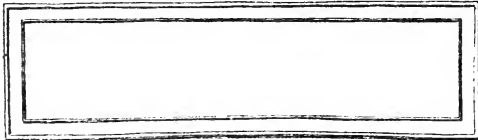




B 3 467 335

THE JAMES D. PHELAN  
CELTIC COLLECTION







# ANTRIM AND DOWN

In '98.

**FRANK J. SULLIVAN**

The Lives of

HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN.

JAMES HOPE.

WILLIAM PUTNAM M'CABE.

REV. JAMES PORTER.

HENRY MUNRO.

BY

DR. MADDEN.

"

DA 970

A 614-

NO 1791  
1791 1791

