literary man in England — “orator, dramatist, minstrel, and all” — blessed with a wife, the paragon of conjugal love, one who was gifted with the highest musical talents, and other kindred attainments, calculated to heighten the happiness of him she loved so well! At forty he was a confirmed drunkard, and a ruined man — his brain suffocated or diseased, incapable of conceiving, and his body enfeebled, incapable of exertion; his wealth spent, his character lost, his friends avoiding him, and he tottering down the steps of taverns into the deepest slough of poverty and debasement; that tongue, under the spell of whose accents senates sat entranced, now incoherent or inarticulate; that eye beaming with the fire of genius, whose recognition, in the street or palace, was once sought for by peers and prelates, now dimmed, or dilated into frenzy; that brain, whose conceptions and creations filled congregated thousands in theatres with joy, or melted them into tears,

now the habitation of a thousand demons! O, it sickens the heart to contemplate so grand a spirit overthrown, so splendid and so mournful a ruin. Let the eye of rising genius but rest upon the page of this man's life, and take warning from the moral which it so forcibly inculcates.

Poor Sheridan died in 1816, in his sixty-fifth year, and received the honor of a public funeral. A foot procession, which was attended by many of the first men of England, followed his remains to Westminster Abbey.

Moore, indignant at the ingratitude of the great towards his gifted countryman, vented his feelings in the most scathing piece of sarcasm that ever, perhaps, was penned by man.

*"Lines on the Death of Sheridan.*

*"'Principibus placuisse viris.' — Hor.*

"Yes, grief will have way; but the fast-falling tear  
 Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those  
 Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career,  
 And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close;—  
 Whose vanity flew round him only while fed  
 By the odor his fame in its summer-time gave;  
 Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,  
 Like the ghoul of the East, comes to feed at his grave  
 O, it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow  
 And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;  
 To think what a long line of titles may follow  
 The relics of him who died — friendless and lorn!  
 How proud they can press to the funeral array  
 Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow;  
 How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,  
 Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!  
 And thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,\*  
 Incoherent and gross, even grosser had passed,  
 Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,  
 Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast;—  
 No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee  
 With millions to heap upon foppery's shrine,—  
 No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,  
 Though this would make Europe's whole opulence mine,—  
 Would I suffer what — even in the heart that thou hast —  
 All mean as it is — must have consciously burned,  
 When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at last,  
 And which found all his wants at an end, was returned! †

\* George the Fourth of England.

† The sum was two hundred pounds — offered when Sheridan could no longer take any sustenance, and declined for him, by his friends.

'Was *this*, then, the fate' — future ages will say,  
 When *some* names shall live but in history's curse;  
 When Truth will be heard, and these lords of a day  
 Be forgotten as fools, or remembered as worse, —

'Was this, then, the fate of that high-gifted man,  
 The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall,  
 The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran  
 Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all —

'Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art  
 From the finest and best of all other men's powers;  
 Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,  
 And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers; —

'Whose humor, as gay as the fire-fly's light,  
 Played round every subject, and shone as it played;  
 Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
 Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade; —

'Whose eloquence — brightening whatever it tried,  
 Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave —  
 Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide  
 As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!'

Yes, such was the man, and so wretched his fate; —  
 And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,  
 Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the great,  
 And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve!

In the woods of the north there are insects that prey  
 On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh;\*  
 O, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,  
 First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die!"

## CHARLES PHILLIPS,

one of the most eloquent and true-hearted sons of Ireland, deserves a place in the gallery devoted to her patriots and orators. He was born in Sligo, of a Protestant parentage, and was educated in the prejudiced atmosphere, which, in his youth, overhung every Protestant school or family in Ireland. Destined for the Irish bar, soon as he approached that first goal of youthful ambition, he gave evidences of his talent, and was admitted to the reputation and emolument it deserved.

He raised his voice in the gloomiest hour of his country's history. Her parliament was gone; her Emmets had bled; her people were in slavery. It was treason to love, ruin to acknowledge, and death to

\* "Naturalists have observed that, upon dissecting an elk, there were found in its head some *large* flies, with its brain almost eaten away by them." — *History of Poland*.

defend her. The only path to dignity lay through the churchyard where her nationality was interred; and the foot that would speed to power must trample irreverently on the sacred covering.

But Charles Phillips was not the man to gamble on the tomb of his country. A Protestant, he stood forward the friend of Catholic equality; an Irishman, he stood forth the unshaken champion of his country; an orator, he devoted his great powers to the advancement of civil and religious liberty.

His career at the bar, while yet a young man, was astonishing. He was employed in the most difficult cases, and won verdicts and wealth by the fascinations of his tongue. In cases of crim. con., breaches of promise of marriage, cases of oppression where pictures of human suffering were to be presented to a jury for their compensating award, no man in Ireland or England ever equalled him. His speech in the case of *Guthrie v. Sterne*, tried in Dublin, 1815, is one of the ablest appeals to a jury on record. His speech in the case of *Blake v. Wilkins* is one of the most skilful and effective.

Mr. Finlay, the Irish barrister, in his preface to a collection of those eloquent speeches, defines, in beautiful language, the brilliant peculiarities of Phillips's style, which being, in my mind, a most instructive page on elocution, and coming from a very eloquent man, I transcribe it entire.

"The great father of ancient eloquence was accustomed to say, that action was the first, and second, and last quality of an orator. This was the dictum of a supreme authority. It was an exaggeration notwithstanding; but the observation must contain much truth to permit such exaggeration; and whilst we allow that delivery is not every thing, it will be allowed that it is much of the effect of oratory.

"Nature has been bountiful to the subject of these remarks in the useful accident of a prepossessing exterior: an interesting figure, an animated countenance, and a demeanor devoid of affectation, and distinguished by a modest self-possession, give him the favorable opinion of his audience, even before he has addressed them. His eager, lively, and sparkling eye melts or kindles in pathos or indignation; his voice, by its compass, sweetness, and variety, ever audible and seldom loud, never hurried, inarticulate, or indistinct, secures to his audience every word that he utters, and preserves him from the painful appearance of effort.

"His memory is not less faithful in the conveyance of his meaning, than his voice. Unlike Fox in this respect, he never wants a word; unlike Bushe, he never pretends to want one; and unlike Grattan, he never either wants or recalls one.

"His delivery is freed from every thing fantastic; is simple and elegant, impressive and sincere; and if we add the circumstance of his youth to his other external qualifications, none of his contemporaries in this vocation can pretend to an equal combination of these accidental advantages.



"If, then, action be a great part of the effect of oratory, the reader who has not heard him is excluded from that consideration, so important to a right opinion, and on which his excellence is unquestioned.

"The ablest and severest of all the critics who have assailed him, (we allude of course to the Edinburgh Review,) in their criticism on Guthrie and Sterne, have paid him an involuntary and unprecedented compliment. He is the only individual in these countries to whom this literary work has devoted an entire article on a single speech; and when it is recollected that the basis of this criticism was an unauthorized and incorrect publication of a single forensic exertion in the ordinary routine of professional business, it is very questionable whether such a publication afforded a just and proportionate groundwork for so much general criticism, or a fair criterion of the alleged speaker's general merits. This criticism sums up its objections, and concludes its remarks, by the following commending observation—that a more strict control over his fancy would constitute a remedy for his defects.

"Exuberance of fancy is certainly a defect; but it is evidence of an attribute essential to an orator. There are few men without some judgment, but there are many men without any imagination; the latter class never did, and never can, produce an orator. Without imagination, the speaker sinks to the mere dry arguer, the matter-of-fact man, the calculator, or syllogist, or sophist; the dealer in figures; the compiler of facts; the mason, but not the architect, of the pile; for the dictate of the imagination is the inspiration of oratory, which imparts to matter animation and soul.

"Oratory is the great art of persuasion; its purpose is to give, in a particular instance, a certain direction to human action. The faculties of the orator are judgment and imagination; and reason and eloquence, the product of these faculties, must work on the judgment and feelings of his audience, for the attainment of his end. The speaker who addresses the judgment alone may be argumentative, but never can be eloquent; for argument instructs without interesting, and eloquence interests without convincing. But oratory is neither: it is the compound of both: it conjoins the feelings and opinions of men; it speaks to the passions through the mind, and to the mind through the passions; and leads its audience to its just purpose by the combined and powerful agency of human reason and human feeling. The components of this combination will vary, of course, in proportion to the number and sagacity of the auditory which the speaker addresses. With judges it is to be hoped that the passions will be weak; with public assemblies it is to be hoped that reasoning will be strong: but, although the imagination may, in the first case, be unemployed, in the second it cannot be dispensed with; for, if the advocate of virtue avoids to address the feelings of a mixed assembly, whether it be a jury or a political meeting, he has no security that their feeling, and their bad feelings, may not be brought into action against him; he surrenders to his enemy the strongest of his weapons, and by a species of irrational generosity, contrives to insure his own defeat in the conflict."

It is quite as true as it is extraordinary, that motions have been made in court to set aside verdicts obtained by Phillips, grounded on affidavits that the jury were blinded to the merits of the issue by the fascinating power of his eloquence. Extracts from his speeches have been en-

grafted in the school-books of America, as models of oratorical composition for her youth. His beautiful compliment to WASHINGTON, uttered at the Killarney dinner, is the most perfect combination of words and ideas in the English language. It is a sincere tribute from an Irish patriot to the heroic and successful soldier of American freedom; it is as appropriate as sincere, and it justly expresses the reverent feelings of the Irish nation towards the father of American liberty.

As a patriot in the worst of times, Charles Phillips challenges our grateful admiration. His speeches and addresses to his fellow-Protestants, repeated and re-repeated with all the variety which such a mind as his could impart to them, were valuable beyond our power to estimate in dispelling the prejudice, and ignorance, and animosity, which it was ever the policy of England to cherish in unhappy Ireland. He spoke for the Catholics in Ireland, in England, every where. In season and out of season his voice was raised for the right. "He was," says Finlay, "in the court as a flaming sword, leading and lighting the injured to their own; in the public assembly, exposing the wrongs of his country; exacting her rights; conquering envy; trampling on corruption; beloved by his country; esteemed by a world; enjoying and deserving an unexampled fame; and actively employing the summer of his life in gathering honors for his name and garlands for his grave."

Let me put on a record, which I hope will meet the eye of others who like me can feel grateful towards such an exalted patriot the following truthful and beautiful passage, part of a surpassingly eloquent speech delivered in behalf of Catholic emancipation at Sligo.

"Enter the hovel of the Irish peasant. I do not say you will find the frugality of the Scotch, the comfort of the English, or the fantastic decorations of the French cottager; but I do say you will find sensibility the most affecting, politeness the most natural, hospitality the most grateful, merit the most unobscured. Their look is eloquence, their smile is love, their retort is wit, their remark is wisdom; not a wisdom borrowed from the dead, but that with which Nature has herself inspired them; an acute observance of the passing scene, and a deep insight into the motives of its agent. Try to deceive them, and see with what shrewdness they will detect; try to outwit them, and see with what humor they will elude; attack them with argument, and you will stand amazed at the strength of their expression, the rapidity of their ideas, and the energy of their gesture. In short, God seems to have formed our country like our people. He has thrown round the one its wild, magnificent, decorated rudeness; he has infused into the other the simplicity of genius and the seeds of virtue. He says audibly to us, 'Give them cultivation.'

"This is the way, gentlemen, in which I have always looked upon your question; not as a party, or a sectarian, or a Catholic, but as an IRISH question. Is it possible that any man can seriously believe the paralyzing five millions of such a people as I have been describing can be a benefit to the empire? Is there any

man who deserves the name, not of a statesman, but of a rational being, who can think it politic to rob such a multitude of all the energies of an honorable ambition? Look to Protestant Ireland, shooting over the empire those rays of genius, and those thunderbolts of war, that have at once embellished and preserved it. I speak not of a former era. I refer not for my example to the day just past, when our Burkes, our Barrys, and our Goldsmiths, exiled by this system from their native shore, wreathed the 'immortal shamrock' round the brow of painting, poetry, and eloquence! But now, even while I speak, who leads the British senate? A Protestant Irishman! Who guides the British arms? A Protestant Irishman! And why, why is Catholic Ireland, with her quintuple population, stationary and silent? Have physical causes neutralized its energies? Has the religion of Christ stupified its intellect? Has the God of mankind become the partisan of a monopoly, and put an interdict on its advancement? Stranger, do not ask the bigoted and pampered renegade, who has an interest in deceiving you; but open the penal statutes, and weep tears of blood over the reason. Come, come yourself, and see this unhappy people; see the Irishman, the only alien in Ireland, in rags and wretchedness, staining the sweetest scenery ever reposed on, persecuted by the extorting middleman of some absentee landlord, plundered by the lay-proctor of some rapacious and unsympathizing incumbent, bearing through life but insults and injustice, and bereaved even of any hope in death by the heart-rending reflection that he leaves his children to bear, like their father, an abominable bondage! Is this the fact? Let any man who doubts it walk out into your streets, and see the consequences of such a system; see it rearing up crowds in a kind of apprenticeship to the prison, absolutely permitted by their parents, from utter despair, to lisp the alphabet and learn the rudiments of profligacy! For my part, never did I meet one of these youthful assemblages without feeling within me a melancholy emotion. How often have I thought, within that little circle of neglected triflers who seem to have been born in caprice and bred in orphanage, there may exist some mind formed of the finest mould, and wrought for immortality; a soul swelling with the energies and stamped with the patent of the Deity — which, under proper culture, might perhaps bless, adorn, immortalize, or ennoble empires; some Cincinnatus, in whose breast the destinies of a nation may lie dormant; some Milton, 'pregnant with celestial fire;' some Curran, who, when thrones were crumbled and dynasties forgotten, might stand, the landmark of his country's genius, rearing himself amid regal ruins and national dissolution, a mental pyramid in the solitude of time, beneath whose shade things might moulder, and round whose summit eternity must play. Even in such a circle the young Demosthenes might have once been found, and Homer, the disgrace and glory of his age, have sung neglected."

Again, the following passage from a speech delivered, in Liverpool, to Englishmen, will tell the world why Irishmen revere Charles Phillips.

"You may quite depend on it, a period is approaching when, if penalty does not pause in the pursuit, patience will turn short on the pursuer. Can you wonder at it? Contemplate Ireland during any given period of England's rule, and what a picture does she exhibit! Behold her created in all the prodigality of nature; with a soil that anticipates the husbandman's desire; with harbors courting the commerce of the world; with rivers capable of the most effective navigation; with the

ore of every metal struggling through her surface; with a people, brave, generous, and intellectual, literally forcing their way through the disabilities of their own country into the highest stations of every other, and well rewarding the policy that promotes them, by achievements the most heroic, and allegiance without a blemish. How have the successive governments of England demeaned themselves to a nation offering such an accumulation of moral and political advantages? See it in the state of Ireland at this instant; in the universal bankruptcy that overwhelms her; in the loss of her trade; in the annihilation of her manufactures; in the deluge of her debt; in the divisions of her people; in all the loathsome operations of an odious, monopolizing, hypocritical fanaticism on the one hand, wrestling with the untiring but natural reprisals of an irritated population on the other! It required no common ingenuity to reduce such a country to such a situation. But it has been done; man has conquered the beneficence of the Deity; his harpy touch has changed the viands to corruption; and that land, which you might have possessed in health, and wealth, and vigor, to support you in your hour of need, now writhes in the agonies of death, unable even to lift the shroud with which famine and fatuity try to encumber her convulsion. This is what I see a pensioned press denominates tranquillity. O, woe to the land threatened with such tranquillity; *solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*; it is not yet the tranquillity of solitude; it is not yet the tranquillity of death; but if you would know what it is, go forth in the silence of creation, when every wind is hushed, and every echo mute, and all nature seems to listen in dumb, and terrified, and breathless expectation, — go forth in such an hour, and see the terrible tranquillity by which you are surrounded! How could it be otherwise, when, for ages upon ages, invention has fatigued itself with expedients for irritation; when, as I have read with horror in the progress of my legal studies, the homicide of a ‘mere Irishman’ was considered justifiable; and, when his ignorance was the origin of all his crimes, his education was prohibited *by act of parliament*! — when the people were worm-eaten by the odious vermin which a church and state adultery had spawned; when a bad heart and brainless head were the fangs by which every foreign adventurer and domestic traitor fastened upon office; when the property of the native was but an invitation to plunder, and his non-acquiescence the signal for confiscation; when religion itself was made the odious pretence for every persecution, and the fires of hell were alternately lighted with the cross, and quenched in the blood of its defenceless followers. I speak of times that are passed; but can their recollections, can their consequences, be so readily eradicated? Why, however, should I refer to periods that are so distant? Behold, at this instant, five millions of her people disqualified on account of their faith, and that by a country professing freedom! and that under a government calling itself Christian! You (when I say you, of course I mean not the high-minded people of England, but the men who misgovern us both) seem to have taken out a roving commission in search of grievances abroad, whilst you overlook the calamities at your own door, and of your own infliction. You traverse the ocean to emancipate the African; you cross the line to convert the Hindoo; you hurl your thunder against the savage Algerine; but your own brethren at home, who speak the same tongue, acknowledge the same king, and kneel to the same God, cannot get one visit from your *itinerant humanity*.”

This is from a Protestant, and spoken to a Protestant nation. It is ac

epitome the most compact in the English language of the operation, for centuries, of the British government in Ireland.

The professional fame of Mr. Phillips reached London, and he was tempted, by the advice of friends and the promptings of a natural ambition, to make that city the theatre of his more matured forensic abilities. About the year 1824, he joined the English bar, and soon got a considerable business. But the prejudice which had for centuries oppressed his country, met him on the road to wealth and eminence. Some of the judges conspired to discountenance his florid oratory, and one of them actually went so far as to interrupt him while addressing a jury, with the illegal and impertinent remark, "Mr. Phillips, consider the public time!" This received from the high-souled advocate a withering rebuke; but, notwithstanding, the "ears of the judges" were closed. His business at present, though very considerable, and yielding him some two thousand pounds a year, is not commensurate with his great abilities.

Mr. Phillips has not in latter years taken a prominent part in the affairs of Ireland. He is now past sixty years of age, and probably has not vigor sufficient to mingle in the popular debate; but that he is an Irishman to the core, every line of his beautiful poem, the "Emerald Isle," together with every action of his life, fully proclaims. That he views the present "union" between Britain and Ireland as a fraud and a curse, we have evidence in his own beautiful language. Addressing the temple of Irish legislation and eloquence in College Green, he exclaims:

"Thou mystic pile! our glory and our shame!  
 Ray of our pride and ruin of our name!  
 Where are the days when pure thy patriots rose,  
 To raise our greatness and redress our woes?  
 When Grattan thundered round thy ample dome,  
 And patriot genius found a kindred home?  
 When silver Burgh poured on the nation's ear  
 Strains such as Athens had been wont to hear;  
 While smiling Erin claimed thee for her own,  
 And reason hailed her decorated throne!  
 Alas! where once uprose the temple's porch,  
 And lively breathings woke the altar's torch,  
 Where patriot tongues their sacred music poured,  
 Now heartless traders heap their sordid board!  
 Rapine, exulting, spreads her impious spoil,  
 And withered Avarice affects a smile!"

The patriotic author alludes, in these pregnant couplets, to the old parliament-house in College Green, the most beautiful and classic structure

in Europe, — once the temple of Irish freedom, now turned into a den of money-changers; and thus vents his *repeal* principles in language still more distinct and eloquent.

“Of the Irish ‘*union*’—that infamous consummation of our calamities, begot in bribery and baptized in blood, which robbed the Irishman of the impulse of a name, degraded his country into a province, gave him an itinerant legislature and an absentee aristocracy, left him at the mercy of every ‘prentice statesman, and carried away his wealth to bribe his foreign masters into contemptuous civility, I shall not speak, because I trust it is but a fleeting spark, *and that Irishmen will never desist until the very memory of that penal statute on our national pride is obliterated and erased.*”—p. 145, note to *Emerald Isle*.

It is likely the prophetic orator will live to see his hopes and forebodings fully realized.

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## MEN OF SCIENCE.

The preceding subjects, who may come under the designation of patriots, I have presented as samples of the eminent men which Ireland raised within the eighteenth century, whose eloquence fed the mind of England, and whose patriotism for a moment coerced her to be just. I shall now give the names and attributes of a few men of science which Ireland contributed to her sister, the rays of whose genius kindled up her enterprise, added to her wealth, and expanded her commerce. I have condensed the most of the following from various individual biographies and autobiographies.

### BLACK.

Black, the celebrated chemist, was born in Belfast, in 1728. His father was a wine-merchant, and resided some part of his life in France; and the youth spent much of his early days in Bourdeaux, became acquainted with the great Montesquieu, returned to Belfast, and entered the chief academy of that town, to study for the medical profession; from whence he afterwards proceeded to Glasgow to pursue his studies. Here he made those great discoveries in chemistry, which the scientific of the present day so highly appreciate.

Before his time, magnesia had been confounded with other absorbent earths, being conceived to be merely a modification of lime. Black’s

experiments proved that it was distinct from that substance ; and he then showed its affinity to acids. He made several beautiful discoveries in the nature of lime, acids, confined air, &c., which the learned chemist will admit to be the result of a great mind. It was he who first used the term *fixed air*, as applied to the atmosphere in a state of compression or confinement, and pointed out the distinction between *fixed* and *inflammable* air. His expositions of the combustive qualities of fixed air are luminous, and open to the mind of chemical philosophers a field which the expansive intellect of the most learned may range through with pleasure, and without impediment or limitation.

Several eminent men became his disciples, amongst whom may be noted Brownrigg, Cavendish, and Dr. Priestley. Black's theories were subsequently adopted by the chemists and philosophers of France, Sweden, and Germany. The present splendid system of French chemistry sprang from the fountain mind of this eminent Irishman.

In the progress of his inquiries, the subject of *heat* became a prominent object of his study ; the laws of which he laid open to the world, and which, it is admitted, *were the most wonderful as well as the most valuable discoveries of modern times*. Dr. Irvine and the celebrated Mr. *Watt* were his pupils, and from this great man's mind *Watt* drew most of the ideas and principles on which he constructed his steam-engine.

Black lectured publicly every year, in Glasgow and Edinburgh, on the theory of heat, and great numbers of foreigners came to learn of him. It is greatly to be regretted that he did not commit his lectures to print ; for, had he done so, such men as Laplace, Crawford, De Luc, and others, would not have dared to publish his ideas as their own. This eminent man was much beloved in society, had a fine musical ear, and played charmingly on the flute—particularly the tunes of his native land. He died while a professor of chemistry in Edinburgh, at the age of seventy-one, and his lectures were published, after his death, by Professor Robinson. Black earned a brilliant European reputation, and left to the world stupendous discoveries, in the different departments of chemistry, which are yet but partially developed.

#### THOMAS FRYE,

the original inventor and first manufacturer of porcelain, in England, was born near Dublin, in 1710. His natural bent and genius were towards portrait-painting. This arduous profession he followed with more or less success in Ireland, and subsequently in England. Having,

by his performances, attracted the eye of royalty, he suddenly came into notice. He was an adept in oil painting, and in mezzotinto engraving, — in the latter of which he surpassed all competition.

A scheme for the manufacture of porcelain, under his management, was heartily engaged in by a number of gentlemen, by whom the business was commenced at Bow, near London. This induced him to forego the pursuit of his favorite profession, and to devote his vast ingenuity to the development of the manufacture of porcelain; which, though not immediately profitable to the first undertakers, or to Frye himself, laid the foundation, in England, of that important branch of national manufacture which has since proved so profitable a source of national wealth. The beautiful porcelain vessels manufactured under Frye's superintendence are still highly prized by collectors.

From the ruins of the manufactory at Bow, those of Chelsea and Worcester have grown up. After fifteen years of incessant labor in the factory at Bow, during which he contended with the heavy taxes of government on South Carolina white clay, he betook himself again to painting and engraving. Some of his works are preserved in Saddler's Hall, Cheapside. He died of consumption, in 1762, fifty-two years of age.

#### SIR HANS SLOANE

was born in the county Down, in Ireland, 1660. Having come from a wealthy family, he received a good education. He travelled much, and displayed a strong taste for botanical science. His voyages and travels, in pursuit of botanical information, were unprecedented; and he was the first man who made Europe fully acquainted with the rich botanical treasures of America. In 1696, he published his celebrated works on Jamaica, and on foreign plants, and subsequently his extensive *Voyages in Quest of Botanical Knowledge*. He was the first to establish a botanical garden, in [Chelsea,] England, and at his death bequeathed it to the Society of Apothecaries, on condition of their presenting to the Royal Society fifty new plants every year, different from the others and from each other. This they regularly complied with, and have in latter years produced two thousand new specimens, which fully carries out the testator's curious will.

On the death of Sir Isaac Newton, in 1727, Sloane succeeded him as president of the Royal Society. He had now obtained great celebrity as a physician, and saw every body, rich and poor, who came to consult him. At this time he was physician to George the Second. He was a



great benefactor of the poor, and was governor of a score of hospitals in London. He resigned a useful life at the age of ninety-two, and left behind a library of *fifty thousand volumes*, and a museum containing *twenty-three thousand curious coins and medals*, besides innumerable prints, drawings, and curiosities, brought from almost every country in the world. There were also in the collection *thirty-six thousand specimens of natural subjects*. He ordered, in his will, that this extensive gathering should be offered to the public for twenty thousand pounds, declaring that they cost him fifty thousand pounds. The parliament purchased them, purchased Montague House for their reception, and then bought the collections of the Earl of Oxford, together with the Cottonian collection, and thus was founded the *British Museum*.

#### THE HONORABLE ROBERT BOYLE

was the fourteenth child of Boyle, the great Earl of Cork. He was born in Lismore Castle, January, 1627, received a careful education, travelled on the Continent, and became acquainted with the celebrated Galileo, whose ideas of the motion and shape of the earth were then newly broached. On his return to Ireland, he devoted his mind to chemical and astronomical studies, and occupied himself laboriously with experiments, in accordance with the conceptions and conjectures of his very original mind. Several valuable discoveries were the fruit of this. Amongst these was the *air-pump*, a machine which so accurately demonstrated the theory of the air, that a new and complete system of chemistry has been raised thereon.

In 1663, he published some works on experimental philosophy, on colors, on a diamond, &c. These books were stored with original ideas, and afforded, says Boyle's biographer, "much assistance to Sir Isaac Newton, in forming that complete theory which has since suffered so little alteration." He discovered several sorts of poison, as also a chemical preparation for discharging ink from paper, parchments, &c. But these he did not disclose to the world. In 1669, he published a work on the spring and weight of the air, and on the atmospheres of consistent bodies; and soon after he issued tracts on the temperature of the subterranean regions, the bottom of the sea, &c. These were published in Latin and English, for the advantage of foreign scholars. He published a paper on quicksilver growing hot with gold; another on the saltness of the sea, the moisture of the air, the natural and preternatural state of bodies. In 1684, he published the "Natural History of the Human

Blood, especially the Spirit of that Liquor," and experiments about the porosity of bodies. Late in life he published a treatise on hydrostatics, applied to the *materia medica*,—a most valuable tract. So numerous, indeed, were the tracts he published, during his long and useful life, that they fill three or four volumes. They were chiefly directed to scientific inquiries, and were wholly devoted, without any recompense, to the instruction of mankind.

#### JOHN BROOKS,

an ingenious mezzotinto engraver, was a native of Ireland; and it is to his instruction the world is indebted for two very celebrated mezzotinto engravers, M'Ardell, and Houston, who were both apprenticed to him.

The year that Brooks left Ireland is unknown; but on his arrival in England, he produced a specimen of an art which has since been applied and extended to a very considerable manufacture at Liverpool and several other places in England— which was printing in enamel colors to burn on china; which having been shown to that generous patriot, and worthy character, Sir Theodore Jansen, he conceived it might prove a national advantage, and readily embarked in it, taking York-house, at Battersea, and fitting it up at a considerable expense. One Gynn, a native of Ireland, a very ingenious designer and engraver, was employed, with the celebrated John Hall, who at that time was very young. The subjects they chose consisted, for the most part, of stories from Ovid and Homer, and were greatly admired, not only for their beauty of design and engraving, but for the novelty of execution, and were indefatigably sought after by the curious, for pendants in cabinets, or covers to toilet boxes.

Brooks was a convivial person, and spent most of his time in company with the keeper of a public house. His inventions, therefore, enriched others, while he lived and died in poverty.

#### BERKELEY,

the philosopher, was born 12th of March, 1684, near Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny. At the age of fifteen he entered Trinity College, from the provincial school of Mr. Hinton. He published, while yet only twenty-four years of age, a work on algebra, and Demonstrations in Euclid, which are evidences of the sound mathematical knowledge which he had thus early acquired. Berkeley was the tutor in college of the celebrated *Molyneux*, whose book on the rights of Ireland was the

germ of that Irish spirit which, in 1782, had grown so magnificently to the dimensions of national independence.

Berkeley published, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the *Theory of Vision*. In this work he drew a boundary between the senses of sight and touch. He subsequently published an improved work on the same subject, which has received the approval of the most scientific. He entered with considerable confidence into the nature of matter, and the attributes of a Creator, which prove only how great were his acquirements, and how bold and original his conceptions. He was the intimate friend of Locke, Swift, Pope, Addison, and Sir Richard Steele. For the latter he wrote several papers in his *Guardian*, receiving for each a guinea and a dinner. He delighted in metaphysical speculations, and enjoyed a European reputation — was distinguished in the diplomatic circles of England, and was once in Sicily, as secretary to an embassy. Swift's *Vanessa*, the celebrated Mrs. Vanhomrigh, appointed Berkeley her executor. She left eight thousand pounds, under the administration of himself and Mr. Marshall; but he had the good taste to suppress most of her correspondence with the eccentric dean.

In 1725, having been previously appointed dean of Derry, he turned his attention to the condition of the red man in the American wilderness, and proposed to government the idea of establishing, in some one of the Bermuda Islands, a college for the education of Indian missionaries, to be sent among that race. Although some fellows of college joined him in the scheme, yet, owing to the failure of government to make the promised advances, it fell to the ground; not, however, till he had given up his deanery and income, of eleven hundred pounds a year, and had come out to the United States. He used to preach in Newport, Rhode Island, the place where he first landed. On his leaving America, he gave one hundred acres of most valuable land, which he had purchased in Connecticut, together with a house and a large library, to *Yale College*, New Haven. He was a universal philanthropist; was a friend to the Catholics, and wrote in favor of their emancipation, for which he received their public thanks. He wrote and published an incredible number of books, and died at Oxford, at the age of seventy. Pope has the following line on this eminent man:—

“To Berkeley every virtue under heaven;”

and Phillips, alluding to his eccentric writings on the non-existence of matter, has the following beautiful tribute:—

“And, Berkeley, thou, in vision fair,  
With all the spirits of the air,

Shouldst come to see, beyond dispute,  
 Thy deathless page thyself refute,  
 And in it own that thou couldst view  
 Matter — and it immortal too.”

### HAMILTON.

Ireland gave birth to two very eminent philosophers and mathematicians of this name, about the same time. Hugh Hamilton, the Protestant bishop of Ossory, born in the county of Dublin, 1729, was educated in Trinity College, published his *Treatise on Conic Sections* in 1759, and was elected Erasmus Smith professor of natural philosophy. His luminous works were published by his son, in 1809.

William Hamilton was an eminent divine of the Protestant church, and a native of the county Antrim. He was educated at Trinity College, and was distinguished as a naturalist, geologist, and philosopher. His *Letters on the Coast of the County of Antrim*, containing an ingenious review of the opinions concerning the origin and productions of the basaltic strata, attracted not only a national, but a European attention. In 1788, he published an account of experiments for determining the temperature of the earth's surface in Ireland—a work highly valued by the learned, and which finds a place in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*. It is painful to be obliged to add, that this distinguished scholar lost his life, in the north of Ireland, during a season of temporary insurrection.

### DR. YOUNG,

a native of Roscommon, born in 1750, was educated in Trinity College. In 1775, he rose to the enjoyment of the highest distinction of that university. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the Newtonian system of philosophy, and was the principal founder of the *Royal Irish Academy*—a society that has, for its short existence, conferred incalculable benefits on the neglected intellect of Ireland.

“In the intervals of his severer studies, he applied himself to modern languages; and the result of his labors may be seen in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, to which he also contributed largely on mathematical and philosophical subjects. Besides these, he published the following learned and ingenious works: 1. *The Phenomena of Sounds and Musical Strings*, 1784, 8vo. 2. *The Force of Testimony, &c.*, 4to. 3. *The Number of Primitive Colors in Solar Light: on the Precession of the Equinoxes: Principles of Natural Philosophy*, 1800, 8vo., being his last publication, and containing the substance of his lectures in the college.

“In 1786, when the professorship of philosophy in Trinity College became vacant, he had attained so high a reputation in that branch of science, that he was elected to the office without opposition. His *Essay on Sounds* had been published two years, and it was known that he was engaged in the arduous task of illustrating the *Principia* of Newton. He now devoted himself to the duties of his professorship; and the college having been enriched with the excellent apparatus of Mr. Atwood, Dr. Young improved the occasion of carrying his lectures to a degree of perfection unknown in the University of Dublin, and never, perhaps, exceeded in any other. He proceeded, in the mean time, in his great work, the *Method of Prime and Ultimate Ratios*, illustrated by a *Commentary on the first two Books of the Principia*, and had nearly completed it in English when he was advised by his friends to publish it in Latin. He readily acquiesced, and thus had an opportunity, while translating it, of revising the whole, and rendering it fuller and more perfect.”

This distinguished scholar died at Whitworth, in Lancashire, in 1800.

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#### AYLMER,

of Balrath, in Ireland, from being captain of a war ship, on the accession of James the Second, was advanced to the command of the British fleet, in the time of William the Third and Queen Anne. George the First made him, in 1718, Baron Aylmer of the Kingdom of Ireland; and in 1720, a rear-admiral of Great Britain. All these honors he won by his surpassing bravery and consummate skill. The fleet of England derived the most of its glories, for fifty years, from the example of his valor and the direction of his genius.

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### AUTHORS, ARTISTS, MUSICIANS, ACTORS, &c.

Under this head, I will present a few leading Irishmen, who have distinguished themselves in the general walk of literature and art. It will be seen, even from the meagre outlines I give, that, in all those departments where genius, wit, taste, fancy, conception, and execution, are required, to embody, illustrate, or adorn, thought or action, the sons of Erin stand preëminent, and have laid their haughty neighbors of England under obligations which they never can return, and will be slow to acknowledge.

## GEORGE BARRET;

a poor journeyman print-colorer, of the poorest part of the city of Dublin. He manifested some taste in landscape sketches, and got introduced to Edmund Burke, who brought him into note. His first studies were made at West's Academy, in Dublin. The Earl of Powerscourt, at Burke's suggestion, subsequently patronized him. He was taken up by that nobleman to study the magnificent scenery of the Dargle, where he imbibed so thoroughly the images and colors of nature, that his pieces were eagerly sought for by the most distinguished of the gentry. He won premiums, from the Dublin Society, for landscapes in oil, and was finally induced to go to London, that market for genius. He came there in 1762, where his fame had previously arrived; and here this distinguished son of *Ireland* founded the ROYAL ACADEMY OF ENGLAND, for the promotion and encouragement of the fine arts. He was unequalled in his close resemblance to nature. His best pictures are in the collections of the Dukes of Buccleuch and Portland. He died in 1784, in the enjoyment of an income from the British government, and the honorary situation of painter to Chelsea Hospital.

## THOMAS PARNELL,

the poet, was born in Dublin, in 1679. His family were wealthy, and he received a good education. When he grew up, he soon found his way into the literary circles of London, and formed friendships with Addison, Pope, Steele, Swift, and others. He contributed many delightful papers to the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the arguments of which were conveyed in the medium of visions. His poetry is thus characterized by Dr. Johnson: "In his verse there is more happiness than pains; he is sprightly without effort, and always delights, though he never ravishes. Every thing is proper, yet every thing seems casual." He died in 1717.

## SIR RICHARD STEELE,

the contributor of a considerable number of the delightful papers of the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and *Tatler*, the bosom friend of Addison, and his equal in literary composition of peculiar beauty, was born in Dublin, 1671. His father was a member of the Irish bar, and took care to bestow on him a good education. He was, when approaching maturity, sent to the English Academy called the "Charter House," where he

contracted that friendship with Addison which resulted in the publication of those transcendent models of English literature, the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, &c.

Young Steele began life as a private soldier in the Guards. His talents recommended him to Lord Cutts, the colonel of the regiment, who made him his private secretary. From this he was promoted to a government office worth three hundred pounds a year. The office he filled was that of editor of the *London Gazette*, where he worked, "according to order," in recording government events.

He now employed his leisure hours in writing for the stage. His first piece, the *Funeral*, or *Grief-a-la-mode*, took admirably. In 1703, he produced the *Tender Husband*; in 1704, the *Lying Lover*. In 1709, he published the first number of the *Tatler*, the first of a series of essays on morals, science, and literature, which so excited London that several thousand impressions were daily sold. His name was now raised to an equality with the highest.

On the 2d of January, 1711, he discontinued the *Tatler*, without acquainting his friend Addison, and began the *Spectator*, which extended to several volumes, and which stands, to this hour, a monument of his knowledge, and a standard of style in English composition. Addison contributed to this work, and Parnell, his own countryman, wrote for it those beautiful moral pieces, under the head of "*Visions*," which are at once so instructive and fascinating.

After these came the *Guardian*, and other works of a like nature. In the production of these beautiful papers, his friends broke in upon him, and deranged and retarded his labors. Old Null, the original printer of the *Tatler*, declared that he actually saw one paper written by Steele in his bed, at midnight, while he was waiting to carry it to the office.

In the mean time, he wrote several political pamphlets in favor of the whigs, and relinquished his office to sit in parliament. He was ultimately returned to that assembly in 1714. It is unnecessary to pursue him through the stormy seas of politics, for which, indeed, he was totally unfitted. His soul was bent to literary compositions; to wit, to poetry, and the drama. Although his income was considerable, he was beset by the habitual error of his countrymen — *improvidence*. He was twice married; depended, in his latter days, on the property of his second wife; and died in 1729. His friendship for Addison continued during that gifted writer's life, and their joint works will live as long as the language in which they were so beautifully written.

## SIR PHILIP FRANCIS,

*the author of the celebrated letters signed JUNIUS*, was born in Dublin, the 22d of October, 1740. His father was a clergyman of the Church of England, who had distinguished himself by translations of Horace, and other classical works. The subject of our notice received a good share of his education in Dr. Ball's school, in Ship Street, Dublin. He was subsequently sent to London, where he studied for some time in St. Paul's School. An introduction to Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, led to his appointment in the secretary of state's office. From this he was appointed secretary to General Bligh, in which capacity he was present at the capture of Cherbourg. He was appointed secretary of an embassy to Portugal, and subsequently to the war-office, where he remained eleven years.

In 1772, having conceived that he was ill treated by Lord Barrington, he retired from that office. In that year, he travelled over the Continent, and on his return, in 1773, he reobtained the friendship of Lord North, who was then prime minister of England. Shortly after this, he was sent to India as a member of the commission appointed to reform the powers and government of the East India Company. The majority of the commissioners lost their health and died in India, leaving Mr. Francis to battle all alone with the celebrated tyrant and plunderer, *Warren Hastings*. A duel was one of the consequences of this struggle, in which Francis was shot through the body, but survived the apparently mortal wound in a wonderful manner. When fully recovered, he returned to England, having stopped, in his passage, a few months at St. Helena.

In 1784, he was returned a member of the British parliament, and opposed Pitt's India bill, which was intended to take away trial by jury from the natives. It was then he delivered an eloquent philippic against that minister, who, in consequence, never after forgave him.

In 1787, Francis moved the revenue charge against Warren Hastings, which he carried, by a direct majority of sixteen, against the crown. The hatred of Pitt rose in intensity towards one who seemed determined to make no compromise with corruption. When the managers for the prosecution of Hastings had been nominated by parliament, Pitt contrived, by a dexterous effort, to have Sir Philip excluded from the committee. Burke, who was chairman of that committee, to which he gave most valuable assistance in the impeachment of Hastings, prepared an address to Francis, which was signed by all its members, acknowledging his integrity, talent, and accurate knowledge of Indian affairs.



In 1792, he stood forward the champion of parliamentary reform, and wrote, in behalf of the principle, some of the most eloquent essays of the day. His denunciations of the traffic in slaves, then extensively carried on by the English aristocracy in all parts of the world, remain as examples of human equity and disinterested philanthropy.

In 1770—1772, he contributed to the *Public Advertiser* the celebrated letters signed Junius. These eloquent denunciations of corruption in government have been gathered and published in two volumes. That work has passed into every European language. It has been viewed as a model of eloquent political logic, satire, and invective. Sir Philip Francis kept up his incognito to the last; but during his life, a rigorous inquiry was instituted about these letters, which had now acquired such celebrity that many most eminent men were given to the world as their authors. A book was at length published entitled *An Inquiry into the Authorship of the Junius Letters*, from which I make the following extract:—

“Sir Philip Francis was undoubtedly Junius; for the premises are established on the clearest and most satisfactory evidence.

“With the ability and the opportunity, he had the *inducement* to write the letters. He is proved to have possessed the constitutional principles, political opinions, and personal views, of the author. His public attachments and animosities were the same. He had the same private friends, acquaintances, and opponents. In the country of his birth, in the mode of his education, in his opportunities of political instruction, early initiation into state affairs, and inclination to profit by his advantages; in having access to the first sources of information respecting the king, the court, the cabinet, and every department under government, with which Junius seems familiar, the resemblance is most strikingly preserved. It is heightened by his having the same disposition, hopes and fears, habits, pursuits, and even personal appearance. In attending parliament without being a member; in the practice of taking notes, and reporting speeches; in hearing the same debates, and quoting the same speeches, even at the time they were unpublished; in writing anonymously; and in employing, throughout all his works, similar phrases, metaphors, sentiments, illustrations, maxims, quotations, and trains of thought, the identity is still further apparent. But in his connection with the war office, in that excessive zeal and evidently personal feeling with which his own interests are maintained and his name is mentioned; in the critical period of his retiring from the public service; in the duration of his absence from England; and in the time of his return, with his consequent departure for India, we meet with proofs which inevitably show that he is Junius.

“It should also be observed that in a supplement to this work, *specimens of the hand-writing both of Junius and Sir Philip Francis are exhibited, in the general character, and even the minute peculiarities of which, the agreement is too prominent, too definite, to be overlooked or resisted.*”

Sir Philip died in London, 1818, 79 years old.

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

the author of popular Histories of England, Rome, and Greece, of the Deserted Village, Animated Nature, and several other valuable works in prose and verse, was born in the parish of Fores, in the county Longford, Ireland, 29th November, 1728. The poet's father was a clergyman of the Church of England, who had four sons besides himself. At sixteen years of age, he was put, by the efforts of his father's friends, to Trinity College, as a *sizar*, viz., a *working* scholar. Here he studied with moderate attention; but, having invited some young friends to a ball and supper in his chambers, was so unlucky as to be surprised in the midst of the festival by his tutor, who violently dispersed the company, and inflicted chastisement upon poor Oliver himself. This affair had such a dispiriting effect on his mind, that he would remain no longer in the college. He sold his books and clothes, and wandered forth into the strange city, with only one shilling remaining in his pockets. He soon left Dublin, wandered into the country, and, after encountering a variety of boyish trials and adventures, made his brother acquainted with his situation, who clothed him, brought him back to college, effected a reconciliation with the authorities there, and restored him to his studies. He did not, it seems, after this, make any remarkable progress in literary acquirement or academical honors.

He left college, and returned to the country. His father died. His uncle undertook to put him through the Temple as a law student; but Oliver was not made to fathom Coke or Blackstone. He gambled, and lost the fifty pounds which his uncle gave him to defray his expenses in London; then returned to the good man, was forgiven, and they now determined he should be a doctor, and sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine, under Dr. Monro.

This place he quitted in 1754, and embarked, in company with some others, on a voyage of adventure to Bordeaux. The vessel was driven by a storm into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the passengers landed to refresh. Here they were all seized as the emissaries of Louis the Fifteenth. Young Goldsmith, with the others, was imprisoned several days, and subsequently made his way to the Continent. He is believed to have set out upon his travels with only one clean shirt, and no money in his pocket. He had, however, "a knack at hoping;" and, in a situation in which any other individual would have laid his account with starving, he undertook the tour of Europe.

It is generally understood that, in the History of a Philosophic Vaga-

bond, (*Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. 20,) he has related many of his own adventures. He played tolerably well on the German flute, which, from an amusement, became, at times, the means of his subsistence. "Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall," says he, "I played one of my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day; but in truth," his constant expression, "I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavors to please them." His learning also procured him a hospitable reception at most of the religious houses he visited; and in this precarious way of existence he arrived in Switzerland, where he first cultivated his poetical talent with any great effect, having despatched from hence the original sketch of his delightful epistle, the Traveller, to his brother Henry. And the circumstances described in the pathetic exordium of this beautiful poem,—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," —

were doubtless frequently and severely felt by him during his excursion.

The affecting sentiment contained in the following can only be appreciated by wanderers like him.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,  
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

After visiting Italy, he returned through France on foot, and came to England in 1756. He had but a few coppers in his pocket on his arrival in London. Having obtained a situation as usher in a school, the employment kept him from starving. This place he quitted, and then tried, unsuccessfully, several apothecaries for employment. A chemist took him in, and gave him some assistance.

At length, his friend, Dr. Sleigh, coming to London, and finding him in this poor condition, took him by the hand, offered him his purse, and set him up as a practising physician. He was not very successful in this undertaking. Becoming acquainted with Dr. Milner, he was introduced through him to several publishers, and then ventured to launch the *Life of Voltaire* as his first work for publication. This was followed by his *State of Polite Literature in Europe*, and several other light publications. He was employed six or eight months to write for the *Monthly Journal*; then started a weekly paper, called the *Bee*, which fell at the eighth number.

He was introduced, through Smollett, to Newbury, of the *Public Ledger*, for whom he wrote the celebrated *Chinese Letters*, which were

afterwards collected into two volumes, entitled the *Citizen of the World*.

After this, he produced his *Vicar of Wakefield*, which he submitted to Johnson, who read and approved of it. Newbury gave him sixty pounds for the copyright. He then began *Letters on the History of England*, the *Art of Poetry*, and the *Traveller*. His fame was now established, and the booksellers sought him. His *Roman History* soon appeared, and he wrote a play for the stage, entitled the *Good-Natured Man*, which brought him five hundred pounds. He was now sought for, as Johnson was, to write prefaces for the productions of other authors. These compositions were done in so captivating a style, that one bookseller engaged him to write a *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*. He also wrote a *Life of Parnell*, and selected classical English tales for the boarding-schools.

In 1767, he produced his elegant poem, the *Deserted Village*. The objects and characters belong to his native village. Here is a specimen.

“Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,  
 Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,  
 And parting Summer’s lingering bloom delayed;  
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;  
 How often have I loitered o’er thy green,  
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
 How often have I paused on every charm,  
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
 The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,  
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
 How often have I blessed the coming day,  
 When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,  
 And all the village train, from labor free,  
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;  
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
 The young contending as the old surveyed;  
 And many a gambol frolicked o’er the ground,  
 And sleights of art, and feats of strength, went round;  
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;  
 The dancing pair, that simply sought renown  
 By holding out to tire each other down;  
 The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,  
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
 The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove:—  
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;  
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:  
 These were thy charms:—but all these charms are fled!"

In 1773, he produced the popular comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*. This brought him eight hundred and fifty pounds, and he received a like sum for his *Animated Nature*. But his convivial habits, added to gaming propensities, caused him to be almost forever in debt. He usually hired apartments at a farm-house in the neighborhood of London, where he labored incessantly in completing his literary works. These he brought into London, sold to the booksellers, and revelled on the proceeds, with all the wits of the age.

This unequal sort of life cut short his career. He died at the age of forty-five. His admirers have erected a marble monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, in the Poet's Corner, with an appropriate epitaph from Dr. Johnson; but his books, the very best written in the English language, are his best and most lasting monument.

#### ARTHUR O'LEARY,

a Roman Catholic clergyman, who would have conferred honor on any profession by the benevolence of his character, was a native of Ireland, which country he quitted, when young, for France, studied at the College of St. Malo, in Brittany, and at length entered into the Franciscan order of Capuchins. He then officiated for some time as chaplain to the English prisoners during the seven years' war, for which he received a small pension from the French government, which he retained till the revolution in that country.

Having obtained permission to go to Ireland, he obtained, by his talents, the notice and recompense of the Irish government, and took an early opportunity of showing the superiority of his courage and genius, by principally attacking the heterodox doctrines of Michael Servetus, revived at that time by a Dr. Blair, of the city of Cork. After this, in 1782, when there was a disposition to relax the rigor of the penal laws against the Roman Catholics, and establish a sort of test oath, he published a tract, entitled *Loyalty Asserted, or the Test Oath Vindicated*, in which, in opposition to most of his brethren, he endeavored to prove that the Roman Catholics of Ireland might, consistently with their

religion, swear that the pope possessed there no temporal authority, which was the chief point on which the oath hinged; and in other respects he evinced his liberality, and his desire to restrain the impetuosity of his brethren. His other productions were of a various and miscellaneous nature; and several effusions are supposed to have come from his pen which he did not think it necessary, or perhaps prudent, to acknowledge. He was a man gifted liberally with wit and humor, and possessed great acquirements. He was a member of the volunteer convention of 1783, and was deservedly respected by that patriotic body. He wrote on polemical subjects without acrimony, and on politics with a spirit of conciliation. For many years he resided in London, as principal of the Roman Catholic chapel in Soho Square, where he was highly esteemed by people of his religion. In his private character he was always cheerful, gay, sparkling with wit, and full of anecdote. He died at an advanced age, in January, 1802, and was interred in St. Pancras churchyard.

A collection of his miscellaneous tracts has been published in one volume, octavo; and Dr. Woodward, bishop of Cloyne, to whom one of them was written, acknowledges him to write with both strength and eloquence. Mr. Wesley also styles him an "arch and lively writer."

#### WILLIAM HALLIDAY,

eminent for his profound knowledge of the Irish language, was the son of a druggist of Dublin, and was born 1788. To a fine taste for the arts he added a critical knowledge of the classic and modern languages; but that in which he was most deeply versed was the Irish, with which, until the latter years of his life, he was wholly unacquainted. By a close application to the vellum MSS., assisted by some imperfect Irish glossaries, he attained so extraordinary a facility in understanding the most ancient writings of the country, as surprised those who spoke it from their infancy — a circumstance which should incite others to the study of a language so ancient, and which is by no means so difficult to acquire as many suppose. He constructed a grammar and glossary of the Irish language, and translated part of Keating's History of Ireland, but was cut off in his youth, and died at twenty-four years of age.

#### EDMUND MALONE,

the celebrated critic, and commentator on Shakspeare, was born in Dublin, 1741. He came from a respectable family, and was educated for the

bar, to which he was called in 1767. Having become suddenly possessed of a considerable fortune by legacy, he gave up his profession, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. His Commentaries on Shakspeare is a standard work. He wrote also a short *Life of Dryden*, whose scattered poetry he collected. He was the friend of Boswell, whose *Life of Johnson*, after Boswell's death, he superintended for the benefit of the author's family. He also wrote the *Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, and superintended the publication of his works. He was one of Sir Joshua's executors. He wrote a *Life of Windham*, which was the last performance of his life. His death happened in 1818, in the 70th year of his age. He was buried in Westmeath.

#### CHARLES MACKLIN,

the eminent tragedian, was born about 1690. His father was respectable, of the ancient Milesian family of *M'Laughlin*, which, in his own words, he "*Englishified to Macklin.*" In 1741, he first appeared in the London theatres as Shylock. Pope, who witnessed the representation, pronounced it to be "the Jew which Shakspeare drew." He suffered a variety of vicissitudes; was unfortunately cursed with a bad temper, which blasted almost all his prospects. The *Man of the World*, and *Love-a-la-Mode*, were two of the most successful pieces of his composition. He retired at one time from the stage, and opened a tavern and debating society. By this he became a bankrupt. His daughter was highly accomplished, and cut a considerable figure on the stage. He was the contemporary and friend of Garrick, Foote, Barry, Colman, and the other stars of that brilliant constellation. He lived to the age of eighty, and his friends made up a sum of fifteen hundred pounds to purchase an annuity. His pride and ill-temper prevented him amassing an independent fortune; for his talents, as author and actor, were varied, original, and sterling. His life, to a lover of the drama, is full of interest, and may be studied at length in the "*British Stage.*"

#### HUGH KELLY,

born on the banks of Killarney, 1739, was the author of several excellent dramatic pieces and political works; amongst which were the *Babbler*, in two pocket volumes, which had a great circulation in London, where it was published; a comedy, called *False Delicacy*, the success of which may be judged of from the fact that it was translated into the Portuguese, French, Italian, and German languages. He also

wrote the *School for Wives*, which holds its place on the stage to the present time.

Kelly was author of several other pamphlets and plays of lesser celebrity. He died in 1777, leaving a wife and five children in distress; but the admirers of his talents, including the celebrated Dr. Johnson, exerted themselves to have some of his plays performed for her benefit, the proceeds of which relieved her.

#### RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKEN;

a fascinating writer of small dramatic trifles, a charming poet, and the author of many popular ballads, among which was the *Groves of Blarney*, sung with such wonderful eclat by the lamented Power. Mr. Milliken was born in 1767, in Castle Martyr, in the county of Cork, and was one of the most leading wits and pleasing writers of his time. He was an artist, too, of considerable taste. He laid the foundation of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Cork, which fostered and developed such brilliant artists as MacIese, Hogan, O'Shea, and some others, who stand at the head of European art. Milliken died in 1815. In the course of his varied projects to amuse and instruct his countrymen, he established a little exhibition of puppets, named the *Patagonian Theatre*, in the present lecture-room of the Cork Institution. Never, perhaps, was more wit or ingenuity displayed than in the various bills of performance, and mechanical contrivances; and several of our most popular operas and farces were performed by these wooden actors in a very pleasing manner. The prologue usually spoken was written by Mr. Milliken, and is peculiarly playful: as a specimen, —

“Look at the stage of life, and you shall see  
 How many *blockheads* act as well as we.  
 Through all this world such actors still abound,  
 With heads as hard, but not with hearts as sound.  
 Of real life to make the likeness good,  
 We have our actors from congenial wood.  
 For instance, Dr. Bolus here you'll see  
 Shake his grave noddle in *sage ebony*;  
 Soldiers in *laurel*; lawyers and the church  
 In *sable-yew*, and pedagogues in *birch*;  
 Ladies in *satin-wood*, and dying swains  
 In *weeping-willow* melodize their pains;  
 Poets in *bay*; in *crab-tree*, politicians;  
 And any *bit of stick* will make musicians;  
 Quakers in good *sound deal* we make, — plain folk, —  
 And Irish tars in heart of native *oak*!”



## SPRANGER BARRY, THE ACTOR,

who divided the laurels with Garrick for upwards of twenty years, was a native of the city of Dublin, born 1719. His favorite characters were Macbeth, Lear, Othello. For the imbodiment of the latter, it is said by his biographer, he seemed to have been born.

## JAMES BARRY, THE PAINTER,

the most eminent historical painter of his age, was born in Cork, in 1741. His father was a sailor, and young Barry frequently accompanied him in his coasting voyages. But his predilection for sketching soon indicated the bent of his mind, and he devoted his nights, as well as his days, to the passionate pursuit of his favorite study. He used to sit up all night drawing or transcribing from books. At two-and-twenty, he painted the first arrival of St. Patrick in the south of Ireland, and the baptism of the pagan king of Cashell. Edmund Burke, who was then at once the arbiter and patron of the budding talent of his native country, saw this picture; admired the original genius it displayed; brought him to England; provided him with the means of proceeding to Rome to prosecute his studies, which he pursued with a degree of intensity that may be gathered from his own letter — “My hopes are grounded in a most unwearied *intense* application. I every day centre more and more upon my art. I give myself totally to it, and, except honor and conscience, am determined to renounce every thing else.” On his return to England, he painted, for the Society for the Promotion of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, a series of allegorical pictures, illustrating the progress of human knowledge, which *now decorate* the great room of the society in London. This splendid work, consisting of six great pictures, — two forty feet square, and four twelve feet square, — cost him three years’ labor, during which he endured the greatest privations, living on *bread and apples* most of the time. It stands in London, exhibiting a “mastery of design, a grasp of thought, and a sublimity of conception, which secure to the author a triple wreath of immortality as an artist, a philanthropist, and a philosopher.”

His works stand, upon the proud walls of Albion, a lasting evidence of Irish genius. Dr. Johnson says, alluding to them: “There is a grasp of mind there you will find nowhere else.”

Barry was anxious to have a set of prints of his great pieces engraved, and proposed the matter to the Society of Arts; but, they taking a longer time to consider than he deemed necessary, “he,” says the British biogra-

pher, "in his usual independent method, boldly undertook and completed the work without any assistance, even to the writing and printing on copper, and finished them about the year 1793." He was soon after elected to the chair of painting in the Society of Arts, which was the official recognition of his supremacy over all the artists of England; indeed, he may be said to have founded the English Academy of Painting, of which he was the first president. But a dispute, or perhaps a jealousy, arose between himself and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the celebrated English painter, which occasioned a broil in the society, and created two parties; and that of Reynolds being the most numerous, Barry was removed by vote from the president's chair, into which Reynolds was inducted. He painted at least twenty first-class pictures, among which, "Venus rising from the Sea" is equal to the performance of Angelo. He also wrote a Dictionary of Painters, exhibiting a wonderful knowledge of history and biography.

This extraordinary genius died in 1806, in rather poor circumstances. The following account of his last scene is taken from Gould's Dictionary of Artists: After his death, the body was laid in state in the great room at the Adelphi, which is surrounded by his grand series of pictures; it might be truly applied to him, as to another great and neglected man, (Sir Christopher Wren,) "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" His remains were interred in a vault in the sub-structure of St. Paul's Cathedral, near those of Sir Christopher Wren and Sir Joshua Reynolds, covered with a flat stone, with the following inscription:—

THE  
GREAT HISTORICAL PAINTER,  
JAMES BARRY,  
DIED 22d FEB. 1806.  
AGED 65.

The funeral was attended from the society's rooms to the Cathedral by the following distinguished men: Drs. Fryer and Coombe, chief mourners; Sir Robert Peel; R. Clarke, chamberlain of London; General Watson; Caleb Whiteford; Dr. Powel; Dr. Taylor; all of whom were members of the society: together with several others who admired his genius and talent.

Phillips has dropped the tribute of Erin on his grave in the following:—

"Lo! by the sod where classic Barry sleeps,  
Genius, low bending, droops the wing and weeps."

**J. DIXON,**

a mezzotinto engraver, born in Dublin, studied at the royal academy. He suddenly surprised the world with his admirable engraving of Garrick, in Richard the Third, which was never equalled. Dixon captivated the heart of a lady of rank and fortune, whom he married, by which the arts lost a distinguished votary.

**EDWARD SMITH,**

the celebrated sculptor, was the wonder of his age. He was born in the county Meath, 1746, and was employed, to ornament several public works, to perpetuate the forms, in statues, of several public men. His first performance was that of Dr. Lucas, which is to be seen in the royal exchange, a monument of the artist's genius. His other works are the colossal heads on the arcades of the custom-house; the majestic figures on the old parliament-house, on the four courts, and king's inns. These and several other monuments of his genius stand before the admiring stranger who visits Ireland. He died in 1818, and his son, I have heard, now pursues his walk with credit.

**JOHN HICKEY,**

a native of Dublin, became a statuary of the first order. He came to London under the patronage of Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds. His basso-relievo of the massacre of the Innocents won for him the admiration of England, and the gold medal of the Royal Academy.

**WILLIAM GARDINER;**

an extraordinary genius, born in Dublin, in 1766, who, after the study of various branches of science and literature, in his own country and England, settled into the business of a copper-plate engraver, in London. He engraved many of the plates for Harding & Co., who first published the illustrated Shakspeare; and his correct conceptions of the ideas of the great dramatic author contributed not a little to the success and immense sale of Harding's publication. Gardiner established his fame by this performance, and was employed by Bartolozzi, who, as appears by Gardiner's memoir, put his own name on Gardiner's plates. His works enrich the artistical fame of London, but his fortune was adverse, and in a fit of spleen and despair he committed suicide.

## GEORGE M'ALLISTER

was born in the city of Dublin, in 1786. His original profession was that of a jeweller; but the art of painting on glass arrested his attention, and, with all the enthusiasm of youthful warmth, he devoted his hours unremittingly to patient investigation, and repeated experiment; until, without the aid of patronage, instruction, or pecuniary assistance, he appeared like a bright luminary, dispelling the darkness with which self-interest had hitherto shrouded this particular branch of the fine arts. The delight and approbation with which a discerning public viewed his advances in the art may be judged from this proof, that the Dublin Society, 3d of December, 1807, after a critical examination of his performances, presented this youthful artist (then under twenty-one years) with a diploma, signifying, in the most honorable and flattering terms, their unlimited patronage and approbation. He finished a superb window for the cathedral of Lismore — had proceeded on one of much larger dimensions for that of Tuam, and, anxious to finish it, by his incessant exertions, his bodily powers failed. The heat and fumes of the furnace brought on a fever and inflammation of the brain, and deprived the world of a life both benevolent and useful. He expired on June 14th, 1812, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, respected, admired, and beloved. He, however, communicated the principles of his art to his three sisters, who completed the windows of Tuam cathedral on his model, and still preserve and practise their brother's profession in his native city.

## JAMES M'ARDELL.

This eminent mezzotinto engraver was born, about 1710, in Dublin, which he left at an early period of life, and went to London. He was justly considered as one of the ablest artists in his branch of engraving that ever practised the art. The number of his plates is very considerable, the major part of which are portraits of persons of distinction, by the principal painters of his time. He also scraped a few plates from historical subjects, by Vandyck, Murillo, and Rembrandt, some of which are extremely fine. He died in London, 2d June, 1765.

## JOHN JARVIS,

an eminent painter on glass, was born in Dublin about 1749. He first practised his art in his native city, in the prosecution of which he was

much assisted by the chemical instructions of the late Dr. Cunningham. He then removed to London, where he was soon distinguished, and was employed to execute those beautiful works in painted glass at Oxford and Windsor, from the designs and under the inspection of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. President West. Jarvis died in London, in 1804, greatly regretted by the admirers of the fine arts.

#### ARTHUR MURPHY,

the celebrated dramatic author, was born in Roscommon, 1727, and was sent to St. Omer's, to receive his education. When at maturity, he was put into a mercantile house; but his bent being towards writing for the instruction or amusement of the public, he commenced the publication of a weekly paper, in London, principally devoted to the drama; after which he entered on the stage as a player, then became a lawyer, a political writer, and lastly a most successful writer for the stage. "The Way to Keep Him," "All in the Wrong," the "Citizen," "Three Weeks after Marriage," the "Grecian Daughter," are among his best pieces, and retain possession of the stage. His friends procured him a commissionership of bankruptcy from government. He died in 1805.

#### ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

Isaac Bickerstaff, the author of several dramatic pieces of sterling quality, was born in Dublin in the year 1732. He was son to the groom-porter of Dublin Castle, in the time of Lord Chesterfield. His turn being towards the stage, he wrote many charming musical plays, among which are "Love in a Village" and "Lionel and Clarissa," in which there are many popular ballads. He also wrote the admirable comedy entitled the "Hypocrite." It is supposed he wrote for some of the popular periodicals then published in London, viz., the "Guardian," "Spectator," "Rambler," &c. He died in London, in 1816, at the advanced age of 84, in very poor circumstances.

#### MOSSOP. — WILKS. — MRS. WOFFINGTON.

Mossop, the celebrated tragedian, was born in Tuam, in 1720. The stage at this period was the object of young ambition. The church was dull, and parliament was dead. Mossop shone brightly in the same horizon with Garrick, Barry, and Macklin. He frequently supposed himself the

identical person he represented; from which circumstance his imbodiment was generally complete, and won the applause of the public. Mossop died young and poor.

The celebrated Wilks and the no less celebrated Mrs. Woffington were the stars of comedy in Britain and Ireland for several years. They were both Irish, and unrivalled in their respective walks.

#### ARTHUR O'NEILL.

This celebrated bard was, like Carolan, blind. His performance on the harp was unrivalled; and we are credibly assured that many of the Irish national airs would have been lost, but for his retentive memory and pure taste. In Irish genealogy, in heraldry, and bardic lore, O'Neill was preëminent. He died at Maydown, in Armagh, towards the close of October 1816, aged ninety.

#### KANE O'HARA,

the author of the laughable burletta of "Midas," was a native of Ireland, and the younger brother of a genteel family. He had an exquisite taste in music, and uncommon skill in the burlesque. He died June 17, 1782, having for some years been deprived of his eyesight. He wrote the "Two Misers," a musical farce; the "Golden Pip-pin," and "April Day," both burlettas; and altered "Tom Thumb," originally written by Fielding, to its present form.

#### LAURENCE STERNE,

the author of "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey," was born in Clonmel, in the south of Ireland, in the year 1713. His father was a lieutenant in the army; and it has been conjectured, with some reason, that his affecting story of Lefevre was founded on the circumstances of his father's family. Sterne was educated for the English church, and, during his life, filled many offices in the establishment. He published a volume of sermons, which are standard models in that department of eloquence. His "Sentimental Journey through France" has been censured for the freedom which pervades it, and it must be owned there are pages in the book which it were better for his moral reputation had never appeared. After making this allowance, there is still so much brilliancy and sublimity in the book, that the reader will be forced to drop a tear over his errors, while he admires the philosophy and genius

of the writer. Sterne enjoyed the friendship of Swift and the other great lights of the day. He died in 1768.

#### MICHAEL KELLY, THE MUSICIAN,

born in Dublin, about the year 1777, was the eldest of fourteen children. His father was a wine-merchant, and held the office of master of the ceremonies in Dublin Castle, which, he being a Catholic, was no small evidence of his talents in that bigoted era. At seven years of age, young Kelly (the subject of our sketch) showed a musical taste, which his father had carefully cultivated by placing him under the best masters. Morland and Dr. Arne gave him the chief instructions; and, having a fine voice, he sang on the stage in Italian opera at fifteen, and won unbounded applause. He was then sent by his father to Italy, to study the music of that nation. Here he so far succeeded in mastering this most difficult science, that he was engaged as first tenor in opera in various cities of that musical country.

From thence he travelled on the continent of Europe; was engaged at the Italian opera in Vienna, Paris, and several other fashionable cities. He next returned to Dublin, where his performances astonished and delighted his countrymen,—no small proof of his talent. Besides being a distinguished singer of Italian music, he played Macheath, Young Meadows, and kindred characters in English opera. Having obtained the approving stamp of Dublin and Italy, he was eagerly sought for by the London managers. Sheridan, his brilliant countryman, who was the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, gave him a permanent engagement; and he composed all the music for the new pieces brought out at that theatre. He was at the same time engaged as manager of the English Opera House, and chief music-master of the king's private band, and was for many years the personal companion of the Prince of Wales.

Kelly was a true melodist, and arranged, at the instance of George the Fourth, upwards of two hundred common tunes for the church, finding words to suit them in the Psalms of David,—all which have become part of the church music of England. He gives us, in his own charming "Reminiscences," many interesting opinions concerning music, and quotes the following from Haydn: "Haydn says it is the air which is the charm of music; patience and study are sufficient for the composition of agreeable sounds; but the invention of a fine melody is the work of genius. The truth is, a fine air needs neither ornament nor accessories in order to please. Would you know whether it really be fine, sing it with-

out accompaniments." And Kelly adds, in confirmation of Haydn, that he met with ninety-nine good musical theorists to one melodist.

Kelly occupied this distinguished position in England from 1800 to 1825, during which he wrote the music of sixty English operas and burlettas, exclusive of, at least, five hundred standard songs, which are now called *English!* And he may be said to have laid the foundation of an English musical school. Having opened a music-store near the Opera House in London, and left the concern to the management of dishonest assistants, he lost his accumulated wealth, and, at the close of his life, depended upon an annual benefit from the King's Opera House. In 1825, he wrote a most entertaining book, entitled his *Reminiscences*, in which the history of music, in Europe, for half a century, is delightfully told.

He has placed in that book the names of the various operas and musical pieces that he composed, many of which were burned on the destruction of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1808. Of all the men he ever became acquainted with, he says he loved Sheridan best of any.

Mr. Kelly concludes his book with the following surprising page, which contains a list of the pieces for which he composed the music:—

False Appearances.....	General Conway...Drury Lane.....	1789.
Fashionable Friends.....	ibid.....	1789.
A Friend in Need.....	Prince Hoare.....	ibid.....9th Feb. 1797.
Last of the Family.....	Cumberland.....	ibid.....8th May, 1797.
Chimney-Corner.....	Walsh Porter.....	ibid.....7th Oct. 1797.
Castle Spectre.....	M. G. Lewis.....	ibid.....14th Dec. 1797.
Blue Beard.....	G. Colman.....	ibid.....16th Jan. 1798.
Outlaws.....	Franklin.....	ibid.....16th Oct. 1798.
Captive of Spielberg.....	Prince Hoare.....	ibid.....Oct. 1798.
Aurelia and Miranda.....	Boaden.....	ibid.....29th Dec. 1798.
Feudal Times.....	G. Colman.....	ibid.....19th Jan. 1799.
Pizarro.....	Sheridan.....	ibid.....24th May, 1799.
Of Age To-morrow.....	Dibdin.....	ibid.....1st Feb. 1800.
De Montford.....	Miss Baillie.....	ibid.....29th April, 1800.
Indians.....	Fenwick.....	ibid.....6th Oct. 1800.
Deaf and Dumb.....	{ Translated from the French by Holcroft, and adapted to the English stage by Mr. Kem- ble..... }	
	.....ibid.....	24th Feb. 1801.
Adelmorn.....	M. G. Lewis.....	ibid.....4th May, 1801.
Gipsy Prince.....	T. Moore.....	Haymarket.....24th July, 1801.



Urania.....	Hon. W. Spencer..	Drury Lane.....	22d Jan. 1802.
Algonah.....	Cobb .....	ibid.....	30th April, 1802.
House to be Sold.....	Cobb .....	ibid.....	17th Nov. 1802.
Hero of the North.....	Dimond .....	ibid.....	19th Feb. 1803.
Marriage Promise.....	Allingham.....	ibid.....	26th April, 1803.
Love laughs at Locksmiths.	G. Colman.....	Haymarket.....	25th July, 1803.
Cinderella.....	Mr. James.....	Drury Lane.....	8th Jan. 1804.
Counterfeit.....	Franklin .....	ibid.....	13th March, 1804.
Hunter of the Alps.....	Dimond .....	Haymarket.....	3d July, 1804.
Gay Deceivers.....	G. Colman.....	ibid.....	22d Aug. 1804.
Blind Bargain.....	Reynolds.....	Covent Garden.....	24th Oct. 1804.
The Land we Live in.....	Holt.....	Drury Lane.....	29th Dec. 1804.
Honey Moon.....	Tobin .....	ibid.....	31st Jan. 1805.
Prior Claim.....	Pye and Arnold.....	ibid.....	29th Oct. 1805.
Youth, Love, and Folly....	Dimond .....	ibid.....	23d May, 1805.
We Fly by Night.....	G. Colman.....	Covent Garden.....	28th Jan. 1806.
Forty Thieves.....	Ward .....	Drury Lane.....	8th April, 1806.
Adrian and Orrila.....	Dimond .....	Covent Garden.....	15th Nov. 1806.
Young Hussar.....	Dimond .....	Drury Lane.....	12th March, 1807.
Town and Country.....	Morton .....	Covent Garden.....	10th March, 1807.
Wood Demon.....	M. G. Lewis .....	Drury Lane.....	1st April, 1807.
House of Morville.....	Lake .....	ibid.....	23d April, 1807.
Adelgitha .....	M. G. Lewis .....	ibid.....	30th April, 1807.
Time's a Tell-Tale.....	H. Siddons.....	ibid.....	26th Oct. 1807.
Jew of Mogadore.....	Cumberland .....	ibid.....	3d May, 1808.
Africans.....	G. Colman.....	Haymarket.....	29th July, 1808.
Venoni .....	M. G. Lewis.....	Drury Lane.....	1st Dec. 1808.
Foundling of the Forest....	Dimond .....	Haymarket.....	9th July, 1809.
Jubilee .....	Arnold.....	Lyceum.....	25th Oct. 1809.
Gustavus Vasa.....	Dimond .....	Covent Garden.....	26th Nov. 1810.
Ballet .....	Des Hayes .....	Opera House.....	1810.
Peasant Boy.....	Dimond .....	Lyceum.....	31st Jan. 1811.
Royal Oak.....	Dimond .....	Haymarket.....	10th June, 1811.
One o'Clock.....	M. G. Lewis .....	ibid.....	1st Aug. 1811.
Absent Apothecary.....	Horace Smith.....	Drury Lane.....	10th Feb. 1813.
Russians .....	T. Sheridan.....	ibid.....	13th May, 1813.
Polly, or the Sequel to the Beggar's Opera	} .....		ibid..... 16th June, 1813.
Illusion .....	Arnold.....	ibid.....	25th Nov. 1813.
Pantomime .....	Dibdin .....	ibid.....	26th Dec. 1813.
Remorse .....	Coleridge .....	ibid.....	23d Jan. 1814.
Unknown Guest.....	Arnold.....	ibid.....	29th March, 1815.
Fall of Taranto .....	Dimond .....	Covent Garden.....	1817.
Bride of Abydos.....	Dimond .....	Drury Lane.....	5th Feb. 1818.
Abudah.....	Planché.....	ibid.....	13th April, 1819.
Lady and the Devil.....	Dimond .....	ibid.....	3d May, 1820.

## AUGUSTUS WADE, POET AND MUSICIAN.

The London Illustrated News, of 19th July, 1845, gives us the following particulars about Wade : —

“ Broken is the branch that might have grown full high,  
And withered is Apollo's laurel bough.” — *Marlowe*.

“ Every lover of music and of poetry will regret to learn the decease of Augustus Wade, who died on Tuesday last, at 340, Strand, in his forty-fourth year. Mr. Wade's erratic career prevented him from assuming that position which his genius must have otherwise commanded ; for a man of greater universal attainments has been rarely met with. He was a native of Ireland, and born at the residence of the celebrated Henry Grattan, where his mother was visiting at the time of his birth. When a boy, between nine and ten years of age, Mr. Wade left home, and presented himself at the gate of Trinity College, Dublin, and, addressing the porter in Latin, according to usage, obtained his admission. He was a pupil and especial favorite of Dr. Sands. Mr. Wade gained high academic distinction. He subsequently studied as a surgeon, but ultimately adopted music as a profession. His opera of the ‘ Two Houses of Grenada ’ was successfully produced at Drury Lane Theatre ; and the easy, flowing style of his melodies afforded the hope that he would have maintained a leading position among our native composers. His ballads of ‘ Love was once a little boy,’ and ‘ Meet me by moonlight,’ attained an almost unprecedented popularity. He also composed an oratorio, called the ‘ Prophecy,’ and was the author of the ‘ Dwellings of Fancy,’ ‘ Song of the Flowers ;’ and his last work was the ‘ Hand-Book to the Piano-Forte,’ with a very clever essay on the genius of that instrument, and a valuable introduction to harmony and counterpoint. Our columns have been often graced with many beautiful effusions of his music and musical inspiration. Mr. Wade was a classical scholar, a master of modern languages, an accomplished instrumentalist, and a profound theorist. He was agreeable and courteous in personal character and conversation, generous and frank in disposition.”

## MICHAEL O'CASEY ;

an extraordinary person, who lived in Mitre Alley, in Dublin, about twenty years ago, and who practised, with astonishing success, as a

poor man's doctor. He lived to a great age, and had in his possession seventy-three very old and valuable volumes in vellum bound in modern covers. They contained *several thousand* recipes in the Irish, and also in the Latin language, written in a very beautiful, but very old Irish character. The title-pages of nearly all were defaced; but they were supposed to belong to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and to have descended traditionally from family to family. From some of these manuscripts O'Hickey made translations, by which it appears, says the learned Whitelaw, *that the circulation of the blood was described by the authors several centuries before Harvey's time, to whom the discovery is commonly attributed.*

#### EDWARD O'REILLY,

the author of the Irish Dictionary, was born in Harold's Cross, near Dublin, and educated in that city, where he had never heard Irish spoken. He applied himself to the study of the language by accident. In the year 1794, a young man of the name of Wright, who was to emigrate from his native country, had a number of books to dispose of, which consisted chiefly of Irish manuscripts. They had been collected by O'Gorman, who was some years before clerk to Mary's Lane Chapel—the person from whom Dr. Young, then bishop of Clontarf, and General Vallancy, had learned Irish. This library, which filled five large sacks, Mr. O'Reilly purchased from Wright, and, on examination, found himself possessed of a collection of rare and valuable manuscripts, for some of which he refused fifty guineas. Master of this valuable collection, he commenced the study of the Irish language, which he soon mastered; and has since published a dictionary of that hitherto neglected tongue, which is esteemed among the best extant.

#### RICHARD KIRWAN, THE CHEMIST,

was the most studious, laborious, and learned man of his day. He belonged to an old Milesian and Catholic family of Galway, which endeavored to preserve its property; was sent, when a youth, to the Jesuits' College at Poitiers, where he devoted himself to chemistry and philosophy. His elder brother, who possessed the family estate, dying while he was at college, he returned to the enjoyment of a good annual income. He then established himself in Dublin, where he spent his ample

fortune, not in idle dissipation, but in the most profound investigation of nature. He erected an extensive laboratory, and was attended in all his experiments by a servant as singular as himself, who remained with him for fifty years. Lady Morgan describes him as pale, lank, bilious, and thoughtful: he died a few days after his master, and both were buried in one grave.

Mr. Kirwan's chemical inquiries, for a period of fifty years, throw upon that interesting science a wonderful light. He acquired a European reputation, and left behind him many able works upon that subject. He was the first who published in Ireland the analysis of soils for agricultural experiment, — a work which laid the foundation of a new system of agriculture in England and Ireland. After his death, (at the age of eighty-two,) several gentlemen, admiring his works, formed a society, which they called, after him, the "Kirwanian Society," for carrying on those experiments to which Mr. Kirwan had devoted his valuable years and fortune. This society has gathered and published a good deal of knowledge connected with the topics which were the favorite study of the great man whose name they bear.

## O'KEEFFE,

the author of many theatrical pieces and popular songs, was a true specimen of the humorous Irish bard, — witty, jovial, unsuspecting, and poor. He was born in Dublin, in 1747, as his own delightful autobiography informs us, and lived to the age of eighty-six. O'Keeffe was an amateur in music, and a good singer. In the course of a long life he wrote a great number of comedies, of which the "Gallant," "Wild Oats," "Agreeable Surprise," "London Hermit," "Young Quaker," "Fontainebleau, or, our Way in France," are amongst the most popular, for they retain their place in the English drama. Among a long string of songs of his composition that are in print, the following live in the memories (the sure test of beauty) of the Irish: "The Friend and Pitcher," "Let Fame sound her trumpet," "Ere around the huge oak," "Old Towler," "Search the wide creation." These, and many other of his songs, were introduced in his comedies and musical burlettas. His genuine talent and humor brought him under the notice of George the Fourth, who allowed him a pension of one hundred pounds a year, from the privy purse, which softened the asperities of old age. He died in 1834.

## BANIM

was born near Kilkenny, in 1790. While young, he displayed marks of talent. Ever fond of literature, he established, while yet a young man, two schools in his neighborhood, where, in the course of a few years, several hundred children received education. His first published literary production was the "O'Hara Family," a novel founded on the historical incidents of his country. This work is esteemed equal to some of Sir Walter Scott's best compositions. He has produced many delightful pieces of various sizes. No man labored harder to acquire knowledge, nor vented his stores in more agreeable language. His poetic sketches of scenery were taken from nature. He has travelled on foot over hill, and dale, and mountain, with his portfolio on his back, and a change of linen in his pocket, that Irish pictures in his novels should be true to nature. He had contracted a severe chronic disease, during his wanderings, which imbibited the close of his life; and while he was writhing with torture, his active mind was engaged in creating those beautiful social pictures of life which live in his "Nowlans," the "Smugglers," the "Boyne Water," "Conscript," "Guerilla," "Ghost Hunter," and the "Dwarf." Although he received from his French bookseller (he was obliged to remove to France for the benefit of his health) a tolerable payment in promissory notes, yet that was his ruin: his bookseller failed; he was cast into prison for the unpaid notes, and soon after expired, in the midst of affliction. He died about three years ago. Application was made to Sir Robert Peel for some yearly maintenance for his widow. Twenty pounds a year was granted. The widow dying, the grant is now continued to Banim's daughter. He was a man of true genius, and an ardent lover of his country.

## MORSE, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Bartholomew Morse, a native of Maryborough, was a practising physician of Dublin about the middle of the last century. Inspired with an extraordinary philanthropy, he began the establishment of a charitable lying-in hospital in Dublin. After a few years' perseverance, he attracted the sympathies of the public so far as to commence the erection of that splendid public building, the Dublin Lying-in Hospital and Rotunda. The undertaking was finished by a liberal grant from the Irish parliament. It was according to the plans and principles of this institution (obtained from Morse) that Dr. Layard, of London, established a similar one in that city, 1747. Morse had projected many other philanthropic plans, but was cut off prematurely by death.

# LECTURE XXIII.

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## O'CONNELL AND HIS TIMES.

FROM 1800 TO 1820.

*Destiny of Ireland. — Attributes of O'Connell. — The Sept O'Connell. — Romantic Scenery of Kerry. — O'Connell's Ancestors. — His Parents. — His Relations. — His Youth and Education. — Goes to the Bar. — First Speech. — State of Ireland. — The Pitt Ministry. — Deceives the Catholics. — Death of Pitt. — Coalition Ministry. — Whigs in Power. — Irish Catholics. — Their Condition. — Slavish Leaders. — Catholic Committee. — Mr. Scully. — Mr. Hay. — Death of Fox. — Napoleon's Genius. — The Veto. — Catholic Convention. — Arrest of Lord Fingal. — Prosecution of Sheridan and Kirwan. — Repeal Meeting of 1810. — O'Connell's Speech. — The Carders. — Peel. — Insurrection Acts. — Gloomy Condition of Ireland. — Fall of Napoleon. — The Veto again. — Cardinal Quarentotti. — Father Hayes. — Veto defeated. — Peelers, Spies, and Informers. — Packed Juries and False Judges. — Despotic Government. — O'Connell's Exertions. — His Duel with D'Esterre. — His Quarrel with Peel. — O'Connell's Vow. — His Annuity to the Widow of D'Esterre. — His Defence of M'Gee. — Sketch of his Person and Labors. — Lester's Opinion of him. — O'Connell's Oratory. — Portrait of him by Haverty.*

THE life and times of O'Connell form the last chapters of my eventful history. The greatest of the sons of Erin brings up the rear line of her heroes and her sages. Her integrity, her endurance, her glory, and her misery, have been unequalled in duration and intensity by those of any nation upon earth. Every generation of her children has brought forth some exalted spirits, who made known her deeds, her virtues, or her sufferings, throughout the world. At the end of three thousand years, at the close of a long succession of ages, after weighing and studying the various great men that gem her interesting history, impartial truth, which, I hope, pervades my work, impels me to declare DANIEL O'CONNELL TO BE THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL.

It would seem as if the Almighty, in times past, had been offended by the internal quarrels of the children of Ireland; that a long period of suffering was awarded to their crimes; and that, when their cup of bitterness had overflowed; when their agony had reached its highest intensity; when their chiefs were betrayed and slaughtered, and the

remnant of their race reduced to slavery ; when to the world's eye their doom of bondage was sealed forever, — that then a deliverer was to come. At such a period, this man rose amongst them, and, having every thing to contend with, and nothing to lean upon, gradually called up around him a class of thinkers and talkers, of sayers and doers, who formed, as they grew, other circles of their sect, multiplying to incredible numbers, until they embraced a nation of seven millions in their political association.

This great man preached the theory of the mind, the power of united intellect over united matter. As he taught his doctrine, he tested its efficacy. He demonstrated its superior power by hewing down, on every side, the barriers and bulwarks of physical combination. What he performed appeared to the eyes of men the work of superhuman hands. Few understood his science, and none its capacity.

On arriving at manhood, he found his countrymen reduced to the most helpless state of subjection that ever race or nation experienced — without a legislature, without laws, without property, without the assurance of an hour's liberty ; bleeding, prostrate, houseless, and subdued ; their armed tyrants rioting in their dwellings ; their religion scoffed at ; their priests hunted or hanging from gibbets, and the poor privilege of complaining denied them.

Gradually he dissolved the power, first of one band of oppressors, then of another. Hope inspired his disciples ; faith enabled them to conquer. His armies were unarmed, and his strife was with opinion. The chiefs of mighty hosts bent unto his command ; the affrighted laws, as he beckoned, resumed their seats ; freedom lifted her head when he spoke ; the barred gates of the constitution flew open at his knock ; and suffering humanity, throughout the world, leaped with joy on the pronouncement of his name.

In future ages, this mighty man will be deemed the creature of the fabulist. His labors will be doubted. The voice of history will be insufficient to attest them. Some mighty monument should be raised on which his triumphs could be engraved in brass or in granite ; for, although his labors ought to live in the hearts of his liberated countrymen to the remotest generation, yet the habitual apathy of mankind may blunt the recollection of his deeds of glory. Raise a Theban pyramid, ye men of Ireland, to his fame ! Carry it beyond the flight of your own eagle. Hang on its apex the harps of your country ; and when the beams of the morning sun shall strike upon their chords, the music of praise shall be heard for him, the greatest master of the human mind

that ever Ireland produced. Gather around its base on each returning anniversary of his birth; renew there your vows to freedom, and perpetuate to other ages the peaceful doctrines of her greatest champion.

Nor does Ireland alone feel and acknowledge the benefit of his labors. Other countries accord to him their obligations. The chief writers of the earth have recorded their high estimation of his worth. His fame will live in their literature, and his example will be followed by patriots that are unborn. His grateful and admiring countrymen have designated him, by way of eminence, the *Liberator* and moral regenerator of Ireland. They may heap upon him title upon title, epithet upon epithet, until the pyramid reach the very clouds; and yet the name alone by which posterity will recognize him, is O'CONNELL.

I am now about to detail a series of events connected with this great man's life. I am about to sketch an outline of Ireland's history for forty-five years. The "Life of O'Connell," and the "History of Ireland," for that period, are identified—the self-same work. It is impossible to separate them, and therefore, in the terms of a biography, I shall sketch the important and concluding events of Ireland's history to the present time.

The sept of O'Connell, from which the chief of Ireland is descended, held a distinguished position among the early Milesian clans. Their territory lay in the county Limerick, along the River Shannon. They bore a part in the wars against Denmark, which took place before the Christian era. They fought under Galtha Gouth, in his battles with the Romans, and they were distinguished soldiers during the two hundred and forty years consequent on the Danish invasion. The "O'Konayls" marched under Callaghan, in his celebrated battles with those early invaders.

On the partial surrender of a portion of the south of Ireland to Henry the Second and his followers, in 1172, the "O'Konayl" sept were compelled by *Raymond le Gros*, the son-in-law of Strongbow, to exchange their lands in Limerick, amounting to one hundred thousand acres, for a less fertile tract in the county of Kerry, which was then nearly a wilderness. The chief portion of the sept removed thither, and settled on those spots, beside lakes and amid mountains, which at this day appear so beautiful and romantic, around and near to the far-famed lakes of Killarney. There is preserved, in the British Museum, a manuscript History of Ireland, in the Irish language, written by one of the O'Connell family; it bears date 1245, and in it mention is made of a "Daniel O'Connell," who proceeded to the north of Ireland, at the head of a considerable body of men, to repel the incursions of an invad-



ing force from the land of Morven, supposed to be Scotland. The battle was long, and bravely contested on both sides. Daniel O'Connell and his men won the day, and then, according to the custom of the Irish warriors, the victors and the vanquished feasted together.

The district to which the sept "O'Konayl" removed was anciently called *Iveragh*. The chiefs of the sept enjoyed the dignity of *toparchs*, two grades beneath the chief monarchs of Ireland. They paid homage, as such to the kings of South Munster, who were chosen, for forty generations, from the illustrious house of M'Carthy.

Roots of the clan still remained in the old territory in the county of Limerick, and gave a race, which, though growing under the chilling influence of English domination, adhered ever to their country's cause, and offered a deathless resistance to her enemies.

But the Kerry clan, enjoying, for centuries after the English invasion, the substantial independence of native princes, preserved in their generations all the chivalry, nationality, and patriotism, which distinguished the chieftains of Ireland in the palmy days of their country's independence.

The country itself is the most romantic, wild, and beautiful that imagination can embody — skirting the south-west of Ireland, washed by the foaming Atlantic, whose wild waves roll uninterrupted for three thousand miles, and dash upon its ancient cliffs in terrible confusion. The rugged peaks of *Iveragh* seem to ascend beyond the clouds — the haunt of the deer and the eagle; waterfalls tumble from highland to valley along their base, forming here and there romantic lakes bordered by nature's loveliest banks. Chieftains' castles, inhabited and in ruins, are to be found around those lakes, and half-way up the mountains, suspended, as it were, 'twixt heaven and earth, attesting the ancient history of the clans and winning the admiration of the philosophic antiquary. Such a country was well calculated to nourish the loftiest sentiments of human nature; to lift men in feeling, thought, and action, beyond those who lived in the influence of crowded, contaminated haunts, or to expand the human mind, give courage to the heart, and sublimate the soul.

The ancestors of O'Connell, for six hundred years, on the father's side, inhabited this singular territory. In the bloody wars of Elizabeth, Charles, Cromwell, and William the Third, the family was fully represented, and their possessions paid the penalties awarded by the victors to resisting valor. I cannot find any of the sept who abjured the old religion of St. Patrick.

During the reign of Elizabeth, Richard O'Connell was the chief of the family; and it seems he made a submission of his diminished possessions to the queen, and received them back again — rendering the

estates, thereby, the property of the crown of England. There was no choice for him but to submit to the queen or be driven from the lands. He secured, however, but a fragment of the family property. In 1586, the eldest son of Richard O'Connell was high sheriff of Kerry. In the reign of James the Second, 1688, we find that Mr. John O'Connell, of this family, raised a regiment of horse, at the head of which he signalized himself at the siege of Derry, the battles of the Boyne, and Aughrim. From the accession of William the Third to the throne of England down to the present century, the O'Connell's, being Roman Catholics, were excluded from all employment in the government or army, and obtained all their distinctions abroad, chiefly in the armies of France and Austria.

The grandfather of the present Daniel O'Connell came, by the paternal side, from the Kerry line, and by his mother from the family of *O'Donoghue* Dhaw, or black chiefs. This patriarchal pair were blessed with *two-and-twenty children*; of whom upwards of one half lived to or *beyond* the age of ninety-five. One of these twenty-two children, Morgan O'Connell, was the father of our present great man. He married Miss Catharine O'Mullane; and the first fruit of their union was DANIEL O'CONNELL, the Liberator, who was born on the 6th of August, 1775, and was seventy years of age in August, 1845. Besides him, the eldest, his parents left two other sons, namely, James and John, who still live, and reside near the Killarney lakes.

The Liberator's uncles and aunts, extending to the unprecedented number of *twenty-one*, lived, as I have said, to very advanced ages. His uncle, Maurice O'Connell, of Derrynane Abbey, in the county of Kerry, died in the year 1825, at the age of *ninety-six*, leaving him fifteen thousand pounds in cash, and a landed estate worth four thousand pounds per annum. He left an equal sum of money to each of the Liberator's brothers, *John* and *James*. John married Miss Coppenger, of the county of Cork, connected with the family of the Duke of Norfolk; and his eldest son, Morgan John, has for some years represented Kerry in parliament. James married the sister of the late —— O'Donoghue, who himself married the eldest daughter of John O'Connell.

Another uncle of the Liberator, the Count O'Connell, died at the age of *ninety-four*, about 1829, at Paris, where he had a magnificent mansion; and he presented the singular instance of an individual holding high military rank in both the English and French service. He was a colonel in the former and a general in the latter, and drew pay in both until his death. His baptismal name was Daniel, and the Liberator was

called after him. Count O'Connell was a decided adherent of the Bourbon family, and it was during the Napoleon sway that he became an officer in the British army, and rapidly reached the rank of colonel. Upon the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth, he returned to the French army with the full consent of the English government.

A first cousin of the Count O'Connell, [the *Baron O'Connell*,] died at a very advanced age, a few years since, at Vienna. He had; for more than twenty-five years previous to his death, held the office of grand chamberlain to the emperor of Austria; and the last of those "twenty two children" died about two and a half years ago, near Killarney, at the residence of her son, Mr. Stephen O'Reiordon, at the age of *ninety-three*. I may mention here, furthermore, that when the Liberator was a young man, he could count *fifty* relations of his who bore command in the French and Austrian service, not one of whom was removed farther from him than second or third cousins.

To return to DANIEL O'CONNELL. He was the heir of his father's property. He was born in an age when persecution of the Catholics was the policy of government. They were excluded from all the chief schools and universities under the British dominion. Young O'Connell received his rudimental education from a Catholic priest, who was a constant inmate of his father's house. While quite young, he was sent to the French college of *St. Omers*, to complete his classical studies. *St. Omers* was one of the many Catholic colleges established in France and throughout the Catholic countries of Europe during the persecutions of the English reformers. The French monasteries were at that time the only schools open to the Catholic gentry of Ireland. The university of *St. Omers* was both lay and ecclesiastical.

Young O'Connell, while here, manifested some disposition to become a priest, and for that purpose studied theology; but his friends dissuaded him from the church. This has led many to suppose he was intended by his family for the priesthood, which is not the fact. A rumor of this nature having got into circulation about the year 1827, the distinguished subject of it wrote the following contradiction:—

" *To the Editor of the Evening Post.*

" DEAR SIR:

" They say it is right to be accurate even in trifles. If you think so, you will contradict a paragraph which appeared in your paper respecting me. It contains two mistakes: first, it asserted that I was born in the year 1774, and, secondly, that I was *intended* for the church. I was not *intended* for the church. No man respects, loves, or submits to the church with more alacrity than I do; but I was not intended for the priesthood. It is not usual for the Catholic gentry in Ireland

to regulate the religious destiny of their children ; and, being the eldest son, born to an independence, the story of my having been intended for the church is a pure fabrication. I was not born in the year 1774. Be it known to all whom it may concern, that I was born on the 6th of August, 1775, the very year in which the stupid obstinacy of British oppression *forced* the reluctant people of America to seek for security in arms, and to commence that bloody struggle for national independence, which has been in its results beneficial to England, whilst it has shed glory, and conferred liberty, pure and sublime, on America.

“ I have the honor to be,

“ Your faithful fellow-laborer in glorious agitation,

“ DANIEL O’CONNELL.

“ *March 1st, 1827.*”

It is admitted on all hands, that while at St. Omers, young O’Connell displayed marked abilities. The following couple of extracts from a small tract, contrasting the state of education in France and England, written by him ere he quitted the university, may be taken as specimens of his early judgment :—

“ There was a time when England was superior to France in every point—in arts, sciences, and arms : their mode of education, their government, their religion, were then much the same, so that it is probable nothing but a superiority of genius in the people gave Britain the preëminence. Richelieu saw this, and he laid a plan for the future greatness of France. He knew that men, like land, were to be improved only by culture : he changed their mode of education ; he established several academies : his successors added to them, and improved upon his design ; so that there are in France numbers of seminaries, where youth may have every assistance, both in theory and practice, towards making themselves masters in any profession or art to which their genius or choice may direct them, whether in civil or military life, in arts or sciences. They have academies for politics in all their various branches, in which they are so minute as to have a particular one for the studies of treaties only. They have abundance of military academies ; they have academies of sciences, academies of painting, sculpture, and architecture, academies of the belles-lettres, academies for the study of their own language and oratory. Out of these nurseries they constantly draw supplies of able statesmen, ambassadors, negotiators, and well-principled and skilful officers ; excellent writers, in spite of the native poverty of their language, upon all sorts of subjects ; ingenious artists of all kinds, by the improvement of whose taste in their several manufactories, France is supplied with a greater fund of treasure than she could have been by the richest gold mines ; and what is most wonderful of all, admirable orators, never known to have sprung up before under an arbitrary government, and the most excellent compositions in eloquence that the moderns can boast of, in a language the least fitted of any for the purposes of oratory. By these means, she has made such a rapid progress in the career of glory as to astonish and dazzle the eyes of Europe, whilst England, which was a long time foremost in the race, must now yield the prize, or, if she attempts to vie with her in any of those arts, it must not be by a comparison of the living, but of the dead.”

“ That the present splendor of France is entirely owing to the improvements

made in their education, will admit of the most ample proofs. Let it be considered that, previously to these improvements, France made but a contemptible figure in Europe, notwithstanding her extent of territory and number of subjects. She had no reputation for arts, arms, or policy; her language was poor, her manners brutal; her lands were uncultivated, her commerce neglected, and her country was untrodden by foreign feet. What was she a short time after the institution of those seminaries? Let the reign of Louis the Fourteenth declare. What is she now? Is she not, in the most essential points, the mistress of Europe? Do not the youth of all countries go to pay homage to this queen amongst the nations, whilst her own subjects keep their state at home? Are not her laws of fashion and of dress every where obeyed? Is not her language the currency almost of the world? Her rapid progress in arms, in commerce, in polity, is too notorious to need being mentioned."

Although the great master of moral force has never ceased, in his political career, to instil the efficacy of that doctrine, above all others, into the minds of his disciples, it is pretty certain that, while at *St. Omers*, he was in the habit of using the opposite force with some of his coxcombical fellow-students, who were frequently made to *feel* the impropriety of flinging ill-natured jokes on the Herculean foreigner. His frame was large and athletic, and his height six feet; so that, in bodily powers, he was more than a match for any of his pugnacious opponents.

O'Connell's father died while he was yet a young man, and the interests of his future life now called him back to his native land. He had been in France during the bursting out and early progress of the French revolution. He had seen the altars of religion overturned, and the houses dedicated to the Lord converted into barracks and stables. He carried away from that country a lively horror of bloody revolutions; and it is probable this circumstance infused into his mind that abhorrence of physical force which he has never ceased to manifest with all the vehemence of sincerity.

He returned to Ireland about 1793, the period when the first chains were struck from the limbs of the Irish Catholics. It was a season of surpassing interest to them. After two hundred years of proscription and persecution, a reaction in their destiny seemed to begin. The relief bill of 1793 gave them the franchise, the right to purchase property, to educate their children, to enter the medical profession, command to a certain extent in the army and navy, and the high and valuable privilege of *pleading at the bar*.

Young O'Connell, availing himself of these concessions, entered the inns of court as a law student. He approached the study of the law with a comprehensive understanding, developed by a sound and careful education. After passing through the four years of probation required by the

rules of the profession, he was called to the Irish bar, at the age of twenty-three, in the memorable year of 1798.

Those who have glanced at the pages of this book which contain the recitals of that terrible period, may have some conception of the feelings of this young man on entering public life in the midst of scenes of carnage, such as he had learned to abhor in another country.

For the first two or three years after he was called to the bar, O'Connell did not obtain any business worth noting. His fate in that respect was the fate of Curran, Romilly, Erskine, Kenyon, Yelverton, Eldon, and others. People are not willing to hazard all that is dear to them to the management of a young man. Besides his youth, a natural impediment to the immediate success of a lawyer, O'Connell was a Catholic; and the bench, the juries, the sheriffs, and the attorneys of Ireland, were at that time exclusively Protestant. Who would risk their cause with one enjoying not the ear or smile of either sheriff, judge, or jury? The country, too, was soaked in the blood of the patriots of 1798, and to be *not* a government man, was presumptive evidence of being a Croppy.

The period of the union approached, and O'Connell was not yet known. The Catholics were promised emancipation, by Pitt and Cornwallis, from the parliament of England, if they consented to give their influence for a "union." This pledge, as I have shown, was given distinctly by Mr. Pitt, in a letter to Lord Cornwallis, the lord lieutenant, which was read to Dr. Troy, one of the Catholic archbishops of Ireland, and to several of the Catholic gentry. It had some effect in arresting the opposition of the Catholic aristocracy to the union, but none whatever on the people.

Foremost of the Catholic people, in opposition to the union, was O'Connell. He manifested this opposition in the midst of danger. I have already stated that public meetings, assembled to protest against the union, were dispersed by the military, at the point of the bayonet. A meeting of the citizens of Dublin was held at the Royal Exchange in that city, in the close of the year 1799, to petition against the measure. At that meeting, O'Connell, then but four-and-twenty years of age, attended, and delivered what may be called his public maiden speech. The following are a few passages from that speech, as recorded by Plowden, and acknowledged by the Liberator as his words:—

"Sir: It is my settled sentiment, and I am satisfied it is the sentiment not only of every man who now hears me, but of the Catholic people of Ireland, that if our opposition to this injurious, insulting, ruinous, and hated measure were to draw upon us the revival of the

whole penal code, in its most satanic form ; we would boldly, cheerfully, and unanimously endure it, sooner than withhold that opposition, and sooner throw ourselves once more on the kindness of our Protestant brethren, than give our assent for one moment to the political murder of our country.

“ Yes ! I know, although exclusive advantages may be, and are, held out to the Irish Catholic to seduce him from the duty he owes his country, that the Catholics of Ireland still remember *they have a country*, and that they never will accept of any advantage as a *sect*, which would debase them and their Protestant countrymen as a people.”

This speech was followed by peals of approbation. It is replete with genuine patriotism, sound philosophy, and political foresight. Whilst he was speaking, Major Sirr, with a file of military, entered the meeting, grounded their arms with a mighty crash, but did not intimidate the bravery of that heart which never yet knew fear. The major demanded to see the resolutions, which being acceded to, he did not think proper to interfere.

O’Connell may well be proud of having put those sentiments on record forty-five years ago, when he had emerged from boyhood, and that too in the presence of a military force, paraded round the meeting for the purpose of intimidation. Ireland may well be proud also of this protest on behalf of her Catholic millions. It rescues their character from the ignominy of having, for the sake of some sectarian privilege, surrendered the glorious independence of their native land.

This noble stand, thus early taken by O’Connell, marked him to the people as a young man of great promise. The gloom of Emmet’s unsuccessful effort hung for a few years round the prostrate people of Ireland. Robert Emmet’s execution took place in October, 1803 ; and from that to the accession of the whigs to office in 1806, Ireland was ruled by martial law. The *habeas corpus* act, and trial by jury, were suspended, and the jails and transport ships were crowded with the victims of military caprice or magisterial vengeance. No man durst utter his thoughts during this reign of terror.

O’Connell, during all this period of gloom, betook himself to intense study. He seemed to have a sort of presentiment, that the time would yet come when those professional acquisitions which he sought would be of signal service to himself and to his country.

During this fearful period, William Pitt was minister of England. He had promised emancipation to the Catholics before the union, and when

that measure was carried, he cheated the nation by a most disgraceful subterfuge. He retired from office when he found George the Third averse to the concession, but retook office very soon after, contrary to pledge and principle, without making emancipation a condition of his reassumption. And when the great petition of the Catholics was brought into the British house of commons in 1805, by Mr. Fox, Pitt opposed its being considered; thus proving to all the world his deliberate treachery towards the Irish Catholics.

It was in this debate that Mr. *Ponsonby* said to the minister of England, speaking of the Irish Catholics, "I know them well; and I know at the same time, that whatever there is good in them they owe to themselves; whatever is bad in them they owe to you. Yes, sir, I repeat, it is owing to your bad government." Mr. Grattan said at the same time, they, the English Tories, "were running about like old women, or grown-up children, in search of old prejudices; preferring to buy foreign allies by subsidies, rather than to subsidize fellow-subjects by privileges." Mr. Foster, the last speaker of the Irish house of commons, said that, "under the union act, by compact, the Protestant boroughs were suppressed, and a compensation of one million four hundred thousand pounds paid to Protestant owners, and not one shilling to the Catholics."

The Catholic petition was rejected, on this occasion, by considerable majorities in lords and commons. In the succeeding year, Mr. Pitt died, it is said of a broken heart at the successes of Napoleon, particularly at Austerlitz. The British ministry was then made up from *three distinct parties in the state*. In this ministry was the celebrated Charles James Fox, the friend of the Catholics and the great rival of Pitt. The celebrated Brinsley Sheridan was also of this ministry, which, from the brilliant materials composing it, was called the "ministry of all the talents." The accession of such a ministry to power, and perhaps, too, the victories of Napoleon on the Continent, where he upset kings as if they were only tenpins, contributed to lighten the oppression on Ireland. Several popular appointments were then made there; Ponsonby, the friend of the Catholics, was made lord chancellor, and John Philpot Curran, the defender of the United Irishmen, was made master of the rolls. Other minor appointments followed, including Bushe, who was appointed attorney-general.

The constitution, which had been suspended so long, was now restored. The laws were again paramount, and faction hid its head. Hitherto the Catholics had hardly courage enough to demand their rights; their meetings were broken and unconnected, their bearing was sycophantic, and



their progress nothing. Their bill had been rejected (336 to 124) in the English parliament, and they were grievously dispirited by the treachery of Pitt and his party.

But now a new era was commencing. A very different class of men was coming forward from those who previously represented the crushed and broken-spirited Catholics of Ireland.

Foremost amongst the boldest was *Daniel O'Connell*. Previous to this, he had married a lady of his own name, to whom he was ardently attached, and of whom he ever spoke in the language of romantic affection. His legal business had very considerably increased. With the possession of vast powers of mental acquisition, strengthened by very early rising and most temperate habits, he had a memory that was astonishing. Sir Jonah Barrington describes him as having spent the early years of his life in bottling up legal knowledge, which subsequently astounded and perplexed the bench and the bar of Ireland.

The Catholic barristers, with the junior O'Connell as their leader, now, for the first time, appeared on the side of the people.

Before O'Connell's time, there were some half-Catholic, half-Protestant lawyers, who, though born and educated Catholics, forswore their faith to acquire legal privileges. These perjured mercenaries still affected in private to be Catholics, but abstained in practice from either one church or the other. They were the meanest tools of government — the most willing agents of its corruption and its tyranny.

O'Connell's second great service to Ireland was to destroy this noxious genus. He branded them with the burning letters of his indignant scorn. He held them up to the terrible gaze and loathing of the multitude, and finally destroyed their power, though perhaps he did not altogether extinguish the race. A new set of Catholic lawyers grew up around him, who formed, in a few years, a most important political phalanx, a most important *corps-avant* of the Catholic people.

About this time he joined the Catholic committee which then existed for the furtherance of the Catholic claims. The leaders from the aristocracy were, Lord Fingal, an elegant and well-bred gentleman of the old school; Lord Gormanstown, a timid nobleman; Lord Ffrench, from the west of Ireland, the very opposite of the others, a man who would as soon head an insurrection in the wilds of Connaught as wade through the perplexing mazes of a lengthened campaign of negotiation; Lord Trimbleton, who had lived a considerable portion of his life in France, where he conceived the most shocking opinion of a movement from the people, and from whence he fled to Ireland when the

revolution broke out. The untitled portion of the committee was made up of some lawyers of small note, save Mr. Scully, whose work on the "Penal Laws" had given him a preëminence. Scully was deep, silent, and well read, more of a statesman than an orator: exceedingly cautious, he considered well every word, and meditated every action, ere he committed himself. O'Connell, though combining all these qualifications for a leader, was bold, rapid, eloquent, unaffected, good-humored, insinuating to the most fascinating extent towards friends, fierce and destructive to enemies. Such qualifications eminently fitted him to be the leader of the Irish people. But his day had not yet arrived.

The Irish were the slaves of *hereditary* leaders, whose *blood* was a material ingredient in their qualifications. The management of Catholic affairs was confided to the hereditary heads of the body — to the lords and gentlemen already named, whom O'Connell was content to follow. *Scully* was then the prime minister of the Irish Catholics, and during his administration, the body erred little, retrograded little, but made little way. Mr. Edward Hay, the historian of the Wexford insurrection, was appointed secretary of this committee, which situation he filled with satisfaction to the body; but in the course of some years after, he quitted the committee in consequence of a quarrel with Mr. O'Connell.

The Catholic question was taken up as trading capital by the politicians of the day; and for many years it was made the sport and stock in trade of parties in England, who urged it without sincerity, and pleaded for it without success. Amid the Catholic prelacy and clergy, the chief men who took part in their political affairs were Drs. Troy and Duigenan of Dublin, and Dr. Milner of England. Dr. Duigenan uttered some antiquated opinions towards the Protestants, for which he was censured by the Catholics, after which he retired to Rome. Dr. Troy was an unambitious prelate, charitable in the highest degree, and the very opposite of avaricious. He died in debt, whilst, about the same time, three bishops of the church of England bequeathed four hundred thousand pounds, at their demise, to their relatives.

Meantime, the ministry of "all the talents" was broken up by the death of Fox. Like Pitt, Fox, who was secretary of state for foreign affairs, died of continental reverses. The battle of Austerlitz killed Pitt, the battle of Jena killed Fox. He refused to make peace with Napoleon without the concurrence of Russia. A combined army of Russians, Prussians, and English, was organized for the overthrow of Napoleon; but with his maps and compasses at the Tuilleries, he planned their destruction, and executed his plans with the velocity of a thunderbolt. A Tory ministry succeeded to power, whose head was the Duke of Port-

land, and whose limbs in Ireland were *Richmond*, lord lieutenant ; Sir *Arthur Wellesley*, chief secretary ; *Manners*, lord chancellor.

Such was the state of affairs abroad when young O'Connell began to approach the public as a political leader.

In 1808, the "veto" question was entertained in the councils of the Catholics, and produced a world of discussion and division. The British ministry gave out that, if the Catholics agreed to place the indirect nomination of bishops at the disposal of the king of England, no opposition to their emancipation would then be offered. The question was debated for seven years. Some of the aristocracy were for it ; the people and the generality of the Irish clergy were against it, particularly O'Connell, who plainly foresaw the immense power it would confer on the government. In fact, it was suggested by the government with a view of creating a schism among the Catholics, — so Mr. Burke described the policy in his letter to Dr. Hussey, — but it was at length scouted from the Catholic councils, and that result was, indeed, a most fortunate one for Ireland. Had O'Connell then consented to the appointment of the bishops by the state, he would not now have the hierarchy and clergy of Ireland presiding over the repeal meetings, animating them by their example and their eloquence.

The parliamentary discussions of 1808 and 1809 were abortive to the Catholics. The veto question gave rise to nothing but idle, mischievous, unprofitable debates.\* Years passed over, and nothing was done. The Catholic committee resolved to convoke a general convention of their body from all parts of Ireland. But this call was contrary to the provisions of the convention act of 1793. That act was allowed to sleep for some years ; but on the return of a tory government under *Perceval*, O'Connell saw that the act might be revived. To guard against this, he had the following resolution put on the books of the Catholic Board : "*Resolved, unanimously, That the noblemen and gentlemen aforesaid are not representatives of the Catholic body, or any portion thereof.*" This wise resolution was not adhered to. A meeting was held in Dublin of delegates from the Catholics of Ireland. Lord Fingal and many of those that met were arrested ; O'Connell was not of the number, and he was thus at liberty, as a lawyer, to defend the imprudent men who rejected his advice. He was, however, at that time, but a junior member of the bar ; Peter Burrowes was their leading counsel ; but O'Connell planned the defence of Kirwan and Dr. Sheridan, two members of the convention, who were prosecuted by the crown, but acquitted by a Protestant jury. The delegates, contrary to O'Connell's advice, brought an action or

\* See Plowden, vol. iii., p. 657, for a full history of this question.

prosecution against Chief Justice Downs, for signing the warrant by which they were arrested; and thus the case was tried a second time, when the verdict of the jury went in favor of the judge, and, the triumph being pushed too far, the Catholics suffered a bitter reverse. The convention afterwards, to the number of three hundred, assembled, with the Earl of Fingal in the chair, and voted a petition to parliament. This was in October, 1811. On reassembling in Fishamble Street, in December, they were formally dispersed by a military force, and Lord Fingal was arrested.

In this state of Catholic stupefaction, O'Connell came more prominently forward as a leader—publishing an address to the Catholics, as chairman of their committee.

A remarkable meeting was held in the Royal Exchange of Dublin, in the previous year, to petition for a repeal of the union. The high sheriff of the city presided. F. W. Conway, of the *Evening Post*, was secretary; Lord Cloncurry, Mr. O'Connell, and several other eminent men, spoke in pathetic terms of the blight which that measure had already brought on the country. I subjoin an extract from O'Connell's speech on that occasion:—

“The union, sir, was a violation of our national and inherent rights—a flagrant injustice. The representatives, whom we had elected for the short period of eight years, had no right to dispose of their country forever. It cannot be pretended that any direct or express authority to that effect was given to them, and the nature of their delegation excludes all idea of their having any such by implication. They were the servants of the nation, empowered to consult for its good; not its masters, to traffic and dispose of it at their fancy or for their profit. I deny that the nation itself had a right to barter its independence, or to commit political suicide; but when our servants destroyed our existence as a nation, they added to the baseness of assassination all the guilt of high treason. The reasoning upon which those opinions are founded is sufficiently obvious. They require no sanction from the authority of any name; neither do I pretend to give them any weight by declaring them to be conscientiously my own; but if you want authority to induce the conviction that the union had injustice for its principle, and crime for its basis, I appeal to that of his majesty's present attorney-general, Mr. Saurin, who, in his place in the Irish parliament, pledged his character as a lawyer and a statesman, that the union must be a violation of every moral principle, and that it was a mere question of prudence whether it should not be resisted by force. I also appeal to the opinions of the late lord high chancellor of Ireland, Mr. George Ponsonby, of the present solicitor-general, Mr. Bushe, and of that splendid lawyer, Mr. Plunket. The union was therefore a manifest injustice, and it continues to be unjust at this day; it was a crime, and must be still criminal, unless it shall be ludicrously said, that crime, like wine, improves by old age, and that time mollifies injustice into innocence. You may smile at the supposition, but in sober sadness you must be convinced that we daily suffer injustice; that every succeeding day adds only another sin to the catalogue of British vice; and that if the union continues, it will only make the crime hereditary, and injustice perpetual. We have

been robbed, my countrymen, most foully robbed, of our birthright, of our independence. May it not be permitted us mournfully to ask how this consummation of evil was perfected? for it was not in any disastrous battle that our liberties were struck down; no foreign invader had despoiled the land; we have not forfeited our country by any crimes; neither did we lose it by any domestic insurrection. No, the rebellion was completely put down before the union was accomplished; the Irish militia and the Irish yeomanry had put it down. How, then, have we become enslaved? Alas! England, that ought to have been to us a sister and a friend — England, whom we had loved, and fought and bled for — England, whom we have protected, and whom we do protect — England, at a period when, out of one hundred thousand of the seamen in her service, seventy thousand were Irish — England stole upon us like a thief in the night, and robbed us of the precious gem of our liberty: she stole from us 'that which in nought enriched her, but made us poor indeed.' Reflect, then, my friends, on the means employed to effect this disastrous measure. I do not speak of the meaner instruments of bribery and corruption. We all know that every thing was put to sale; nothing profane or sacred was omitted in the union mart. Offices in the revenue, commands in the army and navy, the sacred ermine of justice, and the holy altars of God, were all profaned and polluted as the rewards of union services. By a vote in favor of the union, ignorance, incapacity, and profligacy obtained certain promotion; and our ill-fated but beloved country was degraded to the utmost limit before she was transfixed in slavery. But I do not intend to detain you in the contemplation of those vulgar means of parliamentary success — they are within the daily routine of official management. Neither will I direct your attention to the frightful recollection of that avowed fact, which is now part of history, that the rebellion itself was fomented and encouraged in order to facilitate the union. Even the rebellion was an accidental and a secondary cause. The real cause of the union lay deeper, but is quite obvious. It is to be found at once in the religious dissensions which the enemies of Ireland have created, and continued, and seek to perpetuate among themselves, by telling us off, and separating us into wretched sections and miserable subdivisions. They separated the Protestant from the Catholic, and the Presbyterians from both; they revived every antiquated cause of domestic animosity, and invented new pretexts of rancor; but, above all, my countrymen, they belied and calumniated us to each other; they falsely declared that we hated each other, and they continued to repeat that assertion until we came to believe it: they succeeded in producing all the madness of party and religious distinctions, and while we were lost in the stupor of insanity, they plundered us of our country, and left us to recover at our leisure from the horrid delusion into which we had been so artfully conducted."

Several thousand copies of this speech, with a likeness of the author, were printed.

O'Connell, by his foresight, knowledge, and eloquence, obtained the reputation, not only of talent, but of great judgment and legal acquirements. A new board was constructed, in 1812, by the Catholics, under his general direction. It was called the "Catholic Board." This was the fourth general association that had been formed.

In 1813, the provinces of Ireland were disturbed by midnight associa-

tions, called *Carders*, who legislated in the darkness of midnight, under the obligation of secret oaths. Their object was to lower rents and abolish tithes; their means, threatening notices, and carrying those threats into barbarous execution, inflicting torture on the unhappy objects of their vengeance. This system of procedure only gave the government more power, and embarrassed Mr. O'Connell and the Catholic Board; for the adverse press readily attributed to him the fomentation of these lamentable outrages.

*Peel*, who succeeded *Wellesley* as secretary for Ireland, introduced a series of coercive enactments, entitled insurrection acts, which enabled the lord lieutenant to proclaim any district he thought proper in a state of rebellion; to suspend the trial by jury; and of course to hang, transport, or imprison men, by a bench of Orange magistrates. These insurrection acts continued, with little intermission, for nearly three-and-twenty years after the union; and it was not till O'Connell had gained considerable influence over the people, that the agrarian outrages began to subside. In fact, in proportion as he gained that influence, did those turbulent proceedings die away.

But that influence he was not able to establish fully for twelve or fifteen years after the period we are now considering. On the contrary, the proceedings of the Catholic Board dwindled down, from divisions and violence, to utter insignificance, and, in the course of two or three years, expired, without obtaining any additional privilege for the Catholic body. In the mean time, the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, and the utter hopelessness of the cause of freedom throughout Europe, gave the rampant aristocracy of Britain and Ireland an opportunity to renew their insolence, to resist all further concessions to the Catholics, and all reform in the state. The escape of Napoleon from Elba, and the short-lived power that awaited him, had no sensible influence on their conduct. They were resolved to trample on every privilege of the people, as well of England as of Ireland. In the midst of this season of vicissitudes, hopes and fears, the *veto* question was again introduced by the British cabinet, for no other purpose, as events prove, but to divide the Irish Catholics. The nature of that question I have already attempted to define. Its reproduction for debate, and the fact of the *Cardinal Quarrantotti*, the secretary of the sacred college of the Propaganda, in Rome, having actually conceded, by a special rescript, this veto power, in the appointment of Catholic bishops, to the kings of England, awakened the slumbering Catholics of Ireland. The imminent danger which threatened subdued their petty quarrels, and the great majority

heartily united in opposition to this new and still more dangerous grievance. Several meetings were held to denounce the proposition. The hasty, and, as it afterwards appeared, *unauthorized* interference of the secretary of the Propaganda, was condemned in unsparing language. Some of the Irish ecclesiastics were prominent in their repudiation of this Anglo-Italian conspiracy, which was evidently framed to subject the Irish church to the British ministry. A grand meeting of the Catholics of Ireland was held, and the Rev. Richard Hayes, a Franciscan friar, a clergyman of vast erudition and commanding eloquence, was appointed an ambassador to proceed to Rome, with an expostulation and remonstrance against the obnoxious measure.

Father Hayes, by the force of his learning and high bearing, backed by the voice of the Irish Catholics, was able to awake the sensibilities of the holy father and the sacred college to the subtle dangers of British policy ; but in doing all this he displayed a world of knowledge and energy, spending months in negotiations, the details of which would fill a volume. In the course of this extraordinary conflict, Father Hayes unconsciously transgressed the canon law of the church, was imprisoned for his contumacy by the pontifical authorities at Rome, from which he was subsequently released, but ordered to depart the city ; but his triumph awaited him in Ireland. The veto was abandoned. Cardinal Quarantotti was reprimanded, and the Catholics were once more in vigorous agitation for their rights—somewhat better united than before, their leaders bolder, better experienced, and their independence, in relation to Rome and England, better established in the mind of the whole world. Nor should I pass from a notice of Mr. Hayes, without mentioning the stand he took in 1821, on the introduction of a certain bill, by Lord Plunket, for the relief of the Catholics, which was so fenced around with bills, “vetos,” “boards,” and political snares, that it was denounced, by Father Hayes and O’Connell, as a “bill of pains and penalties.”

Father Hayes was a powerful preacher, and in the years 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823, attracted crowded congregations to the Catholic churches of Dublin, where he preached. These eloquent sermons he published, together with his “Catechism on the Veto,” which displays a world of research, and should be in the hands of the Catholics of the present day, when an attempt similar to that of 1815 is made upon their religious and civil independence, by “rescripts,” “concordats,” and “charitable bequest acts.” This distinguished clergyman died at Paris, in 1824, and is buried in Père la Chaise. He was thirty-six years of age, and was a native of Wexford.

During the long period of gloom and suffering, which extended over the years of Peel's secretaryship in Ireland, the business of spies, informers, and police, flourished. Any villain could get himself on the pay of Dublin Castle, by going into a district where oppressive landlords resided, and where the suffering people were easily excited to revolt against the laws. Peel took occasion to represent Ireland in so disturbed a state, that a strong police was required; and he readily got leave to place six policemen, with full military equipments, in every parish of Ireland. This new mode of government was previously unknown in either England or Ireland. It consists of a half-spy, half-military body, without possessing, however, one particle of military honor or chivalry — a force modelled after the *gens d'armes* of France, and called by the people, after the man who introduced it, — *Peelers*.\*

This iniquitous organization, with a full staff of spies, informers, expectants, place-hunters, Orange magistrates, Orange judges, Orange sheriffs, Orange juries, Orange attorney-generals, — *Saurin*, for instance, — kept Ireland, for twenty years, in a state which no description can picture.

It is not necessary to fill these pages with recitals of the petty tyranny practised on the people of Ireland by the ascendancy party, who held the corporate and government offices through Ireland. From this party nothing but insult was experienced by the Catholics. The government availed itself of the division which naturally grew from these animosities, to enslave and barbarize the people. Peel, who had an inveterate hatred of every thing Irish and Catholic, introduced, as a permanent system of government, the most despotic laws which the history of the past or the example of the present nations of Europe offered as a model. The curfew law, introduced into England by William the Conqueror, which rendered it criminal for a man to be out of his house after sunset, was introduced into Ireland by Peel. It was tacked to the insurrection act, which conferred on the lord lieutenant of Ireland the power, on receiving a request from seven magistrates, representing their district in a state of "disturbance," to issue his commands, directing all persons in the county or barony to remain within their houses after sunset, and not to come out before sunrise, under penalties of being *transported beyond the seas for seven years!* empowering any *two of these magistrates to try, convict, and punish*, under its provisions, *without appeal!*

Here was the establishment of the most galling and perfected system of tyranny that perhaps ever oppressed any nation. For three-and-

\* "*Peeler*, one who strips or flays; a plunderer." See *Walker's Dictionary*.



twenty years of O'Connell's public life, Ireland was subjected to this barbarizing tyranny. Twenty-one of the thirty-two counties of Ireland were, for those twenty-three years, brought within the rule of this species of government. The trial by jury was truly a "mockery," and the laws a "snare." In truth, the law was a scourge, its officers corrupt, the judges partial, the juries packed, and the government unprincipled and despotic. *Peel was secretary of state in Ireland, and Castlereagh secretary of state in England!* \* \* \* \*

During all this time, O'Connell had to struggle with a tyrannic government on the one side, and to keep his misguided countrymen out of their legal meshes on the other. He was employed continually as their counsel, in the courts of law; and upon every fit occasion, he addressed them publicly, and reasoned with them privately, against the destructive tendencies of their proceedings, showing them how they strengthened the hands of the tory government by their foolish opposition to the laws, and how these laws might be repealed by a moral combination and disciplined resistance in parliament.

The position which O'Connell assumed in the front ranks of his countrymen naturally begot for him the rancor of the government and its supporters throughout the nation. He had literally to fight his way to freedom. In the year 1815, he fought the celebrated duel with Mr. *D'Esterre*. It originated in this way: Mr. *D'Esterre* was a member of the Dublin corporation; O'Connell called it, in one of his speeches, "a beggarly corporation." *D'Esterre* wrote to him, requesting to know if he had used the words attributed to him by the newspapers. O'Connell replied as follows:—

"MERRION SQUARE, January 27, 1815.

"SIR:

"IN reply to your letter of yesterday, and without either admitting or disclaiming the expression respecting the corporation of Dublin, in the print to which you allude, I deem it right to inform you that, from the calumnious manner in which the religion and character of the Catholics of Ireland are treated in that body, no terms attributed to me, however reproachful, can exceed the contemptuous feelings I entertain for that body in its corporate capacity; although, doubtless, it contains many valuable persons, whose conduct as individuals I lament must necessarily be confounded in the acts of a general body. I have only to add, that this letter must close our correspondence.

"I am, &c.

"DANIEL O'CONNELL."

Immense excitement was the consequence of this. *D'Esterre* was a retired captain of the navy, a very intrepid man, who had fought, under Sir Sidney Smith, in Egypt, as a "cutter out." He had become a merchant and government contractor in Dublin, and a member of the then

Orange corporation of that city. The Orangemen set D'Esterre on to insult O'Connell; but though the learned gentleman went conspicuously to the courts every day, yet, for five or six days, D'Esterre did nothing. At length he sent his friend, Sir Edward Stanley, to demand a meeting of O'Connell, who immediately appointed Major Macnamara as *his* friend.

A meeting was arranged to take place in Lord Ponsonby's demesne, thirteen miles from Dublin. The seconds fixed the combatants at ten paces' distance. Major Macnamara, having won the choice of ground, placed O'Connell in position first. Each gentleman was furnished with a pair of pistols. D'Esterre's second now came up to O'Connell's, and said, "Well, sir, when each has discharged his case of pistols, I hope the affair will be considered as terminated, and that we leave the ground." Major Macnamara answered, "Sir, you may of course take your friend when you like; you, sir, are the challenger, and you may retire when you like. It is probable, however, that there may be no occasion to use all the pistols." The word was given; both gentlemen fired: D'Esterre was hit under the hip, while his ball struck into the earth, at the foot of O'Connell! D'Esterre fell, and, in falling, called for another pistol. Major Macnamara walked up to him, and said, "If you are able to stand, Mr. D'Esterre, you shall have another shot." D'Esterre was not able to stand: the affair ended, and the friends of O'Connell gathered round that gentleman, hurried him to his carriage, and galloped to the city.

On the road, O'Connell's carriage was met by a band of armed Orangemen, proceeding, in a quick pace, from Dublin to the scene of action. They asked the driver which of the combatants was hit. He answered, "O'Connell!" They gave a cheer, and hied to the field of combat; and there they were grievously disappointed to find their champion mortally wounded.

D'Esterre died a few days after; and, as may well be imagined, the greatest excitement prevailed in Dublin. Scarcely had the affair with D'Esterre passed away, when O'Connell found himself involved in another affair, of a like nature, with Mr. Peel, then secretary of state for Ireland. This latter quarrel arose out of a speech delivered at a public meeting by O'Connell. The following is the passage: "All I shall say of him, (Mr. Peel,) by way of parenthesis, is, that I am told he has, in my absence, and in a place where he was privileged, grossly traduced me. I see his police informers here now, and I authorize them carefully to report these my words—that Mr. Peel would not dare, in my presence,

nor in any place where I am, to use a single expression derogatory to my interest or my honor.”

Mr. Peel sent Sir Charles Saxton to demand a meeting of O’Connell. He was referred to Major Lidwell, and arrangements were made for an immediate meeting in the county of Kildare; but the castle people, hearing of the affair, and apprehending, no doubt, the fall of their champion, caused both Mr. O’Connell and Mr. Peel to be put under arrest. A long correspondence followed, and it was privately arranged between the friends of both gentlemen, that they should, with their seconds, proceed to *Ostend*, which they accordingly prepared to do. O’Connell went to the appointed place, but Peel was arrested in London, on his way; and, finally, the meditated encounter never took place. In the course of some years, the death of D’Esterre preyed upon O’Connell’s mind so much, that he took a solemn vow never again to enter into personal conflict with any man. Many of the enemies of Ireland have challenged him since then; but he declined, on religious grounds, to enter the lists. These challengers have, however, been invariably called on by one or other of his sons, and by his friends, offering to take up the battle of the father of their country. There has not been an instance but one, I believe, in which the challenger of O’Connell has gone to the field with any of the brave men who have placed themselves in his shoes. His second son, Morgan O’Connell, fought with Lord Alvanley; the duel took place at six o’clock in the evening, near London. Three shots were exchanged without effect, when the combatants were separated.

It is highly creditable to O’Connell’s character, that, soon after the death of D’Esterre, he sent a most respectful message of condolence to the widow of the unfortunate gentleman, and offered her, in the most delicate manner, a pension, during her life, of two hundred pounds per annum, from his own resources. This was accepted, and it is paid by the *Liberator*, to this day, with punctuality. The lady resides in the marine village called *Passage*, in the neighborhood of Cork; and further it should be mentioned, that this extraordinary man never passed the door of D’Esterre’s residence, on the *Bachelor’s Walk*, without lifting his hat, making the sign of the cross upon his forehead, and uttering a short prayer for the repose of the fallen man’s soul.

Mr. O’Connell was, for a long time after this, annoyed by the challenges of his political opponents, of which, however, adhering to his vow, he took no notice. Amongst those who challenged him was Sir Henry Hardinge, another secretary of state for Ireland, under the administration

of the Duke of Wellington. O'Connell sarcastically replied, that the death of either of them would not decide the great dispute between them, which was one of principle, not personal. The sons and friends of O'Connell have been found so prompt to take up his challengers, that, in a few years, scarcely any were found to offer them; and, latterly, to challenge the Liberator to a duel is a sure way to get the challenger derided from one end of the British empire to the other.

O'Connell had now obtained considerable professional fame. Business flowed in upon him from every side. Even the Orangemen selected him as their lawyer in difficult or special suits; for his powers over a jury were unequalled at the bar. Up to this period, he was viewed as a most industrious, clever lawyer; but that which raised him beyond all competition was his celebrated defence of John M'Gee, the proprietor of the Dublin Evening Post, for libel. The "libel" consisted of a severe criticism on the jury who acquitted Lord Downs. For this libel he was prosecuted separately by each of the jurymen, and was held to bail in enormous and vexatious sums by Downs, who was chief justice of the King's Bench. Before the trial took place, Mr. M'Gee hit upon a very novel plan for the annoyance of his lordship. He rented a house and grounds immediately next to the judge's residence, outside of Dublin. Here he established all sorts of ridiculous games for the amusement and attraction of the rabble — such as donkey races, races of men tied in sacks, accompanied by the most horrible noise or music drawn from kettles, horns, and the like — which, having been continued for months, was felt as a severe persecution by Judge Downs, who, being one of the four judges who sat in judgment on M'Gee, notwithstanding O'Connell's powerful defence, (equal to the best effort of Erskine,) sentenced him to two years' imprisonment in Newgate.

This may be the best place to bring forward a sketch of O'Connell's personal habits. I quote an article published, nearly twenty years ago, in the English Monthly Magazine, attributed to Lady Morgan; but I believe it was by Shiel, — one of a series of articles on the Irish bar, nearly all of which were written by him: —

"If any one of you, my English readers, being a stranger in Dublin, should chance, in your return on a winter's morning from one of the small and early parties of that metropolis, — that is to say, between the hours of five and six o'clock, — to pass along the south side of Merrion Square, you will not fail to observe that, among those splendid mansions, there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from his fashionable neighbors'. The half-opened parlor shutter, and the light within, announce that some one dwells there whose time is too precious to permit him to regulate his risings with the sun's. Should you mount

the steps to reconnoitre the interior, you will see a tall, able-bodied man standing at a desk, immersed in solitary occupation. Upon the wall opposite to him, there hangs a crucifix. From this, from the calm attitude of the person, and from a certain monastic rotundity about his neck and shoulders, your first impression will be that he must be some pious dignitary of the church of Rome, at his devotions. But this conjecture will be rejected almost as soon as it is formed. No sooner can the eye take in the other furniture of the apartment — the clogged book-cases, the blue-covered octavos that lie about on the tables and the floor, the reams of manuscript in oblong folds, begirt with crimson tape — than it becomes evident that the party meditating amongst such objects must be thinking far more of the law than the prophets. He is unequivocally a barrister; but you will imagine of that home-bred, chamber-keeping character, that he is endeavoring to make up, by dint of labor, what he wants in wit and talent. But should you happen, in the course of the same day, to stroll down to the four courts, you will not be a little surprised to find the object of your curiosity miraculously transferred from the severe recluse of the morning into one of the most bustling, important, and joyous personages in that busy scene. There you will be sure to see him, his countenance glistening with health and spirits, surrounded with a palisade of clients and attorneys, with outstretched necks, and mouths agape to catch any stray or chance opinion that may be coaxed out of him in conversation, or perhaps listening to the counsellor's bursts of jovial and familiar humor; or perhaps he is touching upon his country's sufferings, and assuring his auditors that the hour of Ireland's redemption is at hand. You perceive at once that you have lighted on a great popular advocate; and if you take the trouble to follow him, for a couple of hours, through the several courts, you will not fail to discover the qualities that have made him so — his business habits, his legal acquirements, his acuteness, his fluency of thought and action, his unconquerable good-humor, and, above all, his energy and versatility. By the hour of three, when the judges rise, you will have seen him go through a quantity of business, the preparation for and performance of which would seem to require the labor of three persons at least, and calculated, too, to wear down an ordinary constitution. You naturally suppose that the remaining portion of the day must, of necessity, be devoted to recreation or repose; but here you will be mistaken; for should you feel disposed, as you return from the courts, to drop into any of the public meetings that are almost daily held in Dublin, to a certainty you will find the counsellor there before you, — the presiding spirit of the scene, riding in the whirlwind and directing the storm of popular debate, with a strength of lungs and a redundancy of animation, as if he had that moment started fresh for the labors of the day. There he remains till, by dint of dexterity or eloquence, he has carried every point. From thence, if you would pursue him to the close of the day's eventful history, you will, in all likelihood, have to follow him to a public dinner, which may be for the benefit of some charitable institution, where he toasts, with a prophetic expression, the prosperity and independence of Ireland! taking care, at the same time, to dilute his wine with a liberal proportion of water. Having flung off half a dozen speeches, full of laughter-stirring and soul-inspiring wit, he retires to realize a few hours' repose, that he may be up before the lark on the ensuing morning, when he will be found at his solitary post, recommencing the routine of his restless existence. Now, any one who has once seen, in the preceding situations, the acting, talking, able-bodied, able-minded, multifarious

person I have been just describing, has no occasion to inquire his name. He may be assured that he is and can be no other than Kerry's pride and Munster's glory, the far-famed DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The reviewer then describes his person with admirable fidelity : —

"His frame is tall, expanded, and muscular, precisely such as befits a man of the people ; for the physical classes ever look with double confidence and affection upon a leader who represents, in his own person, the qualities on which they rely. In his face he has been extremely fortunate. It is ever comely. The features are at once soft and manly. The florid glow of health, the purity of temperate habits, and the burning soul within, light up a well-formed face with a radiant glow of national emotion. The expression of this combination of feature and spirit is open and confiding, and inviting confidence. There is not a trace of malignity or wile in his face. If there were, the bright, sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking that can be conceived, would repel the imputation. He is all restless vivacity. Body and soul are in a state of permanent insurrection. See him in the streets, and you perceive at once that he is a man who has sworn that his country's wrongs shall be avenged. A jury of Dublin Orangemen would find his very gait and gestures to be high treason by construction, so explicitly do they enforce the national sentiment, 'Ireland her own, or the world in a blaze!' As he marches to court, he shoulders his umbrella as if it were a pike, and marches as if he would kick Orange ascendancy before him. Every roll of his brawny shoulders appears to be an effort to shake off the slavery of seven hundred years! Even in the courts, where he observes the nicest punctualities of the law, the same Erin-go-bragh feeling is manifest in all he says and all he does. Give him the driest point of law to argue, and before he closes, he will interweave an episode on the humiliating domination of English rule. He tosses up a bill of exceptions to a judge's charge, in the name of Ireland! or while some prosy barrister is addressing the court, he is sketching, on the margin of his brief, the number of men in Ireland that are capable of bearing arms."

Never was there a more accurate description drawn of the man than this. Several sketches have been given of him by distinguished foreigners who have visited Ireland since O'Connell rose to his meridian. I select one of these because it is from the pen of a talented American, Mr. LESTER, the author of "The Glory and Shame of England."

"But there is one man in Great Britain who has done and is doing more for humanity than Brougham; one who has never tripped, halted, varied, or shifted his course; who has made more public speeches than any man now living, and always spoken like a republican; who abhors oppression with all his heart; who has been hated, courted, feared, (but never despised,) by every party; a man who has been a target for all Britain to shoot at for a whole generation; who has come victorious from every conflict, even when he has been beaten; who has never betrayed his principles; who is eternally, and with a zeal that never grows cold, demanding justice for all the subjects of the British empire; a man that now stands higher in the hearts of his countrymen, and in the opinion of the world, than ever — Daniel O'Connell."

Mr. Lester then describes his person : —

“He is at least six feet in stature, has a full and majestic person. He dresses with great taste and simplicity withal. He knows as well how to chain the attention of parliament as a great assembly in Exeter Hall, by the deep, rich music of his voice, keen Irish wit, classic diction, and elegant address.”

Mr. Lester saw him at a great meeting at Exeter Hall, and thus describes his style : —

“His speech was a copious outpouring of pure Irish wit, and genuine, large humanity. He was in his element — perfectly at home. He gradually unfolded his arms as the subject swelled. He uses his hands sparingly, but with consummate art, expression, and elegance. His whole action is chaste, tasteful, and effective; yet it is nothing to his utterance. His voice is the richest and of the sweetest compass I ever heard. The variety of intonation is infinite, and the tasteful and skilful management of it perfect; and his cadences are sweet, plaintive, and most musical. He began in a gamesome humor. He continued argumentatively in thoughts beautifully turned, and as he proceeded to the more serious part of his view of justice and humanity, the sentences became more delicately polished, and the cadences more nicely musical — that plaintive murmuring and earnest plaintiveness which make O'Connell's serious speeches the more striking; and as he talked of Ireland, of the widow's cry, the orphan's tear, and the oppressor's wrong, it was plain there was not a person in that vast assembly, comprehending representatives from nearly every civilized nation on earth, who was not brought completely under his sway.”

## LECTURE XXIV.

### O'CONNELL'S LIFE AND TIMES, FROM 1820 TO 1830.

O'Connell's Establishment. — Obstacles to his Course. — State of England. — Castle-reagh and Sidmouth Government. — Spies and Butcheries in England. — English Reformers. — Death of George the Third. — Accession of George the Fourth. — Prevalence of Ignorance in England. — Queen Caroline. — Her Trial. — Excitement. — Failure of the Prosecution, and Death, of the Queen. — King visits Ireland. — His Reception. — Conciliation. — Results of the Visit. — Death of Napoleon. — His Character. — O'Connell. — His Attributes and Objects. — State of the Catholic Question. — Revival of Orangeism. — Catholic Association founded. — Parish Meetings. — The Dublin Press in 1823. — First Sitting of the Association. — O'Connell projects the Catholic Rent. — Its Mode of Collection. — Action of the Association. — The Morning Register — Coyne's Rooms. — The Corn Exchange. — Committees of the Association. — The leading Members. — Progress of the Association. — Its English Friends. — State of Europe. — The Irish Clergy. — Bible Societies. — "Second Reformation." — Bible Discussions. — End of the New Reformation. — Results. — Doctor Doyle. — Agrarian Disturbances. — Glance at England. — Death of Castlereagh. — Prosecution of O'Connell. — Failure of the Prosecution. — Additional Power of O'Connell. — Influence of the Association — Bill for its Suppression. — O'Connell's Opposition. — The Wings. — Dr. Doyle's Examination. — Definition of Catholic Doctrine. — The Powers of the Pope. — Conversion of Brownlow and Dawson. — Speech of the Duke of York. — Failure of Negotiations. — O'Connell's Return to Ireland, and Reception. — Fourteen Days' Meetings. — Forty Shilling Freeholders. — Election of 1826. — Overthrow of the Aristocracy. — Landlord Persecutions. — The Lowth Freeholder. — Darrynane Abbey bequeathed to O'Connell. — Simultaneous Meetings. — Census. — Sympathetic Meetings Abroad. — Foreign Sympathy. — American Sympathy. — Affairs in England. — The Canning Ministry. — Wellington Ministry. — Duke of Wellington. — A Cry of No Popery. — O'Connell opposes the Duke. — O'Connell petitions in Favor of the Dissenters. — Their Emancipation. — Clare Election. — Major Macnamara. — Vesey Fitzgerald. — O'Connell stands for Clare. — His Address to the Electors. — Steele and O'Gorman Mahon. — Father Maguire. — Dominick Roynane, Shiel. — O'Connell enters Clare. — The Election. — Virtue of the Electors. — Their Triumph. — O'Connell elected. — O'Connell's Speech. — Shiel's Speech. — Chairing of O'Connell. — His triumphal Journey to Dublin. — Effects of the Victory — Lawless sent to the North. — Opposition. — Danger of a Collision. — Rev. Mr. M'Donough — State of the South. — Order of "Pacifcators." — Military Processions. — Policy of Government. — Lord Wellesley. — Sir Abraham Bradley King. — The Marquis of Anglesey. — Lord Cloncurry. — Lord Anglesey favorable to Catholic Emancipa-



tion.—Eloquence of the Catholic Leaders.—O'Connell's Tactics.—Protestant Declaration.—Letter from the Duke of Wellington.—Letter from Lord Anglesey.—The Duke resolves to emancipate the Catholics.—Excitement in England.—O'Connell proceeds to England.—Peel assailed by his Friends.—Feeling in the Army.—Catholic Relief Bill.—The Forty Shilling Freeholders.—Speech of the Duke of Wellington.—Triumph of the Catholic Question.—O'Connell refused Admission to Parliament.—Discussion on his Case.—His Appearance at the Speaker's Table.—Refuses to take the Oaths tendered.—Confusion in the House.—O'Connell's Speech.—His Rejection.—Reflection for Clare.—Complete Triumph.—O'Connell's Companions in the Struggle.—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of Shiel, Rt. Rev. Dr. Doyle, Maurice O'Connell, Henry Grattan, Lawless, Steele, O'Gorman Mahon, Barrett, Staunton.

THE preceding lecture was devoted to what may be called the first part of the great drama of O'Connell's life. The reader has by this time a pretty fair conception of the man whom we are endeavoring to depict. His previous twenty years were continually occupied in battling with tory judges and crown prosecutors; with Orange magistrates and corporations; with bigoted parsons and polemical gladiators; with "Carders," "White-boys," "Rockites," and "Ribbonmen;" with the envious members of his own creed and profession, who were mean enough to thwart his daily efforts for the instruction, amelioration, or disenfranchisement of his countrymen. His professional income amounted to some three or four thousand pounds a year, which was not more than sufficient to support his family in a manner suitable to their rank. His mansion in Merrion Square was elegant, his hospitality large, and all the details of his domestic establishment, with his carriage and liveries, were in corresponding style. A brilliant lamp, projecting immediately over the entrance to his house, proclaimed to the night traveller the legible "*O'Connell*," engraved on the tablet of his door.

The chieftain designation "*O'Connell*" was not set there without an object. It typified his Milesian ancestry, and his station as chief of his ancient sept. It was the mysterious symbol of his resolve to lead the Irish millions to the goal of freedom. He had not, at this time, inherited from his uncle the splendid patrimony of Darrynane Abbey and its wide domain; and yet the cost of the agitation for Irish freedom was mostly borne by this busy chieftain lawyer, who had then so little beyond his indomitable spirit and vast knowledge "to feed and clothe" him.

It is necessary that the reader should now have a glimpse at the state of affairs, about this period, in England. George the Third, who had been *sixty years* on the English throne, was, during the latter portion of his life, mentally incapacitated, and the kingly office devolved on his eldest son, *George, prince of Wales*. The last few years of the reign

of George the Third formed a period of reckoning and reflection. Half a century of continued war abroad ; the expenditure of untold treasure and blood ; the pensioning of so many armies of professional gladiators ; the accumulation of a debt unprecedented in the annals of the world, — had, all together, afforded material enough for the discontent of the British people, and the bitter reflection of the sovereign. The days of peace were days of reckoning. The people had leisure to count the cost of the game. Napoleon was exiled, but England was bankrupt. The falling away of trade, the discharge from the pay of government of two hundred and thirty thousand men, the cessation of a Continental demand for manufactures, the stoppage of factories and banks, and the dismissal of hundreds of thousands of artisans and laborers, reduced England to the verge of internal insurrection.

The working classes knew little of the tactics of political agitation. They assembled in immense masses, they complained, they called for reform, and they threatened ; but the Sidmouth and Castlereagh ministry kept up a standing army of one hundred and seventy thousand men, ready to suppress the first outbreak. Practised in the art of entrapping the people as the execrated Castlereagh was, he found means to break up the ill-formed political combinations of working men, sending among them spies and informers, such as he had employed, in the year 1798, with such terrible effect, in unhappy Ireland. The principal persons thus employed were *Oliver, Castles, Edwards, Franklin*, and the notorious *Thomas Reynolds*, who was the chief, though concealed, manager of this battalion of informers. These government desperadoes went into the meetings of the working classes, excited them to outrage by violent denunciations of the ministry and the king, obtained the adhesion of hundreds of men to their abominable conspiracies, who were afterwards prosecuted by them, and transported by the ministry, in order to frighten down complaint, or coöperation for redress. The wealthy and intellectual classes were driven off, by fear, from the ranks of the people. Lord Castlereagh brought in his celebrated sedition and combination bills, commonly called the “six acts,” by the authority of which he suspended the constitution, introduced martial law, empowered magistrates to enter houses at any time in the night to search for arms, and reduced all Britain to the condition of unhappy Ireland previous to the outbreak of 1798. Meetings were now suppressed by the military throughout England ; and at one of these meetings, that at Peterloo, in Manchester, *four hundred persons* were killed or wounded by armed yeomanry cavalry, under the command of tory magistrates. They galloped in among the assembled people as in a battle-field, cutting down all whom they

could reach! This memorable butchery took place on the 16th of August, 1819.

The British people had but few leaders of talent at that period, and these were either unequal or unfit for the great work of political amelioration. *Sir Francis Burdett*, *Lord Cochrane*, and *John Cam Hobhouse*, were the only men in parliament who would speak a word for them. *Cobbett*, (who had just returned from America,) *Major Cartright*, *Sir Charles Wolseley*, *Wooller*, *Hunt*, and *Hone*, were the out-of-door leaders of radical England. They were weak. "Reform" was not understood. The very name was discountenanced by the government and the aristocracy. It was held to be a species of treason, and its open profession was punished by laws specially contrived for its suppression.

This was England in the latter days of George the Third, when the "tyrant of Europe" was enchained on a rock; when, in the appropriate language of O'Connell, "the great eagle of the creation was chained to a rock to be pecked at by the carrion crows of England."

That which added much to the power of the government, was the gross, the incredible degree of ignorance which prevailed among the working classes of England. Mr. Brougham, (now Lord Brougham,) as chairman of a parliamentary committee on the state of education, proved that, in the twelve thousand parishes of England, there were three thousand five hundred parishes, or nearly one third of the whole, "which had not a school, nor the vestige of one, for imparting instruction." (See Parliamentary Debates, 1820, and London Morning Chronicle.) That report further proved that the vast property formerly bequeathed by enlightened and pious donors for the purposes of popular education, and which, according to their wills, was directed to be appropriated by *clergymen* in paying teachers, and the other expenses of parish education, was, in a majority of cases, *appropriated by the clergy* to their personal support, though their tithes and glebe lands were more than sufficient for that purpose.

George the Third died 29th January, 1820, at the age of eighty-two, sixty years of which he reigned king of England. The Prince of Wales ascended the throne as George the Fourth. His kingdom of England was full of conspiracies and plots, which, it has since been proved, were generated by members of the cabinet from the home office. Some even of the Cato Street conspirators were in the pay of the ministry, although the avowed object of that conspiracy was to assassinate all of those very ministers! The same suspicious features marked the Scottish conspiracies, about the same period, where, in the south-west particularly, they went so far as to establish a provisional government, drew up

a state proclamation, and attempted — a mere handful of the common people — to raise the flag of rebellion. All these secret plots, as I have many times remarked, but contributed the better to establish the power of the aristocracy, by frightening to their support all persons who owned any property.

On the accession of the new king, Queen Caroline, his deserted wife, claimed the privilege of being acknowledged as his queen, and of being included in the honors of the coronation. This was refused by the prince, and all England divided for one side or the other — the king or the queen. Her majesty had been six years absent from England, and for the previous twenty-three had lived apart from her husband. Their union had been one of policy, not of choice. One child was the fruit, the unfortunate Princess Charlotte, who, it is said, was poisoned. Nature had not mated the prince and his consort. Dislike ensued, and separation followed. There was no divorce; but the prince, who was regent of the kingdom, frowned her out of “high” society. She wandered on the Continent, mingled with inferior grades, was suspected of infidelity to a bed from which she was excluded, was tried before the house of lords, where well-trained witnesses were suborned to impugn her chastity; but they broke down in their testimony, under the skilful cross-examination of Brougham and Denman, (afterwards chancellor and lord chief justice of England,) and the prosecution ended in nothing — but scandal. Lords Sidmouth, *home secretary*, Eldon, *chancellor*, and Castlereagh, *foreign secretary*, were the chief men of the cabinet, and the chief advisers of the king. They were covered with odium by this attempt to ruin an ill-treated and unfortunate woman. All England was in uproar. The king, who was grossly dissolute, and his palace, which was the centre of immorality, excited the disgust of the people towards him, and it knew no bounds. The great body of the English people took the side of the queen against the king. The wickedness of the ministers, the immorality of the king, and the butchery at Manchester, were the principal topics of public indignation. Indeed, the country was on the verge of rebellion, when, however, his majesty, in his speech to the parliament, mentioned his wife by name, though he still excluded her from the palace, but recommended a liberal grant for her support. Fifty thousand pounds a year was accordingly voted by parliament; but she did not live to receive the first instalment. She died broken-hearted.

It was under these circumstances, and with a view of attracting to his interest the affections of the Irish nation, by specious and plausible assurances of his good intentions towards them, that the king determined to

visit Ireland. His intention was made known, and it naturally created in the hearts of the Irish people the liveliest and most extravagant anticipations. He was the first British king that ever came to Ireland with the olive-branch of peace. He was a voluptuary ; but had been, when young, the friend of Burke and Sheridan, the great Irish orators ; and the Irish, willing to forget ages of suffering in the hope of some grand boon from their new king, prepared to receive him with a spirit of joy and welcome which the pen of philosophy cannot account for, nor the pen of history approve. Catholics and Protestants for a moment forgot old animosities, and cordially forgave each other, under the delusive idea that the king's visit would metamorphose the citizens of every religious communion into baronets and peers, and that Ireland would be transformed into a sort of happy Elysium. A committee composed of Catholics and Protestants was chosen to receive the king. The Catholic gentlemen were chosen by Protestants, and the Protestant gentlemen by Catholics. This was all right, and high were the expectations formed, on every side, of some coming greatness which nobody could define. His majesty at length landed at Howth, proceeded to the lord lieutenant's residence in the Phoenix Park, from whence he entered the city through Cavendish Row and Sackville Streets, where the trades of Dublin were drawn up in magnificent array to receive him. That long and noble street was lined, on both sides, to the house-tops, with the fairest forms that ever before met the eyes of an English monarch. It was August, and Erin was robed in her loveliest attire. The reception was grand, and the scene sublime. The king wore a large bunch of shamrocks at his breast, and another in his hat, and was accompanied by *Lord Castlereagh!*

The people of Dublin, foolishly forgetting the betrayer of their country in their temporary transport, gave themselves up to a wild enthusiasm. The king staid a few days in the country, condensed his good wishes for Ireland into a letter, in which he desired them to love each other, but omitted all allusion to the removal of the cause of their quarrels — the penal laws. Meantime, his queen, the source of his late troubles, died. He returned, by Scotland, to the palace of his fathers ; and he soon forgot his faithful people of Ireland, to whom his visit was one of great promise, but of no performance.

If the year 1820 was marked by the death of George the Third, the year 1821 was memorable for the death of his great enemy, Napoleon. After an imprisonment of six years in the Island of St. Helena, he yielded up his warlike spirit. His life will ever prove an interesting lesson to kings and people. Born of Italian parentage, but of Irish ancestry, — for his grandfather, according to the learned O'Donovan, was

Gaul Burke, an Irish soldier who left Ireland on the fall of James the Second, and settled in the Isle of Corsica, where the hero of Lodi, one of nine brothers and sisters, was born, — and having acquired a good military education, he entered the service of the French republic as a soldier, but soon distinguished himself in the field by his science and bravery. After the treachery of Dumourier, he became the leading star of the French armies. His deeds of heroism are written upon every battle-field of Europe. His passage over the Alps, with an immense army, baggage, provisions, and artillery, was a feat not performed since the days of Hannibal the Carthaginian.

One of O'Connell's allusions to this extraordinary man is the most eloquent and striking ever conceived or uttered respecting him.

“Are these the circuitous routes by which he was hitherto known to march to the attainment of his object? When he came to the foot of the Alps, did he stop there until their eternal snows were dissolved into dew-drops? No! He crossed them with the steep flight of an Alpine eagle, and came down upon Italy like an avalanche. When he came to the banks of the Danube, did he stop there for the purpose of tracing out inlets in its sands with his fingers? No! He crossed it like a fairy apparition. His stratagems were those of a Vesuvius fire, and tempest, and thunder, and consuming lava!”

It would have been well for the teeming millions of Europe had Napoleon been endowed with the wisdom and sublime moderation of Washington. Had he given to France and those nations which he liberated the benefits of republican government, for which the French people fought and bled, how glorious would have been his name to the most distant generations! Napoleon, the liberator of the old world, would have ranked in the page of history with Washington, the liberator of the new. But he followed, unfortunately, the cruel and ambitious Cromwell, rather than the brave and virtuous Washington. All his valor was vainly expended. All the blood shed by his command was wasted. All his stratagems, with the finest army in the world, were unable to sustain his inglorious ambition. Fearful of criticism, he dispersed “the council of five hundred.” Anxious to be master of spiritual and temporal power, he seized the pope, and brought him captive to Paris. Determined to found a monarchical dynasty, against which he first drew the sword, he put away Josephine, his lawful wife, for want of issue, and took the daughter of the Austrian emperor, who betrayed and abandoned him. Ambitious to have France the mistress of nations, he rifled the shrines and museums of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa, to make her one mighty museum for the world, taking from every nation which he conquered all that was most valuable in art, or venerated in

history. Ambitious to be acknowledged master of this great nation, he had himself proclaimed her *emperor*; and, to the disgrace of France, one man only was found patriot enough to say *nay* to his elevation on the day of his coronation. That man was the great *Carnot*, whose name deserves to be transmitted to posterity in characters of fire. His *personal* ambition being thus proclaimed, Europe took the alarm, and his disastrous expedition to Russia, by which he lost near a quarter of a million of his best men, completed his fall. Nor did his temporary exile in Elba, and his romantic escape, and reestablishment at the head of the French armies, teach him wisdom or moderation. The wise proposition of La Fayette at this juncture, on behalf of the French people, to establish a simple republic, like that of the United States, was rejected. He sallied forth to meet the combined kings of Europe at the head of an unsustainable army, with a kingly sword in his hand, and the *imperial* eagles, instead of the cap of liberty, on his standards. Abandoning the *principle* which was the secret of his early success, his power rested *solely on the sword*, which is a frail dependence. He fell, to rise no more!

Lady Morgan, who, Napoleon admitted, was the most talented woman in Europe, describes his career in a sentence: "The caps of liberty, which still adorned the milestones near the French capital in 1813, and which were to have been effaced in order to make way for *Napoleon's eagle*, were supplanted, at the restoration of the Bourbons, by the *fleur-de-lis*. This is the history of the French revolution in a single sentence."—*Book of the Boudoir*.

The chief service which Napoleon conferred on France was that revision of her laws called the *Code Napoleon*—a work so comprehensive, yet so brief, that every man can read and understand the laws he is required to obey; but her liberty he left in a more distressed state than he found it. His remains were demanded from England by the French government in 1840, and the present Louis Philippe sent his son to St. Helena, and brought them to Paris to the *Hôpital des Invalides*, where they were interred amid the most extravagant honors.

The work of freedom, which Napoleon could have so easily performed, remains to be done; and we shall now see, in the career of Daniel O'Connell, that he took up that duty where Napoleon laid it down. We shall, with the reader's indulgence, follow O'Connell, step by step, in his brilliant career, and mark his unequalled labors in the cause of human liberty. With no crown upon his head, and no sword in his hand, no armies at his back, his tongue and pen his weapons, the press his artillery, and no shield or fortress but public opinion; yet, breaking down

monopolies, subduing powers — the tory powers of haughty England ; compelling that military chieftain, to whom Napoleon gave his sword, to open the guarded temples of the British constitution, which he and his had sworn to keep closed forever. We shall see the ground he has passed over, the lessons he has taught, the triumphs he has won, the freedom he has extorted, and the portion of his mighty object which is yet to be attained ; we shall see the crowned heads of Europe tremble at his name, and learn how suffering humanity throughout the world leaps for joy on its enunciation.

The year 1821 passed away, and the Catholics of Ireland were still shut out from the British constitution. Mr. Plunket in that year brought their cause before the house of commons. Their freedom, with a series of fettering accompaniments, was voted by a small majority in the house of commons, but rejected in the lords by a majority of thirty-nine. The hollow king took no pains to influence the house of lords, and the question was set at rest for a season. Meantime the wretched No-Popery cry was again raised ; the Dublin corporation men and some of the Orange magistrates of Ireland assembled, and raised the cry of "No surrender." Sir Abraham Bradley King, who, on behalf of the Orangemen of Ireland, had, when the king arrived, given to the Catholics a pledge to extend towards them a brotherly affection for evermore, now "doffed his surtout," as he termed it, and was once more the violent fomenter of those wretched animosities which had kept Ireland so long in distraction and misery. The Orange system was revived through Ireland and England, and it was sanctioned and introduced into the army by the immediate agency of the royal Duke of Cumberland, and Lord Kenyon, with the secret object of seizing on the crown of England, on the first favorable opportunity, for the former.

The "Catholic cause" had long been the capital of trading politicians in parliament. It had become alternately the question of the "ins" and the "outs." While some members of the parliament were truly sincere in their advocacy, there were many who looked upon the question only as a means to an end — that end their political elevation. It was tossed about in this way from party to party. The Catholics, divided by the veto discussions, were broken into factions. All their boards and committees were dead, their leaders scattered or apathetic, and their claims rejected. The torpor of slavery had eaten its way to their hearts, and the lifeless mass seemed almost incapable of reanimation.

In this pitiable condition of their affairs, O'Connell, having consulted with a few of the leading men, called an aggregate meeting of the



"Catholics of Ireland," which was held in Townsend Street chapel, Dublin, on the 23d of April, 1823. It was well attended, and he delivered on that occasion a most powerful address. I had the satisfaction to hear that speech. It was the first I ever heard the Liberator speak, and I shall never lose the impressions which it made upon my youthful heart. His first words were, "My countrymen, I am to speak to-day of six centuries' sufferings. I know not where I shall begin, and when I have begun, I know not where I shall end." This address occupied three hours in the delivery. It was grandly conceived and powerfully spoken. He shadowed forth the majestic plan of a national association and a national fund. The plan was applauded; the "Catholic Association of Ireland" was formed. The qualification fee of each member was fixed at one pound per annum. Some twenty or thirty gentlemen put down their names; and the *association*, thus formed, resolved to meet weekly, under regulations assimilating as near as possible to those of parliament.

Parish meetings were next to be held, to sustain in funds and sympathy the action of this association. The first parish meeting was that of St. Mary's, which was held in the old Catholic chapel in Liffey Street. O'Connell attended, but there were not beyond a score of persons present. It was a miserable failure. This was the first of the parish meetings called to express approbation of the great plans proposed at the aggregate meeting, *and it was a failure!*

Here was sufficient to break the spirit of an ordinary man. But O'Connell was not an ordinary man. He addressed that pitiful meeting. I was present, and heard that speech; it was touching, eloquent, and encouraging. He concluded by moving an adjournment. He said, "he would test his plans fairly by the opinions of his countrymen. He would go around from parish to parish through the city; he would unfold each part of his political machinery. Every wise suggestion, coming from any quarter, should have force with him, and he would then see who, among his fellow-Catholics, were willing to yield to the influence of despair and the galling chains of slavery." He concluded by moving an adjournment of the parish of St. Mary for one week.

The press gave the proceedings of this meeting to the public. The hostile editors attacked the project with ridicule or bitterness. These attacks served it. The people were roused by the abuse of the Orange papers, and believed there was something in a plan which called forth their loud hostility. Curiosity, if not patriotism, was excited; and the next meeting, in Liffey Street chapel, was crowded to overflowing.

O'Connell was splendid on that occasion. I remember it well. "The Catholic Association of Ireland" was approved and confirmed by resolutions; a committee was appointed to coöperate with it, and the thanks of the meeting enthusiastically voted to Daniel O'Connell, Esq.

Some of the other parishes of Dublin followed St. Mary's example, and the new association was apparently launched in safe waters. It met regularly at three o'clock, every Saturday afternoon, in the drawing-rooms of Mr. Coyne, bookseller, in Capel Street. Some early meetings were held also in a room in Homes's arcade, in College Green, but here an organized faction, retainers of the Orange corporation, opposed its proceedings with threats of personal violence. Some portion of Mr. Homes's beautiful room was damaged; and Mr. O'Connell, to deprive his enemies of a chance to create a riot, carried a resolution that none be admitted to witness their proceedings but members, and moved the sittings of the society back to Coyne's rooms.

The association, thus cabined up in a room twenty feet square, the public shut out, and no channel to convey its words to the hearts of men but the comparatively lifeless newspapers of that day, lingered sickly on, and almost died out for want of air and food. The papers which then advocated, in Dublin, the rights of the Catholics, were—first, the *Freeman's Journal*, then owned by the father of the present Mrs. Henry Grattan, and edited by one O'Connor; second, the *Dublin Evening Post*, edited by Magee, and sub-edited by F. W. Conway. Mr. Staunton, who was a working printer on a southern newspaper, had established the *Weekly Register*. These three papers were friendly, but feeble. Saunders's *News-Letter* was then, as it is now, owned by Potts, apparently neutral, but obliged to lean to the ascendancy party; and Carrick's *Morning Post*, edited by Lonergan, a half-Orange Papist, abused O'Connell with diurnal regularity. The evening papers opposed to the association were the *Orange Dublin Correspondent* (since called the *Packet*) and the *Patriot*. These were Orange to the back-bone. To cap the ascendancy press, there was the *Antidote*, governed by Sir Harcourt Lees, whose language O'Connell likened to his writing, which was such a scrawl as a spider would make that jumped out of an ink-bottle on a sheet of paper.

The sickly, skeleton reports of the speeches delivered before the association, given by those papers, produced little or no effect. The members did not increase, the money came slowly in—not near sufficient to defray the expenses of rooms, printing, and advertisements. Indeed, it may be proper here to mention that, for several years, the entire expense

of managing the Catholic cause fell upon Mr. O'Connell and three or four others. O'Connell contributed sums as large as fifty to one hundred pounds at a time, and three hundred pounds a year is not an underestimate of his pecuniary outlay in this cause during the eight or ten years previous to this period.

The members of this infant Herculean association, who attended its first sittings, were Lord Killeen, the O'Connor Don, Sir Edward Bellew, Daniel O'Connell, Rev. Dr. Hayes, Nicholas Mahon, Eneas M'Donnell, Richard Shiel, R. Lonergan, Ignatius Callaghan, John Joseph Scanlan. Counsellor O'Gorman was the secretary. Seldom could there be a quorum (ten) or "house" got together upon any one subject, although Catholic clergymen were admitted, by virtue of their mission, to the privilege of membership.

The mighty project of the "Catholic rent" was at length matured in the recesses of O'Connell's brain. It was framed to act nationally after a local model. He had ever been the ardent supporter of every charity in the city of Dublin; and in a parenthesis I may say, there is not a more charitable city in the universe. There are in it many societies for the relief of the sick, for the protection of orphans, for the relief of the poor, the aged, lame, &c. Most of these societies are supported by small weekly collections of pennies and sixpences, and by an annual sermon or an annual dinner. Young men volunteer to act as collectors of those pennies, and go out on their charitable mission weekly; and the aggregate of collections forms a considerable sum. O'Connell invariably presided at these society dinners, and brought around him a full company. The admission tickets generally left something handsome to the charity. This great man, perceiving how much was done in the city by the collection of pennies, foresaw that, if the Catholics of Ireland, consisting then of at least six millions, could be but partially organized, an immense annual revenue could certainly be realized to sustain the agitation of the Catholic cause.

The thought was matured and the plan prepared. He brought forward a calculation, showing that, if only one million, out of the six millions of Irish Catholics, were to subscribe each but one penny a month, — twelve pennies a year, — it would yield him an annual fund of **FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS** per annum. With such a fund at their command, he demonstrated that the association would be able to oppose successfully any government which refused them equal rights.

This plan was approved of by some of the Catholics, and contemned as chimerical by others. However, the great artificer gave notice of his

intention to submit his plan formally to the association, and through them to the people of Ireland. The day of meeting came, and the question was postponed a week for want of a "house." Upon the succeeding Saturday, no better prospect was visible. The hour (three o'clock) arrived for proceeding to business; but not more than eight persons had yet arrived, and no "house" could be formed. Here was a dilemma! Let us in idea look into the heart of Daniel O'Connell at that moment. Let us behold, if we have visual conception, the anxieties he felt during that momentous half hour! Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, the secretary, was a man of punctilious observances; he frequently looked at his watch. The meeting must adjourn in a few minutes if some two or three more members did not come up. In this extremity, Mr. O'Connell stepped down stairs, and, luckily for his project, found in the shop a couple of young clergymen of Maynooth College, who were purchasing books. These young gentlemen he persuaded to walk up to the meeting, and by this means formed the "house," before which he propounded that plan which compelled the cabinet of England to yield Catholic emancipation.

The grand plan was now issued to the world in the shape of a "Report on the best means of establishing a national fund for the legal purposes of the Catholic Association." It contained an earnest appeal to the interior parishes to establish forthwith the penny-a-month subscription. A few only of the parishes took up the work. I remember that, in the parish of St. Nicholas-without, in Dublin, in which I resided, the rent was collected almost immediately after the issue of the report; and proud do I now feel that I was one of those who, under the superintendence of Mr. Lawrence Finn, our treasurer, worked in the service of the Catholic Association, as a rent collector, during the entire struggle. All the collectors, treasurers, and secretaries, of this fund, both in the cities and counties, worked without pay. St. Anthon's and a few other of the Dublin parishes very soon commenced the collection, and in six months after the system was got agoing, the weekly income of the Catholic Association amounted to five, seven, or ten pounds. During the first year, it seldom reached twenty pounds a week; yet O'Connell was now satisfied his project had taken root.

The meetings of the association became now more and more interesting. The body not only devoted itself to the repeal of the penal laws, but to the redress of general political and municipal grievances. It also offered legal advice and protection, free of charge, to the people. If an Orange magistrate was guilty of an oppression on his poor Catholic neighbors, the association, on being requested, took up the grievance,

called on government for an investigation, to which the Catholic Association sent a lawyer and attorney at its expense, and wrung from an unwilling government justice and satisfaction for the people. If any of the judges, saturated with Orange prejudices, as some of them were, misdirected a jury in a case where Protestants and Catholics were at issue, a petition charging the facts was instantly drawn up and sent to Sir Francis Burdett or Henry Brougham, for presentation to the house of commons, when England was made to ring with the echoes of the delinquent's name.

In proportion as the occasions arose for the interference of the association in matters of local oppression, did its influence over the people extend. The people began to experience some of the good consequences which it promised them. The magistrates, police, parsons, and all others enjoying authority, became more cautious and respectful in their bearing to the people; and this, perhaps, more than any other circumstance, tended to induce the great body of the Catholics to believe that the association, if it could not procure all it proposed, would at all events do *some good*. The rent gradually increased, towards the close of 1824, to thirty or forty pounds a week.

Mr. O'Connell felt the sad deficiency of an effective reporting press. The skeleton notice of their proceedings which appeared in the Daily Freeman, Saunders's Morning and Evening Post, conveyed little of the important matter which he flung out weekly before his little senate in Coyne's back room. A new daily paper, with a regular corps of reporters, was proposed, and Mr. Staunton, the indefatigable proprietor of the Weekly Register, assumed the great undertaking. It was at the time a "great undertaking." The press of Dublin then labored under a most oppressive stamp tax of twopence (four cents) for every impression issued, also two shillings and sixpence (sixty cents) duty levied on every advertisement; besides which, twenty-four hundred pounds security for the proper conduct of the paper was required by the government. When it is known that the first issues of the Morning Register (now lying before me) did not exceed three hundred a day, with so heavy a duty payable to the government, and the expense of reporters, printers, and paper, it may readily be supposed it did not long survive. Ten or twelve were the number of its days, and its fall was no small source of triumph and ground of satire to the Orange press of Ireland.

Mr. O'Connell still saw the absolute necessity of a good reporting daily paper, to meet the calumnies of the Orange press, and to give life and circulation to the proceedings of the association. A new arrangement was had with Mr. Staunton, by which, I believe, a weekly payment was

made to him by the association for his daily papers, thereby forcing a circulation through the country. Mr. Staunton was thus enabled to resume the publication of the *Morning Register*, in which elaborate reports of Catholic Association proceedings regularly appeared. These reports were remarkable, alike for their accuracy and eloquence. They were principally furnished by Mr. W. B. Macabe, since a distinguished member of the London press, and by Mr. Carew O'Dwyer, since a member of parliament, and at present the recipient of a handsome salary from a law office in Dublin. These gentlemen and some others, whom I may not know, caught, as it ascended, the patriotic vapor of O'Connell's heart, and transferred it, full of life and heat, to their page, stamped with the image of his great soul. They were the unseen agents of that intellectual power, more quick and subtle than the electric fluid, which O'Connell wielded at his pleasure.

The association now began to assume a national aspect. The members increased, the correspondence increased, the rent increased. Coyne's little room was crowded to suffocation, and the master spirit of all seemed to grow in eloquence, and to expand, with the occasion, in wit and knowledge. A larger room for their proceedings was demanded by the public voice, and the *Liberator* concluded a bargain with the trustees of the Dublin Corn Exchange for the use of their assembly room on lease at two hundred pounds a year. Little as such an affair would be regarded in our days, it was then a most important step in advance.

The association having now removed its sittings to a room nearly as large as that of the British house of lords, an increased interest in its proceedings was thereby generated. It looked now so like a parliament; its proceedings were conducted with so much system; its committee rooms, "above stairs" and "below stairs;" its committees of "finance," of "law," of "correspondence," of "grievance," and "petition," — all looked so parliamentary, that public confidence was strung up to a high tone. The young lawyers who gathered round O'Connell, and the young gentlemen of other professions who were anxious to distinguish themselves among their countrymen, were assigned places on all those committees. They worked ardently and incessantly. The same men, when brought together, formed a general committee, a sort of privy council, before which the general questions intended to be discussed in the great assembly were previously submitted, and there, after a patient discussion, were shaped for the public eye. These gentlemen performed their allotted parts as members in the open debates of the association, or as delegates to the county or parish meetings. They were ready for

every change in the political game, completely under the control of the great leader, perfectly at his command, willing to travel, to write, to speak, or die, at his nod.

The association now daily swelled into importance; the rent increased in its weekly average, and the members in number. Several truly eloquent speakers joined in its debates. If eloquence be the cement which binds together great bodies of men who pursue a common object, then sufferings, oppression, and misery, are the food on which eloquence feeds; and never, surely, in the history of mankind, have there been such unremitting supplies flung up by any country as by Ireland.

Amongst those who joined the Catholic Association in the early stages of its career, and who, next to O'Connell himself, adorned its debates with extraordinary eloquence, was RICHARD LALOR SHEIL, the young Catholic barrister. As I intend to give a short sketch of Sheil and other members of the association when I come to the dissolution of that body, I shall pass on without dwelling further on him than to remark, that, according to Mr. Wyse's account, Mr. Sheil met O'Connell at a dinner party in Wicklow, in 1823, where a compact between those great men took place, the object of which was the emancipation of their Catholic brethren throughout the British dominions. Although this bond of union was established in the manner stated by Mr. Wyse, yet I do not remember that Mr. Sheil attended the Catholic Association regularly during the first twelve or eighteen months of its progress. It is true he attended the annual, or special aggregate meetings of the Catholics of Ireland; but I do not remember to have seen or heard of him *frequently* during the first year's sittings of the association. However, towards the close of the year 1824, he became more regular in his attendance, and emitted many a brilliant irruption of burning eloquence from the volcano of the Corn Exchange.

JOHN LAWLESS, the talented editor of the Belfast Irishman, who was a most graceful and eloquent speaker, became also an active member of this body. There was O'Gorman Mahon, an able speaker, a young, chivalrous, fearless gentleman, of some landed property in the county Clare; Thomas Wyse, Jun., of Waterford, descended from the old Catholic gentry, a young gentleman of great literary acquirements, of graceful manners, and elegant address. Besides these, there was a strong phalanx of lawyers, some of whom rose afterwards to professional eminence and judicial dignities.

Among these were CHARLES WOLFE and MICHAEL O'LOUGHLIN, both of whom ascended the bench; BRIC, who fell in a duel, greatly la-

mented, and Piggot, who became solicitor-general during the lord lieutenancy of Lord Normanby; Eneas M'Donnell, who, after emancipation, joined the tories; Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, who was promoted to the office of assistant-barrister, worth five hundred pounds a year, on the triumph of emancipation; together with several lawyers of lesser note, who obtained appointments in the colonies and in various ways, on the successful issue of the agitation. There were many Protestant lawyers in the society, who were also promoted: among these is the present Judge Perrin. Besides all these, there were a great number of clergymen and country gentlemen, who occasionally spoke in the association, and who served as conductors of its electricity and flame through the nation.

An association composed of such able men as those could not but attract the support of the Irish Catholics, and the jealousy of the tory portion of the British parliament — both the consequences of the same course of action, extending and expanding in an incalculable proportion.

The proceedings of the Irish Catholic Association became more absorbing to the interests of the Irish people than those of the British parliament. The speeches delivered in the Corn Exchange, full of complaint, wit, and invective, were far more eloquent and more beautiful than those delivered in the parliament. As the association proceeded, it handled questions of still greater and greater import. Not only did it debate Catholic emancipation with freedom, but the tithe question, corporate abuses, grand jury jobbing, petty magisterial oppressions, Orange violence, and even the foreign policy of the British government.

The able manner in which O'Connell, the head of this formidable body, brought forward all these questions, generally arranging beforehand the order of the debate and the men who were to speak, was admired even by his enemies. Every speech told, every eloquent shot took effect. There was no nonsense uttered. Men were selected who were able to treat the question in hand in an able manner. There was no bombast. The debates of the assembly were conducted with precision, eloquence, and energy.

It became important that an agent should be established in London, to attend to the members of the British parliament who were favorable to the Catholics, to see about the presentation of petitions, attend to the press, and correspond with the association. Eneas M'Donnell was selected for this duty, and was appointed with a salary of five hundred pounds a year. I believe this trust was filled with talent, energy, and fidelity; for Mr. M'Donnell was, and is, an able writer, a master of history, statistics, imagery, sarcasm, and invective.



The members of the British parliament who patronized this formidable body were Mr. Grey, afterwards Lord Grey, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir James Mackintosh, Henry Brougham, and Joseph Hume. Cobbett and the London Times were the principal writers in their favor. The *Times* was then anti-tory. Its leaders were contributed by Brougham, Grey, Mackintosh, Denman, and others of the reform party, and its poetic arrows by Tom Moore, who had ten pounds a week paid him by the paper, for sustaining that department of the war.

The reformers of England felt a strong sympathy towards the members of the Irish Catholic Association. They looked upon it as a very powerful auxiliary in their warfare on the tories, who had so long monopolized the profits and dignities of place. The leaders of the Irish agitation were frequently attacked in the house of commons by their enemies, and were as frequently defended by their eloquent friends. This attack and this defence of course increased their power, influence, and celebrity — the thing of all others, for the sake of their cause, the most to be desired.

The state of Europe, about this time, demands our consideration. Spain, Portugal, and Italy, were in the throes of revolution; and even the dominions of the Sublime Porte were agitated, which extended into the Morea, and generated that sanguinary struggle between the Greeks and Turks which led to the independence of the former. Brazil was separated from Portugal, and the provinces of South America were in arms, under Bolivar, to shake off the dominion of Spain. The European irruptions were suppressed by the interference of the French, and the combination of the Holy Alliance of crowned heads, who sat with closed doors, and dictated a uniform system of absolute government to all Europe.

1825. The association had now been working two years, producing the most astonishing combination of the people, from the peer to the peasant. Most of the Catholic aristocracy joined heartily in the movement. It included 1400 Protestants, 2600 priests and 24 Catholic bishops. Every man in the body acknowledged its powers; all saw that if ever emancipation was to be obtained, this machinery was certainly able to extort it.

The "rent," a term that seemed at first to imply a debt legally due, was cheerfully paid by the people. The only difficulty was, to get sufficient persons to give their time to the collection; but this was secured by the lucky expedient hit upon by O'Connell — that of selecting two active men in each parish to see to its regular collection, and to discipline in a legal way the aspiring spirits of the parish. These two officers were called "churchwardens," and were rewarded by the frequent

laudatory remarks of the great leader and of a weekly newspaper. These men conducted information through the ranks of the people. They explained the uses to which the pennies were applied, read the speeches of O'Connell and the proceedings of the association to the people, and thus instilled the doctrines of the association into their minds, and rooted the association in their hearts.

The Catholic clergy who had been, for the previous thirty years, educated in Maynooth College, were drawn, for the most part, from the farming and middle classes of the Irish, and were now spread through Ireland. Brought from the farm-house to the college, the student carried thither with him all the sense of wrong which his relatives experienced from the dominant government. While he read his divinity, he also read the history of other nations, and he imbibed the doctrines of Locke and Paley more deeply than those of Bellarmine or Bossuet on the divine right of kings. When his period of probation was over, he returned amongst the people with an enlarged, instructed mind — with a zeal and sympathy equal to the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen.

There are about two thousand five hundred Catholic parishes in Ireland, and one, at least, of these educated, national, anti-English clergymen was placed in each parish. The parishes of Ireland vary in population; the average may be set down at three to four thousand Catholics in the rural districts, and much more in cities. The priest was naturally the standard of religious and moral conduct in all the surrounding circle. He influenced the opinions of all his flock. As a clergyman, he could not be prominent in the political agitation; still his approbation of the Catholic Association, of their acts, of their revenue, was felt throughout his walk. He gave his pound a year to the association with hearty good-will, and this was enough. A unity of feeling and action pervaded nearly the entire priesthood of Ireland.

Some few of them, indeed, came forward more prominently than the rest as polemical and political controversialists. The Bible societies, and the lords and ladies who distinguished themselves, in that day, as agents of a "second reformation," contributed very materially to boil up public excitement to the necessary point. The holy business into which these titled male and female apostles entered with so much zeal was the entire conversion of the Catholics of Ireland to some one of the Protestant forms of faith which prevailed. They argued, logically enough, that, if the Irish could be made thoroughly sensible of the idolatry, superstition, and damnability of their church, they would abandon it, and thereby effect very simply their political emancipation; and to carry this great

object, a spirit of proselytism was evoked by means of letters, pamphlets, speeches, and public assemblies, of which neither the annals of England nor Ireland afford a parallel.

The Irish and English aristocracy of the high tory class joined heartily in this "second reformation." Thousands upon thousands of pounds were subscribed. Bibles and pamphlets were printed by the million, and distributed in every cottage in Ireland. Titled ladies travelled on foot through bogs and swamps to bring the tidings of salvation to the benighted Irish. Clothing and money were very frequently presented as collateral and substantial blessings to the objects of their solicitude, and a few hundred women and men, of every faith, enrolled themselves on the books of these reformers for the sake of realizing a little of the good things of the present world, while getting a better glimpse at the world to come.

Some of the Catholic clergymen, and even a few laymen, entered the lists of polemical discussion with the leaders of the second reformation. At Carlow, a regular discussion was arranged between three priests and three of the prominent missionaries of the Bible societies. The priests were the Rev. Messrs. M'Sweeny, Clowry, Nolan, Maher, and Kinsella: the other side was represented by Messrs. Pope, Daly, and Wingfield. The discussion was ended by the Socinian point made by M'Sweeny, which confounded the disputants. The celebrated Dr. Doyle directed and privately assisted in this famous discussion. In Cork, Messrs. O'Connell, Sheil, and Bric, defeated a party of these reformers in a public discussion, which added very considerably to their previously-acquired laurels; and the celebrated Father Tom Maguire engaged single-handed with Mr. Pope, the greatest champion of the new reformation, in a regular discussion, arranged with great ceremony and order. It took place in Dublin. Two chairmen were appointed: these were Admiral Oliver and Daniel O'Connell. Each disputant spoke half an hour. Pope began by offering objections to the Catholic religion; Maguire replied, and then started points for the other; and thus the debate continued several days, producing a deep-felt excitement in the public mind. Every word that fell from either champion was published by the press; besides which, there were special reporters paid by both sides, to record minutely the entire discussion, which was published in a bulky volume, octavo, and is considered an excellent exposition of Catholic and Protestant doctrines.

The fanaticism of the hour ran into the most fantastic extremes, and extended into the "highest circles," as they are called. Ladies Lorton and Farnham distinguished themselves in this reformation by distributing

*bacon* every Saturday to their new converts, and the Earl of Roden had his extensive library carried out and flung into his fish-pond, reserving only the Bible from destruction, which he deemed alone necessary for all human purposes. Hundreds of such things might be quoted as evidence of the ruling madness — the Bible mania.

The benevolent ladies and gentlemen, who had carried on their labors with such persevering and disinterested zeal, and with such liberality withal, found their converts, in a little time, somewhat numerous, and, supposing the principles they had so eloquently propounded might now stand alone on their inherent truth, began to withdraw the support of *bacon, clothes, and money*, from the "converted." The bubble burst; the converts, denied access to the flesh-pots, returned to the idolatry of Rome. Not even a dozen of the late Popish recusants were found firm in their new faith; and after six or eight years of unparalleled excitement, after the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds in printing, speaking, travelling, and writing, Popery seemed fastened deeper and deeper in the hearts of the "benighted people."

These discussions were attended with the very best consequences to the agitation of the Catholic claims. O'Connell saw and seized on the favorable bearings of the proselytizing movement. It knitted the leaders of the association and the Catholic clergy more intimately than they were before. The triumph of Catholicism, in this contest, — for triumph it did, — flung round the lay and clerical combatants the rays of popular glory. It combined the bishops and the agitators in a union for self-defence, and also for the common attack of the army of intolerance. And now the Catholic rent swelled to a formidable figure. A hundred to two hundred pounds a week was announced; the machinery for its collection was extended, methodized, and kept in motion. The whole received momentum from the swelling and continuous streams of O'Connell's eloquence.

The memorable public letters of the celebrated Dr. Doyle did much in this contest. He was bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and signed his publications with the letters J. K. L., the initials of his titular signature *James Kildare and Leighlin*. He was the most powerful writer of that day, uniting in his style the originality and illumination of *Paine*, the sarcasm and power of *Francis*, (Junius,) and the compact eloquence and pointed antithesis of *Grattan*. I shall devote a couple of pages to his eventful life when I conclude my narrative of the Catholic agitation. The following letter of his on the necessity of collecting the Catholic

rent, addressed to one of his priests, will disclose the mind, spirit, and literary style of J. K. L.

“OLD DERRIG, *October 18, 1824.*”

“MY DEAR SIR:

“I was highly gratified by the receipt of your letter of the 15th instant, enclosing a copy of your resolutions at Maryborough.

“There is no sentiment expressed by the respectable and intelligent meeting at which you presided, if I except those which regard myself, in which I do not most heartily concur.

“The treaty of Limerick was most perfidiously and disgracefully violated; and the stain of that crime, which is spoken of throughout the civilized world, cannot be effaced from the soul of England — no, not even by our emancipation.

“Our allegiance and loyalty have not only been chivalrous, but almost chimerical; yet they have been badly requited. Franklin is apotheosized, who has written on his tomb, ‘*Eripuit celo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis;*’ whilst we continue enslaved, who have adopted the motto of the last of the O’Neils, ‘*Pro Deo et pro rege.*’

“The Catholic rent is undoubtedly the most efficient measure ever adopted by the Catholic body. The Israelites would never have been restored by Cyrus, had they not been kept together in exile by a domestic government. England will either *dissolve* the association or emancipate the Catholics.

“You do well to identify yourselves with the Catholic Association; they represent every interest and sentiment in our body. If they be wise and temperate, they will achieve much; and the Catholic who is not for them, is against his religion and his country.

“It is right to publish your sentiments; I wish it were done also in the English papers. Much is granted to prayer; much to importunity; much even to clamor; but the silent slave will be converted into a beast of burden. ‘Arise,’ says an apostle, ‘and Christ will enlighten thee;’ and another, ‘He that is in filth, let him lie in filth still.’

“I remain, my dear sir, always your obedient servant in Christ,

“+ J. DOYLE.

“TO PETER BRENNAN, Esq.”

This and similar encouragements from other prelates aided O’Connell considerably in evoking public sentiment, and giving it an effective direction. One impediment, one only impediment, did he experience in the work of national regeneration. This came from the societies banded together in the south and west of Ireland under the name of “Captain Rock’s Men.” Their object was to procure the lowering of rents, the mitigation of the tithes system, and to prevent the ejection of the tenantry by the great landlords. They legislated at midnight, and enforced their decrees with terrible celerity. They grew into importance in the years ranging from 1821 to 1825, and derived either their origin or principal support from the oppressions practised by the agents of the “Courtenay estates,” a considerable landed property in the county of Clare, the agent

to which began a wholesale ejection of the small tenants from the lands. These dispossessed men, maddened by despair, plotted together for the destruction of those whom they looked on as the authors of their ruin. Several murders by assassination were the consequence, and a full crop of approvers, hangings, and transportations followed in regular succession. The peasantry in the west and south of Ireland, oppressed almost to death by rack-rents, ejectments, and tithes, leagued with the "Captain Rock" societies to intimidate the gentry. Vast districts became infected, disturbed, and subject to insurrection laws; special commissions for the trial of offenders, and a long train of congenial evils, followed as the only remedies at the disposal of government.

O'Connell, the bishops, and several of the clergy, issued incessant addresses and appeals to these misguided men, whose sufferings were so intense, that all advice to bear with them patiently, fell on their ears with no more effect than the voice of birds. Mr. Moore has given, in his memoir of the imaginary "Captain Rock," an interesting account of these disturbances, and suggested remedies which the government have not *yet* applied; and the original disease lies yet untouched at the root of society in that unhappy country. It is to be found in the landlord laws of primogeniture, ejectments, non-tenure, tenure, and the permanent absence of the owners of the soil.

It may be proper, at this stage of my narrative, to open to the reader a glimpse of the state of England about this time. The principal advisers around George the Fourth, on his accession to the throne, were Eldon, Sidmouth, and Castlereagh, to whom, in 1822, were added the Grenvilles, Peel, and some others. In order to conciliate the Irish Catholics, Mr. Plunket, their most powerful advocate, was promoted to the office of attorney-general, instead of Mr. *Saurin*, who had held that office, and ruled with a rod of iron, for twenty years; and the Marquis Wellesley, brother to the Duke of Wellington, was appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, with Goulburn for secretary.

Brougham and Denman, the attorney and solicitor-general to the late Queen Caroline, became the centre of a new party of the whigs of England, whose natural aim was the prostration of the tories, and the possession of their offices. They raised the cries of reform, retrenchment, civil and religious liberty; they cheered on the Irish Catholics, aided the dissenters, and raised the hopes of the working classes.

In the midst of their preparation for future action, Lord Castlereagh, the betrayer and butcher of Ireland, died by his own hand, at North Cray, in Kent. Borne down by the remembrance of the dreadful deeds

he had perpetrated towards his country, he sank beneath the summary vengeance of his own will. It may be worth remarking that, when his coffin was taken out to be interred, the populace of London rent the air with their acclamations. His place as foreign secretary was filled by George Canning, the most elegant speaker in England, and it may be noted that his parents were Irish, and he called himself an Irishman.

Canning was a whig and a liberal. His junction with a half tory cabinet brought on him the scathing denunciation of Brougham. The cabinets of England and Ireland were now formed of tessellated materials. They agreed to differ on the Catholic claims, and endeavored to carry on the government on this principle. Ireland was blessed by a pro-Catholic lord-lieutenant and an anti-Catholic secretary, a pro-Catholic attorney-general, and an anti-Catholic lord chancellor. The Marquis Wellesley, in answer to an address from the Catholics, said he came to Ireland not to alter but administer the laws. The object of the British king was to have the laws carried impartially into execution, without altering their *partiality*. The policy failed of course.

The Marquis Wellesley, resolving to "put down both sides," issued a proclamation, in November, 1822, to prevent the usual decoration of the statue of William the Third, which was a favorite and long-observed custom of the Orangemen. This offended them seriously; and, when his excellency, shortly after, visited the theatre, he was pelted with broken bottles and other missiles by a party of Orange rioters: they were arrested and prosecuted by the attorney-general, Mr. Plunket, and ably defended by their council, Mr. North; and the prosecution ended — in smoke.

On the other hand, Mr. Goulburn, the Irish secretary of state, issued a proclamation against the Catholic association, which was treated by that body with scorn.

Again, the pro-Catholic attorney-general indicted Mr. O'Connell for sedition and treason, alleged to be spoken by him at a meeting of the Catholics in a house in Stephen Street, which was denominated, at the time, the "parliamentary intelligence office." It was an extensive building, having a large, open space in the rear. The concern was formerly used as a sugar-bakery. Here, upon an inverted tub, the Irish Liberator delivered that terrific speech which disturbed the peace of government.

I had the honor of hearing him deliver this celebrated harangue, which was afterwards designated the "Bolivar speech." The passage singled out by Plunket, as evidence of sedition and treason, was the

following: "I warn the British minister against either intimidating or coercing the people of Ireland. They are a brave and a chivalrous race, whose valor the history of all Europe attests. If ever they shall be driven to the field, to vindicate their liberties, they may not want another Bolivar to animate their efforts!" Bolivar had just then triumphed over the arms of Spain in South America, and had established the independence of the provinces; and the allusion was too plain to admit of any second interpretation: yet the grand jury, perceiving the hollowness of the government, and being composed mostly of Protestants, who owed Plunket a grudge, ignored, or flung out, the bills of indictment. The announcement was made by their foreman, Mr. HICKMAN KEARNEY, a Protestant, who, followed by all the jurors, appeared in the box, and flung down the monster roll on the table, exclaiming, in an audible and significant voice, "NOT FOUND." The crowded court rang again with applause, which was soon communicated to the populace without; and quick as lightning the glad tidings flew through the interior of Ireland, stirring up the coldest heart to animation in the cause of civil and religious liberty.

A triumph such as this over the government — aided by Protestants too — raised the association and its leader higher than ever in the estimation of the people. Their debates were attacked by the British press. In order to criticise, they printed them; thus giving circulation to that very poison which they dreaded most. Moreover, they sent their reporters to the Irish meetings, and gave to their readers, *in extenso*, the seditious sentiments of the Catholic patriots. These speeches were charged with fire. They breathed the flame of universal liberty. They joyed for the success of Catholic revolters to a Catholic government in South America; they cheered on the Greeks in their heroic efforts to recover their long-lost liberties; they applauded the revolt of Egypt; they evoked the spirit of slumbering Poland, applauded the English reformers, and encouraged the struggles for liberty every where. They attacked the rottenness of England in every root and every branch. History was familiar to the speakers, eloquence at their command, and an awakened world stood listening with delight. A thousand different newspapers, like so many mirrors, reflected the images of their vivid minds. The press carried their sentiments along the highways of civilization. Its accents articulated the voice of O'Connell in every nation. The seeds of liberty were carried into the bosom of every family, and grew there. The most Orange or most bigoted were not safe. The sweet influence of liberty charmed the spring-tide of the young heart.



Son was arrayed against father, brother against brother, by the spell and influence of the Catholic Association.

O'Connell no longer confined his demands to "simple emancipation." He petitioned for reform in the corporations, reform in the grand juries, and an abatement of all the church grievances, comprehending tithes, church cess, ministers' money, &c. These were followed by demands for an equitable and comprehensive system of education, from which the seeds of proselytism must be totally excluded — demands which alarmed England: even Earl Grey and Mr. Brougham, in presenting petitions to this effect from the Catholics, in 1824, condemned the policy of demanding so much.

The Catholic Association had now become the powerful rival of the British parliament. Its eloquence was fresh, beautiful, and racy of liberty. That of the British parliament grew pale within the rays of its reflected blaze. The aristocracy was beginning to dread its power. Should it go on, it would monopolize public attention, attract the young and the talented, and subvert the institutions of corruption — things greatly dreaded by the governing party. The ministry resolved to put it down by express enactment. But to impart to their measure the hue of justice, they worded their "gagging bill" so as to comprehend "all political associations" in Ireland. This was intended to include as well the Orange Lodges as the Catholic Association.

Mr. Goulburn, the Irish secretary, was the person chosen by the ministry to bring in this bill of coercion. Its disabling provisions declared illegal any body which, under pretence of petitioning parliament, continued its proceedings or existence for a longer period than fourteen days. Mr. Goulburn declared, on introducing the bill, that the Catholic agitators had kept so strictly within the law, that they were unassailable by any of its existing provisions, and that such powers as he then sought were necessary to carry on the government of Ireland. Mr. Brougham contended, inch by inch, against it. He charged the government with delusion, in appending the letter *s* to the object of their jealousy. He said, and said truly, that though *associations* were named in their bill, the *Catholic Association* alone was that intended to be struck down. A debate of six days' length followed, when the bill finally passed.

At the same time, committees of both houses of parliament were appointed to inquire into the general condition of Ireland. O'Connell, at the head of a deputation from the Catholic Association, arrived in London during the debate on the *suppression bill*. That deputation consisted, besides him, of Lord Killeen, Sir Thomas Esmond, Sheil,

Lawless, and a few others: their appearance in London created a wonderful sensation. O'Connell and some members of the deputation were examined at great length before these committees, on the general condition of Ireland, including Catholic grievances, Orange lodges, agrarian disturbances, securities to government to accompany emancipation. These latter measures were designated as the "wings" of the Catholic bill, and were intended to abolish the forty shilling freeholders, and appropriate an annual provision from the state revenue for the payment of the Catholic clergy, or for the purchase of glebe farms for their use. The proposition was shaped after the compact which, for some years past, had existed between the Presbyterian clergy and the government.

O'Connell gave his sanction to these measures, as the compact by which he was willing to accept Catholic emancipation. Mr. Lawless differed from the great leader, and wrote a letter to his Irish friends, denouncing the "wings," as he denominated the collateral measures required by the government.

The leading Catholic bishops were also summoned over to give evidence on the state of Ireland, religion, education, &c., before these committees. Their Rt. Reverences Drs. Curtis, Murray, Doyle, Kelly, and M'Gaurin, were the individuals selected. These committees were composed of men of all parties. The examination of the Irish bishops and agitators opened upon England a flood of new light, which marked the way for an entire revolution in public opinion.

The bearing and answers of Dr. Doyle to the committee produced an extraordinary impression. He appeared daily before them, occasionally clothed in the canonical habiliments of his church. The self-possession he manifested, the accurate historic recollection, and the illimitable stores of knowledge he displayed, astonished the members of the committee, some of whom were bishops of the Church of England. The dignity of the exalted ecclesiastic — his dress strictly in conformity with the rules of the holy see — must have brought before the selected wisdom of England a vivid image of the *Columbanuses* and *Beckets* of other ages.

As the definition, on oath, of the pope's power in Ireland, and other doctrines of the Catholics, by a Catholic bishop, is a true definition of that power in France, America, and other countries beyond the papal states, it is of consequence to the citizens of this country to have it published. The following questions put to Dr. Doyle, and his answers extracted, from the records of the British parliament, anno 1825, comprehend the case: —

"You are the Roman Catholic bishop of Kildare and Leighlin?" — "I am."

“According to the principles which govern the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, has the pope any authority to issue commands, ordinances, or injunctions, general or special, without the consent of the king?” — “He has.”

“If he should issue such orders, are the subjects of his majesty, particularly the clergy, bound to obey them?” — “The orders which he has a right to issue must regard things that are of a spiritual nature; and when his commands regard such things, the clergy are bound to obey them.”

“Does it not happen frequently that there is such an intermixture of spiritual and temporal power in such cases, that it is very difficult to know where the spiritual power ends, and where the temporal power begins?” — “Such difficulties have occurred from time to time; but I conceive that at present, and even for some centuries past, the limits between the temporal and spiritual things which such commands of the pope might affect, are so well ascertained, that no mistake could, morally speaking, possibly at present occur.”

“Is the authority of the pope, in spiritual matters, absolute or limited?” — “It is limited.”

“Is it limited by the authority of councils?” — “It is limited by decrees of councils already past; it is limited by usage, also, in this respect — that, when he directs any decree respecting local discipline, to any nation whatsoever, beyond the limits of his own territory, (I mean, by his own territory, what is called the patrimony of St. Peter, or the Papal States,) the assent of the bishops of such country is necessary, in order that his decree shall have effect.”

“Would it be possible, according to the discipline of the Roman Catholic church, to hold a council in Ireland without the consent of the pope?” — “It would be possible to hold a council in Ireland without the consent or the knowledge of the pope; but such decrees of that council, if it were a national, or even a provincial one, as would regard faith or discipline, would not have force unless they were approved or sanctioned, after they were passed here, by the pope. But every bishop, within his own diocese, has the power of holding a diocesan synod or council, the decrees of which have force independent of the pope, and without his being made acquainted with them.”

“In the case of Catholic emancipation being granted, would the Catholic clergy feel any objection to an arrangement being made, by which they might receive a salary for the performance of their ecclesiastical duties?” — “Upon that subject I could not make known to the committee the sentiments of the clergy as a body, or even of many of them as individuals; but I can tell what I think myself upon the subject: I should be adverse to the receiving of any emolument or compensation whatever from the crown; and I should prefer receiving the slender support which I receive at present from the people whom I serve.” \* \* \* \*

“Where would the trial of a bishop take place?” — “The trial of a bishop is one of the *causæ majores* mentioned in the council of Sardis, and should be referred to the see of Rome. That council was held some thirty or more years after the first council of Nice, and it decreed that the *causæ majores* should not be definitely settled without the concurrence of the pope, whenever such concurrence was thought necessary by any of the parties who happened to be aggrieved; those *causæ majores* [chief causes] included cases where the faith was concerned or hereby broached, and also criminal accusations of bishops; so that, when a bishop is accused of any crime, in the first case, if he be a suffragan, the charge can be

preferred before his metropolitan; he can appeal from the metropolitan; formerly he could make such appeal to the provincial council; but as now provincial councils are seldom or never held, he can appeal from the metropolitan directly to the pope; and that usage has remained in the Catholic church from the beginning, and was decreed at Sardis, a little after the middle of the fourth century, and still holds good."

"Then the evidence by which the person in that situation would be affected, would be remitted from Ireland to Rome?"—"Yes."

"Would the evidence be taken upon oath?"—"The evidence would be taken upon oath." \* \* \*

"When crimes, such as murder or treason, are revealed in confession, is the confessor bound not to disclose that?"—"He is bound not to disclose it in any case whatever."

"Has not such disclosure been allowed at Rome?"—"Never."

"Not in the case of a conspiracy against the pope?"—"No. That statement has been made. It is a matter which I have taken pains to ascertain."

"It is said by one Du Thou, in his History, that it has been allowed in France."—"I would not believe, on the authority of Du Thou, nor any authority whatever, that it could have been allowed; for we hold universally, in the Catholic church, that the revealing of any secrets confided to the priests, in confession, is contrary to the law of nature and the authority of God, in respect of which no pope or council can dispense, or exercise any authority, unless to enforce such law."

"It must frequently occur, that a person comes before the priest, who has been engaged in plans for doing mischief, either public or private. What is the uniform conduct of the priests in your church, in such cases?"—"Our uniform conduct is to oblige such person to withdraw himself from any wicked society of men with whom he may have been connected; to make reparation to the full extent of his power for all the injuries which were done by him, or by the party with which he was associated."

"In cases of mischief intended to be done, either to the public or to an individual, would not every priest of your church feel it his bounden duty to prevent that mischief being done, without disclosing the name of the individual, by apprizing either the state or the party to whom the mischief is intended to be done?"—"We can make no use of any knowledge derived from confession; but it is uniformly our practice to dissuade the penitent from the intended crime; and I myself have frequently prevented the commission of mischief, by obliging the person who felt compunction at being concerned in plotting some evil, not at first to inform, but to dissuade his companions from doing the intended wrong; if he did not effectually succeed thus, then by obliging him to warn the person concerned of the danger, or to give such information to him or to a magistrate, or other proper authority, as would effectually prevent the intended evil."

"In the event of the introduction of any of those illegal conspiracies into any part of the country, was not one of the earliest signs of the existence of those disturbances the absence of the peasantry concerned in them from confession?"—"Yes, it was. The persons who entered into conspiracies of that kind uniformly absented themselves from confession."—*Commons' Committee*, p. 196.

"Will you have the goodness to explain what is meant by the infallibility of the pope?"—"There are so many divines who have written on that subject, and they

have given such very long definitions of it, that I should do much better by referring your lordships to them, than by giving a definition myself. Melchior Cano has a long treatise on the infallibility of the pope."

"Is the pope's authority received by the Irish Roman Catholic church as supreme, in matters of faith and morals?" — "We recognize him as the head of our church, and therefore give him the executive authority; but that is limited by the sacred canons. *He cannot create new articles of faith.*" — *Lords, March 21, 1825. Report, p. 387.*

"Is the creed of Pius the Fourth the creed acknowledged in the Irish Roman Catholic church?" — "Yes; every Catholic acknowledges that creed."

"Does not the last article but one of that creed declare every thing done in that council (*of Trent*) binding?" — "That regards faith, and not discipline." — *Lords, March 21, 1825.*

"When Roman Catholics are required to profess their assent to all things declared and found in the canons of councils, what councils are meant?" — "The canons universally received by the church, or such parts of them as are received by the church."

"The whole of some, and parts of others?" — "Just so."

"What is the most approved and authentic summary of the creed of the Roman Catholic church?" — "The most approved and authentic summary of the creed of the Roman Catholic church will be found in the decrees of the council of Trent, and in the profession of faith by Pius the Fourth, and in what we call the Roman Catechism, or the Catechism of the council of Trent. The latter work, particularly, is perhaps the most authentic summary, because, in the council of Trent, many things are mixed up with the declarations of faith; whereas the Catechism of the council is confined, I believe, exclusively to matters of faith and morals." — *Lords, March 21, 1825.*

"If the pope were to intermeddle with the rights of the king, or with the allegiance which Catholics owe to the king; what would be the consequence, so far as the Catholic clergy are concerned?" — "The consequence would be, that we should oppose him by every means in our power, even by the exercise of our spiritual authority."

"In what manner would you exercise that spiritual authority?" — "By preaching to the people that their duty to God, as Catholics, required of them to oppose every person who would interfere in any way with that right which the law of nature and the positive law of God established in their prince, a prince whom we as subjects were bound to support; we would therefore exercise our spiritual authority by preaching the gospel to the people, and by teaching them to oppose the pope, if he interfered with the temporal rights of our king." — *Commons, March 18, 1825. Report, p. 192.* \* \* \* \*

"In the address of the Roman Catholic bishops to their clergy, published at the end of last year, and to which your name is affixed, it appears that you object to the possession of the Bible by the Roman Catholic laity. Does that apply to the Bible attempted to be circulated by the Bible Society, or does it equally apply to any other version of the Scriptures, such as that called the Rheims or Douay version?" — "It applies to the version sought to be circulated by the Bible Society amongst us, and not to the Rhemish or Douay version, which is sanctioned by our prelates. That we have no aversion to the reading of the Bible, and to the possession of it

by the laity of our church, is best proved by the great many editions it has gone through in Ireland, under our express sanction, and to which editions there is affixed a rescript of Pius the Sixth, directed to a prelate in Italy, called Martini, who had translated the Bible out of the vulgate into the Italian language. We prefix this rescript of Pius the Sixth to our editions in English of the Bible, in order to show, that not only we, but the head of our church is joined with us in exhorting the faithful to read the word of God. We have not only procured editions of the Bible, I believe three by Coyne, two by O'Reilly, and one by Cross, (perhaps it is two,) but this very year we have procured a stereotype edition of the Bible, of a small print and low price, to circulate among all; so that, of all the things said of us, there is not any thing said of us more opposed to truth, than that we are averse to the circulation of the word of God." — *Lords, March 21, 1825.*

These explanations, on oath, of the leading tenets of Catholic doctrine, confirmed as they were by the sworn testimony of the other bishops, by that of Mr. O'Connell, and several members of the delegation, removed a world of prejudice from the minds of the British people. The examinations were printed daily by the London press, and passed into the minutest artery of civilized society. Several distinguished opponents of Catholic emancipation became converts to that measure: amongst them were Mr. Brownlow, a stanch Protestant, and Mr. Dawson, the brother-in-law of Mr. Peel, both of whom were members of parliament for Orange constituencies in Ireland. These conversions worked wonders in the public mind; and now Sir Francis Burdett introduced his celebrated resolutions in the house of commons, which comprehended the complete emancipation of the Catholics, together with the two memorable measures called "wings." These resolutions were carried in the commons by two hundred and forty-seven to two hundred and twenty-four; upon which basis, enactments were founded and brought into parliament. Similar resolutions were brought forward in the lords, but rejected by one hundred and seventy-eight to one hundred and thirty.

On this occasion it was that the Duke of York made his celebrated speech against the Catholics, in which the following blasphemous passage appears: "Twenty-eight years had elapsed since the subject was first agitated; that its agitation had been the source of the illness which clouded the last ten years of his father's [George the Third] life; and that, to the last moment of his existence, he would adhere to his Protestant principles — so help him God!"

This charitable bishop and prince (for he was both) never gave another vote on the Catholic question. He died in about eighteen months after the utterance of this blasphemy.

On the rejection of the Catholic relief bill in the lords, the bill for the disfranchisement of the forty shilling freeholders was withdrawn in the

commons, and that for a provision for the Catholic clergy was never brought into parliament.\* A great excitement now grew up in Ireland. The Catholic Association, on which the people rested all their hopes for freedom, was suppressed; their emancipation refused; their brave forty shilling freeholders threatened with extinction; and an oath registered against them in heaven, by the heir presumptive to the throne. Nor did O'Connell himself, or the other members of the delegation, escape from the popular indignation, which was somewhat increased by certain explanations made by Dr. Doyle at a meeting in Carlow. These explanations seemed to censure the delegation for having yielded a sanction to the "wings"—measures which were now doubly unpopular, owing to the failure of the entire negotiation for the freedom of the Catholics. Mr. O'Connell came in for more than his share of popular criticism. But his countrymen were not then adepts in his system of compromises, by which he has been able to wring so many great advantages from a powerful enemy.

At the close of this examination, Mr. O'Connell and his friends returned to Ireland. The association had not assembled for some time. Its meetings had ceased under the action of the suppression act, but the great agitator was prepared with his plan for the reorganization of his scattered columns. His ready answers to a multitude of questions before the lords and commons raised his fame higher, and his friends in Dublin determined to give him a public entry, on his arrival into the city.

Nothing can so distinctly mark the low state of public intelligence in Ireland, at that period, as the circumstances attending this public entry. The *Liberator* was to arrive in Howth, from Holyhead, on a Monday morning. From thence he was to be escorted into town by a cavalcade of his countrymen. On the same Monday morning there happened to be a prize fight near the city, between a pugilist named Byrne and another, whose name I forget. Thousands upon thousands went out on horseback, on cars, and on foot, to witness this brutal exhibition; and a few hundreds only were found conducting the champion of their liberties to his home. I thank Heaven I was among the latter. It will ever be to me a source of pleasure to remember it. And I mention the circumstance, degrading as it is to our national character, to present to the mind of the reflecting reader a full idea of the work which lay before O'Connell—that of lifting his countrymen to the state on perceiving their degradation, and its cause, and gradually melting away the chains that bound them in slavery and ignorance. I can proudly contrast that day with many others, that have since fallen upon Ireland,

\* A provision for the payment by the state of £250,000 a year to the Catholic clergy.

when O'Connell has been accompanied into and out of the city by hundreds of thousands. I have myself witnessed this mighty change in public sentiment in less than eight years afterwards; and in this changing of the public sentiment is to be found the greatest of O'Connell's triumphs.

The suppression bill, as I have said, forbade a longer existence to any political body than *fourteen days*. The framers of this bill would not dare to take away from the people the right of petition, and they thus left to the aggrieved fourteen days to assemble, and send forward complaints. This open was quite enough for the giant mind of O'Connell. He soon framed a new combination of his countrymen, in defiance of this gagging act. His plan was simply to call meetings of the Catholics in districts, counties, and cities, for the term of fourteen days; at the termination of which all such meetings were dissolved. The speakers, that usually attended the old Catholic Association; were present at those meetings; the same complaints were heard against the government, the same reporters reported, and the same newspapers published them, that gave the world the fiery elements of the old association. Fresh men from the provinces were drawn into the vortex of agitation. A new rent was collected, "for all purposes not prohibited by law," and in a few months the association was reestablished with tenfold power; for, though *one* association was suppressed, twenty others were established through the provinces, each breathing its vivifying breath into the nostrils of the torpid people: each reflected, like the scattered pieces of a broken mirror, the entire grievances of the nation, and appalled the discomfited ministry of England by their aspect and number. In fact, had Mr. O'Connell a seat in the British cabinet, he could hardly have devised any plan better calculated to advance the objects of his heart, than that which the suppression act drove him to adopt.

"Fourteen days meetings" were now held in all the chief cities of Ireland. The excitement grew on as the agitators proceeded on their circuit. The suppression act was called by a new name—the "Algerine act." In the mean time, the parliament of England was dissolved, and a new one was to be chosen; and now came a trial of strength between the associated agitators and the tory oligarchy of Ireland. It was a moral revolution, in fact, brought about by the indomitable courage and unparalleled public virtue of the Irish forty shilling freeholders, who, before this time, were little supposed to possess virtues which stand unequalled in the most chivalric ages of the past.

In the year 1793, the Catholics were admitted to the elective franchise. The qualification consisted of a clear income of forty shillings



per annum, from land, or house, or both. The Protestant gentry, in order to swell their political influence, had cut up their estates into small farms, of two to five acres, which they let to their tenants and their tenants' sons, with a view to tell on the parliamentary elections. Small houses were built on these patches, and the humble occupant was, by his labor and exertions, enabled to aver that he possessed at least forty shillings per annum of a beneficial interest, after paying rent, tithes, and taxes, from this little holding. These classes generally held their farms "at will;" that is, during the pleasure of their landlords. Their votes for "his honor" were considered as part of the rent. The question, as to whether their votes were their own or their landlord's, was never raised. Indeed, custom, for the previous seventy years, had given the landlord a sort of right to his tenant's vote, which his relations of landlord and creditor to the tenant enabled him to enforce. So generally was this bad custom established, that a duel was fought at an election in Wexford, between two Protestant gentlemen, on the ground that one charged the other with canvassing the votes of the other's freeholding tenants, which had been promised by that other to a third party.

Such, and no more, was the political power of the forty shilling freeholders of Ireland, previous to the year 1826. In number, the Catholic voters far exceeded the Protestant, of the same class, especially in the southern counties. In Waterford, they stood as forty to one. For the previous couple of years, the press had made its way into the cottages of Ireland. The peasantry, in groups, thronged around the village agitators on Sunday evenings, and heard the burning speeches of O'Connell or Sheil read to them. Their hearts had been, for a long time, receiving the fluid of patriotism, from the fountain springs in the great agitator's heart. They were informed of their own power, and they were now called upon, in the name of country, religion, and liberty, to exert it.

The general election of 1826 approached: the Catholic Association addressed the forty shilling freeholders of Ireland in powerful language. It told them that the liberties of Ireland were in their hands. It adjured them, as they loved their country, and panted to see her

"Great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,"

not to vote for those who voted against their freedom. This address was seconded by the voice of the Catholic clergy, and followed up by eloquent delegates, from the association, to those places where anti-Catholic candidates presented themselves for parliamentary honors.

The aristocracy, firm in their hold of the forty shilling vote, treated the

address with contempt, and the delegates and priests with scorn; nor dreamt they that a miserable constituency of Irish peasants, depending for existence itself on their wills, could think of voting against a candidate whose nod could send them out on the highway to beg or starve! No! it could not be. The agitators would find themselves miserably deceived, baffled, and defeated.

The eventful week of the election at last arrived. Many were the rumors; many the defections of the forty shilling freeholders: a revolutionary epidemic seized the heart of the nation. "Down with the tories!" was heard on every side. The landlords expostulated, — offered bribes, but to no purpose. Gold was trampled in the dust. Threats were then uttered freely; but these had no terrors for brave men, determined to be free. Catholic freeholders rushed like the foaming mountain-torrent to the polls, and would have rushed on the armies of their enemies with equal impetuosity, if required. The contest was soon over. The Irish tory ascendancy was overthrown forever — overthrown by the poorest, but most virtuous of the people, some of whom held up the bank notes, in open court, which they had received as bribes for voting against their country, but which they now publicly flung back in scorn to their depraved enemies.

The counties of Waterford, Louth, Meath, Kilkenny, Longford, Cork, Tipperary, Limerick, and other places, were emancipated from the shackles of landlordism. It was a glorious triumph. The power of the Catholic Association was now felt through Ireland. It was palpable at last. The government acknowledged, but could not control it. It rose in the public estimation, and the rent increased from hundreds to thousands a week. A system of persecution was now commenced by the discomfited landlords towards their tenantry. Those who voted for the pro-Catholic candidates were thrust out of their holdings without mercy. That the reader may be able to form an opinion of the patriotic heroism of those brave men, I will quote Sheil's character of *one* in the county of Louth: —

"I saw a man brought up to the hustings, of an athletic form, and a countenance upon whose strong and massive features passion had set a deep stamp. Although a peasant of the humblest class, he bore the traces of a rude but vigorous sensibility. He at once attracted my attention. I felt a curiosity to learn for whom he should vote, for I perceived that there was a strong contest of emotions going on within him. When asked for whom he should give his first vote, he answered, 'Mr. Fortescue;' but when the deputy inquired for whom his second vote was to be given, I perceived that the question went through his heart. The poor man stood silent, agitated, and aghast. A succession of various and contending feelings passed rapidly over his face. He leaned upon the piece of wood which formed the

boundary of the hustings for support; his whole frame was shaken by the violent passions which rushed upon him; his knee became slackened; his chest lost its openness and dilatation; and, while he grasped his arm with the force of one who endeavors to work himself into determination, I could perceive that quivering of the fingers which is peculiarly indicative of emotion. The deputy repeated the question, and still he gave no answer; but it was easy to conjecture what was passing in his mind: it was evident that he was contemplating the fulfilling of what he felt to be his political and religious duty. He was revolving the results of his landlord's indignation. He stood like the martyr who gazes upon and half shrinks from the rack. 'Poor wretch!' I whispered to myself. 'He is thinking of his family. His cottage and his fields have come into his imagination. He sees his wife and his children gathered about him; he stands at the door of his wretched habitation, and sees the driver entering his little farm, seizing his unreaped corn, mowing down his meadow, carting his potatoes, and driving his only beast to the pound. This vision of misery has disturbed him. The anticipations of calamity press upon his heart, and assume the aspect of reality in his mind. He beholds himself expelled from the little spot of earth where he was born, and where he hoped to die — turned with his children upon the public road, without roof, or food, or raiment — sent in beggary and nakedness upon the world, with no other hope to cheer him but that of death, and no eye to pity him but that of Heaven. The cries of his children pierce into his nature, and his bosom bursts with that fearful agony that breaks the husband's and the father's heart.' It was thus that I explained to myself the agitation of the wretched man that stood before me, when the deputy repeated the question for the third time, and asked him again for whom he gave his second vote? What do you think he did? With all that dreadful scene in his imagination — with all that spectacle of misery present to his mind — with woe, and want, and sorrow, and utter destitution before him — with nature pleading in his bosom — with the cries of his children in his ears — after an interval of horrible suspense, the miserable man called up all his energies, and, with all the valor of despair, answered, 'I vote for Dawson!'"\*

Mr. O'Connell immediately applied the "rent" to compensate those poor men, and to provide them with new farms. It was a happy application of the national funds. It caused the national heart to beat high. The landlord persecutions extended far and wide. At length O'Connell threatened to buy up the incumbrances on their estates, foreclose their mortgages, and sell them out. The estates of the majority of the gentry being encumbered, this threat had a most salutary effect. The Catholic rent amounted at the time to several thousand pounds. Very many of the Catholic merchants could command sums of from thirty to fifty thousand pounds. O'Connell himself had just then obtained the estate of Darrynane, worth four thousand pounds a year, the bequest of his uncle; besides which, his professional income was rising six thousand pounds a year; — so that the means of retaliation were pretty ample in the hands of the Catholic leaders; and in the course of a little time the persecutions began to die away.

\* Dawson was the popular candidate, in opposition to the aristocracy.

Mr. Sheil had brought forward two important measures in the association, which began now to work their intended effects. The first was the simultaneous assemblage of the Catholics around every altar in Ireland, on a given Sunday, to petition for freedom; and the second was the census, showing the relative numbers of the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland. Both of these bold propositions were carried out by the agency of the association. The simultaneous assemblages alarmed the government, for they showed that the people were at the command of their leaders; and the census proved to the people their overwhelming numbers, as compared with their supposed opponents, the Protestants. The Catholics were found to be six to one — a proportion not materially disturbed by the progress of the last twenty years, though the stream of emigration from Ireland flows mostly from the Catholic part of the population.

The late triumph of the Irish peasantry, at the elections, had flown on the wings of fame throughout Europe and America. It is no figure of speech to say that, from pole to pole, the admiration of civilized man was avowed in their behalf. From the borders of the frozen Baltic to the stormy regions of Cape Horn, their deeds were celebrated and their cause enshrined in the hearts of men. Meetings were held to sustain them and their cause in several parts of the old world. The French press rang through Catholic Europe with their virtue and their sufferings. The friends of freedom in America were not idle. A meeting was held in New York, at which the late Dr. Macneven brought forward an encouraging address, and at which T. A. Emmet, William Sampson, Thomas O'Connor, Patrick S. Casserly, T. W. Clarke, and others, took a part. The address and subscription were forwarded to Ireland. A meeting was held in Boston, at which Mr. James, Mr. M'Gowan, Mr. O'Reilly, Mr. J. Murphy, and other friends, assembled, and sent to Ireland their contributions. Associations were formed in Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and at several other points of the United States, for the purpose of coöperating with O'Connell and Ireland. In Washington, Mr. Hoban and Mr. Moore were among the foremost. In Philadelphia, J. Binns, Matthew Carcy, Joseph Doran, (now a judge,) were the leaders. The disposition to sympathize extended to Canada and the British provinces, to several places in South America, and even to the British possessions in the East Indies. From all these remote regions, subscriptions came pouring into the volunteer exchequer of Ireland.

The name of Daniel O'Connell, when sounded in the different associations, operated on the Irish heart like the talismanic harmony of

Moore's Melodies on the travelled feelings of Irish exiles. The poorest laborer on the canals of this country heard the swelling enunciation of "O'Connell" as the Irish militia heard, with rapturous enthusiasm, the strains of Oisian's harp on the Caledonian hills. That name conjured up in his bosom the thrill of national emotion, raised the image of the Liberator in his imagination, and poured out a flood of endearing associations and recollections on his awakened sense.

Several distinguished foreigners — French, German, Prussian, and American — visited Ireland for the express purpose of witnessing the proceedings and enjoying the eloquence of O'Connell. They published their impressions of Ireland, on their return to their respective countries. These travels were rapidly translated into all the Continental languages. English travellers were confronted, in every foreign circle, coffee-house, and stage-coach, with their cruelties to Ireland. The "glory of England" was dimmed by the shame of Ireland's sufferings. Europe was well disposed to sympathize with the Irish patriots, for there was no part of it free from symptoms of internal dissatisfaction. Spain, Italy, Belgium, France, Greece, and Egypt, were either actually in revolt or preparing for it, while Ireland, under O'Connell, confined her exertions to *moral* combat. The electricity of her eloquence shot through the hearts of men of every tongue and nation. The principles of liberty are the same every where. They were powerfully developed in the Catholic Association, where the rights of man seemed to be best inculcated.

Mr. Wyse, in his History of the Catholic Association, estimates, in the following page, the power of the friends of Ireland in America, and the influence of their sympathy on the destinies of Ireland.

"The American papers were filled with the subject. Ireland often formed their heading article. The debates of their associations were given with the same punctuality, and read with an earnestness scarcely inferior to that which generally attended the proceedings of the Catholic Association of Ireland. The entire people became kindled by the subject, and every day the conclusions to which it tended were more and more perceptible. The last document from that country (it arrived in Ireland but a short time after the dissolution of the association) states, that in every hamlet in the land similar bodies were ere long to be established, and that delegates of the friends of Ireland (it was thus the Philhellenes precluded to the liberation of Greece) were to assemble in general congress from all parts of the Union at Washington, there to consider and devise the best means of assisting the efforts making in this country for emancipation. The exertions of individuals were favored by the government: the local authorities often presided; and it has been stated on the best information, within these last few days, that the president himself, General Jackson, had just expressed his intention of subscribing the first thousand dollars to the patriotic fund.

“Little doubt can exist, that if this sort of collateral or accompanying organization in America had been suffered to proceed, and thus to spread itself over every part of the states, the most alarming, and perhaps the most fatal, consequences might have ultimately resulted to this country. The suppression of the association in Ireland, (even if practicable,) in such a state of things, would literally have effected nothing. No English statute could have travelled to the other side of the Atlantic; the exasperation produced by so arbitrary an act, on the temper of the Irish Catholics, would in an instant have communicated itself to their brethren in America. Indignation, legitimate indignation, would have added new fuel to their zeal: the associations would of course have increased; their funds would have augmented; and a spirit very different from the spirit which now exists would very probably have directed their future application. To prevent the introduction of such sums into Ireland would of course have been utterly impossible. They might have been lodged in the name of Mr. O’Connell, or in the name of any other individual, in the American, French, or English funds. Such a government as ours, so vitally dependent on its commercial honor, could not dare to interfere with private property, and would thus have been compelled to witness the existence of such resources, without having it in its power to restrict or prevent their application. Nor would this have been the whole of the evil. It must be remembered that America is a very different power from what she was at the period of the last rebellion. Her connection and sympathy with Ireland are infinitely closer. The survivors of that eventful period occupy some of the highest stations in her government. They cannot be supposed to have lost much of their old antipathies. They have long watched with anxiety every chance of retaliation. They have the will, and would not have been long under such circumstances without the means to effect it. They would have found in Ireland a most powerful coöperation. The delay of emancipation on the one side, and the habit of discussion on every topic connected with government (generated by the debates on the Catholic question) on the other, had produced views incompatible with *the connection* in the mind of a large body of the population. Many began to adopt a tone of thinking quite in harmony with the first addresses from America. They began to consider even Catholic emancipation but a very partial remedy for the political and moral evils of Ireland. They looked to a regeneration far more sweeping and decisive: they believed that Ireland had outgrown the connection, and could now set up for herself. Reasoning on past experience, they were disposed to treat with distrust and contempt all overtures from England. They had in history proof that she had never made concessions to Ireland, except upon compulsion. They looked only to such a crisis as might, by its appalling force, loose the iron grasp altogether, and liberate the country forever from its dependence. They laughed at any thing less than self-government in its amplest sense; separation and republicanism were the two head articles of their political creed. Such a party has, within these last three years, been rapidly increasing in Ireland — far more formidable than the French party which haunted the imagination of Mr. Grattan, and which he so often denounced in parliament. It based its projects, not on the fanciful theories of the French revolutionists, but on the practical model which it saw in America, expanding to a greater maturity and vigor every day before them. They compared the resources, the advantages, the population, the energies, the intelligence, of the two countries. They opposed the oppression and wretchedness of one to the freedom and prosperity of the other. They calculated that there was no other emanci-

pation for Ireland than the absolute assertion of her independence; and that the attempt, if conducted with ordinary prudence and perseverance, quietly husbanding and augmenting their forces, and awaiting with patience the propitious and certain hour for the experiment, could not ultimately fail of the most entire success."

If, twenty years ago, a party such as this existed in Ireland and America, whose power was so estimated by the moderate *unionist* Mr. Wyse, what may the extent of that party be now, increased, as it has been within the last twenty years, by immigration and the growth of population? More than a million of the oppressed and maddened peasantry of Ireland have, since that writing, emigrated to the United States. Thousands of them were dispossessed from their farms, in political vengeance, by their landlords. Many of them, also, had relations who were shut up in dungeons or transported for political offences. Some whom I myself have met in this country had relatives shot by the tithe-gatherers at Newtown Barry, or at the widow Ryan's; some whose relatives were killed by the police at Ennis, or at Castlepollard; and every immigrant having some treasured grievance, resentment, or unavenged wrong, awaiting a favorable moment for *satisfaction*. There are, at this moment, associations of Irishmen established and well organized in every city and village, from Newfoundland to St. Louis. These associations have among them some men of great wealth. They are all held in coöperative motion by two principles — love of freedom, fatherland, and a desire for revenge on their former oppressors. There cannot be less than *two hundred thousand men enrolled* in this Irish population of four millions; and the enrolment is proceeding daily. All these have but one mind and one heart. I record, as Mr. Wyse, a lord of the English treasury, did before me, the state of feeling which I now find existing. Others, who follow us, may have to record a variation in its extent, depth, and tendency. Both the living and the unborn will have to deal with its power.

Ere we hasten to the grand triumph of the Catholic Association at Clare, we had better glance again at the condition of affairs in England.

The spirit of *reform*—resistance to the old monopolies in church and state—began to walk abroad in England. A shifting in public opinion was observable. It reached even the councils of the king. The Earl of Liverpool, head of the cabinet, suffered an apoplectic stroke, and his ministry was thereby broken up. The political trade-winds of England blew so violently and contrarily, that no cabinet could be formed for upwards of two months. At length the king, after experiencing the most worrying perplexities, sent for Canning, and made him prime minister. That eminent statesman formed an essentially liberal cabinet, in which

were included Huskisson, Palmerston, Lansdowne, Abercrombie, *Lyndhurst*, (then a liberal,) the Duke of Clarence, (afterwards King William the Fourth,) the Marquis of Anglesey, the Duke of Devonshire, the Hon. Mr. Lamb, (the present Lord Melbourne,) as secretary for Ireland, with a set of like-thinking men.

This was a whig cabinet—the most, if not all, of whose members were favorable to Catholic emancipation, and to the general amelioration of Ireland. It was formed in May, 1827. Great expectations were excited in Ireland by the friends of ministers there. Catholic emancipation was left an open question. Each member of the cabinet was free to speak and vote as he pleased in reference to every question affecting Ireland. The existence of such a cabinet at all was a tribute or concession to the changed opinion of the public, and was extorted from the king by the pressure of that opinion on the royal fears. A treaty for the recognition of the independence of Greece, principally brought about by Mr. Canning, approved by his own government and the ministers of Russia and France, added considerably to public enthusiasm, and attracted to his cabinet the hearty support of the people of Britain and Ireland. In the midst of this state of political progression, Mr. Canning suddenly died. The greatest consternation prevailed among the people on both sides of St. George's Channel. The cabinet which succeeded Canning's, headed by Lord Goderich, held together for about a year, with some few adhesions from the tory side; but it finally gave way in January, 1828, to the WELLINGTON MINISTRY. That memorable cabinet, from which emancipation was forced, included, among others, the following remarkable men: Duke of Wellington, *first lord of the treasury*; Mr. Goulburn, *chancellor of the exchequer*; Lord Lyndhurst, *lord chancellor*; Robert Peel, *home secretary*; Lord Aberdeen, *foreign secretary*; V. Fitzgerald, *president of the board of trade, &c.*; Marquis of Anglesey, *lord lieutenant of Ireland*; Lord Leveson Gower, *secretary of Ireland*; Mr. Joy, *attorney-general*; Mr. Doherty, *solicitor-general*.

The Duke of Wellington was called from the command of the army to that of the nation. It was a promotion as unexpected by his grace as by the people. A little before his elevation, he himself, in reply to a rumor then afloat, declared his unfitness for the office of prime minister. His own remark in parliament was, he should be *mad* to give up his office of commander-in-chief of the army, for which he was suited, for that of prime minister, for which he was neither suited nor qualified.

The Duke of Wellington is an Irishman. He was born in Grafton Street, Dublin, in the house now occupied by the Irish Archaeological



Society. His father's country residence was Mornington, in the county of Meath, at present a neglected mansion. The duke, when young, was a page to the Irish lord lieutenant of the day; was next secretary to the lord lieutenant; then promoted to a command in the army; served in India during the governor-generalship of his brother, Lord Wellesley; was almost disgraced there by the mismanagement of the division placed under his command, but vowed to reëstablish his military character. Serving under Sir John Moore, in Spain, on the death of that great man, the command of the British army in that country devolved on him. He distinguished himself in the peninsular war more by prudent manœuvres than by brilliant achievements, though his career was not without a fair share of successful exploits. At the great battle of Waterloo he had the chief command of the British army, and, as Britain took the lead in opposition to Napoleon, so her general had ceded to him the honor of commanding the field. On the duke's return to England in triumph, a pension, for life, of fifty thousand pounds per annum was conferred on him by parliament, which he continues to receive. Though his grace, during the last thirty years, has received a million and a half pounds sterling, and though one eighth part of that sum was drawn from Ireland, he never put his foot on his native land in all that time; and it is acknowledged by historians that his Irish soldiers were chiefly instrumental in giving him victory at Waterloo.

This was the man that now undertook the management of the British government — one who had uniformly voted against the emancipation of his Catholic fellow-countrymen; who had ungratefully neglected, and almost denied, his native land. The majority of his cabinet were opposed to the Catholic question, and a No Popery cry was raised from the precincts of the palace, which passed along the nerves of government officials throughout the wide extent of the British empire.

O'Connell and his compatriots in the Catholic Association saw these wonderful and disastrous changes with some anxiety, but without dismay. The association had now among its members several hundred Protestants. It was well represented, and had many steadfast friends, in the Protestant parliament of England; and these were instructed to join the ousted ministers, and to give the Duke of Wellington every possible parliamentary opposition in their power. The duke's government was denounced by the chief of Ireland. The duke himself was held up to the scorn, and even the derision, of his countrymen. Addresses were issued by the association to the constituencies of Ireland, urging them to vote against any candidate who was known to be favorable to the Wellington ad-

ministration. The freeholders were called on, in the name of country, religion, and liberty, to oppose the anti-Catholic government, and to instruct and urge their representatives to a similar opposition. Ireland was in a flame, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear.

The dissenters of Great Britain and Ireland had long been excluded from parliament and from all participation in the dignities and emoluments of governmental office. By certain legal impediments, called "*test acts*," they had been excluded from the offices and honors of the three great universities, Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. In no one of these could any but Episcopalians (High Church Protestants) obtain the honors of bachelors, masters, or doctors' degrees, or fill the professors' chairs, &c. Nor could any but high church Protestants acquire the higher degrees of medical and scientific dignities. Besides this, dissenters, that is to say, the numerous classes of believers comprehended under the denominations of Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, Wesleyans, Independents, &c. &c., were excluded from parliament, from the bench, from the privy council, from the honors of the law, from the civic corporations, &c. They had for a long period petitioned for their liberties without success. Their petitions fell unheeded upon the bigoted, stultified ears of parliament. O'Connell, at the suggestion of his confessor, the Rev. Mr. L'Estrange, drew up a petition in their favor, had it signed by eight hundred thousand Irish Catholics, and it was not upon the table of the house of commons three weeks, when the Duke of Wellington, though previously opposed to them, brought in his famous bill for the relief of the dissenters — *the repeal of the test and corporation acts*.

Lord John Russell, in his joy at this triumph, wrote to O'Connell, counselling him to withdraw the anti-Wellington resolution. In that spirit of conciliation and deference to the opinions of friends, which has ever characterized every act of his, the Liberator did actually propose to withdraw the proscriptive resolution; but finding himself so universally overruled by the people, he relinquished his intention, and pushed it home with all the vigor he could summon, in the memorable political campaign of 1828, into which we are about to enter.

Mr. W. Vesey Fitzgerald, the Protestant member for the county of Clare, was the son of an honest parent, Mr. James Fitzgerald, a member of the Irish parliament, one of the virtuous minority of one hundred and fifteen that voted to the last against the union. Neither bribes, dignities, nor intimidation, could induce this patriot to vote for the subjugation of his country. This son had inherited his father's honorable name.

Vesey Fitzgerald, was a universal favorite with both the people and gentry of the county of Clare, and was one of the members for that county in the British parliament. He was an accomplished scholar and statesman, had uniformly voted for Catholic emancipation, and stood deservedly high in the estimation of the empire.

The Duke of Wellington conferred upon this highly-gifted gentleman a seat in his cabinet, with the important posts of *treasurer of the navy* and *president of the board of trade*. By accepting office under the crown, he, by a wholesome law of parliament, vacated his seat for the county of Clare, and must, according to the usage established in such cases, pass formally through the ordeal of a new election before he could again appear in parliament. There had been, up to this time, so few instances of popular opposition to any administration, manifested at the hustings, that the presumptuous idea of opposing Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald was scouted by the aristocracy, particularly that portion of it which belonged to Clare.

The Catholic Association determined to oppose the Wellington ministry at the Clare hustings. They had a fund accumulated of some eight thousand pounds. They remembered the triumphs of the brave forty shilling freeholders of Waterford, Louth, and Longford, and doubted not but that the same class of men in Clare would perform equal feats of patriotism. The association fixed upon Major Macnamara to contest the county with Fitzgerald. The major was a Protestant, a gentleman full of chivalry, and of the nicest honor. He was a popular magistrate, possessed of property, and traced his ancestral line back to the Milesians. He was head of the Macnamara clan, by whom he was regarded as second only to the monarch. Major Macnamara was, in truth, the *beau idéal* of a finished gentleman. His personal resemblance to George the Fourth, and the peculiar elegance of his dress, made him an object of admiration in every circle. He was the friend of the Catholics, and the second of O'Connell in his duel with D'Esterre. He combined in his person every quality calculated to excite popular enthusiasm.

Such was the man fixed on by the Catholic Association to oppose a member of the most powerful cabinet that had governed England since the days of Pitt. The association, in sending him their request to stand the contest, offered, at the same time, to bear all his expenses. The people were wild with enthusiasm. Expectation was excited to the utmost. The ascendant party were alarmed, the cabinet surprised, and all were astounded by the boldness of the enterprise.

The aristocracy of Clare were unanimously in favor of Vesey Fitz-

gerald. The bare fact that O'Connell and the association opposed him, was quite enough to rouse the Protestant prejudices of the county in his favor, to heal up all differences among the aristocracy, and unite them, to a man, in favor of the Wellington candidate. The offices he filled in the government of England opened to him the sources of vast patronage. The *navy*, with its promotions, appointments, victualling, stores, contracts, and outlays, displayed to his numerous personal friends a hundred roads to fortune. As president of the board of trade, the commerce of England lay at his feet. The Indies, East and West, the "colonies" scattered all over the earth, wheresoever the drum of England beat, were at his command. The excise and customs operated under the action of his eye; and, in truth, his patronage was second only to that of the premier himself. Already the fond mothers of second and third sons, whose chances in the church or at the bar were dubious, rejoiced in their hearts at the gladdening anticipations of appointments at the hands of their county member. Every father, son, and mother of the Clare aristocracy was in motion to secure the election of Mr. Fitzgerald. Their poor tenants were visited in their comfortless cabins. Their ragged children were caressed; their names learned and pronounced over and over again in the soft euphony of the drawing-room; their rent arrears remitted; presents of various kinds freely given to the voters' wives. Wonderful and sudden was the kind relation that grew up, as if by magic, between the landed gentry and the peasantry of Clare. The Catholic clergy were invited to every table. Their eloquence in the pulpit was the theme of fashionable discourse. Many Protestants began to think more favorably of the Catholic religion, while some actually went to mass, and sprinkled themselves with holy water!

The Catholic Association, on the other hand, were not inactive. The press, under its influence, was brought to bear on the people, like artillery on a resisting fortress. Some ten or twelve days had elapsed since the invitation was sent to Major Macnamara. No answer had yet been returned. It was whispered that he declined the canvass, and that the Catholic clergy of Clare were pledged to support Vesey Fitzgerald. In the midst of the consternation which these various reports created in the association, Dean O'Shaughnessey appeared among them. He entered the room while the question was being discussed whether the Catholic clergy of Clare would or not favor the candidate of the anti-Catholic government. Although the dean denied that himself or any other of the Catholic clergy favored Mr. Fitzgerald's side, he studiously avoided to give any intimation of encouragement to the candidate of the association. His speech was a damper. Men looked despairingly at each other.

Still O'Connell was not to be driven from so promising an enterprise. No answer having arrived from Major Macnamara, and it being conjectured that his hesitation arose from pecuniary difficulties, a vote appropriating *five thousand pounds* to the expenses of securing his return was, on motion of Mr. O'Connell, unanimously carried, and Messrs. O'Gorman Mahon and Tom Steele were despatched to the major's residence, in Clare, with the formal offer of pecuniary support. O'Gorman Mahon brought back Major Macnamara's answer, which ran thus— that his obligations to Mr. Fitzgerald were such that he was bound in honor not to oppose him.

This intelligence was discouraging indeed. The Catholics were overwhelmed with sadness, while the tory Protestants and the whole government party were in ecstasies. Their contemptuous sneers towards the members of the association went beyond all former bounds. "No respectable man in the county of Clare," they said, "would stoop so low as to become the nominee of the Catholic Association."

In this exigency, O'Connell urged on the committee of the association the absolute necessity of following up their project; and, having examined the election and penal laws, he announced that he could stand the contest, and, if elected, could pass to the speaker's table in the house of commons without taking any objectionable oath. He would there be able to debate the question in the house itself, and the novelty of the movement, together with the exhibition of the association's power, could not but give a new impetus to the Catholic question—an impetus fully equivalent to the cost of the undertaking. Mr. O'Gorman, the secretary, opposed this proposition; but it was, after a long and anxious discussion, carried.

O'Connell immediately issued the following powerful address to the electors of Clare:—

"TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF CLARE.

"DUBLIN, *June*, 1823.

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:

"Your county wants a representative. I respectfully solicit your suffrages to raise me to that station.

"Of my qualifications to fill that station I leave you to judge. The habits of public speaking, and many, many years of public business, render me, perhaps, equally suited with most men to attend to the interests of Ireland in parliament.

"You will be told I am not qualified to be elected. The assertion, my friends, is untrue. I am qualified to be elected, and to be your representative. It is true that, as a Catholic, I cannot, and of course never will, take the oaths at present prescribed to members of parliament; but the authority which created these oaths

(the parliament) can abrogate them; and I entertain a confident hope that, if you elect me, the most bigoted of our enemies will see the necessity of removing from the chosen representative of the people an obstacle which would prevent him from doing his duty to his king and to his country.

“The oath at present required by law is, ‘that the sacrifice of the mass, and the invocation of the blessed Virgin Mary, and other saints, as now practised in the church of Rome, are impious and idolatrous.’ Of course I will never stain my soul with such an oath. I leave that to my honorable opponent, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. He has often taken that horrible oath. He is ready to take it again, and asks your votes to enable him so to swear. I would rather be torn limb from limb than take it. Electors of the county of Clare! choose between me, who abominate that oath, and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, who has sworn it full twenty times! Return me to parliament, and it is probable that such a blasphemous oath will be abolished forever. As your representative, I will try the question with the friends in parliament of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. They may send me to prison. I am ready to go there, to promote the cause of the Catholics, and of universal liberty. The discussion which the attempt to exclude your representative from the house of commons must excite, will create a sensation all over Europe, and produce such a burst of contemptuous indignation against British bigotry, in every enlightened country in the world, that the voice of all the great and good in England, Scotland, and Ireland, being joined to the universal shout of the nations of the earth, will overpower every opposition, and render it impossible for Peel and Wellington any longer to close the doors of the constitution against the Catholics of Ireland.

“Electors of the county of Clare! Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald claims, as his only merit, that he is a friend to the Catholics. Why, I am a Catholic myself; and if he be sincerely our friend, let him vote for me, and raise before the British empire the Catholic question in my humble person, in the way most propitious to my final success. But no, fellow-countrymen, no; he will make no sacrifice to that cause; he will call himself your friend, and act the part of your worst and most unrelenting enemy.

“I do not like to give the epitome of his political life; yet, when the present occasion so loudly calls for it, I cannot refrain. He took office under Perceval,—under that Perceval who obtained power by raising the base, bloody, and unchristian cry of ‘No Popery,’ in England.

“He had the nomination of a member to serve for the borough of Ennis. He nominated Mr. Spencer Perceval, then a decided opponent of the Catholics.

“He voted on the East Retford measure, for a measure that would put two virulent enemies of the Catholics into parliament.

“In the case of the Protestant Dissenters in England, he voted for their exclusion, that is, against the principle of the freedom of conscience; that sacred principle which the Catholics of Ireland have ever cultivated and cherished, on which we framed our rights to emancipation.

“Finally, he voted for the suppression of the Catholic Association of Ireland!

“And, after this, sacred Heaven! he calls himself a friend to the Catholics.

“He is the ally and colleague of the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel. He is their partner in power; they are, you know, the most bitter, persevering, and unmitigated enemies of the Catholics; and, after all this, he, the partner of our bitterest and unrelenting enemies, calls himself the friend of the Catholics of Ireland.

"Having thus traced a few of the demerits of my right honorable opponent, what shall I say for myself?"

"I appeal to my past life for my unremitting and disinterested attachment to the religion and liberties of Catholic Ireland.

"If you return me to parliament, I pledge myself to vote for every measure favorable to radical REFORM in the representative system, so that the house of commons may truly, as our Catholic ancestors intended it should do, represent all the people.

"To vote for the repeal of the vestry bill, the sub-letting act, and the grand-jury laws.

"To vote for the diminution and more equal distribution of the overgrown wealth of the established church in Ireland, so that the surplus may be restored to the sustentation of the poor, the aged, and the infirm.

"To vote for every measure of retrenchment and reduction of the national expenditure, so as to relieve the people from the burdens of taxation, and to bring the question of the REPEAL OF THE UNION, at the earliest possible period, before the consideration of the legislature.

"Electors of the county of Clare! choose between me and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald; choose between him who has so long cultivated his own interest, and one who seeks only to advance yours; choose between the sworn libeller of the Catholic faith, and one who has devoted his early life to your cause, who has consumed his manhood in a struggle for your liberties, and who has ever lived, and is ready to die, for the integrity, the honor, the purity, of the Catholic faith, and the promotion of Irish freedom and happiness.

"Your faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL."

The appearance of this address caused an indescribable sensation on all sides. "Is O'Connell in earnest?" asked the ascendant party. All was surprise and confusion in the castle. If Bonaparte had risen from the grave and reappeared in France at the head of his legions, there would hardly have been greater commotion. O'Gorman Mahon and Tom Steele were despatched at once to Clare, with the requisite funds, and several thousand copies of this address. Both of them were gentlemen of the county. Steele was a Protestant, O'Gorman Mahon a Catholic. They imbodyed in their persons a living impersonation of patriotism, chivalry, and courage. Both were of large stature, easy carriage, eloquent address, full of the fervor and the passion of liberty, and willing, at any moment, to risk their lives in its behalf. These heralds, on their arrival, lost no time in blowing the trumpets of political and religious freedom. They traversed the county day and night. Some of the clergymen gave them their churches, in which to harangue the people. Meetings were held in barns, churches, and the open air, by the light of the sun or by the light of torches. The county of Clare was in a blaze.

John Lawless was next despatched to the scene of action. His influence over a popular meeting was surprising. His name was revered

through all Ireland as the friend of the forty-shilling freeholders, and his appearance in Clare gave to the contest a tone of deeper fervency.

Another missionary to the Clare men appeared in the person of the Rev. Father Maguire, familiarly called "Father Tom." He had obtained great celebrity by his religious controversy with Mr. Pope, and was not unjustly considered the champion of Catholicism in Ireland. He was under obligations to Mr. O'Connell for his able defence of him against a conspiracy prosecution, and he now gratefully volunteered his services in his behalf in the mighty struggle with the aristocracy of Clare. The lamented Dominick Ronayne, a barrister, and a leading member of the association, accompanied the reverend gentleman. Both spoke the Irish language, and they infused into their addresses, through that powerful idiom, an appeal which the freeholders, feeling at the core, were unable to resist. Wherever these missionaries appeared, they changed the people from their political allegiance to their landlords.

All England was awakened by this novel contest. The London newspapers — those unerring barometers of the public mind — gave up their columns daily to a lengthened detail of the most trifling proceedings in the Clare mountains. Every remarkable saying of the country people was telegraphed to London. A whole corps of reporters had already arrived on the political battle-ground. The Wellington ministry, the parliament, and the king, seemed all to be forgotten, and the Clare election only dwelt in the public recollection. An immense army was drawn to the neighborhood of the hustings, to preserve the peace. All things indicated the magnitude of that contest which was hourly approaching.

Mr. Sheil, the chosen counsel of O'Connell, arrived two days before the election began. He was brought at once to a meeting of freeholders held in Corofin, the head-quarters of the aristocracy. It was Sir Edward O'Brien's own town, and here the assembled freeholders pledged themselves to vote for O'Connell.

At length the great agitator, accompanied by his eldest son, Maurice, arrived in Ennis, the capital town of the county. It was on the morning of the election that he made his first appearance. Thirty thousand of the bold peasantry of Clare welcomed his approach. The priests were heartily with the people. Bands mingled in the processions. Every one bore a green bough, or other device, in his hand. Beautiful females graced the popular pageant. They waved their handkerchiefs, on which the portrait of O'Connell was printed, enthusiastically over their heads. The old and the young partook of their emotions. The strictest sobriety



pervaded all, for the delegates from the association exacted a pledge from the freeholders, that not a drop of whisky should be tasted in the county of Clare during the election; nay, more, that not an insult should be given, not a blow should be struck or resented, till the election was over. Never did devotees more religiously keep their vows, than did these brave and virtuous peasants. During the whole of that eventful week, not a drop of spirituous liquor was drunk by those high-minded patriots, though sixty thousand people, of both sexes and of all ages, were congregated in the town, under a burning sun. It was truly a proud spectacle for Ireland. It was remarked on by the London press, and it told on England.

The business of the election began. The court-house was thrown open, and the interior soon exhibited an extraordinary spectacle. The following sketch from an eye-witness is given entire to the reader: —

“The election opened, and the court-house, in which the sheriff read the writ, presented a very new and striking scene. On the left hand of the sheriff stood a cabinet minister, attended by the whole body of the aristocracy of the county of Clare. Their appearance indicated at once their superior rank and their profound mortification. An expression of bitterness, and of wounded pride, was stamped in various modifications of resentment upon their countenances; while others, who were in the interest of Mr. Fitzgerald, and who were small Protestant proprietors, affected to look big and important, and swelled themselves into gentry upon the credit of voting for the minister. On the right hand of the sheriff stood Mr. O'Connell, with scarcely a single gentleman by his side; for most even of the Catholic proprietors had abandoned him, and joined the ministerial candidate. But the body of the court presented the power of Mr. O'Connell, in a mass of determined peasants, amongst whom black coats and sacerdotal visages were seen felicitously intermixed, outside the balustrade of the gallery on the left hand of the sheriff. Before the business began, a gentleman was observed on whom every eye was turned. He had, indeed, chosen a most singular position; for, instead of sitting, like the other auditors, on the seats in the gallery, he leaped over it, and, suspending himself above the crowd, afforded what was an object of wonder to the great body of the spectators, and of indignation to the high sheriff. The attire of the individual who was thus perched in this dangerous position was sufficiently strange. He had a coat of Irish tabinet, with glossy trousers of the same national material; he wore no waistcoat; a blue shirt lined with streaks of white was open at his neck, in which the strength of Hercules and the symmetry of Antinous were combined; a broad, green sash, with a medal of ‘the order of Liberator’s’ at the end of it, hung conspicuously over his breast; and a profusion of black curls, curiously festooned about his temples, shadowed a very handsome and expressive countenance, a great part of which was occupied by whiskers of a bushy amplitude. ‘Who, sir, are you?’ exclaimed the high sheriff, in a tone of imperious melancholy, which he had acquired at Canton, where he had long resided in the service of the East India Company. ‘My name is O’Gorman Mahon,’ was the reply, delivered with a firmness which clearly showed that the person who

had conveyed this piece of intelligence thought very little of a high sheriff and a great deal of O'Gorman Mahon. The sheriff had been offended by the general appearance of Mr. Mahon, who had distracted the public attention from his own contemplation; but he was particularly irritated by observing the insurgent symbol of 'the order of Liberators' dangling at his breast. 'I tell that gentleman,' said Mr. Molony, 'to take off that badge.' There was a moment's pause, and then the following answer was slowly and articulately pronounced: 'This gentleman (laying his hand on his breast) tells that gentleman, (pointing with the other to the sheriff,) that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, while he has got the arm of a gentleman to protect him.' This extraordinary sentence was followed by a loud burst of applause from all parts of the court-house. The high-sheriff looked aghast. The expression of self-satisfaction and magisterial complacency passed off of his visage, and he looked utterly blank and dejected. After an interval of irresolution, down he sat. 'The soul' of O'Gorman Mahon (to use Curran's expression) 'walked forth in its own majesty;' he looked 'redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled.' The medal of 'the order of Liberators' was pressed to his heart. O'Connell surveyed him with gratitude and admiration; and the first blow was struck, which sent dismay into the heart of the party of which the sheriff was considered to be an adherent."

The first person that spoke after this consternating incident was Sir Edward O'Brien, of Dromoland house. He is the lineal descendant of Brien Boromhe, monarch of Ireland anno 1014. He proposed Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald as a most fit and proper person to represent the county in parliament. He spoke in a very feeling manner, and shed tears at several parts of his address. Mr. Fitzgerald himself then came before the assembly. He was a dexterous and an able speaker. In the course of an eloquent speech, he dwelt on his fidelity to the Catholic cause, his services to Maynooth College, the patriotism of his father in resisting the union, and the fruitlessness of a contest in which, were he even to be defeated, his opponent could not possibly avail himself of his victory, for still the doors of parliament would be closed against him. His address was so artful and well delivered, that a burst of applause followed its delivery.

O'Connell now rose to reply. He saw that an extraordinary effort was required to efface the impressions made by his antagonist's address. He first applied himself to Sir Edward O'Brien and Mr. Gore, the mover and seconder of Mr. Fitzgerald, and then he fastened on the gentleman himself. Having drawn a picture of the late Mr. Perceval, he turned round and asked of the rival candidate, with what face he could call himself their friend, when the first act of his political life was to enlist himself under the banners of "the bloody Perceval." This epithet (whether it be well or ill-deserved is not the question) was sent

into the hearts of the people with a force of expression, and an impassioned, a startling, a vivid vehemence of voice, that created a great sensation amongst the crowd, and turned the tide against Mr. Fitzgerald. "This, too," said Mr. O'Connell, "is the friend of Peel; the bloody Perceval, and the candid and manly Mr. Peel; and he is our friend! and he is every body's friend! The friend of the Catholic was the friend of the bloody Perceval, and is the friend of the candid and manly Mr. Peel!"

The first day was spent in hearing the candidates. On the second, the polling began. At its close, Fitzgerald and O'Connell were nearly equal on the tallies. Fitzgerald's committee gave O'Connell's voters every possible opposition for the purposes of delay. On the third evening, O'Connell was reported far above his opponent on the poll; and great was the rejoicing thereat. Mr. Fitzgerald wanted to give in, but the gentry were determined to poll to the last man, to enable them to discover the O'Connellites, for the purpose of marking them for future vengeance. Charges of undue influence were occasionally brought forward, which exhibited the character of the election in its strongest colors. One incident we particularly remember. An attorney employed by Mr. Fitzgerald rushed in and exclaimed that a priest was terrifying the voters. This accusation produced a powerful effect. The counsel for Mr. O'Connell defied the attorney to make out his charge. The assessor very properly required that the priest should attend; and behold Father Murphy, of Corofin! His solemn and spectral aspect struck every body. He advanced with fearlessness to the bar behind which the sheriff was seated, and inquired what the charge was which had been preferred against him, with a smile of ghastly derision. "You were looking at my voters," cried the attorney. "But I said nothing," replied the priest, "and I suppose that I am to be permitted to look at my parishioners." "Not with such a face as that!" cried Mr. Dogherly, one of Mr. Fitzgerald's counsel. This produced a loud laugh; for, certainly, the countenance of Father Murphy was fraught with no ordinary terrors. "And this, then," exclaimed Mr. O'Connell's counsel, "is the charge you bring against the priests. Let us see if there be an act of parliament which prescribes that a Jesuit shall wear a mask." At this instant, one of the agents of Mr. O'Connell precipitated himself into the room, and cried out, "Mr. Sheriff, we have no fair play; Mr. Singleton is frightening his tenants; he caught hold of one of them just now, and threatened vengeance against him." This accusation came admirably apropos. "What!" exclaimed the advocate of Mr.

O'Connell, "is this to be endured? Do we live in a free country, and under a constitution? Is a landlord to commit a battery with impunity, and is a priest to be indicted for his physiognomy, and to be found guilty of a look?" Thus a valuable set-off was obtained against Father Murphy's eyebrows.

From the window of Mr. O'Connell's room in the hotel, a large platform was projected, supported by posts from the street: this platform was decorated with green boughs, and capable of holding twenty or thirty persons. Around this platform moved, from morning to night, a continually-floating populace, who were successively addressed by some one of the twenty or thirty able speakers of the association. The crowd diminished or increased according to the interest which the speaker created; for the most ignorant crowd cannot be kept together without real ability and genuine eloquence in the speaker who addresses them. The wits and orators of the Catholic Association found this platform a fine theatre for the display of their varied powers. It proved to the opposite party a perpetual battery, from which they were assailed, day after day, with argument and invective.

The gentry made it a point, during the contest, to march into the town at the head of their freeholders, threatening to shoot any man that interfered or spoke to them as they passed on to the polls. Upon one very remarkable occasion, Mr. Vandeleur, of Kilrush, in the southern extremity of the county, came into the town at the head of his freeholders; they numbered upwards of three hundred, and followed him in military procession. On arriving near the scene of the election, Mr. Vandeleur got out of his carriage, and placed himself on the footman's stand behind it, for the purpose of keeping his eye on what he deemed his "vassals." In this position, he and his tenants entered the town. As they passed O'Connell's hotel, the Liberator appeared on the platform. A shout was sent up that rent the skies. O'Connell raised his majestic arm, and began an address to the passing freeholders. Mr. Vandeleur's carriage passed on, but his tenants gathered round the platform. The crowd enclosed and completely separated them from their landlord. He shouted to them from behind his carriage, but it was in vain! Not Pharaoh's hosts were more completely swallowed by the Red Sea than was that band of voters by the illimitable crowd that now enveloped them. Soon they melted under the influence of O'Connell's eloquence, and were fused in the surrounding mass.

But we must hasten to the close of this extraordinary moral contest. On the fourth day, the majority for O'Connell was so over-

whelming that all hope of success fled from the opposite parties. Bribes and threats were freely used; but still few, very few of the Catholic freeholders voted against O'Connell; although destruction awaited all those who enrolled their names upon his tally. This they expected; they knew it would come. Their little patches of land were the only means of existence which they possessed under heaven. These, it was quite certain, would be wrested from them, and the dreadful future opened to their affrighted visions nothing but glimpses of beggary, starvation, or exile. With all these horrors imaged forth in the scowling brows of their landlords, these incorruptible patriots went boldly up to the hustings, voted for O'Connell, for the emancipation of their country, and for their own certain ruin.

Is there any thing on the page of history more heroic, more glorious, than this self-immolation of whole masses to liberty? If there be, it has escaped my notice.

The hour of triumph arrived. The poll was closed, and the sheriff proceeded to the court-house to announce the result. The scene instantly shifted from the streets to the interior of the building. It was crowded almost to suffocation. Mr. Fitzgerald was there, surrounded by the serried but crest-fallen aristocracy. That proud phalanx which a week before treated the opposition of O'Connell with the most contemptuous insolence, was now at the bar of fate, awaiting, with presaging countenances, its anticipated award. After the preliminaries were gone through, the sheriff rose to announce the result of the election. Every breath in that vast concourse was suspended, as if by the hand of death. His first sentence was distinctly heard amid the stillness; but his second, which announced the return of Daniel O'Connell, was interrupted by the loudest peal of acclamation that ever filled a public building. The shout was echoed and reëchoed without, and carried that day, from man to man, to the remotest parts of the county of Clare, to all the surrounding counties, and through the entire nation. The hills of the counties of Limerick, Clare, and Tipperary, blazed that night with bonfires—a brilliant index of the fiery enthusiasm of myriads of brave men. O'Connell, surrounded by his eloquent and faithful friends, was seated in the same part of the court-house, from which, in the beginning of the contest, he assailed the government and the aristocracy.

The enthusiastic cheering at length subsided in the court-house, more from the physical exhaustion of the people than from obedience to the repeated calls of "silence" from the high sheriff. O'Connell then rose to return his thanks and congratulations to "the men of Clare," whose

victory, accompanied as it was by unparalleled good order and sobriety, would be perpetuated in the fondest memories of Irishmen to the latest generation. Being the victor, he could afford to be generous to his fallen opponents; and he did use his victory, as he always does, with the most charitable moderation. He begged that Mr. Fitzgerald would forgive him for the use of any harsh things which might have escaped him on the first day. Mr. Fitzgerald promptly interrupted the honorable gentleman with the expression of his most hearty forgiveness for any thing that had occurred during the election, and was hailed by the people with a loud burst of approbation. The Liberator concluded a most eloquent address by requesting the congregated thousands to return in good order to their homes, and to avoid all unseemly manifestations of triumph.

After Mr. Fitzgerald, who bore his defeat with cheerfulness and good-humor, had addressed the assembly, Mr. Sheil rose, and closed the memorable proceedings with the most thrilling speech that he probably ever delivered. I give a few extracts as a specimen of this powerful address:—

“ Mr. Fitzgerald was promoted to a place in the Duke of Wellington's councils, and the representation of this great county became vacant. The Catholic Association determined to oppose him, and at first view the undertaking seemed to be desperate. Not a single Protestant gentleman could be procured to enter the lists; and in the want of any other candidate, Mr. O'Connell stood forward in behalf of the people. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald came into the field encompassed with the most signal advantages. His father is a gentleman of large estate, and had been long and deservedly popular in Ireland. Mr. Fitzgerald himself, inheriting a portion of the popular favor with a favorite name, had for twenty years been placed in such immediate contiguity with power, that he was enabled to circulate a large portion of the influence of government through this fortunate district. There is scarcely a single family of any significance among you, which does not labor under Mr. Fitzgerald's obligations. At this moment, it is only necessary to look at him, with the array of aristocracy beside him, in order to perceive upon what a high position for victory he was placed. He stands encompassed by the whole gentry of the county of Clare, who, as they stood by him in the hour of battle, come here to cover his retreat. Almost every gentleman of rank and fortune appears as his auxiliary; and the gentry, by their aspect at this instant, as well as by their devotedness during the election, furnish evidence that in his person their own cause was to be asserted. To this combination of favorable circumstances, to the promising friend, to the accomplished gentleman, to the eloquent advocate, at the head of all the patrician opulence of the county, what did we oppose? We opposed the power of the Catholic Association, and with that tremendous engine we have beaten the cabinet minister, and the phalanx of aristocracy by which he is surrounded, to the ground! Why do I mention these things? Is it for the purpose (God forbid that it should be) of wounding the feelings or exasperating the passions of any man? No! but in order to exhibit the almost marvellous incidents which have taken place, in

the light in which they ought to be regarded, and to present them in all their appalling magnitude. Protestants who hear me, gentlemen of the county of Clare, you whom I address with boldness, perhaps, but certainly not with any purpose to give you offence, let me entreat your attention. A baronet of rank and fortune, Sir Edward O'Brien, has asked whether this was a condition of things to be endured; he has expatiated upon the extraordinary influence which has been exercised in order to effect these signal results; and, after dwelling upon many other grounds of complaint, he has with great force inveighed against the severance which we have created between the landlord and tenant. Let it not be imagined that I mean to deny that we have had recourse to the expedients attributed to us. On the contrary, I avow it. We have put a great engine into action, and applied the entire force of that powerful machinery which the law has placed under our control. We are masters of the passions of the people, and we have employed our dominion with a terrible effect. But, sir, do you, or does any man here, imagine that we could have acquired this dreadful ability to sunder the strongest ties, by which the different classes of society are fastened, unless we found the materials of excitement in the state of society itself? Do you think that Mr. Daniel O'Connell has himself, and by the single powers of his own mind, unaided by any external coöperation, brought the country to this great crisis of agitation? Mr. O'Connell, with all his talents for excitation, would have been utterly powerless and incapable, unless he had been allied with a great conspirator against the public peace; and I will tell you who that confederate is; it is the law of the land itself that has been his main associate, and that ought to be denounced as the mighty agitator of Ireland. *The rod of oppression is the wand of this potent enchanter of the passions, and the book of his spells is the penal code. Break the wand of this political Prospero, and take from him the volume of his magic, and he will evoke the spirits which are now under his control no longer.*

\* \* \* \* \*

“Do not, therefore, be surprised that the peasantry should thus at once throw off their allegiance to you, when they are under the operation of emotions which it would be wonderful if they could resist. The feeling by which they are now actuated would make them not only vote against their landlords, but would make them rush into the field, scale the batteries of a fortress, and mount the breach. I hear it said, that before many days go by, there will be many tears shed in the hovels of your slaves, and that you will take a terrible vengeance of their treason. \* \* \* But you will ask, Wherefore should they prefer their priests to their landlords, and have purer reverence for the altars of their religion, than for the counter in which you calculate your rents? Ah, gentlemen, consider a little the relation in which the priest stands towards the peasant. Let us put the priest into one scale, and the landlord into the other, and let us see which should preponderate. I will take an excellent landlord and an excellent priest. The landlord shall be Sir Edward O'Brien, and the priest shall be Mr. Murphy, of Corofin. Who is Sir Edward O'Brien? A gentleman who has a great fortune, who lives in a splendid mansion, and who, from the windows of a palace, looks upon possessions almost as wide as those which his ancestors beheld from the summit of their feudal towers. His tenants pay him their rent twice a year, and they have their land at a moderate rate. So much for the landlord. I come now to Father Murphy, of Corofin. Where does he reside? In an humble abode, situated at the foot of

a mountain, and in the midst of dreariness and waste. He dwells in the midst of his parishioners, and is their benefactor, their friend, their father. It is not only in the actual ministry of the sacraments of religion that he stands as an object of affectionate reverence among them. I saw him, indeed, at his altar, surrounded by thousands, and felt myself the influence of his contagious and enthusiastic devotion. He addressed the people in the midst of a rude edifice, and in a language which I did not understand, (the old Irish;) but I could perceive what a command he has over the minds of his devoted followers. It is not merely as the celebrator of the rites of divine worship that he is dear to his flock: he is their companion, the mitigator of their calamities, the soother of their afflictions, the trustee of their hearts, the repository of their secrets, the guardian of their interests, and the sentinel of their death-beds. A peasant is dying; in the midst of the winter's night, a knock is heard at the door of the priest, and he is told that his parishioner requires his spiritual assistance; the wind is howling, the snow descends upon the hills, and the rain and storm beat against his face; yet he goes forth, hurries to the hovel of the expiring wretch, and taking his station beside the mass of pestilence of which the bed of straw is composed, bends to receive the last whisper which unloads the heart of its guilt, though the lips of the sinner should be tainted with disease, and he should exhale mortality in his breath. Gentlemen, this is not the language of artificial declamation; this is not the mere extravagance of rhetorical phrase. Every word of this is the truth — the notorious, palpable, and unquestionable truth. You know it; every one of you knows it to be true; and now let me ask you, can you wonder for a moment that the people should be attached to their clergy, and should follow their ordinances as if they were the injunctions of God? Gentlemen, forgive me if I venture to supplicate, on behalf of your poor tenants, for mercy to them. Pardon them, in the name of that God who will forgive you your offences in the same measure of compassion which you will show to the trespasses of others. Do not, in the name of that Heaven before whom every one of us, whether landlord, priest, or tenant, must at last appear, do not persecute these poor people; don't throw their children out upon the public road; don't send them forth to shiver and to die. \* \* \* Protestants, awake to a sense of your condition. Look round you. What have you seen during this election? Enough to make you feel that this is not mere local excitation, but that seven millions of Irish people are completely arrayed and organized. That which you behold in Clare, you would behold, under similar circumstances, in every county in the kingdom. Did you mark our discipline, our subordination, our good order, and that prophetic tranquillity, which is far more terrible than any ordinary storm? You have seen sixty thousand men under our command; and not a hand was raised, and not a forbidden word was uttered in that amazing multitude. You have beheld an example of our power in the almost miraculous sobriety of the people. Their lips have not touched that infuriating beverage to which they are generally attached, and their habitual propensity vanished at our command. What think you of all this? Is it meet and wise to leave us armed with such a dominion? Trust us not with it; strip us of this appalling despotism; annihilate us by concession; extinguish us with peace; disarray us by equality; instead of angry slaves, make us contented citizens; if you do not, tremble for the result!"

The next scene in this grand drama was the chairing of Mr. O'Con-



nell. This is a custom at Irish elections, rendered almost legally necessary by immemorial usage. The successful candidate is put in a triumphal car, and drawn at the head of a procession of his friends through the principal streets of the town in which an election is held — a sort of public identification of the future hope of his party. We may readily imagine the numbers and enthusiasm of that procession which followed the triumphant O'Connell. The humblest peasant in that vast crowd comprehended the national advantage of this county victory. Each man felt himself exalted by sharing even slightly in this glorious enterprise. The military, which had been brought to preserve the peace among all parties, partook of the national enthusiasm, for many of them were Irishmen. The people, during the entire contest, cheered the soldiers, and the soldiers cheered the people! — a circumstance awfully instructive to the Duke of Wellington. As Mr. O'Connell passed the military quarters, he halted and cheered. It was partially returned by some of the men, and a sergeant of the thirty-sixth regiment, in the exuberance of his joy at seeing O'Connell a member of parliament, absolutely flung his cap into the air. These were the symptoms that told upon the British government.

The election was won, and O'Connell, with his staff of agitators, prepared to return to Dublin. The brief language of Cæsar to the Roman senate, reporting one of his victories, "*Veni, vidi, vici*," — I came, I saw, I conquered, — would have been an appropriate despatch from O'Connell to the Catholic Association. His journey from the field of glory to the metropolis was a continued series of multitudinous processions. The people came many miles to the great road through which he was to pass. Wild with joy, forgetful of food or sleep, they thronged this long road for one hundred and twenty miles, awaiting to greet the victorious champion of their faith and country. His entry into Limerick was a grand spectacle. He passed around the stone of the violated treaty. Here he paused, and with uplifted arm and prophetic voice proclaimed from that spot to England, that the conditions of that treaty **SHOULD** be fulfilled!

Although Mr. O'Connell, his son Maurice, Sheil, and some others, travelled to Dublin by night as well as by day, their carriage was accompanied, throughout all the line, with new processions from town to town, until he entered Dublin, where he arrived on the third day of the journey, greeted by the overwhelming acclamations of its delighted citizens.

The moral of this mighty achievement of a week soon began to develop itself. The defeat of Vesey Fitzgerald was but dust in the

balance. The demonstration of an extensive combination, numbering millions of dissatisfied men, well governed and disciplined, was every thing. That immense power, with all its complex machinery, was arrayed against the government, and it was wielded by the leaders of the Catholic Association; and the last week's events proved their omnipotence. They worked with the arms of the law to break down the constitution. The Irish millions were ready to rise at their call, and yield to them their votes or their lives. The military, it was proved, were infected with this national frenzy, nor could they be relied on to butcher their countrymen, should the government decide on so wild a policy.

The significant moral began to act on the coldest portion of the Irish people. The rent came pouring in; the persecuted freeholders were well sustained. But the north of Ireland had not yet yielded that pecuniary harvest which it was believed capable of producing. To bring it within the culture of the association, Mr. Lawless was sent amongst the people in that part of Ireland. This was a most delicate mission, and Mr. Lawless was the least-fitted man of the whole body to undertake it. Instead of proceeding discreetly and silently into the north for the purpose in view, he congregated large meetings on the frontiers of the province, and called up the unfounded apprehensions of the Protestants of that part of Ireland.

The "Brunswick clubs," a series of Protestant associations, which had recently been established, in opposition to the Catholic Association, on the ruins of the old Orange lodges, were now in motion. The clubs of Ulster resolved on opposing with physical force Mr. Lawless's entry into the north. Mr. Lawless, on the other hand, urged on by several thousands of his countrymen, was resolved on proceeding on his mission. Finding this affair well described by Mr. Wyse, I adopt his words.

"The exertions of Mr. Lawless were indefatigable. His success exceeded his anticipations. The numbers of his auditors had augmented as he advanced; a corresponding enthusiasm grew up with their numbers. Throughout all this, too, the temper and order of the populace were marvellous. They had studied with success the lessons of Waterford and Clare. Though thousands and tens of thousands were grouped around him, a single violation of good order had not yet taken place. These were emphatic proofs that the spirit of organization, as well as agitation, had spread through every part of the country. But Mr. Lawless was carried away — no extraordinary case — by his own victories. The time now seemed arrived for the subjugation of the 'black North.' Mr. Lawless determined to enter it at Ballybay. He was accompanied, it is said, by one hundred and forty thousand peasants, all well clothed, and, it is added, well armed; but their arms, on closer inquiries, have been reduced to a certain number of bludgeons and pistols, concealed under their

frieze coats. This was of itself imprudent, but it was without the cognizance of Mr. Lawless. There were circumstances which rendered it infinitely more so. The Orangemen were alarmed, and prepared for defence against what they termed a hostile incursion. They were impressed with an idea that Ballybay was devoted to destruction by the Papists, and their allies were summoned from every part of the country to support them, without delay. Five thousand Orangemen took possession of the opposite hill, immediately above the town. They every moment expected reinforcements. The next day it is very probable they could have counted a force of from ten to twenty thousand men. The two armies — for literally they were such — were now very near each other, and no sort of disorder had yet marked the conduct of either. It was a singular sight, in the midst of perfect peace, and a general in his majesty's service — General Thornton — standing close by. In a happy moment, ere it was quite too late, Mr. Lawless perceived his mistake. He had trusted too far to his sway over the multitude. To a certain point such rule is omnipotent; beyond, it vanishes into air.

“Mr. Lawless adopted the only best course to that of not having appeared there at all. The people took his entreaties to peace and order as words of course, plausible pretexts for the better concealing of real intentions, and were, for the most part, persuaded that he intended heading them in military array against their enemies. They hurried him on in his carriage to within a very small distance from the town. In a moment the difficulty and the danger flashed upon him. He rushed with a sudden effort from his carriage, mounted a gray horse, instantly dashed through the crowd, and fled. In the very moment of his escape a partisan of his own is said to have presented a pistol to his breast, indignant at the failure of the expedition. It happily missed fire. What the consequences might have been, it is not very difficult to conjecture. Ballybay might have been entered, but a rebellion that very night would have commenced in Ireland. A Catholic young man was murdered by the Orangemen that same evening, on the Renorry road.”

A Catholic clergyman, the Rev. Mr. M'Donough, — now the pastor of St. John's church, Albany, in the state of New York; — accompanied Mr. Lawless in his carriage. He described to me the whole transaction in nearly the foregoing words, and added that General Thornton, who was a most humane officer, came from Ballybay to remonstrate with Mr. Lawless upon the danger which he would expose himself to if he attempted to pass through the town. Should a collision take place, the king's forces were not sufficient to prevent the two parties from destroying each other. He moreover suggested to bring the people on their intended journey by another road, which did not lead through the town. Mr. Lawless, most willing to comply with this considerate suggestion, proposed it to the people. But they firmly and disdainfully refused to go on by any other road than that originally suggested. It was then that Mr. Lawless mounted a horse and fled from the crowd. The Rev. Mr. M'Donough then mounted the driver's seat of the carriage, and succeeded in persuading the people to proceed to Balintra Chapel, in the parish of Ballybay, where they held their meeting constitutionally, and were addressed by

Mr. Teeling, author of the "Narrative of the Irish Rebellion," Rev. Mr. Tierney, repeal martyr, Rev. Mr. Oscar, and others.

It appeared, by General Thornton's despatches to the Marquis of Anglesey, that the majority of his men would have joined Mr. Lawless that day, had there been a conflict.

While society in the north exhibited these portentous features, the south presented a convulsed aspect, not less alarming to the government than to the Catholic Association. The custom of family or faction-fighting, a barbaric remnant of the old feudal warfare, had unhappily lingered among a portion of the people of the south and the west of Ireland. Certain chiefs of ancient families kept up the border strife of by-gone ages, though lands, castles, tributes, and titles, — all that could dignify so rude a practice, — had long since been seized by the foreign despoiler. These clan-battles, like the people, had degenerated in every thing but physical impulse, and had become a foul scrofula on the national character. The influence of religion could not subdue, nor the angry law suppress them. These faction-fights at fairs, markets, and even at places of worship, were food for the police, magistrates, jailers, and lawyers. The Catholic Association looked on these disgraceful and brutal battles with pain, and saw in them one chief source of national weakness, one chief source of English domination.

With a view to reconcile these maniac factions to each other, to heal the bleeding wounds of his country, O'Connell addressed them on the folly and mischief of their senseless proceedings. He showed them that they strengthened the arm of foreign oppression, and weakened his own; and he followed up this address by establishing a new "order" in Ireland, which he denominated the *Order of Pacificators*. The members of this order were to take upon themselves to reconcile all contending factions with each other, to establish peace and unity in every direction. The Catholic clergy became members of this order, and exerted themselves every where to carry its beneficent intentions into effect. O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele were installed "head pacificators" of Ireland, and were despatched as delegates to such districts as were most disgraced by those senseless contentions. No men could be better fitted for this enterprise. Combining in the configuration of their persons the outlines of guerilla chieftains, eloquent in their address, fiery in the denunciation of Ireland's enemies, fearless in the exposition of the principles of freedom, and gloriously triumphant in their late contest in the county Clare, they were every where hailed with acclamation. Opposing factions melted into one people at their approach. The leaders

of deadly opponents shook hands before the altars of religion in presence of these ambassadors of peace, and in presence of the priests of their religion. In a few weeks the whole of Tipperary was pacified, and the delegates proceeded under orders from the association to other parts of Ireland. It may truly be said that, in the course of half a year, a perfect reconciliation and a general forgiveness of all old animosities were effected through Ireland.

From this general peace a new order of things arose. The people every where believed that all this peaceful preparation was intended to be followed by a general revolution, whenever O'Connell deemed his time arrived. They could not comprehend O'Connell's policy, nor see any way of opening the Gordian knot but one — namely, cutting it with the sword. Assuming this to be the secret intent of O'Connell, notwithstanding he had so frequently and emphatically denied it, — a denial, however, which they looked on as necessary to the success of his enterprise, and anticipating an outbreak as inevitable, — the Tipperary men, in order to be first and most distinguished in the coming war, marshalled their countless thousands in military processions, which were preceded by bands, directed by officers, and moved in martial array, to the beat of music and the bold voice of command. The various officers in these peasant armies were decorated with scarfs and sashes of green calico. One house in Cork supplied six hundred pounds' (three thousand dollars') worth of calico for this purpose. Although these processions were conducted with order and peace, they were exceedingly embarrassing to O'Connell, from which he was at last relieved by a proclamation from Lord Anglesey, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, directed against all public processions, whether orange or green.

Ere we come to the grand closing scene of Catholic agitation, it is necessary that the reader should know something of the secret workings, at this period, of the British government in Ireland.

From the appointment of the Marquis Wellesley to the lord lieutenancy of Ireland, in 1822, some little change in the government of the country followed. The Orangemen and Catholics had, during King George the Fourth's visit, entered into an apparent reconciliation, and pledged themselves to future brotherly love. And though Sir Abraham Bradley King, one of the Orange chiefs, soon after the monarch's departure, "flung off his surtout" of conciliation, as he termed it, and disclosed the naked Orangeman again, treating "conciliation" as a humbug, yet the Catholics adhered to their pledge of moderation, toleration, and patience. Lord Wellesley, who had been sent to Ireland to carry

out unequal laws with an equal hand, did considerable in breaking the neck of the Orange party. He discountenanced party badges and customs, prevented the annual decoration of King William, married a Papist lady, (the granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton,) suffered her to go to a Popish mass house in state, and entertained occasionally a Catholic bishop and a Catholic chaplain at his table.

It is true that Lord Wellesley was coerced and governed by his secretary, Mr. Goulburn, and he, in turn, by the under-secretary, Mr. Gregory, who was in eternal correspondence with all the Orange magistrates and officials of Ireland. Yet his lordship deserves the merit of *beginning* a system of equity, in the government of Ireland, which, for its novelty and its after consequences, deserves to be gratefully remembered.

On Mr. Canning's elevation to the premier's chair, a change in the Irish government followed. Lord Anglesey was sent to Ireland in the room of Lord Wellesley. The new lord lieutenant was a soldier; the retiring nobleman was a diplomatist. Lord Anglesey had served in all the Continental wars, against Napoleon, as a cavalry commander, and at Waterloo lost a leg by a cannon-ball, while leading a charge. He was the bosom friend of the Duke of Wellington, the idol of the army, and the proclaimed enemy of the Catholics. On the Catholic debate, in 1825, he declared, in the house of lords, he would never consent that the Catholics should have power, and that with ten thousand men he would undertake to overrun Ireland, and reduce the agitators to the quietude of the conquered. In this rash boast he was sustained by the rasher oath of the Duke of York. And yet he was the warm friend of the Catholics in 1803, and quitted some minor office in the government with Mr. Pitt. In the course of time, and under the influence of association, he abandoned these liberal opinions, and joined the enemies of religious liberty. He took office, in 1826, from Canning, the most eloquent champion of Catholic emancipation, and was willing to carry into effect, in Ireland, a new order of government.

Before he proceeded to Ireland to undertake the responsible duty of her government, in the performance of which so many great men had previously failed, he invited to his residence in London some leading men of all parties. He learned and reflected on the opinions of every man worth consulting. He commenced with his bosom friend, the Duke of Wellington, who was then seated in the Horse-Guards, the commander-in-chief of the English army. He had an interview with the king, and received from monarch and from minister full powers to govern Ireland according to the circumstances which should arise. Invested

with this unprecedented authority, Lord Anglesey proceeded to Ireland with a new secretary, Lord Leveson Gower, and a new sub-secretary, Colonel Gossett. He was determined to see every thing with his own eyes, and order every thing himself, and be, in reality, the "chief and general governor of Ireland," according to the terms of his title and patent.

The Orangemen considering him their friend, the Catholics treated him as an enemy; but both parties soon changed their opinions. His lordship's answers to the various corporate addresses on his arrival, soon disclosed his high-minded and disinterested intentions. He made himself acquainted with men of every party; those the most opposed in politics met at his table, and were mutually surprised to find how well they could agree.

One of Lord Anglesey's guests deserves our notice, from the patriotic associations connected with his name — I mean Lord Cloncurry. During the troubles of 1798 to 1803, this Protestant nobleman distinguished himself as the enemy of the Beresford faction, which, more than any other of the ascendant families of Ireland, superinduced the bloody persecutions of that time. Lord Cloncurry was seized, on the information of some castle leech, and cast into the Tower of London, as a "dangerous man." The constitution was, at this time, suspended, and the drum-head and curfew law alone prevailed. Lord Cloncurry, as I have mentioned elsewhere, was confined in the Tower for two years, denied a trial, unacquainted with the charge against him, refused the use of pen, ink, or paper: his friends were denied access, and in the end he was discharged without any investigation, and, owing to the *indemnity act*, passed in favor of ministers, debarred of any redress. From that time ever after, Lord Cloncurry was deemed by the Orange party a rebel; by the Catholics, a martyr and a patriot.

The Marquis of Anglesey selected Lord Cloncurry for a constant and convivial friend. He consulted him upon almost all matters connected with the government of the country, and most of his measures partook of the hue of Cloncurry's opinions. Lord Cloncurry was not only openly in favor of Catholic emancipation, but of a repeal of the union. At one period he wanted O'Connell to suspend the *Catholic* agitation, and raise the national agitation for repeal.

Such was the lord lieutenant of Ireland, on the accession of the Duke of Wellington to the premier's chair of England. He was the personal friend of the premier. He had kept Ireland in good temper, and the duke was disposed to continue him in the office. Lord Anglesey be-

came convinced, before he was six months in Ireland, that Catholic emancipation must soon be conceded, or worse would happen. He made no secret of this in his despatches to the home office. The Clare election, and the symptoms of disaffection exhibited by the troops, convinced Lord Anglesey that all further resistance to those claims was not only futile, but worse than madness. He emphatically communicated those his opinions to the Duke of Wellington. His excellency's sons, the Pagets, had repeatedly visited the Catholic Association, accompanied by distinguished Englishmen, to listen to the eloquence of its members; and a well-founded opinion prevailed through Ireland that the marquis himself was decidedly friendly to the Catholic leaders.

The language of O'Connell, Sheil, Lawless, O'Gorman Mahon, Steele, Barrett, Wyse, and other leaders in the association was of the highest order. Lord Anglesey refused to interfere with them, and their souls breathed forth the majestic language of freemen. They felt already as if emancipated, for they saw in their organization and their victories, in their peace and in their unity, a combination which no government could suppress. To coerce them was impossible: concession was the only dissolvent of their power. They felt all this, and they spoke it. Their eloquence partook of the courage and confidence of their hearts. It was a continuous emission of purest flame from the human soul, before the altar of liberty. It ascended high in the view of nations. Admiring worshippers came from afar, guided by the illumined horizon, that overhung the Corn Exchange. O'Connell and Sheil were justly deemed the living realization of Demosthenes and Cicero; the first, powerful, denunciatory, and moving; the second, polished, sarcastic, and irresistible: both were the united champions of a suffering people; — unequalled, throughout Europe, in the highest order of eloquence.

These, with a hundred other bright appendages of a conquering cause, attracted the gaze of admiring nations. It was not in Ireland alone, or in Britain, that surprise and sympathy were evoked. On the banks of the Ganges and the Siene, the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, there were men who felt the burning glow of admiration for her patriots, and enthusiasm for her cause. The British army was infected with her fever, and millions of her own peasantry were prepared to die for her liberty.

The association now met on Mondays and Thursdays, and the Catholic rent was coming in at the rate of a thousand pounds a week — the original estimate of O'Connell. Reporters from the London press occu-



pied permanent seats at its meetings, and two reporters from the government were in regular attendance, to catch any stray word which could possibly be construed into prosecutable treason.

O'Connell, for some months after the Clare election, had attended the association. His position was truly anomalous: he was an elected member of the British parliament, but had not yet taken his seat. He was in no hurry, notwithstanding all the taunts of cowardice, and so forth, from the Orange press: he seemed determined to "bide his time." He used his franking privileges like any other parliament man, and was humorously designated, by the opposite party, "the titular member for Clare." He had not yet appeared at the speaker's table to take the oaths, and his seat; nor did parliament appear inclined to summon him to its councils. Both parties seemed to pause: it was the pause like that in battle, which precedes the fiercest rencounter.

In the midst of this political calm, the great neutral aristocracy of the land, who had kept aloof from the Catholic Association, on the one side, and the Brunswick clubs on the other, woke up. They saw the two great parties of the country arrayed in fierce hostility against each other, and they saw that nothing could save them from a civil war but a settlement of the Catholic claims, upon some principle or other. The heads of this aristocracy were consulted. It was agreed that the most effectual way to manifest their sentiments to the king and the nation, was by a declaration of those sentiments, in respectful language, addressed to his majesty. This "declaration" was accordingly drawn, and the signatures of a powerful array of wealthy and dignified men were procured to it. The gentlemen who were most prominent and industrious in obtaining these signatures were Sir Charles Morgan, the husband of "Lady Morgan," Mr. Pierce Mahony, the eminent solicitor, the Reverend Edward Groves, a Protestant clergyman, and Henry Arabin, the present lord mayor of Dublin.\* A meeting of those declarationists was held in the Rotunda, at which the Duke of Leinster presided. The declaration was read, and it was found to contain the signatures of two dukes, seven marquises, twenty-seven earls, eleven viscounts, twenty-two barons, two counts, twenty-two baronets, fifty-two members of the house of commons, and upwards of two thousand gentlemen of the highest mercantile and landed station. This document was transmitted to the Duke of Wellington, by his grace of Leinster, for presentation to the king. The military premier returned a very laconic note, merely acknowledging the receipt of a *tin case*, but not so much as adverting to its contents.

\* Anno 1845.

In the course of a few days after this, the public were surprised by the appearance, in the public prints, of a letter from the Duke of Wellington to the Most Rev. Dr. Curtis, the Catholic primate of Ireland, in which, clothed in ambiguous words, a gleam of hope was offered to the Catholics. It is true they were desired by his grace to "bury their claims in oblivion," and rely upon the growing intelligence of the age. This letter made a world of noise. O'Connell refused to bury the question in oblivion. The primate sent the duke's letter to the Marquis of Anglesey, who wrote, in reply, a letter remarkable for its avoidance of all diplomatic phraseology, in which his excellency recommended the Catholics to persevere in their "constitutional agitation," and concluded by the significant admonition to be found in the following words: "*Agitate, agitate, agitate.*" This letter was sent, under the seal of the strictest privacy, to Dr. Curtis. In the mean time, the ministry determined on recalling the Marquis of Anglesey. When the letter for his recall arrived in Dublin, he felt himself at perfect liberty to speak his mind, and he accordingly gave Dr. Curtis permission to publish his remarkable and ever since celebrated letter. The sentences of this letter were committed to memory, and repeated, by the Catholic orators. They formed apt texts for the public writers. The letters of the duke and the marquis — the first an ambiguous text, the second a liberal commentary — soon produced a remarkable agitation in the public mind. The Catholics were raised to the highest pitch of expectation. In the parliamentary session of 1827, their emancipation was carried in the house of commons by a majority of six, but lost in the lords by a majority of forty-four. A question so near its triumph must not be thrown back; yet the recall of the Marquis of Anglesey looked like the precursor of a hostile movement. The Brunswick clubs and their organs became ferocious in language, and altogether it was a trying crisis to the Irish Catholics.

The Duke of Wellington, having surveyed all his ground, found that he must carry the Catholic bill through the house of lords, or carry a war into Ireland. Should he succeed in the former, he saved the empire a revolution, and insured the permanency of his own income of fifty thousand pounds a year. Should he adopt a civil war, with an army disaffected, and the masses of England and France dissatisfied, there was no calculating the consequences. He chose the wiser alternative.

#### THE DUKE RESOLVED TO EMANCIPATE THE CATHOLICS.

It would take very many pages, which I have not at command, to describe the excitement, the commotion, the shifting of public opinion, the

intrigues, the cabals, the uproar, which now filled all England. "The duke is mad!" says one; "The duke 's a traitor!" says another; "A coward!" cried a third. The Marquis of Winchelsea called him some offensive name, and said he acted disgracefully, which produced a hostile meeting between the noble personages, at which one round only was fired, the Marquis of Winchelsea firing in the air, and expressing sorrow for having used the objectionable language.

The ever-memorable parliamentary session of 1829 opened on the sixth of February, and all the world was surprised by the contents of the king's speech, which recommended the favorable consideration of the Catholic claims, with a view to their final adjustment. The Catholic Association, and all other political associations, were to be suppressed by special enactment, and the franchise of the forty-shilling freeholders was to be abolished. The duke was determined, as he expressed it, to *legislate*, and not negotiate; and therefore none of the Catholic advocates were consulted by his grace, on the principles or details of his measures.

O'Connell, accompanied by sixty-three delegates, and a great number of friends, had come to London, for the purpose of formally taking his seat in parliament. Great were the rumors, great the suspicions and excitement of the hour. The English Catholics, consisting at that time of about a million, were a cold-hearted, stoical set of slaves. Some of the brightest names of England adorned their ranks; a *Norfolk* and a *Shrewsbury* were among them, but they moved in such an aristocratic gait, that their feeble appeals for justice were never accounted any thing by any ministry. On O'Connell's arrival in London, they crowded round him with their adulatory congratulations.

Very soon after the opening of parliament, Mr. Secretary Peel brought the Catholic relief bill into the house of commons — that very Peel, who, not quite eleven months before, declared his unchanged hostility to them and their freedom. On the 10th of May, 1828, Mr. Peel, in his place in parliament, speaking in reference to the Catholic claims, had "ranked himself among those in whose minds no disposition to change existed, but who rather found their original belief strengthened by consideration." In April, 1829, he brought the bill for their emancipation into the house of commons! The consternation among the tory circles of England is not to be described. Mr. Peel was viewed from every side as a traitor, and assailed with the most opprobrious epithets; and it was ludicrous to hear him declare, in his own defence, that *necessity alone* compelled him to join in emancipating the Catholics.

While those debates in parliament were going on, symptoms of a conflict quite different in character were observable in Ireland. The following, from the London Times, will explain:—

“A most serious affray between the rifle brigade of the sixtieth regiment and the thirty-sixth regiment has taken place in Limerick. The quarrel originated in a dispute about O’Connell and the Clare election. The thirty-sixth declared for O’Connell; and after a furious contest in the streets of Limerick, in which much blood was spilt, and it is apprehended some lives were lost, the thirty-sixth were declared the victors. The war-cry of the sixtieth was, ‘Bloody Papists!’ of the thirty-sixth, ‘O’Connell forever!’ You will see contradictory accounts of this affray in the Limerick papers, but they concur in stating that a man belonging to the sixtieth was the original assailant; and it has been mentioned, I know not with what truth, that, notwithstanding the *esprit de corps* prevalent in the army, a number of the sixtieth, who are Catholics, refused to join their companions. This is one of the consequences of the policy which decided on another Clare election. A moiety of the soldiers, indeed — I have heard three fourths — now in Ireland, are Catholics and Irishmen. Even the greater part of the Highland regiments, it is well known, belong to this country. They have manifestly been inoculated with the feelings of those among whom they live, and from whom they were taken; they experience the disorder of that enthusiasm with which the political atmosphere of this country, and particularly of the south, is at this moment charged. I repeat it: if such occurrences as those of Limerick and Carrick-on-Suir (where the very esteemed vicar, Mr. Grady, lost his life) had taken place before the relief bill passed, consequences might have followed which a man of the stoutest nerve might shudder to contemplate.” — *Times*, June 23, 1829.

Symptoms such as these were not to be disregarded. The Duke of Wellington having made up his mind to carry the Catholic bill through both houses, or to resign, proceeded in a very summary way to deal with all opponents of the measure who held office or dignity under the crown. One of the Beresford family, who held the office of master of the ordnance, and a seat in the house of commons, intimated to the duke that he could not conscientiously vote for the Catholics. His grace replied, with his usual brevity, that Lord Beresford might vote as he pleased, but that the master of the ordnance should vote for the government measure. Innumerable petitions were got up, in various parts of England, against the Catholic bill; but the duke, being determined to settle the question, treated them with the coolest indifference. The English people were roused to petition against the bill, by bigoted appeals to their prejudices. The tables of both houses of parliament were loaded with petitions; but the government and crown truly calculated the consequences of rejecting the bill, and therefore treated those petitions as waste paper. The Catholic bill was carried through both houses, and received the royal assent, in three weeks from the day it was first introduced!

Sir Robert Peel carried the bill through the commons, on the third reading, by a majority of three hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty. This took place on the 13th of April, 1829. The bill for disfranchising the forty-shilling freeholders, which had been withdrawn in 1825, was also introduced by the minister. O'Connell, who, in 1825, was totally unaware of the heroic metal of which the forty-shilling freeholders were made, — for, since 1793, they had been driven to the polls like sheep to a market, by their landlords, — now viewed them as the saviors of their country. He accordingly drew up a protest against the bill for their disfranchisement, which was signed by the remaining sixty-three delegates, on behalf of the Irish Catholics, and which set forth their unwillingness to accept emancipation on the condition of their political annihilation. This petition was disregarded by the ministry, their reply being, "*they would legislate, but not negotiate.*"

The question was introduced about the same time into the house of lords, by the Duke of Wellington. The lords had hitherto been an impassible barrier to the progress of Catholic emancipation. Several times it had passed the commons, but in the lords it uniformly encountered an immovable resistance. The greatest difficulty of the minister was to drive it through their lordships' house. The Duke of Wellington felt this, and, having alarmed the king for the safety of the empire, and obtained from his majesty a pledge to create a sufficient number of new peers to outvote his opponents, should they be required, he proceeded with confidence in the work of emancipation.

His grace's speech upon that occasion was not a little extraordinary. It confessed the power of moral agitation; it admitted the inability of the physical resources of England to cope with it; it disclosed the genius of British government, which cannot be just till influenced by fear. A few extracts from that memorable speech deserve a place here, being at once curious and instructive. The Duke of Wellington, on moving the second reading of the Catholic relief bill, in the house of lords, on the 2d of April, 1829, remarked, —

"There had been an organization of the people — a considerable organization of the people — for purposes of mischief. This organization he might take to be proved, not only by the declarations of those who formed it, but likewise by the effects which it had produced on the elections of churchwardens throughout the country; in the circumstances which attended the election for the county of Clare last year; in the circumstances which followed that election; in the proceedings of a gentleman who went at the head of a body of men into the north of Ireland; in the simultaneous proceedings of various bodies of men at Thurles, Clonmell, Templemore, and other places; in the proceedings of another gentleman in the

King's county; and in the recall of the former gentleman from the north of Ireland by the Catholic Association. In all those circumstances, it was obvious to him that there was an organization of the people, and that they were directed by some superior authority." \* \* \*

"In the last autumn, the Roman Catholic Association was called upon to deliberate on the propriety of adopting measures for ceasing all dealings between Roman Catholics and Protestants. Was it possible to believe, supposing that this measure had been carried into execution, *which he firmly believed was in the power of those that deliberated on it to have effected — was it possible to believe that those who could thus cease their dealings, would not likewise have ceased to carry into execution the contracts into which they had entered?* Would any man say, that people in that situation were not verging towards a state in which it would be impossible to expect from them, that they would be able to perform the duties of jurymen, and to administer justice between man and man, for the protection of the lives and property of his majesty's subjects? This was a state of society to which he wished to direct their lordships' attention, and for which he asserted it was necessary parliament should provide a remedy.

"Before he proceeded to consider what that remedy should be, he wished just to show their lordships what effect this state of society had upon the king's prerogative. His majesty could not create a peer, and the reason why he could not was this: his majesty's servants could not venture to recommend to *him to incur the risk of an election in another part of the country*, at which accidents might occur that would lead to the shedding of blood, which *might have led to an instantaneous civil war in the country*. That was the principal reason why ministers could not advise his majesty to exercise his prerogative in the creation of a peer: but he confessed that he had also another reason — he felt the strongest objection to give *another triumph* to the Roman Catholic Association. They were told, 'Why not carry the law into execution?' Why, their lordships would observe, that, in all he had stated hitherto, *there had been no resistance to the law*. The *magistrates were not called upon to act*. There was no *resistance to the king's troops*; indeed, except in the case of the procession to the north of Ireland, they were never called *into duty*. There was no instance, therefore, in which the *law could be carried into execution*. When he heard gentlemen reproach government for not carrying the law into execution in Ireland as it was carried into execution in England, he must say their observations showed that they did not *understand the state of things in Ireland*. It was true the law *was carried into execution in England in 1819*.\* [!] There were then large bodies of people assembled *for illegal purposes*; they *resisted the orders of the magistrates directing them to disperse*, and having resisted these orders, the magistrates called *on the troops to disperse them*. In the recent cases, no orders were given to the people to disperse. No orders had been given, because *no magistrates appeared*; and if the orders had been given, *there were no troops to disperse them*." \* \* \*

"Supposing parliament had given government a bill to put down the Roman Catholic Association, — even such a bill as they had passed this year, — would that be a remedy for the state of things which he had already described as existing in Ireland? Would it, he asked, do any one thing towards putting an end to the

\* His grace alluded to the Manchester Massacre.

mischievous consequences of that organization? Would it do any thing towards giving the means of getting a better state of things? But it was said, 'If this will not do, let us proceed to blows.' What he supposed to be meant by 'blows' was civil war. He believed that every government must be prepared to carry into execution the law of the country by the force placed at its disposal, (not by the military force, unless it were absolutely necessary,) in case the disaffected or ill-disposed be inclined to resist the sentences of the law and authority; but in this case, he had already stated, *there was no resistance to the law*. There was nothing that could be called resistance to the law; and he might go further, and say he was positively certain that this state of things, bordering on civil war, and being attended with all the evils of civil war, — the state of things which had existed in Ireland during the last year and a half, might have continued a considerable time longer, to the injury and disgrace of the country; and nevertheless those who managed this state of things — those who were at its head — would have taken care to prevent any resistance to the law, which must have ended, they knew as well as he did, in the only way in which a struggle against the king's government, backed by law, could terminate. They knew that they would have been the first victims, in case of resistance being offered to the execution of the law; but knowing that, being *sensible* and *able men*, and perfectly aware of the materials with which they were working, this state of things might have existed for years without government having an opportunity of *putting it down in the way which some noble lords wished*. He would say, however, that supposing he was certain of possessing such a means of putting down this state of things, he should have considered it his duty to avoid resorting to them.

"He had probably passed a longer period of his life in the occupation of war than most men, and principally, he might say, in civil war; and he must say this, that, if he could avoid by any sacrifice, even that of his life, one month of civil war in a country to which he was attached, he would cheerfully make it. *There was nothing which destroyed property and the resources of prosperity in the same degree as civil war*. The hand of man was raised against his neighbor, of brother against brother, of father against father; the servant betrayed his master, and the whole scene ended in confusion and devastation. This was the resource to which government must have looked; this was the last resource to which they could have looked for putting an end to the existing state of things in Ireland, if they had not made the option of bringing forward the measure before their lordships, for which he was responsible." \* \* \*

"Having now explained to their lordships the grounds on which this measure was brought forward; the state of Ireland; the inconvenience *attending the continued agitation of the question; the difficulty, nay, the impossibility of finding any other remedy for the state of things in Ireland*; the state of public opinion on the question; the divisions of the government and of the parliament thereon; the pretences, — for so he must call them, — which had been urged against the claims of the Catholics, founded on acts passed previous to the revolution; — having stated likewise the provisions of the measure which he proposed as a remedy for all those inconveniences, he would trouble their lordships no further, except by beseeching them to consider the subject with that coolness, moderation, and temper, recommended in the speech from the throne."

The bill, after several days' discussion, passed the house of lords by

a majority of two hundred and thirteen to one hundred and nine, and on the 13th of April, 1829, received the royal assent.

And thus, after the repeated declarations of the tory leaders, Peel and Wellington, for several years previous, against the Catholic claims, notwithstanding the hostility of the king and all his brothers, save the philanthropic Sussex,—this great question, urged by O'Connell's superhuman power, at length completely triumphed. A few months before the Clare election, the Duke of Wellington, writing to Lord Anglesey, alluded, in the following passage, to the king's hostility to emancipation, in reply to the frequent suggestions so warmly urged by the noble marquis for the settlement of those claims: "The Catholic question is a *subject which the king never hears or speaks of without being disturbed.*" The duke frequently admitted that his efforts to obtain the king's consent were repeated, urgent, but ineffectual, until a few days before parliament assembled. And "thus," remarks the eminent Protestant writer Huish, "thus had Mr. O'Connell and his association, as representing the united voice of Catholic Ireland, and of the liberal Protestants, changed, in one year, a majority of forty-four against them, in the lords, to one hundred and five in their favor. *Fear* was found to argue more powerfully in Downing Street and St. James's Palace than conscience. The friends of the cause could not pass a relief bill when the Catholics petitioned; but their enemies carried the bill with alacrity when they showed their power."

With the act of Catholic emancipation cut and ready in his hand, and already almost passed through parliament, it will surprise posterity to find that the duke and his government opposed Mr. O'Connell's entry into the house of commons.

That opposition was little. Having resolved on emancipating seven millions of Irish and English Catholics, the exclusion of the chief man of the body from the enjoyment of his well-earned privilege and dignity was a miserable ingredient in a great measure of enfranchisement. Yet, so it was. A factious opposition was offered to O'Connell by that government which had resolved on emancipating his countrymen — an opposition which took from the great measure all the grace of concession, and rendered it plain to the living, as it will be to the unborn, that the mighty chief of Ireland wrung the freedom of his country from the reluctant heart of the conqueror of Napoleon.

A petition had been lodged by certain voters of Clare against Mr. O'Connell's return. A committee of the house was appointed to try its validity. A long legal debate was entered on, principally rest-



ing on the innumerable technical weaknesses of the several acts that referred to the oaths required to be taken by members of parliament. These "loop-holes" in the law were pointed out by O'Connell himself, in a very able address, directed to the members of the house of commons. Able English lawyers entered on a pamphlet discussion, taking opposite sides on the question "whether O'Connell, as member for Clare, could, or not, take his seat in the house of commons, without subscribing the objectionable oaths." Meantime, the committee finally reported to the house by its chairman, Lord William Russell, (brother to Lord John Russell,) that Daniel O'Connell was duly returned.

The next grand step in this important drama was the ceremony of Daniel O'Connell taking his seat as member for Clare. Excitement was at its highest pitch. The 15th of May, 1829, was the day fixed for the interesting ceremony. The house of commons was besieged in the forenoon by the aristocracy of England. They had all heard a great deal about O'Connell; but, before this moment, few of them had ever had an opportunity of seeing or hearing him. Their anxiety to be present was boundless. A member's "order" to admit a fair auditor to the house was, on this day, a most desirable privilege.

When the members assembled at four o'clock, and when the speaker rose to "request that the member to be sworn would be pleased to come to the table and take the oaths," a thrilling sensation swept through the house. The stillness of death was on them, and every eye was turned towards the bar, through which the representative of Catholic Ireland must enter. The aristocracy of England had long made up their minds, from the sketches of him presented in the tory press, as to the sort of person O'Connell must be—a coarse, vulgar, noisy demagogue, a sort of Henry Hunt, with a strong brogue. He entered leaning on the arms of two noble lords, Ebrington and Dungannon—one of England, the other of Ireland. His carriage from the bar to the speaker's table was grace and dignity personified. O'Connell's air, naturally that of the chieftain, was softened, on this occasion, to a combination of the majestic and the courtly. He took the peeresses of England by surprise. The glance of his penetrating blue eyes, and the graceful combination of smile and dimple in his expressive face, instantly revolutionized their opinion. Well might the poetic beauties of Britain exclaim with Shakspeare,

"See what a grace is seated on his brow!  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself!  
An eye like Mars', to threaten and command;

A station, like the herald Mercury  
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;  
 A combination and a form, indeed,  
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man ! ”

When he approached the table to be sworn, the clerk of the house handed him the pasteboard card on which the *old* oath of abjuration and supremacy, averring the Catholic religion to be idolatrous and damnable, was printed. O'Connell took the card, read it aloud, and handed it back with ineffable scorn, remarking, in an audible and indignant tone, “ *I refuse to take this oath, because there is some portion of it which I do not believe to be true, and another portion of it which I know to be false !* ” This reply being communicated to the speaker, that functionary rose and declared that the honorable gentleman at the table having refused to take the oaths prescribed to members of that house, but offering to take the oath prescribed by the recent relief act for Roman Catholic members, which, as the said act had not come into operation at the time of the honorable gentleman's election, he, the speaker, conceived that he could not have the benefit of ; it therefore became his duty to state to the honorable gentleman that he must withdraw.

O'Connell bowed politely to the speaker, and retired backwards, bowing to the members on either side, as he left the body of the house, and took a place on the back benches.

The house, during all this time, was quite still, but, on the honorable member's withdrawal, became tumultuous. Brougham rose to demand that Mr. O'Connell be heard in his own behalf on his right to sit in that house as member for Clare. Peel was the first to oppose the proposition. A long debate ensued, remarkable only for the ignorance displayed by the speakers as to the proper mode of treating the novel case before them. Some were for admitting O'Connell to address them from the *speaker's table*, others from without the *bar*, and very many were averse to his being heard at all. When all the leading speakers of parliament had exhausted their lungs and their ideas, the speaker then put the question, “ Is it the pleasure of this house that Mr. O'Connell be called in ? ” which having been carried in the affirmative, the honorable member soon afterwards advanced to the bar, and was then addressed in the following terms by the speaker : “ Mr. O'Connell, the house has resolved that you shall be heard at the bar, either by yourself, your counsel, or agent, in respect of your claim to sit and vote in parliament without taking the oath of supremacy.”

Mr. O'Connell: "I cannot, sir, help feeling some apprehension when I state that I am very ignorant of the forms of this house, and therefore that I shall require much indulgence from you, if, in what I am about to say, I should happen, by any thing that may fall from me, to violate them. I claim my right to sit and vote in this house, as the representative of the county of Clare, without taking the oath of supremacy. I am ready to take the oath of allegiance provided by the recent statute, which was passed for the relief of his majesty's Roman Catholic subjects. My desire is to have that oath administered to me, and of course I must be prepared to show that I am qualified in point of property; and whether the house thinks I can take the oath or not, if I am required to take both, I am willing, at my own hazard, to sit and vote in the house. My right is in its own nature complete. I have been returned as duly elected by the proper officer. It appears by that return that I had a great majority of the county of Clare who voted for my return. That return has since been discussed in a committee of this house, and has been confirmed by the unanimous decision of that committee. I have as much right to sit and vote in this house, according to the principles of the constitution, as any of the honorable or right honorable gentlemen by whom I am surrounded. I am a representative of the people, and on their election I claim the right of exercising the powers with which their election has invested me."

Mr. O'Connell then continued, for better than two hours, a most eloquent and argumentative speech, in which familiarity with history, legal knowledge, euphonious and appropriate language, were combined. His majestic person, graceful action, and melodious intonation, charmed and astonished the house. At the conclusion of his speech there was a general burst of applause, and it was several minutes before the remarks of members and the buzz of excitement could be subdued by the repeated cries of "order" from the speaker.

The solicitor-general of England was the first to obtain a hearing in opposition to O'Connell's claim. I insert the few opening sentences of his speech, as evidence of the impression which the chief of Ireland produced even on his enemies.

"The honorable member for Clare having now withdrawn from the bar of the house, after stating his claim to the right of sitting and voting, without taking the oaths of supremacy and abjuration, with that degree of ability which we expected from so distinguished a member of his profession, I trust the house will permit me to say that the temper which he has shown *does him great credit as a man and a gentleman.*

It now becomes the duty of this house, first to discuss and deliberate on the question on which he has addressed us at the bar, and then to come to some determination upon it; and I am sure that all the members of this house will make an endeavor to do so without any thoughts of party feeling, as this is a question that justly deserves to be considered as one strictly judicial."

Another long debate now ensued, the result of which was a majority against the admission of Mr. O'Connell, and the issue of a writ for a new election in the county Clare. The proceedings of parliament on this question are very long, but would be lumber in such a work as this. O'Connell was unseated. He addressed the Clare men in a spirited letter of considerable length, called on them to return again to the glorious field of moral combat, and reëlect him as their representative, when he would devote every energy, every capacity of his mind and body, to carry out all the pledges which he ever made.

An aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland was called on Mr. O'Connell's return to Dublin, a sum of five thousand pounds of the Catholic rent was appropriated to the new election, and great public rejoicings took place in Ireland. A revision in the Clare constituency was had, by which the panel of the franchise was considerably diminished; but when the day for a new election came, O'Connell found no opponent in the field. He was returned without opposition, and with little expense. His journey from Ennis to Dublin, about one hundred and twenty miles, was one continued triumphal procession. It was a day of glory to Ireland,—one that marks an epoch in her history.

DANIEL O'CONNELL took his seat in the British house of commons, as member for Clare, on the first day of the session of 1830, and was the first Catholic who had sat in the English or Irish parliament for the previous one hundred and forty-five years. His subsequent career in that parliament has been marked by the characteristic strife which for centuries marked the struggles of the two nations. The tory members combined against him. They first tried to sneer him down, then cough and bellow him down, then to threaten and bully, and lastly they obtained the coöperation of the reporters and the press to misrepresent his speeches; yet he triumphed over all. He compelled a respectful hearing for his country in the foreign senate, and, if Heaven spares him a few years longer to his countrymen, he will most certainly obtain for them a national parliament perfectly independent of English influence.

## THE COMPATRIOTS OF O'CONNELL IN THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

The reader may desire, at this stage of the narrative, to learn something of the men who assisted O'Connell in effecting this bloodless revolution in the very heart and stronghold of the British government. There were not more than some ten or a dozen principal individuals who worked the Catholic Association — who affected the public will.

I give their names as they occur to me: RICHARD LALOR SHEIL, Right Rev. JAMES DOYLE, JOHN LAWLESS, HENRY GRATAN, MAURICE O'CONNELL, THOMAS WYSE, O'GORMAN MAHON, THOMAS STEELE, RICHARD BARRETT, MICHAEL STAUNTON.

I shall say a few, a very few words, upon each of those distinguished men, some of whom live and labor for Ireland, and some are in a better world; but all of whom shall be enshrined in the amber of immortal history by their connection with O'Connell and Catholic agitation.

### RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

Mr. Sheil was born within four miles of Waterford, on the Kilkenny side of the Suir. He is the son of a respectable Catholic gentleman, and received a part of his education in the Jesuits' school in Kensington, near London. He subsequently went to the celebrated English ecclesiastical college of Stonyhurst, in Lancashire. He was intended for the priesthood; but his mind and his destiny changed in the progress of years, and he selected the profession of the law. During his school days, he made the acquaintance of many of the first Catholic families in England. At about eighteen years of age he entered Trinity College, during the gloomy period that succeeded Emmet's fall.

His walks through the classic halls of Trinity College, it is said, fired his young mind with ambition. Inhabiting the same rooms once inhabited by Swift, by Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, Curran, Moore, and Emmet, — reading the authors which they loved to study, nay, the self-same books, — filled his heart with the glory which they won, and fired him with a resolve to imitate their patriotism. To the Irish bar he turned with aspiring confidence. It was the theatre on which he hoped to win a brilliant fame, if not a brilliant fortune. About 1811 he "entered his terms," as it is called, with the intent of passing four years,

according to custom, in company with Coke and Blackstone. While wrapped in the murky studies of the law, he found time to cultivate dramatic composition; and, while yet a beardless youth, produced his first tragedy, "Adelaide," which the Kembles brought forward at Covent Garden with great success. About the same time, he appeared on the stage of Catholic agitation, a fervent orator, rushing from the temple of the law to the assemblies of the people. Welcomed by the applauding hands of excited assemblies, he conjured them by memories of the past, and animated them with prophetic visions of the future. He was considered a surprising youth; and wherever he appeared, the voice of fame went before him, and his countrymen welcomed him with an instinctive hope.

In 1815, the great question of the veto divided the Catholic body. Mr. Sheil took opposite sides to O'Connell. This naturally produced a bitter controversy between those eminent men; but O'Connell, taking the national and popular side of the question, and Sheil the aristocratic, the former triumphed. Sheil then withdrew from the Catholic agitation, and did not again return to it till 1823, when, having accidentally met O'Connell at the table of Mr. Fitzsimons, in the county Wicklow, a reconciliation took place, and a new compact of agitation was formed. Sheil had then been six or seven years at the bar, and had distinguished himself as an impassioned advocate in a few special cases. He had also written the "Apostate," an affecting tragedy which still holds possession of the stage. He wrote "Evadne," a tragedy, and some lesser pieces. All his plays possess uncommon poetic power and beauty. Mr. North said that "Sheil erred in the choice of a profession. Had he cultivated the drama instead of the law, he would have equalled Shakspeare."

The Catholic Association opened to his imaginative and ambitious mind a splendid theatre. The drama enacted within its limited walls was real, was national. The characters to be presented to the public eye were the multitudinous patriots, soldiers, sages, lawgivers, apostles, kings, and courtiers, of Ireland, for a hundred generations; the traitors, the invaders, their stratagems, their wiles, their wickedness, and the horrors which followed their footsteps. The perfidy of England, the treaties she broke, the wholesale butcheries and confiscations she perpetrated, her plethoric church, her mock morality, and her disgusting poor-houses, — these, all these facts and features of Irish history, furnished Sheil with material enough for a succession of scenic combinations which far surpassed in interest any thing that Shakspeare gathered from history, or conjured from his brain.

Sheil felt himself to be one of the outcast nation; sprung from the people, and mixing with the peerage; feeling a real sympathy with the humblest peasant, which he had the ability to extend to the noblest peer; the equal of the one in birth and feeling, of the other in education and ability. Encountering in his profession, at every turn, the barriers of an intolerant and a foreign domination; deprived of the station due to talent, of the reward due to industry, of the dignity due to grade; scoffed at for his religion, and, as an irritated, indignant, but *an educated slave*, contemned for his nation,—he rushed into the midst of his assembled countrymen, overcharged with burning emotions,—his soul on fire, kindling, by a succession of electric explosions, all that came within the sound of his voice or the lightning of his eyes.

Deficient in language to describe him fully, I press into my aid the powers of an "Irish barrister." "The galvanistic eloquence of Sheil was the shock of a voltaic battery to the assembly. The effect somewhat resembled that reported to have been produced in Edinburgh when Bruce's Address was first sung at the National Theatre. From the commencement of the association to its close, his appearance was always hailed with a piercing cry, half exultation, half enthusiasm. His biting and bitter satire, polished as Juvenal's and vehement as Mirabeau's; his fascinating and dazzling poetry, conveyed in a luminous pomp and prodigality of words; his elegant balance of sentences, constructed not only to satisfy, but attach the ear; his ever-springing profusion of imagery and fancy, like the energy of vegetation; the exaggeration of his sentiments, and fervid inflation of his style; his earnest labor under the paroxysms of patriotic inspiration, until he seemed to vibrate on the very verge of delirium,—all produced such an effect on the sensitive minds of an Irish audience, that they seemed more like a crowd of maniacs than men gifted with reason. His soul alone appeared to animate the living mass: his harsh and shrill voice, yet pleasingly regulated in its cadences, and conveying, in its rapid flow, feelings of deep and absorbing emotion, rang through the room, unimpeded by a single murmur, till the the close of a period taunting England with her perfidy, or fermenting the audience with a recollection of the brilliant triumphs of America—when a loud, convulsive shout interrupted the burning progress of the orator."

Such was Richard Lalor Sheil in the Catholic Association—a little man, of dark complexion, shrill voice, and fiery eyes; his hair thin and undressed, carelessly coiling, in snake-like locks, yet eloquent in their confusion when the heart was convulsed; his dress unaffectedly negli-

gent; his age about thirty; the round impress of the Milesian race stamped upon his features; his brow round, full, projecting; his lips thin, and, when excited, emitting foam; his voice, varying from alto to treble, pierced every heart; and his whole bearing as irresistible as an Alpine avalanche.

He generally entered the association at about half-past four o'clock. The business was about one third done. O'Connell, the great master of the scene, had delivered a dozen of short speeches upon every conceivable topic that flitted across the public vision. The remittances from the country; the admission of new members; the junction of some Protestant squire or barrister with the cause of civil and religious liberty, (now looking up;) the attacks of the opposing press on the association, —generally the *Dublin Mail*, *Packet*, or *Warder*, or the *London Courier*, *Herald*, or *Post*, (the *Times* was then under the influence of Brougham, and was favorable to Ireland;) — all these topics — prolific to such a master of fact and figure — were touched; the finance account was closed; and O'Connell was up on the "great business of the day," according to notice given a week before. The appearance of Sheil at the door was the signal for a burst of indescribable acclamation, which continued during his elbowing progress to his seat. O'Connell would seize upon the interruption, concentrate and infuse the enthusiasm of the assembly into the next few sentences, and convert to the purposes of his address the applause and the interruption created by the entry of his "eloquent young friend, whose genius and power were unequalled by the orators of Greece or Rome, in the days of their brightest glory."

Sheil sat invariably at the reporter's table, at a considerable distance from the chair. He did not frequently rise when O'Connell concluded. Lawless most commonly followed the *Liberator* in a sort of opposition speech. When Sheil felt his time come, he rose, and there was a calm. The association was already two or three hours in debate. The entire assembly were warmed to boiling heat. They had laughed and wept at least a dozen times while O'Connell addressed them. They were affected to cheering and stern resolve by the short but eloquent harangue of Lawless; but though their dinners cooled, their wives waited, and their business suffered, not one left his seat when Sheil was to speak. During the short days of winter, the rooms of the association, from five to six o'clock, were brilliantly lighted from gas chandeliers. "The inspired slave" rose, amid his illuminated audience, like *Kean* in *King Richard*. His first few sentences were restrained; but soon his fiery soul broke loose, careering, with regular irregularity, through an unbounded heaven



of time, matter, and thought. It was with him a continued irruption of flame or fiery lava. Wit, invective, resolve, indignation, would come flash upon flash, till his voice became stifled in the applauding and tumultuous echoes it called forth.

He invariably dressed in black, with snow-white neckcloth and frilled shirt. He wore close-fitting black gloves, one of which he would pull off towards the peroration of a thrilling passage, and exhibit a delicate, white, outstretched hand, appealing convulsively to Heaven, trembling with the terrors he was conducting from the throne of Justice upon the guilty wretches who oppressed his country. In the pause afforded him by the applauding tumult that followed, and which sounded like the threatening thunder of the spheres, he would fling a lozenge into his foaming mouth, draw on his glove again, fit it close upon each finger, as if adjusting his armor and lance for another furious onset, and then resume the assault upon his country's foes. His shafts were winged abroad by the elastic and devoted press. They pierced unerringly the hearts of proud barons. Princes and ministers of state were struck, and died. His weapons were barbed with a deadly poison, from which there was no escape. The ancestry of the aristocracy was analyzed, their abilities scanned, their motives and actions examined, their speeches and compositions criticised, by a scholar slave. Their bad grammar and their bad acts were made equally the objects of ridicule and indignation. Their gait, their air, their pomposity, and their manners, were mimicked by a master in mimicry; their vice and profligacy laid bare to the world, sent flaming on the wings of a wide-extending press, enshrined in witchingly rare and appropriate language. These were the spells and the weapons of his power, and before them the proudest of England quailed. His speeches generally occupied an hour. When he stopped, and sat down, the assembly rose simultaneously to their feet. They were inflamed to madness. They would have rushed that moment on the oppressors of their country. Their applause was a mixture of exultation and defiance. Each went away to his own circle, mad for vengeance, heating all around him, expecting to be suddenly called to the field by O'Connell.

Mr. Sheil has the merit of originating two very important measures highly conducive to the triumph of the Catholic Association; the first, the census of the people, to make out which put the clergy and volunteer churchwardens into healthy activity; and the second, the simultaneous meetings. By the first measure, the overwhelming proportion of Catholics over all the other sects was clearly established; and by the

second, these vast numbers were brought to act politically as one body, at all parts of Ireland, on the same day. Meetings to petition parliament were held in *fifteen hundred chapels* on Sunday, the 21st of January, 1828. These measures, carried out with promptitude by the clergy and people, proved to be most powerful ingredients in the national agitation. They helped to terrify the British government by showing the completeness of the organization that had been established.

Nor was this extraordinary man deficient in courage or daring. He more than once entered the confines of treason. I remember the day that he entered the association, determined to make a special speech, bringing with him, for a text-book, the *Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone!* He began that speech with the ominous sentence, "I hold in my hand the *Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone.*" The book had just then been brought into Ireland. He held it aloft, and read from it passage after passage, dilating as he proceeded, and concluding each fearful comment with a loud clap of his little kid-covered hand upon the open page. On he went, like an enraged prophet, foretelling, from the past, the inevitable severance of Ireland from England, if justice were not speedily administered. "Let England," he said, "beware of another Wolfe Tone. Let her not rely for safety on her old protectors, the *winds!* She may call upon them in her hour of peril, but they may not come, or should they volunteer their force, it will be subdued by the power of steam. A vote of the Catholics of 1793 procured for Tone an introduction to the French directory, and the sympathy of its legions. Let England remember that the Catholics of 1825 are more than double those of 1793. The hair of Samson has grown again! Should oppression drive the Catholics to the field, England will not find the Catholic altars of the nineteenth century barriers to their impetuosity and revenge!"

The government reporters were prompt in presenting this dreadful speech in naked and authenticated characters before their employers. A prosecution was resolved on. Great was the excitement. Sheil was already, in the imagination of the ascendant party, consigned to Newgate for a couple of years; but in the midst of the official preparation, the Liverpool ministry fell to pieces, George Canning ascended the premier's seat, and the prosecution was quashed by his order. The Marquis of Anglesey was sent over as lord lieutenant, with a "message of peace." The pregnant womb of Ireland cast forth events that overwhelmed all opposition. The Catholic question triumphed, and Sheil, the second in command in the glorious phalanx of its chiefs, was canonized in the hearts of grateful, admiring, and emancipated millions.

I am not writing the life of Sheil; it is but a crayon sketch. His life, when written, will be an interesting volume. Soon after the emancipation bill passed, Mr. Sheil stood for the representation of the county Lowth, but was defeated by one of the Bellevs. The Marquis of Anglesey, who entertained for him a warm friendship, then introduced him into parliament as member for Melbourne-port, a borough in his lordship's gift. About the same period, he fell into popular disrepute by accepting a retaining fee of three hundred guineas to act as counsel for Lord George Beresford in his contest for the representation of the county Waterford. Lord George's agent came to Dublin with orders to engage Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Sheil as agents for his lordship. This offer was made in conformity with a general spirit of forgiveness and reconciliation, which seemed to grow up after the passing of emancipation — a doctrine preached by no one more frequently than by O'Connell himself. The agent came first to Mr. O'Connell's residence in Merrion Square, with an offer of six hundred guineas as his fee to act as leading counsel for Lord George, and intimating that he had orders to offer three hundred guineas for Mr. Sheil to act as second counsel. Mr. O'Connell declined to give any answer just then to the application, but desired the agent to go to Sheil and learn what he would do. Sheil accepted the retainer, but, on consideration, O'Connell declined it; and this circumstance, though unimportant in a national sense, aroused the hostility of that people towards Mr. Sheil who would have previously laid down their lives in his behalf. No reasoning could separate in their minds the legal agent from the political partisan. "Sheil has taken the Beresford gold!" was the popular cry; and a certain Clonmel bootmaker delivered a singularly-humorous and sarcastic philippic against the great orator, which, owing to its humor, travelled far and near. This person, who was of the common people, was very popular, and had lost a leg, said he "would hop on his one leg from Clonmel to Lowth to vote against Sheil."

Mr. Sheil, for some years after this, faded from the public eye. His speeches in parliament were unfrequent, but, whenever delivered, were brilliant. Having identified himself with the Anglesey party, that nobleman obtained for him the honor of a silk gown as king's counsel, an honor not offered to O'Connell. It was thought that Sheil ought not to have accepted any favor from the government which was at the same time withheld from his great chief. The first day he appeared in the hall with the badge of official dignity, O'Connell jocularly exclaimed, as he passed, "Make way for the king's counsel!"

In 1832-3, the repeal agitation began, and Sheil again came towards

the national standard, and placed his hands upon it. He was returned to parliament, on the repeal principle, by the great county of Tipperary, and voted for the repeal motion in 1834, in the distinguished minority of 38. In 1836, he was appointed, by the Melbourne and Mulgrave administration, commissioner of Greenwich, which post he relinquished; and, at a later period, was appointed vice-president of the board of trade, and judge advocate. The latter posts brought him twenty-five hundred pounds a year. He held office for about four years, and, during that time, made many a brilliant attack on the Tories. He generally either replied to Peel, or was replied to by him.

On the resignation of the Whig ministry, in 1841, Sheil retired with his party.

His style of oratory in parliament is unapproached by any one in the house. He has been as successful a speaker in the British Senate as he was in the Catholic Association. His style is thus described by an English critic: "The impetuosity of Lord Stanley is mildness to the vehement torrent of his eloquence; the studied diction of Mr. Macaulay, prose itself, in comparison with the flood of metaphor, imagery, and happy illustration, which that torrent bears along its rapid course. Knowing no paucity of words, and uttering them with a rapidity surpassing belief, he is yet sparing in their use. All his words are ideas, and, in American phrase, he thinks lightning. Perhaps the finest instance of his power was his celebrated effort of 1837, after Lord Lyndhurst's memorable speech against the Irish, whom he described as aliens in blood, in language, and in religion. The noble lord happened to be in the house of commons, when Sheil broke out thus, "Where was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, when those words were uttered? Methinks he should have started up to disclaim them.

'The battles, sieges, fortunes, that he passed,'

ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat, which has made his name imperishable,—from Assaye to Waterloo,—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies were filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his name has been crowned.

"Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steep and filled the moat of Badajos?"

All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory — Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest. Tell me, for you were there, [pointing to Sir Henry Hardinge,] I appeal to the gallant soldier who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; tell me, — for you must needs remember, — on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers upon them; when the artillery of France, levelled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example, of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the contest; tell me, if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the *aliens* blanched? And when, at length, the moment for the last, decisive movement had arrived; when the valor, so long wisely checked, was at last let loose; when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain exclaimed, ‘Up, lads, and at them!’ tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of your own isle precipitated herself upon the foe! The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream on the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together. In the same deep pit their bodies were deposited. The green hue of spring is now breaking on their commingled dust. The dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?”

The critic describes the effect of this burst as thrilling. The impetuosity of the speaker, his remarkable action, the exquisite intonation of his voice, all combined to make it a splendid retort upon the men who countenanced, by their assent, the reckless insulter of Ireland.

Before Mr. Sheil entered parliament, or, at all events, before he accepted governmental office, he contributed largely to the London magazines. His Sketches of the Irish Bar, in the New Monthly Magazine, which was edited at that time by the lamented Thomas Campbell, are inimitable portraits of his friends and contemporaries at the Irish bar. Whig and tory, Catholic and Protestant, are faithfully delineated, and elegantly draped. The work is done by a master of the human heart. They were honest and impartial sketches, which never can be altered without departing from the likeness.

While Sheil enjoyed office and government influence, his constituents in Tipperary, and his political friends generally, were the better for it. He promoted many to office who, without his influence at court, would never have been noticed.

Since 1841, he has not taken any part in Irish politics. There is no room for him to speak, except on the repeal platform, and he has not as yet thought proper to join that body; but as in 1833 he proclaimed his resolve to pay no more taxes if the union were not repealed, so it may be naturally believed that Mr. Sheil is a repealer.

He was employed on "the state trials" as counsel for John O'Connell, and made a very able speech on that occasion. From the few opening sentences annexed, the reader may form an opinion of the remainder: —

"May it please your lordships, and gentlemen of the jury, I am counsel for Mr. John O'Connell. The importance of this case is not susceptible of exaggeration, and I do not speak in the language of hyperbole when I say that the attention of the empire is directed to the spot in which we are assembled. How great is the trust reposed in you! How great is the task which I have undertaken to perform! Conscious of its magnitude, I have risen to address you, not unmoved, but undismayed. No, not unmoved; for, at this moment, how many incidents of my own political life come back upon me, when I look upon my great political benefactor, my deliverer, and my friend! But of the emotion by which I acknowledge myself to be profoundly stirred, although I will not permit myself to be subdued by it, solicitude forms no part. I have great reliance upon you; upon the ascendancy of principle over prejudice in your minds; and I am not entirely without reliance upon myself. I do not speak in the language of vain-glorious self-complacency when I say this. I know that I am surrounded by men infinitely superior to me in every forensic, and in almost every intellectual qualification. My confidence is derived, not from any overweening estimate of my own faculties, but from a thorough conviction of the innocence of my client. I know — and I appear, in some sort, not only as an advocate, but a witness, before you — I know him to be innocent of the misdeeds laid to his charge. The same blood flows through their veins. The same feelings circulate through their hearts. The son and the father are in all political regards the same; and with the father I have toiled, in no dishonorable companionship, for more than half my life, in that great work, which it is his chief praise that it was conceived in the spirit of peace, that in the spirit of peace it was carried out, and that in the spirit of peace it was brought by him to its glorious consummation. I am acquainted with every feature of his character, with his thoughts, hopes, fears, aspirations. I have — if I may venture so to say — a full cognizance of every pulsation of his heart. I know, I am sure as that I am a living man, that from the sanguinary misdeeds imputed to him he shrinks with ab-

horrence. It is this persuasion, profound, impassioned,—and I trust that it will prove contagious,—which will sustain me in the midst of the exhaustion incidental to this lengthened trial; will enable me to overcome the illness under which I am at this moment laboring; will raise me to the height of this great argument, and lift me to a level with the lofty topics which I shall have occasion to treat in resisting a prosecution to which, in the annals of criminal jurisprudence in this country, no parallel can be found.”

Mr. Sheil has been twice married. His first wife, to whom he was united at the age of three-and-twenty, was a niece of Sir William M'Mahon. He then resided in Denzill Street, Dublin, and subsequently in Leinster Street. He became a widower in the height of the Catholic agitation, and won the heart and fortune of Mrs. Power, the wealthy widow of Mr. Power, of Long Orchard, in the county of Tipperary. This lady brought him a fortune of four thousand a year, which, like most of such fortunes, is settled on the lady herself. Owing, it is believed, to family connections, he now resides principally in London.

Mr. Sheil is politically connected with the whig party, who are now (1845) expecting the dismissal of the tory ministry, and may yet be an agent, as a minister of the British crown, in effecting the great national settlement between England and Ireland, when the Irish parliament shall be about to be reëstablished.

Since the foregoing was written, there has been published, in Dublin, a splendid edition of his speeches, and a memoir of his life; compiled by Thomas Macnevin, the eloquent barrister.

#### THE RIGHT REV. JAMES DOYLE.

The most distinguished among the Irish Catholic hierarchy of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, was the Right Rev. James Doyle, bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. Ireland stands deeply indebted to his pen. His words of truth fell upon the hearts of men like the rays of prophetic illumination. They quickened the slave and humbled the tyrant.

He appeared at that era in Irish history when the people were yet in the most torpid state of slavish despair, when nothing appeared in the surrounding gloom but objects horrible to the sight. He entered, with spirit, with honesty, and with unbounded acquirements, the great political and religious controversies which then shook the British empire. Every thing that came from his pen or his tongue had weight. His mind was unfathomable. His thoughts were things, maxims, axioms, shaped in the mould of justice, learning, philosophy, and religion. He

cherished a most tolerant spirit. He felt kindly towards all those sects which differed from him. At one period, he threw out a suggestion for a junction of Catholics and Protestants, which was not reciprocated; but the charitable suggestion, coming from a Catholic bishop, dissolved a large portion of the prejudices that had been growing for centuries in Ireland. During the twelve or fifteen years of his public life, he astonished the wisest, the most brilliant, and the most profound in the British empire. His memorable replies to the lords and commons committees of England will remain conspicuous among the records of English history and the dogmas of Catholic theology. His public letters to various statesmen of England, signed "J. K. L." the remarkable initials of his official title, and which, when published in one volume, he dedicated to Daniel O'Connell, may be referred to again and again without tiring. Every new reading reveals new beauties. The style, the knowledge, the force, the simplicity, the argument, which characterize every paragraph, must forever establish them in the schools as standard models in composition and spirit. They are fit companions for the Letters of Junius, for the Speeches of Curran and Grattan, or the Essays of Bacon.

The illustrious subject of this sketch, James Doyle, was born in New Ross, Wexford county, Ireland, in 1786. He was sent by his parents, who were respectable, to the best schools. When he had, as he grew up, manifested a disposition to enter the priesthood, he was sent to the college of Coimbra, in Portugal, where he was educated for the Catholic church. While young Doyle was a student in this college, Napoleon invaded Portugal; and, like Dr. Curtis and his companions in the Irish college of Salamanca, Doyle and his fellow-students in Coimbra doffed the cap and gown for the helmet and sword, and banded themselves in defence of the country of their temporary adoption. The Duke of Wellington received from those expatriated Irish Catholics considerable assistance in his wars of the peninsula. This was acknowledged in his despatches, and in his public acts when prime minister of England. To the Catholic primate of Ireland, (Dr. Curtis,) in 1829, did the duke first communicate his intention of carrying the emancipation of the Catholics.

Dr. Doyle describes, in his third letter on the state of Ireland, the surrounding influences of his college life in the following simple, but surpassing paragraph:—

"I had scarcely finished my classical studies, and had entered college, when I found myself surrounded by the disciples or admirers of D'Alembert, Rousseau, and Voltaire. I frequently traversed, in company with them, the halls of the Inquisition, and discussed, in the area of the holy office, those arguments or sophisms for



the suppression of which this awful tribunal was ostensibly employed. At that time the ardor of youth, the genius of the place, the spirit of the time, as well as the example of my companions, prompted me to inquire into all things, and to deliberate whether I should take my station amongst the infidels, or remain attached to Christianity. I recollect, and always with fear and trembling, the danger to which I exposed the gifts of faith and Christian morality which I had received from a bounteous God; and since I became a man, and was enabled to think like a man, I have not ceased to give thanks to the Father of mercies, who did not deliver me over to the pride and presumption of my own heart. But even then, when all things which could have influence on a youthful mind combined to induce me to shake off the yoke of Christ, I was arrested by the majesty of Religion. Her innate dignity, her grandeur and solemnity, as well as her sweet influence upon the heart, filled me with awe and veneration. I found her presiding in every place, glorified by her votaries, and respected or feared by her enemies. I looked into antiquity, and found her worshipped by Moses; and not only by Moses, but that Numa and Plato, though in darkness and error, were amongst the most ardent of her votaries. I read attentively the history of the ancient philosophers as well as lawgivers, and discovered that all of them paid their homage to her as to the best emanation of the one supreme, invisible, and omnipotent God. I concluded that religion sprang from the Author of our being, and that it conducted man to his last end. I examined the systems of religion prevailing in the East; I read the Koran with attention; I perused the Jewish history, and the history of Christ, of his disciples, and of his church, with an intense interest, and I did not hesitate to continue attached to the religion of our Redeemer, as alone worthy of God; and being a Christian, I could not fail to be a Catholic. Since then, my habits of life and profession have rendered me familiar at least with the doctrines and ordinances of divine revelation, and I have often exclaimed with Augustine, 'O beauty, ever ancient and ever new, too late have I known thee, too late have I loved thee!'

The influences of battles, sieges, politics, infidelity, and warring creeds, which thickened round this young but great mind, called forth the uncommon powers of his intellect. Military science, the philosophy of government, the canons, practice, and history of the church, Jewish and Christian; with all their kindred and connected mines of knowledge, formed his unremitting studies.

Shortly after the retreat of the French from Portugal and Spain, in 1812, Dr. Doyle returned to Ireland, and entered the ecclesiastical college of Carlow as a teacher. On the evening of his arrival at the college, while walking with the superior in his garden, the latter asked him what office he would accept in the house. Dr. Doyle, in a respectful but dignified tone, — a tone peculiar to himself, — answered, "Any place you please, sir, from Cordery to canon law." He was now but twenty-seven years of age, and his surprising acquirements soon won for him the admiration of all the professors, while his mild and affectionate manners attached to him the love of all the students. He was first appointed a professor of

classics, and soon after to the chairs of moral and natural philosophy and mathematics. At this age, he had already committed to memory all the controversial texts of the sacred Scriptures; all the most luminous passages of comment on them delivered by the fathers and councils; and was equally familiar with all the favorite arguments of the infidels and sectaries, and had arranged in his mind volumes of replies to all.

As a preacher, he was self-possessed, argumentative, learned, fluent, easily understood, and powerfully persuasive. No man who heard him could, during his discourse, admit any other thing to his mind but the matter which poured from his tongue. No man who listened to him could think lightly of religion, its mysteries, or its ceremonies. The dignity of his bearing, the majesty of his action, the melody of his voice, and the profundity of his knowledge, possessed the hearts of all those who heard him, to the exclusion of all light and irreverent matter, and worked therein a revolution favorable to holiness and God.

In answer to the scandalous assertion of anti-Catholic writers, "that the Catholic church locks up the Scriptures," he has shown, in his *Vindication of the Religious and Civil Principles of the Irish Catholics*, (p. 55,) "that the doctors of the Greek and Latin churches are earnest and zealous in recommending the perusal of the sacred Scriptures." "There is no Christian church in Europe," says he, "which uses so many, or more, inspiring forms of prayer than ours; there is no church in which so many works of piety, and on the gospel morality, have been written; there are no people on earth more devoted to their perusal, or more desirous of reducing them to practice, than the well-educated of the Irish Catholics; there is no priesthood in the world more anxious for their diffusion than the Catholic priesthood; and there is no church that has been more steady and uniform in recommending to her children the perusal of the sacred Scriptures, where such perusal was not exposed to danger or liable to abuse, than the Catholic." (p. 52.) "On the same grounds, therefore," continues he, "that the Catholic church exhorts her children to the reading of the Scriptures, she requires them to read them with caution, with humility and faith, and commands them not to interpret the meaning of any part of them contrary to the unanimous opinion of her approved doctors and holy fathers." (p. 58.) And in his examination before the lords, March 21, 1825, he says, "*Of all the things said of us, there is not any thing said of us more opposed to truth, than that we are averse to the circulation of the word of God.*"

Among the books Dr. Doyle recommended, as containing a clear elucidation of the Catholic doctrine, were the Catechism of the Council of

Trent, Bossuet's Exposition, Veron's Rule of Faith, and Holden's Analysis. He also thought much of Gother's Papist Misrepresented and Represented. He entertained a great opinion of the celebrated Case Stated, by the Reverend Robert Manning, against Lesley, and went so far as to say, that "he must have written that great work at the foot of the cross, and was inspired by the Holy Ghost to unravel the sophistries, and refute the errors, of the enemies of the faith."

I insert, for its profound truth and its surpassing beauty, the following eloquent tribute from his mind to the majesty of EDUCATION : —

"Next to the blessing of redemption, and the graces consequent upon it, there is no gift bestowed by God equal in value to a good education. Other advantages are enjoyed by the body; this belongs entirely to the spirit. Whatever is great, or good, or glorious, in the works of men, is the fruit of educated minds. Wars, conquests, commerce, all the arts of industry and peace, all the refinements of life, all the social and domestic virtues, all the refinements and delicacies of mutual intercourse, — in a word, whatever is estimable amongst men, owes its origin, increase, and perfection, to the exercise of those faculties whose improvement is the object of education. Religion herself loses half her beauty and influence when not attended or assisted by education; and her power, splendor, and majesty are never so exalted as when cultivated genius and refined taste become her heralds or her handmaids. Many have become fools for Christ, and, by their simplicity and piety, exalted the glory of the cross. But Paul, not John, was the apostle of the nations. Doctors, more even than prophets, have been sent to declare the truths of religion before kings, and princes, and the nations of the earth. Education draws forth the mind, improves its faculties, increases its resources, and, by exercise, strengthens and augments its powers. I consider it, therefore, of inestimable value; but like gold, which is the instrument of human happiness, it is, and always must be, unequally distributed amongst men. Some will always be unable or unwilling to acquire it; others will expend it prodigally, or pervert it to the worst ends; whilst the bulk of mankind will always be more or less excluded from its possession."

Having spent five years in Carlow College, during which he infused his own great spirit into the hearts of all around him, and contributed largely to the exposition of the true principles of his own church, through the medium of those memorable "Bible discussions" which took place in Carlow, and in other parts of Ireland, at that period, he was, at the age of thirty-two, promoted by his holiness the pope to the bishopric of Kildare and Leighlin, at the *unanimous* request of the clergy of the entire diocese — a very rare tribute indeed to the character of any candidate for so high a dignity.

As bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, he shone a continued light among the faithful. There never was any bishop who took more pains to inform himself of the character, abilities, fitness, and general demeanor of

the priests under his jurisdiction, and, as far as he could ascertain it, of the religious and social condition of the numerous flock intrusted to his care. He kept a correct register of his priests, of their capabilities, and a census, also, of their respective flocks; had the charge of forty-seven clergymen of all degrees, and *two hundred and sixty thousand souls*. His whole heart was bent on imparting to them religion, infusing charity and knowledge into all; promoting their education, alleviating their distress, winning them from vice and violence, vindicating their name, and aiding them in the struggle for their liberties. For wealth he cared not, and worldly ambition he had none; he imbodyed in his life the precepts, beauty, and poetry of religion; he pointed the way to heaven with a hand untarnished with, and unencumbered by, grasped wealth. His precepts were delivered in fascinating spells of eloquence, unbroken by any allusion to money, to house, or lands. The income for his support was small, and was derived from the voluntary contributions of his lay flock, or his priests. It was small, but more than ample for all his purposes; the surplus was divided among the poor, and he died, as a priest should die, without an accumulated shilling.

He exhibited, during his bishopric, the learning, charity, and toleration of Fenelon, combined with the heroic independence of St. Thomas à Becket. St. Paul and St. Augustine were his favorite authors and models. His years were few, but glorious. Ireland will treasure his memory to the latest generations. But he describes his own character better than any pen can aspire to: "I am a churchman; but I am unacquainted with avarice, and I feel no worldly ambition. I am attached to my profession; but I love Christianity more than its earthly appendages. I am a Catholic from the fullest conviction; but few will accuse me of bigotry. I am an Irishman, hating injustice, and abhorring with my whole soul the oppression of my country; but I desire to heal her sores, not to aggravate her sufferings."

This great man was first brought out as a public writer in the year 1822, by a certain offensive "charge" delivered by Dr. Mageé, the Protestant archbishop of Dublin. In that charge, several insulting passages appeared; amongst others the following: "Whilst the Presbyterians had a religion without a church, the Romanists had a church without a religion!"

In four days after this charge appeared, Dr. Doyle published a reply to it, which produced as great a sensation among the Protestant church

dignitaries of Ireland, as ever the letters of "Junius" created among the ministers of George the Third. It first appeared in the *Dublin Evening Post*; but it soon passed, in pamphlet form, through several editions. The first sentence of that celebrated reply begins thus: "My Lord Archbishop: In the report of your grace's charge to the clergy of your arch-diocese, there are many passages better calculated to give offence than to produce conviction." The construction of the Episcopal church establishment of England was examined; its title to its enormous possessions was decried; its tithe oppressions terribly portrayed; and, in short, the general condition of Ireland, as superinduced by that establishment, pictured forth in such exciting colors, that the whole nation was soon after in arms against the establishment. Lord Wellesley, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, on reading the reply, openly declared that the Protestant archbishop had "got the worst of the fight." The spirit evoked by this celebrated reply expanded year after year, and at last prostrated the tithe system, and struck off ten bishops from the Protestant establishment.

In a letter to the Marquis Wellesley, entitled "A Vindication of the Catholics," there is the following remarkable passage:—

"It was the creed, my lord, of a Charlemagne and of a St. Louis, of an Alfred and an Edward, of the monarchs of the feudal times, as well as of the emperors of Greece and Rome; it was believed at Venice and at Genoa, in Lucca and the Helvetic nations in the days of their freedom and greatness; all the barons of the middle ages, all the free cities of later times, professed the religion we now profess. You well know, my lord, that the charter of British freedom and the common law of England have their origin and source in Catholic times. Who framed the free constitutions of the Spanish Goths? Who preserved science and literature, during the long night of the middle ages? Who imported literature from Constantinople, and opened for her an asylum at Rome, Florence, Padua, Paris, and Oxford? Who polished Europe by art, and refined her by legislation? Who discovered the new world, and opened a passage to another? Who were the masters of architecture, of painting, and of music? Who invented the compass, and the art of printing? Who were the poets, the historians, the jurists, the men of deep research, and profound literature? Who have exalted human nature, and made man appear again little less than the angels? Were they not, almost exclusively, the professors of our creed? Were they, who created and possessed freedom under every shape and form, unfit for her enjoyment? Were men, deemed even now the lights of the world and the benefactors of the human race, the deluded victims of a slavish superstition? But what is there in our creed which renders us unfit for freedom? Is it the doctrine of passive obedience? No; for the obedience we yield to authority is not blind, but reasonable. Our religion does not create despotism; it supports every established constitution which is not opposed to the laws of nature, unless it be altered by those who are entitled to change it. In Poland, it supported an elective monarch; in France, an hereditary sovereign;

in Spain, an absolute or constitutional king, indifferently; in England, when the houses of York and Lancaster contended, it declared that he who was king *de facto*, was entitled to the obedience of the people. During the reign of the Tudors, there was a faithful adherence of the Catholics to their prince, under trials the most severe and galling, because the constitution required it. The same was exhibited by them to the ungrateful race of Stuart. But, since the expulsion of James, (foolishly called an abdication,) have they not adopted, with the nation at large, the doctrine of the revolution — ‘that the crown is held in trust for the benefit of the people; and that, should the monarch violate his compact, the subject is freed from the bond of his allegiance.’ Has there been any form of government ever devised by man, to which the religion of Catholics has not been accommodated? Is there any obligation, either to a prince, or to a constitution, which it does not enforce?”

In another letter, speaking of the supposed dispositions of the Catholic clergy, in case the people should be driven to the field to seek with the sword that freedom which is denied to their petitions, he has the annexed significant passage:—

“The minister of England cannot look to the exertions of the Catholic priesthood; they have been ill-treated, and they may yield for a moment to the influence of nature, though it be opposed to grace. This clergy, with few exceptions, are from the ranks of the people; they inherit their feelings; they are not, as formerly, brought up under despotic governments; and they have imbibed the doctrines of Locke and Paley more deeply than those of Bellarmine, or even of Bossuet, on the divine right of kings; they know much more of the principles of the constitution than they do of passive obedience. If a rebellion were raging from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear, no sentence of excommunication would ever be fulminated by a Catholic prelate; or, if fulminated, would fall, as Grattan once said of British supremacy, like a spent thunderbolt,—‘some gazed at it; the people were found to touch it.’”

I have elsewhere given a few of his luminous answers to the parliamentary committees. I wish sincerely I could present all his splendid writings to the American public. The specimens I have already given will assuredly beget a strong appetite for the remainder,—one that will guaranty to any publisher, who may undertake the reprinting of his works, a sufficient return.

Dr. Doyle left behind him three important works in manuscript, which, I believe, are not yet published. The first, a dissertation on Popery; the second, on the abolition of tithes; the third, on the repeal of **THE UNION**. These essays, when published, will still further exhibit the powerful intellect of the illustrious author.

In the latter years of Bishop Doyle’s life, his health began to decline. His physicians wished him to give up his bishopric, and travel on the continent of Europe, with the view of restoring his health; but he did

not adopt this advice. As his strength declined, he foresaw his end approaching, and, like a shepherd careful of his flock, provided for the contingency of his death by requesting the holy father, Gregory the Sixteenth, to order an election of a coadjutor bishop to his diocese. This election accordingly took place in the year 1834. The new bishop was Dr. Nolan.

Bishop Doyle died the 15th of June, 1834, of consumption; he resigned his spirit with the hope and fortitude of a Christian. His coffers were literally empty; and his poorly-furnished chamber presented a picture of apostolic simplicity, which accorded with the vows of poverty made by him on entering the brotherhood of the priesthood. He was followed to the grave by twenty thousand mourners.

A public subscription had been raised by his admirers to erect a monument to his memory. The committee of that fund employed the talented Cork artist, HOGAN, to execute a full length statue of him, which is placed in Carlow College, the scene of a portion of his labors. This beautiful memorial reflects credit on the genius of Irish art, while it perpetuates the remembrance of genuine piety, patriotism, and worth.

### JOHN LAWLESS

was of a highly respectable Catholic family, and was educated for the medical profession. Mr. Lawless, I have heard, received a portion of his education in the Belfast Institution. Arriving at manhood, he started a newspaper, in Belfast, called "The Irishman." Through its columns he advocated the broadest democratic liberty. "The Irishman" continued for some years to be the northern organ of honest politics. Mr. Lawless gathered round him a strong phalanx of the friends of civil and religious liberty; in truth, he may be said to have formed that party in the north. Before his time there was scarcely, in the whole province of Ulster, a single newspaper that could afford a good word to the Catholics, at least since the era of the Northern Star.

The Catholics of Belfast, and of the north of Ireland generally, were calumniated in the most shameful manner by the Orange press; and few, before the time of Lawless, were courageous enough to publish a sentence in their defence. The Tones and Russells of other days had been cut off. Public opinion, formed by a vicious press and a dishonest aristocracy, had settled down against the freedom of the Catholics. That city, from which in times of yore the voice of liberty sounded loudest, was, during the reign of Castlereagh, Peel, and Saurin, encircled by an

overhanging cloud of bigotry and intolerance. To Lawless must the honor be given of dispelling this noxious vapor; his able pen and his eloquent tongue were incessantly working in behalf of truth; and he succeeded, at length, in forming a counter-eddy in the public mind, somewhat more favorable to Catholic liberty. Calumny was abashed in his presence. His fearless and eloquent sheet was placed on the tables of the northern hotels; it confronted, or subdued by its knowledge, style, and high bearing, the audacity of Orange virulence.

Mr. Lawless was a most graceful and effective speaker. His frequent appearance at the public meetings of Belfast obtained for him a place in public estimation; he became, at length, in Ulster, a distinct *power*.

In 1823, when O'Connell projected the Catholic Association, Lawless mingled in the meetings of the metropolis. He was generally well received. His speeches were short, nervous, full of passion, and delivered with much grace. His person was remarkably well made; a well-formed head, with commanding brow, prominent aquiline nose, very fine, dark eyes, a well-chiseled expressive mouth, a deep tenor voice, whose dominant tones sounded authoritatively. He invariably appeared in a dark, well-fitting brown frock coat, buff vest, black stock or cravat; a handsome eye-glass was suspended from a broad, black ribbon, that hung round his neck, which he twirled about while speaking, or applied to his eye when surveying his auditory; and when he flung open his coat, pushing the lappels back upon his shoulders, and presented his broad chest to the assembled democracy, his breast visibly expanding, as he sketched, perhaps, the gigantic powers of his countrymen, he then really looked heroic.

He spoke as though he were a messenger from some high authority, the God of justice or of freedom. He appeared the representative of powers higher than those around, or than those with whom he contended. His acquaintance with the illustrious sages of the past, with the orators, poets, and historians of the classical eras, and with the Ollamb Fodhlas, Cormacs, Brien Boroimhes, and O'Neills of Ireland, gave to his speeches and his carriage an air of conscious superiority, that added great force to his language. He never joked or related anecdotes, as O'Connell did, but preserved a fine, earnest style throughout. It was passionate, honest, elegant, and chivalrous.

This was John Lawless, designated, from his contempt for all circuitous paths to the temple of Liberty, "honest Jack Lawless."

When Mr. Lawless had plunged into the ocean of the Catholic



agitation, the financial department of his paper gave way, and he was compelled ultimately to relinquish its publication. The cause of popular liberty in the north passed from thenceforward to the advocacy of the Northern Whig, edited by Mr. Finlay.

I have already, in describing the Clare election, the deputation to the north, and the deputation to London in 1825 and 1829, sketched at some length the prominent share which Mr. Lawless took in the great struggle, which the reader has noticed ere this. In the debates of the Catholic Association, Mr. Lawless most generally led something like an opposition to O'Connell. He generally rose when the great leader concluded his speech, reviewed the various prominent topics or plans developed, and gave in this way a life-like parliamentary air to the national assembly, which added mightily to the interest of its proceedings.

After the emancipation bill was passed, and when the repeal agitation began, Mr. Lawless became a candidate for the county of Meath, on repeal principles. Some of the Catholic land-holders offered to qualify him by a transfer of freehold property, to the extent, at least, of six hundred a year. His address was published, the freeholders were ready to vote for him, and all Ireland expected to be gratified with the news of his return for that county; but, all on a sudden, he changed his mind, withdrew from the contest, and nearly lost for the time, by his indiscretion, the most independent county in Ireland.

This was deemed so criminal in the eyes of the Meath Club, and so many exclaimed against him, charging him with receiving a bribe for surrendering the county, that a jury of twelve sworn men was appointed to investigate the whole transaction. The decision of the jury, however, while it acquitted him of the turpitude of accepting a bribe, distinctly condemned him for his indiscretion. On proposing Mr. Lawless as a member in the Dublin Trades Union, on the 22d of March, 1832, Mr. Ruthven said, "they had seen Mr. Lawless tried by twelve respectable men, and they on their OATHS acquitted him of corruption." Mr. Lawless was admitted a member of that honest association by a great majority, if not by acclamation.

In 1835, he attracted the friendly notice of Lord Mulgrave, (Normanby,) and, with the pecuniary aid of some friends, he became a law student, with the view of being called to the bar in four years, and practising the profession for a livelihood. His son had, in the mean time, received an office in the Irish police, from Lord Mulgrave, worth three hundred pounds a year, which enabled him to sustain his father in the expensive ordeal. In due time he was called to the bar, took

his oaths, and was saluted "barrister at law." Lord Mulgrave, true in his friendship to poor Lawless, made him assistant barrister to a county, the income of which was worth eight hundred pounds a year; but, ere he enjoyed the sweets of the first quarter's salary, *he died*. He was then about sixty years of age. His soul was noble. I think he was incapable of a mean action, though it might not be difficult to prove him guilty of a rash one. He was an original character, the like of whom will not soon appear among the agitators of Ireland. Two of his brothers survive him; one is Mr. Barry Lawless, of Dublin; the other, Judge Lawless, of St. Louis, in the United States.

### HENRY GRATTAN.

Henry Grattan is the second son of *the illustrious Grattan* of 1782. He is a Protestant, but one of those men who struggled harder for Catholic liberty than very many of the Catholics themselves. Henry Grattan is worthy of such a father, — full of his fire, full of his love of country, full of his courage; an efficient speaker; and second in talent only to his father, to O'Connell, or to Sheil. Mr. Grattan has ever been found in his place in parliament, honestly struggling for the rights of his country. During the "experiment" of whig justice, from 1834 to 1840, he did not enter conspicuously into the various popular associations that were started by the Liberator. For a while there did not exist, between these distinguished men, that reciprocal cordiality which the friends of Irish freedom could desire; but when the repeal movement was begun in earnest, in 1839–1840, Mr. Grattan joined it heartily, in an eloquent letter. *He was the first member of parliament*, with the exception of the O'Connells, *who joined the standard of repeal*; and from that hour to the present he has ably coöperated in the movement.

When the movement for Irish manufactures began, in 1840, Mr. Grattan threw himself heartily into it. He animated his countrymen by his eloquence and example; he attended and spoke at the parish meetings, at the central board, and brought around the native manufacture agitation some of the rusty glory of 1782; his name and his presence were a talismanic spell.

In parliament he is feared by the tories. His honesty or his indignation carries him sometimes to the verge of treason. He has uttered to the teeth of England more direct treason than O'Connell, — yet he has never been prosecuted. Within the last few years, the friendship

between himself and the Liberator has been restored; and it is now as firm and affectionate as that subsisting between the latter and his sons.

Henry Grattan is now between forty-eight and fifty years of age; his person is well made; his head very handsome, presenting a good profile; his forehead and eye are good; his nose boldly aquiline; and his enunciation distinct and loud enough. He has several children. His amiable and accomplished lady was the daughter of a gentleman who was proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal* for many years. That paper became the property of Mr. Grattan by his marriage; but under his management it failed to be profitable, and he subsequently sold it to the late Patrick Lavelle, whose widow in turn sold it to Messrs. Drs. Gray and Atkinson, its present proprietors.

A newspaper requires two men, first in their way, to make it prosper—the one an active financier, the other an able writer. These are elements seldom united in one person, and a newspaper will not live without them. Indeed, the financier stands a far better chance of succeeding alone, for he can pay for his matter, or receive it as gifts, or wheedle the generous and talented out of their thoughts for a little hospitality and the show of friendship. But the mere writer will be soon shipwrecked; his *debts* will multiply prodigiously; that is, there will be vast debts due to him, at the same moment that he will be irretrievably in debt himself.

Henry Grattan belonged to the latter class; he is a vigorous writer, and a persuasive speaker; but in finance he is a novice, and therefore the *Freeman's Journal* became a dead weight in his hands.

What I have said must not be construed into the supposition that Mr. Grattan is financially embarrassed. He is in the enjoyment of a good estate, situate in the most romantic part of the county of Wicklow, overlooking the beautiful River Liffey, at the interesting and celebrated spot called the "Lover's Leap." This property is part of the estate purchased by the Irish parliament for his father, in 1783, for a sum of fifty thousand pounds, as a mark of their gratitude and admiration for his exertions in working out their independence.

He is now, and has been for some years back, member of parliament for Meath. Meath is the most patriotic county in Ireland, and would have no man to represent it but a genuine patriot; in Mr. Grattan they have all they could require.

Mr. Grattan has written the life of his father, in two volumes,—a valuable link in Irish history. It is so highly esteemed by the Repeal Association, that they circulate it at their own expense among the repeal reading-rooms of Ireland.

He voted, in 1834, with O'Connell, on the motion for a repeal of the union. But his brother James, who has been in parliament for many years, was absent on that memorable division. *He is a negative quantity*, unworthy the father whose name and parentage he claims; but Ireland has in HENRY GRATTAN all that she could desire in a representative.

In 1839, England was greatly excited by the belief, almost universally entertained, or propagated, by the reform party, that the queen would be personally unsafe in the hands of a tory ministry, or in the care of tory ladies. Mr. Grattan uttered something to this effect as his own opinion, in the house of commons, and he was for this very grossly handled, in the house of lords, by the Marquis of Londonderry and Lord Brougham; but Grattan instantly demanded, of both the noble lords, retraction, or a meeting. Lord Brougham completely explained away his words; but Lord Londonderry, after three or four equivocal letters explanatory, consented to give him a meeting; at which only a single exchange of shots took place. Lord Londonderry, having stood the fire of his challenger, fired his pistol in the air; after which, according to the rules of duelling, the affair terminated.

Mr. Grattan attended many of the monster meetings, during the years 1843 and 1844. He spoke well and boldly. There are many of his speeches, during that memorable season, which might be given to his father. He was often far more rebellious than O'Connell or Steele; and it is surprising he was not included in the government prosecution. Mr. Grattan feels the slight, for such he considers it; he certainly *deserved* to be punished far more than the lamented Father Tyrrell. While the government were pushing the bill for disarming the Irish people through parliament, Mr. Grattan offered a most fiery opposition to the measure; and when it passed, he publicly withdrew all his confidence from the British parliament, and went over to France for a short time, from whence he returned to Ireland. On passing through London, he refused to enter the house of commons, and deposited his arms with a friend in England, rather than subject them, in his own country, to the branding process of Lord Stanley.

When O'Connell was in prison, he went regularly to the Repeal Association meetings, where he uttered the most fearless language in the ears of the government reporters. He dared the government, in the most provoking language, to prosecute him. Probably his turn would have come, had the first prosecution been successful.

Henry Grattan dreads not the worst power of Britain. He belongs to three agitations — the “Catholic Agitation,” “Reform,” and “Repeal.” The first two terminated in peaceful success; the latter I pray Mr. Grattan may live to see accomplished.

#### MAURICE O'CONNELL.

Maurice O'Connell is the eldest son of DANIEL O'CONNELL, the LIBERATOR. He is about thirty-eight or thirty-nine years of age, and, at present, represents the town of Tralee in the English parliament. When the Catholic Association was established, the first-born of O'Connell was but a youth, whose classical studies were scarcely finished; nevertheless, he was a prominent and enthusiastic young member of that national assembly. He was always heard by the people with pleasurable feelings,—first, because he was the eldest son of O'Connell, and, next, because he was young, handsome, spirited, and eloquent. He has said many good things, many fearless things. I remember that some one of the British statesmen once, in parliament, attacked his father for his violence, and called his hearers and followers a *mob*, composed of coal porters and carters. Maurice O'Connell retorted in a fearless speech, in the course of which he reminded the English sage that *these* were the very men who would load and ply the cannon, and mount the breach, if the people were driven to revolution. The English orator did not repeat his attack.

It will not be expected of me that I should give many of the particular services which each of those distinguished men performed, whom I have included in the list of “the compatriots of O'Connell.” To be selected from among their seven millions of fellow-countrymen, and placed before the world as the band of patriots who worked out their religious freedom, is, in itself, so high an evidence of their services, that little in the way of detail is required.

Maurice O'Connell continually *worked* in the Catholic agitation. He was an active member of the committees, the delegations, &c.

He was prompt in resenting any offence offered to his father, or his country, and has had, in consequence, more than one “affair of honor.” His election contests, in the county of Kerry, brought him frequently in dangerous contact with the conservative bloods of that chivalrous district. In parliament he is a ready debater, and has been found a spirited assistant to his father. His known courage, self-possession, and prompt-

itude to "go out," as it is termed, has procured him the deferential respect of the tory side in the house of commons.

Mr. Maurice O'Connell is tall, delicately formed, and bears the impressed *features* of his mother. He has had a dash of romance flung across his career, which imparts to his life an additional feature of interest.

### THOMAS WYSE.

Thomas Wyse, the present member for Waterford, is a Catholic, and has performed a very distinguished part in Irish politics. His father was one of that illustrious triumvirate, Messrs. SCULLY, O'CONNOR, and WYSE, who first arrayed and opposed themselves to the bloody penal laws. When these great men raised the standard of Catholic agitation, it was really treason to love Ireland. The reader, who may chance to light upon this page, is requested to peruse that gloomy period in Irish history, ranging between 1691 and 1782, when Catholics were supposed by the laws and the judges *not to exist*. The Catholics who, in those dreadful times, dared to breathe an aspiration for freedom, had the courage to face death; and many of them did suffer it. Judges, who were partisans; jurors, who were packed, and prejudiced, and perjured; prisons, that were gloomy; scaffolds, that were terrific; and transportation, that tore them from all that was dear,—awaited, in those times, the audacious agitators for freedom.

Such men as *Molynaux*, *Swift*, and *Lucas*, highly patriotic though they were, in a *national* sense, were, nevertheless, the patriots of complaining Irish Protestants, aggrieved by England. They hardly recognized the existence of the Catholics; and did not deem that they endured any grievance. Mr. Wyse, united with Mr. Scully, of Tipperary, and Mr. O'Connor, of Balanagar, in Roscommon, were the founders of the first organized resistance to the penal laws. Mr. Scully wrote his celebrated *Review* of these laws. Mr. O'Connor wrote his *Dissertations on Irish History*; and Mr. Wyse agitated. This was from 1760 to 1775.

The next band of agitators reaped, in 1777 and in 1793, some portion of the harvest which these men planted and cultivated.

It is not surprising that the son of such a sire should enjoy the homage of the Irish Catholics. Thomas Wyse received a finished education. Inheriting from his father a moderate property in the neighborhood of

Waterford, he was enabled to travel much upon the continent of Europe; and he there made himself familiar with most of the institutions, political, religious, and educational, of that great community. He spent some time in Paris, where he became acquainted with the widow of one of Bonaparte's brothers, to whom he proposed his hand, and was accepted. She was a beautiful woman, and her announcement and presence in the fashionable circles of Waterford, Dublin, and London, as *Madame Bonaparte Wyse*, never failed to create a lively interest wheresoever she appeared.

Mr. Wyse did not join the Catholic Association for two years after it was established, or, rather, until the first was put down by act of parliament, the provincial meetings established, and the new Catholic Association formed. He "came out" first, in 1825, at the great monster meeting held in Waterford; at which he delivered a powerful speech, full of the knowledge engendered by education, travel, and the study of history.

From this time, Mr. Wyse became a prominent actor in the great drama of Irish politics. His speeches were sparingly delivered, but prepared with care, and always told on the public mind. His manner of speaking was aristocratic; he never tried to impress his hearers with the conviction that he was one of themselves, as O'Connell never failed to do. With the question of education he linked himself more closely than any other member of the association; and even now heads the movement for collegiate education in Ireland.

At length Catholic emancipation triumphed. Then Mr. Wyse was one of those Irish Catholics who were returned to the British parliament. I cannot do full justice, in this narrow sketch, to his career in parliament; respect, rather than admiration, was the prize he won in that political lottery. Mr. Wyse was principally instrumental in extorting, in 1831, a board of national education for Ireland, which, within the last few years, with all its imperfections and errors, has done a great deal towards irradiating the light of knowledge on the neglected intellect of Ireland.

In 1832, when the repeal standard was raised through Ireland, Mr. Wyse, having refused to pledge himself in favor of that measure, lost, at the same time, the popular favor and his seat in parliament. His Catholic principles and all his services were forgotten, the moment he turned off from the great high road to national independence.

During the "experiment" of whig legislation, from 1835 to 1840, Mr. Wyse was again returned to parliament; and when, according to

the settled policy of the whig ministry, the doors of office were thrown open to the Catholic leaders, Mr. Wyse, with Mr. Sheil, and Mr. More O'Farrell, were honored by offices in the administration, next in dignity and pay to the members of the cabinet.

Mr. Wyse, with his friends, retired from office in 1841, and awaits with Sheil, O'Farrell, and some others, the restoration of a whig ministry, to reoccupy their former places in the imperial government. Sir Robert Peel has shown a marked respect to Mr. Wyse in the debates, and the latter still represents Waterford in the house of commons. When he brought forward, in the session of 1844, his celebrated motion for the establishment of provincial colleges in Ireland, and for the more equal distribution of the enormous wealth of Trinity College, the prime minister complimented him highly, and went so far as to assure him that government would introduce a bill upon the subject, which, if not deemed satisfactory by *him*, should be placed in his hands, when the government would willingly support his (Mr. Wyse's) measure. This admission of the principle for which Mr. Wyse contends, in respect to education, has thrown the ultra tories of Ireland into the utmost state of alarm. "The university is to be given over to the Catholics," is now the common cry of their press. This concession, however, is offered to the repeal agitation. It will be accepted; but it will not subdue the unceasing demand for national legislation.

#### O'GORMAN MAHON.

James Patrick O'Gorman Mahon was one of the most prominent and remarkable men of the Catholic Association. He is tall, well formed, remarkably handsome, graceful, eloquent, and brave as Cæsar. His enthusiasm, energy, and patriotism knew no bounds. He would as readily have leaped down the crater of Vesuvius, if O'Connell desired it, as plunge into a bath. He was an effective speaker, with a handsome person and an eloquent eye; gifted with a nobility of look, a melodious voice, distinct enunciation, and the most graceful action. The Irish chieftain of the chivalric ages was stamped on his person, and sounded in his name. "*The O'Gorman Mahon*" was his agitating title. His family belonged to the county of Clare, and were truly Milesian. He was a Catholic, and panted for equality with Protestants. He was well educated, and despised the aped superiority of the conservative oligarchy; and was, in every respect, a cavalier of the highest order.



The reader may easily imagine the power of such a man over the mercurial populace of Ireland. He traversed the country as the delegate of the Catholic Association; sometimes in company with Steele,—another singular character,—and sometimes a sole delegate. During the ten or fifteen days that preceded the Clare election, in 1828, he might be traced from parish to parish, and from mountain to mountain, through the county, by the multitudes who followed him. He slept not, nor suffered others to sleep. No hour of the day or night was either too sacred or improper to gather around him an assembly of his countrymen. The daily and nightly agitation, by himself and Mr. Steele, through the county of Clare, would furnish matter enough for a series of interesting political pictures. The freeholders, half dressed, coming down from their mountain homes, in the midst of the night, to the barn or the church where the tidings of liberty were to be proclaimed; the half lighted building; the agonizing anxiety; the fear of landlord persecution; the bold resolve to be free; the delight, the hope, alternately exhibited by the audience; the athletic, earnest, and impressive figures of the speakers;—all these would furnish to another Barry, or to Maclise, endless material for life-like sketches.

O'Gorman Mahon was among the first band of Catholic gentlemen, who were returned members to the English parliament, on the concession of Catholic emancipation. In that aristocratic assembly he soon became distinguished, not for his labored speeches, but for his prompt and *courageous* replies. A conspiracy was formed by the English tories, to run down the Irish Catholic members, who were considered the supporters of O'Connell. The enmity, felt chiefly towards O'Connell, was directed to every Irish member who supported him. The *mode* of this exalted opposition was as follows: when an Irish member spoke, to cough, bellow, talk loud, or cry out, "Question! question!"

O'Gorman Mahon, Maurice O'Connell, Carew O'Dwyer, Morgan O'Connell, and a few more of the junior members from Ireland, were determined to put down this opposition, and, accordingly, on the first symptom of undue interruption, O'Connell denounced it as "*bestly bellowing*," and "*ruffianly interruption*." The tory members, unprepared for this, were up on their feet in an instant. "Chair! chair!" "Order! order!" was echoed and reëchoed; in the midst of which, O'Gorman Mahon, and the other members I have named, walked across the floor, and handed their cards to the ringleaders of disorder. These were so many summonses to the field. It is impossible to picture the consternation of the tory benches. Explanations followed, which pre-

vented any hostile meeting. The tory members, though more peaceful, were still very sore; and it was not till O'Gorman Mahon cowed Sir James Graham, and that Morgan O'Connell challenged and fought Lord Alvanley, that a fair hearing could be obtained in the British parliament.

O'Gorman Mahon was a very accurate shot. He was fearless, too, and despised in his heart the bloated puppyism of English insolence. Upon one occasion, when he returned to Ireland, on the morning following an excited debate, in which he took a prominent part, while dining in one of the Liverpool hotels, he overheard two English gentlemen, who sat at an opposite table, discussing, from the "Times" newspaper, the topics of "O'Gorman Mahon's speech," delivered on the previous evening in the house of commons.

One of the gentlemen remarked that "O'Gorman Mahon was a vulgar Irish bully," or some words to that effect. Mahon rose deliberately from his table, approached the gentlemen, asked and learned their names in the most courteous manner, and then presented them with his card, containing the ominous "O'Gorman Mahon," requesting one or the other to give him instant satisfaction with swords or pistols. They hesitated, stammered; but finally apologized, and reduced that apology to writing.

Such was O'Gorman Mahon, a bright and valuable appendage to the Irish cause. I must refrain from going into the particulars of his unhappy differences with the O'Connells, and with Mr. Steele. These will be,—I should rather say, *are* forgotten; and the day, I hope, is not far distant, when the brave, and patriotic, and accomplished O'Gorman Mahon will be again in the front ranks of his country's most distinguished battalions.

I should have noted that Mr. Mahon won the fair hand of a rich Irish heiress,—Miss O'Brien, of Merrion Square, the only daughter of the eminent merchant of that name, who died, about thirty years ago, in Dublin. The lady's fortune amounted to fifty thousand pounds, which was chiefly settled on herself; the income from which, together with Mr. Mahon's own property, enables him to live in a style of elegance suited to his taste and position. He has not, for some time past, taken any prominent part in the struggle for his country's freedom. There is no length to which his heart is not prepared to go for her deliverance; and it is hoped that ere long he will be in his proper place, battling, among the first ranks of his countrymen, for their just liberty.

## THOMAS STEELE.

Thomas Steele has been a prominent agitator from the years 1824–1825 to the present time. Inheriting a competent landed property in the county of Clare, receiving a classical education in the University of Cambridge, and belonging to the Protestant church, he was, in his early career, received in the proudest circles of the gentry of that communion.

When, in 1823, the communities of Europe had caught the revolutionary fever of that era; when liberty-loving Greece battled with the merciless Turk, and Italy heaved with insurrectionary emotions; the “Constitutionalists” of Spain appeared, a willing, armed band, in the heart of Old Castile, to fight for “the rights of man.” The object of these Constitutionalists may have been, at first, to procure an enlargement of civil rights; to wrest a constitution from the absolute Ferdinand, who had broken his pledges to the Spanish people. But their subsequent conduct proves that they meditated a seizure of all the church and abbey lands of Spain, and an appropriation of those lands, from their original uses, to that of private purposes, after the plan of Henry the Eighth.

To carry this project out, a negotiation was opened with the Jews of London for loans of money. “Scrip,” or “bonds,” were issued in the name of the Constitutionalists, which were sold in London by the aid of whispers about the great wealth, the gold and silver vessels, the lands and flocks, which the monasteries contained. The agents, who circulated this “scrip,” dwelt encouragingly on this great store of wealth, as one of the prizes for which they struggled. The press of England and Ireland was set a-going; a false issue was placed before the public; a cry of “Freedom!” was raised; and many volunteers appeared, even in Catholic Ireland, ready enrolled, who appointed their commanders, and were ready to venture life and limb in support of the constitutional cause in Spain.

Among those who led in this apparently patriotic movement was Mr. Steele. He went farther than most men in Ireland; he mortgaged his property for some eight or ten thousand pounds, with which he freighted a ship with warlike stores, and went on board himself with a few companies of armed volunteers, at whose head he was prepared to fight for the overthrow of monarchy in Spain.

Mr. Steele arrived safe in the port of Trocadero, landed his little band, fought, and was overpowered by the royalists; the ship and munitions of war were seized, and the whole enterprise ended in failure. The

*Duc d'Angoulême*, sent by the king of France, had crossed the Pyrenees with one hundred thousand men for the support of the king of Spain. The "Constitutionalists" and the London Jews were put down, and monarchy was more firmly established in Spain than before. "Spanish scrip" became, of course, a worthless security, and a hundred pounds' worth could be purchased for as many shillings.

Years rolled on; the French revolution of July, 1830, and the Belgian revolution, about the same time, raised once more the hopes of the discontented in Spain, and gave new hopes to the holders of Spanish scrip in England. A plot was formed to revolutionize Spain. Meetings were held in London, called under the title of Spanish refugees. Volunteers for a new revolution in that country openly enrolled their names. General Evans was placed at their head, and a new scrip was issued, which guaranteed to those who held the former scrip full payment, on the establishment of a *constitutional* government in Spain,—i. e., the government of the London money-lenders and their adventuring agents.

Several years of the most shocking war succeeded. The *pretence* of setting up a child as queen of Spain, in opposition to another branch of the royal family, was resorted to. The priests and monks opposed with all their might the English interest. They were overpowered by the treacherous Espartero; and the "young queen," with Espartero as regent, was proclaimed the constitutional monarch of Spain.

The monasteries, abbey lands, and hospitals, from which the poor were always supported, were seized, the religious people turned out, and the taxes and revenues were doubled on the people, to pay the interest on the London Spanish scrip, which now rose, old and new, "passive" and "active," to near par. Espartero was the farmer-general in Spain of the London money-dealers; the most grievous excesses were committed in that country under his government. That ancient nation was, in fact, reduced to the condition of an English colony.

The persecuted priesthood appealed, through their ecclesiastical head in Rome, to the whole Catholic world. A prayer was sent up to Heaven from a million of altars, throughout the universe, for the overthrow of the moneyed despotism which crushed down Spain. The prayer was heard. A counter revolution took place; and, in little less than two years from his elevation and triumph, the power of Espartero melted away. He fought no battles. He made no resistance. The people simply rose and put him down. He took refuge in an English ship,

and sailed to London, where he now remains, under the protection of the British government. And Spain is liberated from the grasp of England.

It may be useful to remember, in connection with this matter, that two volunteer armies were put together in England, in the course of twenty years, for the avowed purpose of aiding the rebellious subjects of the kings of Spain for the overthrow of their government, although Spain was at the time at peace with England.

It was necessary to make this digression, for the purpose of giving the reader a true idea of that enterprise which Mr. Steele originally joined, which, I am quite confident, presented to his mind a far different aspect to that which it really bore beneath the mask of freedom.

When Mr. Steele returned from Spain, he joined the Catholic Association. He was a useful auxiliary; being a Protestant enhanced the value of his support. I have already noticed, in my narrative of the Clare election, the distinguished services he rendered in company with O'Gorman Mahon. He was, indeed, a host on the side of the Catholics. In the subsequent agitation he performed a distinguished part while traversing the south of Ireland, in company with O'Gorman Mahon as "pacifiers," where they succeeded in reconciling all differences among the people. When Catholic emancipation and the reform bill were carried, a calm succeeded which ill suited the fiery spirit of Mr. Steele; but an opportunity was not long wanting to call forth his undoubted energy and patriotism. The repeal flag was hoisted in 1831. Lord Anglesey prosecuted the leaders. O'Connell, Barrett, Steele, and a few others, were arrested, and were to be tried for disobeying the lord lieutenant's proclamation, by attending a repeal meeting. The prosecution was ultimately defeated, and Mr. Steele, with his mighty chief, came proudly forth unscathed.

During the whig experiment, from 1834 to 1840, Mr. Steele was again politically idle. He had the misfortune to have a misunderstanding with O'Connell, which grew, it is said, from a proposal of marriage made by him to a young lady, a near relative of the Liberator, which encountered the disapprobation of the latter. The people were much pained by this coolness, which lasted nearly two years.

During this unpleasant interval, Mr. Steele occupied his volcanic intellect with philosophical subjects. He is a profound mathematician; has made a decided improvement in the diving-bell, and has frequently been down in the bosom of the sea with the improved diver, giving practical illustrations of his inventions.

Mr. Steele stands high as an engineer in the republic of science; he suggested a great many improvements in the great plan for rendering the River Shannon navigable, which have since been carried into effect. He claims the honor of first bringing this question before the public, for which he never was in the slightest way requited. He is a great admirer of Newton, and proposed to the English people to erect a magnificent testimonial in London to that celebrated astronomer.

When there was, in 1837, some danger of a new rupture between Belgium and Holland, Mr. Steele went over to Leopold, king of the Belgians, with an offer of ten thousand Irish volunteers. The offer was kept under consideration; but Holland agreeing to terms, it was thereby rendered unnecessary.

The repeal agitation of 1840 brought Mr. Steele back again into political activity. He is now O'Connell's lieutenant, pacificator, and companion, and is identified with every act and deed of the Repeal Association. During the monster meetings of 1843-44, when a quarter, a half, or a whole million of men assembled, every three or four weeks, in some part of Ireland, then was Tom Steele really in his glory! It was to him sublimity realized. There was he to be found, in the midst of the ocean multitude, directing the foaming waves in regulated channels. There he stood, at O'Connell's right hand, willing to obey his "mighty leader" in any command, either of peace or war; for he really believes O'Connell can do no wrong. And had Steele been directed at Mullaghmast or Tara to lead five hundred thousand volunteers against England, he would, without a moment's hesitation, or even consideration, have led the men to battle. Though he is bland, gentle, and courteous, yet he has no sense of personal fear.

When Lord De Grey, in 1843, was preparing for battle, fortifying his barracks and forts, the repealers, who had no intention of doing battle with England, — especially at a moment when her entire army and navy were unoccupied in any continental war, — cracked their jokes upon the head of the bewildered lord lieutenant. Mr. Steele increased the fun by showing his excellency how easily Richmond Barracks could be taken at any one of *three* unprotected points, notwithstanding that the government generals and engineers had exhausted their ingenuity in fortifying that fortress. The publication of Mr. Steele's plan for attacking the barracks created great merriment, which increased when it was acknowledged by some eminent English commanders that Steele was right, and still more when his excellency ordered the weak points, noticed in his letter, to be strongly fortified!

When the Clontarf meeting was suppressed, and when O'Connell, his son John, Barrett, and Ray, were made aware that they were arrested, Steele, who was with the Liberator at the time, and who was not included in the first arrests, felt deeply mortified at being passed over as unworthy of prosecution. He walked up and down Mr. O'Connell's large parlour, full of indignation. But, in the course of the afternoon, he was relieved from his disagreeable situation by receiving notice to attend before Mr. Justice Burton, to enter bail for his appearance under a charge of conspiracy, &c. This restored him to self-satisfaction; he attended accordingly, and proudly passed, with the others, through the conspicuous ordeal of martyrdom.

In the Repeal Association, Mr. Steele never makes what is called a speech. When he does speak, it is generally to second a motion, or to give an explanation; and then he is sure to introduce some anecdote or illustration from the ancients or the moderns, or from his contemporaries, which he dresses in his own exalted diction, and which comes from his mind with his image stamped upon it. He always reports to the press his own speeches, and no one can mistake them for any body's else, though his name be not written above them.

He never speaks more than a few minutes at a time, and seldom more than once at a sitting of the association; and always pays due deference to others. His manner of speaking is characteristic of his mind—heaving, incoherent, and full of passion. His gestures body forth images that his tongue dare not name. The government reporters catch every *word* he utters, but they cannot transfer his looks to their tablets; and if they did, there is no statute yet framed to construe *looks* into treason. Steele *looks* rebellion; *shells*, and *assaults*, and *separation*, and *independence*, are pictured in every gesture. But he is able to vent his mind in words which convey constitutional ideas to the government reporters, and, after all, there is no man in the association who talks rebellion in more careful and legal phraseology.

Mr. Steele is now about fifty-six years of age. He is in robust health, unmarried, and devoid of any family encumbrances. He stands nearly six feet high; has a brave, military air; his body and arms are massive, and his head the finest that nature ever modelled. His forehead is broad and projecting; his eyes are good, and sit easy in their sockets; his mouth has lost some of its expression in the loss of one or two teeth; but his face presents a nervous, flexible, luminous system of features, which plainly exhibit every emotion of his soul. His dress is eternally the same—a blue frock-coat, buttoned tight to the chin, and

light-colored pantaloons, which sometimes look white, and are never strapped; it is the same in winter as in summer. There is nothing affected in his manner; every word, look, and step, is natural. His income—if some fifty pounds a year allowed him by the possessor of his estate can be so called—is about sufficient to maintain him with the merest necessaries of life, and he despises any thing further. He has never sought or accepted any office or income from the government or the people. He is poor in pocket, but exalted in nobility of soul, and would not exchange situations with Louis Philippe.

It might be easy to prove him rash, but impossible to prove him mean, dishonest, or dishonorable. I do not remember that Steele was ever engaged in a duel; he is truly the least offensive of men. He is a finished gentleman, but not a refined politician. He would make a brave but not a cunning general. In an age of chivalry and military honor, he would be selected the chief of patriot legions; but he has not sufficient stratagem or cunning to cope with the tactics of the present day. He embodies what we conceive a knight templar to have been, and would prove an unequalled lieutenant under a Washington, a Napoleon, or a Bolivar. Indeed, I question whether either of those heroes had around them braver metal. Steele is truly the man for a forlorn hope! He would sit composedly on a mine, and suffer himself to be blown into the air, if O'Connell thought it necessary to the freedom of Ireland. The action of such a one, revolving ever round the sun of Irish agitation, flings a variegated ray of chieftainry on its path, and infuses into the minds of the Irish millions indescribable emotions of enthusiasm. Steele was shaped by the hand of nature to fill his present office. He was born to revolve round O'Connell; amenable to his chief as a child, and ready at his nod to let slip the dogs of war, or to wave the branch of peace. The people love, and the government fear him.

Such are my recollections of Steele. The last day but one which I passed in Ireland, was in his company. It was at Barrett's country-house, where Steele is always a welcome guest. There were a few cherished friends there, and I was happy and honored in such company. It was a delightful day in June; Nature was clothed in her loveliest apparel—and where does she look lovelier than in Erin? The repeal of the union was the leading idea of the party, and the all-engrossing topic of conversation. When night came, and all were preparing to return to the city, (three or four miles distant,) Steele informed us he intended to pass the night in the Wicklow mountains, (seven miles



off,) and trace, through its beautiful windings, the depths of the River Liffey. He set off across the fields with that design. I saw him no more. I sailed for America the next day but one.

### RICHARD BARRETT,

the proprietor of the *PILOT*, and the steady friend of O'Connell, stands prominent among the effective agitators for Catholic emancipation. Mr. Barrett being a Protestant, his disinterested advocacy of the Catholic cause before he became a journalist, enhanced considerably the value of his support. I may here remark, that public dinners were hit upon by O'Connell as one part of his system of agitation, by which he warmed up public sentiment to the boiling heat. It may be truly said that the Catholics ate their way to emancipation. In most of the public dinners which they had for the purpose of gathering, feeding, and animating public sentiment, Mr. Barrett generally responded to the toast, "The liberal Protestants of Ireland."

Mr. Barrett's family were originally of English extraction; they came over with some of the first Norman invaders, and settled in the south of Ireland. Mr. Barrett was intended and educated for the Irish bar; but, I believe, a change in the circumstances of his family prevented the realization of his wish. The barriers, which the legal profession of Ireland interpose to the advancement of young men to the Irish bar, are insurmountable to those who are not fortified by a full purse. Mr. Barrett turned his attention to a mercantile walk, and became a salesman to the respectable firm of A. Guinness and Sons, the eminent brewers of Dublin.

In this capacity he became generally acquainted with the Catholics of Dublin, learned their religious and political principles from themselves, and thus formed an opinion of them and their cause somewhat different from that which school and family prejudices had established in his mind. Having an addiction to public writing, he contributed regularly, in 1822-1823, to the *Patriot*, which was then a government paper.

When Mr. Barrett joined in the advocacy of Catholic freedom, his intimacy with O'Connell, and the necessity there existed for an evening organ of the Catholic Association, led to the establishment, about 1827, of the *Pilot*, which was printed in the *Morning and Weekly Register* office, and partly made up from the current matter of those journals.

The *Pilot*, from thenceforth, became the vehicle through which the

chief of Ireland promulgated his letters and peaceful rescripts. This imparted to the paper an additional interest, and secured a pretty fair circulation. Mr. Barrett must be admitted, even by his enemies, to have ever been a faithful advocate of Catholic rights, and a fearless denouncer of their opponents. He has encountered *several* government prosecutions, and was thrice imprisoned. "The Queen *versus* Barrett" is frequently called up in the Queen's Bench of Dublin.

The Pilot is an eyesore to both the whig and tory governors of Ireland. Upon one occasion they refused him stamps for his paper, at the stamp office. [My American readers ought to be informed that no newspaper can be published in Ireland without leave of the crown, and the payment of a penny stamp duty, on each paper.] Mr. Barrett defeated the government in a very curious way. He issued an evening, or second edition of the Morning Register to his subscribers, containing the matter which usually appeared in the Pilot, and bearing this singular title: "*The Morning Register—THE PILOT having been suppressed.*" The paper with this title was still more eagerly sought for than before. The attempt to suppress it only tended to increase its circulation.

One of these prosecutions was that for the publication of O'Connell's terrific letter against the whigs, in 1833, which first appeared in the London Morning Chronicle. The Liberator offered to avow himself the author; but Barrett, feeling that he himself could be better spared from the public cause than O'Connell, generously offered to bear the brunt of the government prosecution in his own person. A strong defence was prepared by his lawyers, and Sheil was appointed to reply to the attorney-general. The day of trial approached; and every thing which legal ingenuity could devise was put in hasty requisition to break down the government prosecutor; when, all on a sudden, Mr. Sheil, the evening previous to the trial, became ill, or else feeling unequal to the responsibility of the task, returned his brief. A consultation was immediately held at Mr. O'Connell's house, when it was finally agreed that he himself should be the leading counsel, on the next day, for Mr. Barrett. Thus he appeared in court, to defend another for the crime he himself committed. It was unprecedented. I intend to describe this trial, in an advanced page of O'Connell's life. Barrett was found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He suffered with composure. The public were roused into admiration. Subscriptions were sent to the martyr from all sides, even from America; and he was rewarded for his fidelity to the Liberator by an enlarged patronage, and an enthusiastic support to his paper.

Under the administration of Lord Anglesey, Barrett had the honor of being prosecuted, in company with O'Connell. That prosecution, after a bitter struggle, fell to the ground. During the "experiment" of whig legislation, from 1835 to 1840, when any body who possessed a little name and influence among the people was eagerly bought up by the government, Mr. Barrett never applied for any office. I am quite convinced, remembering the great numbers who obtained places from the ministry, that, had he applied, he would have obtained an office. It is due to him to say, that he was amongst the few public men who remained, at that time, unemployed by the government.

In 1838, when the Bank of Ireland sought a renewal of its charter, Mr. Barrett opened a battery on it from the columns of the Pilot. The author had the honor of writing many of those articles which roused the public mind to a sense of the danger of that tremendous monopoly. Mr. Barrett never relinquished his attacks upon the Bank of Ireland; and when the whig administration paltered with this wicked corporation, when Mr. Spring Rice, the chancellor of the exchequer, actually sanctioned a bill for a renewal of their charter, the Pilot then gave up the whigs as rotten, and raised in its columns the cry of "Repeal; nothing but repeal!"

With the author originated also several of the *repeal* articles which appeared in the Pilot from 1839 to 1841. That question, though now so plain to every one, required then a world of discussion and explanation. The Pilot has the merit of being the *first* paper in Ireland which began the repeal agitation in earnest, from which it has never since swerved in the slightest degree.

Mr. Barrett had the singular honor of being a second time included in the same indictment with O'Connell. He was one of the seven martyrs in the late state prosecution. This, of course, raised him in the estimation of his countrymen. He is the bosom friend of the Liberator, and accompanied him in many of his journeys to the monster meetings of 1843. Mr. Barrett is about fifty or fifty-three years of age; stands five feet ten; speaks well when he does speak, but is not over anxious to hear his own voice. His writing is characterized rather more by a stern vigor than by nicety of diction; in truth, he is not studious of style; his labors are bent solely to the ruin of the enemies of Ireland.

## MICHAEL STAUNTON,

the proprietor of the *Morning and Weekly Register*, contributed a large proportion of aid to the Catholic agitation. Mr. Staunton began the publication of the *Weekly Register* in Dublin, about the year 1822. He had been previously a compositor, and was engaged upon a Cork newspaper. The establishment of the *Weekly Register*, at that time, was a work of no small enterprise. The security required by the government, amounting to *two thousand four hundred pounds*, was in itself an almost insurmountable bar to the establishment of a newspaper; few persons would willingly become sureties for so serious an amount, in the face of a hostile government, — besides which there was the heavy stamp-duty. Mr. Staunton was able to surmount all these difficulties, and to get his paper started. About two years after the establishment of the *Weekly Register*, he commenced the daily issue of the *Morning Register*. The miserable papers, which were then published in Dublin, gave very limited reports of the Catholic Association proceedings; and, with a view of spreading a knowledge of its important debates before the public, Mr. O'Connell strongly urged Mr. Staunton to make the experiment.

I have already described the circumstances connected with the enterprise of starting a daily paper under the influence of the Catholic Association, in the pages devoted to the years 1823–1824, which the reader, I presume, has seen.

Mr. Staunton happened to escape the rancor or prosecution of the government during the whole of his publishing career — no small evidence of his great prudence. During the agitation of the “poor law for Ireland” question, he was found in opposition to O'Connell.

This was a position very disagreeable to his feelings, into which nothing but a stern conviction that he was right could have drawn him; but he sustained his opinions all through it with a courteous demeanor; and when the poor-law bill became law, Mr. Staunton was offered an office in connection with it, — I believe *commissioner*, — which he declined. Mr. Staunton has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the statistics of Ireland; and has continuously presented her claims to justice, sustained by close columns of arithmetic. Cobbett appreciated Staunton's productions, because, unlike the majority of Irish essays, they abounded more in figures of arithmetic than fancy. Mr. Staunton published several useful pamphlets, full of the most valuable statistics relating to Ireland, and is now deservedly an alderman of Dublin; and will in turn fill the chair of the first magistrate of the Irish metropolis.

# LECTURE XXV.

## O'CONNELL'S LIFE AND TIMES,

FROM A. D. 1830 TO 1845.

Triumph of the Catholic Association. — Its moral Effect. — Similar Societies formed in England; also in France and Belgium. — French Revolution of July. — Belgian Revolution. — Death of George the Fourth. — Accession of William the Fourth. — Popular Discontent. — Reform Cry. — Dissolution of Parliament. — Irish Elections. — Reformers' Triumph. — The Grey Ministry. — Lord Brougham. — Dublin Trades Union. — Repeal. — Doneraile Conspiracy. — Doherty. — O'Connell's legal Triumph. — Lord Anglesey's Arrival. — His Proclamations. — Repeal Breakfasts. — O'Connell and others prosecuted. — Failure of the Prosecution. — The Reform Bill in Parliament. — Change of Ministry. — Popular Commotion. — Triumph of Reform. — Irish Coercion Bill. — Tithe Slaughters. — Carrick Shock. — Tithe System. — The Parson's Horn-Book. — The Widow Ryan. — History of Tithes. — Resistance to Tithes. — Their partial Abolition. — The Repeal Agitation. — Orange and Green. — General Election. — Return of Repeal Members. — A. Bradley King. — Dublin Election. — Chairing of O'Connell. — Lord Anglesey's Tour. — Dr. Baldwin. — The Coercion Bill. — Its Enactments. — Hostility of the English to it. — Piece of Plate to O'Connell. — Suppression of the Volunteers, and the Trades Union. — Prosecutions of Walsh and Brown. — Prosecution of Barrett. — O'Connell's Defence of him. — Triumphant Result. — O'Connell the Originator of the Ballot. — Repeal Question in Parliament. — Meeting of the Irish Members. — The Reporters and O'Connell. — His Exertions for the Dublin Merchants. — Cobbett's Character of him. — Repeal in Manchester. — Approach of the Repeal Discussion. — The Debate. — O'Connell's Speech. — Temper of the House. — The Division. — Influence of O'Connell in England. — His Plans of Reform. — Changes in the British Ministry. — Dissolution of Parliament. — Violent Struggle. — The Melbourne Ministry. — The "Experiment." — English Corporate Reform. — Lord Mulgrave, (Normanby.) — The Marchioness of Normanby. — The Irish Court. — Its Patronage. — Justice. — Lord Morpeth. — Promotions. — Orangeism. — Its Suppression. — Freemasonry. — O'Connell's Influence abroad. — Opinions on America. — His Law Struggles with Government. — *Raphael*. — O'Connell's Popularity. — Mr. Ruthven. — Irish Poor Law Question. — Condition of Ireland. — Poor Laws established in Ireland. — Death of William the Fourth. — Accession of Victoria. — State of Parties. — Coronation of the Queen. — Tory Movements. — Resignation of the Whigs. — Sir Robert Peel. — His "Difficulty." — The Whigs recalled. — The Chartists. — Feargus O'Connor. — Commercial Distress. — Commercial Agitation in Ireland. — The Bank of Ireland. — The Bank Charter. — The Railway Commission. — Irish Fisheries. — Beet-Root Sugar. — Irish Tobacco. — English and Irish Taxation. — Absentees. — Drain of Irish Wealth. — Rental of Ireland. — Debt and Revenue Drain. — Bank and Insurance Drain. — The Manufacture Drain. — Patience of Ireland. — Her Advantages. — State of England. — Attempts on the Queen's Life. — Attack on O'Connell. — Precursor Society. — Abatement of Public Spirit. — Condition of Dublin. — Revival of Repeal. — The Trades Union. — O'Connell's Letter to the Author. — Repeal Meetings. — Corporation Bill. — The National Repeal Association. — O'Connell's Vow. — Reports on Repeal. — State of England. — Attempts on the Queen's Life. — The China War. — East India Company. — Their Plunder in the East. — Their Power in England. — Character of their Wars. — The English Aristocracy. — Foreign Policy of England. — Stanley's Bill. — Defeated by O'Connell. — Disturbance in England. — Repeal. — Father Hughes. — Provincial Meetings. — O'Connell in the North. — Munster Repeal Meeting. — O'Connell's Exertions. — His Talents. — Physical Powers of Irishmen. — The Clearing System. — Temperance Movement. — Irish Manufactures. — Board of Trade. — Resources of Ireland. — Population and Agriculture. — Produce. — Exports. — State of Irish Manufactures in 1840. — The Board of Trade. — The Repeal Agitation. — Voice of America. — Repeal in the

United States.—The Peel Ministry.—Irish Corporate Reform.—Corporate Income.—O'Connell Lord Mayor of Dublin.—Lord Mayor at Mass.—Arrival of Lord de Grey.—Lord Mayor at his Levee.—O'Connell's Year of Office.—State of Repeal.—State of England.—Chartists petition for Repeal.—Peel's Difficulties.—His Measures.—Whig and Tory Rule.—Spies.—Prosecutions of the Press.—Charles G. Duffy.—Repeal Agitation.—The "Nation" established.—O'Connell's Catechism.—His Memoir of Ireland.—Repeal in the Corporation.—Mr. Butt.—The Debate.—Its Effects.—Building of Conciliation Hall.—Peter Purcell.—Monster Meetings.—Ministerial Threats.—Ireland's Answer.—American Sympathy.—Superseded Magistrates.—Invasion of Ireland.—Smith O'Brien's Motion.—Monster Meetings.—Tara Meeting.—Meetings at Loughrea, Clifden, Lismore.—Arbitration Courts.—French Sympathy.—Ledru Rollin.—The Congress of Three Hundred.—Donnybrook Meeting.—Mullaghmast.—Clontarf Meeting.—Its Suppression.—Lord de Grey's Proclamation.—O'Connell's Proclamation.—O'Connell and eight others arrested.—Feeling in England.—Conciliation Hall opened.—Accession of W. S. O'Brien.—State Trials.—Father Tyrrell.—The Jury List.—Before the Trial.—The Court and Council.—The packed Jury.—The Attorney-General.—The Witnesses.—The Charges.—The Defence.—Speeches of Counsel.—Threatened Duel.—Whiteside's Speech.—O'Connell's Speech.—Pennafather's Charge.—The Verdict.—State of Public Feeling.—O'Connell in England.—English Sympathy.—The Sentences.—THE THIRTIETH OF MAY.—The Captivity.—Public Sympathy.—Public Addresses.—War against Flags and Buttons.—Retirement of Lord de Grey.—The Martyrs in Prison.—Appeal to the Lords.—Lord Denman's Opinion.—Reversal of the Judgment.—Traversers liberated.—Triumphal Proceedings.—Effects of the Prosecutions.—Grey Porter.—Federalism.—The Bequests Act.—The Concordat.—Secession of Members from the British Parliament.—The Irish Senate.—Character of the Ministry.—Their new Policy.—Reduction of Taxes.—Grant to Mayo.—Provincial Colleges.—Tenure Bill.—Peel's Admission.—Eighty-two Club.—Their first Banquet.—The National Assembly at the Rotunda.—Declaration of Right.—Names of the Delegates.—End of the History.

WE are now to conduct the reader through the interesting fifteen years from the triumph of emancipation to the reassembling of the incipient Irish parliament, in 1845. Great are the events encompassed by this brief period. Would that we had space sufficient to do them ample justice!

The reader has seen how the great man, whose deeds I have been endeavoring to portray, had broken down all the legal barriers which stood between him and the privileges of the British constitution. This extraordinary achievement was not destitute of deep moral effect on the reflecting portion of the people of England and Europe. The action of the Catholic Association had long been watched and weighed by the votaries of liberty throughout the world. It was triumphant. It subdued the mightiest power on earth, and its machinery and principles became an object of solicitude and imitation to all those who smarted under tyranny.

The oppressed people of England had long vainly sought for an amelioration of their burdens; but there was no hope in parliament, and they had little faith in their leaders. The miraculous triumph wrought by the Catholic Association begot in them a new spirit. They saw in its mechanism a model to follow, and in its leaders artificers to construct the

assaulting machinery which was to procure them a reform of the parliament, the corporations, the church, and the debt.

All England was thrown into a fever of agitation. Trades unions and political unions were established in every direction. These consisted chiefly of the working classes, upon whom the burdens of the idle aristocracy principally rested. A most powerful society was formed in Dublin, of a kindred character, called the *National Trades Political Union of Ireland*; and there were other still more powerful associations formed in Manchester and Birmingham about the same time, denominated the *Birmingham Political Union*, and the *Manchester Trades Political Union*. All these were open debating societies, whose members met once a week to discuss grievances and insist on remedies. They collected funds, extended their numbers, influenced the press, controlled elections, public opinion, and the government. They were all similar to each other in their mechanism, nearly so in their objects, and closely modelled after the Irish Catholic Association. Based on penny and shilling subscriptions, they accumulated considerable funds, and extended, in the years 1830, 1831, and 1832, through all the most populous cities of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Nor were these societies confined to the narrow islands of the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." Kindred associations grew up in Paris, Lyons, Brussels, and other cities of France and Belgium. In 1815, on the fall of Napoleon, a member of the old Bourbon family was restored to the throne of France by the force of two hundred and fifty thousand bayonets. The restored dynast and his legitimate successor, Charles the Tenth, forgot the lessons taught them by the previous thirty years of suffering and slaughter. *Aristocracy*, and privilege, with all their attending evils, were to be forced back on the French nation. The triumphs, in 1823, of the royal army of France in Spain and Portugal, the establishment of absolutism in those neighboring countries by French soldiers, led Charles and his minister, the Prince Polignac, to suppose that the same instruments would be equally efficacious in smothering the efforts for responsible government at home. Confident in the power of the sword, a new scheme of taxation for enriching the aristocracy was, at the instance of the king, brought forward in the French chambers. In this grand project was included an estimate for thirty millions of francs to compensate the "emigrants" — French loyalists who had been driven from the country in the course of the revolution. This project was attacked by the press, by the debating societies, and by the popular members of the chamber. In return, the minister, through his agents,

interfered in the popular elections; ousted, by bribery and a perversion of the election law, several sturdy members opposed to him; and made no secret of his intention to invade the great charter of the nation. New peers were created for the purpose of carrying the ministerial measures in the chamber. The basis of the constituency was diminished by a controlling election law, and the number of members reduced from four hundred and thirty to two hundred and fifty. The chambers resisted, and they were dissolved. A new chamber was elected, which was rather more hostile to the king than the preceding. The press proclaimed the national discontent, and it was placed under a new and stricter censorship. No article touching the government was suffered to appear in the journals without the approbation of the king's censors. The opposition papers came out in *blanks*. The editors wrote their accustomed leaders, which, when rejected by the censors, were not altered, but withdrawn, and the places which they should fill were left blank in the journals. This produced, probably, a greater effect on the popular mind than the suppressed articles would have produced if published.

The king and his ministry then determined to suppress, by proclamation, the intended meeting of the new chamber, and followed up this by forcibly seizing on twelve newspapers. On the 26th of July, 1830, the famous *ordinances* to this effect were promulgated. On Monday, they appeared in the *Moniteur*; on Tuesday, the people threatened; on Wednesday, they took up arms, fought, and bled; and on Friday, they were masters of the nation. The battle was long and furious. All Paris was in arms. The streets were torn up; heavy stones were carried to the house-tops, which were hurled on the king's troops wherever they appeared. Men, women, and boys, were in the thickest of the fight. The youths of the Polytechnic School joined in the *mêlée*, and led the contest, which lasted but three days, and ended in the complete triumph of the people. La Fayette was called by the victors, who now formed a national guard, to form a republic and be its chief. He declined, and recommended the *Duc d'Orleans*, who was accepted, and is the present Louis Philippe, king of the French. A charter of liberty was tendered to him, which he swore to uphold; but by stealth he has since wrested from the French people nearly all those rights which they so bravely fought for and won in the field.

Scarcely was this revolution concluded, when a similar one broke out in Brussels, the capital of Belgium. Belgium is nearly a Catholic country. It was bound to Holland, a Protestant country, by the dicta-



tion of the allied monarchs, in 1815 — an unnatural union, which generated oppression on the one side and discontent on the other. The king of Holland was king of Belgium. He restrained the trade of the Belgians, imposed natives of Holland on them for governors and magistrates, interfered in the education of their youth, and excited the hostility of their trusted clergy. In short, he attempted to govern that country as England has too long governed Ireland. The example of Paris was an exhortation not to be resisted, and a revolution broke out in Brussels almost immediately after that of Paris. The clergy fought with the people, and they soon repealed the unnatural "union," and established their complete independence. In their new constitution the Belgians proclaimed liberty of conscience for all. Protestants and Catholics sit, as they ought, in the same chamber, without religious tests being administered to either. Belgium called Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (the husband of the Princess Charlotte) to the head of the nation; and, governed as that country is by liberality, limitation, and responsibility, it is making the most rapid strides to happiness and greatness.

These events were calculated to shake Europe, and to influence the destiny of England and Ireland very materially. Italy, Germany, and Poland felt the shocks, and reeled under their influence. Having given this glimpse at the condition of Europe in that eventful era, we shall now return to the consideration of affairs in England.

Almost simultaneous with this crisis in France happened the death of George the Fourth, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and the tenth of his reign. His last moments were attended by the most painful circumstance. His person had, for two or three years previous, become offensive to society, and he saw none but official attendants. He confined himself to Windsor Castle, and made that ancient seat of royalty a solitude. A man of a most corpulent body, more than two hundred and fifty pounds weight, and of voluptuous habits, his dissolution was disgustingly painful, and his moans, the day and night of his death, were heard by the sentinels in the distant quadrangle of the palace! His character may be summed up in a sentence — *a heartless, indolent sensualist, an accomplished master of ceremonies, without soul, sentiment, or feeling.*

The Duke of Clarence, the third son of George the Third, ascended, as William the Fourth, the throne of England, in July, 1830. The new king had been head of the navy for many years — was plain, bluff, and unsophisticated. He found the Wellington ministry in power, and made no alteration in the government. Anxious to win and enjoy the

affections of the people, he attended all the public places of amusement, mixed most condescendingly in all their frivolities, and, upon some occasions, in moments of enthusiastic enjoyment, flung his hat into the air in the midst of his subjects.

The triumph of the people over their rulers in France and Belgium; the triumph of the Catholic Association in Ireland; the triumph of the dissenters, who were now eligible, like the Catholics, to the whole range of governmental offices; the death of George the Fourth, a tyrant in his heart, and the elevation to the vacant throne of a jolly sailor king; the swell of young hope, the expansion of mind, the impulse of popular enthusiasm, and the influence of success—rendered it impossible for the English aristocracy to live any longer idly on the people. Reforms were called for on all sides. Every institution in the state required reformation. The government, the colonies, the law, the public companies, the army, navy, church, corporations, police, civil list, annuitants, were altogether one leavened mass of corruption. Robbery, speculation, dishonor, and dishonesty, had been engendered in the habits of the English aristocracy, during many previous generations, and had now arrived at a pitch thoroughly intolerable to the industrial classes.

The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were still the chiefs of the government. O'Connell and Lord John Russell had called for reform. They were met by the ministers with stout declarations in the negative. More than two thirds of the representatives of England sat in the house of commons for rotten boroughs, such as existed in Ireland at the "union," which the reader will find described in the lecture under that head. These borough privileges were as much the properties of certain lords as their lands and dwellings, were sold for money, and transferred in deeds like any other species of property; and "property" they certainly were, for the man that could command them, could, by virtue thereof, command the places and benefices in the gift of the crown. One of those boroughs, *East Retford*, was disfranchised for the proved exercise of perjury and very gross abuse of its privilege; and it was moved by the reform members to transfer its franchise to Manchester, Birmingham, or Leeds, great manufacturing cities which had grown up within the previous fifty years, and which had not been favored with the privileges of parliamentary representation on the establishment of the constitution in 1688.

The unwilling ministers of religious toleration, Peel and Wellington, had lost the support of most of their former friends, the High Church thick and thin Tories; and, pledged against all further reform, they could no

longer count on the support of the whigs, who had in the two previous sessions sustained them for the sake of the dissenters and Catholic relief bills which they had, though with so ill a grace, carried through parliament and the palace.

On the accession of a new monarch to the throne of England, it is customary to dissolve parliament for the purpose of affording the new king a new national council. The British parliament was accordingly dissolved, and a new election took place in the summer of this year. Great was the excitement, great was the struggle! The battle lay between reform and corruption. A volume could well be filled in describing this mighty contest. Ireland was in a flame, from sea to sea. The great leader, O'Connell, was every where riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm. Crippled as the Irish franchise was by the abolition of the forty-shilling freeholders, yet the mighty leader was able to move a sufficient force of *ten pounders* — the familiar designation of the new voters — to overthrow the tory majority of Ireland. Some Catholic members were returned from Ireland; among them O'Connell, one or two of his sons, O'Gorman Mahon, O'Connor Don, Mr. Wyse, Mr. Roach, Mr. Bellew, &c. Sheil was returned for Lord Anglesey's borough of Milborne port.

The opposition to the duke's ministry was led on with great power in parliament, and on a motion for a revisal of the civil list, by Sir Henry Parnell, which the ministers resisted, the votes were two hundred and thirty-three for, and two hundred and four against, the duke. His grace resigned, and the Grey ministry succeeded, upon the pledge of "*peace, reform, and retrenchment.*"

Earl Grey was made prime minister, Mr. Brougham was created lord chancellor, Melbourne home secretary, Lord John Russell paymaster of the forces, the Marquis of Anglesey lord lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Stanley his chief secretary, and Plunket Irish chancellor. These were the bone and sinew of the new government, and, according to their pledges, set about the reform of the parliament and the whole frame of government, civil, military, and municipal.

There was one man of that ministry, whom, though discoursing of Ireland, we cannot pass over in the ordinary way. He was HENRY BROUGHAM, a Scotchman by birth, and a lawyer by profession. He brought into public life a Celtic impetuosity, a legal sharp-sightedness, and a Scottish perseverance. He stood before the world as an educator and a reformer; was one of three who worked the Edinburgh Review, and one who perpetually contributed to the London Times. These publications were then, as they are now, first among the influencers of

English public opinion. His profession yielded him a large income, for he stood at its head. During his probation upwards, he was the fervent friend of the Catholics; defended them on all occasions, and contributed to the success of their cause. He was a man of astonishing knowledge, and of extraordinary industry. He originated societies for the diffusion of knowledge; agitated among the masses in person; stood at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand armed men in Birmingham, who threatened to march on London if reform were refused. When successful in overthrowing the Wellington ministry, Earl Grey sent him the appointment of attorney-general, which he indignantly refused, tearing the letter before the messenger's face, and sending no further reply. The new ministers then sent him the chancellor's seals. He fell out with his party, and has become a partisan of the tories. He might have been the prime minister of England, had he better temper and steadier principle.

O'Connell, on the other hand, at the head of the National Trades Union, raised the standard of REPEAL, agreeably to his pledge to Ireland at the Clare election. That sturdy body met at Swan's Rooms, on Bachelor's Walk, and also at the circus, in Abbey Street. The proceedings became an object of great solicitude to the government. They were very jealous of O'Connell's influence, and, in order to counteract it, sent over, as lord lieutenant, the Marquis of Anglesey, who had been, in 1829, so deservedly popular with the Irish people. But Lord Anglesey's reception was a different exhibition to his departure from Ireland a short time previous. Mr. O'Connell was fully apprized of the intentions of the whigs toward himself and Ireland. They had appointed some of her bitterest enemies to high office. Among these was the promotion of, first, Mr. *Blackburne*, as attorney-general, the avowed opponent of Catholic emancipation, an ultra tory, one who opposed the offer of a tribute of respect from the Irish bar to the illustrious Curran.

The second person promoted by his lordship was the present Judge *Doherty* to the chief-justiceship of the Common Pleas, and here I should apprise the reader of a very curious encounter which took place the previous year between Mr. Doherty, as solicitor-general and prosecutor of the Doneraile conspiracy, and Mr. O'Connell, the defender of the "conspirators."

The south of Ireland had been, for several years, more or less disturbed. The magistrates belonged, for the most part, to the ascendancy party, and felt no sympathy with the common people. Rents and tithes were exacted with great rigor, and a bad feeling between the payers and

some of the recipients was the consequence. The latter kept spies among the people for the purpose of watching every opportunity to foment plots to justify prosecutions. Conspicuous among them was one *Patrick Daly*, who was proved to be in the pay of *George Bond Low*, a magistrate who resided near Doneraile. Daly concocted a plot which implicated some thirty persons, who, he alleged, conspired to shoot *George Bond Low*, *Pierce Creagh*, and *Admiral Evans*. Low had been fired at upon two or three occasions, which gave some confirmation to Daly's stories. Informations were sworn by Daly against upwards of twenty persons, whom he circumstantially described as having, in a tent, signed a paper binding each other to murder a great many gentlemen obnoxious to the peasantry. This conspiracy made a great noise. A special commission of judges was sent up by the government to try the conspirators. They were prosecuted in batches of four, and Doherty, who was then solicitor-general, made a violent opening speech against the first four who were arraigned. They were found guilty, and ordered for execution. One of those four was a respectable old farmer, named *Leary*, upwards of seventy years of age, who rented a large piece of land, for which he paid two hundred and twenty pounds per annum. His landlord gave him an excellent character; but it availed him not. The evidence of Daly was circumstantial, and sustained by other approvers. Leary was condemned, and there was no hope.

All was terror among the people. The attorney for the prisoners immediately despatched a messenger on horseback to Darrynane Abbey, sixty miles distant, where O'Connell was then recruiting his health, imploring his professional assistance to defend the other prisoners. The messenger left Cork on Saturday evening, and arrived at Darrynane on Sunday. The *Liberator*, on reading Mr. Doherty's speech, and the evidence on which the men were found guilty, immediately set out in a one-horse light chaise for the scene of action. He travelled all that night, and arrived in Cork on Monday, just as the solicitor was arraigning the second batch of prisoners. Application had been made to stop the trial until the arrival of O'Connell, but the crown prosecutor would not suffer it. On he went, in a "murdering speech," as they called it, and in the midst of it, a loud hurrah announced the arrival of the great advocate. He came from his chaise directly into the court, in his green travelling surtout, bowed and apologized to the bench for appearing in his travelling dress, and sat down to listen to the solicitor-general. O'Connell had his breakfast, consisting of a bowl of milk and toast, sent into court after him, and, as the solicitor-general proceeded, Mr. O'Connell,

with his mouth full, frequently interrupted him with the exclamation, "That's not law!" and the bench agreeing with the great advocate, it discomposed not a little the previously self-satisfied one and temper of the learned prosecutor. A running fire was kept up, during the entire trial, between the crown prosecutor and the eloquent defender of the accused. On nearly every point raised, O'Connell was triumphant. The humiliation of the solicitor-general was complete. At length, O'Connell began the cross-examination of *Daly*. He made him confess himself an unprecedented villain. He asked him where he got his new hat. *Daly* answered on oath that he *bought* it. Mr. O'Connell took it up, examined the inside of the lining, and found "*George Bond Low*" written on it. He then made him strip off his clothes on the table before the court, to show that every article he wore was given him by Mr. Low, in whose pay he had been. The judge handed down to Mr. O'Connell the *original testimony* sworn before the magistrates, which, on comparing with the testimony just given in court, exhibited a material discrepancy, so material, indeed, that the jury, on hearing O'Connell's speech to the evidence, and the judge's charge, returned a verdict of *not guilty*. The conspirators, on Tuesday, were acquitted on the self-same evidence that their companions were found guilty upon and condemned to death on Saturday. The prosecution, of course, fell to the ground; the condemned men were subsequently liberated, and the attorney-general was covered with odium and execration.

This extraordinary result added not a little to the professional fame of the Liberator, who had been for six-and-twenty years engaged as the defender of the people against the crown on that circuit; but it did much more — it called down the odium of the entire country on Doherty, who must have been conscious of the rottenness of the evidence on which he extorted from an excited jury the lives of four innocent men. The liberal press of the whole empire rang with condemnation of the crown officer. The matter was brought before parliament, where Mr. Doherty defended himself with considerable vigor; but nothing could remove from him the odium of knowingly proceeding to the extremity of convicting a number of men on evidence so foul and rotten as that of *Daly*, the spy.

Yet the Marquis of Anglesey, ere he assumed his second lieutenancy in Ireland, conferred upon this over-zealous prosecutor the dignified office of chief justice of the Common Pleas; and it was done, it is said, to spite O'Connell.

With those circumstances surrounding him, Lord Anglesey entered, in 1830, on the government of Ireland. On the day of his arrival,

O'Connell issued a proclamation requesting all those people who approved of Doherty's elevation to the bench, and Blackburne's to the attorney-generalship, to go out and meet Lord Anglesey, and all those who disapproved of those tory appointments to stay at home — a proclamation which had the desired effect. Few except the military and the formal, official pack, whose duty compelled them to be present, appeared to welcome his lordship. Lord Anglesey was astounded. Great as he knew O'Connell's influence to be, he did not suppose it to be as great as *that!* War was declared against Anglesey from the popular ranks, and his lordship, in return, announced his determined hostility against the repeal agitation.

His excellency commenced the war by issuing a proclamation against all public meetings called for political purposes. This bold step was taken under the act which preceded emancipation, and which, having in view the suppression of the Catholic Association, on the passing of the emancipation act, was submitted to by the people, as a sort of *pro forma* instrument of coercion never to be carried into operation. Now, however, under the advice of Lord Plunket, (the chancellor,) its prohibitive clauses were imbodyed in a proclamation signed and published by Lord Anglesey, following which he paraded all the military of the garrison through Dublin, preceded by a park of artillery; but these had very little terrors for the disciplined people of Ireland, with O'Connell at their head. The great leader treated the lord lieutenant's proclamation with contempt. He held public breakfasts at Homes's Hotel, and public dinners at Hayes's tavern, where he discoursed upon repeal with a cup of coffee in his hand, or a piece of roast beef upon his plate. Even here he was followed by the myrmidons of the law; and this public eating and drinking, and talking about repeal of the union, was deemed a treasonable infraction of the allegiance due to the lord lieutenant or his majesty, and therefore indictable.

An indictment consisting of *two-and-twenty counts* was accordingly drawn up by the advice of Lord Plunket, under which O'Connell, Barrett, Steele, Reynolds, and Redmond, were arrested and brought before the magistrates of the head office, where bail was entered for their due appearance at court.

Lord Anglesey was determined, from the time of his arrival in Ireland, to do his utmost to suppress all meetings connected with repeal, and the repealers were as equally resolved to carry the agitation on. He procured the leading anti-Irish whigs to offer him adulatory or encouraging addresses in support of his unconstitutional course. Place, and

honors, and entertainments, were showered on all those who stepped forward to applaud him, or abuse the repealers. Mr. Pierce Mahony was instrumental in getting up a declaration against repeal, which was signed by the Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, by all the directors of the Bank of Ireland, and by very many of the merchants under their influence. This declaration indecently halloed on Lord Anglesey in his unconstitutional course; and when O'Connell and his companions were called upon for trial, it was found that seven of the twelve men who were packed to try them, had signed this declaration or address, thereby prejudging their case. This lawsuit created great excitement. The defendants pleaded guilty to some of the counts, which were mere allegations of meeting, but not guilty to the charge of *criminality* imputed—a plea that gave a legal opportunity to argue on demurrer, which retarded the trial and judgment until the act expired under which the prosecution was begun, and which took place during the midst of a general election; and the act was not again renewed. The prosecution thus broke down, and Lord Anglesey took nothing by his bold and unconstitutional step but the contempt of the nation.

And now we must return to England, to look after the proceedings of the reform ministry. Earl Grey had committed his ministry to a reform of parliament, and the particular *plan* was drawn up by that able and honest Englishman, Mr. Lambton, (afterwards Lord Durham,) assisted by Lord J. Russell, Sir J. Graham, and Lord Duncannon. It was introduced into parliament by Lord John Russell, in the commons, on the 1st of March, 1831, and rejected after a stormy debate. The king, by the advice of his ministry, dissolved parliament. A tremendous struggle and excitement followed.

A new parliament was returned still more determined to have reform than the preceding. The bill, which abolished sixty boroughs, distributed their privileges among the large towns, equalized and diffused the franchise, and provided wholesome restraints on bribery, perjury, and profuse expenditure, was again introduced by Lord Russell, and carried in the commons by a majority, of which the Irish members formed the principal numerical and moral ingredients. Sixty-four out of the eighty-two Irish members present in the debates on the bill, voted in its favor. This, in truth, made the victory certain, both on the first introduction of the bill, when there was only a majority of ONE, and on the second and subsequent divisions, when the majority increased and fluctuated. The speech of O'Connell on the reform debate, and that of Macaulay, the Scotch member, were considered the best of all delivered.



The bill was "obstructed" by Lord Lyndhurst and the house of lords, and tarried in parliament more than three months; but Earl Grey and Lord John Russell came to the determination of resigning. The king sent for the Duke of Wellington, and he with Lord Lyndhurst tried to form a ministry; but, at this juncture, O'Connell raised the people of London against them, and hardly one of the "obstructive lords" dared venture out of his house. It is indeed a curious scrap for history, that this rebel agitator of Ireland should have obtained more power over the citizens of London, at this juncture, than the hereditary lords of England, headed by the conqueror of Waterloo! but such was the fact. O'Connell rode the whirlwind of English fury as securely as he rode to triumph in Clare, though he could not, to the same extent, restrain the riotous, who destroyed the property of those who became obnoxious to them, and thereby tarnished the sacred cause they would uphold. The political unions were active in every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and were of immense service to the reform ministers, though the latter subsequently declined their friendship and disavowed their aid.

The Wellington ministry fell in less than six months. The reform ministers were called back to their places, with a *carte blanche* from the king to create as many new peers as were necessary to carry the reform bill through. The lords, on witnessing this, ceased in their opposition; the "obstructives" absented themselves from the house, and the bill was passed in silence.

This second great triumph over the firm and knitted aristocracy of Britain, in the course of seven years, must, in all candor, be placed to the credit of O'Connell. He first taught his own countrymen how to unite and agitate, and become formidable, without breaking the laws framed to keep them in slavery. He next taught his doctrine to Englishmen, by means of which they cut a lane for a portion of their liberties. And although Ireland herself gained but five additional members, — a sorry advantage from that great triumph, — still her people and their representatives toiled with sincerity in the cause of freedom, even when that freedom was to benefit those exclusively from whom they were accustomed to receive injury and insult.

The Grey ministry were now (1831, 1832,) firmly seated in the chairs of power in England. They were pledged to the reform of corporations, law, public charities, a retrenchment in expenditure, the education of the people, and the general amelioration of their privations. During the late exciting period, Ireland did not intrude her cares and woes upon the overburdened attention of ministers. The Irish people

thought those ministers friendly ; but they were soon undeceived. Lord Anglesey called for a fresh coercion bill, and the fears or jealousy of ministers towards O'Connell induced them to prepare it. Safe in power, England conciliated, sustained by a powerful majority in the house of commons, and disliking the influence which the LIBERATOR exercised in England, these paltry ingrates deliberately sat down to forge new fetters for Ireland.

That hapless land was besmeared with the innocent blood of scores of persons who were just then slaughtered by the police in Castle Pollard, or by the yeomanry in Newtown-Barry. Upwards of twenty persons were killed and wounded at the former, by a chief of police and eighteen of his men, against whom bills of indictment were tendered, but ignored by a grand jury. And thirty-five persons were slaughtered or dangerously wounded at Newtown-Barry, at a tithe sale, by the deliberate firing of the yeomanry. Bills were tendered against the murderers ; but here again the sympathizing gentry interfered: the coroner's jury refused to find a verdict, and the murderers escaped.

The state of Ireland was fearful at this moment. The "repeal of the union" was called for by the cities, the "downfall of tithes" and the "abatement of rents," from the agricultural districts. The opposition to the tithe system was quickened materially by the publication, at this period, of a celebrated work, illustrated with wood-cuts, entitled the "*Parson's Horn-Book*," written by MESSRS. BROWN and SHEEHAN, who, on the success of this work, subsequently established the "*Comet*" newspaper — one of the most scathing journals towards the aristocracy that had appeared in Ireland for many years. The effect of this book was electric ; the people every where refused to pay tithes. Upon one occasion, the cattle of Mr. PATRICK LAWLER, of Tinna-Kill, in the Queen's county, were seized by the parson and brought to auction ; but no person would bid for them. They were then driven to Dublin to be sold in Smithfield ; but their history preceded them, and not one butcher in Dublin would as much as ask their price. They were shipped to England, and thither their character had travelled. Public opinion in England had already made up its verdict against compulsory church dues, in any shape, and these mute hostages of the dominant church of Ireland were suffered to enter and depart the cattle-markets of England without finding any one to purchase them ! Such is the mighty power of public opinion. The fate of tithes was sealed. Opposition to church rates was soon after very frequent in Birmingham, Manchester, and several other great towns of England, and the name of church taxes of any sort became odious throughout the empire. There were now,

and for some years after this period, many tithe sales in Ireland, at which immense gatherings of people attended, to watch the bidding; but in truth no one bid. At some of these the enraged parsons, and the military who came to support them, fired on the multitude, and killed several. In December, 1831, a party of thirty-three policemen, under two chief constables, Gibbons and Brown, proceeded to Ballyhale, a village near Kilkenny, to serve processes for tithes due to the Rev. Mr. Hamilton. The people were resolved to oppose the service of the law process, and assembled in great numbers to resist them. As the police were passing through a lane which led to the residence of a tithe defaulter, several hundreds of the people jumped from the ditches, and called on them to deliver up the process server. This was refused. They then insisted on getting the *processes*, which was also refused. The people had now completely blocked up the avenue, and the police could not move. The chiefs ordered the police to fire; they discharged their muskets in a volley, wounding several persons, and killing two. Maddened by the sight of their bleeding companions, the people now rushed simultaneously on the police, before they had time to reload, and with pitchforks, stones, and other weapons, felled them to the earth, disarmed and killed nineteen, including Captain Gibbons, wounded badly several more, three only of the entire body escaping. Their guns and swords were broken in pieces and left with the dead. Soon after, another tithe affray occurred at Moncoin, near Waterford, where twelve persons were shot and thirty wounded. A little time previously, at a tithe affray in Rathcormac several were killed. There was nothing to be heard of, from newspaper or speech, but "Blood upon the earth! blood upon the earth!" An account of one of these affrays we will hear from the widow Ryan, who lost a son on the occasion: —

"When I first heard the sogers were coming, I was knitting a stocking for Dick. 'May the great God forgive him all his sins, and rest his soul in peace this day!' And I knelt down, and prayed God that there may be no murder in the parish that day. And it was not long till I heard they were coming down to my own haggard; and 'twas God's will they began to fire soon. At the first shot, I ran out through my own barn and down through the orchard, as fast as my old legs could carry me. When I got to the ditch, I cried out, 'O, dear Christians, help me over; let me save my life.' In the middle of the next field I met my son Daniel. 'O, Dan,' says I, 'where is Dick? I am afraid he is down.' 'I don't know,' said Dan. 'Have courage, mother, God is good: the shooting is stopped now; do you go back and look for Dick, for they won't have the heart to hurt or harm an old woman like you; and tell "Black Billy" (Aráhdéacon Ryder) that you will pay him his tithes, or they will destroy our haggard and burn our house, and you must walk Ireland in your old days.'

"With that I turned back, and I met my daughter in the *Bohreen*, and she went

with me, guarding me with her hands round my neck. I met eight or nine sogers and their sergeant. I cried out, 'O, where is Ryder, till I pacify him!' and when I got to the door of my own house, Ryder rode up to me, looking very black. 'Widow Ryan,' says he, 'you would not come to me till I showed you the law was too strong for you.' I told him then I would pay him his tithes, to save my children's lives. 'Will you pay me now?' says he. 'No, for I have not so much in the house; but I'll pay you some day in the week.' With that he put his hand in his pocket for a book, to swear me in my own barn, and it full of bloody corpses; but thank God I took no oath, and I will never pay him now. He then went to look for Captain Collis, and I went to look at the dead bodies, to see would I know their faces. I turned two of them on their backs, and they were strangers. I then looked down to the end of my barn, and I saw my fine boy stretched on his back, looking at me with the whites of his eyes, and his mouth open. I staggered down to him, and I caught his pulse, and he had no pulse; I put my mouth to his mouth, and he had no breath. I then began to shut his eyes and to close his lips; and Dick Willis cried out to me, 'Don't stop his breath.' 'O, Dick,' says I, 'he has no breath to stop, and no heart to beat.' With that I caught his head, and my daughter caught his feet, and we stretched him in his blood where he lay; and though my eyeballs are like two burning coals, I cried no tear since."

Tithes were ever a burden and a grievance in Ireland. They were first heard of in Christian Europe about the seventh century, and were generally established, under the protection of the civil power, by Charlemagne, in the eighth. In the next century they were partially introduced into England, and were more generally established there after the Norman conquest, in the eleventh. On the invasion of Ireland by the Anglo-Normans, in the twelfth century, Henry the Second established tithes at the Cashell synod; but they were not generally paid farther in Ireland than the English Pale. At the reformation, however, they were universally fixed as a tax, by means of the sword.

When tithes were first instituted, they were mildly collected, and expended back again upon the people, in education or charity. As the sun attracts or evaporates the sea in clouds of moisture which are again scattered over the earth in fertilizing showers, so tithes, under the old administration, were drawn from the people by the church, and scattered over the country again, irrigating the mental soil of Ireland. True, some portion of the tax found its way to Rome, and never returned, and to that extent a strong objection lay against the impost; but otherwise the payment was not regarded as a serious grievance. When the reformation came, the tithes were seized by the new clergy; while the Abbey lands were given, for the most part, to laymen, who now set up as lords, and earls, and dukes, on the sacred spoils.

The new clergy were particularly objectionable to the people. They exacted the *tenth sheaf*, the *tenth animal*, and the *tenth blade of grass*,

which the husbandman raised. The crops and herds were viewed once or twice a year by the parson's *proctor*, a return of the working man's harvest and herds made, and a tenth of all he raised was demanded by the parson, every year, under the authority of an act of parliament and a company of soldiers. The sum annually collected under this impost amounted to the *tenth of the entire produce* of the nation. As the gross produce is worth thirty-six millions sterling per annum, so the tithes amounted to three and a half millions per annum. The Protestant parsons preached a doctrine which the people refused to receive. They were without hearers, but not without vast incomes, which were grudgingly paid. They had wives and families, and servants, and chariots, and luxurious mansions, and the people viewed them as a sore burden — the more so when laws the most galling were passed against their own favorite and trusted clergy.

Independent of the payment of a *tenth* part of the produce and labor of eight millions of people to the ministers of about one fifteenth of the population, there was appropriated to the use of this "richest hierarchy in Europe" another mine of undefined wealth: these were the "bishops' lands," special domains, set out in times of old for the support of the bishops and the maintenance of public hospitality. No accurate account has ever been given to parliament of the extent and value of those vast domains; but judging from the fortunes accumulated by a few of the mitred incumbents, it must be enormous. By a return laid before parliament, in the session of 1845, on the Maynooth debate, by Captain Bernal Osborne, who took the trouble of obtaining copies of the probates of the wills of seven of the Protestant bishops of Ireland, who died within the last fifty years, it appears that these seven left behind, in ready money, the enormous sum of £1,700,000, or more than *seven millions of dollars!* — and this in the midst of an ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-educated people — the most miserable in Europe — frequently visited by periodical destitution, which those pampered prelates seldom contributed to relieve.

Such was the tithes system, on the triumph of Catholic emancipation and the reform of parliament. The people of Ireland, who had toiled and sacrificed much to accomplish both these moral revolutions, sighed for some advantage to themselves; for as yet they derived no tangible benefit from all their triumphs. The tithes was an impost at once the most palpable and the most galling, and this they were determined at all hazards to get rid of. They had heard of the success of the French people, and how, in Brittany and other parts of France, they refused to pay the government taxes, and how the government was not able to gather its revenue

from an unwilling community ; and they resolved, particularly through the south and west of Ireland, to pay no more tithes. The liberal press encouraged the resolve, and many of the secondary agitators attended public meetings to denounce the impost, and encourage passive resistance to its collection.

In writing so far I have rather anticipated my narrative some four or five years ; but, reluctant to part with this subject without finishing it, I shall present the image of the tithe system unbroken.

Several prosecutions followed this resistance. Many substantial men were indicted for "conspiracy to defraud;" and under sundry other charges, Messrs. REYNOLDS, COSTELLO, POOLE, and M'GRAH, together with several respectable farmers of Dublin, were criminally prosecuted for attending an anti-tithe meeting in Ballinascorney, near Dublin. They were sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine. These were called "tithe martyrs," for whom subscriptions and sympathy were freely gathered by the people. The struggle lasted over five years; many hundreds of substantial people were deprived of all their property, liberty, and very many of life, in this awful conflict. The government sent in additional troops to Ireland, and, at the instance of Lord Stanley, passed a bill giving greater facilities to the collection of tithes ; but after a year of tithe-hunting, with the military and police, his lordship was not able to gather more than some twelve thousand pounds, though it cost the government nearly thirty thousand pounds extra to collect this insignificant sum.

The parsons, foiled in their military crusade, now applied to the law ; and through the instrumentality of attorney Smith, of Merrion Square, commonly called "Rebellion Smith," sued out "writs of rebellion" from the Court of Exchequer to all those who were indebted to the parsons. This new and unheard-of process worked terribly on the people. The proceedings presupposed the persons attached to be in a state of "rebellion" or "outlawry," and forced them to answer and plead, at a crushing expense, in the highest court. Whole parishes were included in those attachments, and the utmost consternation was every where spread through Ireland.

The church was now committed against the people legally, morally, and physically ; every parson was a litigant in the law courts, hated and persecuted by the people, and obliged to turn his dwelling into an armed fortress. A fierce struggle ensued, during which the parsons collected no income whatever. They were literally begging. This continued for better than two years. No money came into the church, while on the

people's side the law costs were enormous; yet they collected extraordinary sums to defray those costs, and to indemnify those who suffered the most by the warfare. At length parliament interfered, on the petition of the Protestant clergy of Ireland, and granted them a million sterling, nominally as a loan, but really as a gift; for little or none of it has ever since been paid.

A general parliamentary discussion on the merits of the church establishment ensued, which extended over several sessions, and a very considerable reform took place in that religious corporation, the particulars and the circumstances of which, would fill a hundred octavo pages. Suffice it to say, that ten bishops were lopped off from the previous number of twenty-two. Twenty-five per cent. was deducted from the average tithes; the residue was charged upon the land, in the shape of a crown rent or primary tax, that took effect before the owner's claim; and thus the open and vexatious collection of tithes was abolished, the burden partially removed from the frieze-coated men to the shoulders of those clothed in broadcloth and fine linen, and one fourth of the entire tax annihilated. But, I must add, the church has substantially lost little by this change; for, though the income be nominally diminished, the residue is so much better paid that it is rather a good arrangement for the parsons, whilst the remaining bishops are untouched in their overgrown wealth.

O'Connell, who, in the house of commons, was prominent in the settlement of this question, was censured very keenly by some of his countrymen for his acquiescence in the compromise; but he did not acquiesce till he saw that a longer resistance would be fruitless, and then he deemed it prudent to make the best compromise he could for the people. The abatement of *one fourth* of the entire tax, and the curtailment of ten bishops, the abolition of closed vestries, the general accountability and discipline, to which in latter years the established church has been subjected, are nearly all to be traced to the indomitable spirit and resolution of the people guided by the able tact of their great leader. Nor has all this been accomplished without the ruin of many comfortable farmers, who entered courageously into the conflict with the church, whose properties were seized under the process of the law, and who were, in too many instances, inadequately compensated by their fellow-countrymen. There are hundreds in America, at present, who were driven from house and home, and country, by the ruinous litigation of the tithe war. They may be adduced to posterity as evidences of that vital love of freedom which, in every age, has characterized the sons

of Ireland. They offered up all their worldly wealth, and they would have freely added their lives, as sacrifices at the altar of civil and religious liberty.

We return now to the repeal agitation. It was judiciously laid aside by O'Connell, in 1831, for the reform agitation. He well knew that, by helping on in the general reform of political institutions in England and Ireland, he would attract to his support all those who worshipped general liberty, and he struggled, with superhuman zeal, to sustain the king and his reform ministers against the combined power of their political opponents. In truth, he alone raised the democracy of London against the "obstructive lords," and absolutely frightened down that opposition, which neither justice, argument, nor the influence of the crown, could overcome. He expected much in return for his oppressed country. He expected that at least the one third of the privileges obtained for the general empire would be bestowed upon Ireland. Vain expectation! While the open towns of England got sixty new representatives, Ireland got only five. This and other indications soon convinced him that there was no gratitude for himself abiding in the hearts of English statesmen, and no justice for his country.

It is true, the ministry, while the struggle for office was going on, conferred on him the honor of a patent of precedence at the bar, by which he ranked next to the senior serjeants, and from which privilege he gained considerable facilities as a barrister; and it was pretty distinctly made known to him, that office was open to his acceptance, provided he relied on the generosity of ministers towards Ireland. While this was in agitation, the newspapers were active in their conjectures, pro and con, about the propriety or impropriety of his taking office.

But no sooner was it made known that the people of Ireland required substantial reform—at least twenty-five additional members in the parliament, and an extension of the franchise—than the evil genius of England appeared. Ireland was not to be treated as part of the empire, and O'Connell fell back on the National Trades Union of Dublin, one of the bravest and most incorruptible societies ever established in Ireland. Mr. Stanley, as secretary of Ireland, brought into parliament his celebrated arms bill, and the whole country was in the highest degree of excitement. The government had re-armed the northern yeomanry, appointed tory peers lord lieutenants of counties, and appointed magistrates who were obnoxious to the people.



O'Connell was now incessant in his attendance on the Trades Union. Its proceedings were full of interest, and its members were principally the working tradesmen and shopkeepers of Dublin. Another association had been established by Mr. O'Connell, to enable him to aid in the struggle for the reform bill, called the "National Political Union." This he dissolved, forming then a new society, called The "Volunteers," whose object was a repeal of the union, the reform of the corporations, and the abolition of tithes.

In the mean time, some of the Protestant corporations became favorable to repeal. Every such manifestation was heartily applauded by O'Connell, and the honorable gentleman put on an orange and green sash, and advised all the leading men on his side to do the same. The sentiment was reciprocated by some at least of the Orange corporations, and Ex-sheriff Scott, with all his guild, entertained Mr. O'Connell at his house in Harcourt Street, when the great agitator, for the first time, drank, "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of William the Third," to convince the Orangemen how little, after all, stood between the orange and green. This line of proceeding had an excellent effect. Mr. Scott aspired to the representation of Dublin, as a repealer, on the new reform bill coming into operation. O'Connell, who was member for Kerry, promised his support to Mr. Scott; but the Trades Union insisted on the Liberator standing with Mr. Ruthven for Dublin, which he ultimately consented to. It may be noted that Mr. RAY, the present efficient secretary of the Loyal National Repeal Association, was at this time secretary of the Trades Political Union — an office which he filled to the general satisfaction of its members.

The whig government had made themselves very unpopular in Ireland, by their tithe prosecutions, and their unfair mode of objecting to liberal Catholics and Protestants in the composition of juries. They packed juries with well-known partisans of the church and her kindred ascendancy. They prosecuted the press with the utmost recklessness. But the spirit and determination of the people at this period knew no bounds. Preparations were making in every part of Ireland to return pledged repealers to parliament. It was the first use which the people seemed determined to make of their newly-acquired privileges. Fergus O'Connor was in the field for Cork county — Sheil for Tipperary — Ronayne for Clonmel — Maurice O'Connell for Tralee — John O'Connell for Youghall — Morgan O'Connell and Henry Grattan for Meath — A. C. O'Dwyer for Drogheda — Fitzsimons and Locke for the county of Dublin — O'Connell and Ruthven for the city of Dublin. Indeed, sixty of the parliamentary seats of Ireland were

about to be contested. It was a mighty struggle. The repeal candidates were triumphant almost everywhere. There were *eight O'Connells* returned to this parliament.

The spirit of unity and brotherly affection was quickened and cultivated by the conciliatory tone of O'Connell. His services to Sir Abraham Bradley King, the rampant grand master of the Orangemen of Ireland, who had been the king's stationer in Ireland under an old patent, which the whig ministry broke in their over-anxious desire for retrenchment in Ireland—were universally appreciated by the ascendancy party. The following extract from O'Connell's speech before the Trades Union, together with KING's letter, exhibits all the bearings of this peculiar case:—

“When the question was brought on by Mr. George Robert Dawson, he hopped upon both sides of the gutter; he said a little for Sir A. B. King, and a great deal for himself. He praised himself much, and did very little for his client; and Sir A. B. King gave up his cause in despair when he saw it so badly managed. I declared myself as counsel on the same side, and told them that, if they got the value, they should give the price of it. The ministry, however, maintained a majority on that occasion. The next day Sir Abraham King told me he had been made a bankrupt, and that he knew not what to do. I advised him not to abandon his claim, for that I never yet knew a man having a just claim who did not succeed. Mr. Lefroy and I coöperated together to assist him. I proved his case to be a most just one; and the consequence was, that the government acceded to it, and Sir Abraham King, instead of being in a state of destitution, has his two thousand five hundred a year. [Cheers.] Let me now, then, read for you, after this preface, the letter which the Deputy Grand Master of the Orangemen writes to a Catholic agitator. [Hear.]

“BARNETT'S HOTEL, *Spring Gardens*, August 4, 1832.

“MY DEAR SIR:—

“The anxious wish for a satisfactory termination of my case, which your continued and unwearied efforts for it ever indicated, is at length accomplished.

“The vote of compensation passed last night.

“To Mr. Lefroy and yourself am I indebted for putting the case in the right to my Lord Althorp, and for his lordship's consequent candid and straightforward act in giving me my full dues, and thus restoring myself and family to comparative ease and happiness.

“To you, sir, to whom I was early and long politically opposed—to you, who, nobly forgetting this continued difference of opinion, and who, rejecting every idea of party feeling or of party spirit, thought only of my distress, and sped to succor and support me—how can I express my gratitude? I cannot attempt it. The reward, I feel, is to be found only in your own breast; and I assure myself that the generous feelings of a noble mind will cheer you on to that prosperity and happiness which a discriminating Providence holds out to those who protect the helpless and sustain the falling.

"For such reward and happiness to you and yours my prayers shall be offered fervently, while the remainder of my days, passed, I trust, in tranquillity, (by a complete retirement from public life, and in the bosom of my family,) will constantly present to me the grateful recollection of one to whom I am mainly indebted for so desirable a closing of my life.

"Believe me, my dear sir,

"With the greatest respect and truth,

"Your faithful servant,

"ABRAHAM BRADLEY KING.

"To DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., M. P."

The mighty struggle of 1833 gave to Ireland about forty members pledged to the repeal of the union in the British house of commons. The people were high in their hopes. The efforts of the Dublin Trades Union are beyond the power of estimation. Night and day they were at work, and they triumphed over every opposition by a majority of fifteen hundred votes in the return of O'Connell and Ruthven. The chairing of O'Connell and Ruthven was the grandest scene that took place in Ireland since the entry of the delegates into the Rotunda, in 1783. They were chaired in a magnificent chariot, specially built for the occasion, at the expense of the Trades. The two members were placed in it. On the dickey was an ancient Irish harper, and before him, on a special seat, was Tom Steele. The carriage was drawn by six beautiful horses, and a hundred thousand of the Dublin tradesmen formed a procession, bearing with them their flags and banners, and preceded by O'Gorman Mahon, in his carriage, as marshal. This procession passed through the principal streets; and as it came before Kilmainham, where Reynolds and Costello were imprisoned, they gave three cheers. The streets, to the very house-tops, were lined with applauding spectators. Indeed, all description must fall short of conveying a true idea of this grand pageant of triumph.

Addresses came pouring into Ireland from the manufacturing districts of England where Trades Unions had been formed, expressing sympathy in their sufferings and encouragement towards working out their freedom.

Lord Anglesey made a journey through Ireland, previous to the election, with a view of counteracting the repeal influence. Hopes of place and favor were held out to all those who seemed likely to apostatize. He tampered with the press, the magistracy, and the clergy.

A curious meeting took place at Cork, between the noble marquis and a deputation from St. Mary Shaudon, on the subject of military interference with the privileges of the people, and on the necessity of

encouraging Irish manufacture, in the course of which, his lordship, alluding to the repeal agitation then going on, remarked, that "four gun brigs would be sufficient to blockade the ports of Ireland;" to which Dr. Baldwin, for the deputation, replied, "that, though England could undoubtedly boast of a great navy, and though Sir P. Malcolm could blockade Ireland with four gun brigs, yet Ireland, he assured his excellency, had within herself ample means for her prosperity and *defence*." This firm, cool, and patriotic reply had an excellent effect on the statesmen of England, and Dr. Baldwin won by it the representation of Cork city.

The reformed parliament met on the 19th of February, 1833, and Earl Grey, on the earliest opportunity, moved for the introduction of the "coercion bill." That bill comprehended the following oppressive clauses:—

The lord lieutenant may suppress, by order, the meeting of any assembly *deemed by him* dangerous to the public safety, and may suppress any adjourned or continued meeting of the same: every meeting so proclaimed shall be deemed unlawful, and the members of it punishable for a misdemeanor. Empowers two justices to enter, by force, any house where a meeting may be *supposed* to be assembled. Enables the lord lieutenant to declare, by proclamation, any county in a state of disturbance, and to require the application of this law—orders the inhabitants in such district to remain in their houses between sunset and sunrise—no meeting to be permitted in such district, under pretence of petitioning parliament for the redress of grievances, without the *consent* first obtained of the lord lieutenant. The lord lieutenant may appoint any commissioned officers of the line to try offences under this act—five to be a court—three to be a majority, and to have all the power of the judges of the land, to imprison, punish, transport, or hang! They are to be assisted by a law serjeant for advice as judge advocate. Enables the police, on being refused admission at any hour of the night, to break open the doors—prevents appeals from the decisions of these courts-martial, or redress for outrages committed by the crown officers in prosecution of the law—*habeas corpus* act suspended—offenders not bailable, &c. &c.

Such was the "boon" to which Ireland was treated on the first assembling of the reformed parliament. But let justice be done to the great body of the English people. They were as indignant against this bill as any portion of the people of Ireland. The Birmingham Political Union, guided by Attwood and Muntz, petitioned against the bill—

also the Manchester people. The National Union of the working classes, London, over which Dr. Wade presided, denounced the bill, and called for a run on the savings banks and a resistance to taxes, as one means to stop the ministry in their atrocious attempts on Ireland. The people of Edinburgh, guided by Mr. Tait, indignantly protested against it. O'Connell was received at the Crown and Anchor tavern by thousands, with the greatest enthusiasm, and ministers were denounced in the strongest language.

Nor should we forget that, even in this emergency, the friends of Ireland in America were active against the measure. Their voice of sympathy mingled in the tears and sighs of Ireland, from New York and Washington particularly. The New York TRUTH-TELLER, of 1833, bears eloquent evidence of their support of Ireland.

Lord Milton, who was president of the "Volunteers," sent in his request to dissolve the body; but Mr. Barrett made explanation, and, on the suggestion of O'Connell, the volunteers of Ireland resolved not to dissolve until put down by force. A vote also passed on the proposition of as honest a man as ever appeared in the ranks of Irish agitation, — JOHN REDMOND, — after the example of the American congress, in respect to Washington, — that the whole power of the association, and of the people of Ireland, be placed in the hands of Daniel O'Connell.

The coercion act passed, in the face of these national protests. O'Connell, from that moment, foretold the fall of the whigs. All the associations were now dissolved, and O'Connell, by the formal vote of the volunteers, centred in his own person the whole power of Ireland. He quickly proposed a new sort of united agitation, which was to act on the registration courts, to secure the influence of the people on the elections, and to keep the public instructed and united through the press.

Lord Anglesey made the first use of his new powers by proclaiming the city of Kilkenny in a state of insurrection. He also proclaimed down the "Volunteers' Society" and Trades' Union, as illegal. Mr. Steele was arrested in Limerick, for having uttered a libel on the government at a public dinner; and nothing but prosecutions, terror, and imprisonment, was to be heard of. Ireland was now completely under the control of the "red coats." But O'Connell cheered up the people by his continuous letters from London, through the True Sun newspaper. Such enthusiastic admirers of O'Connell were the working classes of England, that they entertained him at a public banquet, and presented him with a splendid piece of silver plate, which is described by the True Sun as follows: —

"It is a banquet candelabra, or tripod centre-piece, and cost, we understand, two hundred guineas. Among other devices are three figures, emblematic of the three kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland. The inscription is —

"Presented to Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M. P., by the working classes resident in London, natives of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the European and American continents, as a testimony of their esteem and admiration for his splendid and successful exertions in the cause of civil and religious liberty.—LONDON, May 15, 1833."

"On the other side are the following lines:—

"Look centuries through of penalties and pains,—  
 One picture still—the Irishman in chains!  
 A crime his speech, his hair, his garb, his lyre!  
 His creed denounced, his child, his wife, his sire.  
 O'Connell comes!—his chains fall off; he's free;  
 And millions shout, O'Connell—liberty!  
 Glory of Erin! still thy mighty mind  
 Devote to Ireland, England, all mankind."

"On the other side of the splendid piece of plate are the O'Connell arms, with a motto underneath, in the Irish character. The English of the motto is, 'Erin's Prop—the Clan O'Connell.'"

O'Connell was invited by the Birmingham Union to be present at a field meeting, where thirty thousand persons were regularly marshalled by MUNTZ and ATTWOOD. He was received as enthusiastically as he could possibly be received by his constituents of Dublin. A petition to the king for the dismissal of ministers was carried, and vengeance was vowed against "the base and bloody whigs." Prosecutions were now the order of the day. Mr. J. Walsh, now a barrister, was prosecuted by the whig attorney-general, Blackburne, for denouncing the "union," and quoting the language of Saurin, Plunkett, and Bushe, in reference to it. He was very ably defended by Mr. Sheil, but was sentenced by Judge Jebb to six months in Newgate, fine, and sureties. Mr. Brown, the proprietor of the Comet, was prosecuted for a libel on Blackburne, for which he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate. From this vile durance he was released by Lord Anglesey, on condition, like Wolfe Tone, of going into exile. He came to the United States, and has eventually pushed his way to the confidence and employment of the American government; having been for many years engaged on the Washington Globe, and was one of the ablest reporters in Washington. He has at length obtained a government employment.

O'Connell, as I have said, wrote several letters against the whig government in the London True Sun, which were so vehement, that few of the Irish papers in that reign of terror dared republish them. Mr. Barrett, of the Pilot, however, braved all the danger. He republished,

from the London paper, all the dreaded letters signed by DANIEL O'CONNELL, and thereby incurred the jealous hostility of the watchful government. For one of these most scathing epistles, Barrett was prosecuted. The *Liberator* wrote him a letter, offering to acknowledge the authorship to the government, and take upon himself the responsibility. Mr. Barrett promptly declined the offer, saying that he could, with less detriment to the popular cause, go into a prison than the *Liberator* of Catholic Ireland.

A defence was prepared, and it was arranged that SHEIL should reply to the attorney-general. The briefs were cast, the most enlightened counsel were employed, and O'Connell was not to appear in the case at all. Every thing was going on satisfactorily, in this direction, until the very day before the trial was to commence, when Mr. Sheil suddenly declined the responsibility of conducting the defence. On him the brunt of the legal battle devolved, and now he was unable or unwilling to sustain it. In this dilemma, a consultation was held at Mr. O'Connell's, when it was agreed, on all hands, that he must himself undertake the reply to the crown officers.

He consented, and appeared, the next day, as the nominal defender of Barrett, but really as counsel for himself. It was a new and unprecedented situation. The crown lawyers were thunderstruck, and knew not what to make of it. The trial went on. The letter on which the indictment was founded was read; it stated the rights of Ireland to legislative independence, and quoted many of the speeches of the most eminent men of the day in support of the claim. The crown lawyers addressed the prejudices of judge and jury against the unfortunate publisher.

O'Connell rose at length to reply. The court was crowded with anxious hearers. Ireland was on trial at the bar, and O'Connell was pleading as her counsel. He spoke for five hours. For the first hour and a half, he was cold, unhappy, and ineffectual. Mrs. O'Connell, with some of her family, was in the grand-jury gallery. She betrayed some anxiety at his apparent embarrassment. At last his genius flashed—he was himself—the genuine O'Connell, the advocate of Ireland, the denouncer of her brutal and bloody persecutors. Every eye beamed with joy, every heart was throbbing. The judges could not conceal their emotion, nor the jury their agitation, nor the crown counsel their anxiety. Mrs. O'Connell left the court in rapture. To every one who questioned her about the trial, her reply was joyous—“O, he is himself! he will triumph!”

The chief judge was BUSHE, the eloquent opponent of the union in the Irish house of commons thirty-three years before. He had been solicitor-general of Ireland for nineteen years, and was, only a year previously, appointed to the chief judge's seat in the King's Bench by the liberal Lord Wellesley. O'Connell treated the case of his client with the utmost dexterity, admitted that his client and the jury might not agree in politics, read over the long letter, commented on each passage, and asked, if his client was to be punished for sentiments spoken by Plunkett, Saurin, Jebb, and Gould? After reading extracts from the speeches of these great men, he came to that of Bushe himself. "But, gentlemen," said he, "there is one in that array of immortal names conspicuous above all for the sublimity of his genius; renowned for every virtue that can dignify man; whose memory will be handed down through distant ages, and will find a monument in the heart and history of Ireland." Here the judge lost his composure; his face became suffused in a dewy moisture, and he looked at the eloquent advocate in an imploring look, beseeching him to spare his feelings. But he went on. "Yes, gentlemen, there was one who stood in the breach of the constitution, and shot the thunderbolts of his indignant eloquence at the unprincipled oppressors. If one man could protect the sanctuary from pollution, he was that man. What does he say?" O'Connell then quoted his celebrated speech against the union, to be found at page 1039, and asked, "Whose were these inspired words? Who thus defended the altar of liberty from profanation? The illustrious member for Callan, *Charles Kendal Bushe!*" There was a pause — a moment of the deepest silence and sensation. The judge melted into tears. The recollection of other times was brought back to his mind. He thought of the great men with whom he was once associated in defending his native land. He remembered his youthful aspirations, his country's freedom, his prophecies and his fears realized by the union, and the faded glories of his country now revived before him by the master touches of O'Connell. All this came rushing on his mind in an overwhelming torrent, and tears streamed down his furrowed cheek. But the jury, the packed jury, found Barrett guilty, and he was condemned to the lightest penalty the law would sanction — six months' imprisonment, and a fine of £500.

The excitement and effect connected with this prosecution was second only to the excitement of the late state trials. As in the latter case, reporters were in Dublin from all the newspapers in London. The letter, and O'Connell's terrible speech in its support, were all published in a thousand different newspapers, and read by millions of men, who



probably would not and did not read the original libel. The government soon found that though they punished a printer, they thereby propagated repeal principles a thousand-fold; and this the Mail and Standard confessed, whilst they deplored the imbecility of a government that could give to O'Connell such a theatre as the King's Bench for the discussion of *the repeal question!*

The Irish Liberator deserves the honor of first agitating the *ballot* in parliament. When he first introduced that question into the house of commons, but twenty-eight members voted for it. In 1833, one hundred and five voted for it; and subsequently it was so generally urged by Mr. Grote and others that the numbers in its favor increased.

In June, 1833, Feargus O'Connor put a notice on the order-book of the house of commons, that the union, after an experience of thirty-two years, was a measure of bad policy; that all the conditions of it were violated, &c. Mr. O'Connell gave notice (close of July) that, on the first day in the ensuing session, he should move a resolution for the introduction of a bill for the reestablishment of the Irish parliament, with a view to secure the connection between the two countries. A meeting of the Irish members was held in London on the question whether a motion for repeal ought not to be brought forward then or early in the ensuing session. The O'Connor Don was in the chair. Feargus O'Connor urged the bringing forward of the measure. O'Connell urged the postponement to next session. A division took place, and the following members voted

*For immediate Discussion.*

Col. Butler, Kilkenny county,  
Dr. Baldwin, Cork city,  
Finn, W. F., Kilkenny county,  
Fitzsimon, N., King's county,  
Lalor, P., Queen's county,  
Blake, —, Galway,  
Ruthven, E. S., Dublin,  
Ruthven, E., Kildare,  
Ronayne, D., Clonmel,  
Walker, Charles, Wexford.

*Teller.*

O'Connell, Daniel.

*For Postponement.*

O'Connell, Maurice, Tralee,  
O'Connell, Morgan, Meath,  
O'Connell, Charles, Kerry,  
Fitzsimon, C., Dublin county,  
Lynch, A. H., Galway town,  
Roche, William, } Limerick  
Roche, David, } city,  
Major Macnamara, Clare,  
Barry, G. S., Cork,  
Grattan, Henry, Meath.

*Teller.*

O'Connor, Feargus.

The question was, however, postponed to the ensuing session.

At a public meeting, and in a letter to the people of Ireland, the Liberator complained of the London reporters, that they designedly suppressed his best speeches on Irish affairs, or, if they reported them, gave

them a false or nonsensical aspect. The reporters took offence, and entered into a combination not to report him at all. Eleven reporters from the Times published a declaration in the public papers, stating that they would not report another line of O'Connell's speeches until he retracted his observation. There was a warm altercation in consequence. The night after this publication, he brought the subject before the house as a breach of privilege. He was outvoted. The reporters stood up in the gallery and folded their arms in the most contemptuous attitudes, refusing to report his speech. Sir Robert Peel, alluding to the circumstance, remarked to the honorable member for Dublin how powerful was passive resistance as evinced by the passive idleness of the reporters. This produced a horse laugh in the house and in the reporters' gallery. But a different feeling succeeded when the member for Dublin exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, I observe strangers in the gallery. I move that the serjeant proceed to take them into custody!" The presence of any strangers in the house was actually an infringement of its privileges. An extraordinary scene followed. The reporters were removed, and the remainder of the sitting was conducted with closed doors. The political world was a blank the next day. The reporters' occupation was gone. The insolence of the London press was fully chastised by the Irish agitator; and the bullying Times and its eleven reporters came out with a declaration that they would report well and truly the honorable member for Dublin, and thus the affair terminated—a triumph for O'Connell, the first ever obtained by any member of parliament over the London press; for, previously, whomsoever they chose to slay, he was slain.

O'Connell, by his exertions in this session for the Dublin merchants, obtained for them a compensation from government for their dreadful losses by the great fire which took place in the custom-house stores, September, 1833, when a million sterling worth of merchandise, in bond, was destroyed. The remainder of this year was devoted, by this great man, to drawing public attention to the repeal question, and the necessity for reforming the Irish corporations. I think this an appropriate place to insert Cobbett's opinion of O'Connell, from his Register of September, 1833:—

"Upon this occasion, it is impossible for me to refrain from expressing my admiration of the things done by Mr. O'Connell. I never had before an opportunity of witnessing his surprising quickness, and the irresistible force of that which drops from his lips. His sincerity, his good-humor, his zeal, his earnestness, his willingness to sacrifice every thing for the cause of the people, for the cause of those

who never can serve him in any way whatsoever, — it is only necessary to be a witness of these, to explain why it is that the people of Ireland love him and confide in him, and why it is that he is hated and detested by every one who has a tyrant's heart in his body. There is another description of men, too, of whom it is necessary to speak upon this occasion. I mean those who are actuated by *envy*; and I do not here allude to any amongst his own countrymen, for they all seem perfectly willing to acknowledge his superior claims to the confidence of his country. If he have any fault, it is that of letting the kindness of his disposition get the better of his justice; but perhaps this is inseparable from those other qualities which have caused him to have such predominant sway over the minds of the industrious classes of his country. It is impossible to see the conduct which is observed towards him, without being convinced that his enemies are thoroughly persuaded that Ireland must have justice done her, or he must be destroyed. If all my readers could hear the words uttered with regard to him, could see the looks accompanying those words, they would all have this conviction; and if every man in England could see this sight and hear those sounds, all England, with one united voice, would pray to God to protect him against all his enemies. In short, without him, Ireland would be dealt with just as the government pleased, without the opposition of any resistance at all; and, for my part, I should deem myself one of the worst of all mankind if I did not lend him all the support in my power. I may not, in all cases, be exactly of his opinion, even in matters relating to Ireland; but, seeing him beset, as I do, — leaving out of the question the probability of my opinion not being so correct as his, — it is not for me to split hairs in such a case, to perk up my opinion in opposition to his, and, under that pretence, leave him to be torn to pieces by his merciless foes. Last night, he filled every body with astonishment at his powers, and especially at his surprising quickness. There he was, the mastiff, surrounded by that which I will not describe, every one taking his bite, one behind, another before; and he turning first to one, and then to the other, and laying them sprawling upon the earth. To be able to do him justice, you must see him with thirty-four men at his back, with three hundred and fifty roaring out against him, and with twenty or thirty lying quiet in snug silence, bursting with envy still more deadly than the open hatred of his foes. There will be reports of the debates. These reports will be as full and correct as circumstances will permit; but it is not in the power of man to do justice, not a tenth part of the justice due to his zeal and his exertions on this occasion. For my part, I sat and looked at him with astonishment until eleven o'clock, when, finding that there would be no division that night, I came away. But my colleague, whose judgment is not inferior to any man, staid the debate out, and told me that Mr. O'Connell carried on the war against his foes in a manner to surprise him beyond any thing he had ever seen in his life. Very often have we seen in the English papers, and particularly in the *Times*, sneers at the Irish people, for being so wrapped up and devoted to Mr. O'Connell. They have called the people deluded. Faith! it is no delusion. They know him well; they know not only his friendship, but his efficiency; they know that he is worthy of their confidence. He has, indeed, as great a reward as they can bestow upon him. To see him in the house surrounded by his sons, members of counties or great towns, he himself the member for the great metropolis of Ireland, — to see him thus enjoying the greatest

glory, the most heartfelt satisfaction that man can possibly enjoy, must give delight to every heart in which the base and venomous passion of envy has not taken up its residence."

I hope it will be allowed me by the fastidious to allude in this place to the little services which I may have rendered to the cause of my country. Some one of the Roman writers has remarked that a man ought to feel proud of doing something worthy of record; and the next best thing is to record the worthy actions of others. The old bards of Erin were guided by this maxim; for it was their practice, when recording the valiant deeds of their heroes, to put in some stanzas of praise to themselves. I shall not affect any undue modesty, and will not, I hope, fall into the opposite extreme. I will describe what I have done for the repeal struggle in the same way as I describe the exertions of others — nothing extenuate and nothing set down in egotism.

In 1833, I resided in Manchester, England, and, though immersed in private business, I entered heartily into the repeal agitation. I can take on me to say that, for several months before the grand discussion commenced in parliament, I was active and successful in organizing the Irishmen of that great manufacturing district. I searched them out in their workshops and club-rooms; urged and rallied them to combine for the restoration of their country's freedom; established several branch repeal societies; carried agitation beyond into the adjoining towns, where kindred bodies were formed, linking many liberal Englishmen in the agitation. I was fortunate enough to obtain the use of the columns of the Manchester and Salford Advertiser, through which I made known to the working classes the bearings of the repeal question, the privations of the Irish people, and the advantages which repeal, by giving freedom to Ireland, would necessarily confer on the working men of England; extending a demand for manufactures, and raising the standard of wages in Ireland, by which the pressure from that country on the labor market of England would necessarily be relieved.

I put this general idea in a variety of aspects before the Englishmen of that region, and can honestly assert that a considerable effect was produced on their minds, as we shall see.

On the approach of the important parliamentary discussion of the 22d of April, we got together a great meeting of the friends of Ireland in Manchester, which was held on St. Patrick's day, in George's Field, where more than ten thousand persons attended. At that meeting, Mr. CROFT, an English gentleman, the friend of Mr. Cobbett, took the chair, and a petition for the repeal of the union — the first that ever was sent

from any part of England in favor of the question — was adopted at that meeting, which the author and a few others got signed to the extent of *twenty-seven thousand signatures*, the one third of which were the signatures of Englishmen.

That petition was sent by me to Mr. Cobbett for presentation, who, however, was ill at the time, and transferred it to Mr. Feargus O'Connor. The expenses of that petition were borne principally by me; and when the chief of Ireland brought the question on, in a speech admitted by his opponents to be a masterpiece of oratory, I had ten thousand copies of that immortal address printed, at my own expense, and circulated all through the north of England, which went some length in making known the true nature of the repeal issue.

Petitions were also sent from Oldham, Stockport, Blackburn, and several other neighboring towns, in which the branch associations had been established; and this preparatory agitation contributed to fill the minds of the people of that busy district with an affection for Mr. O'Connell, which was soon after nobly manifested in the magnificent reception which he experienced on his entry into Manchester.

We shall now come to the great discussion of the repeal question. It was fixed for the memorable 22d of April, 1834. O'Connell and the repeal members had been indefatigable in their exertions to rouse public attention, to combine Protestant with Catholic, and to procure petitions in favor of the measure. A meeting of the Irish repeal members was had in Dublin, at which the mode of proceeding in parliament was settled upon, and immediately after, the Irish members sailed in a body for London.

The ministry, although quite sure of a numerical majority, could not disguise their embarrassment. Their press had been actively employed working an adverse feeling in the public mind. Ministerial cajolery, patronage, and entertainments, were showered upon such Irish members as could be seduced from their duty to Ireland. To mark the opposition by features peculiarly distasteful to Ireland, two Irishmen were procured to resist O'Connell's motion. The first was Mr. *Spring Rice*, the secretary of the treasury, formerly member for the city of Limerick, but then member for the University of Cambridge. The second was Mr. *Emerson Tennent*, member for Belfast. Mr. Rice had been busy, for months before, obtaining, through the excise and custom offices, returns of imports and exports, which were to be exhibited to prove that Ireland had increased in her traffic since the union. No effort was left untried by the ministry to mark the opposition to the motion with all

those features which were to set the question forever at rest, to suffocate all hope in the heart of Ireland. A "call of the house" was enforced by ministers. The members for England and Scotland were summoned to the debate, under the penalty attached to disobedience, and every indication gave portentous note of the importance of the approaching struggle.

At length, the 22d of April arrived. Every seat in the house of commons was filled from an early hour of the day. The speaker took the chair at half past four, and from that moment until the beginning of the debate, nothing was heard but the presentation of petitions, by the Irish members, for "REPEAL OF THE UNION." More than half a million of signatures were attached to the petitions presented upon that and the previous evenings. A solitary petition was brought up by Mr. Emerson Tennent, from the town of Belfast, against the measure, with two thousand two hundred signatures, which drew out a hearty cheer from the ministerial supporters; but this was happily subdued by the presentation of the Manchester petition, with twenty-seven thousand signatures.

After this, the speaker called on Mr. O'Connell to proceed with his motion. The house was crowded to suffocation. At this instant, there were nearly six hundred members in their seats, while the galleries were thronged to their extremest capability. The moment was one pregnant with the great question whether Ireland should longer be dragged at the chariot wheels of England. The detail of motions, or measures, or speeches was nothing, the sole question being whether Ireland should be permitted to enjoy the right of private judgment in things temporal and spiritual; whether government and religion were to be made free to the people of that unhappy country. O'Connell felt keenly that this was the true issue, and, conceiving accurately the real feeling of the serried columns before him, he began, in a frolicsome tone, by relating an anecdote of a member of the house who, in conversation with himself some time before, said, "The Canadas are endeavoring to escape us; America has escaped us; but Ireland shall *not* escape us!" This beginning was not a little discomfiting to the house. It fell like a shell among the members, taking them quite by surprise. The honorable member then proceeded with his extraordinary indictment against England. He laid the foundation of his case, as he expressed it, "wide and deep," entering into a complete history of the connection between the two countries from the beginning. It was, indeed, a great effort of a great mind. He spoke not for the unwilling ears of his auditory. He spoke to the ears and hearts of mankind. He met, at first, with some

little interruption ; but he instantly reprov'd it, and, calling upon the speaker to enforce "order," that functionary, in a commanding tone, obtained the unwilling stillness of the house while the representative of Ireland detailed the horrors of six hundred years of unparalleled oppression inflicted by them and theirs on his unfortunate country.

He concluded about twelve o'clock at night, and then Mr. Spring Rice rose to reply ; but the house adjourned to the next evening, when this champion of England entered upon her case, dwelling on the benefits which Ireland had derived from the union, by exhibiting masses of figures, returns of the exports and imports of Ireland. But these flippant and illusive arguments could not wipe away the great fact that two and a half millions of the people were periodically subject to destitution, while the rich produce of their soil was hourly carried off before their eyes. Mr. Spring Rice occupied an entire night in the reply. Feargus O'Connor, Sheil, Grattan, and the other leading members from Ireland, kept up the debate with great spirit, and frequently forced the opposition to listen by threats of the pistol ! It lasted a week ; and at the conclusion, when O'Connell was heard in reply to all, the division was impatiently called for by the ministerialists, when the numbers were five hundred and twenty-three against the motion to thirty-eight for. One Englishman, Mr. Kennedy, voted for Mr. O'Connell's motion. Mr. Cobbett would have voted for it, but was too ill to attend the house.

The following Irish members voted for and against the question : —

*Irish Members who voted against the Repeal of the Union.*

Acheson, Viscount	Corry, H. L.	Martin, John
Archdall, General	Daly, J.	Meynell, H.
Bateson, Sir R.	Dobbyn, L.	Moxwell, H.
Belfast, Earl of	Evans, J.	O'Callaghan, C.
Bernard, W. S.	Ferguson, Sir R. A.	O'Ferrall, R. M.
Browne, J.	Fitzgibbon, Hon. R.	O'Grady, S.
Browne, D.	Forbes, Viscount	O'Reilly, W.
Carew, R. S.	Gladstone, T.	Oxmantown, Lord
Castlereagh, Viscount	Hayes, Sir E.	Perceval, Colonel
Chapman, L. M.	Hill, Lord Arthur,	Perrin, L.
Chichester, Lord	Hill, Lord M.	Shaw, F.
Christmass, W.	Howard, R.	Stawell, Colonel
Clements, Lord	Jephson, C. D. O.	Steward, Sir H.
Cole, Lord	Jones, T.	Talbot, J.
Cole, Hon. A.	Knox, J. H.	Tennent, J. E.
Connolly, E. M.	Lambert, H.	Verner, W.
Cooper, E. J.	Lefroy, Dr. T.	White, S.
Coote, Sir C.	Lefroy, A.	Young, J.
Copeland, W.	Martin, T.	

*Irish Members who voted for the Repeal of the Union.*

Baldwin, Dr.	Lynch, A. H.	Roche, W.
Barron, H. W.	Macnamara, W.	Roe, J.
Bellew, R. M.	Macnamara, F.	Ronayne, D.
Blackney, W.	Mullins, F. W.	Ruthven, E.
Blake, J. M.	Nagle, Sir R.	Ruthven, E. S.
Butler, Hon. B. S.	O'Brien, C.	Sullivan, R.
Callaghan, D.	O'Connell, D.	Talbot, J. H.
Finn, W. F.	O'Connell, Morgan	Vigers, N. A.
Fitzgerald, T.	O'Connell, Maurice	Walker, C. A.
Fitzsimon, N.	O'Connell, John	
Fitzsimon, C.	O'Connell, C.	<i>Tellers.</i>
Galway, J. M.	O'Connor Don	O'Connor, F.
Grattan, H.	O'Dwyer, A. C.	Sheil, R. L.
Lalor, P.	Roche, D.	

Against, 57; For, 39..... 96

*Absent* — O'Neill, General; Keane, Sir R.; Grattan, James.... 3

*Did not vote* — Barry, G. S.; French, F.; Wallace, T..... 3

*Vacant* — Carrickfergus, Dungarvan, Monaghan..... 3

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Ministers, immediately after the division, brought forward a series of resolutions, declaring the union as at present existing with Ireland forever indissoluble; but pledging parliament and the king to redress all proved abuses to be found there.

At the same moment that the repeal question occupied the attention of parliament, another very important question was forcing itself on the ministry. This was the right of meeting and discussing grievances, which the people of England were endeavoring to maintain. On the 21st of April, 1834, about fifty thousand London tradesmen marched in procession to the home office, with a petition praying for the pardon of the six convicted unionists of Dorchester. These men had consulted O'Connell, as their standing lawyer, in all their movements, and, under his direction, had marched in a body to the secretary of state's office, with the monster petition. Their march was singularly regular and dignified. It struck the military men of the day with no small surprise, for it was apparent there were among the peaceful army men who understood the science of discipline. The feature of this movement which stands out most prominently to the eyes of Irishmen is the guiding influence of O'Connell, under which it moved.

It is impossible to exaggerate the influence which Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator, now exercised over the industrial part of the popula-



tion of England and Scotland. The confidence placed in him by the *Trades Unions* of London was only part of the confidence reposed in him by the kindred associations spread all over the British empire. No man in England, not even the king, was so popular as he. Wheresoever he went, through England or Scotland, thousands or hundreds of thousands greeted his approach. He proclaimed the necessity of a further reform in the British constitution; demanded the reform of the house of lords, by the abolition of hereditary privileges; demanded annual or triennially-elected parliaments, the ballot, and universal suffrage, and for his native country the fullest measures of equal political privileges with England, or the restoration of her native parliament. These demands were seconded by the English millions.

O'Connell, the Liberator of a creed, was now called upon to lead on in the liberation of an empire. He was invited to banquets and public meetings by the men of Birmingham, of Manchester, of Liverpool, of Edinburgh, of Glasgow. Wherever he appeared, the cities became solitudes; for the inhabitants went out to meet and welcome the idol of their hearts, and the anchor of their hopes.

His peculiar plan for the reform of the house of peers deserves our special notice here, because it is probable it will yet be taken up and enforced by the people. There are six hundred and twenty peers of England, Scotland, and Ireland; about two hundred are Irish. He proposed to create one hundred and eighty new peers, and to limit the future house of lords to *one hundred and fifty*, to be elected by the people from the grand panel of eight hundred, the house to be elected every five years, one fifth to go out annually, but to be eligible for reëlection, the king to retain the power of creating as many peers as he pleased, but the people, in their respective districts, to have the exclusive power of electing them.

About this time, on Mr. Ward's motion for a revision of the Irish Protestant church, supported by some of the ministers, Lord Stanley, Sir J. Graham, the Earl of Ripon, and the Duke of Richmond, withdrew from the ministry. Soon after, Earl Grey resigned the premiership, and was succeeded by LORD MELBOURNE, whose companions in the ministry were made up from the most liberal leaders in the whig ranks. This ministry, however, was soon dissolved by the king, who sent for the Duke of Wellington, who advised his majesty to appoint Sir Robert Peel to the premier's seat. This was acceded to. Lord Lyndhurst was made chancellor of England. The Irish arrangements were, the

Earl of Haddington lord lieutenant, Sir Henry Hardinge secretary, Sir E. Sugden chancellor, E. Pennefather attorney-general, and Mr. Jackson solicitor-general.

O'Connell, who had previously assailed the Melbourne ministry in a series of letters addressed to Lord Duncannon, now formed a new association, denominated the *Anti-Tory Association of Ireland*, whose object was the ejection of the Peel ministry from office, &c. This association was the nucleus, in Ireland, of all the whigs and the repealers; for opposition to the tories was the test of admission. There were embraced in its membership upwards of fifty members of parliament, besides many of the titled aristocracy. The Peel ministry having called on the king for a dissolution of the parliament, in the hopes of diminishing, by landlord influence on the electors, the reform members of the house, a general election took place. Parties in England were pretty nearly balanced; but Ireland gave preponderance to the opposition. O'Connell was again returned for Dublin, and, in his address to the electors, he declared himself then and forever a repealer. "Sink or swim, live or die," said he, "I am for repeal."

The new parliament assembled, and, on a trial of strength led on by Lord Morpeth, appeared to be *anti-tory* by a majority of *seven*, in a house of six hundred and eleven. Sir Robert Peel soon after announced his leading measures, among which his celebrated Irish tithe bill was prominent. By this, tithes were abolished in name, reduced twenty-five per cent. in amount, removed from the shoulders of the occupiers, and transferred to those of the proprietor in fee, the million pounds lent to the Protestant clergy remitted, and a pretty general settlement of that vexatious question effected. Indeed, many of the measures proposed by the tory chief were as remedial and reforming in their spirit as those of his predecessor, Lord Melbourne. Yet so determined in hostility were the whigs, that they followed up the passing of the tithe bill by a resolution, moved by Lord John Russell, to appropriate any surplus that might remain, after providing for the spiritual wants of the members of the established church of Ireland, to the *general education of all classes* of Christians. This resolution became the battle-ground of the two great parties; and, after three worrying debates in the commons, and experiencing a numerical majority on each against him, Sir Robert Peel and his associates in office resigned. Yet this very principle was afterwards abandoned by the whigs in office.

Lord Melbourne was thus forced back upon the king, and chiefly by the power of O'Connell; for without the Irish votes at *his* command.

there was a virtual majority in favor of Peel. The following formed the principal members of the new ministry: *Lord Melbourne*, first lord of the treasury; *Lord Lansdowne*, president of the council; *Lord Palmerston*, foreign secretary; *Lord John Russell*, home secretary. The principal members of the Irish government were, *Lord Mulgrave*, lord lieutenant; *Lord Morpeth*, secretary; *Lord Plunkett*, lord chancellor; *Mr. Perrin*, attorney; and *Michael O'Loghlin*, solicitor-general. Lord Brougham was not included in the new arrangements. It appears he was personally objectionable to the king, and the great seal was put in commission.

The new ministry made pressing overtures to O'Connell and his friends, proposing the most sweeping and satisfactory reforms in Ireland, if repeal were given up. The chief of Ireland conditionally accepted these promises, suspended the repeal agitation, and commenced that probationary system of negative tactics commonly known as the "experimental agitation." The definition of the conditions of that experiment we have supplied to us from the pen of O'Connell himself.

"Here I am, for one, fully determined to contribute all I can to the success of this experiment. The union, fairly tried, may, as some expect, produce honest and good government, and consequent tranquillity and prosperity, in Ireland. If it do so, all that we desire to obtain by the repeal will be realized — a result which I fervently hope for, but cannot bring myself to say I confidently anticipate. But such a result would please every body, and, in the comfort and prosperity of Ireland, her patriots would have their glorious reward. If, on the other hand, the experiment fails, and then, after honestly applying all the powers of a friendly but united legislature to the amelioration of the condition of the Irish people, it is proved to demonstration that nothing can cure the evils arising from provincial degradation, from the absence of the nobility, gentry, and great lauded proprietors, but a domestic legislature in a nation of more than eight millions of inhabitants, why, then we will demand 'the repeal' in a voice of thunder, and we shall be joined in the cry by all the rational and right-thinking men of Great Britain." — *Letter on the New Ministry, May, 1835.*

Lord John Russell, as the leader of the ministry in the lower house, introduced his celebrated measures for the reform of the municipal corporations of England and Wales. These measures were founded upon reports of the commissioners of inquiry, previously appointed, which disclosed the grossest jobbing, plunder, and immoral practices, that previously prevailed in those corporations, and which stood unparalleled in the history of England. The new bills vested the municipal power of the towns in the inhabitants who were rate-payers, and subjected the application of the corporate funds to the wholesome check of public scrutiny.

The reform of the corporations of England was the work of one whole

year of the new ministry. Nothing was done for Ireland beyond sending her an excellent lord lieutenant and chief secretary, both of one mind, and both heartily resolved on doing *all in their power* for her prosperity.

The liberal character and intentions of the new lord lieutenant, who arrived in May, 1835, soon became generally known in Ireland. His very first dinner-parties and levees proclaimed his mind. He came, the representative of reform, triumphant reform. He succeeded Lord Had-dington, a fool and a bigot; one who sat quietly in his box in the theatre while an Orange flag hung suspended over his head, and the Dublin Orangemen waved their insulting symbols around and about him. He came, the successful champion of negro emancipation; for he was the zealous friend and advocate of the African race while governor of Jamaica. He came with a *carte blanche*, to administer in Ireland the kingly functions; and he resolved to mark his name on her history, and on the grateful hearts of her people.

Bred in courts, he was an accomplished diplomatist and a finished gentleman. His father, the old Earl of Mulgrave, was a member of the household to George the Third; and the present eminent man grew up to manhood in the atmosphere and practice of kingly diplomacy. He was elegantly skilled in literary composition, and had written some two or three novels, which were in the drawing-rooms of the fashionable. He was young, of handsome person, prepossessing exterior, and fascinating address. He talked well, looked well, dressed well, rode well, danced well. He was a wit at table; a gallant in the drawing-room; a trotter, and galloper, and bettor, on the race-course; a courtier at the levee; a statesman, patient, deep, and resolute, in the cabinet; a dashing traveller through the country, attending all the dinners, balls, and races, that were got up on every side to entertain him: the wave of his hand was inimitable, and his bow was better than Kemble's; his manners were at once the most refined, most fascinating, and most unaffectedly plain and popular; convivial and hospitable, dashy and cavalier in his air, he was the soul of a ball-room, an assembly, or a race-course, and soon became the idol of the people.

But inside of this glittering exterior there dwelt a *heart*, there reigned a *mind*, there shone an exalted *soul*, which gave grace to frivolity, and dignity to amusement; which gave, above all, to the administration of the great powers intrusted to the king's lieutenant in Ireland a healthy and an impartial impulse. Nor were these all that recommended him to the confidence and affection of the warm-hearted Irish. He was

blessed with a most amiable, charitable, accomplished, indeed, lovely lady, who devoted her income, her time, and her influence, to the amelioration of distress, to the enlargement of human happiness. She was equally distinguished for beauty and the very highest accomplishments. She was under forty, and had two or three growing boys that appeared with her in public. Her ladyship was the constant patroness of every charitable institution. The Catholic clergy found her a friend — every orphan charity, every Catholic church celebration, every lady's fair, every public institution, was sure to receive her ladyship's hearty support. She was in the midst of every public assembly which had for its object the mitigation of human misery; and, unfortunately for Ireland, her neglected and oppressed population offered but too many opportunities for the exercise of her ladyship's benevolence. Her evening parties were the most delightful. They were not composed of "long-faced gentry," but of the happiest souls, the most joyous and the most elegant congregation of beings in the whole world. The Catholic circles of respectability were admitted, — admitted to the vice-regal entertainments for the first time in three hundred years. Thus the groans and pains of Ireland were lulled by a course of political opium, which set the people into the most delightful dreams. Every body — priest and layman — expected "something would be done at last for Ireland." But what that something ought, or was likely, to be, no one seemed able to define in his own mind. It was an idea without shape, a chaotic thought.

Never, since the bright days of the Irish parliament, was the vice-regal court at Dublin so splendidly sustained. Never, surely, was majesty so attractively presented or represented. The tory aristocracy, men and women, combined against Lord Mulgrave's court, and rejected his society, or neglected his levees. He was just the man to deal with these triflers. Instead of feeling offended by their neglect, he drew friends around him from wider and honester, though less sophisticated circles. The patronage of England was at his command, for he was sent by ministers to subdue the repeal cry by the exercise of the most extensive promotions. His appointments and promotions in the law, in the magistracy, in the revenue and police, soon proclaimed him the man of the people. The friends and leaders of popular rights were, in all cases, sought for and appointed. Place was given to almost every talented man found in the popular ranks. The colonies, the Indies, the ministerial offices in England, the church, army, and navy, besides *all* the places connected with Ireland in the gift of the crown or of the lord

chancellor, were opened to the young men of Ireland. A tempting scene was exhibited to their view. A "sugar plum" policy was now pursued everywhere. Office was widely flung open to the repealers. Every lawyer, who had even a color of name, was promoted. Every village attorney got government business of some sort or other. The post-offices in the country were given to those who were conspicuous in the ranks of the people. The police and the revenue were thrown wide open. Dashing young fellows, sons of "gentlemen farmers," were made chiefs in the one branch or the other of the "public service." This wide and wholesale distribution of British patronage and British gold drew off the leaders of the public mind. I speak of his five years' administration of the Irish government. In the course of that period I do not remember beyond three or four men of talent or influence in the popular ranks who were not promoted to place; and this general promotion extended into the family of O'Connell: his son Morgan was appointed to a lucrative situation in the Court of Exchequer; and his son-in-law, Mr. Fitzsimons, was appointed to another in the Hannaper office. His son-in-law Mr. French was appointed to the stipendiary magistracy; and he himself was offered a judge's seat, worth four thousand pounds a year; but he refused it.

Lord Mulgrave made himself thoroughly acquainted with the minutiae of Irish politics. He travelled through all Ireland, visited the jails, inquired into the circumstances of the prisoners, and liberated many who had been confined for petty debts, political offences, or tithe arrears. Amongst others, his lordship liberated Mr. T. Reynolds, who had been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for an alleged riot at the Dublin election. In the south, he hunted the stag, in the Killarney Mountains, with the brother of Daniel O'Connell. In the north, he compelled the unwilling Orange mayor of Derry to accompany him in his vice-regal visits to the public institutions of that "maiden city." Wheresoever he appeared, he proclaimed one law for all, equality, civil and religious liberty, and justice. The Catholic and the Presbyterian clergy were equally welcome to his presence; but the Episcopalian clergy held aloof. His replies to public addresses, which he always wrote himself, and his dispatches to the prime minister, and other public functionaries, proclaim him an able statesman.

Lord Morpeth, the chief secretary, was the equal of Lord Mulgrave in goodness of disposition towards Ireland. The son of the Earl of Carlisle and the member for the West Riding of Yorkshire, the brother of the richest woman in England, (the Duchess of Sutherland,) inheriting

the blood of the Howards, which he ennobled by his conduct, rich and unmarried, eloquent and approachable, the friend and admirer of O'Connell, it is no wonder that *he*, too, won upon the affections of the Irish people.

Such were the two men to whom the destinies of Ireland were committed during that period in our history which we must denominate the “*experiment*.”

The people were dazzled. Their chief men were appointed to lucrative places. Sheil and Wyse, and More O'Farrell, and Perrin, O'Loughlin, Fitzsimons, young O'Connell, O'Dwyer, and very many others of secondary degree, were filling high and lucrative office, for the first time, under the British crown. Catholic clergymen were frequently the guests of the lord lieutenant or his secretary. Whatever place or appointment they sought for their personal friends, was generally given. O'Connell himself, too, had dined once or twice with his excellency; and mighty was the noise which the London tory press made thereat. The police, and revenue, and board of works, were thrown open to the humbler place-hunters; and what between those who had obtained office, with the friends within their influence, and those who *expected* office, the country was brought under a spell. People thought there would be very soon “something done for Ireland,” seeing so much done for her leaders; though they had no definite idea what that *something* was to be.

O'Connell found himself out-generalled for the moment, not by British arms, or by British legislators, or British law-prosecutors, but by British gold. It was showered on his countrymen unexpectedly, contrary to all human foresight; and it is no disparagement to O'Connell to say, he did not, *could* not have provided for the contingency. He made the most of his means and his position. He was deserted by all the leaders of the slightest power in the commonwealth of mind, and nothing remained to him but an uneducated, unthinking, unreflecting multitude. He had no political colonels, captains, sergeants, or corporals. The men of whom these necessary officers in agitation could be made, were nearly all bought up by the government. Many of them were placed in office in England; many of them sent to the Indies and the British colonies as “assistants,” in one office or another. They were thus made away with, or silenced; and, without this class of men, no effective agitation could be raised. The Liberator, therefore, submitted to what he could not overcome. He “bided his time,” and waited on the “experiment” of justice to Ireland, as promised by the house of commons and king when

they rejected his motion for repeal. The people naturally expected much of public and substantial service from a government which had so suddenly opened the sluices of patronage on Ireland—*on Catholic Ireland*. A thing so new in the history of the connection absolutely turned men's brains; and no one dared so much as whisper "Repeal," lest doing so might embarrass a ministry that was "doing so much good for the country," and that "would do ten times as much if the tories would let 'em." This was the language of the day in every liberal circle in Ireland. For every office that fell vacant, there were at least forty applicants; every one of such applicants vowing all the time that never before was there such a government in Ireland.

O'Connell had, in various provincial meetings,—at Cork, Limerick, Galway, Kilkenny, Waterford, Dublin,—at public dinners and public meetings, pledged the Irish people to adhere to their part of the experiment which promised to do full and satisfactory justice to Ireland. All sections of liberals and repealers were disposed to put trust in this ministry and their able representatives in Ireland. One of the first Irish measures which this government attempted, was the suppression of the Orange system throughout the British empire. The management of this important matter was confided to Mr. HUME, the laborious Scottish member, and to Mr. W. F. FINN, the member for Carlow borough, and brother-in-law to the Liberator.

Parliament, at the urgent request of Mr. HUME and W. F. FINN, granted a committee to inquire into the Orange system; and, after several months' inquiry, it reported, August 4, 1835,—

1st. "That it appears, from the evidence laid before this house, that there exists at present in Ireland more than fifteen hundred Orange lodges, some parishes containing as many as three or four private lodges, consisting of members varying in number from sixteen to two hundred, acting in communication and correspondence with each other, and having secret signs and pass words as bonds of union, and all depending on the grand lodge of Ireland.

2d. "That the Orange institution of Ireland is unlimited in numbers, and exclusively a Protestant association; that every member must belong to a private lodge, to which he is admitted under a religious sanction, and with a religious ceremony, carrying a Bible in his hands, submitting to certain forms and declarations, and taught secret signs and pass words."

*Ernest*, the king's brother and the present king of Hanover, was the grand master of the society. It extended through England, Ireland,



and Scotland, through all the colonies, and into nearly every regiment under the crown ; and its object has been most reasonably supposed to be, to seize illegally on the crown on the death of William the Fourth ; or, in case that monarch should suffer his ministers to proceed further in reform. And, by placing Prince Ernest by force of arms on the throne, exclude the Princess VICTORIA, (the present queen,) whose opinions, and those of her excellent mother, the Duchess of Kent, were known to be liberal.

Proof of this general design was said to exist, in the "correspondence book" of the chief directory of the society, and the secretary was summoned to produce it before the parliamentary committee ; but he suddenly absconded, taking with him the *secret book*, and thus frustrated part of the object of the inquiry. A law was then passed by parliament against all and every kind of secret societies, in which the freemasons, and other social and friendly brotherhoods, were included, and which completely suppressed the Orange system in Ireland, and in the army.

This was naturally a great triumph to the Irish people, who had been for so many years oppressed by the infatuated bands called "Orangemen." It was a fine feather in the beaver of the Earl of Mulgrave, who followed up this by dismissing Colonel Verner from the commission of the peace, for having drunk "the Battle of the Diamond," at a public dinner. Our readers, who have looked over the pages devoted to the year 1795, will understand the lamentable event celebrated by that memorable toast.

The freemason society changed some of its ceremonies, so as to comport with the law. There was a good deal of discussion at that time concerning its principles, and O'Connell subsequently published a letter in reference to their system, from which we make an extract. It is dated London, April 19, 1837, and is addressed to the Dublin Pilot.

"It is true that I was a freemason and a master of a lodge. It was at a very early period of my life, and either before an ecclesiastical censure had been published in the Catholic church in Ireland, prohibiting the taking of the masonic oaths, or, at least, before I was aware of that censure. I now wish to state that, having become acquainted with it, I submitted to its influence, and many, very many years ago, unequivocally renounced freemasonry. I offered the late archbishop, Dr. Troy, to make that renunciation public, but he deemed it unnecessary. I am not sorry to have this opportunity of doing so."

O'Connell derived considerable *éclat* from the success of the two prominent measures of this parliament — the triumph of the English

corporate reform bill, and the suppression of the Orange lodges. He was hailed through England as the leader of reform. Nor were his fame and popularity confined within the British empire. His name and his speeches were as familiar on the lips of the Parisian politicians as they were among the members of the Dublin trades; and he was actually invited by some French prisoners of state to undertake their defence before the tribunal of that country, but declined for this, the chief reason, "That though he understood and spoke the French language, yet his command of it was not sufficient to enable him to translate his ideas as he went along, in speaking, without embarrassing his powers of thought, and diverting them, in the search for words, from the attention necessary to reason the points with effect."

The Liberator, at this period, took frequent opportunities to praise the United States; and while he ever took exception to her slavery laws, he never failed to hold up her general government to the admiration of mankind. Thus, at the Dublin election in 1835, he eloquently alludes to the glorious republic: "To that revolution glorious America may be thankful that she is hourly increasing in wealth, hourly accumulating strength, and hourly extending liberty. She is the only state in the world in which there is not one penny national debt now due; the only state in the world in which is recognized that impress of God upon the soul of man, affirming him the superior to other creatures, 'but making him the inferior of no created being.'"

We find him, throughout the whole of this year, at war with some one section or leader of the tory party. The Duke of Wellington charged him with having been a "*convicted* conspirator," and with having "more power than any man in England." The Liberator's reply was able and happy; and as to the *convictions* obtained against him, he thus disposes of the accusation: "The return was printed by order of the house of commons; it was in your hands; it showed that there were eleven indictments against me, several of them charging me with sedition, and a conspiracy for seditious purposes; but every one of them, every indictment charging me with any moral offence, *abandoned on the record* by the attorney-general. There remained one indictment; it was for disobeying a proclamation. I insisted that it was no offence to disobey a proclamation; and, relying on that plain principle of the law, I refused to plead to that indictment; having first secured these terms, that no attempt should be made to proceed to judgment without giving me the full power to have the twelve judges in Ireland, and finally the house of lords, decide whether or not it was an offence to disobey a

proclamation. Thus I was not only *not convicted*, but I was not *tried* at all."

The animosity of the tory party was excited to an intense pitch. The whig reform had already laid hands upon the church, upon the English corporations, and upon the Orange system. Further reforms were threatened. O'Connell was travelling among the English masses, preaching the reform of the lords, the shortening of parliaments, the ballot, and universal suffrage. A circumstance now occurred which arrested for a moment the career of the Liberator; it was the *Raphael* affair, the outline of which is this: *Alexander Raphael*, a wealthy London alderman, was ambitious of getting into parliament as a reformer. Knowing the great influence which O'Connell possessed in Ireland, he applied to him to introduce him to the constituency of some popular county or city. O'Connell was just then looking out for a wealthy reformer to stand the Carlow contest in company with *N. Vigors*, against the overflowing joint-stock purse of Bruen, Cavanagh, and the county Carlow tories. After one or two interviews, the Liberator informed Alderman Raphael, that, for a subscription to the Carlow fund of two thousand pounds, he would be returned with Vigors; one thousand pounds of the money to be paid on Raphael's being put in nomination, and the remainder to be paid when he was returned. The terms were accepted, and the money was paid to Mr. O'Connell. It went to Carlow, and was expended in the contest, under the inspection of Mr. Vigors and the Rev. Mr. Meaher. Every shilling of it was expended in Carlow; and Mr. O'Connell actually paid fifteen pounds more than he received from Raphael to the Carlow committee. Raphael and Vigors were returned to parliament, but they were petitioned against, and the former refused to defend his position, alleging that O'Connell was bound to sustain all the attending expenses. Their return was annulled; and then Raphael published all the private correspondence, which, until explained by the actual vouchers from the Carlow committee, made the Liberator appear to the world as a traf-ficker in the parliamentary privileges of his country.

The mist, however, soon cleared away, and the true issue became apparent. A motion was made in the house of commons to vote the transaction a breach of its privileges; but the majority, for the innocence of O'Connell, overbore all opposition, and the honorable gentleman came from the ordeal completely triumphant.

After this, several of the chief cities and towns of England invited and entertained him at public dinners, and presented him addresses of con-

fidence and congratulation. The degree of respect which he enjoyed from the great body of the English democracy is indeed almost incredible. His reception in Liverpool was more brilliant than any other man, even Canning, ever received from the inhabitants of that commercial *entrepôt* of the world. The corporation of the town entertained him in the most costly and magnificent style. Similar entertainments, attended by immense processions of the people, awaited him in Manchester, in Nottingham, York, Hull, London; and, finally, this sympathy suddenly transmuted itself into a substantial gift: a sum of eight thousand pounds was subscribed by his English friends towards his personal revenue, to enable him, as they said, to withstand the ruinous expense to which his tory enemies were driving him. Never, surely, had any native of Ireland so great an ascendancy over the British empire as this extraordinary man now possessed. And it is impossible to resist an expression of regret to find that it has not continued at least to the same extent.

About this time Mr. Ruthven died. He was the colleague of O'Connell for the city of Dublin, and may be deemed one of the honestest men that ever entered parliament. He was a northern Protestant, a member for a northern county, and first recommended himself to the affections of the Irish people by his disinterested and able defence of O'Connell from some rabid attack upon him in parliament. His remains were followed to the Glasnevin burial-ground, by ten thousand tradesmen of Dublin; where a monument has been erected to his memory.

The session of 1836 was one of storm and party thunder in parliament. In Ireland the most exciting agitation reigned. O'Connell had not only to defend his position in parliament against the tories, but had to battle with a species of back-water opposition at home, on the poor-law question, led on by Mr. Staunton (of the Register) and the Rev. Mr. O'Mally. He had this year abolished the *Anti-Tory Association*, and formed a new one, which he denominated the "General Association of Ireland;" the admission fee to speak and vote in which was one pound per annum. One of the most prominent questions brought up for discussion in this body was a "provision for the Irish poor." The *pros* and *cons*, upon this exciting topic, were urged by these gentlemen with great pertinacity and vehemence. O'Connell, finding himself unable to cope with his opponents in debate, moved that the whole question be referred to "the committee up stairs," which took it out of the General Assembly into one more compact and less impassioned.

In the mean time, Lord John Russell moved, in the house of commons, for a commission to inquire into the state of the poor of Ireland, with a view to introduce a system of relief into that country; and very soon after, Mr. Nichols was despatched by his lordship into Ireland, to inquire into the condition of the poor. After a sojourn of a couple of months, he made his celebrated report to parliament, upon which the Irish poor-law bill was founded. Although Mr. Nichols did not give himself sufficient time to judge of the applicability of a wearing system of poor laws to Ireland, — for, instead of two months, he should have staid there two years, — yet the facts which he gathered and published are of unquestionable authenticity and value. He states that the wages of the agricultural laborers varied from sixpence to tweldepence a day; the average was about eight and a half. The earnings of laborers, on an average of the whole class, did not exceed two shillings to two shillings and sixpence a week, for the whole year round; from which miserable income a man and his family were to feed and clothe themselves! The number of persons out of work, and in distress, during thirty weeks of the year, was estimated at 585,000; and the number of persons dependent upon *them* for support, at not less than 1,800,000, making, in the whole, 2,385,000, or one fourth of the entire population, who may be said to be dependent upon charitable support for six months in every year; that the support of the poor fell exclusively on the farming and cotter class; and the voluntary relief afforded by these he values at near a million sterling per annum.

As a remedy, he proposed to divide Ireland into one hundred unions, each to have a local board of guardians, and a large workhouse. The whole number, he calculated, would accommodate about 80,000 poor people, to be supported by a tax raised on landed and house property, one half to be paid by the occupier, and the other half by the lord of the soil; out-door relief to be abolished, and residence in the workhouse to be a necessary preliminary to relief.

This measure encountered a world of discussion during 1836–1837. It was, however, recommended in the king's speech in 1837, and passed into a law that session, after an unflinching but ineffectual opposition from O'Connell and some of the Irish members, and from most of the grand juries of Ireland. In 1839 and 1840, it was very generally carried into effect through Ireland, though at an enormous outlay; the workhouses alone costing near eight hundred thousand pounds; each board and house were officered by a very expensive staff, whose salaries, generally speaking, came to nearly one third of the cost of the food con-

sumed by the poor; in addition to which, there were four English commissioners appointed to carry it into operation, with salaries of two thousand pounds (10,000 dollars) a year each, which, all taken together, generated suspicion and discontent.

This measure has proved a signal failure. The people, in most cases, refuse to pass a rate. There is no money to be found by the commissioners; and the consequence is the poor, in many places, are discharged upon the country, and live upon the bounty of the charitable, as they formerly did. In this affair O'Connell is eminently triumphant.

During the years 1836 and 1837, a great many improvements were effected in the criminal law, in church laws, in the navy regulations, and in corporate or municipal laws. A more liberal system of education was established, which was extended to still wider circles than formerly. Yet the condition and food of the working people throughout the British empire remained unimproved. A plethoric expansion of paper by the Bank of England had generated a false capital. A large speculative business was driven in the commercial cities of England, but all was hollow and rotten, as we shall see in the sequel.

On the 20th of June, 1837, King William the Fourth died, in the 73d year of his age, and the seventh of his reign. He was succeeded by the Princess VICTORIA, daughter of the Duke of Kent, who ascended the throne of Britain in the eighteenth year of her age.

The excitement consequent upon the death of one monarch and the accession of another — that successor a young and lovely girl, the daughter of parents endeared to the nation by their virtuous lives, their liberal opinions, and their benevolent deeds — is not to be described. There seemed to be a simultaneous pause in the clash of politics. A dissolution of parliament was necessarily at hand, and both of the great parties buckled on their political armor for the approaching struggle. It seemed to be a return of the battles of the roses. The young queen gave assurance to Lord Melbourne that he should retain the sword of state. The preparation for her coronation commenced; the business in parliament languished; the Irish corporation bill was stopped in the house of peers, and a motion was tried in the house of commons to abolish altogether the corporations of Ireland. The attention of parliament could scarcely be kept alive to any thing, and as soon as it was dissolved, and a new election followed, the uproar of clashing parties through the empire exceeds my space or powers to describe.

After the election, it was ascertained that the new parliament was made up very equally of whigs and tories. The latter had gained

upon the former some dozen of votes since the previous election, and it was soon found to be a matter of some difficulty to determine which party conducted the government, "her majesty's ministers," or "her majesty's opposition."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S coronation took place in 1838, and certainly it was the grandest pageant that probably ever took place in England. Westminster Abbey was fitted up for the performance of the ceremony at an expense of seventy thousand pounds. It was benched on every side up to the ceiling, like an amphitheatre. Seats for twenty thousand persons were fitted up. Wealthy strangers from all parts of the British empire, and from many parts of Europe, thronged to London to witness this grand sight. Every vehicle, from the fleet railway cars to the country farm carts, which could be procured, was filled with human beings, bearing to this grand centre. Many distinguished Irish characters could not get to London for want of conveyances. The late Chief Baron O'Loghlin, with some of his friends, was left on the road in some country town in England. The influx of strangers to London to witness this brilliant ceremony was officially announced by Spring Rice, the chancellor of the exchequer, at four hundred thousand persons, whose expenditure, at thirty shillings apiece, came to more than *half a million sterling a day*; and the great majority of them remained in London for two or three weeks, by which at least **TEN MILLIONS STERLING** (fifty millions of dollars) were distributed among the London tradesmen.

All the European nations sent special ambassadors to represent them upon that occasion. The equipages, costumes, and trappings of these delegates of royalty realized the splendors of fairy land. The ambassadors of France, Austria, and Russia made very grand displays. The American minister, as became him, went in a plain equipage. The procession, of which all these grandees formed a part, together with her majesty in her state carriage alone, and the principal members of the royal family in six or seven grand carriages, followed by a long line of principal officers of state, and the peerage of England, passed in review before the thronging citizens, from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey. The route through which all this pageant moved, was lined, on either side of the streets, by tiers of benches, hastily fitted up, and let at a guinea a seat; so that the journey appeared to be one grand theatrical procession through a scene formed by the finest streets of London.

As her majesty arrived at the ancient portal of Westminster Abbey, a discharge of twenty-one guns announced the fact. The twenty thou-

sand inmates, who had been fixed in their seats from an early hour in the morning, exhibited a galvanic impulse. Plumes and coronets were in motion, and when the queen appeared, the whole assembly, by one electric impulse, rose to their feet. The after ceremonies were solemn and tedious. When all was concluded, and the crown upon her royal head, and her majesty placed sitting in St. Edward's chair, in which the old Irish stone of *Laigh Fail* is encased, the "royal shout" was given, echoed by the discharge outside of forty-one pieces of cannon. This old Irish ceremony, now presented to the senses with so grand an accompaniment, could not but affect all present. The ceremony ended, the queen returned to her palace, the nobility and gentry to their various homes, where banquetting and joy reigned paramount for several days and nights. The theatres, the gardens, all places of amusement, were crowded. It was July, and nature was robed in loveliness. Business was forgotten. Pleasure reigned in every breast. Money was freely spent. Reason was asleep; and the young queen of England sat proudly and happily on the throne of the Edwards and Henrys.

But shortlived was all this quiet and glory. The new parliament assembled. The tories had formed a well-organized opposition to the queen and her ministers. Sir Robert Peel had been entertained at a public dinner in London by three hundred and twenty members of the house of commons—a sign fearfully significant to the whig cabinet. On the very first night of the assembling of the new parliament, Lord John Russell, in view of the tory organization, and with the design of attracting some of Sir Robert Peel's auxiliaries, declared that his associates in her majesty's service were opposed to the ballot, or to any further reforms in the state—a declaration at once disgusting to the nation and disastrous to his ministry. The ministry of which his lordship was a prominent member was thrice ushered into power on the principle of progressive reform; and the nation that sacrificed so much to uphold them, beheld, with natural dismay and disgust, the promulgation of that haughty dictum which, eight years previously, lost to the Duke of Wellington the proud position of minister of Britain.

The tories, encouraged by this grand mistake, were now led on by Sir Robert Peel to the seizure of office. The debates in the house of commons soon disclosed to the inconsistent, ungrateful, and unwise ministry, that their days were numbered. They were beaten by tory majorities in several divisions—majorities small in numerical preponderance, but vast in numerical substance, ranging generally from three hundred to three hundred and twenty in a house of six hundred.



The whig ministry saw that it was impossible to carry on the government in the face of so worrying an opposition, and they resigned.

Her majesty sent, of course, for Sir Robert Peel, the head of the tory phalanx. He came to her palace *in state*. He was offered and accepted the office of prime minister, and soon appeared in the house of commons as the premier of England. His cabinet was nearly formed, and all his arrangements were complete; but a difficulty was unexpectedly encountered by the tory chief. In the arrangements between her majesty and Sir Robert every power was given to the minister to construct his *male* cabinet. The premier omitted all stipulation about the female portion; and now, when the tory ladies connected with the ministry were about to take their places about her majesty's person, in the bedchamber or boudoir, they found the ladies of the late ministers in possession, whom the queen refused to part with. The principal ladies connected with the late ministers were the Marchioness of Normanby and the Duchess of Sutherland, the wife and sister of the lord lieutenant and secretary of Ireland. Sir Robert Peel demanded the dismissal of those ladies; but her majesty steadfastly refused, and hereupon the premier called a cabinet council, placed before them the grave obstacles to his progress, when it was agreed by the tory leaders to relinquish office.

Sir Robert Peel resigned after enjoying power three days. This affair gave rise to the most extraordinary rumors. It was broadly insinuated by the whigs that, if the queen allowed the tory ladies around her person, they would poison her. The fate of the unfortunate Princess Charlotte was present to her majesty's mind, and the dark and dimly shadowed designs of toryism upon her sacred person were industriously presented to the public mind by the whig newspapers. The whig and radical portion of the empire was in ecstasies at the firmness of her majesty. Lord Melbourne and his ministers were recalled. The government of Ireland was left in the hands of Lords Mulgrave and Morpeth, and the populace in both countries shouted *Io pæans* at their deliverance from tory rule.

The whig ministry neglected to profit by this accident. Instead of conciliating the people of either country, they were sluggish and morose. The chartists, led on by Lovitt, Stephens, Feargus O'Connor, and many others in England, had organized, and were demanding the concession of the people's "CHARTER." This demand was comprehended in five chief articles, viz., universal suffrage, the ballot, the annual election of members to parliament, the abolition of all property qualification in members, and their payment from the public taxes for their services.

These five points were previously sanctioned by Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Attwood, Mr. Hume, Colonel Thompson, and some other leading members of parliament. A most extensive organization had been established throughout England and Scotland to carry this charter. Considerable sums of money were collected and expended by the chartist leaders. They established newspapers and conducted them with commanding ability ; and, although the cause is now apparently backward, it should be recollected that reform was far more backward twenty years ago.

Chief among this new party stood Mr. FEARGUS O'CONNOR. He had recently established, as a chartist newspaper, the *Northern Star*, then published weekly in Leeds, but since removed to London. With the exception of the *Despatch*, this paper acquired the greatest circulation of any newspaper ever published in England. It ranged from twenty-five to thirty-five thousand copies a week, and exercised an omnipotent influence over the working classes of England and Scotland. The Irishman who could thus acquire such extensive sway over the masses of England, deserves to be particularly described to the reader.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR is son to the late Roger O'Connor, author of the translation of the *Chronicles of Eri*, and nephew to ARTHUR O'CONNOR, the distinguished exile of 1798, at present in France. Feargus was born in Dangan, in the county of Meath. His father retained some fragment of the ancient patrimony of the family, and in subsequent years, Feargus was bequeathed a small estate in the county of Cork, and held, besides, his uncle's property of Connorville, partly in trust, from all which he enjoyed an income of six or eight hundred pounds a year. Mr. O'Connor was educated for the law ; was well versed in Irish history, and deeply saturated with her inspiring poetry ; had studied Oisín, and formed his style of writing or speaking after that sublime and passionate author ; was a graceful and pleasing speaker ; possessed a musical voice, and spoke with a chivalrous air, conscious that kingly blood coursed through his veins. About thirty years of age ; his looks were earnest ; his cheeks and brow were, for a young man, somewhat care-marked ; his stature large, shoulders massive ; brown hair, a retreating forehead, and a good expressive eye ; possessing all the impetuosity of the Celt, all his pride and poetic passion.

Such was Feargus O'Connor when the reform bill was carried, in 1831, and the country about to take advantage of its privileges through the issue of a general election ; and his first appearance in the great political drama took place in 1832, at a public meeting in Cork, called by the whigs of that city to consider of the most fit and proper persons to

be put in nomination as members of parliament for the county of Cork — a county whose population was very close to eight hundred thousand. This meeting was attended by the chief whigs of the county of Cork, and the proceedings had gone on in a manner smooth and gratifying to the assembled aristocracy of that most aristocratic part of Ireland, when a seeming stranger rose amid the crowd to address the president of the meeting. He proposed some amendment to entitle himself to speak, and astonished and delighted the democratic part of the assembly by the melody and eloquence of his address and the radical honesty of his principles. "Away with this canting whiggery!" he cried; "repeal, and nothing but repeal, will do for Ireland!" He was cheered to the echo. The foundation of his fame was laid. But who is he? asked many voices. *Feargus O'Connor!* was the reply. And when he told the whig and tory borough-mongers of Cork, who had contrived, for better than a century, to keep the representation of the county a family privilege among them, that *he* was determined to open the county, doubt, and dismay, and surprise came over them; and he immediately set about the canvass of the county upon repeal principles.

In this canvass he was eminently successful. His addresses upon repeal and the nationality of Ireland came home to the hearts of men, and to help him in this enterprise, he was fortunate enough to obtain a public letter of recommendation from O'Connell. The Trades Association of Cork was newly formed, and to that body Mr. O'Connor looked for public support; nor was he disappointed. They received him with a heartiness equal to their political honesty; and very soon after this, *Daniel Callaghan*, the conservative and unionist, a member of parliament, and the first merchant in Ireland, declared himself a repealer. The sentiment spread through the vast county. The day of trial came, and Feargus O'Connor was returned the repeal member for Cork county. Astounding was the effect of this triumph on the popular mind. Already was it over-excited about tithes. Blood from both parties had besmeared the earth. Feargus O'Connor rode upon the whirlwind of the public passions. He was returned to parliament; was a conspicuous speaker on the repeal question, and took a more than moderate part in urging it on for discussion. In this matter he rather displeased the *Liberator*, for he seemed resolved to take the question out of his hands; and, at one period, he actually put a notice on the books of parliament with the intention of bringing on the discussion himself. He seconded O'Connell in his motion for repeal in 1834. In the succeeding summer, a dissolution of parliament took place, and Mr. O'Connor was opposed at the hust-

ings by Colonel Longfield, one of his own relatives. Mr. O'Connor's majority was overwhelmingly beyond his opponent; but, on a petition of Longfield against O'Connor's *property* qualification, the latter was unseated, much to the chagrin of the county, and somewhat to the damage of his political character.

Mr. O'Connor from thenceforward mingled much with the English democracy, and brought into a tangible demand the discontented grumbling of the working classes. Hence came the *charter*, as I have already described it, which Mr. O'Connor urged with great energy, power, and eloquence, throughout England. He set up the Northern Star, to advocate and instruct the English masses on their rights and duties.

In 1840, the chartist leaders had committed themselves so far against the laws, that sixteen or seventeen of them were prosecuted for sedition, and were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Mr. O'Connor was imprisoned in York Castle; but the whole term of his imprisonment was not insisted on by the whig ministry. In 1841, the chartists again revived; and they sent forward a petition to parliament signed by *three and a half millions!* This monster petition was drawn up by Feargus O'Connor, and presented by Mr. T. Duncombe, and it prayed for the **CHARTER**, and, among other 'measures, for the *repeal of the union* between England and Ireland. In 1842, Feargus O'Connor was again prosecuted by the ministry for sedition, and found guilty; but he set the verdict aside on motion for a new trial, and the government, after an expenditure of thirteen thousand pounds in his case, abandoned the prosecution. Mr. O'Connor has at this moment a very extensive influence in England. His paper yields him five or six thousand pounds a year. It confers upon him both wealth and power.

In 1836, it became apparent in O'Connell's speeches that a mutual dislike had grown up between O'Connor and him. Soon it became a public quarrel, and from thence a painful and protracted recrimination. The dispute between those two prominent men continued for several years, but the fire of conflict on both sides seems to have been pretty well exhausted; and certainly, during the black days of the "captivity," Feargus O'Connor, anxious to manifest a generous friendship for an enemy whom he could not but respect, and, notwithstanding all, sincerely loved—marshalled one hundred thousand men at Sheffield in a public meeting, at which an address of condolence was passed and sent by Feargus O'Connor from that meeting to O'Connell's prison. In London, too, where Mr. O'Connor is very popular, he was also conspicuous in getting up a grand public meeting, at which he submitted an address to

O'Connell in prison — all which are signs satisfactory of his desire for a reconciliation with the father of his country. And let me here express a public hope, as I have long cherished a private one, that the day may soon arrive when those distinguished men will be reunited in the great struggle for Irish independence. I have no hesitation in saying that there are four Irishmen living sufficiently powerful, if united, to strip any ministry in England of its power, and to give to their native land her freedom. These are Daniel O'Connell, Feargus O'Connor, Richard Lalor Sheil, and Tom Moore. It is much to be deplored that these men of fire, of soul, of strength and power, cannot bury their unfriendly feelings, and form one glorious combination for the liberation of their common country.

It was necessary, before we proceeded beyond the year 1838, that the reader should have a glance at the leader of the British chartists, and an idea of the nature of those demands which they had associated to enforce.

England was thoroughly discontented. A revulsion of commercial credit had taken place. Many of the banks had suspended payment, and those that remained in action were so cramped in their business that they afforded very little aid to public enterprise. Manufactures and general business were paralyzed. Multitudes of men were thrown out of employment, who were found on every side discussing their hard fate and the supposed political cause.

In Ireland another species of discontent was growing up. The enterprise of the people, so long checked and discouraged by the tory merchants, in whose exclusive hands the monetary power of Ireland had long been deposited, now began to burst forth, in spite of the antiquated restrictions by which it was on every side encompassed. An abolition of the monopoly of the Bank of Ireland was called for; new railroads were projected; a board for the protection and encouragement of the fisheries was asked; and a general fosterage of Irish enterprise was urged upon the government, which owed so much to, and so thoroughly depended for existence on, the Irish people.

The call for a fair and open system of joint-stock banking was openly resisted by Mr. Spring Rice, the chancellor of the exchequer, one of the most prominent men of the administration. All financial questions connected with the government of Ireland were, by cabinet etiquette, referred to the chancellor of the exchequer. Though Lord Morpeth and Lord Mulgrave (marquis of Normanby) were members of the cabinet, they could not be held responsible for the financial operations of Mr. Spring

**Rice.** The directors of the Irish monopoly were in close communication with the directors of the still greater monopoly, the Bank of England; and, as the charter of the latter was to expire in the year 1844, they naturally sympathized in every endeavor of the Irish bank directory to effect the perpetuation of their exclusive privileges. Those members of the British parliament who are directly under the influence of the Bank of England—a powerful phalanx—were therefore ready to vote for the renewal of the Bank of Ireland charter.

The Bank of Ireland has a history of its own. It was chartered in 1784, with a capital of six hundred thousand pounds, to continue for twenty-five years; renewed, at the expiration of that term, for another cycle; its capital allowed to increase at various periods, until it amounted to **THREE MILLIONS** sterling, old Irish currency. Its circulation of notes exceeded three millions, and the public and government deposits amounted to three and a half millions. The aggregate means of the company amounted to some **TEN MILLIONS** sterling, (about fifty millions of dollars,) and the utmost it lent to commercial men, upon the best kind of security, did not exceed one fourth of their means; the residue was locked up in government securities. For fifty-seven years the bank did not lose by bad debts so much as it realized in clear profit in any **ONE** year of all that time, and therefore it could, with safety, extend its aid to enterprise, without materially increasing its risk. But to do so was against the interest and the genius of that Orange clique, who were placed, in days of bigotry and ignorance, in the exclusive management of the national credit.

The charter originally granted to this corporation contained religious tests as part of the qualification of the directors. All the old bigoted and senseless oaths against Popery were to be sworn to by the directors on entering office. The bank was to discountenance Popery by refusing to discount the bills of Papists; and it carried that bad policy out, for more than half a century, with terrible fidelity. Protestant merchants, Protestant manufacturers, and Protestant enterprise, were alone recognized, by this Orange corporation, as worthy of its support; nor could a Catholic clerk obtain employment in any of its offices—and it employed beyond two hundred in Dublin alone. The Protestants of Ireland formed about one seventh of the population, and the Catholics the remaining six sevenths; yet this bank, whose capital and credit were chiefly supplied by Catholics, was worked rather as an engine to depress than a means to aid their enterprise.

But the tyranny of the thing did not stop here. The charter originally

conferred upon this corporation the exclusive liberty of forming a joint-stock banking company in Ireland. This clause forbade all competition from large companies, while it admitted the competition of weak private banks, which were by law prohibited from giving the public the security of an extended proprietary and a large paid-up capital. In 1826, some modification of the bank laws took place, when six or seven joint-stock banks were formed; but still under such severe restrictions, that but a moderate and unsettled benefit was enjoyed by the trading community; for, a circuit of fifty miles around Dublin was reserved for the exclusive operations of this bank, which circuit embraced the operations of the capital and one third of the population of Ireland.

In a political sense, too, this bank was a cruel tyranny. Its directors and their friends, being all violent tories, were generally called upon as juries to try political offenders, and never failed to condemn the unfortunate agitators who were arraigned before them. In contested elections, these directors, their clerks, and their immediate connections in business, who hung upon them for credit, were the busy or secret agents of the tory candidates. Their look or their word, in commercial circles, was sufficient to coerce opinion; for few were independent of their influence.

Such was the Bank of Ireland when its charter expired in 1838. The whigs were in power, and this bank, through its thousand agencies, opposed them. Yet, when its directors sought a renewal of that exclusive monopoly, there were none so prompt to secure it for them as Thomas Spring Rice, the whig chancellor of the exchequer. But he was defeated by the indomitable exertions of O'Connell.\*

\* I had the honor to be among the foremost in struggling for this open system of banking for Ireland, and of opposing the renewal of the Bank of Ireland charter. I wrote, for two years, in the Dublin Pilot, against that wicked charter: and, for those two years, my pen alone moved against it. I showed my countrymen, in a hundred articles, the injurious tendency of that monopoly. I believe I may say, without incurring the charge of egotism, that I was the first and most prominent man outside the walls of parliament in opposing the renewal of this charter. I got up meetings at my own expense; made the iniquity of the system familiar to the people; and went so far as to purchase their stock, that I might have an opportunity of opposing them in their own board-room. I did oppose them there, in the presence of the greatest number of their stockholders which ever assembled; and although, upon the first attempt, they suddenly adjourned the meeting, they were obliged, on the next sitting, to hear me for more than two hours, when I showed, without contradiction, to the nation the rottenness, and injustice, and tyranny, of their system.

There was a great excitement, and their stock fell, in seven days, fifteen pounds per one hundred pound share. Still they had in parliament a firm friend in T. S. Rice. He was their advocate and their counsel; yet he was vigorously opposed in parliament by O'Connell and Hume, with others. There never was such an opposition offered in

The zealous support tendered to this corrupt Orange corporation by a leading member of the whig cabinet, naturally created distrust among the people, and that distrust was increased when they perceived the undue interference of the government with the railway enterprise of the day. In 1836, several railway speculations were started. Lines were levelled from Dublin to the north, from Dublin to the west, to the south, and to many intermediate points. Very large capitals were already subscribed; bills for many of the undertakings were carried, at a great expense, through parliament, and the workmen were generally about to begin the cuttings, when, all on a sudden, a railway commission for Ireland was issued out from parliament, under the auspices of the whig chancellor, Spring Rice, to "inquire into the capabilities of Ireland to sustain railways by the return of a sufficient profit on the outlay, and the most fitting routes for such." The commissioners came to Ireland, travelled, and inquired, and sat and digested a huge report, which, all together, cost the queen's exchequer *five-and-twenty thousand pounds*, and which promulgated one disastrous idea; namely, that no railway in Ireland could possibly realize more than three and a half per cent. per annum on the capital invested.

This report, from authority, fell like a thunderbolt among the shareholders of the various projects that had actually been commenced.

parliament to any measure, as that offered by the Liberator to the renewal of this charter. He debated every clause, and divided the house at every stage. He moved adjournments or amendments, Mr Hume seconding him. I had uttered my belief, at a public meeting, that Mr. Rice was bribed by the bank. Of this he complained in the house, and denied the imputation; but O'Connell well replied, "he would not say that the honorable member was bribed, but *if he had been bribed* by the bank, he could not struggle more heartily in its favor." The opposition of the Liberator was continued upwards of two weeks, during which he originated forty-seven motions against the renewal of the charter, and pledged himself that he would die on the floor of the house ere he would suffer it to pass. It was, after a fruitless effort of its abettors, postponed from year to year, giving the directors only an annual lease of their illegitimate privilege. During the succeeding years, the directors became more liberal, in obedience to an excited public opinion; and while I write, I have the satisfaction of hearing that their monopoly is altogether abolished, and a free trade in banking proclaimed in Ireland, and that by the tory, Sir Robert Peel. It is a triumph as great as Catholic emancipation, and second only in importance to a repeal of the union.

I may be pardoned by the reader for dwelling so long upon this topic, when I inform him that I lost both wealth, connections, and time, in opposing this monster; that I should to-day rank among the proudest merchants of Ireland, but for my opposition to this incubus; that it hired a venal press to traduce me, and stimulated and rewarded those who exerted themselves to hunt me down. I cannot therefore deny myself the expression of those emotions of exultation which I naturally feel on learning that this wicked monopoly is at length abolished.



Shares which, like the "Dublin and Drogheda," the "Belfast and Armagh" lines, were actually selling in the market at three to five pounds premium upon a paid instalment of ten pounds, fell immediately below par. Those who had paid in money to them were willing to forfeit all they had paid, and refused to pay another shilling. All was panic and commercial disaster; and this panic extended to banking and other shares, and produced a run upon the banks, and the utmost commercial confusion in the country; and all this time the crooked chancellor of the exchequer had actually in view to induce the government to undertake the railways of Ireland as a vast job, in which he and his personal friends were to be the special managers. This, however, was frustrated by Peel and the English tories, who absolutely outvoted the proposal, and refused the ministerial demand of three millions of the public money to the furtherance of railroads in Ireland.

But the feeble or inimical disposition of the government towards Ireland did not stop here. A few gentlemen in Dublin, who had been connected with the Irish fisheries, who saw with regret the rich mine of national wealth which they offered so completely neglected by the government, brought the matter under the observation of Lord Morpeth and the Irish executive. It was shown to his lordship that, during the existence of the Irish parliament, a fishery board had been liberally sustained by annual grants, whose duty it was to supervise the fisheries of Ireland, to build harbors, superintend the building and outfit of proper boats, the proper curing of the fish, and check the undue interference of foreigners with the enterprise of the natives. Under the action of this board, the fisheries of Ireland thrived, and upwards of sixty thousand men and boys were constantly employed thereby, forming an excellent nursery for a commercial or protective navy. When the parliament was suppressed in 1800, this board was very soon after discontinued, and the fisheries of Ireland ceased to afford that wealth and employment which they previously had done. In succeeding years, the Scotch and English fishermen, who are to this day sustained by fishery boards, and an annual grant of ten thousand a year to that of Scotland, came upon the Irish coast, and with larger and better equipped vessels, caught and carried off that inestimable wealth of the waters which Providence had directed, in immeasurable shoals, to the Irish coast. A bounty was and is actually paid from the exchequer of the empire to these Scotch fishermen for each barrel of herrings they catch and cure; and by this system of *legerdemain* they actually draw from impoverished Ireland three hundred thousand pounds every year, chiefly for that very fish which they catch in her own waters.

These things were represented to Lord Morpeth by Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Jagoe, Mr. J. Redmond Barry, and some others, and his lordship framed a bill to reconstitute a fishery board for Ireland, to be sustained, like that of Scotland, by an annual grant. When it had passed through the first reading, and was printed, forty of the Scotch members came to his lordship in a body, and informed him that if he proceeded with the bill, they would in a body vote against the government upon every other measure. Lord Morpeth dropped the bill, for the ministry durst not encounter the opposition of the sturdy Scotchmen.

A further evidence of the inability or disinclination of an English parliament to treat Ireland fairly is offered in the beet-root sugar question. About the year 1837, the growth of beet-root, and the manufacture of it into sugar, were begun in the north of Ireland. It had been, for one or two years previously, very extensively cultivated and manufactured in France. Indeed, one third of all the sugar consumed in that country is extracted from the beet-root. Some enterprising merchants in Hillsborough, in the north of Ireland, at the head of whom was Mr. Grimshaw, formed a company for the encouragement of the growth of beet-root and the manufacture of it into sugar. A capital of sixteen thousand pounds was paid in and invested by the company in buildings and apparatus for the business. They were getting on very well, giving employment to very many, and obtaining a fair return for their outlay. Other companies were about to start; and it is probable Ireland, in a few years, would have been able to supply all the sugar she required, and have had some to export. But the ministry, the whig ministry, (which was kept in power by Ireland,) actually carried a short bill through parliament, which PROHIBITED the manufacture of beet-root into sugar in Ireland; and what adds to the enormity, Mr. Grimshaw petitioned for compensation, but never received one shilling from the British parliament. All the capital and machinery of his company was sacrificed, without cause or compensation, to the Moloch of British domination.

But this was part of that system which a half dozen years previously had suppressed, by act of parliament, the growth of tobacco in Ireland. In 1832 and 1833, there were hundreds of luxuriant fields of tobacco growing in the counties of Wexford, Waterford, and Kilkenny. It yielded the farmers a large and profitable return; but lest it might, as in the sugar question, diminish the revenue which England draws from Ireland (*unjustly draws*) by sixpence in the year, they brought in a crushing bill, which forbade the growth of tobacco in Ireland, and which ordered the burning of all that then existed in the country; and "commissioners"

were actually sent through the south of Ireland to collect and burn the tobacco grown upon the soil, having compensated the owners for the stock destroyed. Surely such things as these would not be suffered in any country in the world but in patient, down-trodden Ireland.

But all this was far from all the injustice inflicted on Ireland. In the previous ten years, there had been, by the 59th of George the Third, and by another act the last year of William the Fourth, a sum of £4,700,000, borrowed by exchequer bills, "to advance public works in the United Kingdom." £4,500,000 of this sum were expended in England, and but £200,000 in Ireland; that is, wealthy England obtained *twenty-one times* as much of the public money to aid her public works as miserable Ireland, though Ireland contributed the *eighth part* of the whole revenue of the United Kingdom. Another item, growing out of the reduction of taxation, is equally illustrative; the amount of taxes repealed in England since the fall of Napoleon was forty-seven millions; the amount of taxes repealed in Ireland during the same period was *one million and a half*.

These are samples of the mode in which England legislates for Ireland; and here I may introduce a glimpse at the landed and commercial relations of the two countries.

The giant grievance of the land is the absentee drain; and this has been a grievance from the times of Edward the Third. Many of those Englishmen who obtained estates in Ireland, lived, at that time, out of the country; — King Edward viewed this to be a serious injury to his interest and authority, and he passed an act laying a heavy tax upon all such absentees. In the year 1368, an ordinance of 42 Edward the Third states, "*les dits mals (the conduct of the absentees) avenez en perdition la dite terre.*" This tax, in the course of time, fell into disuse, but was renewed by other monarchs, and, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, was vigorously revived, when six shillings and eight pence in the pound was laid upon all property in Ireland, owned by absentees, by which many Englishmen lost their Irish estates. In the subsequent wars, this tax again fell into disuse. In 1601, a writer on the affairs of England and Ireland avers that the amount of drainage of wealth by absentees, in various ways, was £136,000 per annum. In 1729 a work, ascribed to Thomas Prior, contains a list of the then absentees, and their draughts of wealth from Ireland amounted to £627,000 per annum. Arthur Young, in 1779, affirms it to have been then £732,000. An alphabetical list of names, published in 1782, made it then £2,223,000. From 1782 to 1797, the healthy action of the Irish parliament, and the brilliancy

of the court and of Irish society, brought back some of the Irish absentees, and for some years the drain was kept down to under a million a year; but, the parliament extinguished, the legislators were brought by necessity to England; and each carrying with him his own circle of friends, it gradually increased, year after year, according as the wealthy classes were drawn to England or elsewhere; and it stands now at the enormous sum of **SIX MILLIONS STERLING** (*twenty-seven millions* of dollars) per annum. To this is to be added four millions per annum drawn over to England in revenue, besides the incredible sum that is drawn off imperceptibly.

Aware of the objection which most readers have to look into masses of figures, I shall not load my page with them, to prove, in detail, the general assertions which I am now about to make. But if those assertions are disputed by any authority worthy of notice, I have the necessary details at hand to sustain, through public letters or otherwise, the general propositions I advance.

Ireland is annually robbed by England of **EIGHTEEN MILLIONS STERLING**, equal to *eighty millions of dollars* a year.

It is drawn off from her in the following ways: —

Rents to absentee landlords, . . . . .	£6,000,000
Revenue to absentee government, . . . . .	4,000,000
Profits to absentee manufacturers, (the policy of England, and the consequent poverty of Ireland, forbids Ireland to manufacture for herself,) . . . . .	7,500,000
Annual payments to English insurance companies, English banks, and capitalists, . . . . .	500,000
	£18,000,000

There are fourteen million acres of cultivated land in Ireland, and about six million acres of bog, lake, and unprofitable mountain. The cultivated land is sub-let twice or thrice over. Between the lord of the soil and the cultivator of the soil there are very generally two or three intermediate landlords. The cultivator pays for the land an annual rent of from twenty shillings to forty shillings an acre. These are the average rates of the entire island, and the mean rate may be safely fixed at thirty shillings a year per acre. The total annual rental would be, therefore, **TWENTY-ONE MILLIONS**. The chief proprietors draw about fifteen shillings an acre as their share, and about two thirds of them are constantly absent. Most of the intermediate proprietors, whose income amounts to **£500** a year and upwards, live in France or Italy, for economy, pleasure,

and fashion. Indeed, the absentee drain will be found, on a close calculation, to exceed this estimate; yet, some four or five years ago, the leading repealers set down the landlord drain at three millions only. The author has lived to see the six million estimate, which he frequently put forth in the *Dublin Pilot*, adopted and proclaimed by the *Liberator* himself.

The taxes imposed by the British parliament upon all the necessaries and luxuries consumed in Ireland amount to five millions eight hundred thousand pounds. The whole of this is not collected in Ireland, for a portion of the taxed articles consumed there—tea, sugar, coffee, and spices for instance—generally, though not invariably, pay duty in the English custom-houses, and are transhipped to Ireland by the wholesale dealers, duty paid. But the whole revenue extracted from Ireland by customs and excise amounts to five millions eight hundred thousand pounds—a sum, nearly equal to the entire revenue of the United States. The cost of governing Ireland comes to about one million per annum, and the interest upon thirty millions of the debt (and we will not allow that she owes more) comes to another million; and as this much of the public debt is owned by residents of Ireland, and the interest mostly spent there, we do not put it down as a heavy grievance. The residue, amounting to about four millions per annum, is drawn over by the English tax man to pay the interest of a debt which we had no voice nor will, nor hand or part, in contracting. Since the year 1843, the quartering in Ireland of an immense army has disturbed this calculation about £900,000, which is about the cost of maintaining the *additional* troops, latterly brought in to check the repealers, so that the repeal agitation has actually suspended the flow of the absentee drain to the extent of near a million a year.

By insurance companies and banking companies, Ireland is drained at every pore. Most of the professional and mercantile men of Ireland insure their lives for the protection of their families or their creditors. There are about twenty of the chief insurance companies of England that have agencies in every chief town of Ireland. The “*Royal Exchange*” draws fifty thousand pounds per annum out of Ireland; the “*Globe*” draws about twenty thousand; and the others, sums varying from five to ten thousand a year. The “*Provincial Bank*” and the “*National Bank*,” both of which are based chiefly on an English proprietary, draw, between them, ninety thousand pounds a year out of Ireland. It may be answered that men who invest their money in Ireland have a clear right to the interest. Certainly. But in the case of those banks, though the proprietors are good and solvent, the Irish people *furnish them*

all the capital required, by taking their notes and making deposits; the aggregate of which amounts, at this moment, in the case of these two establishments, to FIVE MILLIONS sterling, which they are *indebted* to the Irish people, and for the *use* of which notes and deposits the Irish pay them a heavy yearly interest.

In the case of the insurance companies, there is no capital whatever introduced into Ireland. The English company opens its office, and begins sucking the vitals of the country from the hour of starting.

The loss which the Irish sustain by buying English and Scotch manufactures, and not manufacturing for themselves, is beyond the power of figures to calculate. Ireland takes nine millions' worth of manufactures every year from England, and this is the one sixth part of all she (England) exports. The cotton-manufactured articles come to three millions sterling, and the intrinsic value of the raw material does not exceed one hundred thousand. The woollen cloth and stuff taken by Ireland amounts to three millions, and the intrinsic value of the wool does not exceed five hundred thousand pounds. In hardware and pottery, the proportion stands the same. The value of raw material of nine millions' worth of English and Scotch manufactures does not exceed one million and a half; the balance, of seven millions and a half, being a tax which Ireland pays for her poverty; for, though her capital and labor are abundant, the first is swept off annually before her eyes by a species of legerdemain unparalleled in the history of nations, and the laborer pines neglected at home, or seeks a market in foreign lands. When we consider, too, that all the fish in her prolific waters, and even the wild fowl that fly over her moors, are seized on by land agents, prepared and packed to the absent landlord; that her people are disarmed by those in power, and held down by an armed force, while this vast robbery is annually committed,—we shall then, probably, have an image of her distressed situation.

When we consider all these things, we shall cease to wonder at the poverty of Ireland; we shall wonder only at her patience. A nation that can bring into the field a million and a half of valiant men, the most athletic and enduring in the world, with such grievances as these crushing them to the earth, must be written down the most patient people in the universe. I must confess it,—which I do with humiliation,—that I have never read of, and do not know, any other nation, with equal means of self-vindication, or indeed with any, that has suffered itself to be robbed so tamely.

Nature has done every thing for Ireland that nature could do—inlaid her with a crust of purifying limestone; covered her with the richest soil, which is irrigated by the saline vapor of the wide Atlantic, and which

produces the loveliest verdure; placed her in the midst of ocean waters; indented her all round with safe and capacious harbors, that are never closed by frost, and that stand in the very highway of commerce; given her, in a thousand rivers and mountain streams, incalculable water power; given her lakes and natural canals in every direction; given her coal and peat, iron, lead, copper, silver, sulphur, marble, slate, granite, flint, potter's clay, minerals of every kind, wool, leather, fur, fruit, cattle, corn, milch cows, butter, fowls, fish, vegetables, in the most lavish abundance. With an overhanging climate, ever mild, impregnated with a healthy vapor, flung around her by the spray of the wild Atlantic, which purifies her earth and air, and intercepts the scorching rays of the summer's sun, nourishing the fecundity of her soil, while the frost of winter never chills it into sterility, — green and lovely vegetation ascends to the summits of her hills, and rewards the husbandman, in highland and valley. She is blessed beyond all nations, and should be happy; placed in the Atlantic, thirty miles from any other land, and nourishing eight or nine millions of people, she should be independent; yet she is neither independent nor happy.\* And now my next duty shall be to detail briefly the efforts which her living men have made to give her freedom.

The years 1838, 1839, were occupied by O'Connell in the endeavor to obtain a good corporate reform bill for Ireland. The attempt to renew the Bank of Ireland's charter was defeated. A parliamentary by-battle, between the whigs and tories, about the Irish church, was going on. Repeated discussions on the Irish poor law, and the all-engrossing debates about the Canadian rebellion and Lord Durham's mission, occupied the parliament. Ireland was seldom thought of, except when threatened by Lord Stanley with some new coercion bill, in the shape of an "arms act," for diminishing the right of keeping arms, or a "registration act," for diminishing the power of the people to vote at elections. England was in a state of unprecedented uproar — the Chartist masses on the one side, armed and meeting in thousands and tens of thousands by torch-light, and de-

\* The summer throughout Ireland is remarkably temperate. The heat is never sultry or oppressive; the west wind, which generally prevails, is bracing and elastic; and the aridity of the season subdued by seasonable showers. Fahrenheit's thermometer seldom exceeds seventy-eight. The longest day is sixteen hours forty-six minutes. From the 3d of May to the 13th of July, night is never dark, for the northern horizon is lighted by a crepuscular illumination. The winter is mostly mild and open; cattle remain night and day unhoused. Certain herbs, which in England and the Netherlands perish to the roots, in Ireland flourish all through the winter. This is peculiarly the case of the primrose, violet, and cowslip, — pretty wild flowers that blossom in the hedges during the winter. In spring, the daisies cover over the hills with their white heads; and nothing is to be seen in summer but rich green fields and white blossoms — a delightful dress of Nature. — *Whittaw. Walsh.*

manding, in menacing language, the "people's charter;" the rejected tories, on the other hand, threatening to dethrone the queen, proclaiming her *Jezebel*, and causing her to be abused in the *Times*, as an immoral, unconstitutional sovereign,—describing Lord Melbourne, her prime minister, in the very coarsest language,—and exciting the infuriate mob to attack her majesty. To such a degree did this violence extend, that one *Bradshaw*, a magistrate, and *Roby*, a man of some standing, reminded the queen, at a public dinner in the North of England, of the fate of James the Second; where also some officers of the army refused to drink her majesty's health, and in a little while after, two or three attempts were publicly made upon her life by firing at her with bullets from pistols, as she was taking the air in her carriage.

The tory party, who were now a majority in lords and commons, ruled every thing as they pleased. Without the responsibilities, they exercised all the dictation of a government. The whigs had lost the confidence and support of the masses, by the unwise declaration of Lord John Russell against all further reform, by their protection of the Bank of Ireland, and their mismanagement of Canada.

O'Connell had lost a great deal of his popularity in England, by his continued support of the whigs, and his frequent attacks upon the chartists; and even in Dublin the enthusiasm of the trades was considerably abated, by the part which he took in reference to the combination practices of the tradesmen of that city. Where there are many hands and little employment, there will naturally be a competition among those hands for that employment. The decay of trade in Dublin, since the union, naturally created a struggle among the workmen for the little work which remained; and as the competition of so many naturally produced lower and lower wages, the oldest hands were prone to combine together to fix a standard, below which no man was to work, on pain of offending the body, and incurring a drubbing or some other species of ill treatment. This led to a great many grievous outrages; besides, by discouraging public enterprise, it defeated the very object the men had in view—that of increasing work and wages.

The *LIBERATOR* dealt with those men very summarily. He called a meeting of the Trades at the Royal Exchange, and there condemned some of the heads of them by name, with his usual authoritative vehemence. This produced an indescribable scene. Some few of those men were so galled by his attack, that they sprang towards him with the intention of inflicting on him bodily injury; and had he not been protected by two or three personal friends, there is no doubt but they would



have carried their wicked attempt into execution. A body of police was instantly sent for, who guarded Mr. O'Connell from the Exchange to the commercial buildings, in which he took a sort of refuge from the fury of his assailants.

The "Precursor Association," founded by the Liberator in August, 1838, which, as its name imports, was specially formed to obtain full justice from England, or else to seek for a repeal of the union, was the theatre of some angry discussions between himself and Mr. Sharman Crawford, the latter charging him with giving too much support to the ministry, with accepting a very unsatisfactory tithe bill, and with neglecting to vote for many motions made by himself (Mr. Crawford) for reform. To all these charges the answers of the Liberator were deemed satisfactory by his constituents.

Another very unpleasant altercation took place between him and Mr. Peter Purcell, about the finance book of the Precursor Association — a thing in itself of very little consequence; but it produced the severance of Mr. Purcell from the body, and which, with the other circumstances just noted, tended to diminish O'Connell's popularity. Mr. Purcell was and is an eminent coach proprietor in Dublin, and drove coaches upon many of the great roads through Ireland; had a beneficial contract from the government for carrying mails and parcels, and was undoubtedly a very active agitator in the popular ranks.

The Precursor Association was soon after dissolved by O'Connell, and a new one formed, denominated the "Registration Society," for the purpose of sustaining the registries with popular voters. The tories had by this time eaten away the popular majorities in many of the cities and boroughs of Ireland. The enthusiasm of the people was materially abated. The persecutions they encountered in the previous eight or ten years, from their tory landlords, for voting with the popular movements of the day, were extensive and severe. There were few families in Ireland who had not belonging to them some persecuted relatives — men who had been driven from their farms by the tory landlords, and who were houseless and broken-hearted; and it should be remembered that six sevenths of all the landed property in Ireland is owned by men of this political sect, who had thus the power to persecute, in cold and heartless detail, an entire nation.

Such was the general state of political and social feeling in Ireland in those years. The whig ministry had lost popular favor. O'Connell, their great main stay, had been assailed on every side for supporting them. The Trades had abandoned him, and had ceased to meet; and

the Registration Society, which met in the Corn Exchange weekly, never ascended beyond the character of a society for the promotion of young barristers to office. It was miserably attended, and excited no passionate interest in the public mind.

In this relaxed state of popular agitation, a few humble men met together, to talk over the state of Dublin, and the condition and prospects of Ireland. The new poor law was just then introduced, and a heavy rate was imposed upon us. The whig experiment had continued four years, and we had seen ourselves, our neighbors, and the city generally, growing worse every day. Many whom, a few years previous, we saw in the enjoyment of competence, were now slowly entering the poor-house — the stage preparatory to the grave. Shops and stores, on every side, were becoming untenanted; the sheriff was busy enforcing the recovery of debts; and the Gazette was filled with the names of insolvents. A commercial panic had passed over the land, like a desolating hurricane. All was dismay, and distrust, and poverty, and squalid misery. Seventy thousand of the inhabitants of Dublin were recipients of charity. In the parish of St. Nicholas, in which I resided, there were four hundred houses untenanted, or returned by the public tax-man as "pauper." In the neighboring parish of St. Catherine's, there were eleven hundred houses in the same condition. The whig government was four years promising "something" to Ireland. Almost all the people's leaders were in office, and *two hundred thousand* further applications for office were on the lord lieutenant's table, from men who were awaiting the smiles of government, as *that* "something" which was to benefit and exalt their country.

In this state of things, the few humble men to whom I have just alluded, resolved to put an end to the "experiment;" and the first step in that direction was the presentation of an address to O'CONNELL, our representative, and only chief, calling on him to fling both whigs and Tories to the winds, and to lift once more and forever the STANDARD OF REPEAL. I had the honor of drawing up that address, and, in company with eleven others, some of whom were members of the Trades Union, proceeded to his residence in Merrion Square, and read it to him in his study. Mr. Barrett, of the Pilot, Mr. O'Brien, president of the Trades Union, Mr. Martin, its secretary, Messrs. Lorgan, Walsh, Holbrook, and Keating, were among the deputation. The Liberator was much pleased with our business, and expressed himself heartily of our opinion, that nothing now remained for Ireland but repeal. He entered heartily into the spirit of our mission, and advised us to go on vigorously with

the agitation, to revive the Trades Union, and to look for support in every quarter. He was then about to set off for Darrynane Abbey, and he promised to advise with us by letter as we proceeded.

We proceeded with the agitation, holding meetings in the Corn Exchange, but we here found some obstacles interposed to our progress, by the gentlemen who composed the committee of the Registration Society. In short, they refused to give us the room to agitate the repeal question, for the question was angrily discountenanced by the government. In this dilemma, I hired the Adelphi theatre, from Mr. Dolan, at one hundred guineas a year, taking a lease of the premises, in the names of Mr. J. O'Brien, Mr. M. Lorgan, and myself; and here, in 1839, in our own house, we commenced the re-discussion of that mighty question which has since enveloped Ireland in one brilliant blaze of agitation.

I hope my egotism will be forgiven, when I state that I was the most active individual in this new assembly; but it is not mere vanity that prompts me to speak as I now do. It is a motive more pardonable, which has in view the dispersion of misrepresentations. As an evidence of what I advance, I insert here one of several letters which I received at that time from the *Liberator*, which has an historical importance, together with the natural interest which every letter from him must possess.

“DARRYNANE ABBEY, *September 27, 1839.*”

“MY DEAR SIR:

“I was very much pleased with your letter, and at bottom not the less so, probably, for its containing exaggerated praise. But there was more sterling material in it, which I hope was a cause of my satisfaction.

“Now is the time to begin to work. See whether you can enlist Sharman Crawford. If you can, he will be valuable. Make the attempt; you will not be worse, even if you fail. Let him have a cordial and a flattering address. The Trades may fear that I would not relish his being praised overmuch. Have no such apprehension. I would not care if he were put in prose and verse beyond all living men, provided we can get him to join for the repeal. Your next care must be to recruit as many Protestant repealers as you can. It may be an attempt to “bell the cat,” but it must be tried. I pause upon this part of my experiment—the getting Protestant support. Any money for a Protestant repealer! This is the principle on which I now agitate—the making the repeal a national, in contradistinction from a sectarian move-

ment. It goes farther. We must strike sectarianism out of our political vocabulary.

"Let me, therefore, have your assistance in this first and most important stage in which I am courting Protestant support. You will think me tedious, and perhaps unwise, in the repetition of my wishes on this subject, but I will not *progress* (as the Americans say,) until I have exhausted every effort to place the repeal on the footing of *unsectarian* support.

"It is well—it is very well—that the Trades Union have got a habitation of their own. Now you can show the sincerity of your repeal principles, by pressing on in that body. My fears and jealousy are at an end. I only apprehended something that might serve as an excuse to the registration-men to desert their post. As the repealers are now severed from the Corn Exchange, any pretext to abandon the plan of registry agitation is taken away.

"I therefore resort to the mode of action suggested at our interviews. Exceed me in repeal energy. Drive me on. Procure the greatest moral force you can. There must, however, be nothing secret—nothing illegal—all the open and unconcealed action of the Trades Union.

"Again I return to my point—the organization of Protestant repealers. Do much for this purpose, if you can. Do something, at all events.

"This is the first stage of repeal agitation—the combining Protestant assistance with the struggles of the Irish people.

"I recommend the formation of a permanent committee; the extension of the number of the members of the Trades Union; the canvassing for coöperation at every side and in every quarter.

"All this will be preliminary to my general, and, I may say, national organization; but every step must be taken deliberately, and with caution. The bounds of the law must not be exceeded. But within those bounds, our motto is, *Agitate, agitate, agitate.*

"I have the honor to be,

"My dear sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"THOMAS MOONEY, Esq."

According to these instructions, I had the honor of submitting to the association an address to Mr. Sharman Crawford, in which the condition and the rights of Ireland were plainly described; and, after alluding

to his well-known patriotism, we called on him, in the name of Ireland, to join us for the repeal. Mr. Crawford replied to us in a very lengthy letter, which was replied to in an equally lengthy letter by the Liberator, addressed to the secretary of the Trades Union.

The question was now fairly launched. We met every week — had always a new “report” to present upon some one of the many grievances which Ireland endures, which brought forth our speakers, and filled the minds of a crowded audience and the press with matter for thought and action. We presented, in the course of six or eight months, eighteen reports on public grievances, of which ten or twelve were drawn up by me. A good many Protestants joined our society, distinguished amongst whom was WILLIAM MOLLOY, Esq., justice of the peace and of the quorum for the county of Leitrim, one of the most influential men of that county.

The parliamentary session of 1840 now came on. The tories were still in the ascendant in both houses, though the whigs held possession of the queen’s good-will and public office. They saw the grand mistake which Lord J. Russell had made, and determined to do all in their power to regain their standing in the popular estimation. O’Connell had attended but one or two meetings of the Trades Union, and had not yet thrown himself heartily into the repeal agitation. He was in treaty with ministers for the reform of the Irish corporations—a point to which he devoted nearly four years of incessant labor. The bill had been passed through the commons, and was obstructed in the lords. But the noise we were making about repeal alarmed the queen and the ministry, and a hint was given to the “obstructionists” in the lords, that a new creation of peers would be resorted to by ministers, rather than not carry that bill. After a world of discussion, delays, and compromises, the bill was finally forced through the lords, though shorn of many of its popular clauses. It, however, opened the corporations to all religions, subjected the taxing powers to public scrutiny, but provided that the old officers should not be removed without ample compensation.

O’Connell thought it better to accept the bill, limited though it was, than wait the chances of another session; and events proved that he was right. The bill passed, but did not come into operation till the year 1841.

And in the mean time, now that this important bill was safe, the Liberator turned all his great energies to the repeal struggle. In the year 1840, he came from London to Dublin, with the intention of

forming the new Repeal Association. He sent for the committee of the Trades. We attended at his home, and he there proposed to dissolve the Trades Union, and to establish the new association. We objected to *dissolve* the Trades Union, because it was formed upon a resolution "never to dissolve until the union was repealed," but proposed to *adjourn* it from year to year, and to join him heartily in the new association. This was agreed to, and was the basis of the new repeal movement. He at first called the new society the "Justice or Repeal Association of Ireland;" — but, upon acquainting him that the Trades were not satisfied with this title, that it implied some alternative which might admit of the possibility of a further "experiment" upon English justice, and that nothing but a simple repeal association would satisfy them, the Liberator at once abolished the alternative, and proclaimed his new association the "LOYAL NATIONAL REPEAL ASSOCIATION OF IRELAND," which has continued unchanged in name and object to the present day, and which is pledged to the world *never to dissolve until the UNION IS REPEALED*.

At first, a few only of O'Connell's personal followers joined the society. The committee of the Trades Union joined when the alternative of "justice" was taken away from the title, and in a few weeks, some few of the Trades Societies, in bodies, were induced to join as associates, paying a shilling each.

The repeal question had been so often postponed, that a doubt seemed to possess the public mind as to O'Connell's sincerity. Upon the presentation of an address and subscription from a society of bakers of Dublin, the honorable gentleman FLEDGED himself to the question in a very remarkable manner. The following address was drawn up by me at the request of the Bakers' Society, and may as well have a place on this page. It was read in the association by Mr. O'Connell, who said: —

'Sir, I have now the honor to read for the meeting a most important communication from the operative bakers of the city of Dublin, enclosing their subscription of ten pounds.'

He then read the following letter: —

"DUBLIN, July 18, 1840.

"HONORED SIR:

"We, the registered society of operative bakers of the city and county of Dublin, meeting at 38 Church Street, beg leave to approach you with our most heart-felt congratulations on your late signal triumph over that relentless enemy of Ireland, Lord Stanley.

"We consider it an omen of your future success in the regeneration of your native land. We are firmly convinced that no palliative measure which can be

obtained from the imperial parliament, will ever return to us the proprietors of the soil, or retain amongst us the capital which the soil generates; which is as much our birthright as the air we breathe.

"We look for the restoration of our landed proprietors, and the retention of our native capital, solely to a domestic parliament; and we therefore feel that it is a perfect wasting of the national energies, and of your own, to agitate for any secondary measure. No other measure, we are convinced, can confer those benefits on us, or secure them to our children; and we therefore heartily respond to your call on 'the young blood of Ireland' to join you in the great struggle to which you have solemnly pledged yourself; which pledge we willingly confide in and abide by.

"We implore you to banish from your mind all idea of seeking justice from a British parliament. We implore you to look at our decaying streets, our declining employers, our unemployed fellow-tradesmen, and their starving families.

"We scorn the relief which a poor-house confers, and which the revelling, reckless, heartless absentees, think good enough for us; we reject it; we demand the use and enjoyment of the produce and the capital of our native country. The people of every nation have a primary right to the produce of their native soil, conferred on them by the mighty Creator of all.

"We do not want to be fed idly, but we demand to be employed on our native earth, and to be paid for that labor to an extent sufficient to feed and clothe ourselves and our children.

"We reject, with equal scorn, the various schemes for our emigration, or rather for transporting us to distant, unknown lands. They are delusive and deceitful. We will not quit our native country. We know it is fully capable to maintain us, and maintain itself against the commercial or political competition of all other nations. We see that it exports annually eighteen millions' worth of the most valuable merchandise on earth. We know that nearly one third of this vast sum goes to pay a debt in England, in the contraction of which the people of this country had not hand nor part. We know that another third goes to support heartless absentee landlords, who spend our earnings in any country and upon any people, rather than their own; and the remaining third is carried over to pay for the manufactures of England and Scotland, which are rendered more cheap and desirable than our own, by the use and force of our capital, which an absent government and an absent proprietary draw over to the aid of England and English enterprise.

"So long as this system continues, so long will labor be paid for at home at a starvation point. Every succeeding year convinces us more fully of this truth. It is well known that there are millions of able-bodied men and boys in Ireland, whose labor will not bring more than sixpence or eightpence per day; and it has been stated last week by a Protestant clergyman, (the Rev. Mr. Gregg,) before the lord mayor, that an employer of men in New Row paid only fourpence a day to his hands, and obtained fourteen hours' work for that.

"We know, of our own knowledge, that employment never was so hard to be obtained; wages never were so low, and provisions of every kind never were so dear. We attribute this frightful state of things to the want of a local parliament; and, as a means of saving us from the horrors of a bloody revolution, we

call on you, in the name of the living God, to aid us in obtaining for our native country her parliament and her prosperity.

"We hand in ten pounds, as a subscription of two hundred members of our body; and we request that you will propose the first ten names on the list as members of the National Association, and the others as Associate Repealers; and we conclude by imploring the blessing of Heaven on your exertions.

"I have the honor to be, honored sir, for self and associates,

"THOMAS MURRAY, *Secretary.*

"To DANIEL O'CONNELL, the Liberator."

"This is from the bakers of the city alone, and I am sure the other members of the trade in every town in Ireland will follow this bright example. This is a cheerful proof of the genuine feeling of Irishism which exists amongst this useful body of men, [cheers,] who now come forward to assert their rights — their free-born rights. O, sir, a country producing operatives, capable of uniting in this manner, deserves a better fate. [Loud cheers.] *I don't like to take an oath, as I respect the sacred name upon which we call, and the solemnity of such a proceeding; but I NOW DECLARE, IN THE FACE OF HEAVEN, FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, NEVER TO LOOK FOR ANY THING FOR THIS COUNTRY BUT A REPEAL OF THE UNION.* [Immense cheering, which lasted several minutes.] Sir, I cannot put this paper out of my hand without telling you how much I feel. *No document I have ever read affected me so much.* [Hear! and cheers.] *It is admirably written — well and powerfully conceived; and I again ask, Is it not delightful to see a document of such a nature emanate from such a body?* [Hear! hear!]"

In the progress of the day's proceedings, Mr. O'CONNELL rose and said: —

"I rise, sir, in the performance of a most important duty, and with a full sense of the solemnity and awfulness of the undertaking and of the occasion. I rise to put an end to all species of doubt, and any pretence of disguise. I rise to move that the name of this association may be altered, as its purposes are single, and for one sole purpose. When we framed this association, it was entitled the Loyal National Association for Justice or Repeal: the parliament was then sitting, as it continues to drag on its lazy existence to the present moment; but it was then in the full investigation of public business. During the session, there was no hope of rescuing Ireland from the situation in which she was placed by the Union. I entertained no hope that parliament would rescue her from that position; but, in proposing the formation of a Repeal Association, I wished to give the British nation, I wished to give the British government, I wished to give the British parliament, the alternative of justice or repeal. I stated at that time, that that was an offer which I made to satisfy the feelings, and perhaps gratify the vanity, of others, but with the impression that that alternative would be totally neglected — that the opportunity of doing us justice would be totally neglected. [Hear! hear!] I have not anticipated any thing that has not occurred, and the prophecy I made with respect to offering that alternative has been more than justified by subsequent facts. [Hear! hear!] It is therefore idle to expect justice for Ireland from an imperial parliament, and I have come forward now to expunge the alternative, and to call this association what it really is —



the 'Repeal Association.' [Loud cheers.] The Hon. Mr. French calls upon me for this pledge. The different letters which have been read during the day from operatives and others, enclosing their contributions, call on me for a similar declaration; and *that admirable letter from the bakers* has convinced my reason, if I wanted conviction on the subject, that all pretence of obtaining relief from other than a domestic parliament, is idle and vain, and that it would be an attempt at delusion on my part that would be rejected by the Irish people, any longer to hold out hopes of obtaining justice from an imperial parliament. [Hear! hear.] Therefore I rise to move that we call this association what it is—the 'Repeal Association.' [Cheers.]”

[The association was formed on the 15th of April, 1840. From that time to July, three hundred and thirty-five pounds were received, and formed the first contributions of the repeal rent.]

This took place the 18th of July, 1840. From thenceforward the trades and parishes began to flock round the national standard. A succession of meetings now took place in the neighborhood of Dublin, to which some three or four agitators were despatched. The chiefs in those days were John O'Connell, M. P., Mr. Barrett, Mr. O'Neil Daunt, Mr. Tom Reynolds, and the author. John O'Connell had, for the first time, entered the mazes of the metropolitan agitation. He brought to the duty a patient, active disposition, and the most gentlemanly and winning manners. A few young barristers joined the repeal roll; but, with the exception of Mr. Clements and Mr. Stritch, they all fell away soon after. In truth, there was hardly a man of talent connected with the popular ranks, with the exception of O'Connell, three of his sons, and Barrett, that had not been in the government employ. Mr. Staunton is another exception, but he had not at this time joined the Repeal Association. Mr. Steele was, I believe, in Belgium.

Henry Grattan was the first member of parliament, after the Liberator and his sons, who joined the repeal standard by his letter; but for the first year or so, he did not take any part in the proceedings in the Corn Exchange. Lord Ffrench, and Dr. M'Hale, the archbishop of Tuam, Mr. Valentine Blake of Menlo Castle, the Count de Salis, and a few more less prominent in the public eye, were also among the very first enrolment. The association had issued a series of very able reports, which probed the whole condition of Ireland—her relations with England, and the business and duties of Irishmen. In this labor, Mr. O'Connell, notwithstanding his parliamentary struggles to ward off tory inflictions, and uphold the whig ministry, devoted a great proportion of his time. These reports will ever prove the best statistical records of the times they treat of for the historian of Ireland. Many

were compiled by Mr. O'Connell, on the volunteers, and the means by which the union was carried; some by John O'Connell, Esq., on the absentee drain, and the financial robbery of the union; one by Mr. Jago, on the fisheries of Ireland; one by O'Neil Daunt, on the comparative crime of England and Ireland; one by Mr. Ray, on the past and present condition of the manufactures of Ireland; one by the author, on the assistance rendered by the Irish parliament, after its independence, to the enterprise of Ireland, and another on the opposition offered to the union by English statesmen.

Such were the circumstances attending the revival of the repeal agitation in the summer of 1840.

We will now open to the reader's view, the state of England, its sovereign, parties, people, and foreign relations, about this time.

The queen was married in March, 1840, and gave birth to a daughter in the ensuing November. Between her marriage and the birth of this child, her majesty was the object of the most ferocious newspaper attacks. The *Times* impugned her virtue, and the Quarterly Review, the sober and regulated dispenser of tory essence, gravely called for the enactment of a *salique* law, such as prevails in other states of Europe, and which excludes females from the throne. These assaults were the envenomed expression of the disappointed politicians, who had grasped power by raising a false issue, and had been overthrown by the heroic resolution of a young lady not yet twenty-one years of age. They poured every species of filth upon her majesty's name, though I firmly believe in my soul, that never did a more virtuous woman sit upon the throne of England.

This reiterated abuse of the queen, continued through the press, was very nigh depriving her of life, by assassination. In July of this year, (1840,) while in a state of pregnancy, she was shot at, while taking the air with her husband, in their carriage. The assassin, *Ernest Oxford*, deliberately stood before the carriage, and discharged a pistol at her head. The bullet missed her majesty, and passed over against a brick wall, on the opposite side of the road, where it was found. The assassin was seized and tried. He pretended to be a maniac; but documents belonging to a secret society, called "Young England," were found about him, and he publicly expressed the very opinion uttered by the Quarterly Review, namely, that "*no woman should be suffered to reign over England.*" Oxford was spared. He is at present a close prisoner in the Tower; but no doubt remains on any one's mind, that he was an instrument in the hands of some persons at present unknown.

The foreign relations of England were about this time in serious disorder. There was, first, the *China question*, which was a topic of parliamentary dispute between the whigs and tories, affording material for several debates and divisions. The whig ministry, however, carried their policy by a nominal majority, and they sent out negotiators and an armed fleet to the Chinese authorities, demanding money or blood.

For the information of children, I may mention here, that this China dispute grew out of a long-continued system of tyranny and plunder, practised in the East, by the East India Company, under the auspices, protection, and encouragement, of the various kings and ministers of England, for the last one hundred and fifty years. The footing of Britain in the East was at first slender, and sustained under the pretence of trading. The British were not discoverers of the vast territories, but only followed the tracks and settlements of the Spaniards, Portuguese, and French, who had established trading settlements along the coasts and rivers. These powers they overthrew one by one, penetrated the wide interior, conquered the Indian nations one after the other, by acts of the deepest treachery and bloodiest butchery that ever disgraced the most ferocious conqueror; and, after nearly a century of ceaseless murder, continued up to this moment, the British government obtained sovereignty over a boundless eastern continent, and *a population of one hundred and forty millions of human beings*, at a cost, let it be noted, of the *murder of fifty millions of men*.

The "East India Company" was a society of land pirates and plunderers, incorporated in 1708, under the pretence of trading; and to this society, for many years, was intrusted the exclusive privilege of pillaging, murdering, and trafficking in the East. This corporation was governed by twenty-four directors, who sat in London, and were empowered to raise and equip armies and fit out fleets to plunder the inhabitants of the East. They have amassed an enormous capital to sustain this system—some fourteen millions sterling, which is called, on the stock exchange of London, "India stock," and is purchased by the lords and ladies of the aristocracy, by the provident members of the church, and by the merchant princes of England.

The annual interest upon this stock is paid from the sheer plunder of the inhabitants of the East. The plunder is "*realized*" in this way. Millions upon millions of square miles of territory have been seized by this Company, the native princes and owners butchered, and the common people reduced from their ancient independence to a state of serfsh slavery; their lands seized, and their labor mortgaged forever, without

the means of redemption, to this monster banditti. They are compelled to cultivate their lands, and yield two thirds of their crops annually to the Company. Proctors, or valutors, are in their fields in all directions, in the harvest time, to take up the chief produce of their soil and labor, leaving insufficient to feed them. The wretched people (as in Ireland) are visited with periodical famines, which carry off hundreds of thousands. They are compelled to live half naked. Few of their females have more covering than a couple of yards of calico, wrapped round the waist. They work in the fields, are obliged to nurse their children while they work, and are kept perfectly ignorant of any letters, or of the Christian religion. Their idolatry of *Juggernaut* is encouraged by the Company, who pay a considerable pension annually to the priests of the great idol, under whose colossal wheels thousands of poor fanatics annually fling themselves to be crushed to death. They are compelled to cultivate whatsoever the Company's agents direct; and as they direct the culture of whatever is most salable abroad, not what is most required by the people, human food is not raised in sufficient quantities for the maintenance of the population. Their fields and their labor are devoted to the culture of the *poppy*, a plant from which *opium* is manufactured. This deleterious drug is brought home by the Company in immense quantities, and sold in all the markets of Europe. For several years they sold it to the Chinese, who became fonder of it every day; for, like alcohol, it creates an insatiable appetite for itself. And this brings us to the China war.

The emperor of China saw with dismay the ravages which the use of opium had made among his subjects in mind and circumstances. He learned that thousands upon thousands had become insane by its use, and hundreds of thousands impoverished by trafficking their teas and silks for it with British agents; and he passed an imperial edict, as he had a perfect right to do, forbidding the import of any more opium into any of his harbors, warning the English traders, at the peril of loss of their ships and cargoes, against bringing any further shipments of the poisonous drug. By an underhand management between the agents of the Company and some of the Chinese mandarins, large quantities of this opium were still brought in a clandestine way; upon learning which, the emperor suddenly seized upon all the ships in his harbors containing opium, and sunk them.

The government of England was called upon by the directors of the East India Company to procure them redress; and we may readily believe that no ministry of England could resist the demand; for the

directors of the East India Company, some of whom are directors also of the Bank of England, have more power in the state than the crown and the parliament put together. England is ruled by six hundred and fifty-eight members of the house of commons, and about four hundred members of the house of lords; and I solemnly assert, as I firmly believe, there are not over *two hundred* of the whole thousand and fifty-eight, who are not over head and ears in debt to those directors, and who would as soon think of voting against their behests, in parliament, as voting for their own admission into the workhouse. These directors of the East India Company have been humorously denominated the "four-and-twenty kings of Leadenhall Street;" and well and right truly do they deserve the appellation.

This war upon China was carried on in support of a dishonest, brutal, and bloody cause. Blood enough was spilled; and the simple Chinese were robbed of three millions sterling, and part of their territory; and — grieved are we to write it — the army that perpetrated these butcheries, and that sustained the flag of England in all its unrighteous wars, was and is at this moment composed of two thirds *Irishmen*. The valor of Sir Richard Keene, of Sir Hugh Gough, of Sir Henry Pottinger, and other Irish commanders of less note, reflects not honor upon our nation, but the deepest disgrace, and makes us hang our heads with shame in a foreign land.

We have heard a great deal from our countrymen about American slavery. It is very bad, and I am the last man on earth that will palliate it. But what a miserable, hypocritical exhibition is the annual anti-slavery meeting of Exeter Hall, in London, — called together principally, as it would seem, to abolish slavery in America, — presided over sometimes by Prince Albert, and joined in by the lords and ladies, and merchant princes, *who own the India stock!* People may call buying and selling men "slavery," and robbing and murdering them, "government." The world will ever be deceived by cant, and this is a tremendous instance of its liability. Let no man say I wish to hide the iniquity of keeping two and a half millions of people in bondage *here* by the shadow of the mightier crime of pillaging and enslaving one hundred and fifty millions *there*. No. I wish only to dispel delusion and to instruct my countrymen; to make them sensible of the atrocity and hypocrisy of the British aristocracy — which would fall to pieces in seven short years, amid the exulting shout of the whole earth, if they (*my countrymen*) did not support them, unconsciously support them, in every field of slaughter.

Yes! let Irishmen be made sensible that it is *they* who have so long

given power to this aristocracy to rob and butcher the whole world ; to plant their blood-stained banner upon the four corners of the earth ; *they* who enable them to follow the sun in its course with the sounds of their drum—a sound which, wherever heard, calls up the echo moans of suffering humanity. Irishmen, yes, *Irishmen* used to fight for this aristocracy in the days of intoxication, stupefaction, despair, and ignorance.

O, it is no wonder we are ourselves in slavery to this monster power ! It is a just, a *deserved*, a natural punishment from Heaven, for sharing in their unparalleled crimes against mankind. The storm of the wrath of the avenging God is gathering. That London, which is the concentration of all the refined criminality upon earth, will be smitten. The instruments of Heaven will be those poor and oppressed slaves of Ireland, whom they have so long ground to the earth, and of whom I am one. This book will be denounced, and the press in the pay of this wicked aristocracy will sneer at its style, and dispute its chronology and its facts. There never yet was a book published, which placed England and Ireland truly before the world, that did not encounter the most determined opposition. We are prepared for the ordeal, and shall consider ourselves exalted by their opposition. Let our countrymen open their eyes. Rather than sell themselves to crime and death for the "Saxon shilling," let them come out to the United States. There is ample room for two hundred millions more of people here ; plenty of land to till, and plenty of employment for the industrious ; where a few years' labor will secure a competence for declining years. Let them prefer this virtuous freedom to the criminal slavery of fighting for the most wicked aristocracy that is known to history.

The second difficulty England was involved in, about this time, (1840,) was her war in Syria. Syria and Egypt had been, for near a thousand years, provinces of the Turks. Greece was also the serf of Turkey ; she revolted, and established her independence ; and her example exhorted Egypt to a like enterprise. Led by Mehemet Ali, Egypt flung off her tyrant, proclaimed and sustained her independence. Syria, her neighbor nation on the south-eastern bank of the Mediterranean,—which felt equally the lash of the Turk,—followed her example, and placed herself under the protection of Mehemet Ali. But England interfered here, under a secret treaty with the sultan, and, without consulting France, sent a fleet under Admiral Napier, who, having stormed and taken Beyroot, one of their chief cities, compelled the Syrians to come again under the scourge of the Grand Turk.

The third difficulty of that era was that of the eastern boundary question with the United States, and the M'Leod affair. The British minister demanded M'Leod, under the authority of his monarch; but the Americans refused to give him up, until they tried him, by law, for the destruction of the *Caroline* steamer. At the same time, the governor of Maine ordered off the English intruders from the American soil. England sent no fleet here to settle these questions; but she sent a negotiator in the person of Lord Ashburton, who, after several months' delay, finished the affair in peace.

While all these foreign difficulties and dangers surrounded the flag of England abroad, her aristocracy and her people were torn by intestine struggles at home. The unprecedented rally of the tories, under Lord Stanley, to force upon Ireland a registration bill, which would have diminished the voters of Ireland by one third, and have thereby settled the entire representation of the country in the quiet possession of the aristocracy, called up all the energies of O'Connell and the Irish people. It is impossible to describe the energy and ability which the Liberator, who was then member for the city of Dublin, evinced in rousing the wealthier classes of liberals, to join with the Irish masses to oppose the tories. Himself and his political friends, Irish and English, opposed this bill in every clause, and so detained, procrastinated, and impeded its progress, that, although Stanley had a small majority in his favor, he could not keep them together, in their attendance in the house, all through the hot weather; while O'Connell and his friends were determined to die on the floor of the house ere they would suffer it to pass. This irresistible opposition induced Stanley to postpone his measure to the ensuing session, when, however, he was again defeated.

The great body of the English people were plunged in the utmost gloom and dissatisfaction, owing to the heavy burdens of the aristocracy. An ill-concerted outbreak, under Frost and some other half-crazy men, took place in Wales, which gave the government an excuse to put on the screws of tyranny. In the north of England, some eighteen leaders of the Chartist had been arrested for sedition, tried, and condemned to twelve and eighteen months' imprisonment each. Amongst these was FEARGUS O'CONNOR, who was imprisoned in York Castle, and, at first, very cruelly treated, until the press on all sides cried, "Shame upon the government," and thus procured a mitigation of his dungeon sufferings.

There was a species of terror exercised at that time in England, by the whig government, which the tories, in their palmy days, could hardly have ventured upon. They introduced a rampant, insolent

police into all the towns and rural districts — a thing unknown before to the laws and usages of England. They opened the letters of every man whom they suspected of being in the people's confidence, and introduced a system of espionage and petty tyranny through England, which the tories were happy to imitate when they succeeded to office. Meantime, the chartists remained unbroken in their resolve to stick to their demand, though somewhat divided about the means of obtaining it. They awaited the termination of the sentences of their friends in prison, determined to rally again for the accomplishment of their darling and rightful measure of freedom.

We shall now return to the progress of the repeal movement in Ireland. We shall follow it, step by step, through a succession of successes, impediments, reverses, and triumphs, until we behold it firmly established beyond the power of the British minister to suppress, or of local treachery to defeat.

The Liberator's return to Ireland, after compelling Lord Stanley, — who stood at the head of a tory phalanx of over three hundred members of the house of commons, — to postpone his obnoxious bill, was hailed with a degree of delight which it is impossible to describe. The people were wild with joy, and ready to receive him in all their might, in every part of Ireland. Invitations awaited him from many places, to come and hold great district meetings for the furtherance of repeal. The first great gathering of the interior was that held on the plains of Mayo, in the province of Connaught, at which Sir Samuel O'Malley presided, and at which Dr. M'Hale, archbishop of Tuam, Lord Ffrench, the Liberator, Mr. Robert Dillon Brown, the Rev. James Hughes, and very many other leading gentlemen of all religious persuasions, were present, together with forty thousand of the people. That meeting was remarkable for the array of talent, respectability, and great numbers present, and remarkable, also, for the enunciation of an unprecedentedly bold political dogma. Here is the celebrated passage in a most eloquent speech delivered by the Rev. James Hughes of Claremorris: —

“I feel it right, and my duty, to protest *in limine* against the doctrine which Mr. O'Connell is perpetually preaching and inculcating; and that is, that he shall not resort to or seek for a separation of Ireland from England. That doctrine, with proper qualifications, I do not want to condemn or dissent from; but, to take it in the unlimited sense in which it proceeds from the lips of the Liberator, is what no Irishman of common sense can any longer listen to. I must tell the Liberator that we have got too much of that doctrine, and that the time is come when such



views of Irish politics are both ludicrous and mischievous. Let it not be understood that I am desirous, or that any Irishman should be desirous, of a separation from England. What Ireland wants, and what she shall no longer do without, is a parliament of her own, a repeal of the union with England; and if that cannot be achieved, or accomplished, except by separation, I feel convinced, as every other Irishman must, that a separation would be a blessing to Ireland."

This bold but faithful exposition of the Irish mind, uttered by the lips of one of the most revered of the priesthood, careered like the roar of thunder over Ireland. The English press were on fire. "Prosecute him! prosecute him!" was the cry on every side. The government, however, did not prosecute. The sentiment has generally assumed, through Ireland, the shape of a settled political maxim, and will pass to the next generation, stamped with the approbation of the present.

The next great meeting was held in Galway, where fifty thousand were present. This and the previous one were held in July, 1840; and in September the repealers of the county of Meath, to the number of twenty thousand, assembled. Nicholas Boylan of Hilltown, the Mullens, M'Canns, and the reverend clergy of that district, were present. Westmeath assembled immediately after, to the number of eighty thousand, at which there were present two bishops and a great number of the gentry.

In some parts of Munster there were many meetings, of a lesser magnitude, held for a like purpose. In October, the grand Leinster meeting was held on the plains near the city of Kilkenny, where two hundred and fifty thousand men were present. JOHN O'CONNELL, the member for Kilkenny, was in the chair; and this great gathering may be taken as the chief monster meeting of that era. It is hardly necessary to say that resolutions, breathing the most exalted patriotism and the most valourous resolve, were here proclaimed. In the same month, and immediately succeeding, was held the great meeting of the county and city of Waterford. The trades went out in procession, with banners and music, to meet the apostle of their dawning freedom. The procession was adorned by carriages containing the families of the wealthier classes of the Waterford repealers, who conducted the Liberator to the place of meeting, where Sir Benjamin Morris, the deputy lieutenant of the county, presided. There were at the least one hundred thousand persons at this meeting.

In the north, the sentiment for repeal had spread widely. Drogheda received the Liberator with its fifty thousand men, including the Trades

with their banners and music. A grand repeal dinner was held in the Linen Hall.

In December, active preparations were made to entertain O'Connell in Belfast. For several days the note of action was heard in the Athens of Ireland; that sober, intellectual, enterprising city was about to make known its fervent sentiment upon the repeal question. The Liberator rather discouraged their desire to have him dine with them; and it was only after the most solemn resolve on the part of the Belfast people, who insisted on his coming, that he consented to be present. But such were the imbibited feelings of some wretchedly foolish Orangemen, prompted by some of those whose profit and promotion are drawn from English domination, that they conspired to waylay O'Connell on the road to Belfast, intending to assassinate him. But he disappointed them by publicly naming one road and day for his journey, and going on another. He was accompanied by Mr. Steele and one or two other friends, who were well armed. The dinner was a very grand demonstration. Upwards of seven hundred persons sat down to table, and O'Connell, for the first time in his life, partook of the public hospitality of the north. The repeal pledge and the national vows were solemnly taken, and, in a day or two after, the Liberator returned privately and safely to Dublin.

In the same month, the Liberator was received in Limerick by the congregated trades, who came out in a gorgeous procession, with banners and music, headed by Mr. Steele, their president. They conducted O'Connell to the *Treaty Stone*, where a hustings was erected, and where the breach of the TREATY of Limerick, with all the hideous features of British perfidy, were presented to the thousands present, and telegraphed in fiery characters to the surrounding nations. Here, upon that day, a vow was registered by one hundred thousand men of Clare and Limerick, that the TREATY signed with Sarsfield, upon that stone, in 1691, shall be observed.

In January, 1841, the great county and city of Cork, already leavened by the ardor of the Liberator, who had held one or two preparatory or explanatory repeal meetings in the city, presented the splendid spectacle of a provincial assembly for national independence. The chair was filled by Edward B. Roache, member of parliament for the county. Daniel Callaghan and F. B. Beamish, both also members for the city, were present and participated in the repeal. The meeting was attended by an immense assemblage, probably one hundred and fifty thousand persons, including many of the Catholic clergymen of the

district. Here, as in other places, the people pledged themselves to eternal and ceaseless devotion to the repeal struggle, and to be satisfied with nothing short of legislative independence.

The whig government, as represented by Lord Ebrington, discouraged the agitation by every means in its power. His lordship publicly declared he would confer no government employment upon any man connected with the agitation. This had the good effect of winnowing away some place-hunting lawyers who had mixed in the movement.

These leading demonstrations of public sentiment were all made during the latter six months of the year 1840. The Repeal Association met regularly, on every Monday, in the Corn Exchange. O'Connell endeavored to be always present at those weekly meetings, travelling night and day to accomplish this, and to be again, in the course of the week, at some provincial gathering, and back again to his post in the association, conducting from the city to the county, and from the county to the city, the burning, enthusiastic life-blood of each district, and warming up all to the necessary sensibility and resolve. It is impossible to describe, or even conceive, how he accomplished all this labor; how he endured this wear and tear of body and mind; and, above all, how he was, under *such* circumstances, able to group into his harangues the eternal freshness, richness, anecdotes, novelty, statistics, and arranged facts, blending all with such beauteous imagery and melting pathos as pervade the speeches, delivered at that busiest moment of his existence.

On Monday, he speaks in Dublin; on Tuesday, in Waterford; on Wednesday, in Dungarvan; on Thursday, he travels back to Dublin, and addresses, as he passes to the city, a dozen groups, that watch his approach; on Friday, he speaks at some parish or ward meeting in the city; on Saturday, he is closeted with his committee in deliberation; on Sunday, after divine worship, he appears at some rural assemblage near town; and on Monday again at his regular work in the association; and this is repeated week after week, and year after year, with a vigor that never fails, a motion that never slackens, a resolve that never languishes, a caution that is never caught off its guard, a variety that ever charms, and a fascination that ever enchants. He paints his country at all those meetings, in a thousand different colors — green, or bloody — gloomy, or glorious — free, or enslaved — fertile, or miserable — robed in the national uniform, or covered with rags. You can see it all — you believe it all. Who would not love the Eden he thus so accurately describes? "O, I dearly love this land. She is superbly abundant in her produce. No burning sun ever scorches her

into sterility. No winter's snow ever chills her fecundity. Ever green, ever lovely, her mountains rise to the heavens, and her streams roll down those mountains' sides with a voice of music, that speaks as from eternity, proclaiming the salubrity of the stream, the greenness of the valley, the majestic sweep of the mountain's brow, and the fertility of the plains beneath." Or who would not respect the most athletic men of Europe, so proved by philosophical demonstration, as follows:—

"Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, (the able successor of Leslie in the chair of natural philosophy,) has recently made a series of experiments upon the physical differences between English, Scotch, Irish, and Belgians, the results of which constitute the most interesting information we are able to lay before the reader, with respect to the comparative heights of sub-varieties of Caucasians. The following is a table drawn up by Professor Forbes, to exhibit the relative heights, at different ages, of the students attending his class during a series of years, and belonging respectively to England, Scotland, and Ireland. The Belgian measurements were probably derived from other sources. The number of individuals subjected to examination was very considerable, so many as eighty Scotch and thirty English being occasionally measured at once.

HEIGHTS — FULL DIMENSIONS WITH SHOES.

Age.	English.	Scotch.	Irish.	Belgians.
	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>	<i>Inches.</i>
15	64.4	64.7	—	61.8
16	66.5	66.8	—	64.2
17	67.5	67.9	—	66.1
18	68.1	68.5	68.7	67.2
19	68.5	68.9	69.4	67.7
20	68.7	69.1	69.8	67.9
21	68.8	69.2	70.0	68.0
22	68.9	69.2	70.1	68.1
23	68.9	69.3	70.2	68.2
24	68.9	69.3	70.2	68.2
25	68.9	69.3	70.2	68.3

"This table places the Irishman uppermost in the scale of stature, the Scotsman second, the Englishman next, and the Belgian lowest.

"Professor Forbes extended his inquiries among his students, English, Scotch, and Irish, to bodily weight, adding examinations of a similar, and also of mixed classes of Belgians. The results were as follow:—

WEIGHT IN POUNDS, INCLUDING CLOTHES.

Age.	English.	Scotch.	Irish.	Belgians, (not mixed classes.)
	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>
15	114.5	112	—	102
16	127	125.5	129	117.5
17	133.5	133.5	126	127
18	138	139	141.5	134
19	141	143	145.5	139.5
20	144	146.5	142	143
21	146	142.5	151	145.5
22	147.5	150	153	147
23	149	151	154	148.5
24	150	152	155	149.5
25	151	152.5	155	150

"Here, again, the superiority lies with the Irish, the others holding the same relative positions as in the case of stature. The mixed classes of Belgians, in whose case the weight of clothes was deducted, ranked exceedingly low, 134 lbs. being about the average. We have it in our power, fortunately, to compare the conclusions of Professor Forbes with those of other inquirers, in as far as the English and Belgians are concerned. The eighty students of Cambridge, weighed (with the clothes) in groups of ten, gave an average, as we are informed by Quetelet, of 151 lbs. — the precise mean, it will be observed, of the Englishmen of twenty-five years of age weighed by Professor Forbes.

"The superiority of the Irish in point of stature and weight is remarkable. We shall find it borne out by a corresponding superiority in physical power, as shown in the table of Professor Forbes having reference to that characteristic:—

LUMBAR STRENGTH, IN POUNDS.

Age.	English.	Scotch.	Irish.	Belgians.
	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>	<i>lbs.</i>
15	—	280	—	204
16	336	314	—	236
17	352	340	369	260
18	364	360	389	280
19	378	378	404	296
20	385	392	416	310
21	392	402	423	322
22	397	410	427	330
23	401	417	430	335
24	402	421	431	337
25	403	423	432	339

"The same relations are here preserved as in the previous tables; and as, with respect to weight and height at least, there could be no mistake, the probability that the last table is correct is much strengthened by the conformity in question. The difference between the Irish and Belgians is immense, the former exceeding the latter in strength by nearly *one fourth*.

"We have been informed that the mere physical power of the different companies of men to whom the Duke of Wellington was opposed in his campaigns, was always with him an object of serious consideration.

"In the force of his blow, the Irishman stands in relation to the Englishman as 432 to 403, to the Scotchman as 432 to 423, to the Belgian as 432 to 339. The experiments of Field, the London engineer, proves that in raising weights by means of a crane,

The utmost efforts of an Englishman was 24,255 lbs.

" " " " a Welchman " 15,112 "

" " " " an Irishman " 27,562 "

"Let those who copy what I have now read," remarks the Liberator, "remember that it is no creation or assertion of mine; that the experiments were made by a Scotch philosopher, who would be naturally anxious to place his own country in the most favorable point of view, but who clearly proves, that even in point of physical powers we are superior to any of the other people of Europe."

And when O'Connell dwells upon the moral virtues of his country-

men and countrywomen, and quotes Lord Morpeth's attestation in the house of commons, who admitted that in her majesty's dominions there were no people so moral and so virtuous as the Irish, you cannot avoid feeling for their distressed situation.

Again, when you hear him taunt the Duke of Wellington with winning almost all his glories by Irish valor, recount the battle-fields on which his countrymen fought, and conclude by telling the brilliant circumstance connected with Waterloo,—how a prize was subscribed for by English gentlemen, to be given to the bravest man that appeared under the English standard on that memorable field, the judgment to be given by the Duke of Wellington, and how an IRISHMAN, named JAMES GRAHAM, *obtained the prize*,—when you hear these things from such lips, you must be stony-hearted not to feel, and move, and sympathize with him in all he says and requires.

Nor was his eloquence confined to beautiful or boastful descriptions of his country or her people. Their miseries were, indeed, his constant theme; and facts were unfortunately made for him by the extermination or "clearing" system, practised by the Irish landlords, ever since the forty-shilling franchise was abolished. The following details from one publication of the *Dublin Pilot*, March, 1840, will give the American reader an idea of this unnatural persecution. I might introduce many thousands of such facts, if it were necessary, which indeed it is not, to prove the extent and nature of that suffering under which the Irish people groan. But this will suffice as an ordinary sample of all:—

"We have a recital of suffering that took place at a 'levelling'—for the thing is as common now as a football gathering—on the estate of Lord ——, not many miles from Carlow. We have it under the hand of the sub-sheriff, Mr. Colles, who has transmitted the account to the *Morning Chronicle*.

"'Who could behold,' says Sub-sheriff Colles, 'without the deepest anguish, a wretched old woman removed, who inhabited a hovel constructed of large loose stones and a little thatch? "My children," says she, "were *born in it*—my husband *died in it*—I have *grown old in it*, and I thought to have died in it myself; but I must now be turned out, *though I owe no rent*.'" This is but one of many instances. The wailing of women—the shrieks of children—the men standing with folded arms, whilst the tear of sorrow and indignation started down their masculine cheeks. These tears I have beheld, and think, with Sir Walter Scott, that

"Woe awaits a country when  
She sees the tears of bearded men."

"'Unarmed and unprotected, I have delivered possession of twenty or thirty habitations, on two hundred and fifty acres, in an unfrequented neighborhood, where one fourth of those looking on would have exterminated the whole party of levellers, and left none to tell their tale. At my request, they submitted, shifted all

their worldly substance to the road side, and stood by whilst their habitations were levelled to the earth by their landlord's agents and followers. Neither the military nor police appeared on the ground. I departed after performing this painful duty, leaving behind me, houseless on the road, upwards of a hundred individuals of all ages, from the tender infant to the decrepit grandmother, bent with age and infirmity.'

"Sacred God! how long shall this last? This statement, be it remembered, is made by the sub-sheriff officiating on the heart-rending occasion. A committee of inquiry, forsooth! Why, is there a day passes that some shocking fact or facts like these are not printed in the *Pilot*? Our very last impression contained a similar melancholy recital of the eviction of one hundred and eleven souls, cast forth in the Queen's county, who *owed no rent*, and who, when driven forth, 'owned not a spot in all the world,' and who resorted to the ditches and hedges for shelter. We expect in a post or two another horrible history of similar outrage in the name of a Limerick parson. The thing presses; the people hunger, and *may avenge*—and yet they talk of a committee!

"When an emergency arises connected with the acknowledged interests or safety of the rich, we know how they gallop a bill through the legislature; but the exterminating system is only the apparent case of the poor, and therefore we are to have it referred to a committee!"

Such was, and such *is*, alas! the condition of unhappy Ireland. We will leave her great leader, arousing and combining her energies and battling in parliament with her foes, and pass to the contemplation of the progress of two ideas of great national importance, which sprang up collaterally with the repeal agitation. I mean the TEMPERANCE movement, and that for native MANUFACTURES, both of which began in 1840.

The temperance reform was, as all the world knows, brought prominently before the Irish nation by the Rev. THEOBALD MATHEW. As the reader will find a brief biographical sketch and a portrait of this distinguished character towards the end of the book, I shall not here dwell at length upon his wonderful exertions. Nothing in the elements of Ireland's moral or physical power could so advantageously work in aid of the repeal agitation as this movement. The reverend gentleman had spread his principles widely, in the year 1839, through the south, converting thousands upon thousands to the doctrines of teetotalism. In March, 1840, he visited Dublin for the first time, and preached in the Cathedral, Marlborough Street. A *posse* of horse and foot police was necessary to keep the people from crushing each other in their eagerness to get into the church, or to see or touch his person.

He appeared, the next morning, on the high steps under the north portico of the custom-house, and before him was a dense crowd of the citizens of Dublin, poor and rich. He preached upon the moral and

physical effects of temperance, explained the pledge, and proposed to administer it to those around him. Thousands knelt, and followed his solemn voice, repeating each word of the teetotal pledge, and departing in files, with his blessing on them, to make way for the next set. For several days the reverend gentleman thus preached and thus converted. In a week, upwards of fifty thousand persons, of all ages, classes, and degrees, enrolled themselves upon his moral record. Very soon after this period, his postulants swelled from thousands to millions, as the world, with so much pleasure, has witnessed. The effects of his labors were soon visible to every eye. The most abandoned classes in the towns and cities (for in towns and cities was drunkenness chiefly to be found) soon became healthy-looking, better clothed, industrious, and moral; and it was a miraculous and a gratifying sight to behold the quay porters and boatmen, previously, by means of drink, the most abandoned of men, now appear on Sundays with good fresh clothes, sober, and decorous, with their wives and children, going to or coming from the house of God, restored to a social community with their fellow-citizens and their Creator.

The movement for the revival of Irish manufactures had its rise in the following way. The author had the honor to prepare an address to Daniel O'Connell, for the parish of St. Nicholas, in which he resided, explaining our reasons for urging the repeal of the union. This address boldly put forth (and for the first time among the popular declarations) the astounding loss which Ireland sustained by buying English manufactures, instead of manufacturing for herself. The *Liberator* was pleased to applaud this document in a peculiar manner, by endorsing its general truth, and moving that it be transmitted to Mr. Sharman Crawford, as a brief answer to his several letters against the repeal agitation. A mark of approval so distinguished attracted the criticism of the London press, and particularly that of the *Morning Chronicle*, which condemned and ridiculed the assumed power of Ireland to supply her own wants.

This attack naturally called from the author a lengthened reply, in the association, in which he took up the question of Ireland's manufacturing capabilities, demonstrating from the intrinsic cost, and the manufacturing profits of each article, the annual loss of six or seven millions sterling, which we paid to England under that head. This reply is on the pages of the *Dublin Pilot* and the *Morning Chronicle* of that period; and, in order to follow up this argument by a practical demonstration, he purchased two packs of purely Irish wool, and had it



manufactured into cloth. He then called on his fellow-parishioners, accompanied by Mr. Morgan Lorgan, and induced them to take each as much of this cloth as would make a garment. The cloth was good, enduring, and cost us only *one half of that which we were accustomed to pay for English cloth*. This practical argument awakened the enterprise of the citizens, whose attention was turned to the vast though neglected powers which lay in their own hands. Several meetings were held, at which the details of manufacturing profits were calculated and published; and from these meetings grew the formation of the BOARD OF TRADE, of which the Very Rev. Dr. FLANAGAN was chosen president, and to which the author was appointed secretary.\*

This Board soon called together the citizens in their parishes, who were required to send deputies to its sittings. All topics of religion and politics were strictly excluded. Men of different religions and politics met amicably upon this neutral platform, and rubbed off, by friendly intercourse, some portion of that asperity which grew from habits of political conflict. It was indeed truly gratifying to all patriotic Irishmen to witness the kindly feelings that sprung up from these meetings. Mr. Butt and Mr. O'Connell spoke on the same platform, met at the same board, and showed their countrymen that, in the cause of Irish manufactures, they could be united Irishmen to the core.

The author, having previously published, for six or seven years, a weekly sheet, devoted exclusively to trade and manufactures and the improvement of machinery, which circulated exclusively among the manufacturers of Ireland, was in possession of a great quantity of statistical information connected with its capabilities. His immediate connection with employers and workmen, as secretary of the Board of Trade, added much to the previously-acquired stock; and from those resources, aided by the scientific, able, and invaluable work of Dr. Kane, recently published, he will now lay before the reader a brief outline of the

\* I here introduce, needlessly, perhaps, the resolution of a public meeting of manufacturers, held in the Royal Exchange, which, while it appointed me secretary, recorded the share which I took in forming the Board.

Resolution written by the Very Rev. Dr. Flanagan, and passed at a crowded meeting of the manufacturers and operatives of Dublin, held in the Royal Exchange, on the 10th of November, 1840:—

“Resolved, That Mr. T. Mooney, who has acted with so much zeal and efficiency in the FORMATION and ORGANIZATION of this Board of Trade for the revival of Irish manufactures, be hereby confirmed in the situation of secretary to the National Board of Trade.”

## MANUFACTURES OF IRELAND.

*Woollen Manufacture.* — I have shown, in numberless places, through these lectures, that Ireland was a manufacturing country in the long course of ages during which she enjoyed a national independence. It is not easy to believe that a country now so low could once have been the exporter of woollen cloth and linen to all the nations of Europe. But the fact is attested by the most credible historians. Italy, Germany, France, England, and Scotland, were then purchasers of Irish serge, flannel, cloth, linen, &c. Anderson, in his History of Commerce, the most authentic work of its kind extant, states that so celebrated was the Irish serge, (a thin fabric resembling the French *mousseline de laine*, which is now *manufactured principally of Irish wool*,) that the Italians preferred it to any other textile fabrication whatever, and one of their eminent poets, *Fazio Delli Uberti*, the date of whose work is 1357, extols it in the following stanza : —

“ Similmente passamo en Irlanda,  
La quel fra noi è degna di fama,  
Par le nobile saie che ci manda.”

Cap. 24, lib. 4.

Passing likewise to Ireland,  
So connected with us, and so deserving of fame,  
By the noble cloth they send us.

Upon which the late Earl of Charlemont remarked, in his History of the Woollen Manufacture of Ireland, “ The superiority of the fabric and the extent of the manufacture must have been invariably acknowledged and extensively known, to have entitled the country to the character of *deгна di fama*, and the manufacture to the epithet of *nobile*.”

Long before the English landed a hostile band upon the shores of Ireland, they were in the constant practice of buying the woollen cloth of Ireland, and using it as their dress. Maddox\* tells us that in the reign of Henry the Third, about 1220, a considerable export of Irish woollen cloth to England had existed for many years. In the time of Edward the Third, 1327, large quantities of Irish cloths were imported into England, and it was specially provided by the English parliament that it should be received free of duty. Whitelaw, in his History of Dublin, p. 980, says, “ In the year 1482, not only serges, but other kinds of woollens, and the very fashion of the country, were held in such

\* History of the Exchequer, vol. i. p. 550.

estimation on the Continent, that the pope's agent obtained from Richard the Second a license to export, duty free, mantles made of Irish cloth." In the reign of Henry the Eighth, an act was passed to regulate the dress of his Irish subjects, in which *woollen yarn* is recited as an article of considerable manufacture. In the 13th of Elizabeth, 1560, it is recited that the Irish merchants had been exporters of woollen yarn for one hundred years before and upwards. By this act several severe and prohibitory penalties were laid upon Irish linen, which tended to prevent its export; upon which, the Irish turned more of their attention and capital to the manufacture of woollen cloths, in which branches they excelled the sister country. In the reign of Charles the Second, Irish cattle and Irish wool were prohibited from being brought into England; and this, instead of injuring Ireland, as intended, rather increased the woollen manufacture; for the merchants, cut off from the English market for their wool, converted it into cloth of every kind, which they exported to all parts of the Continent. But, in 1673, Sir William Temple and Lord Essex, then the chief governors of Ireland, published, in Dublin, an overture for the relinquishment of the woollen trade, except in the lower branches, that it might not interfere with that of England, and urged the superior fitness of Ireland for the linen trade; but this proposal passed at the time unheeded.

The peace which succeeded the restoration of Charles the Second tended to reanimate every species of manufacture; and the direct and hearty encouragement afforded to Irish enterprise by the short-lived parliament of James the Second, from 1685 to 1688, tended to stimulate this branch in a wonderful degree; insomuch that a number of English manufacturers, owing to the abundance of wool, the expertness of the hands, and the cheapness of provisions, in Ireland, were induced to leave England and settle there—a fact sufficiently attested in the Bristol petition presented to William the Third.

On the triumph of William over James the Second, the long-treasured jealousy of England towards Irish manufactures broke loose; that monarch pandered to this bad feeling, and reduced it to a diabolical enactment of his legislature. The woollen manufacture of Ireland was put down. (See page 816.) The population of the whole island did not then exceed a million and a quarter, and one fifth of them were employed upon this single branch. Its destruction, therefore, drove to ruin two hundred and twenty thousand of the people, who wandered into other countries in quest of employment; but the destruction of the woollen manufacture extended injuriously to all the other trades, manufactures,

and shipping of the nation ; so intimately is one great branch of manufacture connected with the other.

From that period to the time of Swift, the trade and manufacture of Ireland can hardly be said to have existed. Swift had repeatedly advised the Irish to use their own manufacture in preference to English, and a budding sentiment in conformity grew up in consequence. In the year 1773, the manufactures of Ireland were taken under the protection of the Dublin Society. That patriotic body opened a warehouse in Castle Street\* for the exclusive sale of Irish woollen cloth, and the patriots of that time, at the head of whom were Charlemont, Flood, and Grattan, went there to purchase their cloth. The Irish privy council were, at the same time, compelled, in obedience to public opinion, to issue an order to the commandants of Irish regiments to have them clothed in Irish manufacture. This stimulated the torpid loom, and, what with the aid soon after rendered by the emancipated parliament in 1782, (see page 844,) the general expansion of a national spirit, and an active enterprise, the woollen trade was again revived in Ireland, and, in the course of twenty years from that period, gave employment to vast numbers in Cork, Limerick, Galway, Birr, Wexford, Carrick-on-Suir, Kilkenny, and Dublin. In the latter city, in 1795, there were eight thousand hands employed upon this single branch, who supported at least forty thousand human beings.

The history of the woollen trade of Ireland, since the union, is easily told. It languished day after day. The capital and customers of Ireland are drawn off to enrich England. The wealthy manufacturers of England are enabled, by the banking facilities around them, and by the maturity of their machinery, knowledge, and capital, to give the Irish shop-keepers longer credit than the miserable manufacturers of Ireland can afford. This credit is extended beyond all precedent, whenever any attempt is made to revive the trade of Ireland, while the stringent action of the Irish banking laws prohibits any aid from the native credit of the country ; and thus is Ireland held in slavery by the double action of political and commercial laws, in the enactment of which she has but one voice to five.

*The Linen Manufacture.*— From the most remote era recorded in Irish history to the present, flax formed an article of Irish agriculture, and linen an article of its manufacture. The periodical overflowing of the River Shannon served to prepare the adjacent soil for its growth, as the Nile fertilized the great valley of Egypt, where, from almost the

\* This house is still continued by Mr. Andrews.

infancy of the human race, flax was grown and linen was made. Having, I trust satisfactorily, traced, in the early pages of this work, the remote connection of the Egyptians and the first settlers in Ireland, it will not be here necessary to go over the same ground to show that the ancient Irish were well acquainted with the growth of flax, and the manufacture of it into linen. In truth, they were, many centuries ago, as they are at present, great exporters of the article. We find traces of their export in the *Irlandic Chronicle*, A. D. 1129,\* and the fashionables of Europe in those days made it their study to clothe themselves in profuse habiliments made of Irish linen. These dresses, as worn by females, required *thirty* yards of linen. The Irish imparted to their linen a bright or saffron yellow and a purple color, the first of which they obtained from the wild *buidhmor*, a flower which grows in great abundance in the island, and the second from the *purpura*, a small shell-fish, which abounded round their coast.

In the days of Henry the Eighth, his subjects of England, and within the Irish Pale, dressed most extravagantly in Irish linen, which that monarch regarding as a grievous tax upon his people, he passed a law restraining its wear, and prescribing that the shirt or smock was not to contain more than *seven yards*.

It cannot be truly asserted, that either the Earl of Strafford or Ormonde founded, in the seventeenth century, the linen manufacture in Ireland. They invested their private wealth in the business; and while they realized a profitable return, they stimulated and improved the manufacture. They are entitled to this, and no more. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the linen manufacture of Ireland had increased so much that the government under Lord Ormonde instituted a board to regulate it. This board sat in the castle, but ultimately acquired a grant from parliament, from which they built the Linen Hall, to which, about the year 1728, they removed. The Hall was opened for the sale to foreigners of the surplus linens manufactured in Ireland, and was subjected to very strict regulations.

The Williamite government did not interfere with this branch. On the contrary, it *affected* to encourage it, as an equivalent to the Irish for the ruin of their woollen trade. But, in 1726, the encouragement of printed linens became an object of the leading men connected with the trade, and large quantities were shipped, raw and printed, to England. Here, again, the jealousy of the sister country operated injuriously to this branch. The silk and woollen manufacturers of England, with

\* *Whitelaw*.

their men, complained to parliament that the stains and stamps of Irish linen were injurious to their trade, and they prayed they might be prohibited entering England; and prohibited they were; for we find the trustees of the Irish linen board petitioning the British parliament for liberty to send those printed linens *at least* to the colonies and plantations.

From the establishment of the linen board in 1728 to the establishment of parliamentary independence in 1782, the linen manufacture obtained from the Irish parliament an annual grant; but on the success of that great measure, the general manufactures of Ireland received an unprecedented attention and support. The annual grants to the linen board varied from thirty to fifty thousand pounds a year, and the trade augmented in a remarkable degree.

In 1821, the parliamentary grant to the linen board was withdrawn, and the trade was left to contend with the manufacturers of Scotland, England, and the Continent, whose ample capital enables them to exceed Ireland in the extent of their exports, but not to equal her in the excellency of their manufacture.

*The Silk Manufacture.* — Those who have read the earlier pages of this volume need not be retold that silk was an article of dress among at least the ancient chiefs and gentlefolks of Ireland. That it was manufactured to some extent in Ireland is very probable; for the process of rearing the worm in the East, particularly on the south-eastern banks of the Mediterranean Sea, and the manufacture of the thread into every species of garment, was known in the times of Moses, and there is hardly any of the arts that were known to the ancients of that region that were not also known to the ancient Irish.

After the revocation of the edict of Nantz, when the French Protestants were persecuted by a political clique in France, great numbers of them fled for an asylum to Ireland, which seems to have been viewed, by the persecuted of all ages, as the safe harbor for the shipwrecked of every clime. Nor were these French *Huguenots*, as they were called, disappointed; no more than those Bristol Protestants who fled to Ireland in the time of Queen Mary. They were hospitably received, and experienced every possible encouragement to settle in Ireland. Some of them became teachers of their own language, others of dancing, fencing, music, &c., to make a living; and those who understood the silk business began the manufacture in the south side of Dublin. They introduced that peculiar branch denominated the poplin and tabinet, for the manufacture of which Ireland has, from that period to the present, continued to be celebrated, not only through Europe, but America.

For several years after that period, the manufacture made a steady way ; and, in 1764, that excellent institution, the Dublin Society, took it under its fostering protection. The society immediately established a silk warehouse in Parliament Street, and placed it under the superintending management of twelve noblemen and twelve weavers, who examined all goods sent in for sale. The Dublin Society paid a premium of five per cent. upon all Irish manufactured silks sold in this establishment. The sales soon amounted to seventy thousand pounds a week. In consequence of this encouragement, and that which grew from a patriotic public sentiment, the silk manufacture prospered in Dublin.

But here, again, the jealousy of Britain interfered to stop this growing prosperity. Two acts of parliament were passed in obedience to English avarice — the 25th Geo. III. chap. 62, and the 26th Geo. III. chap. 48, in which all premium upon sales of Irish manufactured silk was abolished, and the payment of it rendered illegal, the preamble of the act alleging, with astonishing effrontery, that the application of the premium did not answer the ends proposed.

The silk manufacture, notwithstanding this untoward operation, having experienced a healthy impulse, continued to be a thriving business during the existence of the Irish parliament ; for the nobility and gentry of Ireland, and the merchants and mechanics of the metropolis, felt an exalted pride in wearing their native manufactured silks. At the period of the union, from ten to twelve thousand persons were employed at this trade in the city of Dublin ; but on the consummation of that fatal measure, the manufacture received its death-blow. Power looms, and the multiplied machinery lately discovered, have enabled the wealthy capitalists of England to beat down the sickly remnant of this once prosperous branch of Irish manufacture. The miserable mechanics that remain are destitute of capital or bank credit, and therefore cannot cope with England in machinery or power. They rely for their bread on their hand looms and the fitful custom of patriotic ladies, and, between occasional employment and occasional destitution, spin out an existence which, in familiar phrase, may be termed half living, half dying. There are about three hundred persons, out of the whole population of Ireland, now employed upon tabinets, poplins, and ribbons, and they earn about seven shillings a week on the average. The houses, in which they formerly enjoyed affluence by their industry, are mouldering down, and rapidly commingling with the dust — a melancholy index of the nation's decline.

*The Cotton Manufacture.*—This great branch of human industry appears to have been set a-going in Ireland coeval with its commencement in Britain and France. Up to about the middle of the eighteenth century, Germany, France, Britain, and Ireland, received their cotton goods from the East, principally through the hands of Turkey merchants. On the establishment in England of the East India Company, that corporation imported largely of the cotton manufactures of the East Indies. They were then articles of great luxury and high price. The English merchants soon began to import Eastern spun thread, which they wove and printed in England; and they finally imported the cotton in the raw state, which they employed women to spin with the fingers, using the common spinning-wheel.

About the year 1776, Hargrave, a cotton-weaver in England, discovered a plan for spinning eight threads of cotton at the same time by one person. He called in Mr. Peel, (father of the present prime minister of England,) a weaver, to look at his improvement, under a pledge of secrecy. The mob of Blackburn soon after gathered and drove off poor Hargrave. Peel afterwards went to Nottingham, where, meeting with Arkwright, a barber, who had been engaged upon the same project that occupied Hargrave's mind, they formed a partnership, obtained a patent for their invention, and then began the application of the multiplying power of machinery to the manufacture of cotton. The manufacture was begun in France in 1780. In the year 1718, it appears that an application was made to the trustees of the Irish linen board by two persons, Arthur and George Sherston, for some encouragement in the establishment of the cotton manufacture in Dublin; but it was not followed up by the applicants. About the year 1760, there were two manufacturers of cotton in Dublin, who employed six hundred looms. Their principal fabrications were jeans and common cottons.

In 1777, the manufacture was introduced into the north of Ireland, as a means of employment to the pauper children in the poor-house. Messrs. Joy and M'Cabe brought over a man from Scotland to teach the paupers; but the governors, unwilling to embark in a manufacturing undertaking, declined to encourage it to a serious extent, whereupon M'Cabe formed a partnership with M'Cracken, and began the manufacture with the best machinery which was then discovered, and which, through the agency of a skilful weaver whom they sent to work in the English factories, they at last obtained. The children who had received instruction in the poor-house were now placed in connection with their machines, and they soon became successful cotton-spinners. But, to



their honor, they did not conceal their machinery. On the contrary, they exhibited it to all; the consequence of which was, the very general establishment of the manufacture through Ireland.

In 1779, the spirit and resolve of the Irish people had won a free trade from Britain. Ireland felt the impulse of freedom. Enterprise was lit up through the nation. Every branch of industry prospered, and the cotton manufacture more rapidly than any. The gentry of Ireland caught, for once, the mania of commercial industry, and rushed impetuously into some branch or other of manufacturing business. A Mr. Brooke, who had returned to his native country after a long residence in the East, where he amassed a large fortune, entered, with all his means, into the cotton manufacture. He purchased an estate in the county of Kildare, on which he expended eighteen thousand pounds in the erection of houses and looms. This town he called *Prosperous*. He received a grant of twenty thousand pounds from the Irish parliament, and, in a few years, he had eighteen hundred hand looms working. The same spirit animated other wealthy men. Machinery and well-instructed men were brought from England. The cotton manufacture soon swelled to national dimensions. But, like all other branches, it received a serious check by the removal of the Irish parliament and the consequent drainage of the wealth of Ireland. While England has exported to foreign countries, within the last sixty years, upwards of fifteen hundred millions of pounds sterling worth of manufactured cottons, and supports near three millions of her people by this branch; while France, limited in fuel and water power, employs a million of hands; while the United States, though the manufacture is but twenty years old in the country, employs more than five hundred thousand persons — Ireland, where provisions, labor, power, and intellect abound, does not employ in cotton over thirty thousand persons, though the profits upon this branch of manufacture are still greater than upon any other.

*Hats.* — The Irish, in remote ages, manufactured hats from their wool and rabbit fur. The shape of their hats was conical, and the material was rendered impervious to rain. Irish wool is peculiarly well calculated for cohering together in the felting process, and the English manufacturers use it chiefly in the formation of the *body* or shell of the hat. The fur obtained from the Irish hare and rabbit is considerable, and is mostly all sent to England in the raw state, where it is used to *tip* or finish the hats. About half a million sterling per annum is sent to England for those fine hats, three fourths of which is clear profit to the foreigner.

## GENERAL RESOURCES OF IRELAND.

*Fuel.* — There are seven chief coal formations in Ireland — one in Leinster, two in Munster, three in Ulster, and one in Connaught. Those towards the north yield bituminous or flaming coal. Those to the south yield only stone coal, or anthracite, which emits no flame. The coal is to be found extending into eleven or twelve counties.

The Leinster formation occupies the greater portion of the counties of Kilkenny, Carlow, and the Queen's. The Rivers Nore and Barrow, which afford means of conveyance, run immediately at the base of the colliery hills. Iron stone is found here. These collieries were worked in the beginning of the last century, but abandoned; but since the use of the steam engine was discovered, they have been reworked.

In Tipperary and Kilkenny, the best mines are found, and are now worked with some energy and success. In Tyrone, there is an excellent field, though small, of bituminous coal. It is worked with spirit, at present, by several companies.

The old Antrim coal mine, now neglected, was worked many ages ago, as we learn by the antiquity of certain tools found by modern miners, in abandoned chambers. Dr. Kane gives the following description of the Shannon: —

“The Shannon, the largest river in the British islands, falls into the Atlantic Ocean, dividing the counties of Clare and Kerry, and cutting through the centre of the Munster coal formation. Expanding in its inland course into a chain of extensive lakes, it intersects, through a line of two hundred and forty-seven miles, some of the richest lands in Ireland, washing the banks of ten of the thirty-two counties of which our island is made up. It has its origin in the recesses of the Leitrim hills, where it springs almost with its full power from a vast gulf, the depth of which has not yet been ascertained, and, almost immediately expanding, forms Lough Allen, of which the area is eight thousand nine hundred acres. The picture of this district, as I saw it some two years since, has never left my mind. The dark-brown hills, heather clad, rose abruptly from the water, excepting towards the south, where they were separated from the lake by level spaces of marshy bog. The patches of cultivation, small and rare, far from relieving the aspect of the scene, served but to render its dreariness more oppressive. The lake, smooth as a mirror, reflected the brilliant sky of midsummer. No wave disturbed it; the noise and bustle of active industry were far away. The melancholy solitude of my walk was only broken by the approach of some wretched men, who had heard of the phenomenon of a stranger's presence in their wilds, and pressed around, asking whether I was about to do any thing for the country, to give employment. Alas! it was not in my power. As I walked on, there lay around my path masses of iron ore, equally rich with the best employed in England. I knew that in those hills, whose desolate aspect weighed on my mind,

there were concealed all the materials for successful industry; a population starving, and eager to be employed at any price; a district capable of setting them at work, if its resources were directed by honesty and common sense."

The coal-fields surrounding Lough Allen form an area of one hundred and fourteen thousand acres. They extend to parts of the counties Roscommon, Sligo, Leitrim, and a portion of Cavan in Ulster.

The bogs of Ireland are no other than coal formations in an incipient state. In succeeding ages they will become coal, and thus supply fuel for an eternity. There are about three million acres of bog, formed of vegetable matter in all its variety, but saturated with a moisture the drainage of which would be very expensive.

Latterly, machinery has been invented by Mr. Williams for compressing the bog peat, and all the steaming done on the Shannon is worked by this fuel, at a cost of five or six shillings a ton. The Irish bog peat, when pressed and properly prepared with a mixture of tar, makes better charcoal than wood; and it is proved that, for the manufacture of gunpowder, being very inflammable, it is preferable to any other. It stood the several chemical tests, and was twenty per cent. more inflammable than the charcoal obtained from wood.

*Water Power.*—The Shannon rises in one coal formation, and empties itself into the sea through another. At and near Killaloe, there is a fall of ninety-seven feet of the entire river, which equals thirty-nine thousand nine hundred horse power. Between Lough Dherg and Lough Allen, the falls offer thirty-three thousand horse power. The Shannon, in about seventy miles of its course, offers a power equal to seventy-two thousand horses, which would drive eighteen hundred factories, allowing two twenty-horse engines for each, and employ within the walls seven hundred and twenty thousand hands, allowing four hundred hands for each. Cotton can be brought, for about the same freight, from New Orleans to the Shannon that it can from New Orleans to Massachusetts.

The River Lee, which rises in Kerry, and passes through a mountainous country to Cork, affords, by its rapids, incalculable water-power, as it drains five hundred and sixty square miles of country, and produces one hundred and sixty-nine horse power, per foot of fall. The Baun, in the north, running from the mountains of Mourne to Lough Neagh, turns machinery all the way, affording about a third, or probably a fourth, of the power of the Shannon. The falls of Lough Erne, in its passage to the sea, afford quite as much power as those of the River Shannon. These, connected with the Connaught lakes, offer, by Dr. Kane's accurate calculation, nine thousand two hundred and eighty horse power, and there are very many rivers whose power is not calculated, but

which, tumbling from the mountains, offer, in their fall, an incalculable power. As in the manufacture of flour, so in that of cotton or silk, water motive is more equable than that of steam, produces finer work, and does not wear out the machinery near so fast. In fact, cotton and flour manufactured by water have always commanded a higher price than those manufactured by steam. The steam engine gives to each revolution of the machinery an eccentric jerk, which disturbs the even action upon the material of superfine manufacture. The total mill power in England appears, by a return to parliament, to be eighty-two thousand horse-power, of which three fourths are produced by steam, and one fourth by water. The water power of Ireland is at least four times greater.

*Iron.* — Some two hundred years ago, Ireland was covered over with small iron furnaces which were heated by turf peat and wood, and which made the very best sort of malleable iron for fine work. Such is imported to Britain and Ireland from Germany and Sweden, at present, at very high cost. Iron was found through Ireland in bogs, in mountains, and in the solid rocks. It can be found at this day peering through mountain sides in Leitrim; near Lough Erne; in the county of Cavan; in the county of Tyrone; in King's county; near Mount-Rath and Mount-Melick; in many parts of Connaught; in the county of Clare. There is one mountain near Lough Allen, called, in Irish, *Stew-Neven*, (Iron Mountain,) so emphatically is it a mountain of iron, the ore of which can be dug down from its iron sides by the laborers with the common spade. The ancestor of the Duke of Devonshire realized a princely fortune, two hundred years ago, by working his iron mines in Munster. It is said that in a short time he realized one hundred thousand pounds, which equals five hundred thousand pounds of the present day; and the iron was then an article of considerable export from Ireland to England, and it excelled the German and French iron in every respect. The bog iron ore, formed by concretion in swamps, is peculiarly fitted, from its fine plastic quality, to be made into trinkets. It grows from masses of insects, and forms mysteriously in bogs and morasses. It is of this sort of ore, obtained in the bogs of Prussia, that the fine trinkets which come from Berlin are manufactured. Superfine malleable iron is brought from Russia and Sweden to England and Ireland, because it is smelted and refined by wood, which creates a purer article than coal fuel. It costs the importers twenty-five to thirty-five pounds per ton, while the ordinary price of English iron is six or seven pounds. Now, the iron ore of Ireland is the richest worked in Europe. Its bog peat is the very best for tempering it, and it only requires that a sufficient capital shall be accumulated, and honest men placed at the head of it, to make the

Arigna coal mountain the foundation of a western Sheffield; and as, in Bavaria, in France, and in other parts of the Continent, where coal is scarce, bog turf, like that of Ireland, is used, to produce very fine iron, it follows that Ireland can, in this respect, compete with any nation of Europe. The Arigna iron mountain is at present owned by an English company, who refuse or decline to work it, probably under the influence of national jealousy, or interest, for we cannot discover any other motive.

*Copper.* — There are at present three chief copper mines open, and successfully and profitably working, in Ireland — one in the county of Wicklow, in the valley of the beautiful Avoca; the second in the county of Waterford, at Knockmahon; and the third in the southern parts of the counties of Cork and Kerry. The Wicklow copper pyrites, or round yellow lumps of earth, in which the copper is concealed, contain also sulphuret of zinc, antimony, and lead.

There are occasionally found, through Ireland, strata of quartz, having immense beds of iron and copper pyrites, usually found in slaty lumps. In the Avoca valley, there are found, in great abundance, iron and sulphur pyrites, and the Irish mining company have, within ten years, doubled their produce and profits in this and the Dungarvan district. Indeed, it is proved by scientific researches published by Dr. Kane, that the mountains which, especially on the western shore, surround Ireland from the sea, are full of *quartz* — a species of stone formation which contains various metallic ores, especially lead, which, in scientific language, is the matrix of the metal. From Skibbereen to Kerry, the coast mountains are full of metallic ore, but imperfectly worked at present. The mountains which so beautifully environ the lakes of Killarney are full of copper ore. There has also been discovered there *cobalt*, a most valuable mineral, from which the blue glass and smelt blue are made. The mountains in the north of Tipperary are found to contain innumerable small and large metallic lodes, some of which have latterly been worked. One of these mountains is called *Silver Mines*, from the quantity of silver formerly obtained from its lode ore. Sulphur in vast quantities can be had here. On the eastern coast, near Dublin, there are small copper mines, irregularly worked. Very rich copper ore is found in Tyrone, near Dungannon, one lode producing from seventy to eighty per cent. of pure copper. All this copper is sent to Swansea, in Wales, to be smelted, where the thin, poor ore of Cornwall and that of Cuba meet and are smelted together in one mixture for commerce. The gross quantity of copper raised in Ireland amounts now to about twenty-five thousand tons per annum.

*Lead* is more generally found through Ireland than copper. The

granite districts, running from Dublin around Wicklow, abound with it. The classic vale of Glendalough affords a great and profitable lead mine, the ore yielding seventy per cent. of fine lead. There are here found white lead ore, sulphuret of zinc, copper pyrites, and phosphate of lead. This mine is well worked, and is the principal source of profit of the Irish mining company. In *Cairne*, (Wexford,) there is another lead mine worked by that company. In the mountains of Louth, Armagh, and Down, several lead mines have been opened. Near Newtownards, in Down, is another mine worked in a moderate way. In Ardmore, in Waterford, and in Kenmore, in Kerry, are lead mines opened and partially worked. The granite hills of Connemara, in the west of Ireland, which look out upon the Atlantic, are full of lead ore; but as yet enterprise has not reached that romantic solitude. This remark applies to the towering mountains which surround the counties of Donegal and Sligo. The flat interior of Ireland is full of lead ore; but the expense of draining is at present too great to admit a profitable return. In Kilkenny, Longford, and Kildare counties, lead has been found and partially exhausted. In 1833, a lead mine of great value was discovered in the county of Clare, proved to be in quality the richest in Europe; for the ore yields seventy-seven per cent. of lead, and fifteen ounces of *silver* to each ton. This treasure lies imbedded in a boggy field. Indeed, all the lead of Ireland is more or less imbued with silver, which was but very lately discovered. Formerly, says Dr. Kane, Irish lead was deemed brittle and inferior, and sold at a depressed rate. It was purchased by foreign miners, who *extracted the silver* it contained, (the cause of its brittleness,) and sent it back to the Irish markets *purified* of its valuable dross. Now, however, the silver is extracted by the Irish miners on the spot; and, while their lead bears the highest price in the English markets, the silver found in the ore increases their profits and rewards their enterprise. In some instances, from twenty to one hundred and twenty ounces of silver per ton of lead have been extracted. The copper, lead, silver, and sulphur, raised and exported from Ireland, amounts, at present, to about five hundred thousand pounds (two millions five hundred thousand dollars) per annum; and this industrial enterprise, after a long season of civil war, has been resumed with serious activity only within the last twenty years. Twenty years more will, it is hoped, exhibit a striking advancement.

*Gold.*— I have repeatedly noted, in the early pages of this work, the profuse wear of gold which attended the early pageants of kings and chieftains. There is no doubt upon any man's mind who has made Ireland his study, whether historian, antiquarian, or geologist, that mines of

gold were worked in Ireland many, many ages ago. The laws of primogeniture which were introduced by the English conferred, most unjustly, on the lord of the soil a right to all the coins, metals, and mines found beneath the surface. For this reason, when any deposits of ancient coins or ornaments were found by the country people, they were melted down in secret, and sold to the gold and silver smiths. Notwithstanding the destructive action of such a custom upon our ancient relics, abundant has been preserved (now in the London and Dublin Museums) of art and curiosities to establish the general assertion as to the plentifulness of gold in Ireland in past ages, and the great skill also of the workmen. The most celebrated of the gold mines were that in Wicklow, and that near Ross, in the county of Wexford, in which the royal mint of Leinster was once established. But these mines, though not altogether exhausted, have not been worked in latter years. It appears that, some forty years ago, a new protrusion of golden ore was discovered by the country people in the glen and stream beds of *Croghan Kinshela*, in the county of Wicklow. Lumps of the purest gold, connected, in some instances, with cakes of iron and stone, were washed down into the valleys by the rains. The country people gathered it, washed out the pure ore from the matrix incrustations in which it tumbled down, sold it to the goldsmiths of Dublin, and thus, for some years, realized a considerable wealth, which diffused itself among the common people. But the British government, ever jealous of the slightest advance of Irishmen beyond the level of serfs, seized upon the district in the name of the king, and commenced, upon a grand scale, the exploration of the gold beds and the realization of the ore. After the prosecution of this dominant enterprise for two years, the government found, at an immense expense, that the native ore of Ireland spurned their unholy hands, for, in a little time, it totally disappeared! and they were obliged to relinquish the pursuit. The collection of it has again fallen into the hands of the country people, who occasionally find some little prize to reward their industry.— This circumstance calls to my mind one of a kindred character, related by *Shaw Mason*, in his descriptive and statistical work on Ireland. The Protestant parson of a certain parish on the Wexford coast, at one time took it into his head to establish a *tithe tax* on the herrings and other fish caught by the poor fishermen within his ecclesiastical dominion. His reverence demanded, for his spiritual services, the tenth part of all their fish. It was a thing unheard of before. The former parson sought it not. The claim was resisted, and a tithe war in the heretofore peaceful district was, of course, the natural consequence. While the war was raging between the spiritual missionary

and his flock, the case was settled, not by lawyers or soldiers, both of whom were occupied in the affair, but *by the herrings; for they absolutely and totally abandoned that part of the coast.*

*Tin.* — Dr. Kane says that the occurrence of tin stone in Ireland is of very considerable importance, as this metal, indispensable in the arts, and of high price, is one of the most valuable elements of mineral industry. Hitherto it has been only disseminated through the auriferous soil of Wicklow; no workable deposits of it having been met with.

*Various Minerals.* — *Manganese* is found in Howth, in the vicinity of Dublin, in Wicklow; but especially in Glandore, on the southern coast of the county of Cork, where the ore is the true peroxide. The earth magnesia (Epsom salts) so much used in medicine and manufactures, is prepared from a mineral, called *dolomite*, of which, remarks Dr. Kane, there are vast quantities in Ireland. It is sent to Glasgow in the rough stone, and there manufactured; but no use is made of it at home. *Antimony* is found in the lead mines of Clare county, and is of peculiar and *unequaled* quality. It consists of sulphuret of antimony, united to sulphuret of lead, naturally united in the same proportions as they are in the manufacture of printing types, so that this ore, when smelted, would give a natural type metal. The minerals of *nickel*, *chrome*, *arsenic*, and *bismuth*, have been found near Armagh. They are manufacturing copperas in Tyrone, from the copper pyrites found there; and there are materials for its manufacture in many other parts of Ireland.

The production of *sulphur* has latterly been a source of great profit to the inhabitants of the romantic vale of Avoca, in the county of Wicklow — a vale rendered immortal by the classical pen of Moore. The development of this new enterprise in Ireland arose in the following way: In the year 1836, the government of Naples placed an exorbitant price on the sulphur with which the manufacturers of England had previously been supplied from the volcanic districts of Sicily; they were driven to find a substitute at a cheaper rate, and thus had recourse to the copper and iron pyrites found so plentifully in Wicklow. It was found that these produced thirty per cent. of sulphur ore, of the best quality. The demand set in, and the quantity sent to England from that favored locality amounted soon to one hundred thousand tons per annum. Although, from the relaxation of the Neapolitan tariff, the English market has been again contested by Sicilian sulphur, yet the sulphur mines of Wicklow, which appear to be inexhaustible, promise employment to the spirited people of that region for centuries.

*Alum.* — It appears the Tipperary coal mountains, and those running



beyond forty miles, on the western shore of the counties of Kerry and Clare, present, according to Kane, the very best pyritic shales in Europe, and the most extensive, too, for the manufacture of alum.

*Potter's Clay.* — The *Mourne* mountains, in the county of Down, possess decomposed granite, or *kaolin*, similar to that of Cornwall, from which all the English pottery and delf are made. At Kilranelagh, near Baltinglass, similar clay is found, and also in Wicklow, Carlow, and Wexford. And here it may be noted, that it was an Irishman (Mr. Frye) who introduced the manufacture of porcelain into England. See "FRYE," in my biographical sketches (Lecture 22.) Dr. Kane says, "No person has yet essayed the manufacture of China clay in this country. The materials for it appear, from all evidence, to exist abundantly." Large quantities of pipe-clay have been exported to England from near Cahir, in Tipperary, but no use has ever been made of it at home. In Roscommon county, similar qualities of clay have been found, from which the country people have begun to manufacture rude tobacco pipes.

*Fire Clay.* — In nearly all the coal-fields of Ireland, the coal is bedded in clay, admirably fitted for furnace purposes, making fire blocks, tiles, and crucibles, of the best quality, equal, and by Griffith thought to be superior, to those made of *Stourbridge* clay. Mr. Mallet produced some crucibles at the Board of Trade made of this clay, which he assured the committee were found better for his melting purposes than any ever imported from England. For the manufacture of China and glass, there are abundant materials all over Ireland. The chalk of Antrim contains abundance of flints. The great masses of quartz in Donegal and Mayo, on Howth and Bray Hills, and capping various mountains, afford an unlimited supply.

In the mountains of Donegal, there is sand of unequalled purity. It is purely white, chemically pure, excelling, in this respect, the fine sand of the south of England. In several of the bays of Donegal, the sand thrown up by the Atlantic is singularly pure and fine, and very well fitted for the glass manufacturers. Fine crystalline sand, prized for polishing and whetting, is found at Lough Grana and Lough Conra.

*Stone, Slate.* — The plenteousness of stone of all kinds in Ireland, for building purposes, is so notorious that I shall not dwell upon it. In Wicklow and Killaloe, slate quarries abound, and are partially worked. Slates of eight to ten feet square are produced from the quarry of Killaloe. That alone has latterly produced ten thousand tons of slate per annum, and is gradually progressing; for the quarry covers an area of twenty square

miles. Valentia quarry, in the extreme south, produces slabs or flags thirty feet long, and six to twelve inches thick. These are bought for the London market. Slate quarries are worked at Clonakilty and Kinsale.

*Marble.*—There is marble found in every county of Ireland. That of Kilkenny and Galway is, perhaps, the most beautiful and celebrated. The Kilkenny marble, when first cut, is quite black; but, in the process of manufacture, beautiful white streaks are found all through it. That of Galway is marked with gray streaks, takes a splendid ebony polish, and is in great demand in Dublin, London, and New York, for chimney-pieces. A considerable trade is carried on in this article, from the port of Galway, where the marble is brought from the quarries, near Lough Corrib. Near Armagh is found a marble speckled with red, brown, and golden tints, not very inferior to the Parian marble of Italy. A similar marble, variegated with yellow and purple, occurs at Churchtown, near Cork. The primitive limestones of Connemara and Donegal supply pure white marble; in Kerry there is black and white variegated marble; in Down, Tipperary, and other places, it is black; near Shannon harbor, beautiful black and dove color are found; green and white marble is found in abundance at Clifden, in Connemara, which is exported in great quantities.

Dr. Kane, at the conclusion of his interesting chapter on minerals, remarks as follows:—

“It results, from these inquiries, that by far the greater portion of this island is constituted of mineral formations, analogous to those of the principal mining districts of England and of the continent of Europe; that in almost every quarter, valuable deposits of the more important metals, rocks, and minerals have been found, and the quantity of ores raised and sold is annually on the increase. In many cases, mines and quarries, formerly abandoned, are now being worked with advantage, owing to increase of economy and skill.”

<i>Agriculture and Population.</i> —The population of Ireland, in 1841, was . . . . .		<u>8,173,966</u>
Of these, there were employed,		
In agriculture, . . . . .	5,466,743	
In trade and manufactures, . . . . .	1,953,688	
In other pursuits, (including the idle aristocracy,) . . . . .	<u>813,535</u>	
		8,173,966

Ireland is cut up into

306,913	farms, from	1 to	5	acres each.
251,128	“	“	5 to 15	“ “
78,954	“	“	15 to 30	“ “
48,312	“	“	above 30	“ “
<hr/>				
Total,	685,309	“		

The average sizes of the farms are computed by Dr. Kane thus:—

In Leinster,	29	acres each.
In Munster,	23	“ “
In Ulster,	14	“ “
In Connaught,	14	“ “

The agricultural laborers are mostly Catholics; the aristocracy, are Episcopalian Protestants; and about one third of those engaged in manufactures and trade are Presbyterians. The Episcopalians number about six hundred thousand; the Presbyterians and all other dissenters, about the same figure; and the remainder, or *seven millions*, are Catholics; half of these are females, and half of the other half are able-bodied men, — say one million seven hundred and fifty thousand, who are now laborers, but who could, in an incredibly short time, (a month,) and at a small expense, (one shilling each,) the price of a pike blade, be converted into an armed army. They labor on the land at an average rate of seven pence a day, (fourteen cents,) and most of them have somebody belonging to them, — wife, children, father, mother, sister, or brother, to support, and *do* support, from this pittance, as well as they can.\*

It would be a waste of time to go into a description of the productive qualities of the soil. I once heard Cobbett (and he was a profound agriculturist) say, in a public lecture, that “one acre of ordinary Irish land would yield as much produce for the sustenance of man, as two acres of the ordinary land of England.” Arthur Young, the secretary of the English Board of Agriculture, says, “You must examine into the soil before you can believe that a country which has so beggarly an appearance can be so rich and fertile.” It may well be described, for

\* The government poor-law commissioners have found that the average wages of the agricultural laborers of Ireland, the year round, is two shillings and six pence (or sixty American cents) *a week*. Now, the average wages of the laborers of the United States is at least sixty cents *a day*, where provisions of every sort are for *half* the price they are in Ireland. Thus a common laborer will earn more in *six hours*, in the United States, than in *six days* in Ireland. And this is, perhaps, the most practical measure which can be used, to mark the difference between rational liberty and selfish slavery.

its great fertility, in the words of Willis, “the Eden of the west of Europe.” Its total area is but twenty and a half millions of acres, of which *three* are bog, and *three* and a half lake and mountain; leaving fourteen million acres to produce support for a teeming population of about eight and a half millions; \* the half of which is torn from them annually by an absentee proprietary and an absentee government. Beneath and nearly throughout its verdant surface is a broad bed of lime-stone, an eternal purifier and reproducer of its soil. For two hundred miles across its centre, the majestic Shannon courses in swelling tides, seasonably overflowing, for many miles, the neighboring banks that lie upon its sides, annually depositing, like the bountiful Nile, nourishment for perpetual harvests. It is girt all around by the fresh and bounding Atlantic, whose vapory spray dancing over its surface, from shore to shore, — purifying with its salty impregnation, and irrigating by its gentle moisture, — creates an herbage for man and beast, sweeter and healthier than any other land of the whole earth.

It is indeed a most fruitful land, unequalled in the world, supplying not only its own crowding population with food, but the one third of all that is consumed in the manufacturing districts of England; as may be seen by one year’s return of its general exports, which I transfer from Wade’s History of England. If in one pound of bone there is nutriment for twenty-eight pounds of wheat or two hundred and fifty pounds of potatoes, (as alleged by Dr. Kane,) we may, by this standard, estimate the annual loss to the soil of Ireland of all the cattle annually exported. If their bones were returned to Ireland when the flesh was eaten by our English taskmasters, it would, to some extent, replenish the soil; but even the bones are ground up and spread over the barren soil of England, to nourish its agriculture; otherwise its inhabitants would actually hunger from deficient harvests.

*Exports from Ireland to England in the Year 1835, (since which date no account has been kept.)*

Cows and oxen, number, . . . . .	98,150	Flour, in cwts. of 112 lbs., . . .	1,984,480
Horses, ditto, . . . . .	4,655	Potatoes, ditto, . . . . .	223,398
Sheep, ditto, . . . . .	125,452	Bacon and hams, ditto, . . . . .	379,111
Swine, ditto, . . . . .	376,191	Beef and pork, ditto, . . . . .	370,172
Wheat, in quarters, . . . . .	420,522	Butter, ditto, . . . . .	827,000
Barley, ditto, . . . . .	168,946	Lard, ditto, . . . . .	70,267
Other grain, ditto, . . . . .	39,637	Eggs, number of . . . . .	52,244,800

\* The births in Ireland preponderate over the deaths at the rate of 1000 a day About 200,000 persons emigrate every year, the half of whom come to America.

Ditto, in boxes,.....	13,000	Cotton, yards,.....	1,039,068
Feathers, cwts.,.....	6,432	Cotton yarn, lbs., .....	13,458
Hides and calf-skins, number,...	57,657	Linen, yards, .....	70,209,572
Wool, lbs.,.....	764,184	Silk manufacture, yards,.....	8,400
Flax and tow, cwts.,.....	163,499	Woollen manufacture, ditto, ...	100,294
Lead and copper ore, cwts.,....	477,650	Other articles, value,.....	£369,294
Spirits, gallons,.....	459,473	Foreign and colonial produce } re-exported, }	110,489
Beer and porter,* ditto,.....	2,686,680	Value of the above in sterling money,.....	£16,693,685.

The English authority from whom I take this return, estimates the money value of that year's exports (1835) at the enormous sum of sixteen million six hundred and ninety-three thousand six hundred and eighty-five pounds sterling, or SEVENTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS; but it is much more. The cost of Irish labor in producing all this property is below the standard rate of labor upon the face of the earth — less than the average rendered to the American slaves in the south, or those belonging to the aristocracy of Russia.

It is a well-established theorem in political economy, that a nation really gains nothing by exporting and importing. Such traffic is a wear and tear on the community. With the exception of France, England, and perhaps one or two of the German states, who send abroad their manufactured trifles, with which they manage to pay foreigners for all the commodities they require of them, no nation gains any thing by export. A large export and import is a tax upon the industrial classes. An aristocracy creates the chief imports of a nation, by giving birth to artificial wants, investing the gratification of them with a species of honor, and to supply which the mass of the people are compelled to toil like slaves, and yield up the most valuable products of their soil and labor.

But in the case of Ireland, where the food of the people forms the chief material of export, where the workman is paid at the very lowest standard for the rudest kind of labor, where the produce is shipped away in its raw and least profitable state, and where, finally, the chief part of it is required to pay a foreign aristocracy, and the interest of a foreign fraudulently-contracted debt, the producers receiving neither necessaries nor luxuries in return, — then, indeed, an export trade of the

\* The item of porter is understated. The house of Guinness & Co. alone exports five million gallons annually. Nor has Wade included the vast quantities of fish caught round the coasts and in the rivers, which resource is now, by the aid of parliamentary bonuses monopolized by English and Scottish fishing companies. The Irish fish ought to be credited five hundred thousand pounds per annum.

most injurious kind that can possibly be conceived is established. As well might a people bring the rich produce of their fields once a year to the sea-side, and throw it to the fishes, as to continue an export trade on such a principle.

Ireland draws from England full nine millions' worth of her manufactured articles, and while the wages paid for producing the *eighteen* millions of Irish produce does not exceed five millions of money, the wages and profits afforded to the English population on the manufactures taken by Ireland exceed six millions, most of which Ireland can realize by manufacturing for herself. In familiar language, the labor of one Englishman pays for the labor of three Irishmen; and this may be illustrated by the value imparted by skill and labor to three or four of the leading articles of common consumption.

A pound of cotton, which costs the Lancashire manufacturer about 7d., by spinning it into cotton yarn, is worth 15d.; by weaving it into common calico, 25d.; by printing it, 40d.; by spinning it into fine muslin thread, 500d.; by spinning it into lace thread, 2000d.; by weaving it into fine lace and other fineries, 5000d.

A pound of wool, bought in Ireland (and the woollen fibre of Ireland is the whitest, easiest cleansed, and most enduring of any in the world) at 12d., when manufactured into cloth, stuffs, or blankets, in England, is worth 60d.; when mixed with Saxony wool, and manufactured into fine cloth, 120d.; manufactured into curtain merino, or worsted, or coach trimmings, 200d.; when mixed as the basis of cashmeres, mousseline de laines, or hats, 500d.

A ton of clay, brought from Cornwall to Staffordshire, with a due proportion of flint, brought from the *Mourne* Mountains, in Ireland, costs about £18; manufactured into common pottery, it is worth £200; into house delf, £500; into China, &c., £1000.

The quantity of cast iron, worth £1 sterling, becomes worth the following sums, when converted into

Ordinary machinery, . . . . .	£ 4
Larger ornamental work, . . . . .	45
Buckles, . Berlin work, . . . . .	660
Neck chains, " " . . . . .	1386
Shirt buttons, " " . . . . .	5896

The quantity of bar iron, worth £1 sterling, becomes, when formed into

Horseshoes, worth . . . . .	£ 2 10s.
Knives, (table,) . . . . .	36 0

Needles, . . . . .	£ 71 0
Penknife blades, . . . . .	657 0
Polished buttons and buckles, . . . . .	897 0
Balance springs of watches, . . . . .	50,000 0

Now, these are the chief articles of demand in all civilized nations. Ireland consumes of the cotton manufacture of England near three millions' worth a year; of English woollen goods, two millions; of iron manufactures, two millions and a half; of delf and China, about half a million. These eight millions create a profit for English artisans, capitalists, and land-owners, of at least five millions per annum, and a loss to the same classes in Ireland of an equal amount.

With all these rare natural advantages, the manufactures of Ireland were, in 1840, in a most miserable state. The genius of British government for so many centuries in Ireland, its wars of oppression, its crippling legislation, its suppression of education, its taxation monopolies, and neglect, had reduced the intellectual, the moral and the physical energy of the people to a woful state of despondency. We may take our criterion from the trifling number of persons employed in the production of the leading articles of manufacture in all Ireland at the formation of the Board of Trade in 1840.

The manufacture of broadcloths and fine woollens employed, in all Ireland, nine hundred persons; average weekly wages, twelve shillings.

The manufacture of silk poplin and tabinet gave employment to one hundred persons; average weekly wages, ten shillings.

There were only four glass factories in all Ireland, employing six hundred persons; average weekly wages, eighteen shillings.

The manufacture of fine hats employed forty persons; average weekly wages, twenty-two shillings.

Machine hosiery employed three hundred and fifty persons; average weekly wages, eight shillings.

The manufacture of carpets (one factory) employed seven persons; average weekly wages, fifteen shillings.

The manufacture of cutlery employed about fifty persons; average weekly wages twenty-five shillings.

Ship-building employed six hundred persons; average weekly wages, twenty-five shillings.

The ribbon, tape, and trimming manufacture was completely annihilated. There were three manufactories of thread. Only six hand looms were working on velvet, and but three or four pin factories in the whole island. It is true, the linen manufacture had been com-

paratively in healthy activity in the north of Ireland, and is steadily advancing; and it may here be noted that it is an historical fallacy to attribute the introduction of flax or its manufacture into Ireland to Englishmen. The Irish, as has already been stated, cultivated flax long before the birth of Christ; for it was introduced by the early settlers from the valley of the Nile, where it had, in the course of many previous ages, been cultivated by the Egyptians. The flax annually grown in Ireland is estimated to be thirty-six thousand four hundred and sixty-five tons, worth fifty-five pounds per ton, equal to two millions of pounds sterling; the linen exported, to four millions; and that consumed in Ireland, to about as much. From some of this flax the most beautiful cambric is manufactured. Connected with this matter, the following interesting page from Dr. Kane's inestimable work is appropriate: —

“Mr. William Blakely, a tenant of the Dean of Dromore, on the town land of Corcelany, near Waringstown, grew, last season, three statute acres (about 1a. 3r. 16p. Irish measure) of flax, which he managed strictly according to the directions of the ‘*Society for the Improvement of the Growth of Flax in Ireland*.’ The produce of this field has been recently purchased for 15s. per stone, by Messrs. M’Murray and Henning, of Waringstown, the eminent cambric manufacturers, who say *it is equal, if not superior, to any flax they ever saw before*, and that they have given 36s. per stone for foreign flax, of an inferior quality.

“A large portion of this flax has been delivered to Messrs. M’Murray and Co.; but some still remains to be dressed by the celebrated machinery of Mr. Henry, of Keady. Should this part be as productive as that already furnished, the entire produce of the three acres will be 120 stones; which, at 15s., will give to the farmer £90; but he has a *certainty* of 100 stones, which will realize him £75.

“This flax is now in process of conversion into cambric pocket handkerchiefs; it is capable of being spun to thirty hanks to the pound, and is to be spun by hand. Mark, now, the employment this will give.

“It will give constant employment, for twelve months, to 158 women to spin it; eighteen weavers will be occupied a like period in weaving it; and it will employ forty women for a year to hemstitch (or vein) the handkerchiefs, thus giving constant employment, for twelve months, to 210 persons.

“It is curious to trace the result of the process which this flax is now undergoing. It will produce 210 webs of cambric, each web containing five dozen handkerchiefs; each dozen will be worth 50s., and the entire, when finished, will be worth £2600.

“If arguments in favor of the Flax Improvement Society were needed, the case specified in the above letter would furnish them. The farmer alluded to was induced to try what he could do in the way of growing flax, by reading a small tract issued by this society, which accidentally fell into his hands. The land on which he sowed the seed was the most barren part of his farm.”



But, after all, what is the fact? The little Scotch town of Dundee manufactures as much linen for export as all Ireland. The Scotch and English linen, however, it should be noted, is made partly of cotton and partly of flax, a mixture called "union linen," and is sold in the United States for "Irish;" but latterly the fraud has become, to some extent, known, and buyers are more cautious in their selections. The linen so manufactured does not wear near so well as the genuine Irish linen. After all, I repeat it, the linen manufacture is miserably below what it ought to be in Ireland.

The manufacture of wheaten flour and oatmeal had been gradually on the increase. As it is nearly all produced by water-moved machinery, and the raw material is brought fresh from the grower to the mills, it generally equalled, and frequently excelled, the best brands made in England. This was a manufacture that, like the linen, was greatly encouraged by the Irish parliament, whose nurturing policy blooms and blossoms in the successful progress of this great branch of industry.

As for canal and railway communication, it will be only necessary to glance at a comparative table of this branch of national enterprise in England and Ireland, to enable us to see the real condition of the latter.

There are at present in operation in England one thousand seven hundred and thirty-two miles of railway. In Ireland there is but *sixty-four miles*, and till within the last year, but eight miles. Total miles of

Railway, . . . . .	England, . . .	1742;	. . .	Ireland, . . .	64 :
Canals, . . . . .	England, . . .	2678;	. . .	Ireland, . . .	362 :
Navigable Rivers,	England, . . .	1820;	. . .	Ireland, . . .	380 :

though the area and population of England is little beyond one half more than that of Ireland.

Such was the condition of the manufactures of Ireland as surveyed from the Board of Trade. An agitation was created by that board. Meetings were held in the metropolis and neighboring parishes. Pledges were taken by the people to purchase or wear nothing but their own manufactures. An instant, a universal demand for Irish manufactures grew up through all parts of Ireland—a demand which far exceeded the powers of the artisans or the existing machinery to supply. Several mechanics were called home from England, who found immediate employment; many elderly ones were taken from the poor-houses, and set to work on their long-abandoned looms. Four new hat factories were erected. The cloth manufacturers could not supply half the demand. Messrs. Willans sold twenty thousand pounds' worth of their fine cloths

in a few weeks, and had received more orders than they could execute in several months. Country associations in conjunction were formed in Waterford, Limerick, Cork, and Kilkenny, the latter the seat of a blanket manufactory. Orders came pouring into Kilkenny for blankets and coarse woollens, to Mount Mellick for woollen stuffs. A universal emotion animated the people. The press reflected their glowing sentiments. The clergy of every persuasion, most heartily joined in this practical and immediately beneficial movement. O'Connell, his son John, Mr. Fitzsimmons, with all their families, lent the movement their most energetic support. George A. Hamilton, Mr. Butt, and the tory press, were equally encouraging.

It was successful. It was worked, in the commencement, with zeal, energy, and fidelity to Ireland. As a witness to this, I produce the following from among many similar paragraphs which appeared in the Dublin papers of the day, from the Dublin Pilot of February 1, 1841:—

“The ills of Ireland have their origin in the enormous drain for absentee government, absentee proprietors, and absentee manufacturers. We have shown, in another place, that the drain is twenty millions annually, the half of which goes away for manufactures. Now, if one says, ‘To stop half of this drain we must have home legislation,’ we are met directly with, ‘The thing, sir, is impracticable.’ If we urge the utility of home manufacture, we are stopped by another, who says it is a hot-bed cultivation of our resources, pregnant with future ruin. So how are we to proceed? There is no reasoning with slang, and we shall not waste our pages in attempting it. Some three months ago, we believe, the Liberty and its environs were poor and spiritless; the few cloth factories we had were upon less than half time; there was but one hat manufacturer in all Dublin; many trades were altogether extinct; and now what do we find? The woollen factories are working night and day; there are, we hear, three new hat factories established; the hands employed are more than trebled; the silk trade quite animated; and to our own knowledge, the woollen drapers have cloth and velvet bespoke weeks before they get it! And is all this nothing? Did three months of any other agitation ever produce the like results? What! to set hundreds upon hundreds of idle hands at profitable work, to inspirit the public feeling, and to purify the public mind; to give a movement to all Ireland; and to keep the movement steady but animated.—is all this nothing? We have read, with feelings which we shall not describe, attacks made upon the foremost in guiding this movement. But their attacks are understood.

“What question was there that ever benefited so directly the citizens of Dublin? What men, therefore, deserve more from the citizens than those that have produced this grand effect? Prosperity in commerce is the parent of more prosperity.”

Though, doubtless, I shall be condemned by some for allowing *myself* to appear in this History, yet I believe that all just-thinking men will allow that, having done impartial justice to others, I should also be just to myself.

If I have been the organizer of this movement, — if I have been *one*, at least, of its chief propellers, — if I have worked it through the press, and before public meetings, into the public mind, day and night, until it swelled to national dimensions, and commanded national success, yielding employment to thousands who were previously idle, — then I should enjoy the pleasure of relating it to the growing youth of Ireland, to show what can be done in each locality by resolute and unwearied exertion.

But I was separated from that board in three months after it was thus placed upon an eminence to direct the nation. Certain persons connected with the government plotted my removal. The managers of the board were weak, were deceived, and I was dismissed. I do not blame them. They were promised the countenance of the court and the aristocracy, for their manufactures, on moderating their tone and checking the agitation. I was deemed too violent and too coarse for such exalted society. *Honorary* secretaries were appointed to that place which I filled; and, without casting the slightest blame upon the zealous and patriotic president, DOCTOR FLANAGAN, I must say that I was slid from my position in a most delicate but effectual manner. The gentlemen who succeeded me, though possessed of ability and talent very far beyond mine, seem not to have had such good luck in the movement, for in three months from their appointment, the board was dissolved. The excitement which bore it along had subsided.

I shall now bring the reader back to the repeal agitation, from which I was obliged to digress to give him a brief history of the collateral movements, which, in some measure, may be said to have grown from it.

The reader remembers that I described a series of parish, county, and provincial repeal meetings, which were held through Ireland in the year 1840, and the beginning of 1841. The whig lord lieutenant had denounced the agitation, and pledged himself against giving a single appointment to any one connected with it. This was no insignificant damper, when it is remembered that more than *two hundred thousand applications* for government appointments, of one sort or another, were before his excellency, and that all these applicants were influenced, in their relation to repeal, by their hopes and fears concerning the vice-regal dispensations.

In spite of this, the "repeal" had stricken deep in the public heart, and was budding from every mind. The more the question was stirred by the winds of agitation, the more powerful it grew. The government, observing this, did all in their power to draw O'Connell from the question, with the usual delusive promises of "English justice" — a

term, in connection with Ireland, of doubtful meaning, if not a thorough nonentity. Lord Morpeth busied himself that session opposing Lord Stanley, the former offering Ireland a little enlargement of the franchise, the latter endeavoring to diminish it. It was a struggle for place, but not for Ireland, though Ireland was, for the hundredth time, the battle-field of the rival parties. It appeared, by the reform bill, that in England there is one voter for every seventeen of the inhabitants; in Ireland, one voter for every one hundred and fifty. Lord Morpeth's bill tended to make some little way towards assimilating the franchise of both countries. However, the whigs, by the aid of O'Connell and the liberal Irish members, triumphed. Lord Morpeth's bill was carried by a majority of five. The numbers were, for Morpeth's bill, two hundred and ninety-nine; Stanley's, two hundred and ninety-four; majority, five. O'Connell had proposed to bring in a bill to increase the number of Irish members in the imperial parliament, and actually prepared such a bill, proposing to add (I believe) twenty members to those sent to parliament; but the courtesy of allowing this bill a first reading was refused, and that by the whig Lord Morpeth, the Irish mouthpiece of the ministry.

After this, O'Connell surrendered the whigs to their fate. They survived the struggle with the tory party only to the end of the parliamentary session of 1841. Having governed ten years almost on tory principles; having lost the heart and affection of Ireland by their senseless declarations against repeal; having repelled the friendship of the working classes—their parliamentary supporters began to diminish; for, in a few of the elections of that year, caused by deaths or promotions, tories were returned instead of whigs. Beaten in some important divisions, the whigs retired. Sir Robert Peel was sent for, and received from her majesty the premiership of England, which he has retained in uninterrupted possession from that to the present time.

In tracing out the fate of the whig ministry, I was obliged to anticipate my general narrative by a few months.

The repeal agitation, as I have shown, was spreading through all parts of Ireland. It required the incessant repetition of political truths to make the masses understand the true issue. The government press was constant in asserting that, if Ireland insisted on separating from England, England would open her ports to the farmers of the north of Europe and America, and thus cut off the present market enjoyed by Ireland for her agricultural produce. The people were to be undeceived by the active members of the association, who went about preaching political truths and increasing the number of their converts.



think it so, and I quickly formed in my own mind the resolution of going myself among those great-hearted people who had so opportunely put forth their friendly signal. I communicated my design to Mr. Barrett of the Pilot, and two or three other friends, pledging myself to them that, if I landed safe on the shores of America, I would carry the repeal agitation through the length and breadth of that great country. The Boston and Philadelphia addresses arrived in Ireland in April, 1841, and I found myself in New York in the beginning of July — a sort of Wolfe Tone upon a very small scale. Two days after my arrival, I was introduced to the New York Repeal Association, by my valued friend Charles J. Leahy, Esq., of that city. I can never forget the kindness with which I was received, and the affectionate sympathy the New York repealers, old and young, evinced towards Ireland. The venerable Thomas O'Connor was the president of the New York association. In the course of a few weeks, a remittance of a thousand dollars was sent from that city. It was soon followed by a second sum of an equal amount.

Branch associations and an extended agitation were soon organized, and a delegation appointed to bring the western districts under the influence of the repeal agitation. It cannot be over egotistical in me to mention that I entered actively into this duty. I undertook, in fact, a grand tour of the United States, north, west, and south. Being pretty competent to explain to the American public the true issue and nature of the repeal question — I opened the illimitable press of this Union to the cause, and sent forth the case of Ireland upon the bosoms of millions of messengers of truth. I was nobly sustained by my countrymen wheresoever I found them, having no introduction, no appointment, no pomp nor circumstance to give me influence, or obtain me friends. With IRELAND alone upon my card, and her freedom my polar star, I found my way to the confidence and friendship of every class of the citizens of America, from the humblest laborer to the most exalted of her statesmen, the senators, governors, and presidents of her people.

I was more than rewarded in the perilous enterprise by the powerful expression of sympathy which was borne, day after day, tide after tide, from America to Ireland. Her courts of justice and her senatorial halls were thrown open to me to speak in. Her official dignitaries responded to my appeals in eloquent replies and liberal contributions. The tide of sympathy for Ireland gradually swelled across the land, and some of the most exalted men of America were happy to be the unpaid, unbought, undaunted friends of Ireland. Amongst these will never be forgotten the great services of Ex-Governor SEWARD, of New York; Colonel R. M.

JOHNSON, ex-vice-president of the United States; the lamented General ANDREW JACKSON, ex-president; MARTIN VAN BUREN, ex-president; GEORGE WASHINGTON P. CUSTIS, the adopted son of WASHINGTON; J. R. PORTER, ex-governor of Pennsylvania; BUCHANAN, now secretary of state; LE GRAND, Esq., secretary of state of Maryland; Ex-President TYLER, and his son ROBERT TYLER, Esq., of Philadelphia, who, through evil and through good report, has adhered to the cause of an oppressed people; J. W. JAMES, Esq., of Boston, the long, and faithful, and indefatigable friend of Ireland; ISAAC H. WRIGHT, Esq., of Boston, whose enthusiasm in behalf of Ireland is not surpassed by any of her own sons. These, with very many other American statesmen, whose names are recorded in the GREAT BOOK, the *Sanachy More* of the Repeal Association in Dublin, will be ever remembered by the grateful people of Ireland, for whose liberty they have so steadily toiled.

The prominent expression of friendly sentiments by these distinguished men contributed to form throughout America that settled public opinion in favor of Ireland, which was so vividly imbodyed at two general conventions, and at several large gatherings, at one of which—that in the Park at New York, which took place about two and a half years ago, twenty thousand persons were present, from whence an address was sent to France, conjuring the “great nation” to put forth once again the word of sympathy to suffering Ireland. That address was drawn up and signed by MAJOR DEVEZAC, a French officer, who had measured swords with the British at New Orleans; and it was signed also by the Honorable JOHN M’KEON, of New York, and T. W. WYMBES, Esq., of Paris, by whom it was borne and presented to his fellow-citizens, and not without effect, at a public dinner in that city.

It was necessary to glance at the American agitation, which poured itself into the struggle like a stream of liquid fire, ere the reader could come to form an accurate conception of the dimensions of the present agitation in Ireland. Ere I quit this branch of the subject, I shall speak once more, and for the last time, about myself.

I entered on the American agitation without appointment or pay from any society in existence. I am far from saying that the agitation would not have gone on had I never come here; but I may venture to assert that my continuous passing from town to town, from state to state, from meeting to meeting, over the entire surface of society, for more than four years, contributed to keep up that perpetual motion, that perpetual preaching, which is so necessary in the propagation of Christianity, or

temperance, as well as civil liberty. The venerable chief of Ireland, DANIEL O'CONNELL, has noticed my exertions in terms of kindness, while he took care to confirm what I stated on my arrival in New York, namely, that "I was not a delegate from the Dublin Association." Twice he did me the honor to move the special thanks of Ireland to me. The latter vote was sent to me in the following communication from Mr. CREAM, the second secretary of the association : —

"CORN EXCHANGE ROOMS, DUBLIN, Nov. 3, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"In the absence of our respected secretary, Mr. Ray, it becomes my pleasing duty to transmit to you the accompanying vote of thanks, which, on the motion of 'Ireland's Liberator,' passed unanimously at the weekly meeting of the Repeal Association of Ireland, held on last Monday, the 31st ultimo; and to which well-merited compliment to your zealous and most invaluable services in the sacred cause of our suffering country, in the course of your extensive travels through the independent states of liberated America, I will only add my most sincere and ardent hope that, with all true and virtuous Irishmen, you may long live to enjoy the fruits of your patriotism in the regeneration, peace, prosperity, and national glory of your native land.

"I have the honor to be,

"My dear sir,

"Yours most faithfully,

"MARTIN CREAM,

*Sec. pro tem.*"

"THOMAS MOONEY, Esq.

#### RESOLUTION.

"At a meeting of the Loyal National Repeal Association, held in their great rooms, Corn Exchange, Dublin, on Monday, the 31st October, 1842, JOHN THOMAS DEVITT, Esq., barrister at law, in the chair, the following resolution was moved by the Right Honorable DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P., Lord Mayor of Dublin, seconded by acclamation, and unanimously adopted : —

"Resolved, *That the secretary be requested to convey to THOMAS MOONEY, Esq., the grateful thanks of the Loyal National Repeal Association of Ireland, for his zealous services in collecting the repeal rent in America, in attending so many repeal meetings, and in detailing at length the VIEWS, OBJECTS, HOPES, AND WISHES, OF THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.*

"JOHN THOMAS DEVITT, *Chairman.*

"MARTIN CREAM, *Secretary pro tem.*"



We shall now return to the agitation in Ireland. The reader will remember that, in 1841, the whig ministry, being closely measured in the house of commons, and frequently outvoted by the tories, came to the resolution of dissolving parliament, and trying the sentiment of the country by a new election. This step was energetically urged by T. B. Macaulay, who was then secretary of war, and a member of the cabinet. The election took place in the autumn of 1841. The tories raised the No-Popery cry, squandered unprecedented sums of money in bribery, exercised the terrors of landlord intimidation to an unheard-of extent, and were successful in obtaining many seats previously occupied by supporters of the whig government. The new parliament met in the winter. It was seen that the whigs were in a minority in the house of commons. They resigned, and the queen then sent for Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, who formed that ministry, tory all through, which has continued in office from that period to the present. The chief men of this government were Sir Robert Peel, premier; Lord Lyndhurst, lord chancellor; Sir James Graham, home secretary; Lord Stanley, colonial secretary; Lord Aberdeen, foreign secretary; Mr. Goulburne, chancellor of the exchequer; Earl De Grey, lord lieutenant of Ireland; Lord Elliot, secretary of state; Sir E. Sugden, lord chancellor of Ireland; T. B. C. Smith, attorney-general.

Sir Robert Peel, who now fills so large a space in the world's eye, served his apprenticeship in politics in Ireland. His father was a working cotton-weaver, who, by a fortunate acquaintanceship and partnership with Arkwright, the barber, who invented the spinning-jenny, became the richest and most extensive manufacturer in England. Sir Robert was well educated at Eton and Oxford; and, when a young man, was forced into parliament for the Irish borough of Cashell, though he never saw its old rock. Soon after, about 1814, he was made secretary of Ireland, thence secretary of the home department, and finally premier of England.

The Irish corporate reform bill took effect in October of this year, (1841.) It was the chief prize wrung from England by the previous five years' agitation; and valuable as these years undoubtedly were in the age of a people, and doubly valuable in the advanced age of their chief, then approaching his seventieth year, still it must be confessed that the attainment of the Irish corporations by the repealers was a solid gain of sufficient import to repay the time lost in coaxing and bullying for it; for by these tactics was it won. To get possession of the corporations, and to get the bench filled with honest judges, O'Connell gave the whigs his hearty support. He was content to let his personal friends, and some of his nearest relatives, accept office from them; he was con-

tent to lose some of his popularity in England, to incur the universal hostility of the chartists, who condemned him for his thick-and-thin support of the whigs, — of the virulent hostility of the tory press of England and Ireland, — to hazard the loss of the deep-felt affection of some of his own impatient countrymen, who regarded the experiment as far too long and wasting: he made all these sacrifices to keep the great whig party of England on his side, and with their aid he rooted the old nests of toryism from every city and town in Ireland, conferring the whole power on the people.

I have alluded to this triumph in previous pages, but I cannot exaggerate its importance. These corporations, for three hundred years past, had been the nurseries of bigotry, jobbing, and speculation, and formed the garrisons of English domination in Ireland. They offered a nucleus in the midst of each chief district, where the county bigot, and the town speculator, and the English tyrant, joined in design to pillage the surrounding people. For two hundred years, this was effected by arms, by simple robbery, with murder. For the last hundred years, it was effected by legislation, by coercion, insurrection acts, and by corrupt taxation. The grand juries through the counties were extended branches of the corporations. Unlimited taxation, profligate expenditure, bigotry, and cruelty, were the emphatic characteristics of the county and the city corporations. These formed that hue which they imparted to every transaction. Linked with these in sympathy, interest, and cruelty, was the monster corporation, the church establishment, whose pastors, in one great family, cohered with political corruption, and invited English arms to uphold it.

The town corporations were possessed of enormous property, which had, in the progress of time, accumulated in value. It consisted of houses, lands, water privileges, customs, and the uncontrollable power to tax the inhabitants, the great majority of whom, being Catholics, were excluded from any office, and from the power of voting for any officer. This vast patronage and wealth was enjoyed by one party for three hundred years. The American reader acquainted with corporate jobbing, even under the very eye of freedom, may conceive the extent of that corruption which had been reduced to a permanent reproductive system by the vilest ingenuity.

The corporation of Dublin levied annual taxes on the citizens to the extent of between forty and fifty thousand pounds sterling per annum; besides which, their real estate in houses and lands, and rent charges, amounted to some ten thousand per annum. Here was an annual fund

of a *quarter of a million of dollars*, which the corporate reform bill put into the management of the popular party, that is, the repealers of Dublin. The wealth and patronage of Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Wexford, Galway, Athlone, Sligo, Tralee, Drogheda, Dundalk, Newry, &c., bore, according to population, a fair proportion to that of Dublin. The corporations of Belfast, Derry, Armagh, and Coleraine, are still under anti-repealers, and I leave them out of calculation. From a rough estimate, I find that the annual outlay at the disposal of these other towns and cities amounts to near one hundred and ten thousand pounds, to which add Dublin, and we have full one hundred and fifty thousand pounds per annum wrested from the hands of a power subservient to England, and placed at the disposal of the Irish repealers.

O'Connell foresaw this great advantage. The outlay of so much money every year would, he knew, naturally convert hundreds of thousands of those who believe in money, and in little else, to the doctrine of nationalty; and besides, there was the additional influence of honors and distinctions which this bill put into the hands of repealers to bestow. All these advantages, as subsequent events abundantly have proved, were well worth the pains and time expended in obtaining them.

I will not attempt to describe the preparations, the bustle, the struggles, which preceded and attended the corporate elections of 1841, when, for the first time in three hundred years, (with the exception of the three or four years of James the Second's reign,) all religious tests in Irish corporations were abolished, and their privileges, honors, and emoluments, thrown open to the householders of towns and cities. Great indeed was this excitement through the kingdom. Repealers were generally preferred by the people. The town council of Dublin consists of *sixty*. The great majority returned under the new bill were Catholics and repealers, and their first act was to elect DANIEL O'CONNELL the LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

This was a triumph which made the very heart of Ireland leap with joy. November the 1st, 1841, the day on which this animating ceremony took place, was one of rapturous joy to the citizens of Dublin. William Street, in which the municipal assembly house is situated, was literally blocked up, from an early hour of the day, with human beings, and every avenue to it crowded so that hardly any vehicle could pass. The carriage of the Liberator with great difficulty was forced slowly through the applauding crowd. The popular members, as they entered,

were loudly cheered, and all persons in the vast gathering behaved with decorum and kindness.

At length O'CONNELL, the Catholic, the repeal agitator, the active and unceasing enemy, for forty years, of the old bigoted corporation of Dublin, the first Catholic admitted to the honor since the days of James the Second, came out upon the platform erected before a window of the assembly house, robed in the insignia of his office as LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN. The moment he was recognized, a shout arose which rang through the heavens. It was echoed and reëchoed, for it was the hearty ebullition of men who now felt themselves emancipated, of men who had that moment broken and cast the shackles from their limbs which had bound them for centuries. They beheld their beloved chief clothed in the habiliments of those, whom, by his valor, eloquence, energy, and patriotism, he had vanquished and overthrown. There was scarce a man in that vast crowd who did not feel the victory his own, the glory his own. The triumphant chief addressed his countrymen with good-humor and wisdom. His first words, jocularly alluding to his robes of office, which consisted of purple velvet, trimmed with fur and lace, silk stockings, knee and shoe-buckles, with shoulder-knots of satin, large gold chain, &c., &c., were,—"Boys, do you know me?" which conveyed to the vast crowd, in that keen drollery for which the Irish people are proverbial, the idea of his triumphant metamorphosis. Having addressed them on the victories they had achieved, and on the necessity of a new and more vigorous agitation for repeal, he dissolved the congregated mass, and each returned to his home, pleased with the glory of that memorable day.

Very soon after this day of joy, another, no less remarkable for novel incidents, full of historical interest, succeeded. The new lord mayor and the Catholic members of the corporation determined to assist, on the Sabbath, at the holy sacrifice of the mass in the Church of the Conception, Marlborough Street. But the bigoted legislators of the British parliament, foreseeing such a contingency, had previously taken care to impose a penalty of £100, and the forfeiture of office, on any mayor or other member of a corporation in Ireland, who appeared at Catholic worship in his robes of office. O'Connell was determined to "drive his coach and six," as he termed it, through this bigoted enactment. Accordingly he was driven in the city state coach, followed by nearly all the members of the corporation, Catholic and Protestant, who formed a splendid procession, from his own house to the cathedral. The streets and houses, to the very tops, were lined with human beings. Horse

and foot police were in attendance, to keep the entrance to the church open. The excitement and enthusiasm was indeed beyond my powers or limits to describe. Arrived at the church door, the lord mayor deliberately unrobed his person of his velvet gown, cocked hat, and chain, laying them on a table placed at the outer porch for their reception. The other members did the like. Two ecclesiastics, of superior rank, waited at the church door to receive the chief of Catholic Ireland. They conducted him, one on each side, to the front of the grand altar, where there was a *throne* erected for his use; thus tendering him the ceremonial of respect which is usually rendered to monarchs in Catholic countries. The religious ceremony of that day was chiefly designed as an offering of thanks to God for the complete emancipation of the Irish Catholics. It was indeed a memorable ceremony, and brought before us a vivid picture of the ancient coronation of the Christian monarchs of Ireland in the archiepiscopal church of Armagh. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Dr. Miley; and, at the conclusion, the lord mayor and his official associates returned to the door, where they again robed themselves in their civic insignia, and proceeded to their homes, amid the joyous plaudits of a hundred thousand people. And thus the miserable bigotry of the framers of the corporate reform bill was contemptuously defeated, amid the jeers of the whole Irish nation.

Soon after these brilliant demonstrations took place, the *Earl de Grey*, the new tory lord lieutenant, the representative of the Peel ministry, arrived in Dublin.

It is customary for a new lord lieutenant to hold a grand levee soon after his arrival. Lord de Grey's levee took place in December, 1841, and was attended by the entire circle of the tory aristocracy of Ireland, including the bench of bishops, and near three hundred ministers of the Church of England. It was indeed a very great gathering of the titled, wealthy, and influential men of Ireland, belonging to that party. The noble thoroughfare from Trinity College to the castle was literally blocked up with the coroneted equipages of the great; and very curious, and, to the Irish people, very consolatory, was the fact, that all this grand gathering had to remain in the streets until the carriage of Daniel O'Connell, the repeal agitator, their most dreaded enemy, but now lord mayor of Dublin, passed into the area of the castle yard, and until he, according to his legal rights, had been *first* presented to his new excellency. After him the titled crowd, lay and clerical, came before the image of royalty, to absorb its smiles. O'Connell, however, divided the attention of that crowd with the representative of England. It was

a curious scene. In that brilliant apartment were gathered the gilded cormorants of the land, and there was HE, who, for forty years, battled against their concentrated power, now acknowledged by vice-royalty as first in station. He was the observed of all observers; and, to render the glory of his triumph the more distinct, he wore that day the celebrated chain of gold and miniature of William the Third, presented to the mayor of Dublin, by that monarch, soon after the treaty of Limerick. This trophy was bravely won and proudly worn by O'Connell. The circumstance called up the heroic action of the Irish monarch Malachi, who, in the tenth century, won a similar trophy from the Danish invader, so beautifully linked to immortal verse by Moore: —

“Let Erin remember the days of old,  
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,  
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,  
Which he won from her proud invader.”

The festivities, drawing-rooms, and levees of the lord mayor were kept up, during his year of office, with as much splendor as those of Lord de Grey. The hospitalities and evening festivities of the mansion-house were presided over by the accomplished Mrs. Fitzsimons, the talented and highly-gifted daughter of the Liberator.

As to the mayor himself, he never passed a busier year. The business of his office, to superintend the city, and administer justice in his court, to preside over public meetings, would, of itself, be quite enough to employ the whole time of an ordinary mortal; but he had, besides, the Repeal Association to work, and parliament to attend. Many persons in the United States imagined that he must resign his office of mayor, if he attended parliament. But this was not required by any law. Whenever he left Dublin, he appointed a deputy to act in his absence. Others I have heard say, that his salary of mayor was considerable. To this I reply, that he spent during his year of office, *in consequence of that office*, three times the amount which he received.

O'Connell, as lord mayor of Dublin, administered the office in a manner to satisfy all parties. He said, when entering on the duty, that no man should, while he filled the office, be able to discover his politics in the performance of any municipal duty which it became him to perform. And he kept his word. One of the earliest acts of the corporation was to have the statue of William the Third, which stands in College Green, painted in bronze, instead of in orange and blue, as was the custom of the Orange corporation. This change gave satisfaction

to the moderate of all parties. At the conclusion of his busy year of office, he received a *unanimous* vote of thanks from the corporation. Every thing connected with that body was conducted with the greatest harmony and good temper. Mr. Roe, a Protestant, was put in nomination as the succeeding mayor, and he was unanimously elected. The same kindly spirit pervaded the provincial corporations; in all of which it was determined, in imitation of the metropolitan body, to select a Protestant and a Catholic alternately for their chief magistrate, — a rule which continues, and I hope ever will continue; for it works the most beneficial effects in uniting Irishmen in a national and holy brotherhood.

During the summer of 1842, there was a very general apathy in the repeal agitation. The rent, which is always so necessary to feed the flame of agitation, and so unerring as an index of the popular feeling, came in unusually slow — in the merest driblets. The novelty of the new corporation debates, the new dignities attained by many of the repeal agitators, and the lucrative offices, too, which some few of them obtained, served to draw their attention somewhat from repeal to the more immediate victory which they had just won. O'Connell, too, was drawn to London, by the repeated struggles of the great reform party during that session, contending against the tories.

England was at this time in a very excited state. Wales was all but in open rebellion against turnpike tolls, town duties, magistrates, landlords, &c. The queen had been twice shot at, while riding in her carriage, and Mr. Drummond, the secretary of Sir Robert Peel, was assassinated by a Scotchman, who took him for the premier himself. A new and most powerful association had been established in England, denominated the anti-cornlaw league, whose object was the abolition of all duties and taxes on the importation of foreign food. This society was supported by all the manufacturers of England and Scotland, and had established a "rent," or voluntary tax, upon its supporters, which yielded fifty thousand pounds a year, from which lecturers and newspapers were paid, and a system of agitation, modelled from O'Connell's, was established from sea to sea. The chartists were active, sullen, and determined. They had presented a monster petition to the house of commons, setting forth their grievances, demanding the charter, and praying to be heard at the bar of the house in support of their claims. This extraordinary petition was signed by three and a half millions of inhabitants of England and Scotland, and may be supposed to comprehend the great mass of the industrial classes of Great Britain.

*It should ever be borne in mind by Irishmen, with gratitude, that this national petition contained a demand, as part of its prayer, FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.*

Such a significant fact should ever be kept before the Irish people, for it unerringly proclaims that the great majority of the English masses are not inimical to the freedom of Ireland.

Although Sir Robert Peel and his party forced their way to power by means of tory prejudices, tory interests, and the delusive and diabolical cry of "No Popery," yet when, at the summit of their ambition, they surveyed the agitated surface of mighty waters beneath, they found they could not carry on the government of the country on those principles. The minister heard the anti-cornlaw league calling, with a well-disciplined voice, for cheaper food; the rude voice of the chartists, calling for a reorganization of the constitution; the vehement voice of Ireland, demanding repeal and an overthrow of the church establishment; while, at the same time, the treasury of the government was empty, and its revenue unable to meet its expenditures. A policy must be pursued totally different from that connected with those principles on which he scaled the ramparts of Downing Street. Amid all his troubles, Ireland stood before him, as he himself confessed, his "greatest difficulty."

A new policy was found inevitable. And the first symptom of this change was the total abandonment of Lord Stanley's Irish registration bill. The next was the modification of the corn laws, by which the duty on the import of foreign grain was considerably reduced. The next was the admission, at a low duty, of the beef, pork, butter, lard, &c., of foreign nations. The next was an annual tax upon property, real and personal, by which the land and funds were reached to the extent of three and a half millions annually, from which tax Ireland (by the terror of her repealers) was excluded, while those permanent Irish absentees, residing in England, were included in the general schedule of the minister. The next was a reduction of the duty on foreign timber, iron, hemp, drugs, and other leading materials connected with buildings, manufactures, and shipping. These were all measures pregnant with *change*, such as, if proposed by any radical reformer before the triumph of Catholic emancipation, would be deemed "revolutionary"—measures such as the whigs, when in power, had not the courage to propose. All these important concessions to the English people were brought forward in the first and second years of Sir Robert Peel's ministry, and, as we shall see by and by, have been followed up with



concessions more whiggish than even the whigs, when in office, ever proposed.

The system of government adopted in Ireland by Sir Robert Peel was quite different from that which he put into operation in England. Having made those vast concessions — vast for a tory minister — to the English, he naturally felt he could be a little stout in dealing with Ireland. The Orange party, not ostentatiously, but covertly, were exclusively promoted to office, and smiled upon from the vice-regal observatory. Repeal and repealers were checked and discountenanced. The bigotry of the olden days was in some sort revived, by the rampant members of the dominant church, who, now, quartered as a first charge upon the land, thought themselves secure from all future molestation. Spies and informers were again let loose among the people, to irritate and betray. Orange juries were packed in the north, to adjudicate upon riot cases between Protestants and Catholics; and the liberal press, for commenting on the government, was bitterly prosecuted. This was the Irish policy of Peel; and it presents a compact and instructive synopsis of the eternal policy of Britain, in respect to that unfortunate country — one law for England, and another for Ireland. The tories are whigs in England, but tories in Ireland; and the whigs are whigs in England, but still tories in Ireland. Spies and traitors, and press prosecutions, and an infernal system of “detective police,” disgraceful to the worst tyranny existing in Europe, have been as much used by one party as by the other.

During the secretaryship of Lord Morpeth and the “lamented Drummond,” the spy system was carried on in Ireland with a refinement that exceeded the best days of Castlereagh or Peel. Villains, in the pay of the government, were out in all directions among the people, to discover plots and conspiracies. These, of course, to keep themselves in pay and idleness, fomented plots and conspiracies, and boldly prosecuted to transportation their unfortunate victims. But still more insidious — two public taverns were set up in Dublin, at the expense of the Irish government, where secret meetings of Ribbonmen and chartists were held, and where the wretches receiving the government pay were acting as the chief officers. One of these taverns was opened in Little Ship Street, at the lower castle gate; the other was in Henry Street. I know some of the persons who were concerned in both these diabolical houses; and two of the very letters, written by Lord Morpeth himself, to one of those wretches, enclosing him sums of money, (£50 and £30,) were put into my hands, in New York, in the year 1841, which I could easily

identify as his lordship's handwriting, (having some of his letters, addressed to myself, in my possession.) I made copies of these two letters, and published them in the *New York Freeman's Journal*, of September in that year, and, if found expedient, I shall republish them in the appendix to a future edition of this work.

Having whig and tory precedent for the employment of spies, we need not be surprised to find that the Peel government had recourse to such often tried and valued auxiliaries in "government." They were out like hounds. One *Hagan* distinguished himself in the north for his ultra villany. He admitted that, having been arrested on a charge of Ribbonism, he was pardoned, employed by the government as a spy, sent back among the country people, whom he inveigled into the meshes of Ribbonism, swore against, and some of whom he had transported. This fellow was stopped in his infamous career, at the Armagh assizes, in 1842, by the able cross-examination of Mr. *Whiteside*, who afterwards so highly distinguished himself in the "state trials." Mr. *Whiteside*, though belonging to the tory party, was so shocked by the horror of the system of which the infamous *Hagan* was an agent, that, in his address to the jury, he denounced the government in the most eloquent and indignant language.

In the case of some riots which took place in that unhappy part of Ireland, the north, between Orangemen and Catholics, the government lent its protection and countenance to the Orange party. In two of those trials, Catholics were altogether excluded from the juries, by the challenge of the crown prosecutors; and verdicts and punishments were had accordingly. The press attacked the executive for this one-sided administration of the law. The *Belfast Vindicator* and the *Newry Examiner* were singled out by the attorney-general for prosecution. The *Examiner* compromised and explained, but the editor of the *Vindicator*, *CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY*, (now of the *NATION*,) entered the lists with the crown, determined to prove all he had alleged, and employed for counsel the talented Mr. *Whiteside*. The present *Baron Pennefather* tried the case in July, 1842, and *Duffy*, of course, was convicted. But the whig press of England interposed, and the *London Morning Chronicle* actually republished the "libel" from the *Vindicator*, in a leading article of its own, and dared the attorney-general to prosecute. The matter was allowed to drop, the crown not deeming it prudent to call for judgment.

During the summer of 1842, the repeal agitation, as I have before remarked, lagged and halted. The *Liberator* saw that a new effort was

required to rouse the feelings of the people. With this view, he projected a series of provincial meetings in Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and Ulster. To conduct these meetings on a uniform plan, he sent Mr. Steele to the north, his son John to Connaught, Mr. Ray to Munster, and he undertook, with the aid of Mr. Daunt, to agitate Leinster himself. These missions were attended with very excellent effects. Each province or district watched and was stimulated to exertion by the other.

In the autumn of this year, the *NATION* was established by CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY. It issued weekly from the metropolis, and soon attracted the attention of the Irish people, by the unequalled ability which pervaded its columns. Its prose articles were highly instructive, and its poetry was most inspiring; and it is a matter which belongs to history to record, that no public journal ever established in Ireland displayed so much ability, knowledge, boldness, and talent; nor was there ever one before which acquired one third of its circulation or celebrity. The electric sentiments of nationality emitted weekly from this powerful paper filled the hearts of the Irish millions with a new spirit. Its establishment was a memorable event in the history of Ireland.

Another thing that roused the Irish to a sense of their slavery was the weekly publication of the *Repeal Catechism*, by O'Connell. These were a series of familiar dialogues between repealer and anti-repealer, well calculated to make the farmers and laborers comprehend the true nature of the repeal question. They were indeed admirably written, and published by the metropolitan and provincial papers, without distinction; so that they passed, week after week, through the mind of Ireland, and soon produced a new and general conviction that it was impossible for Ireland to be otherwise than oppressed under her present connection with England.

Following close after this, the *Liberator* sent forth his "Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon," a dreadful narrative of British barbarity, addressed to her majesty, Victoria the First. It was indeed what the author intended it to be, an indictment against England, for seven centuries of pillage and butchery; and well was it sustained by fact and proof. Never, perhaps, did any work on Ireland produce such an effect on the mind of Europe and America. Several editions were circulated in Ireland and England, and two extensive editions were published in the United States, which afforded the American repealers ample and fearful texts for their harangues.

The winter of 1842 and spring of 1843 were occupied in the diffe-

sion of the knowledge comprehended in those memorable publications. O'Connell, as I have said, retired from the civic chair at the expiration of his year, and was succeeded, by unanimous election, by **GEORGE ROE**, a high-minded, wealthy Protestant merchant, whose annual income of some thousands a year, added to the income of his office, was spent in a series of elegant hospitalities, which imparted to Dublin a livelier tone, and helped to attract around that once brilliant metropolis, a flickering ray of light, almost departed. Mr. Roe, though a liberal, was not yet a repealer. He was one of a diminishing party, who still put some faith in British legislation; and being otherwise an excellent man, and much beloved by the people, he was not coerced by them in the slightest way to their cherished doctrine on repeal.

But we are now arrived at an epoch in our history, from which we may date a new order of thought and action in Ireland. In the close of February, 1843, O'Connell, as a city alderman, gave notice, in the common council, of his intention to offer, on the 1st of March, a motion to petition the house of commons for a repeal of the union.

It had been the practice of the old corporation to petition parliament and the monarch upon any general topic — against the Catholics, for instance — which they did frequently. And now the leader of Ireland perceived his advantage in having the corporate garrisons of the enemy to turn against them. The English party in Dublin, affected great horror at the contemplation of the use which O'Connell was about to make of the reformed corporations. "What!" said they, "shall it be tolerated that the ancient civic assemblies, nursed and strengthened for the express purpose of sustaining an English dominion in Ireland, and still continued in a reformed state, to conciliate the Irish Catholics — will it be borne that those legal assemblies, with wealth, and patronage, and dignities, and influence in their hands, shall be turned by the arch-agitator into so many repeal societies? No. A revolution, a civil war, an extermination first!" Such, in substance, was the cry set up by the government press in Ireland and in England.

O'Connell was not to be driven from his purpose by the foaming madness of his enemies. The day arrived for the discussion of his motion. It was the ever-memorable 1st of March, 1843. He had announced, in the repeal association and elsewhere, his intended course, and begged the watchful attention of the repeal press throughout Ireland to the approaching debate.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that the eyes of Ireland, and of England also, were turned upon this debate. The discussions in the Press,

pro and con, for eight or ten days previously, had roused the attention and curiosity of the public; and it was easy to perceive, in the face of every human being in Dublin that morning, that a great struggle was about to take place before the sun went down. All approach to the city assembly house was beleaguered with multitudes of people. The house was filled from an early hour, by those who were fortunate enough to obtain tickets of admission; an extensive staff of reporters for the public press were in attendance, and the press itself was ready, with its ponderous jaws, to swallow every sentence of the proceedings.

The English party in the corporation, though conscious of the paucity of their numbers and the certainty of being outvoted, were yet determined to give the best reasons they could summon for their political faith. The chief of this party was ISAAC BUTT, about whom an Irishman should be informed.

Mr. Butt is yet a young man, probably under thirty-five, but one certainly of extensive acquirements, of fluent tongue, and, I sincerely believe, of patriotic heart. He came from the north of Ireland to Trinity College, where he finished his education. Reared up among commercial men, he naturally carried with him into college a train of commercial ideas, which were shaped and influenced by history, reflection, and refined by the usual course of classical reading. In his college exercises, political economy formed a material part; and he finally reached the dignity of "professor of political economy" in that distinguished seminary; succeeding, of course, to the salary attached to the professor's chair. From this point he naturally began to soar. Having entered his name for the study of law, he directed his mental steps through the labyrinths of jurisprudence. The next stage of his advance towards the public was his connection with the university magazine, of which he was editor for four or five years. Called to the bar, and mixing daily with the world of politics, he attached himself to the conservative party, at whose public banquets and meetings he shone as a distinguished star. From this he was naturally led to connect himself with the public press, and became editor, and eventually proprietor, of the *Warder*, a well-established weekly newspaper, which circulates among the middle and humbler classes of Protestants in Ireland, and from which paper and the emoluments of his profession, he is in the receipt of a handsome income. Although Mr. Butt, from a train of almost unavoidable circumstances,—from birth, religion, education, and interest,—has been thus placed, as it were, in a false position, he has never sullied the character of an Irish gentleman or scholar by any coarse scurrility directed towards the great

body of his countrymen or their leaders, who differ with him in creed or politics. On questions where he can agree with O'Connell, he is as hearty and as thorough an Irishman as O'Connell himself. I have heard him many times upon the necessity of encouraging the manufactures of Ireland; and surely, no man, not even O'Connell, was more truly eloquent, national, and patriotic than he.

Such was the chief of the party which stood up in the Dublin corporation for the "union,"—for English dominion in Ireland.

The hour for debate arrived. A dead silence was the premonitory indication. The anxiety of that moment may perhaps be imagined; it cannot be described. O'Connell rose, and his first words were, "I AM AN IRISHMAN." Starting from that, he went through the subject as became the first Irishman of the age; he traced the great features of the "case of Ireland," in a style seldom equalled, and which never can be surpassed. He was at home, conscious of the justice, the strength, and the materials of his case: beginning at the beginning, he went through the long bead-roll of Irish grievances—English usurpation, perfidy, and injustice; contrasted the condition of his country before and subsequent to the union; showed the enormous drain of her wealth to England through various channels, the inequality of her representation in the English parliament, the preference given to Englishmen and Scotchmen in the government employment; showed how many victories were won by Irishmen for England; instituted a comparison between Ireland and the several nations of Europe and America, which have independent legislatures; and concluded by imploring his countrymen, of every religious creed, to unite in a holy brotherhood—and soon would they establish their country a nation

"—— great, glorious, and free,

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

This speech, I repeat, is the most compact and complete argument for repeal that ever was uttered. It ought to be published in a pamphlet, stereotyped, and distributed through the British dominions by the million.

Mr. Butt, on the opposite side, offered a reply. It was respectful, but not able to disturb the convictions which the speech of O'Connell had established. It labored to show that repeal was impracticable without the consent of the British parliament, which never could be obtained; and that Ireland, deficient of a navy and army, could not wrest the measure by force. It did not deny the *right* of Ireland to legislate for herself; it did not deny the *advantages* which that legisla-

tion in former days, crippled though it was, conferred upon the country ; but it doubted the greater benefits which an Irish parliament could now, beyond the British, confer upon Ireland. This speech, from its temper, from the occasional rays of nationality which gleamed through it, from its weakness as a reply to O'Connell's, was frequently cheered by the repealers.

The debate was carried on with great spirit, but with perfect decorum and kindness, by Messrs. Staunton, Reilly, Fogarty, and Gavin, on the repeal side ; and by Messrs. Maunsell, Guinness, Purcell, Boyce, and some others, on the side opposite. It lasted for three days, increasing in interest as it proceeded, for it was the first time that the advocates and opponents of repeal, in Ireland, came fairly to discuss the merits of the question, which lay not between Protestant and Catholic, but between nation and nation — between England and Ireland. Catholic was found against Catholic, and Protestant against Protestant, in the argument. The assembly looked like a parliament : the debate evinced a dignity, fervor, and knowledge, worthy of the highest tribunals of the country. That assembly was, in truth, *the* parliament of Ireland for the moment. It was the represented intelligence and power of the city of Dublin, and its opinions gave tone to the nation. The opponents of repeal had a full and a fair hearing. They prepared themselves for the occasion, and nothing was left un urged to sustain their view. At the conclusion, the assembly divided, and there appeared for Alderman O'Connell's motion, to petition for repeal, forty-one ; against it, fifteen ; clear majority, twenty-six.

This result swept through the country on the wings of ten thousand paper messengers ; nothing was talked of throughout Ireland, but the sentiments of this debate. The provincial press republished all the proceedings, and the provincial corporations took up the question, debated and adopted, by more or less majorities, petitions to parliament for repeal, which were sent forward from nearly all of them. The whole nation was lit up by a new flame ; every man saw the inherent power of the corporations — a power which could not be stifled or suppressed by any act of the British parliament, without, at the same time, subverting the whole constitution. Courage, hope, and resolve, possessed the hearts of the millions ; and from that era the repeal agitation careered onward, in the manner in which I shall, in succeeding pages, vainly attempt to describe.

During the three days' discussion, Mr. Purcell tried to cast ridicule upon the attempt to repeal the union, and taunted O'Connell with,

after all his exertions, the comparatively few persons yet enrolled on the repeal books. Having, at some pains, separated the American contributions from those paid by inhabitants of Ireland, he showed by the payments, that but some one hundred thousand persons had yet joined the Repeal Association, in a population of eight and a half millions. O'Connell now seized upon this taunt, and with it eternally upon his lips, appealed to the sluggish portion of his countrymen; and not without effect. They began to show more life. The rent increased from some seventy pounds a week to two or three hundred. The Liberator, finding the people alive to the question, resolved now to agitate with still greater vigor than ever. The large room of the Corn Exchange being now too small for the crowds which came to hear a nation's rights discussed, the Liberator purchased a piece of ground that lay next to it, whereon he laid the foundation of a magnificent public hall, capable of containing six thousand persons, with appropriate galleries for ladies, strangers, and distinguished persons. This temple of freedom he properly denominated CONCILIATION HALL, expressive of that kindliness and conciliation which were ever to abide within it, and pervade its discussions. The ceremony of commencing this work was rendered as imposing as the occasion would admit of; and the sound of the workmen's hammers, while erecting it, were heard by the people as so many eloquent warnings of the approaching independence of Ireland.

The summer of 1843 was now opening, and O'Connell determined to appeal from the taunt of Mr. Purcell to the feelings and judgment of the entire nation. With this in view, he called a series of meetings, in the fields and on the hill sides, which, for vastness and decorum, has no parallel in history.

At the very commencement of those meetings, a circumstance occurred, which to an American may seem trivial, but which, in the peculiar condition of Ireland, had a serious effect on the popular mind. Mr. PETER PURCELL, a wealthy and extensive coach proprietor, whom I have already noticed, in connection with the corporation debate, had enjoyed for some years the government contract for carrying the mails, upon several of the roads of Ireland. Mr. Purcell's business was very extensive indeed. He owned a large coach factory, where he kept several hundred men employed making and repairing coaches; besides which he had erected a splendid hotel in Sackville Street, opposite the post-office; and, in addition, was the reputed proprietor of a newspaper. His business depending so much upon government patronage, it is not uncharitable to suppose that he was politically influenced by the powers



of the state. Though, in private life, no man was more generally esteemed, his opposition to repeal, and to its leader, naturally created for him some portion of popular odium. But the spirit of centralization, and of indifference to Irish interests, the desire to sacrifice those interests at every opportunity to those of Britain, which pervaded the government, overtook even Mr. Purcell; his contract was taken from him and given to a Scotchman, who built his coaches out of Ireland, and filled all the minor appointments, connected with them, by his countrymen. The people of Dublin were very much enraged by this latest act of English interference; several public meetings were held; a memorial to the lords of the treasury, requesting them to give the carriage of the mails to an Irish contractor, was sent forward, signed by very many of the peerage and merchants, and by several thousands of the people, but it had no effect; the contract was taken from Ireland and given to Scotland, and some additional hundreds of Irishmen were thrown out of employment.

O'Connell did not fail to make most potent use of this latest act of British injustice. The monster meetings increased; the first was held in Trim; the succeeding meetings were held in Mullingar, Longford, Kilkenny, Cork, Mallow, Limerick. They increased in numbers, enthusiasm, and importance, as they proceeded. The hills and valleys rang with the turpitude of England, and the echoes of a maddened population proclaimed to her monarch that the union must be repealed.

The repeal agitation now burst upon the tory premier in an awful conflagration. Threats and declarations against the repeal were solemnly uttered by Peel and Wellington, in the houses of lords and commons. These threats conveyed the determination of the ministry to "put down" the repeal agitation, and were followed up by the transmission to Ireland of several regiments of infantry and cavalry, a great quantity of arms and ammunition, and four vessels of war. But they were bravely replied to by O'Connell and by Bishop Higgins. "But I am not to be mocked," says O'Connell; "I belong to a nation of eight millions; and let me also tell you that there is, besides, more than a million of Irishmen in England. If Sir Robert Peel has the audacity to cause a contest to take place between the two countries, we will begin no rebellion, but I tell him, from this spot, that he dare not commence the strife against Ireland."

Bishop Higgins delivered the following significant speech at the banquet in Mullingar, May 14: "I know that, virtually, you all have reason to believe that the bishops of Ireland were repealers; but I have

now again formally to announce to you that they have all declared themselves as such, and that from shore to shore we are all now repealers. I cannot sit down without adverting also to the means which that body would have, and would be *determined to exert*, in case that foolish minister, who presides over the fated destinies of our country, would have dared to put his threat into execution. *I*, for one, defy all the ministers of England to put down the repeal agitation, in the single diocese of Ardagh. If they attempt, my friends, to rob us of the daylight, which is, I believe, common to us all, and prevent us from assembling in the open fields, we will retire to our chapels; we will suspend all other instruction in order to devote all our time to teaching the people to be repealers, in spite of them. If they follow us to our sanctuaries, with their spies and myrmidons, we will prepare our people for the scaffold, and bequeath our wrongs to posterity."

It is impossible to convey an idea of the effect which these two declarations, from the heads of the clergy and laity of Ireland, produced. The Irish people were electrified with delight. The ministry was terrified by a response as damaging as it was unexpected. The British funds fell four per cent., a fall unprecedented since the return of Napoleon from Elba. The declarations of Bishop Higgins and O'Connell flew across the Atlantic. The repealers of America caught up the threat of Sir Robert Peel. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and a hundred other cities, were in a blaze. Nothing was talked of but the invasion of Canada, the destruction of the British shipping in the American harbors, the burning of London and Liverpool. Twenty thousand men assembled in the Park, New York, and passed resolutions breathing defiance to the British government. From that meeting it was that the address to France, to which I have already adverted, emanated.

The Peel ministry felt that they must carry out their high-sounding declarations of coercion and intimidation, or they must fall prostrate before O'Connell. Some further measures of conciliation were granted to the English nation, while for the Irish the utmost rigors of the constitution must be administered. In the recent meetings held in Ireland, very many magistrates took a distinguished part. These, it was determined by the ministry, should be removed; and accordingly Sir Edward Sugden, the lord chancellor of Ireland, commenced his celebrated catechistical and supersedal letters. Among the earliest of the superseded magistrates I find the following: O'Connell, Hon. Tho. Ffrench, Hon. J. Ffrench, Nicholas Boylan, Lord Ffrench, J. P. Somers, James Roe,

Sir M. D. Bellew, (Galway,) Alexander Sherlock, (Waterford,) P. S. Butler, (Kilkenny,) Dan. Clanchy, and J. Barter, of the county Cork, Robert Dillon Brown, (resigned,) Mr. De Verder, Caleb Powell, Joseph Miles M'Donnell. The following voluntarily resigned: Mr. H. Talbot, J. Sinclair, P. Curtis, M. Power, Mr. K. Mahoney, P. Tiernan, M. P. Matthews, T. Ennis, G. Delany, T. Comyn, W. T. Frier, J. Macklin, Francis Comyn. And, in July, W. Smith O'Brien, in a powerful letter to Lord Sugden, resigned. E. Roach, Captain Mockler, John O'Hea, J. Maher, Charles O'Connell, J. H. Talbot, John Power, N. B. Green, John R. O'Niell, Sir B. Morris, P. P. Daly, V. O'Connor Blake, Gerald Warmley, Henry Grattan, Maurice O'Connell, J. T. Devitt, were dismissed.

In the mean time, the monster meetings swelled in numbers and importance. Each new martyr to the national cause was hailed in the meetings as a sort of demigod. A good many of these dismissed magistrates had been Orangemen, and their junction with the repeal cause was hailed with unbounded enthusiasm. The repeal press spoke with unprecedented vigor. Distinguished above the others were the voice and spirit which issued through the "Nation." The repeal rent swelled from two or three hundred to seven hundred pounds in the week. Never before was Ireland so thoroughly aroused. The war vessels of England were gathering around her coast, her soldiery was crowding her towns and hamlets, her engineers were fortifying old garrisons or erecting new ones, and every thing portended a dreadful future. A further bill for disarming the Irish people was introduced into parliament, which was hotly discussed all through; and Mr. Ward, the organ of the English dissenters, gave notice of a motion for distributing the wealth of the Irish church among all classes of religionists in Ireland, according to their numbers.

But that which contributed most at this moment to give alarm to the English aristocracy, was the motion of Mr. William Smith O'Brien, for an inquiry into the general state of Ireland. Mr. Smith O'Brien, in conjunction with several other members of parliament from Ireland, non-repealers, presented to the British parliament a solemn appeal or petition, setting forth the many grievances which Ireland endured, and demanding various specific remedies. This most solemn appeal was signed by many of the Irish peerage and baronetage, by a great number of the landed gentry, bankers, and merchants. It was an unusually solemn and last appeal for justice to Britain; and the motion now made by Mr. O'Brien was to test the disposition of the English parliament to hearken to the voice of the most wealthy and respectable men of Ireland.

His speech was, indeed, a truly able one. He proved that in the distribution of high official appointments in Ireland, twenty-seven in every thirty offices were given to English or Scotchmen; in the minor grades, connected with excise or customs in Ireland, *thirty-six* in every *thirty-seven*, were English or Scotchmen; that in the distribution of church incomes, the Protestant hierarchy enjoyed annual millions from the soil, while the Catholic hierarchy depended upon the voluntary support of the people; that in the franchise of the people and the number of their representatives, England, with sixteen millions of population, was represented in the house of commons by five hundred and eight members, while Ireland, with nearly nine millions, possessed but one hundred and five members; that Ireland contributed full four millions annually of net revenue to the support of England, but in the outlay of that immense sum, not more than a few thousands ever came back; that while England habitually expended, under the head of navy stores, six millions per annum, not more than eight thousand pounds, under that head, were expended in Ireland. The wasting absentee drain, the grinding grand-jury tax, poor law, and tithē system, were all exhibited by Mr. O'Brien to England, in their true colors, in a clear, methodical, and convincing manner. The debate lasted three days. All the leading men, on every side, delivered their sentiments, and the diversity of opinion as to the best means of restoring peace to Ireland rivalled the fabled blessings of Pomona's horn. Some contended for the destruction of the Irish church, others for the distribution of its wealth among the other religious ministers of Ireland. Some proposed that Catholic bishops should have seats in the house of lords. Others urged the extension of franchise and more members in the house of commons for Ireland. Others, again, were for a tenure bill; for the construction of railways at the public expense. The high conservative members proposed as sweeping alterations in the government of Ireland as did the whigs; and the premier could not, in his reply, conceal the difficulties under which he labored. The motion was, however, resisted by a clear majority of *seventy*. William Smith O'Brien then entered a solemn protest, signed by himself and several other members, upon the journals of the house, which declared it incapable or unwilling to do justice to Ireland, and soon after seceded from parliament, and joined the Repeal Association.

O'Connell and the leaders in Conciliation Hall received this debate with extraordinary pleasure. He declared that all his hopes for Ireland would be realized; that on reading this debate, he gave himself up

entirely to pleasure, and spent one day in perfect idleness — a political holiday, in the enjoyment of unmixed delight.

In the midst of this, the monster meeting at Dundalk took place, where five hundred thousand men assembled, principally Ulster men. The chair was taken by Captain Seaver, a gentleman of the highest station, who had been many years a district grand master of Orangemen. There was another at Waterford, where more than half a million gathered. Sir Richard Musgrave was in the chair. In the month of August, a monster meeting was held in Wexford, JOHN MAHER, deputy lieutenant of the county, in the chair. There was soon after a monster meeting at Tullamore, in the county of Kildare.

But that which overtopped every other, and exceeded all political gatherings known to history, was the meeting held on the Hill of Tara, on the 13th of August in this year, (1843.) Tara, from its glorious memories, its crowd of kings and sages reaching back through the boundless vista of time; Tara “of the Kings;” — for here were the chief monarchs of Ireland inaugurated for more than two thousand years; — Tara — of sages of science, of intellectual light — was fixed upon to declare the will of Ireland; and O’Connell, the chief of the nation, was to take the place which OLLAMH, CORMAC, MALLACHI, and BRIEN once filled in Irish councils.

The day was propitious — a lovely day in August. Nature had covered Ireland with an abundant harvest of grain, and fruit, and flowers. The whole of Leinster and its thronged cities were astir on that memorable morning. Every vehicle that could be procured at any price was in requisition. Enormous fares were offered and declined, for horses, carriages, and wagons. Almost every one wanted their own conveyances for themselves. Several thousands came from England to this great meeting, and many came even from France. The Liberator was up and stirring early upon that memorable morning. He breakfasted in Baggot Street, with Mr. M’Garry, and then proceeded in his travelling carriage at the head of an immense cavalcade of carriages and horsemen to the place of meeting. For three miles on each side of the hill, the roads and fields were densely covered with human beings. “But when again,” says a correspondent of the Freeman, “we looked up the hill before and around us, and saw that vast inclined plain studded with human beings as far as eye could reach, one sentiment of enthusiastic patriotism animating the cheering mass, — every thing of nature or art that we had ever before witnessed was as nothing compared to the sublimity of so many living and intelligent human beings collected together.”

"Never," said a French gentleman who was present, "was there such a multitude assembled since the Crusades."

Men travelled on foot forty and fifty miles to be present at that meeting, and vessels were freighted with passengers from England, who came to Ireland for the same object. There were *ninety-seven music bands* present: each band came to the ground at the head of an immense procession.

To mark this assembly with features of the deepest solemnity, it was determined to have masses offered up upon several parts of the hill; and among the parts selected, there was one of greater interest than the others. It was the "Croppy's Grave," in which, in June, 1798, upwards of two hundred of the Irishmen, who fell in that insurrection, were buried by the victors. The banners of the Drogheda Trades, borne to the ground by a splendid procession, were deployed round the platform in a circle; and, as the various emblems waved above the crowd, it presented a grandly picturesque appearance.

When O'Connell ascended the high platform, and exhibited his majestic person upon the exalted tripod, a shout arose that might have awakened the sleeping dead. More than a million of voices cheered him at that moment. It was, indeed, a sublime sight. A correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle, who made it his business to measure the ground this vast crowd occupied, declares there were a million of people on the hill and its acclivities, and full half a million who could not get nearer than *three miles*, on any side, to the place where the speakers stood.

The resolutions passed at this great meeting declared, "There was no power on earth had, or ought to have, power to bind the people of Ireland but the king, lords, and commons of Ireland."\*

O'Connell spoke with unusual majesty. He proclaimed the union a nullity, the debt a fraud; and, in the name of Ireland, that he would never consent to pay more than forty millions of it. When he dismissed the vast multitude, he expressed a hope that they would return home in peace, and when he wanted them again, he hoped they would come. "Yes! yes!" was the response from a million of human beings.

The immense gathering began then to melt away into a thousand rivulets, like the breaking up of a vast lake. The sun declined upon this scene without blushing for a single crime. The old and young, the strong and the weak, were assembled there. No one was rude; none, not one, intoxicated; and there is nothing left by that gorgeous gathering

\* This was the resolution of the Volunteers of 1782.

to mark with pain or disgrace the sublime and virgin dignity of its proceedings.

Meetings such as this, though not equal to it in numbers, still such as must truly be denominated "monster gatherings," continued through Ireland, which I find it impossible, in this narrative, to do more than allude to. In September, a monster meeting was held in Loughrea, at which near half a million of people attended, headed and marshalled by their clergy; for it was the practice for each Catholic pastor to attend the procession of his own parishioners to the place of meeting, and return with them, taking care that good order prevailed. Some two or three parishes frequently joined together on their march, and followed a district band and leaders. This meeting at Loughrea was attended by very inspiring circumstances. The Galway Trades, with banners and music, came out to join them. The meeting was presided over by J. J. Bodkin, M. P. Another very remarkable meeting was held in Clifden, far back among the mountains of Connemara. This is the wildest part of Ireland, and the assembling of these hardy mountaineers, in hundreds of thousands, to hear the voice of freedom proclaimed by its greatest apostle, was one of the striking incidents of the day. There were twenty thousand horsemen at this gathering. A hardy race, descending from hill and mountain, from homes half way betwixt earth and heaven, they poured down upon the plain in Celtic pride and impetuosity, and with Circassian bravery.

Again, the monster meeting of "Lismore of the Saints" called back to the memory a thousand images of pagan glory, and a crowd of Christian saints. It was once the seat of the greatest university of Europe, where princes and nobles came to study, and Christian ecclesiastics received their degrees. Its broad lands and extensive cloisters were seized at the reformation, and all passed into the hands of a heartless foreigner, who transmitted, in hereditary succession, the absentee's curse on the lovely spot. The repealers of that interesting but oppressed district were resolved to hold a meeting here for the purpose of reviving its historic recollections. Along the beautiful vale of Cappaquinn, the majestic Blackwater journeys to the sea. Upon each side of this river, whose course can be traced for a long way, two mighty processions were observed on the morning of the meeting, proceeding to the appointed spot, to the sounds of at least fifty bands of music. It was indeed a very grand army, an animating spectacle. Six hundred thousand persons came there that day to pray for freedom. No religious procession of other ages could exceed this in enthusiasm of devotion to its darling

object. The men who moved were brave men, intelligent men also, men who have ever kept English domination in check by a national instinct and by the promptings of natural law. The chair was taken by Sir Benjamin Morris, of Waterford, who was accompanied by O'Connell, and followed from his residence to the place of meeting by an innumerable train of carriages containing a large portion of the wealth and respectability of Waterford city and county. The resolutions of that meeting were in hearty accordance with those adopted at Tara and elsewhere.

Such were a few of the monster meetings of 1843. One general portraiture would describe all. But there is another feature of the agitation, scarcely less important, which arises to our view at this important stage. This is the arbitration courts. The government had exhibited its impotent hostility to the repealers by dismissing every magistrate who bestowed the slightest approbation or countenance on the agitation. More than fifty magistrates were dismissed in the most summary way. The people felt thoroughly indignant at the petty tyranny of the government; and the repeal leaders, taking advantage of this false move of their opponents, recommended throughout the country a reference of disputes for the arbitration of *all* cases, whether of person or property. The management of this very delicate and important proceeding was confided to Dr. GRAY, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, who conducted it, in conjunction with JOHN O'CONNELL, to a most successful issue. A model court was opened at Black Rock, near Dublin, under the recommendation of a resolution of the Repeal Association, in which resolutions certain arbitrators were named as possessing the confidence of that body, and therefore worthy the confidence of the people whose lawsuits they undertook to adjust. This court sat weekly, and the press reported their proceedings in detail, thereby teaching the entire nation, by example, the mode of avoiding expense, of settling disputes and claims for damages, wages, and property, in a speedy and equitable manner, without the intervention or expense of lawyers, by the ancient and approved mode of arbitration.

This plan was no sooner set working than the people hailed it with delight. Courts of arbitration were established almost every where through Ireland. Wherever there was a dismissed magistrate, he was the central point of a new court. The strength of public opinion sustained the decisions of these courts, from which no one thought of appealing. In the course of three months they were very generally established, and the fees and stamps previously paid in the government courts were considerably diminished, and threatened to be totally swept away.



There was, in the establishment of those arbitration courts, in the employment of the arbitrators to preside in them, in the prepared forms for "summonses," "awards," &c., all the cheap features of popular tribunals calculated to supersede those of the government; for these courts owed their popularity, not to the crown of England, as its unpaid magistracy, but to the Repeal Association, acknowledging DANIEL O'CONNELL as its head and guide. This was the feature that most alarmed the British government; this it was that increased Sir Robert Peel's "difficulty."

While these monster meetings were swelling and upheaving in their vastness; while the arbitration courts were actively dissolving the roots of the British government; while the revenue of the repealers was increasing from hundreds to thousands a week, — a foreign agency was at work to bring into existence a unity of thought and action between the friends of liberty in two hemispheres. I have already depicted, in brief terms, the extent and influence of the repeal agitation in America; and have alluded to the address in behalf of Ireland, sent from the mass meeting in the Park, New York, to the French nation. That address produced all the effects its framers hoped for. The French nation were called to action, in behalf of their old ally, by the voice of a free people. The "great nation" heard and responded to the urgent voice of America. Without introducing here the detail of the many preliminary meetings held in New York or in Paris, I shall at once present the reader with the authorized expression of sympathy of the patriotic people of France towards Ireland, manifested by appointing M. LEDRU ROLLIN, a member of the chamber of deputies, to proceed to Ireland with a formal tender of their aid, in case of a threatened emergency. The following correspondence passed between the French deputy and the chief of Ireland: —

"PARIS, July 26, 1843.

"SIR:

"I have just read in the *Nation* newspaper the speech in which you were pleased to mention, at the meeting of the Repeal Association, the manifestation which my friends and I have made in Paris. You have perfectly understood our intention, sir, which was to express a public testimony of sympathy in the glorious struggle of an entire people for independence, for the faith of their fathers, and for nationality.

"This meeting has been spontaneous, and the French democrats wanted no incentive to remember what they owed to those brave Irishmen, whose legions fought by the side of ours. History has more than once united the Irish forces with those of France; and permit me to say, that at the present day politics draw those two nations together again. A matter of form separates us; you are monarchical, and we are not so; but our intention never was to interfere with your views, or to involve your loyalty in suspicion.

"But Ireland wishes to emancipate herself from the yoke which seven ages of oppression have imposed upon her head. She asks equality of rights for her citizens, liberty for her worship, the privilege of governing herself: she desires to produce a reaction against an odious conquest; to reform the mode in which property, the fruit of spoliation, is constituted: in fine, her enemy is also our enemy; the enemy of equality and of liberty all over the world — the English aristocracy.

"Behold, sir, what draws us together; behold the cause why our hearts unite themselves to your hearts; behold the reason we responded to the mighty voice of our American brothers, who have so warmly associated themselves with the unanimous movement of the Irish nation.

"In our intention (which the vile Parisian and London journals have misrepresented) there was nothing secret. We offered a testimony of sincere and profound sympathy for a peaceable and legal struggle; but in case the tory government should violate the sanctuary of the law, which serves you as a refuge, we believe that France will offer you other aid against augmented dangers. I thus sum up the wishes and the sentiments which have been expressed by me and my friends. I desired to repeat them to you in this letter; and if I can realize my project of visiting Ireland, my journey will have no other aim than this.

"I am convinced, without having witnessed in person the marvellous spectacle presented to the world by Ireland, that your sympathies are in unison with ours, for they spring from the same principle — liberty, and devotion to one's native land.

"Receive, sir, the expression of the sentiments of deep consideration with which I have the honor to be your very humble and obedient servant,

"LEDRU ROLLIN."

*Reply of the Irish Repealers to the Democratic Association of France.*

"MERRION SQUARE, DUBLIN, August 4, 1843.

"SIR:

"It is my pleasing duty to acknowledge the receipt of the letter with which you have honored me, and to express my individual thanks for that letter. It is also my pleasing duty to convey to you the respectful gratitude of the Repeal Association for the sentiments of liberality and justice which you have displayed in that communication.

"We understand each other perfectly. Your present countenance and sympathy is bestowed upon men who are struggling within the limits of local and constitutional principle for the rights and liberties of their native land; of men who desire to use no other means than those which are peaceable, have no other efficacy than that which arises from their moral force and power.

"You, indeed, allude to another contingency, in which you may be disposed to be more active in our support. But that is a contingency which we decline to discuss, because we now deem it impossible that it should arise, the British government having retracted every menace of illegal force and unjust violence, and confining its resistance to our claims — if it shall continue to resist those claims — within the ordinary channels of legalized administration.

"That the London and Parisian journals, belonging to the class inimical to civil and religious liberty, should misrepresent our mutual intentions and motives, is a matter of course, even when those motives and intentions are publicly expressed,

and have the advantage of exhibiting the turpitude of our calumniators. But we strongly apprehend that the visit which you have intimated that you might make to this country would, whilst it would be of no practical utility, afford opportunity for further calumny, and for mischievous (though utterly false) insinuations.

“Upon these grounds we deem your contemplated visit to Ireland, in any thing resembling a public capacity, as being, to say the least of it, premature.

“Permit me respectfully to add, that if at a more suitable period you should ever have leisure and inclination to visit Ireland, I should be very proud, indeed, to be permitted the honor and favor of exercising, during your sojourn, the rites of hospitality towards you.

“To conclude: let me assure you that the Irish people are exceedingly gratified by the sympathy for their sufferings which you and your noble-minded friends proclaim. You do us but justice when you appreciate our principles: they are the principles of democratic liberty, mitigated and secured by the stability of a restricted monarchy — the principles of civil and religious liberty enforcing practical justice from the government to the many, and giving perfect freedom to conscience, thus combining the freedom of religion, the freedom of education, the freedom of the press, and the freedom of all popular institutions, with the fixity of monarchical authority. This genuine liberty can be maintained and secured only on the basis of veneration for the religious sentiment, and of disinterested sincerity in practical religious observances.

“Be pleased, sir, to accept the emphatic expression of the sentiments of respect and esteem with which I have the honor to be your faithful and obedient servant,

“DANIEL O’CONNELL.”

These two very important documents belong to history. They prove the undying friendship for Ireland which abides in France; and they will teach the next generations, by the example of the present, the duty and necessity of perpetuating an alliance which has been for so many ages the source of mutual benefits to each.

O’Connell was determined, from the day of the corporation debate, to test the opinions of the people throughout all Ireland, upon the great question of their national independence. Having recommended the small free courts to dispense justice among the people, he next propounded his grand plan for the assemblage of **THREE HUNDRED** of the chief men of Ireland, in a sort of congress, to work out the details of the repeal measure. In this project he was impeded by the convention act, originally introduced by Lord Clare, in the Irish parliament, to put down the Catholic confederacy, and still continued in Ireland by the English government, though no such act exists in England. This unconstitutional law prohibits the appointment of any delegate to perform any political duty whatever in Ireland. There was another impediment to the immediate assembling of this congress. It might subject O’Connell and the other leaders to a bill of impeachment in the house of commons,

they being members of that body, to a charge of usurping the powers of parliament. It was a delicate and a dangerous proceeding; but the chief of Ireland was equal to the danger and the delicacy. He talked about this intended congress at the monster meetings; he lost no opportunity of making the people familiar with the nature of such an assembly, preparing them to obey its mandates by references to the history of the American congress of 1774.

Every fresh monster meeting brought forth some new incident, which acted on the public enthusiasm. At the great monster meeting held at Donybrook Green, near Dublin, there were more than half a million of *men* present. The Trades of Dublin moved out in grand procession, bearing their gorgeous banners, preceded by well-disciplined bands, and marching to military music, under the command of intelligent and educated men. This long procession was followed to the ground by the wealthy citizens of Dublin, in cars, carriages, and on horseback, and by similar classes from a circuit of full thirty miles around. At that meeting, some American gentlemen were present on the platform; among them were the Right Rev. Bishop HUGHES, of New York, and Mr. THURLOW WEED, of the Albany Evening Journal. Every Irishman is indebted to Mr. Weed for the series of eloquent and honest letters on Ireland, which then came from his pen, and passed through the entire American press, and which contributed largely to swell the popular emotion. At this Donybrook gathering, the Liberator proclaimed his plans of a national congress, in the midst of his well-disciplined Trades Union of Dublin; (which may be likened to Napoleon's Old Guard;) and here he defied the power of England to divide or subjugate Ireland again.

The great meeting of Mullaghmast, from its vastness and historic associations, was that which, taken in connection with other circumstances, most alarmed the government. *Mullaghmast*, an old fort, or rath, in the county of Kildare, about thirty-eight miles from Dublin, was the spot, where, three hundred years ago, a grievous act of treachery was perpetrated by the English. Three hundred chief men of Leinster were invited to a feast of friendship there, by the agents of the British government, and as each guest entered the fatal fort, he was assassinated. None returned; and in this way did British perfidy accomplish that which its arms failed to achieve—the entire subjugation of the district now known as the King and Queen's counties. A meeting of eight hundred thousand persons, some of whom were the direct descendants of the butchered chiefs, upon this memorable spot, could not fail

to wake up feelings of no ordinary character. Another circumstance which imparted to that meeting the air and impress of an ancient kingly inauguration, was the presentation, by a deputation of writers and artists from Dublin, of an ancient monarchical cap, to O'Connell, who suffered the ancient insignia of national authority to be placed upon his head, while occupying the chair at that great gathering.

The next monster meeting was fixed by O'Connell to take place on the celebrated battle-field of Clontarf. That spot is illumined in the page of history by the bright deeds of those heroes who won there a deathless fame, and the freedom of their native land. The place was chosen for a monster meeting, because it could not fail to increase the valor of every man who stood upon that sacred earth, and heard the deeds of the mighty dead recounted by the still mightier living. That meeting was to be the last, and it was fixed to take place on the 8th of October, 1843; but the British ministry suddenly (as it appears) resolved to interpose all the force at its disposal to prevent the holding of this, or any further monster meeting; and to crush, by a violent administration of the powers placed in its hands by parliament, the legitimate exercise of popular complaint and petition. Upwards of forty of these unusually large meetings had been held through Ireland during the previous six or eight months. Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington *threatened* to put down repeal; but that threat was answered by the loud defiance of O'Connell, Grattan, Bishop Higgins, and other distinguished men. The ministers soon after explained away their threats, and, in familiar language, "drew in their horns." The monster meetings continued. Parliament was sitting, and no reproving resolution emanated from the great council of the nation. Parliament adjourned, and nothing was hinted. The queen went to visit her brother monarch of France, and the Irish lord lieutenant and lord chancellor went to visit their friends in England. All connected with the government was in repose, when, suddenly, a series of cabinet councils were held in London. The Irish lord lieutenant and the Irish lord chancellor were summoned to the cabinet council, when it was there resolved to suppress the proposed meeting at Clontarf, and to seize upon the repeal leaders, and prosecute them for a conspiracy to overthrow the government. The lord lieutenant and the chancellor hurried back to Dublin, called a council of their own, and, late on Saturday evening, the 7th of October, issued the following illegal proclamation:—

*"By the Lord Lieutenant and Council of Ireland.*

**"A PROCLAMATION.**

**"DE GREY.**

"Whereas it has been publicly announced that a meeting is to take place at or near Clontarf, on Sunday, the 8th of October instant, for the alleged purpose of petitioning parliament for a repeal of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland;—

"And whereas advertisements and placards have been printed and extensively circulated, calling on those persons who propose to attend the said meeting on horseback to meet and form in procession, and to march to the said meeting in military order and array;—

"And whereas meetings of large numbers of persons have been already held in different parts of Ireland, under the like pretence, at several of which meetings language of a seditious and inflammatory nature has been addressed to the persons there assembled, calculated and intended to excite discontent and disaffection in the minds of her majesty's subjects, and to bring into hatred and contempt the government and constitution of the country, as by law established;—

"And whereas, at some of the said meetings, such seditious and inflammatory language has been used by persons who have signified their intention of being present at, and taking part in, the said meeting so announced to be held at or near Clontarf;—

"And whereas the said intended meeting is calculated to excite reasonable and well-grounded apprehension that the motives and objects of the persons to be assembled thereat are not the fair legal exercise of constitutional rights and privileges, but to bring into hatred and contempt the government and constitution of the United Kingdom as by law established, and to accomplish alterations in the laws and constitution of the realm, by intimidation and the demonstration of physical force;—

"Now, we, the lord lieutenant, by and with the advice of her majesty's privy council, being satisfied that the said intended meeting so proposed to be held at or near Clontarf as aforesaid, do only tend to serve the ends of factious and seditious persons, and to the violation of the public peace, do hereby strictly caution and forewarn all persons whatsoever, that they do abstain from attendance at the said meeting; and we do hereby give notice, that if, in defiance of this our proclamation, the said meeting shall take place, all persons attending the same shall be proceeded against according to law. And we do hereby order and enjoin all magistrates and officers intrusted with the preservation of the public peace, and others whom it may concern, to be aiding and assisting in the execution of the law in preventing the said meeting, and in the effectual dispersion and suppression of the same, and in the detection and prosecution of those who, after this notice, shall offend in the respects aforesaid.

"Given at the council chamber in Dublin, this 7th day of October, 1843.

"Edward B. Sugden, C. Donoughmore, Eliot, F. Blackburne, E. Blakeney, Fred. Shaw, T. B. C. Smith.

**"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."**

This appeared upon the walls of Dublin at dusk on Saturday

evening, and, in one hour after, O'Connell issued the following counter proclamation :—

“Whereas there appears, under the signatures of Edward B. Sugden, C. Donoughmore, Eliot, F. Blackburne, E. Blakeney, Fred. Shaw, T. B. C. Smith, a paper, being, or purporting to be, a proclamation, drawn up in very loose and inaccurate terms, and manifestly misrepresenting known facts, the object of which appears to be to prevent the public meeting intended to be held to-morrow to petition parliament for the repeal of the baneful and destructive measure of the legislative union;—

“And whereas such proclamation has not been issued or appeared until late in the afternoon of Saturday, the 7th, so that it is utterly impossible that the knowledge of the existence of such proclamation could be communicated in the usual official channels, or by the post, in time to have its contents known to persons intending to meet at Clontarf, for the purpose of petitioning as aforesaid;—

“Whereas ill-disposed persons may have an opportunity, under color of said proclamation, to provoke breaches of the peace, or commit violence upon persons intending to proceed peaceably and legally to said intended meeting;— We, **THE COMMITTEE OF THE LOYAL NATIONAL REPEAL ASSOCIATION**, do most earnestly request and entreat that all well-disposed persons shall immediately, upon receiving this intimation, repair to their own dwellings, and not place themselves in peril of any collision, or of receiving any ill-treatment from any person whatsoever. And without yielding any thing to the unfounded allegations in said alleged proclamation, we deem it prudent and wise, and, above all things, humane, to declare that the intended meeting is abandoned, and will not be held.

(Signed)

“DANIEL O'CONNELL,

“T. M. RAY, *Secretary*.

“*Chairman of the Committee.*”

“CORN EXCHANGE, Oct. 7, 1843.”

We give these two remarkable documents to posterity, that the next generation of Irishmen may learn the nature of that tyranny with which we had to contend, and from which they will be free.

Mr. Steele, Mr. Ray, Rev. Mr. Tyrrell, Rev. Mr. Tierney, and several of the clerks of the Repeal Association, were despatched on Saturday night, and on the ensuing day, to all the principal towns within thirty miles of Clontarf, with copies of the Liberator's proclamation. The hustings erected for the speakers were levelled that night by O'Connell's orders. The Rev. Mr. Tyrrell exerted himself all that night to persuade the people to remain at home, and, in the performance of this duty,—a duty forced upon him by the illegal action of the government,—caught a cold and fever, which put a speedy termination to his earthly career; and the people, with perfect justice, mourned him as the **FIRST MARTYR** to the repeal cause.

Sunday morning, the 8th of October, 1843, will long be remembered by the citizens of Dublin. A steam vessel arrived at the quay, bringing

over five hundred of the Liverpool and Manchester repealers to be present at the meeting. Two war-steamers arrived that morning, from England, bringing reinforcements of several hundred men, with fresh military stores and munitions of war. One of these anchored in the Bay of Clontarf, and covered with her guns the place where the meeting was to be held. The Pigeon-House Fort, situate in the middle of the bay, mounting several guns, was also put in readiness; while from the Dublin barracks, several regiments of infantry and cavalry, with a long train of artillery, marched out to occupy "Conquer Hill," the chosen spot on which the repealers intended to assemble. The command of the field was given to *Lord Cardigan*; but Sir Edward Blakeney, the chief commander of the forces in Ireland, a brave and a humane man, took care to be on the ground himself from an early hour in the day, and remained there until the troops returned.

Notwithstanding every exertion of the repeal leaders to prevent them, the people came flocking into Dublin, and, in despite of all danger, walked out to the tented field of Clontarf, and amused themselves, rambling through the roads and upon the strand, laughing and joking with the soldiery, who, on their part, exhibited the best temper. At the close of the day, the military returned to their barracks, with no trophy, save some cockles, and other shell fish, which they captured on the strand.

Monday, the 9th of October, opened on Dublin in peace and calm. The papers were full of "rumors." More troops were arriving in the city from England. Several war-ships were making towards the Irish coast. Every thing looked as if England was really frightened, while Ireland all the time remained perfectly calm. The Repeal Association met in the Abbey Street theatre, where the resolutions intended to be passed on the previous day at Clontarf were adopted by universal acclamation. All the proceedings which would have taken place the previous day, were now peacefully enacted in the theatre. The grand dinner intended to be eaten at Clontarf, was eaten in the Rotunda, where the speakers selected for the Clontarf banquet acquitted themselves with an energy equal to that they would have displayed on Conquer Hill. And thus the governmental impediments were passed by, without the cause suffering in the slightest by their clumsy interruption. But a charge of higher criminality has been made against government, of an intention to provoke a quarrel, and commit a dreadful massacre on the people on the field of Clontarf. This is the expressed belief of many distinguished men of Ireland, and among them Lord Cloncurry.

On Monday, the lord lieutenant sat in privy council, when it was



determined to arrest the principal leaders of the repeal cause; and on Tuesday, the Liberator, and his son, John O'Connell, received notice from the crown solicitor, that warrants were issued against them on a charge of misdemeanor and sedition. They both immediately attended at Judge Burton's house, and gave bail.

O'Connell immediately issued a brief letter to the people, describing the petty nature of the legal proceedings instituted against him, and quieted all apprehension. The following prophetic advice appeared in this letter: "Every attempt of our enemies to disturb the progress of the repeal hitherto has had a direct contrary effect. **THIS ATTEMPT WILL ALSO FAIL**, unless it be assisted by any misconduct on the part of the people. Be tranquil, then, and we shall be triumphant." The people were all that their great chief could desire, and their day of triumph was their reward.

In the course of the next two or three days, further arrests were made, and the following were distinguished by the government as most worthy of prosecution:—

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M. P. for the county of Cork; JOHN O'CONNELL, M. P. for the county of Kilkenny; the Rev. Mr. TYRELL, P. P. of Lusk; the Rev. Mr. TIERNEY, P. P. of Clontilbret, Monahan; CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, Esq., proprietor of the *Nation*; RICHARD BARRETT, Esq., proprietor of the *Pilot*; Dr. J. GRAY, proprietor of the *Freeman*; THOMAS STEELE, Esq., head pacificator of the repealers; THOMAS MATTHEW RAY, Esq., secretary of the Repeal Association.

When intelligence of all these proceedings reached England, an extraordinary sensation took place. The whig press was immediately out on the ministry for the tyrannical deed they had just perpetrated in Ireland; though it was quite in keeping with the deeds of the Grey and Graham whig government of 1831, 1832, and 1833. The Chartists, really indignant, and really honest, spoke of the proceedings thus, through their organ, the Northern Star:—

"If ministers attempt to coerce Ireland, five millions of English Chartists will remonstrate against this attempt; but they will not again place themselves in the position of being marked as 'wretches deserving notice of the attorney-general.' No; they have profited by experience, and will perish to a man before they will allow five hundred thousand of their fighting men to enlist in the despot's ranks."

The government issued a circular letter to all pensioners of the state, and to all persons in its employment, to abstain from all coöperation with those seeking a repeal of the union.

It is unnecessary to consume space in attempting a description of the

excitement which the rash proceedings of the British government created through Ireland, England, Scotland, and, indeed, through all parts of Europe. Nor was it unfelt in the cities and villages of the new world. From every congregation of freemen, a shout of execration issued forth upon the guilty heads of those who evidently sought an opportunity for a great massacre; failing which, they turned to the ready engines of the law, willing crown prosecutors, subservient judges, and packed juries, to subdue the sentiments of liberty in the hearts of a great race.

In the first week after the arrests, the new Conciliation Hall was opened with great *éclat*. Twelve hundred ladies thronged the galleries, and six thousand men filled the body of the house. That meeting was remarkable for the adhesion of William Smith O'Brien, Esq., M. P. This intimation was conveyed in a very eloquent letter, in which Mr. O'Brien gave as his reasons for becoming a repealer, that he had been up to that time averse to the agitation of repeal, as he persuaded himself that the statesmen of Britain would have followed up Catholic emancipation by a comprehensive system of amelioration in Ireland; but after an experiment of fourteen years, after a ceaseless attention in the British parliament, after witnessing every proposal tending to develop the resources of Ireland, or raise the character of her people, either discountenanced, distorted, or rejected, he resolved, ere he threw himself into the Repeal Association, to make one last solemn appeal to British wisdom for justice to his country; but the application was vain,—he was treated with neglect, ridicule, or defiance. And having visited several parts of Europe, with the view of examining their governments and the condition of the people, he returned to Ireland, impressed with the sad conviction, that there was more human misery in one county in Ireland than throughout ALL the populous cities and districts which he had visited on the continent; and on landing in England, he learned that the ministry, instead of removing the cause of complaint, had resolved to prosecute O'Connell and others on some frivolous charges of sedition and conspiracy; and slowly and reluctantly enjoined the great body of his countrymen to persevere in the endeavor to obtain the acknowledgment of their undoubted right to legislate for themselves. Mr. O'Brien further offered to take the chair at any monster meeting which his constituents might call, and expressed a hope that the association would not surrender without a struggle the right of holding meetings to petition parliament for the redress of grievances. This letter was dated *Cahermoyle, Rathkeale*, October 20, 1843.

The adhesion of a man who combined in his person every element of

popular veneration,—the blood of an illustrious Milesian ancestry, great talents, wealth, high station, connections, extensive parliamentary experience, and the highest degree of political integrity; one who tore himself, as it were, from the aristocracy, and came boldly into the ranks of the people, with all the zeal of a convert, and all the earnestness of an original thinker, was, as O'Connell happily described it, "AN EVENT." The junction of Mr. O'Brien, Mr. John Augustus O'Neill, Caleb Powell, M. P., John O'Brien, M. P. for Limerick, and several other Protestant gentlemen of the highest station, naturally increased the popular fervor, hope, and determination.

The "State Trials" now occupied every body's thoughts. At the very threshold the government stumbled. Their official reporter, Mr. Bond Hughes, mistook some other person for Mr. Barrett, and actually perjured himself in swearing the first informations. When made aware of his mistake, he waited on Mr. Kemmis, the crown solicitor, and acquainted him about it; but the crown, over-anxious to seize upon the agitators, took no notice of the error, but proceeded as if they had not been made aware of it, as Mr. Hughes, in his cross-examination on the trial, admitted.

Question by Mr. M'Donough:—

"Were you present on the occasion when the recognizance to bail was subscribed by Mr. Barrett?" "Yes, I then amended the mistake; I mentioned it to Mr. Kemmis."

"Did you apprise them of the mistake with respect to Mr. Barrett?" "I mentioned to them I had a doubt about having been correct in stating Mr. Barrett was at the meeting."

"When was this?" "On leaving Judge Burton's house."

"What did Mr. Kemmis say?" "I can't recollect what Mr. Kemmis said."

"Where was this?" "In Kildare Street."

"Before you reached Mr. Kemmis's house?" "Yes; on the way."

"Can you not recollect what Mr. Kemmis said?" "He made no observation."

"Then it was left as it was?" "I mentioned it to Mr. Ray before leaving Judge Burton's house."

"When leaving the room, in the passage, was Mr. Barrett then in the house?" "He was."

"What did you say?" "I was mistaken in regard to Mr. Barrett; I had a doubt that he was at the Rotunda, or at the meeting at Calvert's theatre."

"Did you return to have the error corrected?" "I did not take any steps farther; I thought it enough to inform them of it."

Upon bungling and uncertain testimony, all nearly similar to this, eight gentlemen of the first standing in their country, were placed upon their trial as criminals in a court of law.

Though I had space sufficient at my command, I fear there are few readers who would willingly wade through the tedious recitals of a state trial. I must therefore touch it very briefly.

The monster indictment comprehended the nine gentlemen in one general charge of conspiracy, to intimidate the government by physical demonstration, to create and spread sedition, to procure a forcible alteration of the law, and to bring the government into hatred and contempt. These charges were varied and subdivided into eleven "counts" or heads of crime, in which one or more of the accused, and the particular act complained of, were specifically named; but none of the counts went so far as to impute treason, or any crime which could be visited with a severer punishment than fine and imprisonment. These charges covered *thirty-three* large skins of parchment, the matter of which filled eighty printed octavo pages, and thereby acquired the appropriate title of "the monster indictment," — the largest and most complex document of the kind known in the history of English jurisprudence, and which, for *its length*, Lord Denman pronounced to be a grievance. This complicated indictment, having been before the grand jury three or four days, was "found" by all save Mr. Richard O'Gorman, who came into court and answered "not found."

So shamefully anxious was the government for a hasty conviction, that they gave the accused only *four days* to put in an answer or "plea" to this unparalleled charge. A debate on this point arose between the counsel on both sides, which lasted two days, when the judges enlarged the time, and, on the affidavit of the law agents for the accused, who solemnly swore they could not possibly frame a defence sooner than a month at the very least, postponed the trial to the sittings after the November term.

Meantime, the Rev. Mr. Tyrrell died: he was buried in his own chapel at Lusk, receiving national honors; his funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people. The Repeal Association voted a permanent provision for his father, whose only support in his old age was the reverend martyr to repeal.

Previous to the day of trial a special jury was to be struck from the grand panel. This panel consisted of more than seven hundred names, and the mode of selecting the jury was a sort of lottery. The first forty-eight drawn from a box of tickets, numbered in correspondence with each of the seven hundred names, was to form that reduced panel from which *twelve* were to be selected. The agents of the crown and the accused met to perfect this preliminary; but it appeared that a list

of sixty-eight liberal or anti-tory names, including sixteen Roman Catholics, had been fraudulently removed from the panel. Under these circumstances the accused's agents refused to go to trial, until the panel was amended by the restoration of the abstracted list. The case was brought before the judges of the Queen's Bench; Judge Perrin thought the objection of the accused valid, and that the jury panel ought to be amended; but the other three judges thought differently, and ruled against the application. The accused were then compelled to take their trial before a jury necessarily selected from a fraudulent list. Among the entire twelve jurymen there was not one Catholic or liberal Protestant; and this was the principal ground upon which the house of lords subsequently quashed the trial and verdict. And this was one ground on which Lord John Russell declared O'Connell had not had a fair trial.

After a variety of law arguments on behalf of the accused and of the crown, on points of substance and form, by which the trial was retarded for some months, the appointed day, the memorable 15th of January, 1844, at length arrived—a day that will be emphatically marked in the history of Ireland. It was the day on which Daniel O'Connell, his son John, and six other gentlemen, were arraigned before a court and jury of their countrymen for misdemeanors, and, if found guilty, were to be cast into prison, to consort with pickpockets and malefactors.

O'Connell, ever attentive to all his religious obligations, and alive to the influences of religion, and the duties of a Christian, prepared for the legal conflict, not so much with black-letter texts as with the holy supports of religion. He called around him, upon that morning, his children and his grandchildren, his friends and compatriots, and there, in the presence of the minister of his faith, assisted in offering up the holy sacrifice of the mass, and resigned himself solely unto the will of the Most High. It was indeed a solemn ceremony, and exhibited the man in a still more exalted attitude to his countrymen and their enemies. Then, with his family and immediate friends, he partook of breakfast; after which, he stepped into the lord mayor's (Mr. O'Brien's) carriage, and was accompanied to court by his lordship and the majority of the aldermen and town counsellors of the city corporation in carriages, clothed in their robes, and preceded by Mr. Reynolds, the city marshal. This procession was increased by vast numbers of the citizens in carriages, cars, and on foot, who evinced, by their deep-felt sympathy, and their abandonment of all business, that their liberties and characters were involved with their chief. Each man felt as if himself were about to be tried. The shops were in general closed, and the whole city yielded itself to

the influence of grief. This procession wound its melancholy way to the Four Courts. Arriving there, the scene presented to the eye was very remarkable. The magnificent quays on both sides of the River Liffey (which washes the base of the law courts) were covered over with a dense crowd of human beings. These were to be seen along the river, above and below, as far as the eye could reach. The lord mayor's carriage arriving at the grand entrance to the hall of the courts, O'Connell alighted, ascended the steps, and with a commanding air waived his colossal arm to the immense concourse, signifying to them to retire. At this moment, a shout went up from that mighty gathering which penetrated the courts and castle, and shook the seats of judicial and political power.

The interior of the court, from an early hour, was literally packed with human beings, and these were of the wealthiest class; for tickets of admission were obtainable from the sheriff only by the greatest favor. Many of the nobility were present, and such was the interest felt in England about the issue of those trials, that each of the great London newspapers sent a corps of reporters to attend the court, to transmit, for the information of their readers, every tittle that transpired.

The judges of the Queen's Bench, where this trial took place, were Messrs. Pennafather, Burton, Perrin, and Crampton. The first two are Tories; Judge Perrin was a whig, and Crampton a sort of neutral, distinguished only for his zealous advocacy of temperance. The counsel for the crown were T. B. C. Smith, attorney-general; Messrs. Warren, Brewster, Martley, Freeman, Holmes, Baker, and Napier. The counsel for O'Connell, and the other traversers, were Messrs. Sheil, Moore, Whiteside, M'Donough, Monahan, Fitzgibbon, Sir C. O'Loughlin, O'Hagan, O'Hea, Clements, M'Carthy, Moriarty, Close, and Perrin. The solicitors to the accused were Messrs. Mahoney, Cantwell, Gartland, and Forde.

The jury were then impanelled. Many declined serving, from illness or unwillingness, and Sir C. O'Loughlin challenged the array on behalf of Daniel O'Connell, inasmuch as the names of over sixty persons were fraudulently removed from the grand panel. The judges heard the arguments. Judge Perrin was for allowing it, but the other three judges ruled against it, and the accused were obliged to go to trial with the jury in the box, which were exclusively Protestant, and politically opposed to the men whom they were about to try. Their names are as follows, and will go down, with Pennafather and Smith, to a discriminating posterity.

1. James Hamilton, 14 Upper Ormond Quay, wine merchant.
2. Captain Edward Roper, 15 Eccles Street.
3. Edward Clarke, 128 Stephen's Green, West.
4. Francis Faulkner, 78 Grafton Street, grocer.
5. John Croker, 36 North Great George Street, wine merchant.
6. Henry Flynn, 25 William Street, pianoforte maker.
7. Henry Thompson, 28 Eustace Street, wine merchant.
8. Anson Floyd, 19 Wellington Quay, China warehouse.
9. John Rigby, 175 Great Brunswick Street, gun maker.
10. Robert Hanna, 12 Henry Street, wine merchant.
11. William Longfield, 10 Harcourt Street.
12. William Ord, 79 Cork Street, tanner.

The pleadings were opened by Mr. Napier, and the indictment was supported by the attorney-general, T. B. C. Smith. It is needless to recapitulate the charges. He gave a history of the repeal agitation for the previous twelve months, quoted selected passages from O'Connell's speeches, some poems and political articles, and American correspondence from the *Nation*, some articles from the *Freeman*, and lastly, Mr. Robert Tyler's speech at Washington, from the *Pilot*, with a spirited commentary by the editor, and several editorial articles from that paper.

These formed the burden of his charge. As the Repeal Association had circulated the *Nation*, *Pilot*, and *Freeman*, the members were held responsible by the attorney-general for all that these papers contained. He charged all the gentlemen with "a conspiracy to procure an alteration in the laws by intimidation, to bring the government and tribunals of the country into hatred and contempt, and to tamper with the allegiance of the army." The attorney-general spent two days in describing the overt acts, sayings, and writings, of the various traversers. He was frequently interrupted by shouts of laughter from the bar and the auditory, which tended, in no small degree, to increase the acerbity of his feelings. One of the most remarkable documents he brought forward was the celebrated song, from the *NATION*, entitled the "Memory of the Dead,"\* which had been honored by a recital in the house of lords and house of commons, in the corporation, and was now read, by the first law officer of the crown, in the Court of Queen's Bench, with disturbed visage and threatening brow. The reader will find this patriotic song at the close of the lecture on the rebellion of 1798.

\* Written by a Protestant student of Trinity College.

The principal witnesses for the prosecution were two English and one Irish reporter, connected with the London press. One of these, Mr. Hughes, manfully acknowledged that he was sent by Mr. Gurney, at the request of the government, to take notes of the speeches of Mr. O'Connell and the other repeal leaders, with a view of sustaining a prosecution, and for which he was to receive four hundred pounds; that he never made any secret of his business at their meetings. The second, and one who attained a vile eminence, was Mr. *Ross*, a reporter sent to Ireland by the London Morning Chronicle, to report Irish affairs, but who entered into a secret engagement with the government to furnish such matter as would be deemed criminatory towards O'Connell; to act, in short, as a spy; and, under that sanctity which hitherto belonged to the press, to pass into the arcana of the association, and strive to obtain wherewithal to criminate him.

As soon as this person was known to be a witness for the crown, the reporters of the Dublin press, of every shade of politics, held a meeting, to which was invited all the gentlemen connected with the London press, then in Dublin; and at this solemn meeting, Mr. C. HUGHES in the chair, a resolution was passed condemning the attempt to reduce the honorable profession of reporter to the press to the infamous degradation of *informer*. *Ross* was, by this proceeding, excluded forever from the society of gentlemen.\*

The third was a person named Jackson, who corresponded with the *Morning Herald*, whose notes, transmitted to that paper for the previous nine months, were regularly handed over to Sir James Graham. All these witnesses were completely puzzled and baffled by the able counsel for the defence. They were forced to admit that they could not accurately report the words of Mr. O'Connell or the other speakers, that the substitution of one word for another, even though slightly different, would change the whole meaning of any sentence, and the utmost they could swear to was, that they reported what they conceived the "*substance*" of what he and the others said.

Some policemen were produced to prove that the people marched to the meetings in military array — "in rank and file." But these, when subjected to the test of cross-examination, proved nothing more than that the people at all those multitudinous meetings were perfectly peaceable, disciplined, submissive to the directions of their chiefs, and marched to the sound of music. In truth, *all* the witnesses *proved* the perfectly

\* I believe this person is now in Boston, employed as a correspondent to one of the London pictorials, and writer of personal sketches for a Boston morning paper.



peaceful conduct of the people, through the entire range of forty-three monster meetings held in every part of Ireland—in the commercial cities, and in the remote and less cultivated agricultural and mountainous districts. **ALL WERE PEACEFUL, SOBER, ORDERLY, UNITED, AND OBEDIENT TO O'CONNELL.** And the number sworn to by the crown witnesses, as having attended these meetings, and as coming under this description, **WAS THREE AND A HALF MILLIONS.**

The defence of the accused was conducted by the ablest lawyers that were ever engaged in any cause, either in Ireland or England. There were, altogether, fourteen counsel, besides O'Connell and his son, (who appeared professionally on their own behalf,) with four solicitors, which, with the accused, most of whom are lawyers, formed a standing legal council of five-and-twenty; some of the most highly-educated and able men in the British empire. The immense fund, at this time exceeding a thousand pounds a week, which flowed into the repeal treasury, enabled the patriots to employ the ablest men at the bar; and in this part of the conflict O'Connell had the advantage; for, on the first intimation of the prosecution, he had all the *really able* men at the bar engaged, and, with the exception of one man, the crown had nothing on its side but the second or third rate lawyers of the hall.

The reader may conceive the laborious duties of these lawyers and their assistants. The attorney-general offered, as evidence to the jury, piles of newspapers and reports of speeches, with nearly every "report" issued by the Repeal Association for the previous twelve months, selecting such passages as he deemed objectionable, to which the defendants were obliged to oppose all those speeches and articles which were of an opposite or pacific character. All these long documents were copied into the briefs for the leading counsel, who were obliged to remain up whole nights to peruse every word of the repeal speeches, and to be ready to meet their opponents in court the ensuing day. There were at least a hundred clerks employed to furnish copies of documents to counsel. Every evening the defendants and their advocates assembled, either at O'Connell's residence or at some other, to consult on the business of the morrow. O'Connell was ever present, arranging and directing this mighty moral and legal conflict. It is impossible to estimate the labor and personal fatigue which he and the other gentlemen underwent, from October to the 30th of May.

Sheil, one of the first orators of Europe, was chosen to open the defence on behalf of John O'Connell. He spoke on the 12th day, and commenced in the morning. When he rose, a hush of anxious silence per-

vaded the over-crowded court. He began with that beautiful passage which I have inserted in the sketch of him, at page 1310. His speech was a grand anti-tory display, beautiful, historical, philosophical, legal, and logical ; but it was not what the traversers wished for — a vindication of their principles and their career. It was artfully framed to work upon a jury in favor of mere seditionists, but far from what the firm and dignified repealers of Ireland required. So decidedly was this its character, that, upon the ensuing day, Mr. John O'Connell, on whose part it was spoken, rose, and took the first opportunity to intimate to the court and jury, that he and his father would never compromise the demand for repeal by accepting, in lieu of it, the temporary visits of royalty or of the English parliament, as suggested by his learned counsel, (Mr. Sheil.) Nothing, he said, could satisfy the Irish people but the presence and protection of their own parliament.

The speeches of Mr. Moore, Mr. Hatchell, and Mr. Fitzgibbon, were very able. During the delivery of the latter gentleman's address to the jury, an incident occurred which should go to posterity. The attorney-general having, in his address to the jury, translated the celebrated article in the Nation, headed the "Morality of War" into the "Morality of *Rebellion*," and otherwise perverted the meaning of the articles and speeches he presented to the jury, Mr. Fitzgibbon commented very severely upon this, describing it as improper and dishonest. The attorney-general, feeling the keen weapon of his adversary enter his very heart, lost all self-possession, cast off all dignity, forgot the queen his mistress, and the country which paid him, and addressed to Mr. Fitzgibbon, in the very court, under the eyes of the judges, a challenge to mortal combat. Mr. Fitzgibbon took the note, read it, flung it back contemptuously, and soon after applied to the bench for protection. On the interference of Mr. Moore, Q. C., and the pacific suggestions of the judges, this breach of the peace and contempt of court was passed over.

But the man who, above all the other able men, distinguished himself in this memorable conflict, was **WHITESIDE**. He was counsel for Mr. Duffy, of the *Nation*. Belonging to a tory, anti-Irish connection, and ever supposed to be imbued with their doctrines, the speech of Mr. Whiteside fell upon the people and the government with surprise. Although nominally counsel for Mr. Duffy, he entered into the whole question with an ability and power which electrified the court. His was no craven appeal to bigoted, half-perjured, half-stupid jurymen. No ! It was an able and eloquent vindication of the repeal agitation, of O'Connell, and of the press, from the beginning to the end. It occupied two

days in the delivery, and exceeded in power any forensic oration made in Ireland, since the days of Curran, with the exception of O'Connell's for Barrett. One passage, as a specimen, surely deserves a place here.

“Alas! a large portion of our countrymen are unhappy, discontented, and destitute. They look around for the causes of their misfortunes. They behold a country blessed by Providence with the means of wealth, but the strong man pines for a pittance. For a daily sixpence, he strives with gaunt famine in the midst of fertility and plenty. Is he seditious if he exclaims, in the language of indignant remonstrance, that he thinks a native parliament would give him the means of livelihood? Is he criminal to wish for the means of life? Is he seditious if he — knowing that his single voice would be unheeded as the idle wind — should join with other men for the declaration of their common wants, their common grievances, and their common sufferings? Is he, or are they conspirators because they think a local parliament might, perhaps, confer on them those blessings which they now sigh for? They think, perhaps erroneously, that a resident aristocracy and a resident gentry would prove the source of industry and the means of wealth. They see their aristocracy absentees. They see mischief daily and hourly increasing. They think, perchance, a native parliament might induce them to return; and are they conspirators because they say so? They know, and true it is, the beauties of Ireland — if now, indeed, she has any — are not sufficient to induce her gentry or nobility to return. What are her beauties compared with the fascination of the imperial senate, and the glittering splendor of a court? They see, and they believe, that wealth is daily and hourly diminishing in this country. Before them they think there is a gloomy prospect, and little hope. They transfer their eyes to this metropolis, in which we stand. They see what a quick and sensitive people cannot shut their eyes to. The dwellings of your nobility are converted into boarding-houses and barracks, your Linen Hall is waste, your Exchange deserted, your university forsaken, your custom-house almost a poor-house; and, not long since, you may have read a debate with reference to the removal from an asylum, not far from where you sit, of the poor old Irish pensioners, who bravely served their country, to transplant them, in their old age, to another country, to save a miserable pittance. They see daily and hourly that the expenditure of money is withdrawn from the poorer country to the richer, on the ground of the application of the hard rules of political economy, or the unbending principles of imperial centralization. They look to their parliament-house, and the union has *improved* it into a bank. In their eyes, it stands a monument of past glory and present degradation. The glorious labors of our gifted countrymen within those walls are not yet forgotten. The works of the understanding do not quickly perish. The verses of Homer have lived two thousand five hundred years without the loss of a syllable or a letter, while cities, and temples, and palaces, have fallen into decay. The eloquence of Greece tells us of the genius of her sons, and the freedom which produced it. We forget her ruin in the recollection of her greatness; nor can we read, even now, without emotion, the exalted sentiments of her inspired children, poured forth in their exquisite language, to save the expiring liberties of their country. Perhaps their genius had a resurrectionary power, and, in later days, quickened their degenerate posterity, and roused them from the lethargy of slavery to the activity of freedom.

We, too, have had among us, in better times, men who approached the greatness of antiquity. The imperishable record of that eloquence will ever keep alive in our hearts a zeal for freedom and a love for country. The comprehensive genius of Flood, the more than mortal energy of Grattan, the splendor of Bushe, the learning of Ball, the noble simplicity of Burgh, the Demosthenic fire of Plunket, and the eloquence of Curran, rushing from the heart, will sound in the ears of their countrymen forever. They toiled to save the ancient constitution of Ireland; but wit, learning, eloquence, and genius, lost their power over the souls of men. With one great exception, these, our distinguished countrymen, have passed away; but their memories cannot perish with them. Their eloquence and their names will be remembered by the grateful patriot while genius is honored or patriotism revered. Lastly, on this subject of the union, the Irish people say the imperial parliament have not attended to their peculiar wants. They say our character has been misunderstood, and sometimes slandered; our vices have been magnified into crimes, and the crimes of a few have been visited upon the nation. The Irish, 'the mere Irish,' have been derided as creatures of impulse without a settled understanding, a reasoning power, a moral sense. They have their faults — God knows they have, — I grieve to say it, — but their faults are redeemed by the splendor of their virtues. They have rushed into this agitation with ardor, because it is their nature, when they feel strongly, to act boldly and speak passionately. Ascribe their excesses to their enthusiasm, and forgive. Recollect that same enthusiasm has borne them triumphant over fields of peril and glory, impelled them to shed their dearest blood, and offer their gallant lives, in defence of the liberties of England. The broken chivalry of France attests the value of that fiery enthusiasm, and marks its power; nor is their high spirit useful only in the storm of battle: it cheers their almost broken hearts, lightens their load of misery when it is almost insupportable, sweetens that bitter cup of poverty which thousands of your countrymen are doomed to drink. What that is truly great, without enthusiasm, has been won for man? The glorious works of art, the immortal productions of the understanding, the incredible ardor of heroes and patriots for the salvation of mankind, have been prompted by enthusiasm, and nothing else. Cold and dull were our existence here below, unless the deep passions of the soul, stirred by enthusiasm, were summoned into action for great and noble purposes — the overwhelming of vice, wickedness, tyranny, the securing and supporting of the world's virtue, the world's hope, the world's freedom. The hand of Omnipotence, by whose touch this island started into existence from amid the waters that surround it, stamped upon its people noble qualities of the intellect and the heart. Directed to the wise purposes for which Heaven designed them, they will yet redeem, exalt, regenerate Ireland."

Mr. M'Donough followed in an able and eloquent argument in behalf of Mr. Barrett, surpassed only by that of Mr. Whiteside.

The Liberator, on the nineteenth day, made the closing speech of the defence. To say that this speech was able and eloquent would not be enough. It was more. It was the case of the nation — of Ireland, impressively stated before an awakened world. The great leader of repeal felt perfectly indifferent about the personal consequences of the verdict.

He well knew the *kidney* of judges and jurymen ; but he was overjoyed at the progress of the agitation in the queen's courts — overjoyed at an opportunity for such a discussion. The legal meetings of the previous eighteen days, and, indeed, many more, were meetings of the Repeal Association in the chief court of the kingdom. Men and women opened their ears to the repeal arguments who never listened before. The people of England, nay, of Europe and America, swallowed every word which issued from the Irish hall of jurisprudence. O'Connell was well aware of this, and he framed his grand reply to satisfy the public appetite. Every feature of the repeal cause was presented in that reply. Some of his statements had been uttered a thousand times before. No matter. He had now more listeners by a thousand to one than ever he had before. The luminous analysis of the condition of Ireland both before and since the union, the frightful disease which had eaten into every social organ and limb of Ireland, were portrayed in the most appropriate language, and sustained by financial calculations which place his argument beyond all cavil, which make it a complete companion for the repealer.

The ears of beauty and of learning were open to this powerful address. It traversed the highways of civilization on the wings of the press. It was read thousands of miles distant from the place where it was delivered, and, wherever read, it made friends for down-trodden Ireland.

On the 9th of February, the twenty-third day of the trial, Chief Justice Pennafather commenced his charge to the jury. It occupied two days in the delivery, and it was truly a speech for the crown. Lord Normanby correctly characterized it when he said, in the house of lords, that when he got into the middle of it, and for a moment forgot the speaker, he thought he was reading the solicitor-general's speech for the crown. The chief justice uniformly designated the accused and their counsel "the other side," and the expression accorded perfectly with his feelings, and with all his acts ; for, during the pauses in the trial to allow the counsel and judges to refresh themselves, the attorney-general invariably went into Judge Pennafather's chamber, and lunched and chatted most confidentially with his lordship ; and, at the rising of the court, each day at three o'clock, his lordship repaired to the lord lieutenant's council at the castle, where he met the attorney and solicitor-general, the lord chancellor, and Lord de Grey, when all necessary arrangements were made for conducting the prosecution the following day — a thing unparalleled in the whole history of jurisprudence.

*Chief Justice Pennafather* demonstrated in his person that a judge

can serve the crown at once in three capacities — namely, as a privy councillor, advising and directing a state prosecution ; as crown counsel, in addressing a jury upon that prosecution ; and as judge, in administering the law between the parties.

At the conclusion of this unparalleled charge, the issue, with a huge bundle of documents, newspapers, and reports, was handed up to the jury, who were literally bewildered with the multiplicity of the charges placed under their consideration. They retired at seven o'clock in the evening, and did not return their verdict till twelve at night. During the intermediate time, the utmost anxiety pervaded the anxious auditory of ladies and gentlemen who filled the court; and, although the judge adjourned the court from seven to nine o'clock, very few persons left their seats. The hall outside, and the grand area in front of the court, were crowded with human beings ; and when it was known that the jury had retired, thousands upon thousands thronged around the courthouse, blocking up the quays, resolved to remain there all the night, awaiting the award of Fate.

At eleven o'clock, the jury were sent for, and it appeared they literally could not comprehend the legal charges of the indictment ; but they uttered sufficient to intimate that they were agreed about finding the O'Connells, Barrett, and Duffy, guilty. This was enough. A murmur of horror ran through the auditors, which plainly articulated, "O, the perjurers !" At five minutes after twelve, they again returned into court, with a verdict of GUILTY against all the traversers except the Rev. Mr. Tierney, whom they acquitted. A buzz of indignation arose from the body of the court, which was soon communicated to the crowds outside, and burst into an awful shout of madness. It was several minutes before any thing could be done in the court. It being Saturday night, past twelve o'clock, and illegal to receive a verdict on the Sabbath, the jury were placed in custody of the sheriff until Monday morning.

So great was the anxiety of the ministry in London to be informed of the result of the verdict, that a steamboat was held in waiting to start with the intelligence, and on Monday morning the London Times announced the fact to England in such type and language as it did the victory of Waterloo. It was, it seems, a mighty triumph to imprison O'Connell ; the Times knew it, and it spared no expense in the arrangements to enable it to be first in the annunciation of the tremendous fact.

On Monday morning, the 12th of February, and twenty-fifth day of the trial, the full court, defendants, and lawyers, were in attendance, when the verdict of guilty against the seven martyrs was recorded.

The court declined then to pass sentence, but adjourned to the Easter term, 15th of April.

Immense crowds attended around the court, from the beginning to the end of those trials. It was the practice of the people to accompany O'Connell and his son every day from his house in Merrion Square to the court, an English mile in distance. As he walked daily on this legal pilgrimage, accompanied generally by his sons, Mr. Smith O'Brien, or some other distinguished person, the people hailed him, blessed him, prayed for him. Mothers taught their babes to put their little hands up to heaven in supplication for his safety. One passionate, fervid sentiment pervaded the entire community, which a single spark would have ignited into revolution.

Immediately after the termination of the trials, O'Connell proceeded to England to confront the chief of his persecutors in parliament. The anti-corn-law league, of which he is a member, immediately called a meeting of that body in Covent Garden Theatre, where he appeared to receive from the English people a reversal of that verdict which had been so unfairly obtained against him. At this great public meeting he was welcomed as public man never before was welcomed in England. In truth, that memorable meeting, composed of merchants, manufacturers, and workmen, spent nearly their entire evening cheering and applauding him. The next evening, he attended in his place in the house of commons, where a similar manifestation took place. On his journey from his residence in Pall Mall to the house of commons, the mob of London accompanied him all the way, cheering more heartily than that of Dublin; and on his arrival in the house, upwards of two hundred of its members started on their feet and burst out into a most unprecedented roar of applause, which was answered outside by a thunder cheer that rang through London.

It was thus the "convicted conspirator" was received in presence of the tory ministry. Lord John Russell had moved for a committee to inquire into the state of Ireland. In the course of his speech, he solemnly declared that Daniel O'Connell had not had a fair trial. His lordship's motion for inquiry was negatived by a majority of ninety-nine. The whig party in parliament, and through England, did their utmost to damage the tories by means of this trial; but the great body of the English people sincerely and indignantly denounced the prosecution, and heartily sympathized with O'Connell. The Liberator himself, in writing to Mr. Ray, under date of 24th February, 1844, describes this feeling better than any other person: "I have constant manifestations

of this kindly and generous spirit ; but the meeting at Covent Garden, on Wednesday, produced a scene never exceeded, and, I do believe, never equalled in any country. This is a spirit to be cherished as well as admired for its noble generosity." Again, at Birmingham, where he was invited by the masses, through Joseph Sturge, his reception is thus described by the English newspapers : " The whole meeting rose, and a thunder of applause burst forth, which continued for several minutes, being renewed again and again. It was some time before the honorable member, who was much affected by the magnificent scene, could proceed. At length he said, ' I came to Birmingham for two reasons. The first was to express, in the strongest terms which the English language can afford, my delight and gratification at the sympathy which my country, and I, her advocate, have received from the people of England since the recent transactions.' " In Liverpool, on his return to Ireland, the same week, he was welcomed by thousands in the Adelphi Theatre.

In recording these evidences of English sympathy for Ireland, I feel a glow of gratitude that no words can describe. I have lived and agitated among Englishmen in the course of my life, and I have good reason to add to that now recorded, my own testimony to the strong sympathy for unhappy Ireland which pervades the great masses of the English nation — *a feeling which, when properly cultivated and directed, cannot fail to obtain for both nations a satisfactory system of rational and responsible government.*

Without dwelling further on the numerous manifestations of sympathy which greeted O'Connell wheresoever he turned, and which came over the ocean to him from Germany, France, America, and Canada, swelling the treasury of Conciliation Hall, and animating the suffering hearts of the Irish people, we shall follow at once the "state prosecution" to the end.

The 15th of April, the first day of Easter term, 1844, arrived, when judgment was to be pronounced on the martyrs. Mr. Whiteside was put forward to stop the progress of English tyranny by a motion at bar for a new trial, on several grounds, but chiefly for misdirection of the jury in the charge of the learned chief justice. He was well sustained by his brethren of the robe. This skirmish delayed the victor a few weeks. At length, the form and spirit of the constitution having been broken down by the chief justice and the attorney-general, who resolved to inflict punishment on the traversers, although there were yet *two* tribunals open to them for appeal, namely, the twelve judges and the house of lords, and the defendants had apprized them of their inten-



tion to appeal by writ of error ; — at length the *thirtieth of May* arrived — a day that will ever be marked by the historian of Ireland as that on which SEVEN of her chief men were incarcerated in a house of correction by an unfair trial and an unjust sentence. All the judges, and all the traversers and their counsel, were present. *Burton*, the senior judge, was put forward to pass sentence. The terms of that sentence were matter of anxious debate between the judges. Chief Justice Penafather and Judge Crampton were for awarding two years' imprisonment to O'Connell. Judge Burton was for twelve, and Judge Perrin for six months. A compromise between them was the consequence, and Judge Burton, in the course of a most feeling address, in which he shed tears, acquitted O'Connell of all intent to use physical force, or create any sort of disturbance in the enforcement of his plans. The following are his sentiments : —

“He was perfectly convinced that the principal traverser did intend to carry his real object — the abolition of the union — without the infraction of the public peace, without (if it were possible) the shedding of one drop of human blood ; he believed that he had that design rooted in his mind ; that he desired to act upon it ; and that it was by the great influence which he possessed as a leader, he had been able to keep and preserve the peace to the extent it had been kept and preserved. Let it never be forgotten, that a man who felt all those motives and desires as strongly as any human being could, who would not, on any account, commit an act of violence or bloodshed, and who possessed that unbounded authority and influence, made no use of it for the purpose of producing bad effects. If he did not misconceive several passages in the speeches of Mr. O'Connell, they were used for the very purpose of keeping down violence.” He concluded, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, to deliver the following

*Sentence on the Traversers.*

DANIEL O'CONNELL to be imprisoned for twelve calendar months, to pay a fine of two thousand pounds, and to enter into securities to keep the peace for seven years, himself in five thousand, and two sureties in two thousand five hundred pounds each.

JOHN O'CONNELL, JOHN GRAY, THOS. STEELE, R. BARRETT, C. G. DUFFY, and T. M. RAY, to be imprisoned nine calendar months ; to pay a fine of fifty pounds, and to enter into securities to keep the peace for seven years, themselves respectively in one thousand, and two sureties in five hundred pounds each.

*Mr. O'Connell.*—“I will not do any thing so irregular as to remind Mr. Justice Burton that we each of us have sworn positively, and that I, in particular, have sworn positively that I was not engaged in any conspiracy whatsoever. I am sorry to say that I feel it, my imperative duty to add, that *justice has not been done to me.*”

No sooner had the Liberator uttered these words than there arose in the court a cheer of approval of the sentiment contained in them, which must have proved embarrassing to the bench, but which it would have been totally impossible to repress. The gentlemen of the outer bar first rose up and cheered; the public in the gallery followed the example. A burst of the most enthusiastic approval followed this bold and well-timed declaration of what all felt to be a truth—a truth uttered with all his characteristic grace of manner and earnestness of tone.

A voice called out lustily from the gallery, “Three cheers for repeal!” and we have never heard, in any assemblage of Irishmen, that call more manfully and vigorously responded to, than in her majesty’s Court of Queen’s Bench, upon the 30th May, 1844.

The Liberator was shaken warmly by the hand by Mr. Smith O’Brien, Mr. J. A. O’Neill, the Rev. Dr. Miley, and others of his friends who were sitting in his immediate locality; and the friends of the several traversers flocked eagerly around them, and, shaking them by the hand, kindly and earnestly expressed their sympathy.

After a slight pause, Mr. Justice Burton addressed Mr. O’Connell, and said the court was extremely anxious that the traversers should not be committed to any prison to which they might have an objection. If he (Mr. Justice Burton) might suggest a place, he would suggest the Smithfield Penitentiary as a prison prepared for their reception.

*Mr. Moore.*—“Say Richmond Bridewell, South Circular Road”

*Mr. O’Connell.*—“Yes, say Richmond.”

*Mr. Justice Burton.*—“Very well.”

*Mr. Bourne, (clerk of the crown.)*—“Crier, call the high sheriff.”

The high sheriff then entered the court, and was told by Mr. Bourne that he was to take the traversers into custody, and convey them to Richmond Bridewell.

The traversers, shortly after four o’clock, left the Four Courts in the following order, accompanied by mounted police: In the first carriage were the Liberator, John O’Connell, Esq., M. P., with the high sheriff and the Rev. Dr. Miley. The second carriage contained Richard Barrett, Esq., Dr. Gray, Charles Gavan Duffy, Esq., Thomas Mathew Ray, Esq., and the sub-sheriff. In the third carriage was Thomas Steele, Esq., and Richard O’Gorman, Esq., followed in a fourth car-

riage by William Smith O'Brien, Esq., M. P., Sir Colman M. O'Loghlen, Daniel O'Connell, Jun., Esq., Edward Clements, Esq.; William Ford, and Peter M'Evoy Gartlan, Esqrs. All the preliminaries being arranged, the cavalcade proceeded along the quays followed by thousands of people, who, however, felt the solemnity of the occasion to such a degree that not the least demonstration of any kind was attempted. They had been cautioned by their great leader not to make any demonstration, and as the *cortège* passed along, and the multitude was augmented by numbers, their feelings were vented in murmurs, and brooding determination pervaded all. The conduct of the people was excellent, and such as to give joy and confidence to the Liberator and the friends of Ireland. So earnest were the people in their obedience to the mandate of O'Connell, that if even a boy commenced to cheer, they silenced him by a hush and a reproof for disturbing the solemnity of the scene. The carriages proceeded along the quays, through Kilmainham, and by the Circular Road to the prison, where they arrived at about half-past five o'clock. On stopping at the gate, the people could not contain themselves, and one loud and long-protracted cheer for "the traversers and a repeal of the union," accompanied with shouts of "No shrinking!" filled the air for several minutes.

*The Reception.*—The patriots were received at the gate by Sir Edward Stanley and the governor of the prison.

*First Assemblée at Harold's Cross.*—The procession entered in the following order: The governor, Sir E. Stanley, the Rev. Dr. Miley, the Liberator, (who came with as buoyant a step as if he were treading the heath and breathing the air of his own wild native mountains,) J. O'Connell, Esq., M. P., Dr. Gray, Charles G. Duffy, Esq., T. M. Ray, Esq., Richard Barrett, Esq., and Thomas Steele, Esq. Among the gentlemen who entered immediately after, were W. S. O'Brien, Esq., M. P., Sir Colman O'Loghlen, — Caley, T. C. D., Wilson Gray, Esq., M. J. Barry, Richard O'Gorman, Thomas Davis, John J. Cassidy, Carrickmacross, J. Dillon, D. Cangle, Esqrs., with several others, whose names we could not ascertain.

The following gentlemen received the traversers on their entering the prison yard: Christopher Fitzsimon, P. C. Gavin, T. C., Jeremiah Dunne, H. Costigan, F. Morgan, S. M'Laughlin, Belfast, D. Murphy, Surgeon Lyle, Patrick Gernon, Drogheda, M. Spratt, P. V. Fitzpatrick, M. Crean, Edward Costelloe, John Reynolds, Thomas Reilly, David Mahony, W. Bryan Raheny, Thomas Arkins, Thomas L. Sinnott, C. Lyle, — Barry, barrister, Patrick Dowling, and a numerous band of gentlemen of respectability.

The Liberator was met at the door of his apartment by his daughters, Mrs. Fitzsimon and Mrs. French, Mrs. John O'Connell, and many other ladies. He embraced his daughters most affectionately, and they welcomed him to a prison for the benefit of his native land. The scene was most imposing, and evoked a spirit which it was impossible to restrain. The Liberator and his friends were most warmly greeted, and, after walking about the garden for some time, returned to their apartments, and closed the first *assemblée* of the traversers in their new domicile.

A short address, signed by O'Connell, was issued to the people of Ireland, which conjured them, by every thing dear to their hearts, to be peaceable, cool, but determined. Mr. Smith O'Brien, whose ceaseless attention to Ireland and her chiefs during this bitter ordeal, is beyond the force of language to applaud, immediately issued a proclamation signed by him as chairman of the executive committee of the Repeal Association, making it known to all that there would be no shrinking, — declaring war to the knife against the enemies of Ireland, and that more martyrs were ready to enter prison with O'Connell. Grattan, Lord Ffrench, O'Neill, and other eminent leaders of Ireland, were at their posts, and challenged the prosecution of the attorney-general.

If the trials in the Queen's Bench swelled the dimensions and importance of repeal, and increased the fervor of the repealers, the *imprisonment* added to it a hundred fold. The liberal press in Dublin and throughout the provinces, and even in America, came out in mourning, and many of them continued in that habiliment of woe during the entire captivity. "REMEMBER THE THIRTIETH OF MAY" was the stereotyped sentence over the leader of each journal; and it is a day emphatically marked upon the public memory. The repeal rent, which had floated between five hundred and a thousand pounds a week, now, although O'Connell's lips were closed, suddenly swelled to *two and three thousand pounds a week*. The whole amount received for fourteen weeks previous to the imprisonment was six thousand seven hundred pounds. The whole amount for the fourteen weeks of the imprisonment was twenty-five thousand seven hundred pounds. This, perhaps, more than any other circumstance, astounded and discomfited the government; for it was a result the very opposite of that they sought by their prosecution. But, more than this, the Catholic clergy of Ireland, from the highest dignitary to the humblest curate, felt themselves imprisoned with O'Connell in his dungeon, and sought an opportunity in rotation to come where he was, and offer up, with him, the holy sacrifice of the mass, for his safety and speedy liberation. His prison was the seat of honor, and thither the highest men in the

kingdom, and many distinguished individuals from other countries, repaired, to offer him their sympathy and homage. The Catholic clergy of Wurtemberg sent a most eloquent address to him, in which, while they sympathized in his struggle, they expressed their obligations to Ireland for the knowledge of religion and letters conferred upon Germany, in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, by the Irish missionaries of those times. The English Catholics sent forward a glowing address, from which I make one extract, and record the signers.

*From an Address of the English Catholic Nobility, and other Personages of high Rank, to the Liberator and Father of his Country.*

“Your whole life, sir, has been spent in the cause of your country, and the advancement of civil and religious liberty; and we, who have benefited by the exertions of that life, now conclude our address in terms of gratitude for the past, and of hope for the future — of hope that the day of your renewed exertion in the cause of your unfortunate country is destined again to arrive, and though now removed from the presence of your countrymen, that you may have the uninterrupted consolation of knowing that your precepts of order and peace are scrupulously attended to.

(Signed)

Shrewsbury,	Robert Berkeley, Jun,
Camoyo,	of Spetchley Park,
Stourton,	Worcester,
Dormer,	Edward Clovering,
Stafford,	Joseph Weld, Lulworth
Newburgh,	Castle,
Charles Stourton,	Joseph T. Tempest,
Charles T. Clifford,	Richard Huddleston,
Edward M. Vavasour, of	Edward Huddleston,
Hazelwood,	Joseph Wood,
William Wareing,	S. T. Scroope,
Thomas Browne, Bishop	R. Baillie, of Tadcas-
of Appollonia, V. A.	ter,
Wales,	J. Coltanach, L. L. D.
William Rideell,	J. Drysdale, York,
Pyers Mostyn,	Richard Boyle,
Charles R. Tempest,	J. Bird,
Mar. C. Maxwell,	F. Jarrett,
John F. Vaughan,	G. Speakman,
P. Constable Maxwell,	Thomas Ord,
Mayor of Richmond,	James Smith.”

The addresses from America were very numerous and animating.

But that which, beyond all other indications of public feeling, swells into importance, was the simultaneous assemblage in Dublin of nearly all the corporate authorities of Ireland, to present to the martyrs their respective addresses of condolence. When this became known to the government, they sent strict orders to the governor of the jail to admit no persons

with addresses into the prison ; the corporate deputies having all arrived in Dublin about the 18th of June, they assembled at the mansion of the Liberator, in Merrion Square, and having submitted their address and documents to a committee appointed from all, made the necessary preparation to proceed to the prison. The proceedings are thus reported by the Dublin Freeman:—

“ At twelve o'clock, a considerable number of carriages, containing the members of the various deputations, drove into the square, in which a vast crowd was assembled; and the scene was most spirit-stirring. The members of the corporations, arrayed in their robes of office, attended by their officers bearing the paraphernalia of their respective municipalities, assembled in the drawing-rooms of Mr. O'Connell's house. As the different deputations entered, the crowds in front cheered most enthusiastically. The following list comprises the deputations:—

“ *City of Cork.* The Right Worshipful the Mayor, (William Fagan;) Aldermen Daniel Murphy, Edward Hackett, Thomas Lyons, and John O'Connell, Esqrs.

“ *City of Limerick.* The Right Worshipful the Mayor; Martin Hohan, Esq., Mayor; Aldermen O'Gorman and Ryan; Town Councillors Kane, M'Mahon, Quin, Kelly, Goulding, Murphy, Raleigh, and Francis John O'Neill, Esq., Treasurer.

“ *City of Waterford.* The Right Worshipful the Mayor, (F. Meagher;) Sir Benjamin Morris; Aldermen Sherlock and Delahunty; Town Councillors Sweetman and Walshe.

“ *City of Kilkenny.* The Right Worshipful the Mayor; Aldermen Cane, Hackett, Potter, Maxwell, and Hart; Town Councillors D. Smithwick, Cody, Lanigan, Rowan, and Mulhallon; the Rev. R. O'Shea, Rev. E. Nolan; Messrs. Tidmarsh, Finn, Calnan, Madden, Bateman, Walshe, Purcell, Potter, Moran, Hyland, Burke, and Martin.

“ *Clonmel.* The Right Worshipful the Mayor, (Dr. Phelan;) Aldermen Cantwell, Quin, Byrne; Councillors Lacey, Bianconi, Fennelly, O'Brien, Corcoran, and Barrett; John Dunphy, Laurence Prendergast, — Kenny, Esqrs., and the Rev. James Prendergast, C. C.

“ *Dundalk.* An address from Dundalk, by a deputation consisting of the following gentlemen: Captain Seaver, P. Wynne, P. M'Evoy Gartlan, M. G. Conway, Esqrs., Dr. John Coleman, Laurence Martin, H. M'Grath, and Daniel Maloney, Esqrs.

“ *Ennis.* Wm. S. O'Brien, Esq., M. P.; Sir C. O'Loughlen, Bart.; Rev. Mr. Hennessy; Richard Scott, Chas. O'Connell, and Cornelius Hickey, Esqrs.

“ *New Ross.* James Galavan and James Howlett, Esqrs., Corporation Commissioners; the Rev. Patrick Crane, Jas. Howlett, Jas. Galavan, M. Galavan, Edward Galavan, and M. Power, Esqrs.

“ *Rosbercon.* Jas. Galavan and Michael Power, Esqrs.

“ *Carrick-on-Suir.* Wm. O'Donnell, Esq., (Cottage;) Rev. Mr. Hyland; Joseph M. Rivers, Valentine O'Donnell, Thos. Murray, Jas. Kennedy, J. Cantwell, Esqrs.; Rev. Mr. Ryan.

“ *Fethard, (Tipperary.)* Archibald Laffan, Chairman of Town Commissioners, and Michael Doheny, Esq., barrister.

“ *Fermoy.* Rev. D. Dilworth, C. R.; Walter Dennehy, J. O'Sullivan, Jun., and John Barre, Esqrs.

“*Kells.* Very Rev. J. M'Evoy, T. C. and C. R.; Nicholas Landy, Esq., T. C.; and Dr. Caughran.

“*Galway.* Sir Val. Blake, Bart.; Jas. Fynn, Chairman; Jas. Stephens, and T. Murray, Town Councillors, being a deputation from the incorporated body of Town Commissioners.

“A deputation from Kingstown was also present.

“About half past twelve o'clock, the procession, consisting of a line of about thirty carriages, having been formed, the deputations proceeded from O'Connell's residence to the prison, most warmly cheered as they passed along. The cavalcade, during its progress, excited the most lively interest, and the crowds following were immensely increased when the procession reached Richmond.

“At half past one o'clock, the head of the procession arrived at the gate of the jail. The governor, Mr. Purdon, then took his place on the steps outside. The mayor and corporation of Cork then advanced to him, when the following dialogue took place:—

“*The Mayor of Cork.* Have I the honor to address the governor of this prison?

“*Mr. Purdon.* Yes, sir. Pray what is your pleasure?

“*The Mayor of Cork.* I attend here in company with the Corporation of Cork, of which city I have the honor to be the mayor, for the purpose of presenting an address to Mr. O'Connell and the other state prisoners.

“*Mr. Purdon.* I am sorry to inform you that I cannot, in the discharge of my orders, permit any deputation to enter the prison for the purpose of presenting an address to any person confined in it. I am, however, most happy to inform you that Mr. O'Connell and his friends are in the enjoyment of good health.

“*The Mayor of Cork.* In that case, I presume, sir, there can be no objection to our leaving our cards?

“*Mr. Purdon.* None. I shall be most happy to receive them, and hand them to Mr. O'Connell.

“The mayor and all the members of the Cork deputation then handed their cards to Mr. Purdon.

“When the mayor of Cork was about to retire, he thanked Mr. Purdon for his courtesy on the occasion. The next party that presented themselves were the mayor and the other members of the Limerick deputation, when a dialogue nearly similar to the foregoing took place. Then followed the deputations from Waterford, Kilkenny, and Clonmel.

“When Mr. Purdon intimated to the mayor of the latter town that the deputation could not be admitted, he said, ‘While, sir, I acknowledge your courtesy, I must say, on the part of the corporation of Clonmel, that we consider ourselves badly treated, and we protest against it in their name.’ The crowd cheered loudly on hearing this observation.

“The other deputations came up *seriatim*, and at two o'clock this most imposing scene closed by the long train of carriages retiring in the order in which they came up to the prison-door.

“There was a vast crowd of persons assembled in the neighborhood.

“The several deputations reassembled at Mr. O'Connell's house in Merrion Square, shortly after two o'clock.

“On the motion of the mayor of Waterford, seconded by the mayor of Drogheda, the mayor of Cork was called to the chair.

“His worship addressed the meeting in animated terms. He said that, as they had anticipated, they had been refused admission to the presence of Mr. O’Connell, to pay their respects to him, who was regarded as the best friend of his country. They attended for the purpose of expressing their feelings to him who was confined in a common jail, because of his love of father-land. They had been refused admission; but as they were assembled together in such numbers, the legally-constituted municipalities from all parts of the country, it occurred to him they should make some manifestation of their feeling. His worship adverted to the various proceedings connected with the trial, which have caused such universal dissatisfaction in this country. The jury-list *accident* — the striking off the names of Catholics from the jury — he condemned in strong language, which was responded to by the applause of the meeting. He concluded by proposing for adoption a declaration, to be signed by the mayors of the several municipalities then represented.

“The mayor of Limerick concurred in all the sentiments contained in the address.

“The mayor of Clonmel suggested the propriety of the mayors of the several municipalities retiring for a few minutes to read with care a solemn act of this kind. He denounced, in strong terms, the whole conduct pursued on the late trial. This meeting had assembled from all parts of the country, and, on leaving that house, they would go forth like missionaries to spread their sentiments among the youth of the land.

“Mr. S. O’Brien approved the suggestion of a brief adjournment. He conceived the meeting ought to confine its attention to the declaration now proposed.

“At four o’clock, the mayors returned to the drawing-room, and the mayor of Cork announced that the declaration had been perused with great care, and they had come to the determination of submitting it to the meeting. The document was then signed by the mayors of Cork, Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, Kilkenny, and Clonmel; also by the other deputies above named.

“The several addresses were then handed to Daniel O’Connell, Jun. Esq.”

The resolutions signed by those constituted authorities of Ireland fully espoused the question of repeal, repudiated the trial, verdict, and sentence, and protested against the tyranny of being excluded from the dungeon of O’Connell. It is a very important document, being the first *united* declaration of the corporate authorities of Ireland on national legislation.

All these magnificent demonstrations were not without their effect upon the public mind of Europe and America; for now distant communities of men participated in O’Connell’s cause, and were anxious as to its final issue. The government, on the other hand, were driven by their ill temper to inflict on the repealers a series of the most petty annoyances. War was declared against green flags and repeal buttons. The mayor of Waterford took the trouble to have the city arms worked on green silk. This was deemed, by the government authorities, evi-



dence of treason, and the civic symbol was seized and destroyed. One of the merchant ships in Dublin Bay, that had dared to hoist the green flag on her entry, was visited by the coast guard, and the obnoxious index torn down. Other instances of the same nature were manifested in the Shannon, in Youghall, and other Irish ports. In all these cases, the agents of the government were unceremonious, for they had orders from the admiralty to pull down the green.

The *repeal button*, made of brass, was a very simple device. It was suggested by O'Connell, and was worn by the repealers as a mark of their political opinion. The device upon it was the Irish harp and Irish crown. About the years 1842, 1843, it became "all the rage." Repeal buttons were worn by old and young; but the government issued strict orders to all persons under their influence to discourage the wearing of this button. Little boys, found with this treasonable badge, were turned out of the public schools; carmen, and the citizens generally, who wore this dreadful symbol, were prohibited entering the castle yard, the barracks, the custom-house, or any building over which the government exercised control. Of course, the more they persecuted the button, the more it flourished.

In the midst of all this serious and farcical persecution, Earl de Grey, the lord lieutenant, resigned his high office, and quitted Ireland, accompanied by the hooting, hissing, and yelling of the mob, such as no man ever before experienced. The old women flung dead cats and other offensive missiles into his carriage, and he left Ireland covered with execrations.

On the other hand, the prisoners in Richmond Penitentiary were the observed and worshipped of all observers. Presents of fish, flesh and fowl, of fruits and delicacies, were sent to them from all parts of Ireland. A present of several pipes of wine was sent to them from Belgium, and the surplus of all these things was given to the other inmates of the prison. There were three days in each week fixed for receiving visitors, and on these days the outside of the prison gate was crowded with equipages of all kinds, bearing to the chiefs of Ireland congratulations, condolence, or presents, the detail of which would fill many pages of this volume. Painters, engravers, and other artists, came from all sides and all countries to take sketches of the martyrs, to describe their painful lives, and

During all this time, the appeal to the house of lords was prosecuted with great vigor by the prisoners' law agents. After a world of obstacles, and enormous cost, the appeal came before their lordships in July, supported very ably by a legal array, consisting principally of English lawyers, of whom Sir Thomas Wilde, Mr. Hill, Mr. Kelly, and Mr. Serjeant Murphy were the leaders. The Irish attorney-general was there, to support the verdict. In the course of the arguments, the following dialogue was elicited. It flashes light upon the whole trial.

"*Mr. M. D. Hill.* — A fraudulent paper writing was the basis of the book which was the basis of the jury list, and the special jury panel of which they complained was made up from that list. It was impossible for the defendants to follow this transaction, secret as it was from them, through all its stages.

"*The Lord Chancellor, (Lyndhurst.)* — There was no disputing the facts; *it was clear from the record that there was a fraudulent list; that the book was made up from that list, and that the panel was made out of that book.* It was clear, also, that the recorder sent in a list, though not according to the directions of the statute, to the clerk of the peace. What was done with that list was not clear: it was not avowed that the recorder's list did not contain those names."

The arguments on both sides lasted several days, at the close of which it was decided by the house that the whole should be reduced to a few queries for the twelve judges of England, who were then on circuit. These queries were accordingly sent after them, and answers were received from seven, sustaining the verdict, and from two, Park and Coltman, against it. It appeared that *all* the English judges agreed in pronouncing two of the counts in the monster indictment *bad*, and four of them *not sustainable in law*: nevertheless, seven of those judges were of opinion that the punishment founded on the *bad*, as well as the good counts, was valid in law, and ought to stand; and it is not a little curious, that the counts which the Irish court unanimously held to be good are the very counts which the English judges *all* declare to be bad. The bad counts are the sixth and seventh, upon which the Irish judges so confidently relied. These charged O'Connell and his associates with a conspiracy to hold meetings to intimidate — charges which were declared by all the English judges to be illegal and unsupportable; and yet it was upon *these* bad counts the Irish judges condemned O'Connell especially; but, most curious and inconsistent of all, the seven English judges, with Lyndhurst and Brougham, declared the verdict and sentence *obtained on these bad counts* to be legal and valid.

The lords met for the last time upon this cause on the 5th of September, to give judgment on the writ of error. The official enunciation of the fiat was confined to the five law lords who enjoy seats in that

house — the lord chancellor, (Lyndhurst,) Lords Brougham, Denman, Campbell and Cottingham. The two first gave their judgment in favor of the verdict and sentence; the latter three ruled in favor of the writ of appeal; and Lord Denman delivered his reasons for his decision in language so enlightened and constitutional, that it will remain an exposition of justice to govern the judges of England through all time.

Having described the indictment from its *size* and the *number* of its charges, — a great grievance in itself, and such as never should be visited upon the citizen, — he then reviewed the entire trial, dwelling with unusual emphasis and severity on the very knavish mode resorted to by the crown officers to secure a jury of a certain opinion, every one of whom was opposite in politics to the accused, and to four of them in religion. The secret abstraction of sixty-eight names from the panel of special jurors, the refusal of Chief Justice Pennafather to have the panel amended and a new jury struck, — induced Lord Denman to say that, under such an administration of the law, no man's life was worth a pin's fee, and the bulwark of English freedom, the trial by jury, might be regarded as "A MOCKERY, A DELUSION, AND A SNARE."

Lords Campbell and Cottingham concurring with Lord Denman, the lord chancellor was about to put the question, when some of the lay lords, who had previously taken no part in the discussion, now rushed from an inner apartment toward the woolsack, for the purpose of voting against the reversal; but they were restrained by Lord Wharncliffe, who showed them that their improper interference in a question of mere law would be so unconstitutional, that it would justify the people in pulling the house about their ears. The writ of error was allowed; all the proceedings against O'Connell and his friends were declared null, and an order was made out to have them liberated from prison.

Mr. Gartland, Sir Colman O'Loughlen, Mr. Forde, Mr. Cantwell, and the other gentlemen who attended at the bar of the house of lords, immediately returned to Ireland, bringing the glad tidings, and the release for all the prisoners. As the packet in which they sailed from Liverpool to Dublin approached the pier of Kingstown, and while yet two or three miles from the landing, a placard was hoisted, on which was printed in very large letters, "O'CONNELL IS FREE!" With no further intelligence, an express was despatched to Dublin, which arrived there in thirty minutes, calling at the Evening Post office with the news, and then at O'Connell's prison. The Liberator received the intimation with the same degree of serenity with which he would have received the opposite report.

Meantime the Evening Post issued a placard, upon the front of their office, bearing the brief but transcendently-important sentence, "O'Connell is free!" Several hundred of these brief bulletins were struck off and sold at the office before the full particulars arrived; and the coaches departing for the country carried, that night, through all parts of Ireland, the important telegraphic announcement, pasted on the coach or pinned round the hats of the coachman or passengers. Bonfires and illuminations spread through the land as quickly as horses could gallop with the joyful intelligence.

As soon as Mr. Gartland arrived at the prison with the order of liberation, with the signature of the sheriff, and bearing the big indictment on his shoulder, O'Connell, who could hardly credit the good news, read the order for their liberation aloud to his fellow-prisoners, and they immediately left the prison. There was a crowd already awaiting outside the gate, to get one dear look at the idol of their hearts. The martyrs then directed their steps along the circular road towards Merrion Square. As they proceeded, the crowd increased at every step; and when they got to Stephen's Green, there were several thousands who now formed a great procession, and fell in behind them, till they reached O'Connell's residence in Merrion Square. Here they collected round the door, sending cheer after cheer into the air, until the Liberator appeared on the balcony, and addressed them in a brief and feeling manner, urging them to return home in peace, and avoid any bonfires or illuminations.

But this would by no means satisfy the people. They were determined to have a triumphal display, and O'Connell was obliged the next morning to go back to his prison, that he might be drawn in triumph from thence by half a million. Although it was Saturday, the most important day of the week to the working classes, and though it rained nearly the whole time, they all quitted their work; the whole city closed up its stores as if it were the Sabbath; the country poured in its thousands upon thousands; the Trades, with their fifty bands of music and their gorgeous banners, were in motion to hail their liberated chiefs once more. But I will allow the graphic reporters of the Dublin Freeman's Journal to describe these joyful demonstrations.

"The hour of public departure was fixed for noon, but the very size of the procession caused a delay of two hours; for although the head of the body reached the prison gates at noon, and went past, it was two hours before the triumphal car drew up, and words of impatience escaped from the hero of the pageant. All the city seems to have been in motion, either marching in the line, or standing to see it. The procession comprised the Trades of Dublin, each trade preceded by its band, several repeal wardens, and private or political friends of O'Connell; many

members of the corporation, and the lord mayor, in full costume; and then, preceded by wand-bearers, and 'Tom Steele' with a branch in his hand, as head pacificator, came the car bearing the Liberator. This car was constructed for the charring of Mr. O'Connell some years ago. It is a kind of platform, on which are three stages, rising one above another, like steps, profusely decorated with purple velvet, gold fringe, gilt nails, and painting. Six splendid dappled grays slowly drew the cumbrous vehicle along. On the topmost stage, elevated some dozen feet above the crowd, and drawn to his full height, stood O'Connell. Although grown rather more portly since his confinement, and wearing that somewhat anxious expression which has been noticed of late, he looked well. His head, thrown proudly back, was covered with the green velvet and gold repeal cap. He bowed incessantly to the cheering multitude. On the second stage was seated the Rev. Mr. Miley; on the lowest were Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Jr., two of Mr. O'Connell's grandsons, dressed in green velvet tunics, and caps with white feathers, and a harper, in the ancient dress of his craft, inaudibly playing on his instrument. Then followed the other traversers, some with their ladies, and a few friends, in three private carriages; the subordinate repeal martyrs also bowing and smiling on all sides; and finally, the lawyers, in a coach, carrying the 'monster indictment.' The procession traversed the greater part of Dublin, and did not reach Merrion Square until half-past five o'clock.

"Having entered his own house, Mr. O'Connell mounted the balcony, and addressed the people. He began with, 'This is a great day for Ireland. [Tremendous cheering.] A day of justice! All that we ever desired was justice; and we have got an instalment of it at any rate. The plans of the wicked and the conspiracy of the oppressor; the foul mismanagement of the jury-panel; the base conspiracy against the lives, the liberties, and the constitutional rights, of the public,—have all, blessed be God, been defeated. Justice has thus far been attained; and Ireland may, if she deserves it, be free. But do I doubt the people of Ireland deserving it? If I did, I should be the most stupid as well as the most base of mankind. How could I doubt them?' After a brief allusion to the monster meetings, he remarked, that one meeting alone remained unassembled—that of Clontarf; and he finished by promising to attend at the Conciliation Hall on Monday.

"On Sunday, the liberation was celebrated by a high religious ceremony in the 'Metropolitan Church' of the Irish Catholics, that of the Conception, in Marlborough Street. The structure is of hewn stone, on the model of a Greek temple, of the Doric order, divided within, by fifty columns, into three parallel aisles; the high altar, which rises at some distance from the east end of the church, after the manner of cathedrals on the Continent, is composed, with the 'tabernacle,' of white sculptured marble, the 'sanctuary,' or space round the altar, being railed in. On the left side of the space was a lofty throne, with crimson canopy, on which, gorgeously robed, and mitred, sat Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic archbishop of Dublin. At the altar stood Dr. Laphen, the officiating priest, with assistant priests in attendance, and boys in scarlet robes bearing tapers and censers. On the opposite side, beneath the pulpit, were 'chairs of state,' on which sat Mr. O'Connell and his companions of 'the captivity.' Several members of the Dublin corporation were present; and the church, of course, was crowded. In that state was offered a 'pontifical high mass,' with a solemn Te Deum, 'in

thanksgiving to Almighty God for the deliverance of the beloved Liberator of his country, and of his fellow-martyrs, from their unjust captivity.' A sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Miley, whose discourse was full of allusions to repeal politics, and to divine interposition in favor of O'Connell. After the service, O'Connell was followed, on his return home, by a great crowd.

"At Cork, Mr. O'Connell's constituent city, there were similar tokens of exultation, at the news from London, as in the capital. There were similar rejoicings in all the other great towns, and throughout the country generally."

On Monday, September 9, the association met; the lord mayor of Dublin in the chair. Mr. O'Connell's reception is thus described in the Evening Freeman of that day:—

"Peal upon peal arose the acclamation; roar rose on roar, as billow follows billow. The poor and the wealthy, the rough and the gentle, the feeble and the vigorous, the young and the old, joined, as with one voice, in the outpouring of their exultation at the triumph—the constitutional triumph—which Ireland had achieved over the injustice of her foes. No language could do justice to that scene, no imagination exaggerate it. Gradually he who was its object reared his tall form to its full height; his breast swelled—his eye dilated—his aspect assumed a look of mingled severity, pride, and conscious power, which communicated to his form the grandeur of a hero and the enthusiasm of a prophet."

The Conciliation Hall on that day presented a scene that seldom occurs in the history of nations. It was crowded in the body with brave men, in the galleries with beautiful women. The guide and the hope of a long-persecuted people stood before them, escaped from the dungeon of his enemies by the intervention of a sort of miracle, having confuted by his dexterity the subtle councils of England, beaten them in the greatest legal conflict known to history,—now standing, unimpaired in health and spirits, before his admiring countrymen and an astonished world, a victor over that power which had harassed his country for seven centuries. It may readily be believed that he embodied the mixed character of prophet and hero. His speech upon that day was admirably suited to the occasion. He attributed his release to the intervention of a wise Providence. When the seven English judges had given their opinions, he had abandoned all hope; and his law agents, who brought him his discharge, were standing around him for half an hour ere he could believe that he was free. But the prayers of Ireland were offered to Heaven from three thousand altars for his safety—the prayers of her pious clergy and moral people. Nor was it confined to Ireland: the friends of Ireland in England, the United States, and Canada, offered their supplications to Heaven for the liberation of the martyrs; and the appeal was joined in by all Belgium and Italy, and ascended to heaven

with the fervid aspiration of those who inhabit the lands washed by the countless streams of the Rhine. This multitudinous appeal was heard in heaven, and the Protector of Moses and Daniel put forth his strong arm, and opened the prison gates which encompassed his faithful servant.

It would fill too much space further to describe the rejoicings of the people. It is enough to say that all Ireland was thrown into one great fever of ecstasy. The hills blazed with bonfires until the midnight sky seemed on fire. Banquets, processions, bands, illuminations, and all possible demonstrations of joy, were seen and heard in every city, village, and hamlet of the land. Wherever O'Connell appeared, thousands upon thousands gathered round him, frantic with joy; when he spoke, they hung upon his words; when he ceased, they cheered him till the heavens rang.

And thus, as the great man himself foresaw from the commencement, those prosecutions, instead of retarding, accelerated repeal by several years.

One other great fact was established by this imprisonment, to the full satisfaction of the Irish people; namely, that repeal does not depend upon a single man. Although the chief managers of the cause were removed for a season, that cause did not lag or limp in its course, did not lack spirit, variety, method, force, or funds. Its parliamentary committee, its reports, its teaching, discipline, reading-rooms, cultivation of talent, its prize essays, its order, resolve, conciliation, and its uncompromising tone to England, raised abroad the character of the country of such men. English statesmen learned, for the first time, that Ireland had a MIND, an OPINION, a WILL, and a combination of physical power behind it sufficient to sustain that will. English statesmen learned that repeal was not the hobby of an ambitious man, but the demand of a nation — a nation sober, united, and instructed. They learned, too, that the north was beginning to sigh for a junction with the south. The pamphlet of Mr. Grey Porter, the Protestant high sheriff of the Orange county of Fermanagh, marked, like the straw upon the stream, the current of the Protestant feeling. That distinguished gentleman deliberately put forth in his pamphlet the rather startling doctrine, to a British minister, "*that the union, as at present existing, must be repealed; a new union, on federal principles, substituted; or a separation must be effected.*" And, to sustain this, the northern high sheriff called for the immediate establishment of a national militia of a HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN, "to give," as he termed it, "the Irish representatives pluck."

These indications, including the junction, with the Repeal Association, of several distinguished Protestant gentlemen of the highest rank, had their due effect on the British minister; for now a new system of general government was determined on, not only in regard to Ireland, but to England, as we shall presently develop.

O'Connell retired, during the autumn, to Darrynane Abbey, principally, as he avowed, to leave an opening for Mr. Grey Porter and the federalists to bring forward their peculiar plans. He went so far, indeed, as to invite them to propose some plan for a federal union, which, if it met the great object that all had in view, namely, the substantial disenfranchisement of Ireland, he would yield it a hearty support and a fair trial. This proposal was promptly met and condemned by Charles Gavan Duffy, of the Nation, in a special letter to which he affixed his signature, who contended that "federalism" would not satisfy the people; that it was an undefined idea, at best but the shadow of repeal; that an increase of Irish members in the British parliament would only increase the absentee drain, without being able to control the English majority which must forever abide in that parliament, &c.; and that any deviation from the straight, beaten, and well-known road to repeal, would only dissolve that large and firm compact which now so happily prevailed among the Irish people.

A great many letters, pro and con, followed these; and the British and Irish press became excited by this phantom question. In the mean time, a lull in the repeal agitation succeeded.

Some other circumstances obtruded, which tended very materially to divide the Irish people. They were, first, "the charitable bequests bill," and second, the rumored rescript, or *concordate*, which was issued from the holy see, and addressed to the Irish clergy.

The charitable bequests bill was brought into parliament by the tory ministry, with the view of curtailing the influence of the Catholic bishops of Ireland. Since the reformation, it was illegal in any bishop or priest in Ireland to receive money, lands, or any species of property, as a bequest for any religious, educational, or charitable purpose. In latter years, this rigor was relaxed simply by the unwillingness of any government, whig or tory, to put the law in force; and, in the session of 1842, the obnoxious statute of mortmain was repealed, when Catholic bishops, for the first time since the reformation, were recognized as legal trustees of any property bequeathed to them for charitable purposes. The government then for the first time learned the extent of property which had been intrusted to the hands of the Catholic bishops for pious purposes, —



which, it is said, exceeds a quarter of a million sterling, — and, wishing to reduce the elements of so much power within the grasp and command of Dublin Castle, framed the famous “bequests act,” which constituted a board of general supervision and authority over all such funds, which were to be *invested, appropriateo,* and *applied,* under its control; the board to consist partly of Protestant laymen, Catholic laymen, and Catholic prelates. Besides these stringent clauses, the act contained one of a monstrous character, namely — that any bequest to this board, or to any prelate or clergyman in Ireland, for charitable purposes, must be made and registered three months before the death of the testator.

Although some one or two of the Catholic bishops consented to act as commissioners under this bill, yet it was universally execrated by the bulk of the prelaty and clergy. O’Connell denounced it in the Repeal Association for its unjust enactments, and its tendency to give more influence to the crown by the appointment of commissioners.

The *rescript* was issued by the holy father to the bishops and priests of Ireland, enjoining them to attend more to the spiritual interests of their flocks, and abstain as much as possible from political meetings. It is said that this order was issued at the urgent instigation of the British ministry, through the Austrian ambassador at Rome, and through the more direct agency of a Mr. *Petre*, who, it appears, acted on behalf of England at the court of the holy see. There is no doubt but that a powerful agency was brought to bear on the sacred conclave, and that certain speeches of their Right Reverences Bishops Higgins and M’Hale, were emphatically presented as violent, and the consequence was the *rescript* in question.

The receipt of this document in Ireland, and any precise knowledge of its nature, were for some time kept from the public, though the admonition which it conveyed was made known by the Primate, Doctor Crolly, in circulars to all the clergy. Rumors, gloomy and mysterious, were abroad, and the London Times was the first to *boast* that the pope had been influenced, out of respect to England, to forbid expressly the attendance of the Irish clergy at any of the repeal meetings. This impudent taunt naturally stirred the repealers; and there being *some* ground for the report, O’Connell came out, in one of the most able letters that were ever written by any man, on the canonical relations existing between the Catholic clergy of Ireland and the holy see. That letter was something of a bill in chancery against all the parties said to be concerned in this matter. It analyzed the various ecclesiastical powers of bishops, archbishops, primates, synods, cardinals, and popes; and showed, from

canon law and the custom of the Irish Catholic church, that any rescript from Rome, to have authority in Ireland, must first receive the sanction of a synod of the Irish clergy lawfully convened; that where any rescript interfered with the civil liberties of the people or clergy, it was clearly *illegal*, and could not be sanctioned by any synod; and finally showed how faithful Ireland had ever been to the holy see, and concluded by urging the publication of the rescript. The primate immediately published the mysterious document; and it proved to be only a stringent injunction to the prelates and clergy to abstain, as much as possible, from public meetings, and from the use of violent language. The publication of the rescript seemed to have deprived it of all its terrors. The clergy are as much repealers as they ever were, and the current of agitation goes on quite as steadily and powerful as before the document was issued.

The latter months of 1844, and the opening months of 1845, were consumed with all these distracting discussions. The repeal rent, that unerring barometer of the national temperature, began to decline. During the imprisonment of the martyrs, it used to range between one and two thousand pounds a week; now it was down to three hundred. This naturally admonished the repeal leaders that something new and decisive should be attempted, in order to satisfy the public expectation. Accordingly, it was resolved, in a full council of the executive committee of the Repeal Association, that the Irish members, who were pledged to repeal, should be called on to secede from the British parliament, and *attend in their places in Conciliation Hall*, where it was more likely they could serve their country than in the foreign legislature.

This important resolution was brought forward by O'Connell, in the Repeal Association, seconded by Mr. Smith O'Brien, and supported by Henry Grattan, John O'Connell, and other parliamentary members, and it was brought into immediate operation, in February, just as the British parliament was about to assemble.

O'Connell caused some marked preparation in Conciliation Hall to precede this movement. A separate platform was raised from the floor, and railed in from the crowd, upon which was placed, in a semicircle, a set of special chairs for the use of the parliamentary members. In the centre of this semicircle, elevated a few steps above the others, was a tripod, or chair of state, provided, and behind this seat was Haverly's magnificent picture of O'Connell in the Catholic Association, from which the engraving of him at page 1224 has been copied. And now, all things being in readiness, O'Connell, with some twenty members of

the British parliament, proceeded in state to Conciliation Hall to transact the public business of Ireland. He soon took his place upon the exalted tripod, wearing the Irish cap presented to him at Mullaghmast; and around him were arranged the members who were about to peril their liberty, and perhaps their lives, in the attempt to reëstablish their national parliament once more. Smith O'Brien sat upon his right hand, and Henry Grattan sat upon his left; and the following members took their places upon either hand:—

Maurice O'Connell, . . . . .	M. P. for Tralee.
John O'Connell, . . . . .	“ “ Kilkenny.
Sir Valentine Blake, . . . . .	“ “ Galway.
James Kelly, . . . . .	“ “ Limerick.
Caleb Powell, . . . . .	“ “ County Limerick.
Morgan J. O. Connell, . . . . .	“ “ County Kerry.
Robert Dillon Browne, . . . . .	“ “ County Mayo.
Edmund Burke Roche, . . . . .	“ “ County Cork.
Nicholas Maher, . . . . .	“ “ County Tipperary.
Pierce Somerset Butler, . . . . .	“ “ County Kilkenny.
John O'Brien, . . . . .	“ “ Limerick.
Mark Blake, . . . . .	“ “ County Mayo.
Cornelius O'Brien, . . . . .	“ “ County Clare.
J. P. Somers, . . . . .	“ “ Sligo.
John J. Bodkin, . . . . .	“ “ County Galway.
James Power, . . . . .	“ “ County Wexford.
Hewitt Bridgeman, . . . . .	“ “ Ennis.
Hon. Pierce Butler, . . . . .	“ “ County Kilkenny.
Martin J. Blake, . . . . .	“ “ Galway.

Before them sat Mr. Ray, the first secretary of the assembly; Mr. Crean, the second secretary; and fronting these was stretched the long table for the reporters. On either side of this long table was a set of railed-in benches, on which sat the members of the Repeal Association; and the space outside of these was crowded by the public; while the spacious galleries, looking down upon all, were thronged by the beauty of Dublin.

In this position O'Connell, at the head of his little senate, awaited the queen's speech, and the first proceedings of the English parliament, — a formidable and daring position truly, for there was no avoiding the resemblance of this assembly to the ancient *Fies* of Tara, where the princes, commons, and king, assembled in one chamber to make laws for the nation.

The British ministry, at the opening of this session of parliament, stood before the world covered with a triple coating of infamy. They had entered on a crusade against the rights of the Irish people — against the right to assemble and petition. They had issued a despotic proclamation, and dispersed a public meeting, by an unprecedented show of violence, in which the *design to massacre* was plainly discernible. They did this with less ceremony or hesitation than the Polignac ministry issued the famous ordinances of July, for doing which a dynasty was overthrown, and a ministry condemned to imprisonment. But the unconstitutional arrests that followed, and the fraudulent selection of a jury; — (I use Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst's words,) the "*fraudulent selection of a jury*" to try the accused, was never surpassed for knavish tyranny in the worst days of the worst kings and queens of England, and had no parallel among the profligate acts of the most absolute tyrannies that remain in Europe.

Secondly, they advised the young and virtuous lady who sits upon the throne of England to encourage the visit to her dominions of the miscreant of the north, the emperor of Russia. He who had by a sudden order swept off the children of Warsaw into slavery; who had seized upon the tender offspring of the noblest ladies of Poland, and consigned them forever to an irrevocable doom, to satisfy a political revenge, was received in the palace of a tender mother, and in the midst of a liberty-loving people, with the utmost honors, — and this by the advice of the Peel ministry.

Thirdly, it was openly charged upon this ministry, and particularly upon Sir James Graham, the home secretary, that, at the instance of the Austrian government, the letters of foreigners were opened in the English post-office. The particular instance was that of Signor Mazzini, an Italian patriot, who had recently settled in London, and had been in correspondence with some young noblemen of Italy, who were planning the overthrow of the Austrian government in Italy.\* These letters were given to the continental authorities, by which eighteen young votaries of freedom were placed in the power of their respective enemies, and nine of them doomed to death. This business naturally disclosed a great deal to the public eye; an inquiry was loudly called for by the British public, and it was found that, for a hundred and fifty years past, letters of certain leading characters were opened at the

\* The Austrian government inflicts about the same amount of oppression on that part of Italy made over to them by the committee of kings, on the fall of Napoleon, that the British government inflicts upon Ireland.

post-office by the successive governments of England ; in short, that a secret office was established there, where every suspected letter was brought ; where an impression from the seal was dexterously taken ; the seal was then softened by a current of steam ; the letter opened ; its contents, if necessary, extracted, and the letter resealed with a facsimile impression, and passed to the unsuspecting person to whom it was addressed.

Crimination and recrimination, between the leading whigs and tories, followed ; and both parties stood before the world, covered with the infamy of extracting, by a sort of pickpocket process, the secrets of those men's hearts who happened to be opposed to them in politics. The blackleg gamester with loaded dice or marked cards, or the knavish pickpocket condemned to servile punishment, were men of honor when compared with the ministers of England. It appeared that all O'Connell's letters were regularly opened, and those also of Feargus O'Connor. And it came out in proof that the post-office sent agents into the country to perform this disgraceful office in the provinces. The letters of sixteen of the Chartist leaders were regularly opened in the country post-offices. Letters addressed to the editors of the leading journals in Ireland — the Nation, Pilot, or Freeman — were opened ; and Mr. T. Duncombe offered to prove before a committee of the house of commons that his own letters were opened. A cry of "Shame !" was raised against the British government all over Europe. The affair was discussed in the French chambers, and both sides in those chambers declared that no such practice was known to any ministry that had governed France within the memory or knowledge of man.

Sir Robert Peel, feeling, in the beginning of the year 1845, the unpleasant pressure of the public odium, and the gathering storm of public indignation, saw one only way of facing and dispersing it ; he therefore resolved on proposing a series of bold measures which would, in his estimation, conciliate Ireland and England at the same time. Instead of relinquishing the income tax at the period of its expiration, according to his *promise* some three years previously, he now determined to retain it in full force, though a property or income tax was never resorted to by a British minister, unless when the flags of England were floating over fighting legions. But Sir Robert Peel felt his ministry upon the last plank ; and in this desperate condition he astonished every body, at the opening of the parliament of 1845, by the sweeping reductions in every class of taxation which he proposed. Import duties were removed from *four hundred and thirty articles* of ordinary use in England. *All du-*

ties on export of the produce and manufactures of England, including coal and iron, were abolished. In these reductions, an annual burden of three millions sterling, or one sixteenth of the whole taxation of England, was shifted from the shoulders of the industrial classes, and placed upon those of the wealthy sort. This, taken in connection with a reduction to a similar extent made about three years before, — forming altogether about one eighth of the annual pressure, — is, without doubt, a very considerable diminution of the public burdens for a tory minister to make.

His measures for Ireland were offered in an emphatic tone of conciliation. He addressed himself first to the Catholic clergy, proposing to endow permanently their college of Maynooth with a grant, increased from nine to twenty-six thousand pounds a year, and enlarge, at the government expense, the buildings of the college, so as to admit a greater number of students. To this proposal the minister annexed no conditions whatever; and, moreover, he determined that the grant should be established forever by a bill of *endowment*, by which the boon is taken forever out of the ordinary class of estimates, and the college is thus shielded from the annual assaults of the fanatics in the house of commons. Nothing could be more just than this.

So much has been said respecting this college, that a few words about its history must be acceptable. During the operation of the penal laws, the young men intended for the Catholic priesthood were sent secretly to the continent of Europe, to receive their clerical education, and stolen back into Ireland, at the risk to themselves of transportation, imprisonment, or death. The sentiments of hostility to a government that could sustain such horrid laws became, at last, rather dangerous to British connection with Ireland; and, in 1795, when the chances of importing French principles with a foreign education were balanced, by the Pitt ministry, against the danger of home toleration — when the English flag was beaten on the Continent — the British government suddenly affected liberality towards the Catholics. They recommended to the Irish parliament, in that year, to appropriate a grant of eight thousand pounds per annum to support a college for the education of the Irish priesthood. Maynooth (which is about ten miles from Dublin) was fixed upon as the site. A dwelling-house, occupied by his land steward, was purchased from the Duke of Leinster. Wings were added to it at the government expense, and accommodation was made, in the first instance, for two hundred and fifty students. Soon after, the number was augmented to three hundred; and, upon the bequest left by Lord Dunboyne, — who had been a Catholic priest, became a

Protestant minister, married, was created a bishop, amassed considerable wealth, repented his change of creed, became a Catholic on his death-bed, and bequeathed, in atonement to the church he had first abandoned, a considerable property, the income of which was to be devoted to the education of poor young men for the Catholic priesthood, — the establishment was, from all sources, enabled to support about three hundred and fifty students, who were sent, in proportionate numbers, from the four archiepiscopal provinces of Ireland. The students are provided with lodging, board, and instruction, from the funds of the establishment; but each pays nine pounds two shillings entrance money, and about twenty pounds per annum, (one hundred dollars,) to cover the personal expenses of clothes, books, bedding, washing, and candle-light; and, in 1800, a lay college was added to the establishment, where the students pay for their education. The rules in the college are rigid. The students are seldom allowed outside the walls, and only upon very strict conditions. There is a comprehensive system of education administered, which, of course, includes the study of the dead and living languages; but it is very remarkable that no provision was made for teaching the Irish language, and that we owe the establishment of a professor's chair for teaching that neglected tongue in the Maynooth university to the burning zeal of an humble scrivener named KEENAN. This man — illustrious by his deed — bequeathed one thousand pounds to the trustees, the interest of which (sixty pounds per annum) he devoted to the payment of the Irish professor; and the first professor under the gift was the learned D. Paul O'Brien, the author of a grammar and dictionary of the Irish language. Maynooth College has given to the Catholic faith, within the last fifty years, near *five thousand ministers* of the gospel, *not one of whom* has been convicted of any immoral crime — a fact which speaks in eloquent attestation to the purity of the discipline indoctrinated by its professors.

While the filthy storm of bigotry and calumny is raging which the Maynooth Endowment Bill called up through England, — while Exeter Hall is ringing with “the infernal priests of Rome,” “the surpliced ruffians,” “the demon priesthood of Ireland,” and the *Times* and the *Standard* echo the brutal language, — it may be pardoned, in one of the denounced creed, to point emphatically the reader's attention to the great fact just stated, and to the other great *consequential* fact — that the Irish population, educated by this priesthood, are the most virtuous, honest, and religious people within the British empire. The mere moralist, looking at these, must own the exalted character of the

*Irish Catholic priesthood* ; but when we contrast all this with the actual condition of *those that traduce them* ; when we remember the horrible disclosures recorded in the *London Times* of 17th and 18th August, 1845 ; when we remember the immoral, degraded condition of great masses of the Anti-Catholic English people ; when we take up their own parliamentary reports, and find such startling facts as this, — “in the county jail of Sussex, (within three hours' ride of London,) eight hundred and seventy-seven prisoners were examined by the commissioners, one hundred and forty-one did not know the Savior's name, and four hundred and ninety-eight just knew the name and *no more* ;” when we group together and weigh these symptomatic facts, we shall view with higher admiration the radiance that circles round the virtuous priesthood of Ireland.

Peel's second measure for Ireland was the proposal of three chief provincial colleges for the education of the lay middle classes ; one of these to be established in Belfast, one in Limerick, and one in Cork ; the colleges to be built at the expense of the government ; to be endowed with seven thousand pounds a year each ; to have, each, twelve professors, with salaries of three hundred pounds a year each, and two thousand pounds a year to be distributed in small premiums among the students ; and no religious tests required from the professors and students. A third measure was the abolition of the Bank of Ireland monopoly, and the establishment of commercial freedom in Ireland — a concession, if honestly carried into operation, certainly of immense advantage to the languishing trade of that country. And a fourth measure was the proposition of a tenure bill, which offers to the occupying tenant in Ireland some security for the improvements he makes on his farm, and some additional protection from the rapacious whims of his landlord. But this bill is already dropped.

These measures were proposed to Ireland in language which to her persecuted children was peculiarly consoling, after ages of warfare, blood, and slaughter ; and though they may be honestly carried out, yet they cannot lessen the necessity for the repeal. The tory minister of England, the mouthpiece of the rampant aristocracy, deliberately proclaimed, in one of the debates which grew from his measures, the unassailable position of Ireland. “*Recollect*,” said he, “*that you are responsible for the peace of Ireland ; you must, in some way or other, break up that formidable confederacy which exists against the British government and British connection. I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU CAN BREAK IT UP BY FORCE. You can do much to break it up by acting in a spirit of kindness, and forbearance, and generosity.*”



These are the words of Sir Robert Peel, delivered in the British house of commons, April 18, 1845 — debate on the Maynooth bill. In the same week, Sir James Graham, in reply to the Dublin recorder, deliberately proclaimed that “**PROTESTANT ASCENDENCY MUST BE ABANDONED IN IRELAND FOREVER.**”

These two declarations were forced from the crown and aristocracy of England by that mighty agitation which O’Connell created and directs. They are consoling to every son of Ireland. They are evidences of the proud position in which she now stands, at the end of nearly seven centuries of conflict with Britain — evidences which go with many others to swell the proof that Ireland is, and of right ought to be, an integral, independent nation.

While these debates were going on in parliament, Ireland was girding up her loins for the struggle for her nationality. Her leaders accepted, with thankfulness, all that the minister offered, but were determined to insist on the full measure of self-legislation.

O’Connell, surrounded by a brave and faithful senate, and sustained by a devoted people from sea to sea, was determined to realize his grand idea of the “*council of three hundred.*” There were many legal difficulties standing in his way ; but these were got over by forming a club of chosen men for social purposes, whose united opinion and influence upon all national matters would be received by the people as the paramount law. With this view the “*Eighty-two Club*” was formed. Its title imbodyed all the glorious associations connected with the former bloodless revolution of Ireland, when her armed citizens won, without a blow, a constitution from England : its *name* proclaimed a similar object ; and its uniform, the significant green and gold, worn by Sarsfield, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Robert Emmet, testified that its members were prepared for the field or the scaffold, or for freedom. Its organization was half social, half military ; and one at least of its secretaries, *Captain Brodrick*, a military man, had been a British officer. Daniel O’Connell was the appointed president of this society, and Lord Ffrench, Mr. Smith O’Brien, Henry Grattan, and Cornelius Maclaughlin, vice-presidents — men brave and fearless. Its rules provided that the club should dine on every 16th of April, the anniversary of the declaration of Irish independence of 1782 ; that the charter toast should be the “*repeal of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland ;*” and that all admissions into the society should be by ballot, one black bean in seven to exclude the applicant. The first dinner of this newly-formed body was partaken at the Rotunda, on the 16th of April, 1845. The assembly then disclosed the bold and brilliant material of which it

is formed. The city of Dublin was astir that day, for it was felt that an advance step in nationality was to be taken. The streets through which the members of the club must pass were lined, and as each group moved to the virtuous banquet, it was greeted with enthusiastic approbation. Within the magnificent Rotunda, every thing was arranged to suit the solemn occasion. The benches were graced by beauty and patriotism in the female form. The largest accommodation was given to the press, and behind the president's chair was Kenny's portrait of Grattan, moving the declaration of independence in the Irish parliament. The talent concentrated at this banquet was never, perhaps, excelled by any body of patriots known to history. Each speaker had his duty pre-arranged — each took a separate subject. Ireland at home, and Irishmen abroad, may well feel proud of the genius, knowledge, wit, and argument, that the speakers at that banquet exhibited.

O'Connell's speech, as usual, upon watched occasions, was framed to confirm men in the repeal doctrine, and to make converts of the wavering. I supply the invaluable statistics which he brought forward on that occasion: —

“ Be it remembered that in Europe there are two-and-twenty independent states, of which only seven are more numerous or more extensive than Ireland, while fifteen are less important than she in revenue and population. There are in Europe the following states which, though inferior to Ireland in these respects, yet enjoy independence: —

<i>States.</i>	<i>Population.</i>	<i>Revenue.</i>
Bavaria, . . . . .	4,315,469 . . . . .	3,030,000
Belgium, . . . . .	4,230,000 . . . . .	3,500,000
Denmark, . . . . .	2,096,000 . . . . .	1,549,444
Minor German States, . . . . .	4,485,188 . . . . .	3,096,300
Greece, . . . . .	810,000 . . . . .	364,000
Hanover, . . . . .	1,688,285 . . . . .	1,080,000
Holland, . . . . .	2,820,000 . . . . .	3,364,580
Naples and Sicily, . . . . .	7,975,850 . . . . .	3,325,000
Papal States, . . . . .	2,590,000 . . . . .	1,786,000
Portugal, . . . . .	3,520,000 . . . . .	2,091,000
Sardinia, . . . . .	4,500,000 . . . . .	2,200,000
Saxony, . . . . .	1,618,495 . . . . .	1,110,000
Sweden and Norway, . . . . .	4,156,900 . . . . .	1,792,000
Switzerland, . . . . .	2,184,096 . . . . .	412,000
Tuscany, . . . . .	1,330,000 . . . . .	580,000
Wurtemberg, . . . . .	1,690,287 . . . . .	922,000

“ Each and every one of these states is inferior to our country in revenue and population, yet each and every one of them enjoys an independent constitution. I have gone through the bead-roll of the states of Europe, and shown sixteen countries, the most of which do not amount, in their respective populations, to one half

the population of Ireland, and yet they assert their independence, and would be ready to die to a man rather than permit any one to trample on their rights.

"If Ireland is to be a colony, only let us compare her with the rest of the British colonies. Nineteen of the British colonies have legislatures of their own, composed of two houses — a house of commons, and an upper house or senate. I will give a list of them. The following colonies of England have local legislatures: —

	Population, 1842, or Last Census.	Revenue.	Value of British and Irish Produce imported.
		£.	£.
Lower Canada and Upper Canada, . . }	678,590 } 486,055 }	{ 150,000 } { 120,000 }	{ 1,589,169 }
New Brunswick, . .	156,142	100,000	146,513
Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, . . }	178,237 }	{ 60,000 } { 20,000 }	{ 268,149 }
Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, . . .	47,034 75,094	13,000 36,000	{ 276,650 }
Antigua, . . . . .	36,405	12,000	87,338
Barbadoes, . . . . .	122,198	42,000	266,942
Dominica, . . . . .	18,291	5,000	32,258
Grenada, . . . . .	29,650	15,000	48,882
Jamaica, . . . . .	377,433	500,000	1,161,146
Montserrat, . . . . .	7,119	4,000	3,884
Nevis, . . . . .	7,470	5,000	4,884
St. Kitt's, . . . . .	21,578	5,000	55,533
St. Vincent, . . . . .	27,248	12,000	72,625
Tobago, . . . . .	13,208	12,000	21,845
Tortola, . . . . .	8,500	3,000	97
Anguilla, . . . . .	2,934	Nil.	
Bahamas, . . . . .	25,244	20,000	45,448
Bermudas, . . . . .	9,930	16,000	55,103

"To these facts I direct your attention, in order to show you how absurd is the assertion that Ireland is incompetent to make laws for herself. Take the whole nineteen of those colonies, which are in the enjoyment of domestic legislatures, and you will find that the population of Ireland alone is greater than the population of all of them put together."

Smith O'Brien followed O'Connell on the rights of Irishmen, and gave expression to the following significant passage. After alluding to the miseries of Ireland, and the anxious readiness of the government to prosecute those who would strive to mitigate those miseries, he remarked, —

"And I would ask, Are these things not enough to awaken the spirit of the volunteers of 1782? [Cheers.] Thank God, that spirit is alive, [continued cheers;] and never shall that sacred fire be extinguished until the destinies of Ire-

land shall be accomplished. [Cheers.] We are unarmed, indeed! For my part, I rejoice that we are unarmed at present. I should be sorry to see any portion of the people of this country armed until the whole of the nation shall be prepared to act together. [Loud cheers.] When we can unite — and God grant that that day may not be far distant — when we can unite the emblems of our northern fellow-countrymen with our own immortal green, I shall not be the last to support the proposal of my friend Mr. Porter for the formation of a national militia for Ireland. [Cheers.] But, brothers, we have much in our power, and much by this Eighty-two Club shall be performed. As individuals, we are as nothing; but as the leaders of millions of our countrymen, our power will be irresistible.”

It is impossible not to discern in this exposition the true direction of that swelling current which is now bursting from the hearts of at least seven millions of the population.

That exalted assembly was addressed by Grattan, Roche, Lord Ffrench, John O’Connell, Macnevin, Ellis, Barry, Brown, Fitzgerald, Davis, and Cane. Each dwelt upon some particular branch of national polity, art, or science — its poetry, its literature, its fame, its fallen condition, and its future hope.

I have dwelt with unusual pleasure upon this page of Ireland’s history, because from it we may date a new era in her progress. The action of this extraordinary confederation struck upon the national mind with peculiar vigor. North and south admired the genius that flashed around its social board, and the valor that filled the hearts of its members. It awakened a quicker palpitation in the Irish heart than ever the present generation had felt before. The north of Ireland began to believe in the earnestness of the repealers, and in the practicability of repeal; and one of the distinguished Protestants of the north, Mr. Grey Porter, joined for a time the Repeal Association. It is true, he proposed an ill-considered measure — namely, the application to the British parliament for a reconstruction of the union, for more members, a wider franchise, and a national militia; and if this were not ceded in a *month*, then to prepare for separation.

These propositions not being received and acted upon, Mr. Porter withdrew — not, however, without bearing elaborate testimony to the integrity and politeness of the chief committee of the Loyal National Repeal Association.

As I approach the concluding page of my eventful narrative, I am enabled to record the most splendid, the most important scene of any that has taken place in Ireland for more than half a century; it is **THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AND DECLARATION OF RIGHTS**, which took place in the Rotunda, Dublin, on the 30th of May, 1845. I shall close my

history with this memorable day; for from it will be dated a new and more brilliant history of Ireland.

*The 30th of May* will be remembered, through all future ages, in Ireland, as that on which O'Connell and his six distinguished companions were sent into captivity. The Irish people took occasion of the first anniversary of this day to mark their sense of the insult put upon their chiefs; and their act bears to posterity the dignity which belongs to a suffering and a determined people. The magnificent Rotunda was chosen as the place most suitable to present the martyrs with the authorized sympathies of Ireland. It is a hallowed pile, within which the patriots of other days assembled to plan the freedom of their country. Placed at the head of Sackville Street, the noblest thoroughfare in Europe, it offered a magnificent approach. Built, in the days of Ireland's prosperity, for the purposes of charity and amusement, it bore still all the features of nationality, spaciousness in area, and beauty in construction.

The morning of that day dawned brightly upon busy thousands in the city of the suppressed parliament. Upon every side were to be seen the grouping and processions of animated men, whose swelling hearts visibly proclaimed their high resolve. The Dublin Trades were seen proudly moving to the scene of honor. Their procession encompassed a hundred brilliant banners, emblematical of their country's awaking freedom. Chariots, drawn by highly-caparisoned steeds, contained their office-bearers, their bands, and their colors. The corporations of the metropolis and of the provincial cities next followed. The mayors, aldermen, and town councillors, in their robes of velvet, fur, and gold, were seated in elegant chariots, some of which were superbly grand, and most of which, including those of the Trades, were drawn each by six grandly-decorated steeds, ridden by postilions clothed in Irish tabinet; and there were in that pictorial procession the conspicuous members of the Eighty-two Club — that authorized, but yet unarmed guard of Ireland, clothed in the uniform of Emmet — their green and gold glittering in the procession, infusing joy and courage into all who beheld them. It must indeed have been a magnificent sight to look upon, when all Sackville Street was filled from the pavement to the house-tops; when that splendid thoroughfare was converted into one continuous theatre; every door, and window, and house-top, thronged with animated beauty and patriotism; and the cheering myriads who filled up the scene, or acted in it their distinguished parts, imparted to the remarkable pageant an inspiration that would convert the most coward heart into heroism.

But the scene within the Rotunda was the most imposing and the

most important which Ireland has presented since the meeting of the volunteers in 1782, in the church of Dungannon. In truth, it was the resurrection of that body, and something more; it was more, because in this the millions of Ireland were fully represented — an element which the other wanted. Within that national temple a scene was enacted which bears a vivid resemblance to that historical drama which opened at Philadelphia in the year 1776, and which closed in 1784 in the independence of the United States.

When all the corporate authorities of Ireland had assembled, including the mayors, aldermen, town councillors, and commissioners of Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Waterford, Wexford, Kilkenny, Athlone, Galway, Sligo, Drogheda, and other lesser towns, with delegations from Dundalk, Newry, and Belfast; when the members of the Eighty-two Club were assembled; when the confluent imbodiment of every Irish opinion had filled the area of the beautiful Rotunda, — then WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN came forward, bearing in his hand the DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS, engrossed on a capacious scroll of parchment.

This was the signal for emotion; for quick pulsation; for hope and freedom. Every man knew what was passing in his neighbor's heart. No words were wanted to express the gathering thought. Every one felt that the men of Ireland were about to commit themselves to freedom, or to death. THOMAS DAVIS moved that MAURICE O'CONNELL, the eldest son of the Irish Liberator, do take the chair. Smith O'Brien waved his arm, and there was a hush of silence. An act was about to be done that was to form part of history; and the highest in the confidence of Ireland were selected to perform the initiatory ceremony. He unfolded his DECLARATION, and prefaced the reading of it with the following solemn and well-considered observations. With one hand upon his swelling heart, and the other grasping the momentous scroll, he said, "I have been appointed, sir, to request the meeting to take this opportunity of placing upon record some declaration of the determination of this great nation to assert for itself, UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES, THE RIGHT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT. I know no occasion upon which I can more fittingly do so than when I stand in the presence of THOSE WHO ARE VIRTUALLY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE GREAT MASSES OF THE PEOPLE WHO INHABIT THIS ISLAND. I am persuaded that there is no man in this room who will not be prepared to receive the solemn pledge which I am now about to read: —

*Resolved*, That in commemorating this first anniversary of the 30th of May we deem it our duty to record a solemn pledge that *corruption shall not seduce*,

*nor deceit cajole, nor intimidation deter us from seeking to attain for Ireland the blessings of self-government through a national legislature, and we recommend that the following pledge be adopted and signed:—*

“WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, BEING CONVINCED THAT GOOD GOVERNMENT AND WISE LEGISLATION CAN BE PERMANENTLY SECURED TO THE IRISH PEOPLE ONLY THROUGH THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF AN IRISH LEGISLATURE, DO HEREBY SOLEMNLY PLEDGE OURSELVES TO OUR COUNTRY AND TO EACH OTHER, THAT WE WILL NEVER DESIST FROM SEEKING THE REPEAL OF THE LEGISLATIVE UNION WITH ENGLAND, BY ALL PEACEABLE, MORAL, AND CONSTITUTIONAL MEANS, UNTIL A PARLIAMENT BE RESTORED TO IRELAND.”

This national declaration was appropriately seconded by HENRY GRATTAN, the son of the Grattan of '82! Surely, surely, the spirits of the illustrious dead were abroad upon that day. This august resolution was put to the assembly, and that vast concourse of the mind, and sinew, and soul of Ireland solemnly ratified the national resolve. Two thousand delegated hands were raised to affirm the OATH OF IRELAND before the God of battles, their country, and a thousand of the loveliest women of the land.

Following this, O'CONNELL, the champion of Ireland for near half a century, appeared in their midst. He wore the uniform of Ireland, and was surrounded by his fellow-martyrs, John O'Connell, Richard Barrett, Charles Gavan Duffy, John Grey, Thomas Steele, and T. M. Ray, clothed in the same attire. They proceeded to the elevated platform or *dais*, covered with crimson cloth, erected for their use that day. Here, seated on a tripod, raised high above all the others, the uncrowned monarch of Ireland received the sympathetic congratulations of his countrymen. It is impossible not to perceive that the people of Ireland offered O'Connell regal honors on that day; as if to mark their feeling the more distinctly and proudly to Britain; as if to show the British minister that the man whom he would imprison as a “convict,” they would follow to the field as their SOVEREIGN. Seated on a throne which a nation was prepared to support, surrounded by a hundred members of the Eighty-two Club, the recognized commanders of the people, who approached, with courtly ceremonies, the monarch of the people's hearts; and having deposited in his hands the deeds of their fealty, they gathered round and round him, in circle upon circle, forming a staff of officers the ready instruments of his behests for peace or for war.

And then came the imposing ceremony of the day. When all the authorities had presented the credentials of their appointment, when all the addresses were signed, then came the performance of the great DEED of the present era — *the signing of the Declaration*. This im-

portant document was handed to O'Connell by Smith O'Brien. The *Liberator*, in a marked and solemn manner, appended his name, in large characters, to the scroll, and then handed it to his fellow-martyrs, who signed, and returned it to O'Brien, the exalted man who had brought it forth. It became from that moment the contract of the nation — the charter, the imbodiment of their rights and their resolves.

Perhaps in the whole history of Ireland there never was exhibited a more glorious spectacle. What would be the entrance and reception of a monarch of England, compared to this sincere, fervent, affecting demonstration? This day was a day for history. It deserves to be emblazoned in future story, in characters broad and emphatic — if it were possible, in characters of purest fire. That assembly and that DECLARATION bear about them all the ennobling circumstances that surrounded the declaration of American independence. The actors and the spectators alike felt this; and feeling the presentiment of coming freedom, pledged, upon that day, their lives, and honors, and fortunes, to each other, and to their countrymen in exile, to cease not in the struggle, come weal or come woe, until their country's legislative independence shall be acknowledged by all the world.

As the sons of Ireland in exile accept that immortal PLEDGE, and are prepared to sustain the men who made it, with fortune and life, and as a nation's liberties are involved in the contract, it becomes the historian to record the names of the distinguished men who have set their seals to the national bond.

And first in power, influence, and intellect, stand the members of the Eighty-two Club, who brought up the following address, which must be considered the concentrated will of Ireland: —

*“ To Daniel O'Connell and his late Fellow-Prisoners.*

“ ILLUSTRIOUS SIR, — DISTINGUISHED PATRIOTS: We, the members of the Eighty-two Club, offer you our respect and congratulation.

“ The occasion befits you and us.

“ We are associated for Irish liberty under a name derived from its most constitutional era; and this is the anniversary of your unconstitutional imprisonment for attempting peacefully to restore the rights gained at that era.

“ Ireland resented your imprisonment as an audacious wrong; Europe stigmatized it as oppressive; the law erased it as illegal. It was the temporary triumph of craft and force. You had preached order under misrule; you had preserved peace under sufferings now confessed to be unequalled; you had sought, by the action of opinion, the restoration of ancient liberties, and the relief of countless woes; and for this you were sent to prison.

“ Fortunately, the people remembered your lessons, or you might have been



released by a speedier process than the queen's writ; but the justice, which was delayed long enough to prove your oppressors unrelenting, came at length, and you left your prison in triumph to resume that vigorous legal agitation for which you had been oppressed.

"That you may speedily end that agitation is our best wish for you and for Ireland, as we know that, *come what may of force or fraud*, you will not end it but in the restoration of an Irish parliament, as independent as that of the era whose name we bear.

"Signed by the vice-presidents and secretaries of the 'Eighty-two Club,' on behalf of the Club.

"EDWARD BRODRICK, }  
"MATHEW MORIARTY, } *Secretaries."*

The following members of the club were present at the presentation of the foregoing address:—

Henry Grattan, V. P.,  
W. S. O'Brien, V. P.,  
James Kelley, M. P.,  
Sir Colman O'Loughlen, Bart.,  
Myles Mahony,  
John T. Devitt,  
Richard Scott,  
John F. Raleigh,  
Nicholas Kelley,  
Edward Murphy,  
John T. Kernan,  
Joseph M. Rivers,  
James Duffy,  
John L. Fitzgerald,  
Edward Nugent,  
Thomas F. Neagher,  
Alderman M'Kenna,  
Thomas Davis,  
E. Clements,  
M. J. Barry,  
Ambrose Sullivan,  
William Bryan,  
Francis John O'Neil,  
Michael Doheny,  
Patrick Gardiner, alderman,  
Francis O'Brien,  
M. Wilson Gray,  
James Barry,  
James P. Doyle,  
Richard O'Gorman, Sen.,  
Richard O'Gorman, Jun.,  
M. K. O'Farrell,

William Mackey,  
Thomas Boylan,  
James Rainor,  
Andrew R. Stritch,  
T. B. M'Manus,  
Connell Loughnan,  
James M. Loughnan,  
C. P. Shannon,  
P. Kelley,  
H. Gilbert,  
Christopher Shannon,  
W. Hodges,  
L. Dillon,  
Martin Crean,  
Charles Taaffe,  
Thomas Collins,  
J. F. O'Kelley,  
J. H. Dunne,  
Chas. Bianconi, mayor of Clonmel,  
Richard Kelly, Dublin,  
George Atkinson,  
M. Staunton, alderman,  
Charles M'Alister,  
James Fivey,  
J. Mitchell,  
Edward Costello,  
F. Morgan,  
R. Blake Foster,  
F. Blake Foster,  
T. P. Curtis,  
W. T. Rogers,  
Colonel Rochfort,

J. A. O'Neill,  
Francis Comyn,  
Gerald Aylmer,  
James M'Donnell,  
D. T. M'Carthy,  
T. M. Scully,  
Charles O'Connor,  
Philip Taggart,  
Patrick Hayes,  
Richard Hayes,  
Edward Smithwick, alderman,  
Daniel Smithwick, T. C.,  
Robert Cane, mayor of Kilkenny,  
Richard Dowden, mayor of Cork,  
Joseph Hackett, alderman,  
Henry Potter, alderman,  
Thomas Hart, alderman,  
Richard Beteman, alderman,

W. N. Skelly,  
T. D. Coleman,  
John Scally,  
Nicholas Boylan,  
J. Moore,  
Nicholas Moore,  
Patrick Gernon,  
Caleb Powell, M. P.,  
Cornelius Maxwell, alderman,  
Jas. Sheridan,  
John Ferguson,  
Jas. Quinn,  
Mathew Moriarty,  
E. Brodrick, secretary,  
J. K. O'Dowd,  
Sir B. Morris, mayor of Waterford,  
Thomas Lyons, alderman.

## PROVINCIAL DEPUTATIONS.

*Limerick Corporation.*

Wm. J. Geary, M. D., mayor,  
James Kelly, Esq., M. P.,  
Alderman Bodkin,  
Alderman Ryan,  
Town Councillors Murphy, Gainer,  
M'Mahon, Kelly, Creagh,  
Browne, Spillane.  
J. F. Raleigh, town clerk,  
J. O'Neil, treasurer.

*Cork Corporation.*

Richard Dowden Richard, mayor,  
Alderman Thomas Lyons,  
Alderman Edward Hackett,  
Alderman John O'Connell,  
John F. Maguire, barrister.

*Waterford Corporation.*

Sir Benjamin Morris, mayor,  
Alderman Delahunty, treasurer.  
Mr. Kelly, T. C., accompanied by  
the following gentlemen, residents  
of the town of Waterford:  
Mr. Curtis, Mr. E. N. Barron,  
Mr. D. F. Meagher.

*Kilkenny Corporation.*

Robert Cane, Esq., M. D., mayor,  
Alderman Edmund Smithwick,

Alderman Joseph Hackett,  
Alderman Henry Potter,  
Alderman Cornelius Maxwell,  
Town Councillor Daniel Smithwick,  
Richard Smithwick, Esq.,  
Richard Bateman, Esq.,  
George Rowan, Esq.,  
Thomas Cody, Esq.,  
William Lanigan, Esq.

*Kilkenny Corporation and City  
Deputation.*

Robert Cane, M. D., mayor,  
Alderman Edmund Smithwick,  
Alderman Joseph Hackett,  
Alderman Henry Potter,  
Alderman Thomas Hart,  
Alderman Cornelius Maxwell,  
Daniel Smithwick, T. C.,  
R. Smithwick, T. C.,  
Richard Bateman, T. C.,  
George Rowan, T. C.,  
Thomas Cody, T. C.,  
William Lanigan, T. C.,  
Thomas Purcell, T. C.,  
James Kelly, Sen., T. C.,  
Michael Hyland, T. C.,  
John Burke, T. C.,  
James Martin, T. C.,

J. Quinn, solicitor,  
James Menton,  
David Murphy.

*Corporation of Sligo.*

Michael Gallagher, Esq., mayor,  
Alderman Henry O'Connor,  
James Walker, Esq., solicitor.

*Drogheda Corporation.*

W. Campbell, Esq., mayor,  
Alderman Simcocks,  
Town Councillors Stephen Drew,  
Patrick Boylan, Henry Crolly,  
John Connoly, John Finnegan,  
Daniel Brady, Anthony Kappock,  
Patrick Byrne, and Patrick Comyns.

*Galway Town Commissioners.*

Timothy Murray, Esq.,  
Martin Carroll, Esq.,  
Laurence Geoghegan, Esq.,  
James Davis, Esq.,  
M. J. Burke, acting secretary.

*Cashel Town Commissioners.*

Councillor Doney, chamberlain,  
James Ryan, Esq., T. C.,  
Rev. John Ryan, chaplain.

*Tuam.*

William Gannon, T. C.,  
P. Burke, T. C.

*Wexford.*

Very Rev. Dr. Sinnott,  
Richard Walsh, Esq.,  
John Thomas Devereux, Esq.,  
Charles S. Reeves, Esq.,  
Rev. Denis Kenney,  
William Gafney, Esq.,  
John Greene, Esq., accompanied by  
James Rainor, Esq., (member of  
the '82 Club,) and D. S. Murphy,  
Esq.

*Ennis.*

Very Rev. Dean O'Shaughnessy,  
Cornelius Hickey, Esq., chairman of  
the town commissioners, accom-  
panied by Sir Colman O'Loughlen,  
Charles O'Connell, Esq.

*Kells Town Commissioners.*

Very Rev. Dr. M'Evoy,  
Rev. John Kelly.

*Manchester.*

Rev. D. Hearne,  
James Eagar, Esq., M. D.

*Athlone.*

Rev. J. J. Donovan, O. S. F.,  
John Norton, Esq.,  
Thomas Whyte, Esq.

*Dundalk Town Commissioners and  
Inhabitants.*

Richard De Verdon, Esq., ex-J. P.,  
James M'Callister, Esq.,  
Patrick Byrne, Esq., T. C.,  
Mathew Reilly, Esq., T. C.,  
Michael Lawlor, Esq., T. C.,  
Thomas Bergin, Esq.,  
Daniel Molony, Esq.,  
M. G. Conway, Esq.

*Town Commissioner of Tipperary.*

David Ferguson, Esq., chairman.

*Athy Town Commissioners.*

John Peppard, Esq., chairman,  
Michael Lawler, Esq., T. C.,  
Thomas Peppard, Esq., T. C.,  
James Byrne, Esq., T. C.,  
Thomas Hoolihan, Esq., T. C.,  
James Ryan, Esq., T. C.

*Kilkenny Trades.*

Mr. W. Kealy,  
Mr. Robert Way,  
Mr. Michael Walsh,  
Mr. John Butler.

*Roscommon.*

P. J. Ducken, Esq.,  
F. M'Donnell, Esq.

*Carrick-on-Suir Town Commissioners.*

The following gentlemen attended  
to present the address from the  
town commissioners:—

Joseph M. Rivers, Esq., Tybreg-  
nay Castle,  
Patrick Munay, Esq., barrister.

*City of Limerick Commissioners.*

James Kelley, Esq., M. P.,

J. R. Browne, Esq.,  
 Counsellor Devitt,  
 James O'Shaughnessy, Esq.  
*Limerick Board of Guardians.*  
 Counsellor Devitt, chairman,  
 Caleb Powell, and J. F. Raleigh,  
 Esqs., guardians.

*Parish of Druce, County Limerick.*  
 Michael Ryan, Esq.,  
 Rev. James Ryan, P. P.  
*Galway Town.*  
 L. S. Mangan, Esq.,  
 M. J. Burke, Esq.,  
 Bartholomew Killian, Esq.,  
 John Hart, Esq.,  
 Thomas Kearney, Esq.

*Tullow, County Carlow.*  
 Serenus Kelly, Esq.,  
 John Donohoe, Esq.

*Callan Town Commissioners.*  
 Richard S. Ryan, chairman,  
 James Corr, T. C.

*Kilcullen, County Kildare.*  
 Rev. Dr. Murtagh,  
 Christopher Flood, Esq.,  
 Thomas Daly, Esq.,

Michael Murphy, Esq.,  
 John Walsh, Esq.  
*Belfast Town.*  
 Charles M'Alister, Esq.,  
 James M'Convery, Esq.,  
 John M'Veigh, Esq.

*County Clare.*  
 Hewitt Bridgman, Esq., M. P.,  
 Daniel O'Connell, Esq., (Tureen),  
 Maurice O'Connell, Esq., ex-J. P.,  
 (Kilgorey.)

*Kingstown.*  
 James Nugent,  
 Valentine Burchell,  
 James Nugent, Jun.,  
 John Peppard, T. C., ex-chairman,  
 Michael Lawlor, T. C.,  
 James Byrne, T. C.,  
 Thomas Peppard, T. C.,  
 Thomas Ferns, M. D., T. C.,  
 Thomas Holaham, T. C.,  
 John Lawler, P. P., T. C.,  
 Patrick Commins, T. C.,  
 Daniel Coady, T. C.,  
 James Ryan, T. C.,  
 Edward Keating, T. C.

I have thus put upon lasting record the names of the men who assembled on the 30th of May, on whom Ireland chiefly depends for her liberty. There were others in that great gathering, whose names have not been published in Dublin. But in those that are here registered, there is a confederation of mind and muscle which the power of England cannot break up.

On the thirtieth of May,  
 The sun's holiest ray  
 Came to brighten the patriot plume;  
 The shamrock was seen,  
 With a lovelier green,  
 And the air shed a sweeter perfume.  
 The face of our isle  
 Wore a heavenly smile,  
 As if conscious and proud of her brave;  
 And the laurel flower,  
 At that holy hour,  
 Bowed its bloom o'er the warrior's grave,  
 To tell him the land  
 He had died to defend,  
 Was no longer the home of a slave.

On each returning thirtieth of May, these men, and their successors, will deliver to their countrymen an account of their progress in the attainment of their country's freedom. The rising generation will mark their deeds, and the writers of Ireland's future history will criticise while they perpetuate them to other generations.

**MY NARRATIVE IS CLOSED.**

I terminate my History of the Irish race at this epoch. They enjoyed for two thousand four hundred years a brilliant independence, and experienced for seven hundred years a continued strife with a set of merciless invaders, from which they have come unsubdued and unbroken, and are now once more grown up to millions; sober, educated, united, resolved and worthy to be free; acknowledged by their oppressors "TOO POWERFUL TO BE SUBDUED BY FORCE." Thus, at the end of another cycle of unparalleled strife, England finds she has to fight all her battles over again. The Boyne and the Shannon must be crossed once more in military array, or Ireland must be acknowledged legislatively independent. England knows that those rivers are now too deep, and would be defended by a million and a half of able and devoted men, every one of whom would die in the gory flood, rather than yield her victory.

Ireland can now boast of eight and a half millions of people: **FIVE MILLIONS OF THESE ARE TETOTALLERS**; and there are *five hundred thousand of her children* attending public schools. Of this latter fact I am assured by a communication from the Board of Education, through its secretaries, who state that they have now open, in Ireland, three thousand four hundred schools; that upwards of four hundred thousand children attend them, and gratuitously receive a good common-school education. There must be at least one hundred and fifty thousand children of the wealthier classes receiving instruction in the private schools and academies. All these, in the course of seven years, will form the new generation. Above all, there are the national teachers, the young and soaring intellects of the Repeal Association, who shine down their warming light, in a hundred bright rays, upon the young heart of Ireland; and these are the **FACTS** which bid us assuredly hope for the freedom of that nation. Knowledge and tyranny are antagonist principles. They never can coëxist, they never have coëxisted, in the same community of men. The six-and-twenty letters of the alphabet are the powers which Ireland relies upon, and in this Ireland is supremely right. Let the present five or six hundred thousand Irish children, that are at school, but get to manhood without any material check or civil commotion, and not all the powers of Europe, though Europe combined in arms for the purpose, could hold the Irish nation, for one day, in bondage to any other.

It is true that these national schools are supported by English money, and teach English political principles ; but, with all that, there is a great deal in what they teach that we must admire. Their system is uniform, for their teachers are all educated by superior men at the head or model school, in Dublin. Their books of instruction appear to me excellent. The commissioners have been kind enough, without my asking for them, to send me a complete set.\* Their Fifth Book of Lessons (historical) is purged of certain objectionable inferences, which the same class-book of 1839 contained. It passes over, in a brief and neutral tone, that unhappy period of Irish history which flows from the Williamite wars to the present time. Their little supplementary book, in defence of Christianity, appears to me the plainest and most powerful reply to the infidel writers that I ever saw. Indeed, all their books are the very best in the English language, and some have been adopted in the German schools. Their general system of instruction includes reading, writing, arithmetic, bookkeeping, agriculture, grammar, geography, geometry, mathematics, mechanics, civil and natural history, scripture lessons, (selected and mutually agreed upon,) elocution, singing, linear or mechanical drawing, &c. *Mental* exercise and instruction is cultivated. Not only do the masters catechise the scholars, but the scholars question, and argue with, the masters. Order is peculiarly enforced ; and a certain step and discipline are taught, in play-hours, entering and returning from school, which adapt the boys, to a *certain extent*, for military drill. The commissioners are quite sensitive to public opinion, and are becoming daily more and more *national*. There may be many objections to their system which do not strike me, and it is sufficient to make me think so, to find that the archbishop of Tuam still withholds from them his confidence. But if there be any thing erroneous in their inculcation, sufficient of the

\* The Board of Education was established in 1831, on the motion of Thomas Wyse — it is supported by annual grants from parliament. The amount for the present year is one hundred thousand pounds; [four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.] It may be remarked here, that the state of Massachusetts, with less than a million of inhabitants, appropriates eight hundred thousand dollars a year to public education. The following are the names of the present commissioners : —

Richard Dublin, <i>Protestant</i> ;	Richard W. Greene, <i>Presbyterian</i> ;
D. Murray, <i>Catholic</i> ;	Pooley D. Henry, D. D., <i>Presbyterian</i> ;
Francis Sadlier, <i>Protestant</i> ;	Alexander Macdonnell, <i>Presbyterian</i> ;
A. R. Blake, <i>Catholic</i> ;	John Richard Corballis, <i>Catholic</i> .
Robert Holmes, <i>Presbyterian</i> ;	Kildare, <i>Protestant</i> .
Managing Commissioner, Rev. James Carlisle, <i>Presbyterian</i> .	
	} Maurice Cross,
	Secretaries, } James Kelly.

spirit of inquiry is abroad to correct it ; and as those children cannot, upon any other conditions, obtain this much-desired education, it is better to let them learn to read, write, and cipher, to draw and step, and rely upon an active public press, and an enlightened public opinion, to eradicate the political errors of the school-rooms. They are not yet, perhaps, prepared for instruction in chemistry, so necessary to fit them for manufacturing enterprise ; but it is hoped they soon will be, when the commissioners, remembering what France achieved by her cultivation of that science, will see the necessity of introducing so valuable a branch of knowledge among the apt and docile children under their care.

Ireland has much to learn and unlearn. It has been cursed by invasions, civil war, tyranny, poverty, and ignorance. Nor is the ignorance confined to the children of poverty : too many of the gentry are ignorant, and more ignorant, in proportion to their means of acquiring knowledge, than the common people. Their taste is depraved by their bigoted passions. They delight in every mischievous occupation, while a little French, and very little Latin and Greek, form their sole literary acquisitions. The language of Ireland is unfashionable, her history unread, and the customs, manners, and vices of England awkwardly imitated and meanly extolled. They intrench themselves within *caste*, like the semi-savage Hindoos, and they spread their leprous vices over the land. So prone is man to imitate his "betters," that lawyers, attorneys, the sons of snug farmers and well-to-do shopkeepers, and even working mechanics, have imbibed the ignorant, absurd, contemptible pride of *grade*. One belonging to the first grade of gentry will not keep company or sit down to table with an attorney, or a shopkeeper, or a farmer. The attorney will not allow his clerk or his clerk's wife to mingle in his family parties. The shopkeeper will not let in a mechanic to his tea-table. The farmer spurns his ploughman ; the mason his assistant ; and *he*, in turn, absolutely looks down upon the poorer ditch-maker as a "spalpeen."

It is thus that the whole of Irish society is diseased and disorganized. Knowledge can travel but very slowly through such a people. Free, rapid, and continual communication between all classes of the inhabitants of a country is the true means of enlightening and exalting them. Books are slow instructors, and colleges are slower still ; but freedom in social communication, and equity and freedom in government, are the true civilizers. This is incontrovertibly proved by the Irish peasant in the United States. A residence here for three or four years, of even the most illiterate, engenders knowledge, tact, and address, and fits him for

any duty appertaining to the general citizen. When any of these return to visit their friends in Ireland, they astonish them by the amount of their knowledge, and the change in their address.

The gentry of Ireland are above engaging in any useful employment — it would damage their *grade*. And the barristers, doctors, and attorneys, being “gentlemen” by law, are also a grade too high for any enterprise profitable to the people. And then comes the ignorant class of wealthy shopkeepers, who, through years of scraping and raking, having acquired a few thousands, become in turn too proud to enter upon any useful employment; and their children, too, are generally educated in the same absurd and mischievously wretched pride. The bulk of the people are helpless, ignorant, and miserable; are the merest serfs at home, and are obliged to become the hewers of wood and the drawers of water abroad to all nations of the earth. They are found performing the drudgery of Glasgow, London, Paris, and New York. O, let some able hand, with fire and brimstone, cleanse the gentry of Ireland of their besotted, ignorant, semi-savage pride! Let the children, who are now at school, look with eyes of common sense in the face of this absurd, this barbarous custom. Let every man be esteemed alone for his conduct, and not for his blood, his means of living, or the extent of his income. We find the offspring of the Irish and English, and indeed the whole European aristocracy, among the most wicked, worthless, and cowardly, of the human race. What, let us ask, have the English and Irish aristocracy contributed to virtue, knowledge, or freedom? Has not almost every benefactor of the human race, whom we worship, sprung from the people? How did the aristocracy of Europe meet the plebeian generals of Napoleon? They fled before them like frightened birds from hawks; and had he made his threatened descent on England, their aristocracy would have fled before his eagles quicker than the wind. What did their aristocratic blood do on the wave or on the field, in two great wars with the democratic blood of America? Let history answer — it was signally routed and defeated. A nation never can be thoroughly united but on one principle — that of EQUALITY of right and privilege: any other principle is contrary to the law of God and the law of nature, and will lead the people who adopt it into strife and slavery.

Let those children who are now at school rise superior to their fathers; form a pure and a powerful public opinion, which will coerce the gentry, exalt the people, and render local tyranny or foreign domination as insupportable in their land as a venomous reptile.

END OF THE HISTORY.



## LECTURE XXVI.

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### SKETCHES OF THE LIVING.

O'Connell and his Family. — Father Mathew. — The Archbishop of Tuam. — Wm. Smith O'Brien. — Right Rev. Bishop Higgins. — Dr. Gray. — Charles Gavan Duffy — Thomas Davis. — Thomas Macnevin. — Michael Joseph Barry. — Michael Do-  
heny. — O'Neill Daunt. — Captain Broderick. — Robert Dillon Brown. — Edward  
Clements. — Thomas Mathew Ray. — The Earl of Rosse. — Professor Kane. — Miss  
Brooks. — Miss Edgeworth. — Lady Morgan. — Hogan. — Sheridan Knowles. —  
Samuel Lover. — William Carlton. — Charles Levre. — J. W. Croker. — Oldham. —  
Barry. — M'Clise. — Sir Martin O'Shee. — Doyle. — Balfe. — Macready. — Wilkes  
— Farquhar. — Brooks. — Griffin. — Maxwell. — Rev. T. Mahoney. — Dr. Ma-  
gin &c.

#### O'CONNELL AND HIS FAMILY.

ALTHOUGH I have devoted the chief part of the previous three hun-  
dred and fifty pages to the extraordinary deeds of O'Connell, I feel it  
necessary to say a few words here touching what I may denominate his  
private or personal biography. Daniel O'Connell, as I have said in an-  
other place, was born in Kerry, on the 6th of August, 1775, and was  
seventy years of age in August of the present year, (1845.) He was  
admitted to the Irish bar in 1798, at the age of twenty-three. In about  
four years after he married Mary, daughter of Thomas O'Connell, med-  
ical doctor, of Tralee, by whom he had four sons and three daughters ;  
namely, *Maurice*, M. P. for Clare and Tralee ; *Morgan*, successively  
M. P. for Youghall and Athlone ; *John*, M. P. for Youghall, Athlone,  
and Kilkenny ; *Daniel*, who stood for Carlow, but was unsuccessful ;  
*Ellen*, married to Christopher Fitzsimons, who was formerly M. P. for  
the county of Dublin, and who is now clerk of the Hanipar office in Dub-  
lin ; *Catherine*, married to Charles O'Connell, M. P. for Kerry ; and  
*Elizabeth*, married to Nicholas French, of Fort William, Roscommon.  
Maurice and John are married, but Morgan and Daniel, I believe, are  
not. Mrs. O'Connell, whom the Liberator affectionately loved, died  
in 1836. He boasts of twenty-seven grandchildren, all of whom

have been regularly enrolled members of the Loyal National Repeal Association of Ireland. Besides all these, he has unnumbered nephews and cousins in the county of Kerry, who claim him to the most extreme degree of kindred to which they can trace the remotest relationship. Over all these he exercises a truly patriarchal influence.

O'Connell is one of those who revived in his person the towering supremacy of the Milesian or national intellect. On the fall of James the Second, the mind, and talent, and valor, of ancient Ireland seem to have followed that unfortunate sovereign into exile, and were scattered over the continent of Europe. Fifteen thousand young men, the flower of Ireland, accompanied him to France; and in the succeeding hundred years, the penal laws drove out of Ireland more than half a million of its choicest sons, leaving the dregs of the population to degenerate into semi-barbarism, with scarce a single ray of native intellect to divert them from their downward path to the abyss of ignorance and slavery. Those that were forced away from Ireland, who were too ambitious to remain in slavery, bestowed their valor, and their genius, and their talent, on the nations of Europe, as this History, in a hundred places, abundantly attests; and those who did occasionally put forth a philanthropic hand to lift up the people, were the descendants of their invaders and oppressors.

O'Connell, like the rest of his class, was educated in a foreign college, but, fortunately for his country, returned again to arouse her by his energy, irradiate her by his light, and defend her by his valor. It seems, indeed, as if Providence had resolved to make up to Erin for all her former deficiencies by sending her a man in whom all the superior qualities of humanity commingle.

With O'Connell's growth has grown a new crop of Milesian mind. Sheil, Moore, and Lady Morgan, are splendid illustrations of this fact. They stand at the head of Europe in eloquence and literature; and there are others of the old Milesian race, whom I have already noticed, who, in arts and sciences, have soared to an exalted European fame. I mention this, because there are some persons in the world, who, while they reluctantly admit the transcendent genius which Ireland, within the last hundred years, has cast upon the world, seek to bring the honor, through the process of descent, to the shrine of Britain or Scotland. "Your great men," they say, "are of English or Scottish families, who settled in Ireland in the sixteenth century." Granting this to be all true, they are not the less Irishmen; but it is not all true; and the men described in this book are evidences that it is not.

The growth of national intellect increases prodigiously in Ireland

When O'Connell was a young man, there were few of his class to be found in Ireland — few who could study and toil in temperance and perseverance, and remain unpurchasable. Indeed, it may be said that, for thirty years of his toiling life, he found the Irish bar in a conspiracy against himself and his country; but now there are hundreds of young men, who body forth a supreme and virtuous genius, too proud to be slaves, or sycophants, or traitors. These are mostly the creation of O'Connell, Moore, Lady Morgan, and Sheil.

His plans and mode of agitation have called forth a world of criticism, which it is not my intention to review. His whole system is raised upon one principle, namely, that both evil and good grow from *opinion*; and even tyranny lives by the nourishment of opinion; and that in proportion as the source of sentiment and action becomes pure, oppression will sicken and die. This is a principle that never before his time was allowed fairly and peacefully to develop itself. By his energetic, but patient, persevering, and peaceful working of this principle, he has been enabled to effect, without the slightest violence, those political miracles I have described.

And we must admire his wonderful skill in arraying classes of men against certain abuses perpetrated by other classes, and when remedied, the tact with which he turns the sluices of public opinion into their own stables. It was thus he caused the whigs to purify the tories, and is causing the repealers to purify the whigs. I cannot illustrate this principle so well as I find it done by my exalted countrywoman Lady Morgan, in the following bit of philosophy in her charming *Book of the Boudoir*: “In combating error, it is a golden rule to leave unnoticed whatever is indifferent to the point at issue. In converting a Jew, it is unwise to begin by ostentatiously eating pork. The interests and passions of those who may be hostile to a given reformation are not all involved in an equal degree. There are thousands and tens of thousands who will accept of a principle up to a certain point, where it begins to operate on themselves. With a few exceptions, all the world is beginning to be reconciled with free trade in every branch of industry — but their own. It is therefore dangerous to push a principle at once to its utmost extreme. The further it is carried, the more persons are alarmed, and the less is the shame attendant upon bitter opposition. The moderate, moreover, in all disputes, collect around them the half thinkers and half feelers — a powerful faction, embracing those who are too indolent to inquire, or too corrupt to desire a practical improvement to the fullest extent. For such persons a middle term is a convenient retreat; and by neutralizing their opposition, you gain time and a clearer stage. This may not

always be very candid, but if the '*cosi el egro*' system be allowable in oratory, it is no less justifiable where the grave interests of the species are at issue. The number of those who see questions in their wholeness is very small. The mass are more moved by especial instances and examples. In knowledge, nothing is isolated. The establishment of one truth is the dethronement of many errors. With these it is better to deal in detail, and await the gradual development of a growing spirit before venturing upon points in which the age is not prepared to follow. A man may insure for himself the palm of martyrdom without advancing public opinion one iota. Proceed, therefore, like the snail, with your feelers before you, and reserve to yourself, by a timely halt, the privilege of never combating with more opponents at once than you feel yourself able to overthrow. Disgraceful retreats are pregnant with fearful delays; for a *coup manqué* is followed by a revulsion of sentiment which may require the lapse of a generation to recover." O'Connell understood and practised all this twenty years before it saw the light, or was conceived in her ladyship's brain. It was the actual basis of his entire system of agitation, and affords us the means of understanding his *apparently* inconsistent and Protean movements—to-day praising, to-morrow abusing, the whigs; one day execrating Peel and Graham, and then forgiving and receiving them into favor; again, condemning the Chartists, and anon applauding to the skies the lion-hearted democracy of England; to-day applauding republics, to-morrow lauding constitutional monarchies; upon one occasion exalting the wisdom and chivalry of the French, on another execrating their violence and infidelity; to-day praising America for its valor in the field and its independence, to-morrow condemning *the last resort of freemen*, and pouring indignation upon the traffic in men.

This mighty doctor of the human mind is also the unerring index of its vagaries. The weathercock upon the steeple, or the straw upon the stream, does not indicate more unerringly the point of the wind, or the direction of the tide, than does O'Connell the sentiment and will of the Irish people; and as well might the British government, by grasping the straw, or pulling down the vane, try to stop the current of the tide, or change the direction of the wind, as try to impede, by arresting O'Connell, the progress of Ireland to her destiny among the nations.

Placed in any situation in life, this extraordinary man must eventually have reached the highest eminence. His great industry—rising, during his career of youth and manhood, at four or five o'clock in the morning, and devoting the freshness of each new-born day to the improvement of his mind and the increase of his stock of knowledge—must of itself,

and in truth did, lift him beyond all competition. As an advocate, he had no equal at the bar. Whether he joked with a jury, browbeat and confused a witness, confounded a judge, raised the laugh against opposing counsel, he ever had alone in view the interests of his client. No man cared less for the personal reputation involved in oratorical displays in a court of justice than he. In the church, he would have found a level with the cardinals, and have soared to the pontifical chair. On the stage, he would have far outshone Kemble or Kean. As a military commander, he would have outgeneraled Napoleon. If he were editor of a daily paper, — the most difficult post connected with literature, — he would have made his journal the first in Europe. As it is, he is a talking newspaper, talks more leaders, vents more knowledge, than the entire press of Ireland. He is perpetually storing his mind, to discharge it again upon the world, as occasion may require. He reads all the chief newspapers of the British empire, and not a few French and American papers, and will not be satisfied while one in his study remains in its travelling cover. He sees all the monthly and quarterly journals, many of the new novels, and not a few foreign books, besides nearly every book on statistics or politics; and, most laborious of all, he reads the huge folio parliamentary reports, in blue covers, of five hundred pages each. His sons and secretaries, and his daughters, too, are continually perusing books, and papers, and pamphlets, finding out for him such things as bear upon his great mission — the extension of human freedom and happiness. It is no matter where he finds a thought, — he stores it for future use. He does not care who has said a thing first, or how often it has been said, or whether he himself has said it before, — he will use it if it serve the purposes of the moment, even to the extent of influencing the judgment of one auditor, for he knows that a great deal of what is to be addressed to the public mind will tell only by *repetition*.

As a husband, he was loving; as a father, he is affectionate; as a Christian, sincere; as a Catholic, rigid; as a man, honest; as an orator, eloquent; as a scholar, learned; as a lawyer, deep; as an advocate, effective; as a representative, able — in the field, valiant; in the senate, wise; in council, deferential; in debate, overwhelming — as a gentleman, delicately courteous; as a host, hospitable; as a guest, entertaining; as a companion, jovial; as a citizen, patriotic; as a landlord, kind; as a great man, approachable; as the chief magistrate of Dublin, conciliatory and just; as the leader of Ireland, faithful, incorruptible, unpurchasable, and unintimidated.

The abuse flung at him by his opponents is but the passing

clouds of vapor that his heat and brightness attract, which soon melt before the rays of his genius ; and the spots that sometimes appear upon his disk, and belong to the fiery composition of his nature, are soon consumed by his own effulgent lava.

O'Connell has been accused of avarice, but most unjustly. It is the very last passion that any one who knows him will attribute to him ; and he has been accused of " feeding the mob with excitement, that he might, in turn, feed upon the mob." This is equally untrue. There were few men at the British or Irish bar who derived so large an income from his profession. It was eight or nine thousand pounds (about *forty thousand dollars*) a year when he gave up his profession to attend to the general affairs of Ireland. His ordinary fee, in 1828, used to be twenty to fifty pounds, and he has had five hundred pounds for special cases. Had he continued still at the bar, his income now must be double what it was then. Curran used to receive six thousand pounds a year by his profession, and he said he should receive thirty thousand pounds a year but for the hatred of Lord Chancellor Clare, who absolutely drove him out of the Court of Chancery. Romilly was in the receipt of fourteen thousand pounds a year when he put an end to his existence. So that it may be said O'Connell yields up an income of twelve or sixteen thousand pounds a year for the luxury of working out the freedom of Ireland, and receiving a national compensation which does not, one year with another, come up to what he undoubtedly would realize by his profession.

But his own explanation of this matter, in reply to the Earl of Shrewsbury, is the very best on record. " For more than twenty years before emancipation, the burden of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare the resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondents, to examine the cause of each person complaining of practical grievances, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at all times to oppose, at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause. To descend to particulars, at a period when my minutes counted by the guinea, when my emoluments were limited only by the extent of my physical and waking powers, when my meals were shortened to the narrowest space, and my sleep restricted to the earliest hours before dawn, at that period, and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours — often much more — to the working out of the Catholic cause, and that without receiving or allowing of any remuneration, even for the personal expenditure incurred in the agitation

of the cause itself. For *four years* I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation without receiving the contribution of others to a greater amount than seventy-four pounds in the whole. Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? The year before emancipation, though wearing a stuff gown, my professional emoluments exceeded eight thousand pounds per annum. Had I adhered to my profession, I must soon have been called to the inner bar, and obtained the precedency of a silk gown. The severity of my labors would have been at once mitigated, whilst the emoluments would have been increased by one half. The office of lord chief baron became vacant. I was offered it, or, had I preferred it, the mastership of the rolls." In this reply, the Liberator talked of himself with a freedom which his good taste never could sanction had he not been called out. His meek and modest reply, though loaded with his own exertions, containing inferential self-praise in almost every sentence, was at once as chaste, and true, and powerful a production as ever issued from the press of Europe.

The tribute which he receives from the Irish people is quite a distinct matter from the repeal rent. This is well understood in Ireland, but not quite so clearly in America. The *repeal rent* is gathered in Ireland, England, Scotland, Canada, the United States, and the British colonies throughout the world. It is sent to the treasury in Conciliation Hall, and is there applied to the great purposes of the agitation, under direction of the "standing committee" of the Repeal Association, which consists of some fifty of the chief men of the confederation. O'Connell draws not a shilling of this fund, nor does any one of his children. The "O'Connell tribute," on the other hand, is a fund raised annually, to enable him to pay his butcher, grocer, baker, tailor, and such-like expenses. It is taken up at the church doors all over Ireland, nearly simultaneously, upon a given Sunday. It is rather the subscription of the Catholic clergy than of the people, for the whole collection of the church on that day is freely offered HIM who made those altars free, and caused them to be respected. And, although the ardent admirers of O'Connell, in which the clergy are included, swell this day's subscription, yet it is not an oppressive tax, as some persons insinuate. On the contrary, it is freely and cheerfully paid: it is not beyond a halfpenny (a cent) a year, from each of the Catholics of Ireland. The people know that they get value, and cheerfully offer their annual tribute to the emancipator of their creed.

But O'Connell, notwithstanding all the money he has earned by his legal practice, and received in the annual tribute, is still almost penni-

less. In the course of a long life of ceaseless agitation, he contracted heavy debts, in various contested elections, the interest of which forms a serious annual charge upon his income. He insured his life a long time back for forty thousand pounds, the premium on which comes to near two thousand pounds a year; and in addition, his children, grandchildren, and immediate relatives, are the recipients of his spare funds. Had he devoted himself to his profession, like other lawyers, and saved even *the half* of his vast income, he would have by this time amassed one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, (a sum equal to seven hundred thousand dollars,) which would enable him to bequeath an income of thirty-five thousand dollars a year to his posterity forever; and this is a calculation very moderate and quite under the mark. It is proper, when public writers in America undertake to criticise the purity of this extraordinary man, that they have all these facts before them.

Much has been said about O'Connell's eloquence. Writers from every civilized country upon earth have endeavored to describe it; but no description can convey a true idea of its nature and power. No reporter that ever lived could report a speech as O'Connell delivers it. He may, indeed, transcribe nearly the words uttered — but his speeches are not mere words; words form but a part. There is the action, the graceful though animated action of the body, — for he stands on tiptoe, stoops forward, and turns from side to side, in the delivery of a single sentence. There is the tossing over of his head, and the peculiar expression of loathing that comes upon his lips, when he flings out some scalding anathema upon the literary prostitutes of the London press. There is the slow, expressive, delicate action of his majestic arms, which are ever in motion, presenting to the visual sense a delightful *tableau*, and the fascination of eyes that are ever open and illuminated. So powerful is his expression, that one can see the complexion of the coming idea: the rays of swelling light, the plaintive murmuring voice, the lowering of the brow, or the flashing of the eyes, all plainly depict what is coming. These are parts of his speech that can never be conveyed to paper. But, beyond all these, there is the peculiar melody of his voice, — which pours forth its tones in what musicians would call baritone, — the most musical, perhaps, that any orator was ever gifted with. This, all this, and more than all this, makes up that oratory which every body is charmed with, and which nobody can adequately describe. He must indeed be seen and heard to be estimated. Nor is it alone over his countrymen that he can exercise a magical influence, causing them to laugh or weep, at his pleasure. No; he can



affect a London audience to tears or smiles, to indignation or loathing, with equal facility. He speaks only what he really feels, and there is something in sincerity, when eloquently uttered, whether joyous or sorrowful, that catches our sympathies and assimilates our feelings with the speaker.

These remarks apply to his *manner*, but his *matter* transcends in quantity, value, variety, interest, fitness, logic, and power, that of any orator either living or dead. I have heard Sheil, I have heard Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, Daniel Whittle Harvey, and other speakers of the first class; but in my humble opinion O'Connell is *far* beyond them all. His memory seems to retain and to know all things: facts, dates, persons, times, and circumstances, which bear upon an argument, come, at his bidding, from the vast depths and chambers of his brain. His vocabulary is inexhaustible; his images are fresh, sometimes droll, always happy; and they flash so naturally upon his mind while speaking, that no one can believe he ever thought of them before. Nor have the passionate speeches of Demosthenes, or the more polished orations of Tully, which have come down to us purified by the copyists of fifty generations — nor those beautiful compositions left us by Burke, Curran, Grattan, Sheridan, and Phillips — equalled the unprepared, natural, unpolished oratorical harangues of O'Connell. As an orator, he is, in my opinion, superior to them all. His talent at making the most complex subjects plain to common minds is remarkable. I remember, in reading the debates when O'Connell first went into parliament, how seldom I could get a full knowledge of the bearings of certain difficult questions, until I fell upon *his* speech; then the vapor vanished, and all the parts and features of the case stood revealed before me.

O'Connell is the greatest orator of ancient or modern times. He has been a public speaker since 1808. There is hardly a day, except Sunday, or days on which he travels, for the last five-and-thirty years, but he has spoken at least two hours upon the general political affairs of mankind. Each of his speeches would occupy fifteen or twenty pages of this book, and, if all were collected and published, they would fill three hundred and twenty large volumes. There are not two of those orations alike: it is true the topics are, like the letters of the alphabet or the notes in music, ever the same; but they are transposed into innumerable combinations, always new, always charming. Ireland — whose beauties, whose resources, and whose miseries, are his constant theme — is in every one of them sketched from different points, and colored in different shadings. He changes his images with the rapidity and variety of the kaleidoscope.

They are all different, and they are all typical, eloquent, instructive, and beautiful. Where, in the history of man, has such an orator appeared ?

And he is talking still, at threescore and ten, with unclouded memory, with unblunted intellect, with unfrozen fluency, with unchecked imagery, unchilled fervor, undecayed vigor, and undismayed courage. Other great intellects have given way at, or long before, his age ; and though some splendid remains of former grandeur were discernible, — like an isolated column amid the ruins of Palmyra, — yet, as a whole, the mental structure was broken up, fallen to ruin, and never could be restored. But it is not so with O'Connell : there is not a column shaken or cornice damaged, not a fresco defaced, not an ornament tumbled down. If we want an evidence of this, we have but to read his matchless letter, of seven columns, to the primate of Ireland upon the powers of the pope, the court of cardinals, the Irish clergy, the relations of the canon and the civil law. It is, in my humble judgment, the most able paper that was ever published upon that unapproachable topic. It is astute, learned, eloquent, clear, comprehensive, and incontrovertible ; and, produced as it was on the spur of the moment, is the most wonderful evidence that modern times afford of an unimpaired intellect at so advanced an age. He has battled with two generations of the enemies of Ireland, and is now in conflict with the third. He can hope, through the mercy of God and an hereditary longevity, for a pretty long appendix to his life. In youth he was pure, in manhood sober ; and he now enjoys the benefit in a vigorous constitution and a brilliant mind. The cells of his memory are not defaced by the poisonous exhalations of alcohol, nor his blood chilled by premature abuse. He promises to his shackled countrymen years enough to disinthral them ; and such a man could not have been given to a suffering nation in vain. If he could but see his beloved Erin free, he would die in repose — could he

“Lift his victor head and see  
Her hills, her dales, her valleys free ;  
This, this one look is all he'd crave  
Between his cradle and the grave ;”

and that omnipotent God, that has given him to Erin, to instruct and exalt her ; that has protected him in the field and in the court ; that has preserved him from the dagger and the poisoned cup ; that has unlocked his double-barred prison, and has endowed him with the virtues of peace and the attributes of power, — will, in his mercy, still watch over and protect him, until the manifest object of his mission shall be fulfilled, in the liberation of his country, and the firm establishment of her freedom.

## JOHN O'CONNELL, M. P.

I have grouped a few particulars about Maurice O'Connell at the pages concluding the struggle for Catholic emancipation. Morgan O'Connell, the second son of the Liberator, had been in the Austrian service, was in parliament, and is now in the enjoyment of a beneficial office in the Dublin law courts. The third son, John O'Connell, the present member for the county Kilkenny, the distinguished member of the Loyal National Repeal Association, deserves the marked attention of the reader. He is among the most active and influential members of the repeal confederation, and, as the reader knows, was honored, in company with his father, by the prosecution of the crown.

John O'Connell was one of the few members of parliament who joined the repeal agitation, on its revival in 1840. He brought to the cause a great store of knowledge, an excellent temper, a happy and fluent oratorical style, and the most winning and conciliating manners. He has ever proved himself, both in the Conciliation Hall and in parliament, a ready debater, of first-rate talents. He suffers in the shade of his father's transcendent abilities; but were he the son of an undistinguished man, he would be ranked by the world a leading tactician, speaker, and man of business. He is indeed a man of all work, an excellent member for committees, for he possesses the conciliation required in the cabinet; good also on a mission to the provinces; very able as a national statistic, and is less dry, with masses of figures, than Mr. Staunton. He has compiled several valuable reports for the association — one of which, entitled "An Argument for Ireland," compressed in four hundred pages, may be regarded as a standard book for repealers. It contains the financial, political, and international relations that existed and exist between England and Ireland, before and since the union. It is truly *the* "Argument for Ireland." He is also preparing a repealer's dictionary, by which, under every letter in the alphabet, the reader may find the many grievous wrongs perpetrated by England upon Ireland. It is an admirable vehicle for the conveyance of terrible truths, that should be familiar to the children throughout Ireland. John O'Connell has graduated for the bar, to which he was called in 1839. He is a young man, approaching twenty-eight years of age, and his business at the bar, like that of most young men, is as yet limited; but I have not the least doubt upon my mind that it will soon be considerable; for he has all the perseverance, reading, industry, eloquence, ready and practical debating powers,

which success in that arduous profession requires. All his passions and propensities conspire to wed him to the cause of his country; and when her parliament shall be restored, then he will be found, as he is now, among her most distinguished statesmen.

#### DANIEL O'CONNELL, JR.,

the fourth son of the Liberator, is yet but little known to the great world. He was intended by his father for a commercial life, but I know not whether he still adheres to his first intention. This young gentleman has not yet been in parliament. He stood for Carlow in the election of 1841, and was defeated by a small majority, procured by the overwhelming bribery and intimidation of the tories of that county. During the captivity of his father, he attended the Repeal Association punctually, carrying to that body (for his father was forbidden to write) a series of verbal "messages from prison." These messages were delivered with spirit and eloquence, and prove that Daniel O'Connell, Jr., inherits from his illustrious sire some germs of his transcendent genius. He is yet but some five-and-twenty years of age, and by cultivation and perseverance must become a distinguished man.

#### MRS. FITZSIMONS,

the eldest daughter of the Liberator, is a lady of undoubted literary talent. She has contributed occasionally to some of the most eminent periodicals of the day, but, as yet, veils very closely her productions. There are some of her patriotic songs in the Nation; and her lines, in reply to something disparaging of the repeal agitation which fell from Moore, are able, patriotic, and truly poetical. The Liberator loves this his eldest daughter most tenderly. He has deposited in her hands all the materials for his posthumous biography, which she is gradually working into a comprehensive narrative. It is not to appear till after the great man's death. The copyright of this book will deservedly belong to its distinguished authoress.

#### FATHER MATHEW.

Although the Rev. Theobald Mathew never was, and never will be, ranked with any political party, yet is he the greatest reformer of the

present day. It is he who has restored hundreds of thousands of his countrymen to the possession of their natural senses. It is he who has brought health, and vigor, and competence, to the homes of millions — who has rescued the mind of Ireland from mist, chaos, and degradation. It is he who is preparing the millions of Ireland to receive and hold the eternal truths of an enlightened civil liberty. He, indeed, is the grand precursor, the cultivator of the unbounded prairie of Ireland's intellect. He was sent in an age of wonders, to mark his name upon the memory of the world. His existence and action in the same part of the world, and at the same time, with O'Connell, and devoted to raise up the same community of people, is not a little singular. It cannot be deemed superstitious to believe that both these unparalleled reformers were sent at the same time to regenerate a fallen nation. Father Mathew makes us sober, and O'Connell makes us wise. Father Mathew must therefore be ranked with the repealers, though I rather fear I shall offend by the remark; yet, without his agency, O'Connell never could have called millions and half millions around him with such *perfect security* as he has done and continues to do, to the great terror of the English aristocracy, who see in those peaceful, sober, discontented myriads, the mighty armies which they cannot conquer, and to whom they know they must at last surrender.

Great and exalted as Father Mathew now unquestionably is, he did not become so by chance, or suddenly. The reverend gentleman, though so young-looking, has been a toiling reformer for a period of thirty years. Like O'Connell, he toiled his way to eminence — thirty years ago a young obscure friar, now the greatest apostle of moral reform in the world.

Americans will naturally wish to know how he obtained this preëminence, and I regret I cannot devote space enough to do the subject justice. A few outlines are all I can offer.

The Rev. Theobald Mathew was born at Thomastown, near Cashell, in the county Tipperary, on the 10th of October, 1790. He was left an orphan at an early age, and as he was the offspring of a relative of the Earl of Llandaff, was adopted by the late Lady Elizabeth Mathew, sister to that nobleman. He was placed, at a tender age, under the tuition of the Rev. D. O'Donnell, parish priest of Tallagh, near Waterford. From his care, at the age of thirteen, he was transferred to the Catholic academy of Kilkenny. Here he remained seven years, pursuing his studies to the satisfaction of his superiors, acquiring the basis of a comprehensive education. From this place he was transferred to

the far-famed College of Maynooth, where he passed through his ecclesiastical course, and was ordained in Dublin in 1814, when only twenty-four years of age, by Bishop Murray. Previous to this, he had joined the brotherhood of Capuchin friars; and soon after his ordination he removed to Cork, and commenced the arduous avocations of his mission in the most obscure and miserable part of that city, in the little chapel built by the celebrated Dr. O'Leary, which was then under the administration of the Capuchin brotherhood.

There, in the midst of surrounding poverty, misery, and sin, this young but gifted minister of the gospel commenced that life which soon became distinguished, in every respect, as the prototype of that great Master whom he served so truly. Receiving his moral organization and his education from the pious, and the humble, and the intellectual, he was soon discovered to be a superior person. Connected with the nobility, he was welcomed into the circles of the aristocracy; and, kind and gentle to the poor, he was the father and the friend of the destitute and the unfortunate. He never avoided the rich, but he always sought the poor. His oratory in the pulpit was designed to attach his hearers to holiness, for its beauty rather than the fear of punishment. His confessional was surrounded by high and low, by the sinner and the saint; and his words of pious consolation restored the bruised hearts of thousands, who sought him in the agony of an awakened conscience.

His attention to the poor knew no bounds; every thing that could ameliorate their condition was thought of. He formed an association of young men, called the *St. Joseph's Society*, whose business it was to search out the sick poor of the city, and to minister to their wants, to read to them, and procure them advice and medicine. Surely, this was the labor of religion. He established, too, a comprehensive school for gathering in the dissolute youth, with which every city abounds. When, in 1830, some ministers of the established church (St. Bary Cathedral) objected to the performance of the Catholic ritual for the dead over the remains of some Catholics who were buried there, Father Mathew then purchased a beautiful botanic garden, outside of the city, consisting of eleven acres, which he laid out in the most tasteful style, for a cemetery, reserving a portion for the *interment of the poor, free of charge*. There are twenty-four thousand persons at present buried in it. This celebrated field of the dead is one of the most beautiful objects around Cork, and is said to equal the *Père-La-chaise* of Paris. It is studded by the most tasteful monuments and shrines, ornamented as Cork sculptors alone can ornament; and modestly, in the midst of all,

stands the reverend gentleman's own monument, erected by himself — a simple cross, seven feet high.

It was thus that Father Mathew was employed before he emerged from his comparative obscurity in such splendor upon the world. Nor have I been able to group together a tenth part of the kind and good works he performed to the great mass of his fellow-citizens, such as could be performed only by such a one, in times of general distress, in seasons of epidemic, which, unfortunately, are too frequent in unhappy Ireland. While the cholera raged he was active and fearless, flying from bed to bed with cures and consolations, or blessings and prayers. Those who know something of such a dreadful visitation can appreciate the labors, risks, and virtues of such a one, who never, for one moment, spared himself from any duty required by his suffering flock. As an arbitrator of quarrels and lawsuits — an office which he sought and undertook with pleasure — he was always successful; and the *pledge* of peace and reconciliation given before him was always known to last.

Such was Father Mathew when temperance and temperance societies began to be talked about in 1839. One so benevolent, so active and intelligent, would not be long in making up his mind to introduce among his parishioners so great a principle of moral reform. His early efforts extended no farther than the small circle of his parish; but he was very successful. He formed an association, and dictated a **PLEDGE**, which he administered, with an impressive exhortation, to those whom he influenced to join his parish society.

The miraculous effects of the teetotal pledge soon became conspicuous and general. Confirmed drunkards, whose days and nights were passed in a maze of intoxication, profane swearing, and every species of crime, were seen suddenly awakened from their stupor of infamy — were seen becoming industrious, cleanly, better clothed, more frequently in the church, and never in the public house. Their wives and little children proclaimed, in their cheerful eyes, the happy results of temperance. Father Mathew, who had been the agent of this change, was looked upon by the people, and not without reason, as a thrice-blessed man. His words were the words of a prophet; and the pledges plighted in his presence were vows to Heaven which it were perdition to break. Those who gave their pledge before Father Mathew *kept it*, and this was one of the chief secrets of his success. The good friar was incessant in his endeavors to propagate the great truths of temperance. Those that he reclaimed from intoxication became most generally pious communicants at the altar. He saw the harvest ripe, and he went forth to gather it.

His exertions were soon extended outside of his own parish. Wheresoever he went, through Cork and its suburbs, the people flocked around him, listened to his sincere and convincing exhortations, and became converts to his teetotal principle. His medals were now very generally seen hanging from the necks of thousands in and around the city. They were badges of distinction and honor; not one who assumed the holy symbol but became happier, healthier, and better to do. "Father Mathew's men" got a preference in all employments; in all the little commerce of life they were respected. His name and works passed upon the wondering lips of travellers to distant districts. His success, though astonishing, was exaggerated, and the cities of the Shannon longed for his presence. When, at length, he appeared in Limerick, the crowds that thickened round him were so great that some persons were bruised to death. He administered the pledge to upwards of fifty thousand persons in that city. The result soon became manifest upon the people who were so fortunate as to enrol themselves under his sacred banner. Health, and happiness, and employment, and success, attended all those who took the temperance vows.

The reverend and indefatigable gentleman was now invited by many cities and towns of Ireland. He did his best to attend to all; but his greatest triumph awaited him in Dublin. He arrived in the Irish metropolis in March, 1840; preached his first sermon in the Metropolitan Church to the *élite* of the city. Protestants and Catholics alike thronged the benches of the church upon that day. The next morning he appeared, according to announcement, at the northern façade of the custom-house. From the earliest dawn there were thousands awaiting his arrival. He stood upon the upper stone steps, beneath the classic portico of that majestic temple of a fallen nation, and there, like St. Paul from the steps of the temple of Minerva, preached doctrines of regeneration.

Ten thousand persons were enrolled upon his record the first day. Reporters from the daily press attended and published his eloquent appeals. The city was in motion; thousands upon thousands, filled with an indescribable enthusiasm, flocked around him, vowing, upon their bended knees, under the wide canopy of heaven, and before their God and their country, to be temperate forevermore.\*

\* The author was one, and, though never addicted to the use of strong drinks, deems his enrolment in Father Mathew's society one of the most fortunate acts of his life. Every faculty of his mind is the better for it; and he can boast of never having been an hour ill since the happy day that he became a teetotaler.



His triumph was now complete. **FATHER MATHEW** became the apostle of invincible temperance. Other clergymen there were who did much in their own districts; but the **REV. THEOBALD MATHEW** was the national apostle. His holiness, Pope Gregory the Sixteenth, recognized this good man's virtues, and privileged him above all the clergy of Ireland, by making him his commissary apostolic, by virtue of which authority he can preach in any diocese of Ireland without requiring liberty from the suffragan.

His deeds and fame, within the last five years, have been the theme of civilized man; they are known to the whole world, written in every language, and appreciated by every nation. His enrolled converts number five and a half millions; very few of them have relapsed. The reverend gentleman, knowing the peculiar organization of his countrymen, their love of excitement, has promoted the practice of music to fill up with a rational recreation their idle moments, and to aid in charming them away from the tavern. Almost every chief temperance society has a good band, the members of which cultivate the old Irish music—a practice calculated at once to improve their taste, refine their nature, and awaken a sympathy with the heroic of other ages, and the patriotic of the present.

It is impossible for philosophy to estimate the powers of that intellect which has been awakened into life, and rescued from torpor and destruction, by the temperance reform in Ireland. It is truly the phenomenon of the age. Looking at it morally, we find it filling the churches, and surrounding the altars of religion with millions of penitents. Viewing its literary phases, we are gladdened by the development of the people's knowledge, by the vast numbers of the youth (600,000) who regularly attend school; by the innumerable reading-rooms that have latterly been established; by the vast increase in the national press; by the learned, the superior, matter in prose and verse which fills it, astonishing us by its depth, and freshness, and power; by the increase of books, of reading and of thinking; for men now can think, and remember what they learn; the delicate cellular system of their brains is not melted away by alcohol. The images stamped there are not effaced by the action of its effluvia. Viewing the action of temperance upon the political destinies of Ireland, it rises upward still more strikingly. Formerly, the whisky bottle was the recruiting officer of the British government. Hundreds of thousands of Irishmen were entrapped into the sergeant's squad while stupefied with whisky. From the moment when they first accepted the

fatal piece of silver\* from the wily red-coat till that moment when they found themselves, perhaps, out at sea, making for some distant battlefield, they were never for an instant permitted to be sober.

This never can take place to any serious extent again. The aristocracy of Britain can never speculate upon the aid of the whisky-bottle in filling their butchering ranks. Irishmen, on the other hand, have become more conscious of their own slavery, of the necessity for discipline and persevering agitation. They are become more devoted to their leaders; more desirous to be united; less, far less disposed to quarrel. The senseless quarrels between counties, and parishes, and even families, are altogether abolished by the pacific wisdom of temperance. The people are raised, enlightened, and enlightening daily by it; and all history tells us that a sober, watchful, united people were never long kept in slavery.

While all this is said, and said truly, it must at the same time be remarked, that the Irish were not generally a drunken nation. In the seaport towns drunkenness prevailed, but the rural districts were pure. Parliamentary returns have shown that there was more whisky drunk by two and a half millions of Scotchmen than by the eight millions of Irishmen; and their drinking of alcohol is not of more ancient date than the middle of the last century. In the ancient time they used a beverage made from honey, called *mead*. The Danes introduced the manufacture of a sort of *root beer*, which, with mead and wine, continued for several centuries to be the common drink. During the operation of the embargo laws, about the year 1755, the British government was so kind as to admit, for the benefit of the colonies and the ruin of the Irish, Jamaica rum and molasses, free of duty, into Ireland. Distillation was then commenced, which extended, towards the close of the century, to the articles of malt, raw oats, and barley. But so little was known of the principles, in 1800, that the distillers used to give away their barm for a trifle to the bakers, though every gallon of barm contained nearly a gallon of spirits. Whisky and rum were masters of the towns' people of Ireland for seventy or eighty years; but their reign is past—let us hope, for ever.

Never lived there a man more personally disinterested in the propa-

\* The ceremony of enlisting was performed by the raw recruit's receiving from the king or queen's officer a piece of silver, generally half a crown, as earnest, or part of the bounty, which, in times of war, generally amounted to eighteen or twenty pounds—all of which used to be spent in the most degrading intoxication and excess by the unfortunate recipient; after which he was put on board a tender, and transported to the distant scene of slaughter.

gation of his principles than Father Mathew ; nor Paul nor Peter was more so. Pure and temperate in his own person, from youth upwards, he enjoys the reward of his virtuous habits in a healthy, comely person, and a serene and capacious mind. Although he is now (1845) some fifty-five years of age, he does not seem to be more than thirty. He has never mingled in the strife of politics ; not that his heart is a stranger to the patriot's emotions, but his taste and his call seem not to draw him into the busy vortex. All parties have paid him deference. From the Duke of Leinster to the humblest laborer in Ireland, all parties are alike his disciples, and are enrolled upon his grand record. Those who have suffered most by the effects of his labors respect him the most. Probably the men who experienced the greatest loss were his two brothers, who were extensive distillers in the south of Ireland, and whose property, in immense buildings, vats, and stills, was completely destroyed.

Father Mathew has sacrificed all his income, derived from his office of priest, to the spread of teetotalism ; and, in addition to this, he became embarrassed to the extent of some eight thousand pounds, in the purchase and distribution of millions of medals — the one third part of which, it is possible, his secretary never was paid for. All his private property, with which he intended to finish the church lately begun in his parish, was devoted to the discharge of this heavy debt. The tardy public at length came forward with subscriptions to sustain him ; and the reverend gentleman has but lately cleared off the debt, to which he acknowledges that his admirers in England contributed the largest proportion.

Seldom, if ever, has such a character come upon the historian's easel. The author does not presume to describe the labors, or draw the character, of this great man. As readily could the beauty and effects of the glorious sun be limned in cold print, or the hues of the rainbow transferred to paper, as the labors, their results, and the character of Father Mathew. The advice given (in unequalled poetry, by the Dublin Nation) to that painter who was about to commence a picture to illustrate the labors of the temperance apostle applies here, and warns me to say no more.

#### ODE TO A PAINTER

*About to commence a Picture to illustrate the Labors of Father Mathew.*

I.

Seize thy pencil, child of art ;  
 Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee ;  
 Great thy hand, and great thy heart,  
 If well thou dost the work before thee :

'Tis not thine to round the shield,  
Or point the sabre black or gory ;  
'Tis not thine to spread the field  
Where crime is crowned, where guilt is glory.

## 2.

Child of art, to thee be given  
To paint, in colors all unclouded,  
Breakings of a radiant heaven  
O'er an isle in darkness shrouded ;  
But to paint them true and well,  
Every ray we see them shedding,  
In its very light must tell  
What a gloom *before* was spreading.

## 3.

Canst thou picture dried-up tears ?  
Eyes that wept no longer weeping ?  
Faithful woman's wrongs and fears,  
Lonely, nightly vigils keeping,  
Listening every footfall nigh,  
Hoping him she loves returning ?  
Canst thou, then, depict her joy,  
That we may know *the change* from mourning ?

## 4.

Paint, in colors strong, but mild,  
Our isle's redeemer and director :  
Canst thou paint *the man* a *child*,  
Yet shadow forth the mighty victor ?  
Let his path a rainbow span,  
Every *hue* and *color* blending,  
Beaming "peace and love" to man,  
And alike o'er ALL extending.

## 5.

Canst thou paint a land made free  
From its sleep of bondage woken ?  
Yet, withal, that we may see  
What 'twas *before* the chain was broken ?  
Seize the pencil, child of art ;  
Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee ;  
Great thy hand, and great thy heart,  
If well thou dost the work before thee !

## THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM

The prelate of whom I am about to publish a few particulars is the most distinguished director of the Catholic mind of Ireland, and one of the most able and sleepless defenders of her political rights. I have

not room in this sketch to do his character justice, even had I the ability. There is little use in wishing, for impossibilities never vanish at our bidding. The reader will therefore be pleased to accept the few following observations:—

the atrocities committed by the troops of England upon his countrymen. As he grew in years, he read most of what had been written of his country's former independence and her present degradation ; of the millions who died upon the field and scaffold rather than change their faith ; of the seductive efforts (unavailing) that had been tried to convert the Irish people from the Catholic to the Protestant religion. He had read of the charter schools, which were established for the reception of illegitimate children, abandoned by their guilty parents, for the purpose of raising, by this means, a Protestant population. The American reader will be surprised to learn, that a considerable annual grant was appropriated by the British government for the purpose of catching these fugitive infants. These charter schools were indeed miserable displays of bigotry and tyranny. The most immoral practices were found to prevail within them, and they were broken up, in obedience to an indignant public opinion. These were succeeded by the schools of the Kildare Place Society, which, in the years from 1816 to 1831, were spread over the kingdom, and which received an annual grant from parliament. It was soon found, by the books they published, and by the system of instruction adopted, that they aimed at undermining the Catholic religion. The Catholic gentlemen, who had at first joined them, withdrew in 1818, and they then proceeded on their great object, but without much success. He had seen the suppression, by the British authorities, of facts highly creditable to Irish intellect ; for instance, certain school-books were sent from England, from the society for promoting education in that country, to the Kildare Place Society ; the books were prepared for the English children of eleven or twelve years of age, but it was found that the children in Ireland of eight years of age were able to master these books. The fact was stated in the report of the society to the English secretary of state ; but it was struck out of the report ere it was presented to parliament. That society was succeeded by the present board of education, established by the government in 1831.

Dr. M'Hale had watched, from his school-days, the tortuous policy of the British government in Ireland ; and particularly their special efforts, concealed in a variety of educational plans, to subvert the Catholic religion ; and, while yet an inmate of Maynooth College, he sent forth a constant volley of letters, full of learning and sarcasm, which exposed the various government plans to the scorn of the people. These letters appeared in the Dublin Freeman's Journal, under the signature of "Heliopolis." They were not confined to education, but ranged over

the entire catalogue of Irish grievances, and impressed the world with an exalted opinion of the writer's knowledge and talents.

But it was since his elevation to the archiepiscopal chair of Tuam that the great man — the man whom, next to O'Connell, in all Ireland,

of his neighbors destitute of food ; let him see them, as does this archbishop, "go to bed without supper, and rise without knowing where or how they shall get breakfast ;" \* let him — for he cannot see his fellow-creatures perish — go about and exert himself to procure provisions for those destitute thousands ; let him distribute all his own means, together with all he may be able to get from the humane around him, and, finding all these insufficient, let him apply to the absentee government and the absentee landlords for a little aid, in a case of life or death, and let him receive only a courteous sneer from the one, or a rude denial from the others ; let him, we say, experience but one year of this life in Ireland, and we undertake to say that, instead of writing scathing letters through the press, trying to shame those monsters into humanity, he would uncase his sword, and call his followers to the combat of death or freedom — at least if he were a descendant of the Americans of other days.

The aristocracy of England, both whig and tory, hate the archbishop, and abuse him through their press ; and they have good reason ; for he never put confidence in either the one party or the other, nor ever allowed their incipient manacles for his country to be completed. When the present board of education was established by the whigs, it was less pure, less national, than it is at present. Archbishop M'Hale opposed, and, to some extent, purified it. When repeal was revived, in 1839 — 1840, the archbishop's encouraging support nationalized the demand ; when it was persecuted, his untiring exertions sustained its leaders ; when the proposition for appropriating six hundred thousand pounds per annum from the public funds to the payment (*bribing*) of the Catholic clergy was seriously put forward, in 1843, by the Times and other tory papers, and by some members of the tory party in parliament, he was foremost among the Irish clergy to renounce any such pension. At a meeting of the Catholic bishops of Ireland, called for the purpose of rejecting this proposal, the archbishop of Tuam was moved to the chair ; when a resolution was brought forward by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, archbishop of Dublin, and seconded by the Most Reverend Dr. Slaterry, archbishop of Cashell, to the following effect — "That we unanimously pledge ourselves to oppose, by every influence we possess, every attempt that may be made to make any state provision for us or for our clergy, in whatsoever shape it may be offered."

That is a resolution which must go, to the latest posterity, an evidence

\* See the archbishop's letters to Sir Robert Peel, 1841.



of the transcendent virtue that abides with the Catholic clergy of Ireland. Had these three eminent prelates consented to accept a state provision for themselves and their brethren, England was ready to let fall an annual shower of gold upon their sanctified heads: a million a

Mr. O'Brien belongs to the most ancient family (in a heraldic sense) in Europe. He traces, very distinctly, his relationship to the celebrated *Brien Boroinhe*, (*Brien of the cow tribute*), the victor king of Ireland, who, in 1014, at Clontarf, defeated the Danes, — a grand and last engagement, — having previously defeated them in fifty-seven battles, and freed his country forever from their yoke, though he lost his own life in the last hour of victory. At the coronation of King Brien, at Tara, in 1008, the senachies (heralds) traced back his lineage, for *forty generations*, to *Ollial Ollial*, king of Munster, four hundred years before the birth of Christ.

In the various struggles of the native chiefs with the English invaders, the O'Briens were found to be an unconquerable clan. Whichever side they espoused was generally successful in the end. It was, unfortunately for Ireland, too much the practice of the native Irish princes to battle with each other, instead of with the common enemy. But, more disastrous still, they sometimes sought the aid of the Anglo-Norman invaders, to bear down upon their border rivals. This aid was freely given, with a view, of course, to establish more firmly the English power in the country, and, by weakening and dividing the native princes, prepare the way for more extended conquests, at each change in the chess-board of chieftain ambition.

The O'Briens were one of the five families, of royal blood, to whom Henry the Second accorded special privileges; and, during the first four hundred years of English connection, their extensive possessions in Limerick and Clare were not much diminished; for they generally managed to keep up a good understanding with the English, and had subsequently taken the English titles of earls of Thomond, and lords of Inchiquin; by which they forfeited much of their popularity with their clansmen. At the reformation, and particularly during the dreadful reign of Elizabeth, the various chief members of this ancient family suffered the loss of much of their possessions, and would, it is likely, have been stripped of all, but for the expedient of the widowed mother of the young O'Briens of Clare, who advised one of her two sons to conform to the Protestant worship, and the other to remain in the Catholic faith; as, by these means, the family estate would be preserved, whichever party triumphed. It was this circumstance, I believe, which gave to the Protestant church the ancient family of O'Brien.

Sir Edward O'Brien, the father of William, retains a goodly remnant of the ancient property; and Mr. William Smith O'Brien is himself the possessor of Cahermoyle, a handsome inheritance and mansion near

1580

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

Adair, in the county of Limerick. He was married to the daughter of

land almost in rebellion, O'Connell and the repeal leaders arrested, and the whole island in a state of blockade. He decided soon to stand by his country. He deliberated upon the step he was about to take. He knew he was about to tear himself from those fascinating circles in which he had moved from infancy ; to turn friends and relatives into foes ; to incur the charge of apostasy from his caste ; to become the follower of O'Connell, and incur the taunts and rudeness of the whole circle of partisan journals.

Had he been a thing of fashion or foppery, he never would have had courage to do this ; but he has the heart of a true patriot and a hero. He did abandon all his personal friends ; and, in a letter, which O'Connell designated an "EVENT," joined the Loyal National Repeal Association of Ireland. The following extract from this able letter will disclose to the reader a glimpse of his mind : —

"Ireland, instead of taking her place as an integral of the great empire which the *valor* of her sons has contributed to constitute, has been treated as a dependent tributary province ; and at this moment, after forty-three years of nominal union, the attachments of the two nations are so entirely alienated from each other, that England trusts, for the maintenance of the connection, not to the affection of the Irish people, but to bayonets which menace our bosoms, and to the cannon which she has placed in all our strongholds." And then he goes on to show that, as a member of parliament, he attended in his place, session after session, night after night, trying to extort from the minister of England some attention to the affairs of his country. And then he describes his recent visit to the continent : he says, "After visiting Belgium, and all the principal capitals of Germany, I returned home, impressed with the sad conviction, that there is more human misery in *one county in Ireland*, THAN throughout ALL the populous cities and districts which I had visited. On landing in England, I learned that the ministry, instead of applying themselves to remove the causes of discontent, have resolved to deprive us even of the liberty of complaint. I should be unworthy to belong to a nation which may claim, at least, as a characteristic, virtue that exhibits increasing fidelity in the hour of danger, if I were to delay any longer to dedicate myself to the cause of my country.

"Slowly, reluctantly convinced that Ireland has nothing to hope from the sagacity, the justice, or generosity of England, my reliance shall be henceforward placed upon our country and her patriotism."

The effect of this junction upon Ireland I have endeavored to describe in its place. It is impossible to exaggerate it. Mr. O'Brien, a Protestant, a man of the highest station, wealthy, and independent in mind, of powerful abilities and indomitable resolution, tears himself forever from

his aristocratic relatives, and flings himself into the arms of the common people, to live among them or die at their head! The people were electrified with joy, and not without cause. A grand banquet was given to him at Limerick, at which O'Connell presided; and on that memorable occasion, a new alliance was formed in favor of Ireland, which, let us hope, will last forever. Mr. O'Brien seems determined to be true to that alliance. He has been ever since in every post of difficulty or danger. When the Clontarf meeting was dispersed, he offered to hold a monster meeting of his constituents in Limerick, and take the chair upon the occasion, in defiance of the government. When O'Connell was put upon trial, he was at his back every day, in the courts; and, during O'Connell's celebrated speech in defence, he stood up behind him the entire day. When O'Connell was sent to prison, O'Brien issued an address to the people, signed with his own name, in which he declared "war to the knife" against the oppressors of Ireland, and, in the Repeal Association, next day, made use of these remarkable words: "They have sent a man to prison who has submitted quietly to their decree, but who, if he chose to raise his finger, could call around him two millions of men that would die rather than see him go to prison."

When Sheriff Porter proposed a national militia of one hundred thousand men, to give the Irish members "pluck," Smith O'Brien, in the association, echoed the call, and said he wished he might not die till he saw an Irish army in Ireland, ready to protect Ireland from *all* invasion. When, in February, O'Connell resolved not to go to the English parliament, but to hold a little parliament at home, O'Brien said, in Conciliation Hall, "Although no monarch, with sound of trumpet, opens our parliament, the uncrowned monarch of Ireland is amongst us, guiding our councils and animating our hearts. We adopt the sentiment of the men of 1782, and we declare that no power on earth, morally speaking, has the power to make laws for this country, save the king, lords, and commons of Ireland." When Mr. Macaulay, on the Maynooth debate, went out of his way to denounce the repeal and repealers,—when he said that, though Ireland were in open rebellion, though the fleet of France were confronting the British fleet in the Channel, though the repealers of America were in the Shannon, yet the union should not be repealed until England was shaken from her place among the nations,—Smith O'Brien replied, in Conciliation Hall, "If Ireland were once in the field, if the fleet of France confronted England in the Channel, if the American repealers were coming into the Shannon, then the future history of Ireland would be written as that of an independent nation."

These three or four traits in Mr. O'Brien's character will be sufficient

to give the American reader an idea of the firmness and fearlessness of the man whom the people of Ireland have placed in command, and, in their estimation, next to O'Connell. Between him and O'Connell there exists the most affectionate friendship. O'Brien owns O'Connell the chief of Ireland, her guide and her advocate; he takes no step without consulting him; nor, on the other hand, does the Liberator take any serious step without consulting the member for Limerick.

It is not easy to convey an adequate idea of the systematic attendance bestowed by Mr. O'Brien at the repeal committee which sits daily. It is in the preparatory committees of Conciliation Hall that the plans for Irish freedom must be matured. Mr. O'Brien is constantly there. He is, it is said, the author, and certainly one of the most laborious members, of "the parliamentary committee" which, for the last twelve months, has criticised every action of the British government and parliament, in a series of compact statistical reports—a system of agitation that galls the ministry more than could a legion of armed men if called to the field.

Such is an outline sketch of one of the great men upon whom Ireland relies for her freedom. He has pledged himself to his countrymen, and to the friends of freedom in France and America, to cease not in the most vigorous agitation, in peril or peace, until his country takes her place among the nations of the earth. America and France accept that pledge, and will yield the treasures of their devoted hearts in supporting him and his countrymen, through every peril, in the holy endeavor.

#### BISHOP HIGGINS.

The Right Reverend Dr. Higgins was born in the parish of Kiloee, county of Longford, on the 1st of August, 1793. His parents were humble farmers, a circumstance of which the right reverend prelate is proud; for it is his public boast that he came not only from the people, but from the very humblest of the people: and thus, while others are trying to find a blood connection with the aristocracy of the land, this truly noble-minded man, looking with scorn upon so delusive, so barbarous, and so mischievous an addiction, proudly claims alliance with the poorest of the people—a doctrine worthy alike of the Christian, the philosopher, and the patriot.

Not that the bishop does not spring from a family illustrious in Milesian lore. No; for the name of Higgins has an account open for itself in Irish history :\* but the right reverend prelate sets, in his own person, an example which exemplifies how thoroughly he despises all claims to distinction or honor arising from blood.

Bishop Higgins possesses astonishing powers of acquiring knowledge. This will be felt on hearing a few particulars of his ecclesiastical career. Having received his education in the local academies, we find him a *professor* in the Irish college of Paris at *twenty-one* years of age; and, owing to his youth, he was obliged to procure a dispensation from the pope to obtain ordination. He remained here three years, and then proceeded to Rome, where he obtained the title of doctor of the sacred propaganda. This was about 1818; and soon after he was appointed by the pope a commissioner to examine into the condition of the colleges of the continent, which had been materially deranged and disjointed by the dreadful wars which previously prevailed. This, it will be admitted, was no small distinction, won from the talented competitors for every distinction, that usually surround the holy see. The circumstance brings back our mind to the days of the Irish monk *Dungal*, who was placed by the emperor Lothaire over the schools of Italy, in the eighth century — it adds one more gem to the towering diadem of Irish genius.

Having performed his task of inspecting the continental colleges to the full satisfaction of his holiness and the sacred conclave, Dr. Higgins returned to Ireland in 1826, and was appointed soon after to the chair of dogmatic theology in Maynooth College; and, in three years after, was consecrated bishop of Ardagh. But here again, not being of age for the crozier, a dispensation was applied for, and readily obtained, from his holiness the pope, who was well satisfied to entrust the care of two hundred and fifty thousand souls, and the government of upwards of a hundred priests, to one who was yet in an ecclesiastical minority.

As a patriot of his country, Bishop Higgins is endeared to Ireland and feared by England. I have recorded his memorable speech, in reply to Sir Robert Peel, in its proper place. The bishop fully appreciates the Maynooth liberality of the worthy baronet at three farthings a piece to the Catholics of Ireland. It is hardly necessary to add, that he is a stanch and active coöperator with O'Connell. The cathedral which he commenced about six years ago is nearly completed. It is denominated *St. Meol*, after a church built by the saint of that name — a nephew of

\* See page 787.

St. Patrick—in the sixth century, near where the present cathedral stands. The latter will be the most splendid ecclesiastical structure erected in Ireland since the reformation; it will cost sixty-two thousand pounds, and will hold twenty-thousand persons.

### DR. JOHN GRAY, M. D.

Dr. J. Gray, the martyr, and the present joint proprietor of the Dublin *FREEMAN'S JOURNAL*, is a young gentleman who, in an unprecedentedly short time, has soared to an enviable eminence among his countrymen. It is but five years since he became at once a proprietor of the *Freeman*, and known to the Irish public; and there is hardly any man who—thanks to his talents and a discriminating attorney-general—now enjoys a more extensive celebrity.

Dr. Gray was educated for the bar, but subsequently studied for the medical profession. Having made a prudent matrimonial match, and realized thereby a handsome fortune, he, in conjunction with Dr. Atkinson, of Bridge Street, Dublin, became the purchaser of the *Freeman's Journal* from the widow of the late Patrick Lavelle. The partners paid, I understand, six thousand pounds for the paper, which, at that period, had a daily circulation of some thirteen hundred, and a weekly circulation of twenty-six hundred. It has now a daily circulation of seventeen hundred, and a weekly circulation of seven thousand, and is worth at least double what Dr. Gray and his partner gave for it—a fact that speaks trumpet-tongued for the ability and energy with which it has been conducted. The *Freeman's Journal* has, like Ireland itself, passed through many vicissitudes. It was, in its career, alternately the organ of the oppressors and the patriots of Ireland, for three generations.

In 1760, Dr. Lucas brought it into existence. It was then the organ of a new and struggling party, the friends of Irish independence. In 1782, its party triumphed, and the nation became free. Grattan, Flood, and Langrishe contributed to its pages, and they were brilliant. In 1795 and 1796, it opposed the United Irish Societies, and then the "Press" was set up in opposition to it. The Press was seized, in 1798, by the government, and the *Freeman* was bought. For several years after this, its proprietor was a government hack, and the paper toddled on, the exponent, in mystified language, of a lord-lieutenant despotism.

When it became, through a matrimonial arrangement, the property of the present Henry Grattan, it was again liberalized; and when it passed



into the hands of Mr. Lavelle, it avowed national principles. After Mr. Lavelle's death, his widow conducted it with singular tact and ability. It was less stern in its avowal of repeal doctrines, but it was very elegantly made up, gave good reports of O'Connell's speeches, and published all Dr. M'Hale's Letters. This sustained the paper, and when it came into the hands of the present proprietors, the repeal agitation was bursting forth.

With new proprietors, and a new agitation, the paper swelled in size, glowed with talent, and increased in circulation. It stands now next to the Nation, the paper of the largest circulation in Ireland. Dr. Gray is the principal editor; but there are other gentlemen, not known to the public, who infuse their brilliant talent into its pages. The Haverlys have long been connected with it as sub-editors, and Mr. Flanady has presided over that department these five years.\* Its corps of reporters are the most talented in the British empire, and its brilliant reports of the association and monster meetings, of the state trials and public banquets, are unparalleled in the efforts of the British press. It is from the Freeman that all the journals take their reports of the repeal meetings.

Before his connection with the Freeman, Dr. Gray wrote for the Citizen many sterling papers upon the resources and manufactures of Ireland. He had been, some time after his junction with the Freeman, a member of the Board of Trade, and, for about three months before its dissolution, honorary secretary of that body. As a member of the Repeal Association, he displayed energy and vital talent, and as an organizer of the arbitration courts, he won an eminent fame, made more lasting by the seal of a government prosecution. Dr. Gray is an able writer, much better in the editorial chair than in the forum. For the latter he has neither voice nor fluency.

Since the state trials, O'Connell has suggested to the proprietors of the journals to cease their membership with the association. Dr. Gray, Mr. Duffy, Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Staunton, have therefore resigned. By this step, the association cannot again be linked in with the newspapers in any prosecution which the government may choose to institute. Dr. Gray is now before the public solely as the conductor of the Freeman's Journal, and a corresponding secretary to the arbitration courts, — situations of great responsibility and honor in connection with the reviving liberty of Ireland.

\* Since the foregoing was written, Mr. M'Gee, editor of the Boston Pilot, has joined the paper as a writer, which I have no doubt will increase the swell of its cry for freedom, and infuse into it a republican tone.

## CORNELIUS M'LOUGHLIN,

the patriot of three generations, is a remarkable instance of the combination, in one person, of stern honesty and ardent patriotism with the possession of great wealth. Cornelius M'Loughlin is now approaching eighty years of age. As a mercantile man he has passed a long life with the highest credit and the most distinguished success. He is worth, it is said, over £200,000, (near a million of dollars,) and he has had, all through, the nobility of mind to think far less about all this wealth than about the character of Christian and patriot, which he has ever sustained. He was a volunteer in the days of Grattan, a United Irishman in the days of Tone, an agitating Catholic with Keogh and O'Connell, and is a stern repealer, and vice-president of the Eighty-two Club, in his old age. One circumstance in his life will be sufficient to exhibit the fearless valor of his nature. When, in 1798, the chief patriots of that day were closely confined in Newgate, and no one was permitted to see them,—when the scaffold was reeking with the blood of their companions, and Lord Castlereagh busy impugning their characters, Arthur O'Connor wrote his celebrated letter in defence, but could get no one to publish it. Observing Mr. M'Loughlin pass his grated window, he called him over, and asked him if he would get the letter printed; M'Loughlin instantly replied, "Yes, if I like its contents." The letter was dropped down, and M'Loughlin had it published. For this he was arrested, brought before the privy council, and, though threatened with a dungeon, replied, "I did get it published, and would do so again, for I agree in every word of it!"

## CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

Charles G. Duffy is the sole proprietor and joint editor of "one of the ablest journals in Europe,\* the NATION." As this paper stands at the head of the Irish press in talent, influence, and circulation, I shall, before giving a history of its rise and progress, open to the reader a hasty glimpse of the metropolitan press of Ireland.

The first newspaper published in Ireland was the *Dublin Gazette*, a government journal, published twice a week, in 1700, after the plan of the *London Gazette*, established in 1645. There were very few newspapers in England or any other part of Europe at that time. The

\* See Boston Resolutions, in the Nation, June 21, 1845.

next Dublin newspaper—or rather the first—was Pie's *Occurrences*, published daily, which gave place to Faulkner's *Dublin Journal*, which was commenced in 1728 by George Faulkner, an alderman of Dublin, by whom it was very ably conducted for fifty years. It subsequently fell into the hands of Thwaites, a brewer, and Giffard, a low ruffian, who began life as a flaming patriot, and turned upon his companions through the columns of this paper, over the management of which he was placed by accident. This person, who was brought up to the business of an apothecary, was remarkably unprincipled, and received the *sobriquet* of the "dog in office," a title which stuck to his son, the present editor of the *London Standard*. Grattan has rendered the worthless Giffard immortal by his eloquent denunciation. Before the trial of Hamilton Rowan came on, Giffard was made high sheriff of Dublin, by the government, in order to secure a jury of "the right sort." From this time he became important. In 1803, when Grattan stood as candidate for the representation of Dublin, Giffard objected to him in a virulent speech, calling him an unprosecuted rebel, to which Grattan replied in one of the most scathing philippics ever uttered, which may be judged of from the following sample: "Mr. Sheriff, when I observe the quarter from whence the objection comes, I am not surprised. It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country, the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens, the regal rebel, the unpunished ruffian, the bigoted agitator—in the city a firebrand, in the court a liar, in the streets a bully, in the field a coward: and so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute." The *Dublin Journal* died about 1805. An effort was subsequently made to revive it, but without success. The son of Giffard continues, by the law of primogeniture, to traduce his country in the *London Standard*.

The *Freeman's Journal* was established, as I have already shown, in 1763, by Dr. Lucas, and a few other congenial spirits. Its motto was "The wreath or the rod," and it was conducted with singular ability. In the stirring days of the volunteers, Grattan, Flood, and Langrishe, were contributors to its brilliant pages. In 1798, it had fallen into the hands of the government, and was the bitterest libeller of the United Irishmen. It passed through various vicissitudes since that period, as I have detailed in my notice of its present proprietor, Dr. Gray, and is now again what it was at starting—an organ of the liberty of Ireland.

*Saunders's News-Letter* was started about the same time as the *Freeman*. It was ever a mercantile sheet. A little before the union, it came into the hands of a Mr. Potts, a lottery-office keeper, who con

tinued it as a medium for the publication of advertisements, price current of stocks, &c., and a neutral in politics. It is now at a daily circulation of two thousand five hundred, and yields its proprietor, a descendant of Potts, upwards of ten thousand pounds a year, from its advertising patronage. *Saunders* professes still its ancient neutrality, but it inclines more to the Anglo-Irish interest than becomes a neutral. It never ventures an editorial opinion of its own, but copies industriously the *pros* and *cons* of the London press — neither section of which, by the way, cares a straw for the interests of Ireland, nor administers to her the justice of truth.

About 1770, the *Hibernian Journal*, a government paper, was started by one Mills. It was never distinguished for any thing but stupidity, religious intolerance, and anti-national politics. It lived, by the support of government, to an age far beyond its deserts, and expired about 1818.

The *Dublin Evening Post* came into existence about the days of Ireland's parliamentary independence. It emanated from the circle of speakers and writers that revolved round Lord Charlemont. It appeared then, as at present, thrice a week. I am not in possession of the name of its earliest editor — probably *Hardy*, the eloquent biographer of his lordship. During the existence of the Irish parliament, it spoke the sentiments of the Charlemonts, Grattans, Ponsonbys, Currans, &c., and it gave the best reports of the parliamentary debates. The paper, after the rebellion, became the property of Magee, who conducted it in fierce opposition to the tory party for a cycle of thirty years. On the triumph of the whigs and their accession to office, in 1830, it became the court organ, and exercised a paramount influence in the affairs of Ireland. Its present editor and part proprietor is Frederick William Conway, one of the cleverest *savans* of the Irish press. He has worked the paper for more than twenty years, and has, in Mr. Quinlan, once a sub-editor of the *Morning Register*, a very able assistant. The *Evening Post*, expressing the opinion of its party, opposed the repealers from 1831 to 1843. It conducted the opposition in a strain always sarcastic, often virulent, and sometimes unjust; and, on some occasions, it fell foul of O'Connell, without, however, damaging that great man in the slightest degree. For this, of course, it lost much of its popularity; but it retains a set of old family subscribers, amongst whom it has been an oracle for three generations. Its party — Anglo-whig — is waning fast, and its own influence on the affairs of Ireland, notwithstanding its talent, is now unfelt. Its present circulation is about one thousand eight hundred each publication, with a good advertising patronage.

The *Volunteer Evening Post* was set up by the government, in 1780,

to mislead the patriots. Its proprietors were sent from England, with plenty of money. They affected great horror of England; gave premiums for the best odes, and compositions in prose, against the government; and, to increase the deception, the portrait of a volunteer, in full uniform, was exhibited every night over the office, in an illuminated transparency. At length, the secret transpired, and the mob took summary vengeance. The editor escaped, but the printer was tarred and feathered. The paper fell. No one would read it except the government people; and the editors returned to England, after a fruitless attempt, of three years' duration, to deceive the patriots.

The *Press*, and *Northern Star*, the talented organs of the United Irishmen, I have noticed under the year 1798. They were suppressed by the military. A volume was subsequently published from one of them, entitled the *Beauties of the Press*, which has gone through several editions. During the national struggles against the union in the years 1799 and 1800, a new evening paper was brought into existence by a section of the anti-union leaders. This was called the *Anti-Union Evening Post*, and was conducted, during its brief existence, with great ability and fervent patriotism. It contains the very best history of the atrocious means by which the union was carried, the universal opposition of the people to that measure, and the eloquent harangues of the distinguished men who led that opposition to the last. A complete file of this paper is in the library of the Repeal Association, Dublin, and from its pages many of the able reports of that body have been compiled.

The publications of Cox—the *Union Star*, and the *Magazine*, the latter of which exercised, for many years, an astonishing influence on Irish Society—I have noticed under Walter Cox, page 1112. They were publications full of talent, high and low, and were read by the peer and the peasant.

*Currick's Morning Post* (daily) was a half-liberal, half-commercial daily paper, which was started about the year 1812. It grew up from a club of social spirits, who, some years ago, used to assemble periodically on the Island of Dalky, a beautiful rock in the Bay of Dublin. The paper, in its latter years, was edited by Richard Lonergan, a Catholic, who, while he advocated Catholic emancipation, opposed or abused O'Connell—a fair specimen of that numerous class of half-taught, half-earnest Catholics, who turned up their noses at the common people, and obtained notoriety by some eccentric attack upon those who strove sincerely for their freedom. It expired about twenty years ago.

The *Correspondent* (thrice a week) was started also about the year 1812, on High Church Protestant principles, and was an organ for the

Dublin corporation. It was simply a bigoted sheet, destitute of talent, and distinguished most as the vehicle of Sir Harcourt Lees, who was denominated the "mad parson." About ten years ago, it came into the hands of its present proprietor, Nicholas Murray Mansfield, who was for some years sub-sheriff of Dublin. Mr. Mansfield changed its name to the *Evening Packet*, and conducted it upon ultra-Protestant principles; but it is an extraordinary fact, that its first editor, under Mr. Mansfield, was Mr. O'Connor, a Catholic; and its present editor, Mr. G. Price, is also a Catholic, and was the "G. P." of the Dublin Comet. The Packet has a circulation of about one thousand seven hundred each edition, and enjoys a good advertising patronage. It affects to be the government organ.

The *Patriot*, a government paper started by Mr. Corbet, had a short life; and I have passed over a score of other abortions without even naming them. The *Antidote* was a very violent anti-Catholic paper, published weekly, in which the maniac lucubrations of Sir Harcourt Lees formed the most prominent articles. This paper was overshadowed by the *Warder*, a weekly paper started by Alcock, advocating Protestantism and the domination of Britain in Ireland. For some ten or twelve years, it was not distinguished for any talent, and lived by exciting its readers to a thorough hatred of Catholics and nationality. In the year 1840 it came into the hands of its present enlightened proprietor, Isaac Butt, Esq., who, though a Protestant, and the leader of the ultra politicians who range under a religious flag, yet is sufficiently exalted to refrain from any low abuse of his countrymen for their creed, and sufficiently national to stand up for the integrity of his country. (See *Isaac Butt*.) The *Warder* has a weekly circulation of about two thousand six hundred, among the middle class of Irish Protestants; and the *Nation* has frequently found some of its editorials sufficiently national to copy and applaud — a significant index of that growing unity between all classes in Ireland, which, when at maturity, will work out miraculously the independence of Ireland.

The *Dublin Evening Mail* was started in 1822, by a clever Irishman named Hayden, as its editor, and an Englishman named Baker, as its financier. The parties were so indifferent as to the side they were to espouse, that they actually tossed up a copper coin for a whig or a tory flag, and the coin came down tory. Hayden conducted the paper in a dashing style of vituperation on the Marquis Wellesley, who was then introducing the wedge of a new policy of even-handed justice into the government of Ireland. By its high-seasoned attacks upon this policy and its abettors, it called around it the support of the tory aris-

tocracy. But Baker, through some English friends, received an appointment from government, which took him to South America, and, soon after, the financial affairs of the paper became embarrassed. Hayden applied for a loan, on a mortgage of the paper, to its present proprietors, the Messrs. Sheehan, attorneys, of Cork, which they advanced, and which not being duly paid, they possessed themselves of the paper "according to contract." In their hands it has become the leading organ of the Irish aristocracy. It is very ably conducted. One of the brothers resides in London during the sitting of parliament; has access to the highest class of official men; obtains and transmits, at any cost, the earliest information of all changes in the grand political game. This gives the paper a considerable circulation, — three thousand each impression, — and, of course, a profitable advertising patronage. The brothers Sheehan realize between them some ten or twelve thousand a year by advocating in their journal the "Protestant interest;" and it so happens that both gentlemen, and all belonging to them, were Roman Catholics before their connection with this paper — which, however, is fast veering towards nationality.\*

The *Weekly Register* was established, in 1822, by Mr. Staunton, a Catholic, upon Catholic and national principles. (For a further account of this and the *Morning Register*, see the narrative of the Catholic Association, 1823, 1824; also see *Michael Staunton*.)

The *Pilot* was established, in 1827, by Richard Barrett, a Protestant, as the organ of "civil and religious liberty." (See *Richard Barrett*.)

The *Comet* was established, in 1832, by a club of talented enthusiasts. Messrs. Brown and Sheehan (not any of the Mail Sheehans) were the registered proprietors and principal writers; but it called up a phalanx of talent, and soared to a weekly circulation of five thousand. It

\* The *Mail*, in reply to an article that appeared in the *Times*, lately, said, "The archbishop of Dublin is an Englishman; the chief administrator of the Irish poor law is an Englishman; the paymaster of Irish civil service is a Scotchman; the chief commissioner of Irish public works is an Englishman; the teller of the exchequer is an Englishman; the chief officer of the Irish constabulary is a Scotchman; the chief officer of the Irish post-office is an Englishman; the collector of excise is a Scotchman; the head of the revenue police is an Englishman; the second in command is a Scotchman; the persons employed in the collection of the customs, &c., are English and Scotch, in the proportion of thirty-five to one. But the *Times* may, perhaps, observe, 'True; but all this is in elucidation of our plan for unbarring the gates of preferment, unsparingly, impartially, and honestly. Scotchmen and Englishmen are placed in office in Ireland, and Irishmen, in return, in Scotland and England, in order to draw closer the bonds of union between the three united nations.' Again, let us see how facts actually stand. There are cabinet ministers, Englishmen, ten; Scotchmen, three; Irishmen, none; — lords of the treasury, Englishmen, four; Scotchman, one; Irishman, one; — clerks of the treasury, English or Scotchmen, one hundred and

attacked tithes with great effect, and advocated repeal with unprecedented vigor, but admitted a dash of scandal into its columns, which took from its dignity, diminished its power, and deprived it of public sympathy. One of its proprietors, Mr. Sheehan, was prosecuted by the church for libel, and sent to Kilmainham prison for twelve months. The other proprietor was prosecuted by Blackburne, the attorney-general, for a libel on himself, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate. The paper, from the fines imposed on it, and the separation from it of its conductor, very soon fell. Mr. Brown came to America, and Mr. Sheehan is now upon the *London Morning Herald*.

During the reign of Lord Anglesey, he superinduced the establishment of the *Dub'in Times*, a daily sheet, which was distinguished only for its abuse of O'Connell. It soon expired.

A weekly sheet, called the *Satirist*, was started by the scattered contributors to the Nation. It retained only the worst features of the Comet, — its scandal and sarcasm, — without any of its power or patriotism. It fell in 1836.

The *Dublin Monitor*, a three-days-a-week paper, was started, in 1837, by Mr. James Birch, in conjunction with Mr. James Dwyer, the barrister. This paper was well got up, and affected to be an independent review of all men and measures; but it did not succeed very well, and passed to the hands of Mr. Coffey, its present proprietor, who was assisted in purchasing it by an advance from Mr. Peter Purcell, which led to the supposition that Mr. P. was the proprietor; but he has formally disavowed it. The paper is now a sort of whig organ, and an opponent of the repeal cause. It has but a poor circulation.\*

twelve; Mr. Fitzgerald, (query, an Irishman,) one; — members of the lord steward's and lord chamberlain's departments of the royal household, Englishmen and Scotchmen, two hundred and twenty-five; Irishmen, four; — British ministers to foreign courts, Englishmen and Scotchmen, one hundred and thirty-one; Irishmen, four; — poor-law commissioners, Englishmen, three; Irishmen, none. We presume that these facts show that the natives of the three kingdoms are all placed upon an equal footing! the chances of access to preferments to an Englishman or Scotchman in Ireland being, in the few instances which have occurred to us, while writing, as six to one; while the probability of an Irishman obtaining place in England appears, from analogous calculation, to be in the proportion of four hundred and ninety-one to ten, or as one to fifty. We could easily swell this list, were it necessary. *Ireland has always been used, by English ministers, as a means of providing for poor relations, dependents, and partisans: our highest as well as lowest offices have been prostituted for this purpose. What would be thought of an Irish lawyer being called over as lord chancellor of England? Yet we are forced to take English lawyers as our lord chancellors; so, through all the departments of government, INJUSTICE TO IRELAND EVERY WHERE MEETS US AND SO WILL THINGS CONTINUE UNTIL WE LEARN TO THINK LESS ABOUT PARTY AND MORE ABOUT OUR COUNTRY.*"

\* Since the above was written, this paper has expired.



The *World*, a weekly sheet, was established by Mr. Birch, in 1840. It advocated repeal, from the beginning, but spares, in its criticism, neither one side nor the other. It deals largely, like the *Age*, in personal attack, and is seldom out of a lawsuit for libel. Nevertheless, it is a paper of considerable talent, and circulates about twelve hundred a week.

There are but two monthly periodicals published in all Ireland, — first, the Dublin *University Magazine*, a publication of admitted talent, but of anti-national politics.

The *Dublin Review* is published monthly, simultaneously in Dublin and Derby. It is the most dignified and able organ of the British and Irish Catholics. Its papers on theology, science, history, and the literature of the day, are furnished by the first pens in the British empire, among which are those of some eminent Irish ecclesiastics. The Review has a good colonial circulation, and is taken by nearly all the Catholic clergymen of the United States.

The *Nation*, a weekly newspaper, was established by Charles Gavan Duffy, in 1842. It created a new era in Irish newspaper writing, and has attained a steady circulation of about eleven thousand copies a week — a station unprecedented in the history of the Irish press. Mr. Duffy, who has worked this stupendous miracle in Irish journalism, is but yet a young man, below thirty years of age. The county of Monaghan is his native place. He received, when a youth, a good education, and was apprenticed to Mr. Staunton, of the Morning Register, in whose office he acquired the mechanical art of a printer, and a familiarity with newspaper life. Possessing genius and ambition, he distinguished himself in the little commonwealth of the compositors' room, and was at length placed in the responsible office of "proof-reader." Those who are not acquainted with the interior machinery of a daily paper, may be told that this is a station next in responsibility to that of editor. There never was a good paper yet brought out where there was not a good proof-reader. The qualifications are not merely good eyes and an accurate cleverness in spelling, but comprehend every thing which go to make a good editor — grammar, style, tact, and knowledge. Where, as in Dublin, the principal part of the matter of a morning paper is set up, read, and worked off during midnight, and where a single untoward sentence may subject the proprietor to a state prosecution, an action for libel, or the sneers of his contemporaries, the proof-reader wears about him a heavy yoke of responsibility. This duty Mr. Duffy well and wisely performed; for, during his readership, the Register passed scatheless. In progress of time, he contributed occasionally to the edi

torial voice of the paper, and acquired that standing in relation to the public cause which such careful industry and such undoubted talents never fail to confer on one connected with the public press.

About the year 1839, the repeal cry began to revive ; and but few of the papers in the provinces had yet espoused the question. The *North-ern Whig*, the only liberal paper of Belfast, and the sole dependence of the national party in the north, turned upon O'Connell, and denounced repeal. In this dilemma, the friends of Ireland's independence in Belfast put their heads together, and determined on starting a new paper to take the ground occupied by the Whig. In this project they were heartily seconded by O'Connell, who, I believe, recommended Mr. Duffy to them as the managing editor of the proposed journal. The *Belfast Vindicator* was thus brought into life, having Charles Gavan Duffy its principal editor. The paper soon acquired a circulation and influence equal to the metropolitan liberal journals. It infused a new and healthier sentiment into the national party throughout Ulster, and in the course of three years, under Mr. Duffy's management, won an eminent fame and a profitable patronage. In the close of 1841, it had the honor to be prosecuted by the attorney-general (T. C. D. Smith) for its honest but scathing review of certain government prosecutions in the north. Mr. Duffy made, through his counsel, (Whiteside,) an able and an unflinching defence, sustaining and elaborating his charges against the government. This proved that Duffy had mettle ; and it won for him the reputation of genius and patriotism ; for he proved he had the talent to wound, and the valor to encounter, the national enemy in single combat. The government, virtually subdued by Duffy, (who was sustained by public opinion,) never called him up for judgment.

Soon after this, Mr. Duffy soared in his literary career to the establishment of a metropolitan organ of high national sentiment. His experience at the press of Dublin and Belfast made him thoroughly acquainted with most of the talent, active and half active, that lived in a sort of flirting connection with the liberal papers. He arranged his plan with forethought and circumspection ; engaged a company of writers of prose and poetry, who are unsurpassed in Europe ; established a foreign correspondence in London, Paris, and the United States, and, when all was ready, he came out upon the world with the *NATION*, which, from the day of its starting to the present, has never flagged nor faltered in the expression of the loftiest patriotism, the most vigorous argument, the most enlivening wit, and the most inspiring song. History and philosophy, and taste and valor, speak in its columns. It is the oracle and the hope of Ireland. It has awakened a new pulsation in the Irish

1596

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

heart, that will never cease till it revives the healthy action of national

Burns or Beranger, and the power of Byron, — and many in a style singularly original. But all, like balanced rays in a lens, collect the scattered intellect of Ireland into one intense ray, powerful enough to burn out ignorance and tyranny from the land. Nor are they copyists of the great men I have named. No! They are original thinkers; and I introduce those masters of persuasion merely as measures or images of the excellence to be found in the Nation's essays, songs, and poems.

This paper is the greatest existing enemy of the British government. A great man will die; but a great newspaper never dies. It is the weapon of an intellectual corporation, and requires only to be honestly pointed to destroy a bad ministry or a tyrannical dynasty. All things rotten perish before it. The electric agent of the human mind, it at once instructs and enables, converts and unites multitudes in one opinion, and invests their voice with tones of thunder.

The Nation is this, and more than this. The government must either crush it, or concede to Ireland her liberty.

#### THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS,

the associate editor of the NATION, the "learned rebel," that with his little pen has disturbed the house of lords and the ministry, affected majesty to weeping, broken the slumbers of the oppressive aristocracy, repeopled the hills and valleys of Ireland with O'Neils and Sarsfields at the head of mail-clad legions, called Tone from the grave to open new negotiations with France and America, revived the volunteers of 1782 in form and substance, and is preparing legions and banners of orange and green wherewith to cross the Boyne together; Thomas Davis, a member of the parliamentary committee, and willing leader of the "men of Tipperary" to the field, the author of two hundred of the most powerful essays in the Nation, and a hundred, at least, of its most heart-stirring ballads; the *littérateur*, the critic, and the laborious patriot, — deserves from the pen of history an elaborate fame.

It is impossible to exaggerate this man's genius, acquirements, and extraordinary talents, or his brilliant services to Ireland. He is yet a young man, a year or two beyond thirty, and but three years on the political stage; and yet see the triumphs he has achieved! He has, I will venture to say, given a new impulse to the mind of Ireland, invested Irish literature with a classic dignity, and adorned it with a classic grace, bringing to its cultivation and development a mind imbued with philosophy, history, science, art, poetry, and warmed by a heart charged with an enthusiastic love of freedom.

Mr. Davis is a southern man; Mallow, I believe, is the place of his birth. It is of little consequence. He is an *Irishman*, born for all Ireland. He has had the advantage of an elaborate education in Trinity College, and served for some years as a teacher within its walls. But his mind was cast in a patriot's mould, and he came forth to teach millions. The transition was natural. He that could mould rough boys into scholars and gentlemen, was well calculated, with the aid of press and types, to enlighten and exalt a sober, apt, and docile nation.

His first approach to the public was through the Morning Register. During his college days, he had contributed some poetic pieces and prose articles, of sterling merit, to the columns of that journal. In the year 1840, feeling the "patriot's call" strong within him, he engaged himself for a year to Mr. Staunton, as the closet editor of the Register. His first articles were rather startling for the over-cautious proprietor, and he was restrained. In the organization of Michael Staunton, nature flung in too much caution — Davis was cribbed and cabined, and wrote his year out "according to order." During this period, he occupied his active mind in compiling the speeches and writing the life of Curran.

When Mr. Duffy was about to start the Nation, he consulted Davis and his college-mate, Dillon, on the project. The result was, the establishment of that paper, upon a new assemblage of true principles. Mr. Davis has a handsome salary from the establishment, which he well deserves, for he is the hardest-working man at the Dublin press.

In this paper he has a *carte blanche*, and his soul walks abroad upon its pages. His pen is not always dipped in gall. No! but generally in the gushing life-blood of the patriot's heart. He believes in moral force to a certain extent, but thinks liberty is worth blood if it cannot be had cheaper. Yet is he so alarmed by the voice of history, which records the failures of seven hundred years, that he would rather carry a double weight of chains, and live for years on herbs, than go to war unprepared. He believes in the recuperative power of the Irish nation, and strains every faculty of his soul to arouse, instruct, and animate it. If the ballad-maker of a nation have the most power, then is Davis powerful among his countrymen. With the conservative forethought of Hugh O'Neil, and the magnificent daring and enterprise of Wolfe Tone, (the gods of his idolatry,) he bides his time, and teaches his countrymen patience and courage. With the pen and the lyre he instructs them; and we sometimes think he strikes the wires with his sword-hilt, for he does not, like Harmodius, conceal his sword in myrtles. He is the very opposite of the image which Moore imbodyed in his heart-melting melody, "O, blame not the bard!" Davis writes not in despairing numbers, but, like the

Spartan poet, strikes the lyre with one hand, and grasps, with the other, the sword for vengeance or for freedom. The stranger and the oppressor hear the war-bard of Erin, and, instead of pausing to listen as they clinch her chains, let fall their hammer, and proclaim that "the confederacy in Ireland is too strong to be conquered by force." \*

It is impossible not to feel proud at being the countryman of such a one, who has already realized a European and an American fame. He recalls to life the spirit and genius of Lucas and Swift, and the whole-souled love of Ireland which grew in the hearts of Grattan and Flood. Had he lived in those times, he would have been prosecuted like Swift, or exiled like Lucas; living later, he would have been imprisoned with Macneven, O'Connor, and Emmet, or have perished gloriously with Wolfe Tone. Like the latter, Davis is a Protestant, and, like Tone, loves his countrymen of every denomination with a Christian's and a patriot's affection. He has but begun his life; ere it closes, history will have of him something significant — nay, magnificent — to record.

*Alas! poor Davis is no more! After the foregoing was in type, the melancholy intelligence of his death arrived. Let Erin mourn — a great son has fallen!*

#### THOMAS MACNEVIN.

The Shiel of the Repeal Association, the compiler of the State Trials of Ireland, historian of the Volunteers, compiler of Sheil's speeches, and a prominent contributor to the Nation. Thomas Macnevin, is a young man, about five-and-twenty years of age. He has been called as a lawyer to the bar, but feels the call of his country stronger than the chancellor's, and devotes his nights to the search for pearls of knowledge, with which he decks his country in the day.

Mr. Macnevin is related to the distinguished Macneven of 1798, and boasts, like him, the Celtic blood of Connaught. He first "came out" as an orator, in 1840, at a charity dinner in Radley's tavern. His speech, like Sheridan's first, was a failure; but, like Sheridan, he vowed to succeed. Soon after that, he joined the Board of Trade, and, in his own parish of St. George, had an opportunity of showing his metal on the neglected resources of Ireland. But it was the great manufacturers' meeting, held at the Rotunda in the spring of 1841, where he first impressed his fellow-citizens with the conviction that he was an orator — a genuine, soul-stirring orator. In 1842, he became a prominent member of the Repeal Association, an active penman in the Nation and in

\* See Sir Robert Peel's speech on the Maynooth grant.

the Belfast Vindicator. From that period to the present, he has stood up prominently upon the national platform, instructing his countrymen by his eloquence, and irradiating them by his genius. Mr. Macnevin is a true orator, and of the Richard Sheil order. He has, indeed, much of the brilliancy of Sheil, with a more agreeable voice, and far more statistical knowledge.—All the qualifications which go to form an orator and his days of glory are before him.

Above all this, he is industrious, indefatigable, and enthusiastic. His pen or his brain is hardly ever idle. Like O'Connell, he rises early and works hard. Such indomitable industry must triumph over every obstacle. Already he has given his country two or three books which may be placed in the popular libraries of Ireland. The last of his productions, the *History of the Volunteers*, will have, I doubt not, a general circulation. There cannot be too many of good and cheap historical books circulated among the people. Formerly, they read the degrading narratives of *Captain Freeny*, *Moll Flagon*, and *Redmond O'Hanlon*, because they could get no better for sixpence or a shilling. Nor were the *Handy Andys*, or the creations of Mrs. Hall, much better. These exhibited Irishmen but to be laughed at; and ridicule and contempt are akin. Laughing-stocks and slaves are transmutable. They are all abominable trash; and one of the gratifying products of that aspiring intellect, which flashes its rays over Erin now from many bright stars like Macnevin, is the multiplication of small histories of epochs and men that, in other ages, influenced the fate of Ireland. They cannot be too plentifully scattered over the country. A genuine sixpenny book upon Ireland will fall, perchance, upon some giant mind, and produce meditation that must end in benefit to the nation. Cobbett was spurred on to study from reading a threepenny copy of Swift's *Tale of a Tub*; Franklin, by perusing an odd volume of the *Spectator*; and Gibbon was tempted to write his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* from surveying the ruins of the Coliseum.

While I am thus enthusiastic in my admiration of Mr. Macnevin, I must respectfully record my dissent from his version of the dissolution of the volunteers, in 1783. He attempts to show that the volunteers *voluntarily* dissolved, when their efforts to obtain parliamentary reform proved of no avail. I have given a pretty full account of this whole matter in my narrative of the transactions of 1782–1783,—which the reader, I presume, has looked over. I have there shown that the volunteers were suddenly dissolved by their president, the late earl of Charlemont. I rely, it is true, upon Sir Jonah Barrington, whose testimony is attempted to be repudiated *without sufficient rebutting evidence*.

Barrington's history of the transaction has been before the world some eighteen or twenty years. There were many of the volunteers still alive when he published it, and I never heard of there being any witnesses brought forward from their ranks to invalidate his statement. The author brought Barrington's statement before the Loyal National Repeal Association of Ireland in 1840; and, though the present earl commented bitterly upon his words, he never brought forth, or pointed out, any rebutting evidence.

The naked fact lies uncovered to all men's eyes — namely, that the volunteers were suddenly dissolved by the president, just as if O'Connell should walk into the Repeal Association upon any Monday, and dissolve that body before fifty members assembled. As to Hardy's history of the affair, we all know he was the pensioned panegyrist of the late earl of Charlemont. The man who will take his version in preference to Barrington's — which is a comprehensive, eloquent, and independent history of his times — is welcome to it.

I never can bring myself to believe that the men who pasted placards upon their cannon, bearing the inscription, "Free Trade or Revolution," "Independence or Separation," and who were ready with lighted matches, in 1782, to carry their resolves in the field if they failed in the senate, — that men, who thus extorted from England a complete renunciation of the dominion which she had exercised for six centuries, — would, in the ensuing year, quietly quail before the boroughmongers of the Irish parliament, and, full of bodily fear, dissolve without accomplishing their object. No! They were deceived, disheartened, and deserted, and they fell back in disgust and despair.

Macnevin, and all other men, will, I hope, do me the simple justice of believing that nothing but a paramount feeling of duty to the subject I have undertaken to develop would induce me thus to place myself in opposition to many eminent men, whose kind opinion I am most anxious to deserve and enjoy.\*

#### MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY,

the author of "Bide your Time," and of the prize essay on "Ireland as she was, is, and ought to be," is a young man — a very young man; but one whose writings prove him to be a sage in intellect and acquirements.

Mr. Barry is a young barrister, about two-and-twenty years of age, the son of a highly respectable gentleman of the same name, in Cork,

\* See note on the volunteers, at the end of the book.



long connected with the commerce of that city, and a near relative by marriage to the lamented Bishop England. He is undoubtedly a young gentleman of a very high order of intellect. His first poetic effusions in the *Nation* attracted the notice of the public only some twelve or eighteen months ago. They exhibited so much political precept, meaning, melody, and sweetness, that some imagined they were the lyrics of Moore. His "Bide your Time" struck upon every one's feelings with unusual power. Almost every person said it was better than Byron's stanzas addressed to Greece, beginning, "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not," &c. Its wise precepts, so beautifully couched, have been quoted by the leading repealers at home and abroad. "Bide your Time" will be found in the musical pages of this book.

Mr. Barry is the author of a great number of patriotic songs, among which are "The Arms of Eighty-Two," "Green Flag," "Hymn of Freedom," "Place where Man should die," "Song of Forty-Four," "Step together," "The Sword," "Wexford Massacre," "Wild Geese," &c.; but, beyond this, he has surpassed in prose a host of the best pens in Ireland. About six or eight months ago, the Repeal Association offered three premiums of one hundred, fifty, and twenty pounds, for the best, second best, and third best essays on the repeal question, and the best mode of accomplishing it. This was wisely done to employ the budding intellect of the young blood of Ireland. Upwards of fifty essays were written and delivered in to the judges, Messrs. William Smith O'Brien, John O'Connell, and Thomas Davis. They were all good; but three only must be selected; and chief of these fifty was the production of this young man. It is an admirable little book, of about two hundred pages, published for eighteen pence. It would be a wise application of a thousand, or two thousand, pounds of the repeal rent, to have forty or fifty thousand copies of this book distributed, through the medium of the clergymen, over all Ireland. Twenty copies in each parish would soon produce action as well as opinion. The people of Ireland are suffering the horrors of slavery simply because they are ignorant. Were they aware of what freedom is, and how much their freedom is in their own hands, they would be free in a month. Every such book as Mr. Barry's, which teaches them their own strength, and dispels delusion, should be forced into circulation with all the power at the disposal of the repeal treasury. The duty of that body is to enlighten and organize the people. When that is done to the fullest extent, freedom will come insensibly, like the summer breeze.

It is painful to find, in the present age of light and experience, any pen in Ireland so unwise as to attempt to decry the young men who

have, within the last three years, distinguished themselves in the onward struggle for Ireland's independence. I have already imperfectly portrayed four or five of them, and I am yet to sketch some three or four more; and I may confidently put it to any Irishman, at home or abroad, if he be not thoroughly proud of these young men. The enemies of Ireland have nicknamed them "Young Ireland," and have tried to show there was a line of demarkation between them and "Old Ireland," including O'Connell and the veteran repealers. This is a calumny upon these young men. There are no such parties as "Young Ireland" or "Old Ireland." There is no such line between them and O'Connell. There is not one of them that would not place himself next his person if in danger, and receive, like *Odran*, the spear intended for his heart. Their motives and their patriotism are as pure as ever impelled men to struggle for freedom; and the purity and boiling impetuosity of youth is rather a recommendation in their favor than a disadvantage. They were young men that overturned the dynasty of Charles the Tenth, in France; they were women and boys that broke open the Bastile; and women, that were foremost at the siege of Limerick, and that drove back King William's legion. Boys and women are true worshippers of liberty, and where they engage heartily in her cause, she is generally successful.

#### MICHAEL DOHENY

is a young gentleman who can speak well and write well — one who has taken a prominent part in the repeal agitation. He has occasionally contributed to the *Dublin Nation*; and some of its able leaders are from his pen. Mr. Doheny has the honor to be a Tipperary man; was associate editor, with Mr. Hackett, of that able provincial, the *Tipperary Free Press*; has been called to the Irish bar, to which distinction he won his way by the aid of his own bright talents on the London press — for he was engaged some years in London as a parliamentary reporter. Of this I am assured by J. R. FITZGERALD, Esq., the learned editor of the *Boston Tablet*, who was himself a parliamentary reporter for fifteen years, in connection with the London press. He brings to the advocacy of Irish freedom a brilliant pen and a brave heart. The more of such men that Ireland can produce, and retain in her cause, the better.

#### WILLIAM JOSEPH O'NEILL DAUNT;

the private secretary of O'Connell for the last seven or eight years; the indefatigable repeal missionary, essayist, and orator; the author of

Saints and Sinners, a Catechism of Irish History, the Repeal Question and the Repeal Leaders, with several lesser pamphlets, reports, &c. Mr. Daunt is a native of the county of Cork, of a Protestant family, but is himself a convert to the Catholic religion. In 1832, he was returned to parliament for the borough of Mallow, but the next year lost his seat for deficiency in property qualification. Our American readers should be informed that the representative of a county in Ireland requires a clear personal income, from *land*, of six hundred pounds a year, (2700 dollars,) and the representative of a city or borough three hundred a year. Mr. Daunt, though possessed of a handsome income from land, did not, it appears, possess that technical qualification required by the laws of parliament, and he was unseated. For a while he retired from public view; but O'Connell, being well aware of his great industry, erudition, and literary fluency, attached him to his own person as private secretary, for which he receives a competent salary. He is in the prime of manhood, probably about six or seven-and-thirty years of age.

As the private and confidential secretary of the Liberator, O'Neill Daunt now fills the highest official post in Ireland, — a post far more honorable and eminent than that of secretary to any of the gingerbread lords lieutenant that have reigned in Ireland since her unfortunate connection with Britain. Nor is his post a sinecure! He must rise with the sun, for there are two hundred letters a day to be opened and examined, and such as deserve a reply answered. Then there are all the newspapers, and pamphlets, and new books, — quite a hamper full, — which must be read; for the Liberator, in his search for knowledge, will allow no stone to remain unturned. He is in communication with all Ireland, and with almost all parts of the world; from Indus to the pole, from Cape Breton to Cape Horn, his letters come — in every language, too; and arduous is the task of him who has, in the first instance, to examine them all. Then there are all his despatches and letters to be written. The Liberator dictates all those, as he walks to and fro in the apartment, to Mr. Daunt, or to Mr. Ray.

The reader may, from this, have some conception of Mr. Daunt's varied and extensive labors, and may estimate the excellent qualities of his head and heart, when he learns that he has filled this confidential post with great integrity, industry, and talent.

In the Repeal Association, O'Neill Daunt is a ready man of business. There is not a more perfect gentleman in the confederacy — patient and deferential in committee, quick and fluent in the rostrum, with an extensive vocabulary of the best language at his command. There is not

one among them who loves O'Connell more fervently, or the freedom of Ireland more sincerely, than he.

### ROBERT DILLON BROWN, M. P.;

the representative of the county of Mayo in the British parliament, and in Conciliation Hall. Mr. Brown is of a highly honorable stock, and represents, in his own person, the most valued attributes of a good Irishman. He is athletic, valiant, intellectual, patriotic, passionate, and poetical; a good orator, a faithful representative, a stern and persevering repealer, and a sincere friend.

Mr. Brown joined the repeal cause during its adverse season. He bore it, by his energy and eloquence, across the plains of ancient Connaught, made it familiar to the primitive people of that extensive region, invested the agitation with his own poetic passion and genius, and inspired it with the fire of his own burning heart. It is impossible to exaggerate his services to the repeal cause in the British parliament, in Conciliation Hall, or on the plains of Mayo. Mr. Brown will ever be a distinguished man. He is just such a one as Napoleon would select for a general. He belongs to that gallant band, the Eighty-two Club, who are as ready to argue points with England in the field as in the senate.

### CAPTAIN BRODERICK,

a retired officer of her majesty's thirty-fourth regiment of infantry, the nephew of O'Connell, and the associate secretary of the Eighty-two Club, is a gentleman of whom the great world as yet knows little, but one who, like the modest Washington, may contain, under a mild exterior, the stern elements of a hundred victories.

Captain Broderick has seen some service, for I believe he was reared in the camp. His father, the late Major Broderick, held command for some years in the thirty-fourth. He was married to a sister of the Liberator, and the present gentleman is one of the fruits of that union, and held command as a lieutenant in the same regiment with his father. A hearty friendship has always existed between Major Broderick and O'Connell. In the year 1827, while the thirty-fourth was stationed in Cork, O'Connell and his son Maurice came to that city on professional business. Major Broderick and his son invited them to the mess dinner, according to the prevailing custom of the regiment. When the guests arrived, and had taken their places, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, who commanded, rose and retired from his seat at the head of the table, and

was followed out of the room by most of the officers, the two Brodericks and the two O'Connells, with some one or two more only remaining, who finished their repast with undisturbed composure. This was a gross insult offered by the colonel to gentlemen of exalted worth and honor, and of course was not likely to be passed over silently. In the course of the evening, Major Broderick was sent for by Colonel Campbell, who reprimanded him for inviting to the mess-table a *rebel*, and intimated that it was his intention to report the circumstances to the commander-in-chief. A report was made; but the next morning young Broderick challenged Colonel Campbell to an immediate duel. The colonel declined the meeting, and immediately proceeded to London, but never returned to his command in the regiment.

Major Broderick died some five or six years ago. His son succeeded to a captaincy in the regiment, which he sold out in the year 1842, and retired to the enjoyment of civil life upon a handsome property in the county of Limerick, bequeathed him by his father. One of his first public acts was to join the Loyal National Repeal Association, of which body he has been an active and an influential member. When the Eighty-two Club was in the course of formation, Captain Broderick was fittingly selected as one of its secretaries. He has been most successful in organizing that distinguished, valiant, unarmed national guard. He enjoys the confidence of his brothers in that holy association, and, with his peculiar experience, valor, and patriotism, cannot fail of becoming, in the course of events, a distinguished leader of the Irish patriots.

[Captain B. has expressed, latterly, a eulogium upon the *civilizing* genius of the British government, in which the author can by no means agree.]

#### EDWARD CLEMENTS,

barrister at law, was the first, and, for a long period, the only lawyer, besides the O'Connells, who, in 1840, joined the repeal standard; one who was not driven away by the terror of Lord Ebrington's denunciation, but who, when others fled, held fast by the green banner of Ireland. Mr. Clements is one of the most toiling members of the association. He worked when there were but few workmen. Now there are many, and his opportunities of laboring are diminished; for scores of most talented men are eager to perform some portion of the honorable duty of restoring Ireland to her freedom.

Mr. Clements's efforts for the national cause at the city and county of Dublin registries have been toilsome and successful. His private practice is every day increasing. His talents are considerable, and, with an

accumulating experience, he must eventually become a prosperous practitioner in the thorny profession he has chosen.

### THOMAS MATHEW RAY;

the distinguished secretary of the Loyal National Repeal Association of Ireland, and the companion martyr of O'Connell in the captivity of 1844.

Mr. Ray has been a secretary of repeal and other popular political associations which were formed and dissolved in Dublin during the last fifteen years. Previous to 1831, he was clerk to a lawyer, and, in preceding years, an accountant in a brewery. In 1831 and 1832, he was the active secretary of the National Trades Political Union, which, in the latter year, achieved the greatest political triumph ever won in Dublin, in the return of O'Connell and Ruthven for the city, in opposition to the whole tory aristocracy. As secretary of that powerful body, Mr. Ray evinced both tact and ability. Their public addresses were generally drawn up by him, and proclaim, at this day, by their style, matter, and force, that their author possessed a vigorous and a disciplined intellect.

The Liberator appreciated his abilities, and appointed him secretary to the Precursor Association in 1837, to the Registration Society in 1838, and, finally, to the National Repeal Association in 1840. It is truly no small mark of ability and distinction thus to be selected by the greatest man in Europe to fill the most delicate and responsible office of three associations, one of which is certainly the most vital and important that ever existed in Ireland. That Mr. Ray has performed well the duties belonging to all these trying situations, is admitted on all hands; and that he enjoys the full confidence of the Liberator is as notorious as the sun. His are no ordinary duties. Independent of seeing and speaking to the hundreds who come to his office weekly to acquire information or to "make calls," — the latter a most oppressive class to an over-worked man, — he has to attend to the contents of more than fifty letters a day, most of them containing remittances; to frame and furnish replies to them, to select such portion of each letter as may be deemed fit for publication, and to have all these selections brought before the association on its usual day for assembling. Besides this, he is obliged to account to the auditors for the disbursement of every shilling of the association funds, for which he is uniformly armed with vouchers.

Mr. Ray is assisted by Mr. MARTIN CREAN, as second secretary, and by at least a dozen clerks, who are busily engaged in the enrolling of names, and the issue of cards, the making out of replies, returns, &c. There is

no post-office in Europe in which a more accurate account is kept with three or four thousand extremities, in connection with a chief head, than in the office in Conciliation Hall. There is a leger devoted to each county in Ireland, in which is alphabetically enrolled, in baronies and parishes, every repealer in the county, distinguishing those who have votes from those who have not. The political strength of the Repeal Association in each county is thus accurately known; and, as the organization is complete throughout the kingdom, and the repeal voters sought out and registered in each county, the repealers are pretty sure of returning sixty or seventy of the one hundred and five Irish members to the imperial parliament in the very next election. Formerly, the politicians of each county undertook to attend to the registration of voters; but the work was always clumsily, sometimes factiously performed. Now, the care of the registry courts of the entire kingdom is assumed by the Repeal Association. A staff of able agents is employed and paid from its funds — no slight charge. The work is uniformly and effectively done. The question raised is, “repeal” or “anti-repeal,” and the association have so far prevailed at the registry courts that, even in the northern city of Armagh, a majority of repeal voters have actually been established on the official record.

Mr. Ray keeps, besides, a great book, in his office, for the enrolment of the names of American repealers alone. In this national record will be found an account opened for each state in this Union, and an exact return of the sums which each association in it has transmitted to the cause of Ireland. This is a circumstance which cannot fail to be gratifying to every friend of Ireland in America.

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We are now to present to the reader a few brief notices of the most eminent persons of Irish birth, who at present uphold, by their respective abilities, the national reputation of Ireland in the commonwealth of intellect. The American reader, on perusing the few sketches that follow, will find enough to assure him that Ireland, in the present day, in the midst of her suffering and misery, contributes to the general stock of knowledge a proportion equal to that of any nation upon earth.

#### THE EARL OF ROSSE,

the constructor of the largest telescope in the world, is the son of that Sir Lawrence Parsons who so patriotically resisted the union to the

last. There is nothing which gratifies us more than to discover some grounds for applauding any one of the landed proprietors of Ireland. They have in their power great opportunities of increasing the happiness, or exalting the character, of their fellow-countrymen; and so few of them, unfortunately, avail themselves of their privileges to work good, that we owe the greater meed of applause to the singular and distinguished exception to whose performance we are about to allude. Sir L. Parsons (the father of our sketch) wrote a volume to vindicate the ancient history of Ireland. He heartily encouraged the study of the Irish language, and, referring to Flood's grant of his fortune for the promotion of the study of that ancient tongue, he remarks, "Mr. Flood's object was to enable men of letters to study the Irish, there being many curious and valuable records in that language, which would throw a considerable *light* upon a very early era in the history of the human race, as well as relieve this country from the most unjust charges of ignorance and barbarism at a time when it was by far more enlightened than any of the adjacent nations." The earl of Rosse is a nobleman who resides at home upon his estate, situate about sixty miles from Dublin, distributing his vast income among those who produce it, and applying his intellect to the development of the highest order of science that the human mind is capable of grasping — the mechanism of the heavens.

The earl has, by his unexampled toil and unequalled genius, placed Ireland first among the nations in this branch of astronomical science. His telescope is admitted by the whole learned world to exceed all that has gone before it in power; for it enables man, from this mundane sphere, to discern objects upon the moon's surface not larger than our ordinary public buildings; to penetrate the illimitable fields of celestial space, and bring palpably to our senses the forms of stars, and suns, and systems, which are distant from our earth *more than ten hundred thousand millions of miles*; to show us, in those distant systems, other suns, and moons, and earths, revolving round each other, the rays of whose brightness are dimmed into twilight by the immeasurable space through which they pass to us; to carry us, as it were, to the very outskirts of creation, where the imagination may fancy it can discern new worlds, as they enter the illimitable arena of the universe — all which must eventually lead yet to discoveries so astounding that the human mind falters in its effort to conceive a measure for their extent!

To estimate the improvement made by the earl of Rosse, we must consider the size of those telescopes which were already in existence. There is not at present, it appears, a single object-glass in the world of sixteen inches' diameter, and but four of twelve inches, and the cost of



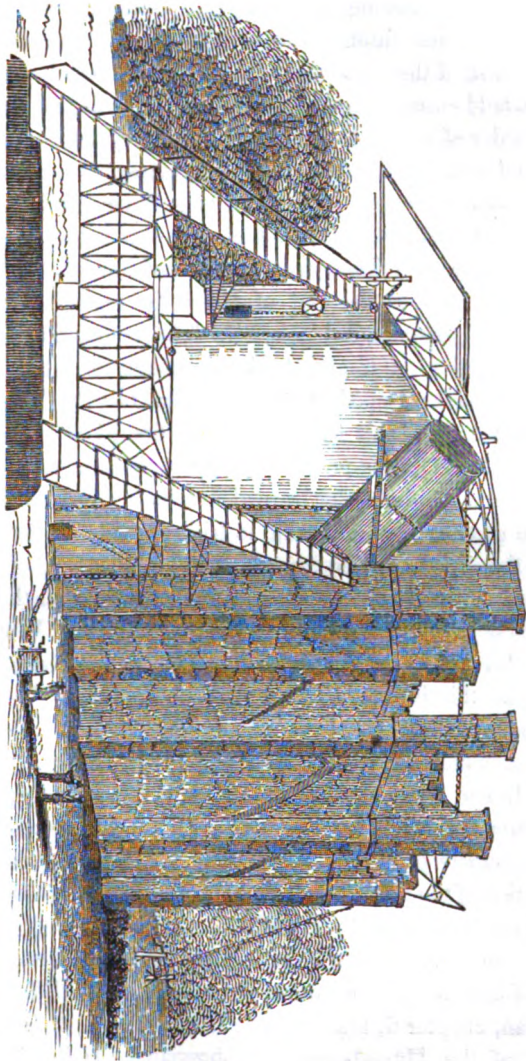
making one even of these low dimensions is enormous. The king of Bavaria's telescope (twelve inches' aperture) cost two thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds. Franerhofer estimated the expense of one with an aperture of eighteen inches at nine thousand two hundred pounds. Mr. Grubb, of Dublin, constructed a speculum of fifteen inches' diameter, in 1836, at an enormous cost; and one about the same size was used by Mr. Cooper, of Sligo.

The earl has constructed two monster telescopes, one of three and one of six feet diameter. The cost, the labor, the patience, and time, expended in the construction of these are beyond all calculation. The latter, the six-foot reflecting telescope, cost him twelve thousand pounds, (fifty thousand dollars.) To cast the metal reflector required the erection of three great furnaces. The metal was broken into three crucibles, and, when melted, poured, by the aid of cranes, at the same instant, into the prepared mould, which was then drawn into a heated oven, where it remained for sixteen weeks, decreasing in temperature each day, until it cooled to the temperature of the atmosphere. This metal speculum, weighing three tons, was then put under the action of grinders and polishers, of whom the earl was the chief workman. So accurate must be the *form* of this important part of the telescope, that, if it differ by mathematical calculation the thousandth part of an inch, it is unfit for its object. Eighteen years were spent in experiments, and failures, and efforts to arrive at this exactness in shape, and an equally hard to be obtained degree of perfection in the metallic mixtures of which it is composed. The tube, which holds this monster metal mirror, is fifty-seven feet long and six feet in diameter. The dean of Emly walked through it with his umbrella up. This immense tube is fixed in a scaffolding of machinery as large as the rigging of a ship, between two castellated walls, seventy-two feet long, fifty-six feet high, and twenty-four feet asunder; and it is moved, by pulleys, swivels, and cranks, so easily, that the person taking observations can manage it unassisted.\*

It is not easy to explain to the general reader the action of this metal speculum upon the distant objects in the heavens. It acts as a collector of rays of light and a reflector of images, just as if a slightly-concaved looking-glass were turned to the sky, and those objects which the sky presented to the glass were viewed, at a focal distance, through a magnifying glass of power ranging from two hundred to one thousand. This principle is not new; but its present extensive and accurate development has realized all that was unreachd by Galileo, Guinaud, Gregory, Newton, and Herschel; indeed, by the most gifted intellects of past generations.

\* A perspective view of the building and telescope is presented.

*Perspective View of the Earl of Rosse's Monster Telescope.*



The man who could so completely disengage himself from the pleasures that wealth and station naturally set wooingly before him, and who could, for nearly twenty years of his prime, shut himself up in workshops with furnaces, toiling, casting, grinding, and polishing metal speculums, casting them in pieces, fitting them mathematically together, — so correctly, indeed, that if there was an error of the one thousandth part of an inch, failure would ensue, — appropriating a princely fortune, and devoting the highest order of intellect, to a patient drudgery which the humblest man in Ireland would deem slavery, or the greatest criminal would deem punishment, who succeeded at last in giving to his species a view of a greater portion of God's works than ever they saw before, deserves from his country, nay, from civilized man, a crown of immortal glory.

Ireland is indebted to the earl of Rosse for regaining her position in the history of astronomical science. The commentators upon his lordship's discoveries, in tracing back the course of telescopic inventions, seem to have stopped at Galileo's tin tube.\* The world, it is true, owes the enthusiastic Florentine (who flourished in the sixteenth century) a great deal for his practical demonstrations in the celestial system; but few, except the really learned and the really honest, will bring into view the great fact, so creditable to Irish genius, that the Irish monk Virgilius, in the eighth century, proclaimed his discovery of the earth's sphericity, and a considerable portion of that astronomical theory which was proclaimed by Galileo eight hundred years later. Why Virgilius did not push his discoveries farther will be seen by referring to the article "Virgilius," in this book. Tigernachus, the abbot of Clanmacnoise, (1060,) who was a very able astronomer and historian, records very many eclipses which were noticed in Ireland for seven hundred years before his time. He and Marianus, his countryman, though never out of Ireland, discovered and corrected the errors of the Dionysian cycle; nor was it at this remote point only that Ireland may rest her hand in directing the attention of the present generation to the astronomical learning of her sons. Long before the birth of Christ, — long, indeed, before Venice had existence or Rome was built, — the Irish were masters of all the knowledge of astronomy then known to the learned. *Ælian*, as quoted by O'Halloran, chapter 6, tells us that Hecatæus, of Abdera, compiled the History of the Hyperboreans, (abbreviated, *Hibernians*,) which work is cited in the scholiast upon Apollonius, and also credited and quoted by Diodorus the Sicilian. He describes Ireland at considerable

\* This first telescope of modern ages is yet preserved in the museum at Florence.

length, and ends with this pregnant passage: "*They have a language peculiar to themselves; and some Greeks have been to visit this country, and to present valuable gifts to their temples, with Greek inscriptions. From this famous island came Abaris to Greece, who was highly honored by the Delians. THEY CAN SHOW THE MOON VERY NEAR THEM, AND HAVE DISCOVERED IN IT VERY LARGE MOUNTAINS. The priests which preside over their sacred temple they call Boreades,*" &c.

This was written five hundred years before the birth of Christ. The meaning of it is, the ancient Irish were acquainted with the use of the telescope, then called *tur*, or *specula*, which enabled them to survey the moon and heavenly bodies, which appeared supernatural to the then uneducated Greeks, and caused Hecatæus to say that they were "near the moon."

There are those who sneer at the antiquity of Irish science, and who describe all efforts to prove its existence and develop its extent as "head-long literature," and "bardic rhapsody." The enemies of Ireland have an interest in this line of argument; but we cannot tolerate such heresies in those who aspire to the character of Irish scholars. Will any Irish scholar doubt the authority quoted by O'Halloran? Will any Irish scholar doubt the *meaning* which alone can be attached to the extract from the Greek writer? Will any man assert that the Egyptians and Etruscans, the immediate ancestors of the ancient Irish, were unacquainted with the manufacture of glass, of glass lenses, of zinc and copper speculums, and of astronomy? Who will say that the Irish round towers were not used to aid the astronomers in viewing the heavens, by supplying a focal tube to their telescopes or their speculums? *Tur*, *tower*, and *specula* signify an elevated point, from which a spacious prospect may be surveyed; and have we not seen it recorded in the old histories that the ancient Irish used bright metal speculums on the tops of their towers, by means of which they could discern ships one hundred miles out at sea? Have we not seen that, in comparatively modern times, Nicholas Hartsoeker, and after him Huygens, men known to astronomy, separated the *eye* glass from the *object* glass, in the telescope, placing the object glass in a stand upon the roof of a house, and substituting the building for a focal tube, bringing the refracted rays of distant luminaries within the range of the eye glass? and it must be remembered that in their days the focal tube exceeded one hundred feet.

Again: look to the very forms of the ancient Irish letters, (alphabet, at page 84,) and observe the identity between them and some of the astronomical signs for the zodiac and the satellites — signs which have

been adopted by almost every nation down to the present hour. This proves the identity of the Irish language with astronomy, and the cultivation of the science in Ireland thousands of years ago—a fact, to be sure, rather unknown and incredible to the superficial pamphleteers of the present day, who have read a little Irish history through English spectacles.

PROFESSOR KANE,

the chemist, author of the “Resources of Ireland,” the best book that has been published in that country since the days of Molyneux, a book which should be in the hands of every chemist in the world. It is a book suggestive, in the highest possible degree, of both knowledge and enterprise,—properties, among others, of which the mass of the Irish people have been, for at least a century, lamentably deficient. We have, in treating of the manufacturing resources of Ireland, drawn from Professor Kane’s book most interesting matter. Every page of his talented work is crowded with the most valuable knowledge. The mines, minerals, soil, chemical properties, and water power of the soil of Ireland; the facilities of intercourse, the canals, railroads, calculations and comparisons of Irish and English manufacturing, mental and physical power; all these deeply important topics are treated of by an Irishman with great knowledge and with great plainness. So valuable a work, in fact, has not been given to Irishmen for a hundred years. The railway commissioners received twenty-five thousand pounds for putting together a mass of undigested facts in a huge volume which nobody but themselves ever read through, and from which nothing could be drawn but despair and discouragement of Irish enterprise. Professor Kane, unaided by a shilling from government, and sustained only by that principle which we may denominate a Heaven-given instinct, dug out of the earth, by labor and experiments, that priceless knowledge which he has spread upon the pages of his compact and comprehensible book.

This he has done, as he emphatically remarks “*unaided.*” It is ever so. Governments, and corporations, and societies, will seldom aid a man of spirit and genius, until he soars beyond them. Those who live and move in cliques, who can bend meanly, and desecrate the talent they are endowed with, are those alone whom governments will patronize.

“In other countries,” remarks Professor Kane, “it has been the most anxious care of government, and those intrusted with the superintendence of education, to ascertain the nature and amount of their means

of promoting industry and extending the employment of the people. It is thus that every year sees the continental nations making such giant strides in manufacturing activity. It is thus that the physical disadvantages, which had so long kept them back, are gradually being lessened in importance. *If similar zeal and intelligence were manifested in developing the resources of this country, there would be no fear of the result.*" It is, indeed, most true; but the very smallest to the largest of the continental nations have their local parliaments, and these perform for their people that necessary work so much neglected in Ireland.

Professor Kane is yet a young man, not exceeding some five and thirty years of age. He is not a political adherent of any party. For some years he has been the chief lecturer employed by the Dublin Society on chemistry and the extensive field of knowledge connected with that science. The audience supplied by this society, and the slender pecuniary support which it afforded, were the only patronage which this eminent young man obtained; and even *that* is to be traced to this last remnant (the Dublin Society) of those many institutions which a national parliament founded in the last century to foster and develop the mind and energy of Ireland. Let us hope that *some* society in Ireland will be induced to employ this gentleman, and others qualified like him, to diffuse a general knowledge of chemistry through Ireland, by means of popular lectures and cheap books. France was as backward as Ireland is now, until Colbert and Richelieu opened their schools of chemistry, mechanics, and design, to the children of the multitude. Through these means they learned those invaluable arts by which they so far excel *all* the nations of the earth in the fabric and colors of their manufactures; by which, and not by their fleets or armies, they lay the universe under tribute, and establish a permanent balance of trade against *every* other nation.

The following paragraph, from the conclusion of the professor's great work, tells us volumes—both for pride in the present and hope in the future.

"So far from the habits of the working classes of this country being adverse to the introduction of industrial occupations, they have made, within the last few years, unparalleled strides in the habits which best conduce to industrial success. I do not hesitate to assert that the existing generation in this country is half a century in advance of that which is dying off, and that the generation now at school will be a century in advance of us. We were reckless, ignorant, improvident, drunken, and idle. We were idle, for *we had nothing to do*. We were reckless, for *we had no hope*. We were ignorant, for *learning was denied us*. We were improvident, for *we had no future*. We were drunken, for *we sought to forget our misery*. That time has passed away forever."

## MISS BROOKES.

Among those who contributed very considerably, in the close of the last and beginning of the present century, to revive a taste for Irish literature, must be honorably distinguished three exalted ladies; namely, Miss Charlotte Brookes, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Owenson, [now Lady Morgan.]

Miss Brookes was the daughter of the celebrated Henry Brookes, of Ratavan, county of Meath, who devoted her enlightened mind, with the passion of a woman, to the study of the Irish language. She became so proficient in this patriotic labor, that she translated several pieces of poetry from the old Irish character, which she clothed in fascinating dress. Her charming translation, *Reliques of Ancient Irish Poetry*, first attracted the attention of General Vallancey to the beauty of the Irish language, and induced him to study that neglected tongue, and the equally neglected antiquities of Ireland.

## MISS EDGEWORTH.

“EDGEWORTH! a parent's and a nation's pride!  
Virtue's chaste guardian, Erin's virgin guide!  
Star of thy sex! round whom, on airy wing,  
Each Grace meanders, and the Muses sing:  
Wisdom expands, Wit's varied vision plays;  
Genius careers, while eagle Fancy strays,  
Prometheus-like, in safety 'mid the blaze!” \*

Miss Edgeworth is the daughter of the late Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who resided in the little village of Edgeworthstown, about fifty miles west of Dublin, in the close of the last century. The cultivation and propagation of knowledge seem to have been favorite pursuits of the family. At an early age, Miss Edgeworth gave proof of her talents by the publication of several legendary novels, which displayed, in a graphic and nervous style, the various peculiarities of the Irish peasantry. These stories found their way into the circles of wealth, and created the revival of a little taste for Irish literature. Sensible of the difficulty of penetrating the drawing-rooms of the affluent, Miss Edgeworth felt it necessary to create the laugh before she could command the tear. She at length succeeded, and obtained a hearing for her opinions in every circle. Some of her productions savor a

\* Phillips.

little of a proselytizing spirit ; but, abating this, her works generally have had a beneficial tendency. Those particularly directed to the formation of the mind of youth are admirable. The whole of Miss Edgeworth's productions (amounting, we believe, to eighteen volumes) have been published in the United States, by the Messrs. Harper, of New York. I have met them in their American dress, with great pleasure, in very many hotels, libraries, and private collections. Miss E. is now in her seventieth year, and enjoys the pleasure of a European and American reputation and acquaintance. — Major Edgeworth, her brother, though not so extensively known to fame, was one who deserved well of his country. He devoted the whole of his time and fortune to the education of the youth around him — the highest duty of a lay character which man can perform towards man. He died about two years ago, and the school is dissolved. His father was the author of the sensible and entertaining "Essay on Professional Education."

## LADY MORGAN.

"Yes! if this earth can yield a ray divine,  
 And heaven's pure sun with human shade combine,  
 'Tis when, enshrined within a female form,  
 Genius and virtue bear the blended charm;  
 When love of country and the human race  
 Unite in one with every female grace;  
 They soften life, ameliorate their sphere,  
 In joy adorn, and in misfortune cheer;  
 Beam round their orb anticipated bliss,  
 And half unfold a future state in this.  
 Happy the bard such union to reveal,  
 But happier thou, fair OWENSON, to feel."\*

"The most talented woman in Europe," — the opinion expressed of her by Bonaparte and Byron, — Miss Owenson, (her maiden name,) is the daughter of Sidney Owenson, Esq., of Galway, one of the family and tribe of *Macowen*. The Owensons are a thorough Milesian family ; but, during the horrors of the seventeenth century, in order to save their property, Anglicized their names, espoused the English interest, and conformed to the English religion. Miss Owenson's childhood was formed under a story-telling influence, that gave a direction to her life and writings which she describes herself with inimitable humor. "My father (as fine and genuine a specimen of the true Irish soil as the true Irish wolf-dog) discovered in me an apt predisposition for all that was

\* Phillips.



1618

LADY MORGAN.

Irish ; for its music, its poetry, its wild and imaginative fables, and local gossip ; and 'the genius of my country found me,' as the immortal

resides in Dublin, and is the centre of a brilliant and patriotic circle. She admires Moore, O'Connell, and Sheil, with more than woman's enthusiasm. Her pen contributed to destroy bigotry in the higher circles, and prepare the way for that triumph of religious liberty which crowned O'Connell in 1829, and to the success of which her excellent husband, Sir Charles Morgan, contributed a material and practical share, by prevailing on numbers of the liberal whigs to give it their support.

## HOGAN,

one of the greatest sculptors of the present day, is a native of the city of Cork. Like many of the most distinguished artists of every age and nation, Hogan's talent for the chisel of art was discovered by accident. He served his youth in an apprenticeship to Sir Thomas Deane, the eminent architect and builder, of Cork, a gentleman to whom the arts and artists in that city have been greatly indebted. About the year 1818, the celebrated casts of Canova's sculptures were taken, under that great artist's own inspection, by order of the pope, to be sent as a present to the prince regent of England. When these casts arrived in London, there was not room for them in the royal academy. This was communicated to Lord Listowel, who succeeded in obtaining many of them for the city of Cork. On their arrival and exhibition, they soon attracted round them the aspiring genius of that very talented community. Hogan, M'Clise, Samuel Forde, and many others known to fame, became constant students in the rooms in which those figures were deposited, and which from thenceforward assumed the title of the Cork Academy of Arts.

Hogan's models from those beautiful casts soon convinced Sir Thomas Deane, and other eminent virtuosi that he had within him the creative genius of the sculptor, and, in the year 1821, a subscription was raised to enable him to proceed to Rome, the fountain-head of art, for the purpose of forming his mind among the great productions of the greatest artists that ever appeared on the earth. Here he remained eleven years in noiseless seclusion, making his hand familiar in imitating the beautiful fragments of ancient art and all the celebrated modern productions of pencil and chisel, and disciplining his mind, as an assistant, under the instruction of the best masters, in presence of the best models.

The first of his productions for his native country was a *Christ in the Tomb*, for the altar of Clarendon Street Chapel, Dublin. This splendid performance came upon his countrymen by surprise. It showed

the wonderful proficiency he had acquired during his years of probation in the eternal city, and lifted him at once to the highest pinnacle of public fame. This single performance proved him equal, if not superior, to Chantrey, or the best artist of the English school.

His next most striking performance was the statue of Dr. Doyle — now in the College of Carlow — a work which raised his reputation still higher, and brought him the natural concomitant, a great quantity of orders, not only from his own country, but from England and France. He now occupies the greater portion of the range of studios formerly used by Canova, and is employed upon the class of subjects which occupied the chisel of that distinguished artist.

Nor did this extraordinary success alter, in the slightest degree, his modest, retiring, laborious habits. A scholar and an artist, he is ambitious only of succeeding in that art of which he is so distinguished a votary.

But he is now engaged upon a subject which will secure his fame an immortality, not only by the genius he will display in the performance, but by the renown of the great man whose head, and figure, and proportions, he has been called upon by Ireland to transmit to other generations. It is DANIEL O'CONNELL, the Liberator. This national work is now in a state of forwardness. The model was made by Hogan in the close of 1843, and he then took it with him to transfer its lineaments to the enduring marble. The figure of the Liberator is to be ten feet high, and colossal in proportion. He is represented in a favorite attitude, with the left foot advanced, the left hand holding out a scroll, the head slightly turned to the left, and the right arm and hand raised nearly to the head, forming an angle, while the lips seem to utter the oft-repeated sentence, "Repeal, and repeal alone, will satisfy the people of Ireland."

The block of marble from which this magnificent figure is being carved cost Hogan eight hundred and fifty pounds, (or about three thousand eight hundred dollars,) and the execution will, of course, cost more than double the sum. It is to be erected at the national expense, behind the president's chair, in Conciliation Hall a monument at once of Irish art and patriotism.

#### JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,

the author of several tragedies and dramas of the highest class, was born in the city of Cork. His father was nearly related to the Sheridans, Thomas and Richard Brinsley, and, like the first, was a

teacher of elocution. Young Knowles was educated for the medical profession, but, reading Shakspeare, and becoming imbued with his style, discovered, at an early age, a strong passion for dramatical composition. At sixteen, he wrote a tragic piece, in five acts, entitled the Spanish Story; at twenty-four, *Hersilia*, a play, which never appeared, having been left with Brinsley Sheridan, who lost it. In two years later, he wrote the *Gypsey*, which was acted at Waterford, Kean playing the hero. After this came *Brian Boromhe*, an alteration from *Mara's* piece. This is a favorite play in the Irish and American theatres. Then followed *Caius Gracchus* and *Virginius*, two beautiful tragedies, founded on Roman history. The latter was eminently successful. The play of *Virginius* was suggested to the author by Kean, although *Macready* has made it his own. His next production was *William Tell*, which is now a standard play. Then came the *Beggar's Daughter*, which failed, and *Alfred*, and the *Hunchback*, which succeeded. One of his later productions, the *Wife*, is surely equal to any thing written since Shakspeare.

Mr. Knowles has played in tragedy himself, on the Irish and English stage, in which arduous profession he has earned a distinguished fame. He is now about fifty-five, is married, has a numerous family, and bears an excellent private reputation. Some of the American managers have offered him inducements to write a series of dramatic pieces founded upon the stirring events of the revolution, which, we believe, are under consideration. It is to be regretted he does not exercise his genius in portraying, through the drama, the valor, the virtue, and the calamities of his native country since its unfortunate connection with Britain. But the stringent powers lodged in the hands of the queen's chamberlains of England and Ireland forbid any such attempt.\*

### SAMUEL LOVER,

the author of the most popular song that ever was composed in the English language, namely, *Rory O'More*, was educated for the medical profession, but unites in his person several distinguished traits of genius.

\* In 1842, Mr. O'Brien, of Dublin, produced the tragedy of "Lord Edward Fitzgerald." Mr. Calvert, proprietor of the Abbey Street Theatre, accepted it, cast it satisfactorily, and advertised the performance. Lord Elliott, the secretary of state, sent for the manager, interdicted the play, and it was given up. The author then printed the tragedy, but it was suppressed by the police, and no one durst as much as own to have a copy.

He is, besides a poet and melodist, a painter, engraver, and novelist, and has abandoned the drudging profession of a surgeon for those employments which seem more congenial to his mind. Lover has written many beautiful songs to airs of his own composition, which will stand the competition of centuries. His best prose work is *Rory O'More*, which has been dramatized, and will long hold a place among the successful comedies of the English language. Besides its dramatic beauty, it is truly national, which enhances its value in Irish eyes. We shall not criticise his *Handy Andy*: it is the last work of the kind which we hope will issue from the Irish press. Several of his touching melodies will be found in the pages of this work devoted to music.

#### WILLIAM CARLETON,

the successful author of a hundred stories of Ireland, was originally intended for the Catholic priesthood, and graduated for that object in the college of Maynooth; but, the rigid discipline of that trying mission not comporting with his temperament, he left the college to return to pursue a less spiritual avocation. His first production was a Roman story, but he was advised to write something descriptive of his own country; and the success which attended the light, but graceful stories of the Irish peasantry, written by Miss Edgeworth and Miss Owenson, no doubt, induced him to try that delightful field of intellectual employment. His productions, drawn honestly after nature, soon made his fame known and his income solid. His stories are so numerous that their bare titles would fill a page. The last very national one, entitled *Art Maguire*, is dedicated to Charles Gavan Duffy, of the Nation—an evidence that his pen is laboring in works “racy of the Irish soil.” Nothing can better conduce to the formation of a high national taste than well-designed stories, founded, like Scott's, upon historical incidents. Ireland offers to the hand of Carleton, and others, an exhaustless mine, and we may confidently express a hope that the day has passed for concocting stories crammed with calumny upon the Irish, their religion, and their priesthood.

#### CHARLES LEVER,

the author of *Charles O'Malley*, *Harry Lorrequer*, *Tom Burke of Ours*, *Jack Hinton*, and some other humorous stories, founded, in great part, upon incidents of real life, colored in conformity with poetic license, had been in that service about which he has written so much. He was attached, as a physician, to an infantry regiment in the peninsular war,

and was, we believe, connected with the British embassy at Holland. In his *Charles O'Malley*, he describes many of the military scenes of that prolonged campaign with perfect accuracy. Lever places his birth (as we understand) on the western side of the Shannon, and possesses, like most of the ancient race, an exhaustless vein of quiet humor, which breaks out on paper only. In the social circle, he is one of the most cautious and reserved men living. He succeeded Mr. Butt in the editorship of the *University Magazine*—a periodical conducted with great talent, and which now and then, all tory as it is, emits a stray spark of nationality, all-sufficient, perhaps, to ignite the hearts of some of its readers. Lever, we dare say, is as national as he dares to be.

#### JOHN WILSON CROKER,

the king of fairy Ireland, whose animated stories are read with pleasure on both sides of the Atlantic, is a tory, as likewise is his brother, Thomas Crofton Croker; but that does not debar us from admiring his versatile talent. Mr. Croker has written many sweet and humorous songs, is a contributor to the *English and Scottish Reviews*, and is deemed one of the ablest critics in the British empire.

#### OLDHAM,

the copperplate printer, was born in Dublin, and in his early years followed this business at the calico-printing establishment of Duffy & Co., Ball's Bridge. Having a taste for mechanics and optics, he gave much of his leisure hours to the study of these interesting sciences, and, acquiring a knowledge of the *camera obscura*, became a painter, and practised in Dublin for many years. He devoted his thoughts to the discovery of a means for preventing the forgery of bank notes, and finally, after several experiments and failures, constructed an engraving machine, which has since been adopted by the Bank of Ireland. The peculiar value of this invention is, that it produces a species of comprehensive ornamental engraving which it is impossible, by any manual operation, to imitate; and, by a rotary motion, he is enabled to engrave twenty copperplates at the same time. His next discovery was the application of steam to work this machine. A steam-engine has been erected by the bank directors to work his apparatus. In this additional piece of mechanism there is a contrivance for registering the number of the impressions struck off; so that, in the superintendent's

occasional absence, there is not the slightest danger of any of the notes being abstracted. This steam-engine is brought to perform a great many of the operations connected with copperplate printing. Another invention of his is the numbering process. By a sort of clock-work, the machine produces the numbers in successive order from one to one hundred thousand, by its own internal operation, and without any attention requisite to such changes on the part of the operator, who has only to change the type according to the ordinary mode of printing. So great was the value of these inventions, and the fame of Oldham, that the directors of the Bank of England heard and became admirers of our distinguished countryman; and they are a class of men slow to credit the tongue of fame. The Bank of England had lost, on an average, about two hundred thousand pounds per annum by forgeries; and although every effort was made to obtain some invention from the great mechanists of that country, nothing was discovered; and so their mightinesses, by deputation, came to Ireland to attract to their service, by a princely fortune, the genius of one of her bright sons. Mr. Oldham accepted the offer, with the consent and approbation of the Irish bank directors, whose business he attends to; and now he sits supreme, a guardian of the issues of the Bank of England, defying, by his invention, all imitation, — and adding another triumph to the arts of his country.

#### BARRY, THE ARCHITECT.

The present distinguished architect of the English parliament-house is, I believe, a native of the county of Waterford. His talents were not generally known until brought out by a species of accident. About seven years ago, the English house of commons was destroyed by fire. A committee was appointed from its members to superintend the erection of a new and grander edifice. The committee advertised, offering premiums, in the British and European papers, for plans and specifications of a building suitable to the dignity and opulence of the legislators of England. *Three hundred* plans were received from artists in all parts of Europe, and the preference was given to that delivered in by Barry, the Irish architect, who obtained the chief premium, viz., fifteen hundred pounds. This, of course, is a triumph, in the honor of which every Irishman must participate. Mr. Barry got the superintendence of the British parliament-house, and it has been completed under his direction. His fame and emolument in London are commensurate with

his great ability, and thus he bears one more distinguished attestation to the varied genius of his native land.

**M'CLISE, THE PAINTER.**

This "greatest living master of the human figure" is a native of the city of Cork. He drew from Canova's models, in the Cork Academy, and, when sufficiently master of the divine art, repaired to London, that market of Irish talent, whither his fame had previously travelled. His picture of Snap-apple Night is equal to any thing that ever came from Hogarth. It has been engraved, and is in every print-shop. He is now engaged in a series of scenic illustrations of Moore's Melodies, which are to be appended to a new edition of that national code of music. We cannot particularize all the works of this distinguished son of genius. His most considerable are the fresco paintings, the highest branch of the art, which he has been commissioned to execute for the new Parliament-House of England. His first picture will be placed over the British throne, in the house of lords, where it will ever be regarded as a triumph of Irish genius over the best productions of haughty England.

**SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEA,**

the president of the London Royal Academy of Painting, is, like the founder of that institution, an Irishman, and a native of the south of Ireland. To be raised, by the force and splendor of his talents, as this distinguished man has been, above the heads of English artists, is a circumstance which cannot but be gratifying to every Irish mind. "Brayed in a mortar" for centuries, scourged by every English ministry, and traduced by almost every English writer, as Ireland has been, it is delightful thus to witness her unconquerable spirit soaring, with immortal pinions, over the proudest pinnacles of art and science owned by her heartless sister, and perching, wherever she willeth, on those devoted to science, art, music, poetry, arms, eloquence, literature, and even mechanism.

Sir Martin Shea is not only a great painter, but a good poet, and, better still, a good Irishman.

The greatest artist in the difficult line of caricature-sketching is DOYLE, a native of Ireland, the celebrated H. B., so often noticed by the London Times, whose humorous sketches of political leaders on both sides



have presented such striking likenesses of the prominent characters of the day. Lord Morpeth, when secretary of Ireland, used to show his friends H. B.'s political sketches of himself and his associates, in which the honorable secretary and his political helpmates were most laughably delineated. He is one of the chief artists connected with that prince of wags, the London *Punch*. There are, besides, BAILEY, the eminent Irish sculptor, whose *Eve at the Fountain* would honor Canova; FOWLER, too, and CAREW, who have won fame in the same line; HAVERTY, BURTON, and MULVANY, portrait-painters, and many others, of whom I am not sufficiently informed to enable me to dwell upon their merits; nor must we omit to mention INGHAM, the great painter, now in the United States, whose coloring is considered quite Titian-like.

#### BALFE, THE COMPOSER,

the author of several most touching melodies, including the *Light of other Days*, the *Blighted Flower*, &c., is a native of Dublin, a gentleman full of genuine melody and musical science, who has won a European, and even a transatlantic reputation; for his operas have been successful, not only in Dublin, but in London, Vienna, and New York, winning the unbounded applause of four great communities! The *Bohemian Girl* had a run of several nights, during last winter, in New York, and it is to be produced in Boston, during the present season. Balfé is now at the head of the English opera.

#### SURGEON THOMAS A. O'FLAHERTY,

a native of the south of Ireland, and a near relative of Dr. O'Flaherty, the much-respected Catholic pastor of Salem, obtained, within the present year, the prize medal of the London Midwifery College. This triumph of a Milesian Catholic in the midst of the aspiring and cultivated intellect of England is not without its moral. It shows, with all those other evidences I have adduced, that the Irish mind, when cultivated, is equal in grasp to every science and every art. Surgeon O'Flaherty was admitted this year, after a most critical examination, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and appointed assistant-surgeon to the West End Lying-in Institute. It is not a little remarkable that Mr. O'Flaherty is the first Irish Catholic that has been so honored for three hundred years. Mr. O'F. is a young man, and may naturally aspire to the highest scientific distinctions of his arduous profession.

## MACREADY,

the king of the British stage, may be called an Irishman ; for, although born in London, his parents were Irish. Some of his relatives reside in Bride Street, Dublin, and the great tragedian himself boasts of his Irish blood as enthusiastically as did the hero, General Jackson.

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\* It is not a little singular that Master BETTY, the infant Roscius of 1803, and Miss MUDIE, who appeared at eight years of age, the astonishing theatrical genius of the same era, were both natives of Ireland ; also Master BURKE, whose comic performances and musical abilities, at the age of eight, surprised and delighted the British public. The mother of the elder KEAN, to whom he was indebted for his education, was an Irishwoman. Mrs. WOFFINGTON, the queen of comedy for twenty years, on the British stage, was born in Dublin. Miss MELLON, the talented and estimable representative of genteel comedy, the first on the British stage for many years, was born in Ireland, the daughter of very poor parents. She obtained, by her talents and merits, the hand, in marriage, of the wealthiest and most respectable banker in England, the late Mr. COURTS, who, at his death, bequeathed her the bulk of his vast fortune, exceeding two millions sterling ; soon after which she was wedded to the Duke of St. Albans. She adorned every station, and distributed her immense wealth in the manner best calculated to serve the poor. Miss O'NEILL was not suffered to remain long enough upon the stage to spread her reputation abroad ; but those who saw her in Desdemona or Juliet must acknowledge that there never was a female performer who represented the tender passions, as conceived by Shakespeare, more chastely and perfectly than this gifted lady, a native of Dublin. The Prince of Wales (George the Fourth) showered favors upon her without being able to draw her into the vortex of his dangerous friendship ; but the British stage was deprived of its brightest ornament by the successful suit of W. R. Beecher, a wealthy gentleman of the south of Ireland, who made her his wife. Mrs. HEMANS, by her beautiful poetry, and Lady BLESSINGTON, by her beautiful prose productions, have contributed the pearls of their minds to the ornament of their native land.

GEORGE FARQUHAR, the author of the stock comedies, the *Inconstant*,

\* A few of these sketches belong to a previous age. They were accidentally omitted in a former group, but must be desirable in any.

Beaux' Stratagem, Recruiting Officer, Stage-Coach, Twin Rivals, Constant Couple, Sir Harry Wildair, and other less distinguished pieces, was born in Derry, in the north of Ireland, 1678, and was educated at the Dublin University. While at college, he ventured to perform Othello and some other characters at the Smock Alley Theatre, and was applauded, receiving for his services the munificent salary of *twenty shillings a week*. It was after this he began to write for the stage, with what success the above productions will testify.

BROOKE, the author of the patriotic plays, *Gustavus Vasa* and *Jack the Giant-Killer*, and many others, was born in the county of Meath. The government suppressed his plays, as they were full of reflections upon bad governors. On the loss of an affectionate wife, he died of broken spirits. He was the author of the *Fool of Quality*, *Juliet Grenville*, and ten or twelve more productions.

MOSSOP, the best representative of Zanga that ever lived, was of Irish blood; and the present age gives to English literature KENNY, the dramatist, and ROOKE, (Anglicized from *Rourke*,) the musical composer, second only to Balfa.

"Lulled by the magic of her honeyed strain,  
The rival Muses owned the alternate reign;  
With mutual feeling each their feuds forsook,  
Combined their efforts, and created COOKE.  
Lord of the soul, magician of the heart,  
Pure child of nature, foster-child of art;  
And wit, and comedy, and love,  
Should come, with CONGREVE, from above.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Nor shouldst thou, FARQUHAR, absent be,  
Child of wit, and soul of glee!  
Swan of the stage, whose dying moan  
Such dulcet numbers poured along,  
That death grew captive at the tone,  
And stayed his dart to hear the song.

\* \* \* \* \*  
CLIVE and Comedy came together,  
Waving wild their wand of feather  
Round and round the antic throng,  
Led along  
By their airy song.

\* \* \* \* \*  
LEWIS, linked with Ease and Laughter,  
Beckoning Humor, lingering after,  
Half willing, half afraid to fly,  
And lose the light of JORDAN'S eye."\*

\* Phillips.

## SIR JOHN STEPHENSON

was born in Dublin, and left in youth an orphan. His father was a musician, and his friends got the orphan youth instructed in the choir of Christ Church Cathedral — a favor denied previously to any boy *born of Irish parents*. In 1806, he joined Moore in collecting and arranging the Irish Melodies, which we have dwelt upon in Moore's *Life*, page 1100. In 1816, on the success of their joint labors in the ballad music, they commenced the publication of sacred pieces. These pieces were subsequently continued by Sir John alone, and swelled to two large folio volumes, published in London in 1829. He had married, early in life, a wealthy lady, by which he was enabled to cultivate his profession. The issue of this marriage was two daughters, one of whom became the wife of the late Marquis of Headfort. By this connection he obtained a baronetcy. He had also two sons, one of whom, a clergyman, is still living. This distinguished man retained his simple, joyous habits through life; no wealth or distinction could wean him into a cold dignity.

T. Haynes Bayley, who knew and loved him well, addressed him in the following lines in his *Miniature Lyrics*: —

“Nay, ask not his age, when we meet him thus  
As youthful as ever in song and mirth:  
His eyes are still bright; and what is it to us  
How many years back they first opened on earth!”

Sir John died in 1833, aged 68.

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GRIFFIN wrote the *Collegian*, and *Gyseppius*. They are mementos, in the world of literature, of his genius. He died young, overborne by the world's difficulties.

MAXWELL, the Protestant prebendary of Balla, in the county of Leitrim, the author of *Wild Sports of the West*, *Stories of Waterloo*, and the *Life of the Duke of Wellington*. He has written several good stories, amongst which are *Hector O'Halloran*, *M'Dermott*, and others. He still lives, and contributes to the literature of the London periodicals.

MATORIN and FURLONG, poets of nature, are merely named to induce the inquiring mind to seek acquaintance with them; and CHARLES MANGAN, one of the living poets of the age, whose fame is before him, should be studied. Nor ought we to forget the talented productions of RICHARD COLLEY GRATTAN, particularly his *Highways and Byways*.

The Rev. FRANCIS MAHONY, a Catholic clergyman, the pastor of

Watergrass Hill, county Cork, sent his literary contributions into the great world under the signature of "Father Prout." These contributions (chiefly poetic) appeared, for years, in Bentley's Miscellany. They were of a witty and sarcastic turn, but full of melody, depth, and knowledge. The author of the Prout Papers sleeps in his own chapel-yard, but his memory is identified with English literature.

Dr. MAGINN. In noticing the most talented writer that shone for several years in Blackwood's Magazine, the co-editor of the London Standard, and the founder of Fraser's Magazine, we must regret that those varied talents which the bounteous genius of his country showered on him were bestowed upon her enemies. Dr. Maginn was the son of a Cork schoolmaster, and received his education in Trinity College; upon the death of his father, he carried on the school himself. Having written, for several years, a series of witty sketches, in verse and prose, for Blackwood's Magazine, among which were a continuation of the Prout Papers, when the original author of those amusing creations ceased to contribute, by which he acquired a distinguished reputation,— he was induced to leave his country school in Cork, and seek a golden fortune in London. In this he was rather disappointed. However, he obtained the joint-editorship with Giffard of the London Standard, the most virulent enemy that Ireland has in the press. He afterwards established Fraser's Magazine, and wrote the entire of its first four numbers. This was a very successful publication; but Maginn, from the irregularities of his life, was almost perpetually in pecuniary difficulties. He died in 1843.

There is hardly one periodical in England which does not receive a portion of its contributions from Irish pens, and it is well known that the majority of the writers and reporters connected with the London press are Irishmen. Barnes, the chief editor of the Times, declared that there were no men able to *reproduce*, like the Irish reporters, the sentiments delivered in the house of commons. In truth, a great portion of that collection which passes in the world for *English literature*, from Spenser, Steele, Goldsmith, Burke, Edgeworth, Sheridan, down to Maginn's and Croker's articles in the magazines, is essentially the fruits of Irish genius.

In arms, in arts, and in statesmanship, Ireland has contributed to make England what she is; and the contemplation of this great fact makes us exclaim, with Phillips, —

"Strange that a noble, generous land,  
Enabling others to withstand  
The foreign warrior's fierce command,  
Should not itself be free!

Strange that a warrior, bold and brave,  
 Should o'er the foe his banner wave,  
 Yet reap no fruit from victory!  
 No matter what the bar to fame,  
 Nor how disqualified the claim, —  
 Erin has sent her warriors bright  
 To win the laurels of the fight;  
 From him, the chief and champion bold,\*  
 Down to the simple peasant name  
 Whose whole nobility is fame,  
 He who on BAROSSA'S height  
 Stopped the eagle in its flight, †  
 And spurned its crest of gold;  
 From that to bloody Waterloo, ‡  
 Where Irishmen were plenty, too  
 No, not a trophy of the day  
 Which Erin did not bear away!

\* \* \* \*

But, ERIN, you never had mourned the sight,  
 Had you brandished your spear in your own good fight!  
 Had you boldly stood on your mountain crag,  
 And waved o'er the valley your own green flag,  
 Soon, soon should the stranger have found his grave  
 Beneath the wild foam of your ocean wave."

There are many others, especially members of the repeal confederation, whom I should like to portray; but the truth is, my publishers have peremptorily refused to receive any more copy for the first edition of this work. I would wish to devote a few pages to the Rev. EDWARD GROVES, the Protestant patriot, the Messrs. O'CALLAGHANS, O'MAHONEY, J. REILY, REYNOLDS, — and to some of the provincial patriots, Captain SEAVER, Dr. CANE, of Kilkenny; C. Maxwell, of Kilkenny;

\* The Duke of Wellington.

† It was Sergeant Masterson, a native of Roscommon, in Ireland, who took the famous imperial eagle at the battle of Barossa. This ensign was encircled with a golden wreath, as a particular mark of the emperor's favor.

The 87th, commanded by Sir John Doyle, entirely composed of Irishmen, so distinguished themselves in the Peninsular war that the prince regent styled them "his own Irish."

"It is worthy of remark," says Phillips, (Emerald Isle,) "that there was scarcely a single name of any note engaged in the Peninsular war which is not Irish. Wellington, Pack, Blake, Carrol, O'Donnel, Trant, Beresford, and countless others, form a bright and dazzling constellation in the night of Ireland's sorrow."

‡ After the battle of Waterloo, a prize was subscribed by English gentlemen to be given to the bravest man that appeared under the English standard on that memorable field, the judgment to be given by the Duke of Wellington. An Irishman, named JAMES GRAHAM, obtained the prize!

RICHARD DOWDEN, of Cork; Messrs. HACKETT and BIANCONI, of Clonmel; DELAHUNTY, of Waterford; GREEN, of Wexford; VERDON, of Sligo; W. J. O'CONNELL, of London; the Rev. Mr. HEARNE, of Manchester; and some others, who are the political sinews of the vast confederacy whose head is in Conciliation Hall.

My labor must here end for the present. Those who are omitted from my pages, and who deserve well to be there, may be assured that it is my necessity, and not my will, that excludes them. It is, however, more than probable I shall publish an ANNUAL SUPPLEMENT to this work, in which the omissions may be remedied. What I have done is in honor and vindication of my country in a distant land, where her history was little known, and where her sons have been misrepresented. If my labors shall be productive of a better public opinion concerning Ireland, they will not have been applied in vain.

## NOTES.

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### NOTE 1.— *On the Dissolution of the Volunteers of 1782.*

THE following correspondence has grown from the conflicting opinions expressed regarding the unfortunate dissolution of the Irish volunteers. I have no feeling upon this subject, one way or the other, but that of desiring to publish the truth.

"BOSTON, August 4, 1845.

"TO JOHN CALDWELL, Esq., *Newburg, New York* :

"Dear Sir, — A controversy is likely to grow up between me and some of the leading politicians in Ireland upon a matter of history, which you, in my opinion, are amongst the best capable of any men living to decide. It relates to the sudden dissolution of the volunteers' convention in the Rotunda, on the 18th of November, 1783, by the president of that body, the late Earl of Charlemont.

"I enclose you twelve pages of my forthcoming History of Ireland, now passing through the press, in which that transaction is narrated. I rely principally on Barrington's statement, and the fact that, though twenty years published, it remains to this day uncontradicted by any rebutting statement from a volunteer. I also send you an extract from Mr. Macnevin's History of the Volunteers, cut from the Dublin Nation, in which you will perceive he pronounces Barrington's statement a "calumny," and alleges that the volunteers dissolved of their own accord, seeing that they could make no improvement in the Irish parliament.

"I do not concur in thinking that the volunteers voluntarily dissolved — they who, by their courage and perseverance, intelligence and virtue, extorted from England a free trade in 1779, and a free parliament in 1782; who, by a parade of their loaded cannon and lighted matches, compelled the king and parliament of England to renounce an authority over Ireland that was exercised for centuries, — would, in 1783, have cowered before the borough-mongering Irish house of commons, unless some treachery broke their spirit, divided their ranks, and drove them to despair.

"Your father was a commander in the virtuous and valiant Bill of Rights Battalion — one who, being a Protestant, consistently raised his voice for according to the Catholic the right of private judgment in religion. You hold the original celebrated letter of the illustrious Protestant bishop of Derry in answer to their enlightened address. If you were not yourself a member of that corps, you were a youth alive to every thing that related to a body of patriots among whom your father held so distinguished a position, and were familiar with every tradition connected with the rise and fall of the Irish volunteers. You were treasurer to one of the northern societies of United Irishmen, and, as such, you were arrested by a



warrant from Lord Castlereagh, from whose hands you escaped by a sort of miracle, and found in America, with Emmet, Macneven, and many others, a safe and friendly asylum.

"I repeat, that I know not a man living, with the exception, perhaps, of the venerable Arthur O'Connor, of Paris, (now in his 79th year,) who can be considered better authority than you, upon this point.

"To you, therefore, I appeal for judgment. Should it be adverse to my views, I shall modify my opinions accordingly.

"Awaiting the favor of your early reply,

"I have the honor to be, sir, with the greatest respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS MOONEY."

#### A N S W E R .

SALISBURY MILLS, ORANGE CO., }  
STATE OF NEW YORK, August 16, 1845. }

"MR. THOMAS MOONEY :

"My Dear Sir, — I did not receive your favor of the 4th instant in due course, in consequence of your having written the word *Newburg* on the envelope. The above is the correct address. I return you the printed proof-sheets, directed in pamphlet form, to save postage. You should recollect that in 1782 I was only thirteen years old, and had just been brought home from a four years' residence at an academy in England; but I am firmly impressed with the truth of Barrington's statement (though I never liked the man nor his conduct in '98) of the dissolution of the convention. I believe him correct in that point.

"The open hostility of many of the former leaders of the volunteer cause, together with the apathy of others who still affected zeal, wore the uniform, and attended partial reviews, occasioned a woful diminution of their numbers; the Catholic question diminished their ranks; the government called in the arms which they had lent; and at length, by proclamation, and the attempt to establish on the ruins of the volunteer system a yeomanry corps, and that succeeded by a regular militia, effectually *put down* and prostrated the most noble military array that ever blessed and dignified a nation. You can, from these facts, draw some, what of a conclusion whether the body was annihilated by force, fraud, treachery, intrigue, or a combination of all and each.

"I have taken the liberty of scribbling some marginal notes to your proof-sheets. You are mistaken in some of your positions respecting my own personal matters. *I did not escape by a sort of miracle*, but after a long series of persecution, by imprisonment and declining to bring me to trial. A number of influential (government) friends in Belfast solicited my discharge, and offered any security which might be demanded for my future *loyalty*, or, as the wording of the writing was, for my *future good behavior*. This was acceded to, but utterly (though thankfully to my friends) declined by me; and, after a series of adventures and perils by land and by water, I at length arrived in safety in this blessed land of liberty. If I can further your views, or assist you in your publication, I shall do so with pleasure. I would extend this communication, but am not very well for some days past.

"I remain, with the best wishes for your success,

"Your assured friend,

"JOHN CALDWELL."

NOTE 2. — *On the Round Tower Controversy.*

Since the early part of this volume was stereotyped, a very learned and highly illustrated work has been published, in Ireland, by Mr. PETRIE, a most talented artist and an able antiquarian, in which a theory is broached, respecting the origin and use of the pillar towers, which differs materially from that published by me, and which renders it necessary to question his doctrine — a duty I feel very great reluctance in attempting.

Mr. P. differs from a host of Irish and English writers, particularly from Vallancy, Sir William Betham, Moore, Taaffe, &c. These eminent writers allege that the towers were used by the pagan Irish partly for religious, partly for astronomical purposes, and for monuments over the distinguished dead.

To uproot the latter theory, Mr. Petrie has arrayed the histories of the burials of several kings before the Christian era, in which there is no mention, in the burial ceremonies, of these towers. This is very strong evidence in support of his view, and would weigh much, only that we are told by others that these towers were erected in an age far remote from the reach of authentic history. The Rev. Mr. Wright, in speaking of this question, has the following: "The history of the pyramids recommends us to be cautious. In one respect there is an analogy suggested by a passage from Pliny, who says of the pyramids, 'The gods, to punish so much vanity and presumption, have consigned to everlasting oblivion the founders' names, dates, periods, and all records relating to them.'"

If neither the Arabic, Greek, nor Roman historians could, twenty centuries ago, tell aught of the pyramids, — could neither tell the names of those kings that raised them, nor the particular objects for which they were erected, — why should we distract ourselves with controversies which can only be supported on one side or the other by *conjecture*? The authentic history of those round towers has long since perished. The first who mentions them is Giraldus Cambrensis, the English "commissioner" of Henry the Second, anno 1170. He alludes to the overflowing of Lough Neagh, and the swallowing up, by the lake, of a whole city, with its "tall round towers," &c.

Mr. Petrie boldly affirms they were erected by the Christians to hold the sacred vessels, and to be used as belfrys; but he does not bring forward any *evidence* to support his theory. The reader, therefore, may incline to Mr. Petrie's opinion as to these towers being of Christian origin, or to Vallancy and Betham's opinion, that they are of pagan origin. It is a matter of very little consequence one way or the other; but I confess I cannot reconcile to my mind that they are of Christian origin, for I do not see what use they could be of to the Christians. It should be remembered that the Christian worship has never varied in Ireland for twelve hundred years. Their churches, as I have shown in my remarks on modern architecture, were, from the first dawning of Christianity, gable-roofed buildings, either of stone, or wood and wattle, and frequently of all these combined; and the Christian congregations assembled within those buildings. These did not change in form, though they were enlarged in size, and highly adorned in style. The pillar towers are *altogether unsuited for any Christian ceremony*. They never were required to hold in safety the silver vessels and ornaments used on the Christian altars; for, in the early ages of Christianity, the people were so conscientiously

honest that the doors of the churches, day or night, were never closed, and the most valuable vessels, candlesticks, and ornaments, were safe upon their altars; but it is very probable the priests, during the Danish invasions, hid their treasures in the foundations of these towers, for the Christian churches are generally found built *near* them, but *not in connection* with them, which is easily accounted for. The Christian missionaries were careful to violate or abolish as little as possible of the old customs of their converts, whose pagan prejudices were strong, and, therefore, in the building of their churches, chose a site near the ancient place of religious assemblage.

Again, we know, as it has been shown in previous pages, that during the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, whole flocks of holy missionaries proceeded from Ireland all over the continent of Europe, and spread the lights of the Christian religion, of literature and science, wheresoever they penetrated. We know, also, that they built, with their own hands, the early churches of Britain, Scotland, of Germany, of Switzerland, of many parts of France, and some of those of Portugal. Now, the early buildings, and those erected down to the fourteenth century, are all of one style, recently and vulgarly called *Gothic*, but which is really *IRISH*. There was but one round tower built in all Europe by the Christian missionaries, and that was erected at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, in the very heart of Europe, in the ninth century, by an Irish architect, a monk from the abbey of St. Gall, who raised it, not as an appendage of utility to the church which he built there, but as a memorial to denote the nation of the architect; for the round towers of Ireland were *then* ancient edifices, and Ireland was the only place in Europe where they could be seen, with the exception of two only that remain in the west of Scotland, evidently of an age with those of Ireland.

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NOTE 3. — *On the Laws, Parliaments, Kings, Genius, and civilizing Attributes, of England.*

The tenor of certain expressions that have appeared lately in Irish publications, and in Conciliation Hall, has led me to believe that some most unwarranted notions of English law, parliaments, kings, and civilizing attributes, prevail among some Irishmen, and induce me to devote a general note to the subject.

One writer deploras that "the Irish were excluded from the *benefit* of the English laws from the first invasion by Henry the Second to the time of Elizabeth." No historical heresy can be much more pernicious than this. It would teach the youth of Ireland to look with contempt upon the laws of their Milesian forefathers, and to regard England as the fountain of equity, jurisprudence, legislation, &c.

It would be well, indeed, for the Irish, if they had been excluded from the benefit of English laws from that period to the present. One would think, on reading this passage, that the Irish had no system of laws; no just idea of jurisprudence. I will at once direct the reader's attention to the first six or seven hundred pages of this history, to learn the nature, extent, and justice, of the native laws of Ireland; and I will here set before him a few extracts selected by O'Connell himself, from his extensive legal reading, to the same purport; which I find in his *Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon*.

So prompt, just, mild, and impartial, did those primitive laws appear to the English colonists, that they universally adopted them, in preference to their own; so that, from the first coming over of the English to the time of James the First, — a period of more than four hundred years, — there were no others in use in Ireland, except in only a few of the principal places within the Pale; and the English settlers, even there, thought so highly of *their equity* that they frequently resorted to them for the settlement of their disputes, and were restrained from their universal adoption only by the stringent statutes of Trim and Kilkenny; for these Brehon laws were viewed by the English government with the greatest jealousy and alarm, and their use was declared, by the statute of [Kilkenny] 40th of Edward the Third, high treason. —

“Baron Finglas, who was chief baron of the exchequer under Henry the Eighth, places the Irish character on far higher grounds than the English character, so far as concerns law and justice. He says, —

“‘It is a great abusion and reproach that the laws and statutes made in this land are ne observed nor kept, after the making of them, eight days, which matter is one of the destructions of Englishmen of this land; and diverse Irishmen doth observe and keepe such laws and statutes, which they make upon hills in their country FIRM AND STABLE, WITHOUT BREAKING THEM FOR ANY FAVOR OR REWARD.’ — *Baron Finglas's Hibernica*, p. 51.

“Lord Coke says, — ‘I have been informed by many of those that had judicial places in Ireland, and know partly of my own knowledge, that there is no nation of THE CHRISTIAN WORLD THAT ARE GREATER LOVERS OF JUSTICE THAN THE IRISH ARE, *which virtue must, of course, be accompanied by many others.*’ — *Coke iv., Inst.* 349.

“Robert Payne, who wrote a brief account of Ireland, 1589, speaking of their administration of justice among each other, and particularly, the petty law courts established by the corporations in Catholic times, says, — ‘But, as touching their government in their corporations, where they bear rule, it is done with such wisdom, equity, and justice as demerits worthy commendations; for I myself divers times have seene, in several places within their jurisdictions, well near twenty causes decided at one sitting, with such indifferencie that, for the most part, both plaintiffe and defendant hath departed contented; yet manie that make show of peace, and desireth to live by blood, doe utterly mislike this or any good thing that the poore Irishman dothe.’” — *O'Connell's Memoir*.

Now, justice is justice, whether administered from a stone or a throne. All jurists lay it down, that the simpler and the fewer the laws of a people, the more justice and peace will prevail among them. So thought Napoleon, when he abridged and simplified the laws of France, and so thought the fathers of the American constitution, when they formed that admirable system of jurisprudence under which we live; for their laws are simple, easily understood, quickly and cheaply administered; and so will the laws of England become when the day of real reform shall arrive.

England possessed no beneficial law but the trial of the twelve men, which was Ireland's own before the days of Alfred. (See page 354 of this work.) I have in my possession every law passed by the parliament of England from the days of the Normans to those of the Guelphs. They are a heap of rubbish; in general very ignorantly framed, and almost always inequitable. I defy any jurist of any

nation to pass any other opinion upon them, or to tell, from a perusal of them, what the laws of England really are. O'Connell long since pronounced English law to be "a guess at what other men are likely to guess;" and Lord Brougham, in a motion for a revision of the laws, in 1844, pronounced them to be the greatest gathering of rubbish, villany, fraud, and absurdity, that ever the world heard of. Their whole system is, and always was, corrupt, and could not be beneficial to the Irish. Their laws of entail are tyrannical; their statute laws are fraudulent; their common law judge-made and despotic; their criminal law bloody; their chancery laws wasting; their excise laws knavish; their ecclesiastical laws unscriptural and unequal as between rich and poor; their juries packed by the crown; and their judges, with a few exceptions, selected for their pliability and politics. Let us not hear from Irish lips any yearning or panting for the benefit of such laws.

Another, in giving a brief history of English legislation in Ireland, describes the ancient Irish parliaments as "rude baronial assemblies," which notion, if it pass uncondemned, must inevitably lead the youth of Ireland to hold in contempt the ancient national assemblages of their forefathers. This description is totally unwarranted by history. Let the reader turn over the pages of this work devoted to the ancient parliaments, and examine what they did for the happiness of the people. Their laws regulating hospitality may be compared with the English poor laws; their law of gavel with the English law of primogeniture; their trial by twelve men with the jury-packing and courts-martial of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Castlereagh, and other ministers of England; their laws for the support and propagation of learning with any that England ever enacted; their Brehon judges with the Lyndhursts, Broughams, Pennafathers, Norburys, Mansfields, and Jeffrieses, of modern days; their code of honor with that of Sir James Graham, so signally demonstrated in the post-office; their chivalry and military honor with that pursued by their oppressors, from Strongbow to Lord Cardigan; their virtue and gallantry with those of the invaders, from 1169 to the horrible era of 1798. Our ancient forefathers may be weighed against their calumniators in every virtue that man reveres. It might be shown, indeed, that their legislative assemblies were sometimes, in the course of ages, broken up by the violence of usurpers; but what nation is there free from that imputation? Certainly none in Europe, and England least of all. It may be shown, also, that there were some bad laws among them; but what nation was there or is there of which this cannot be also said? Neither the United States, France, Belgium, nor the pope's dominions, are free from these, and England least of all. But a nation is to be judged by comparison with other nations, and not by a self-created standard. If the virtues of a nation are in a majority over its vices, that is the index of its character, and by that it must be judged. Let Ireland be judged so, and by no other rule.

Taunts like these flung upon the sacred fame of our ancestors tempt us to inquire into the character of the legislators of England. After the Norman conquest, the people called "Englishmen," composed of ancient Britons, Angles, Saxons, and Danes, were bought and sold by their conquerors, who reduced them to slavery. A baron law prevailed. There was no parliament held; the word of the king was the law of the land, and all the old maxims and laws of Alfred and Edward were disregarded. This was the "constitution" of England for many reigns after the conquest. About two hundred years after the conquest, King John, to avoid a rebellion, granted a constitution called a charter, by which the rights of certain

yeomen or citizens were recognized, some of the old laws brought from Ireland by Alfred were restored, and a better state of things was established; but there was no representative parliament till the close of the reign of Henry the Third. These laws were altered, evaded, or disregarded, by subsequent parliaments, particularly during the civil wars of the Roses, which prevailed in England from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century; and there was really no fixed law in force, but the strongest chieftain gave his own laws.

On the accession of Henry the Eighth, England assumed more regularity in government; but it was of short duration. King Henry himself, by his simple proclamation, suppressed Magna Charta, trampled under foot the laws, constitution, and freedom of England; and there was not one man in his parliament virtuous enough to oppose him. The old English laws have never been restored since. That parliament may be denominated a gathering of cowards; the next parliament a gathering of knaves; that of Queen Mary a pack of hypocrites; and that of Queen Elizabeth a pack of plunderers. The parliaments of James the First, of Charles the First, of Cromwell, of Charles the Second, were a compound of all these bad qualities;—they sat, in general, as long as they pleased. Those of William the Third, and Anne, passed the most dishonest and infamous enactments that ever disgraced the statute-book of England. The parliament of George the First declared its right to sit seven years instead of three. The parliaments of George the Second and Third plunged into dishonest wars, piled up a debt for the English people, born and unborn, which never can be paid; passed one hundred oppressive acts limiting the liberties of the people and enlarging the power of the aristocracy. Eighteen of those encroached, one after the other, upon the tenants' rights, and six of them struck directly at civil liberty. The whole remain still on the statute-book. The kings and queens, during all that time, infused their principles into their parliaments, and colored them by their own hue, teaching, by example, bigotry, murder, and robbery. The parliaments of George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and Victoria, have talked a great deal, but they have not restored the rights of the people. On the contrary, the parliament returned on the present principle is made up principally of land-owners and lawyers, both of whom have a direct interest in preserving the whole system of complicated tyranny as it is, and as it ever will be, until a thorough change overtakes it. The law of England costs the people twenty millions sterling (ninety millions of dollars) per annum, and their provisions, owing to corn laws, forty millions sterling more than they could purchase them for in foreign nations.

A third person speaks of the glory of British arms, and the "civilization" which would be carried through the world were England to do justice to Ireland. I cannot conceive how any one on the part of England can presume now, after the career she has passed, to talk of her "civilization" and "glory." It is true, the tap of her drum follows the light of the morning sun round the earth, but the echo of that sound is the groan of suffering humanity. She has obtained her dominion and opulence at the expense of every law of God or of nations; at the expense of every feeling engendered by morality or created by high sentiment; at the expense of the lives of unnumbered millions of human beings. Read the page devoted to the East India Company, (1420,) then glance your eye upon the condition of Ireland, where half the population are paupers. (See *Agricultural Laborers*, p. 1390.) See the penal laws,—see her policy in the American colonies, in

Canada, and among her own people, and tell us, can England presume to talk of "civilization?" If Irishmen intend to make use of their freedom to aid England in "civilizing" the world, and increasing the "glory" of her flag, then it would be better for mankind that Ireland were to remain as she is; and, for my own part, if I had not a higher opinion of her morality and virtue, I would not stir hand or foot to procure her liberty.

England a civilizer of mankind! When, where, what nation did she civilize? Those who claim this rank for her must be particular; they must give us facts, dates, and places. Was it India? Let the career of Clive, Warren Hastings, Wellesley, and Ellenborough, answer. Fifty millions of human beings butchered by her agents in a century! Did she promote the Christian religion in the East? O, no! Those nations which first spread it peacefully in the East were driven by her from their limited trading positions. The blood she spilled under a Christian flag fired the Chinese and Japanese with such hostility toward the Christian name, that all the converts made, from the days of St. Francis Xavier, relapsed, and the severest edicts were passed by the Eastern authorities against the Christian teachers.

To what nation did she carry civilization? Not certainly among her one hundred and fifty millions of bondsmen in the East. Nor has she yet civilized, enlightened, or liberated her own people, who are deficient of many of those Christian attributes for which she would claim credit in other nations. The tyranny of her aristocracy over her own people is enough for mankind. No! their career for seven centuries has been one of plunder at home, piracy abroad, and perfidy every where. The power of that aristocracy must be destroyed, or there is no happiness for her toiling millions, no safety for freedom, no peace for foreign nations, no liberty for Ireland.

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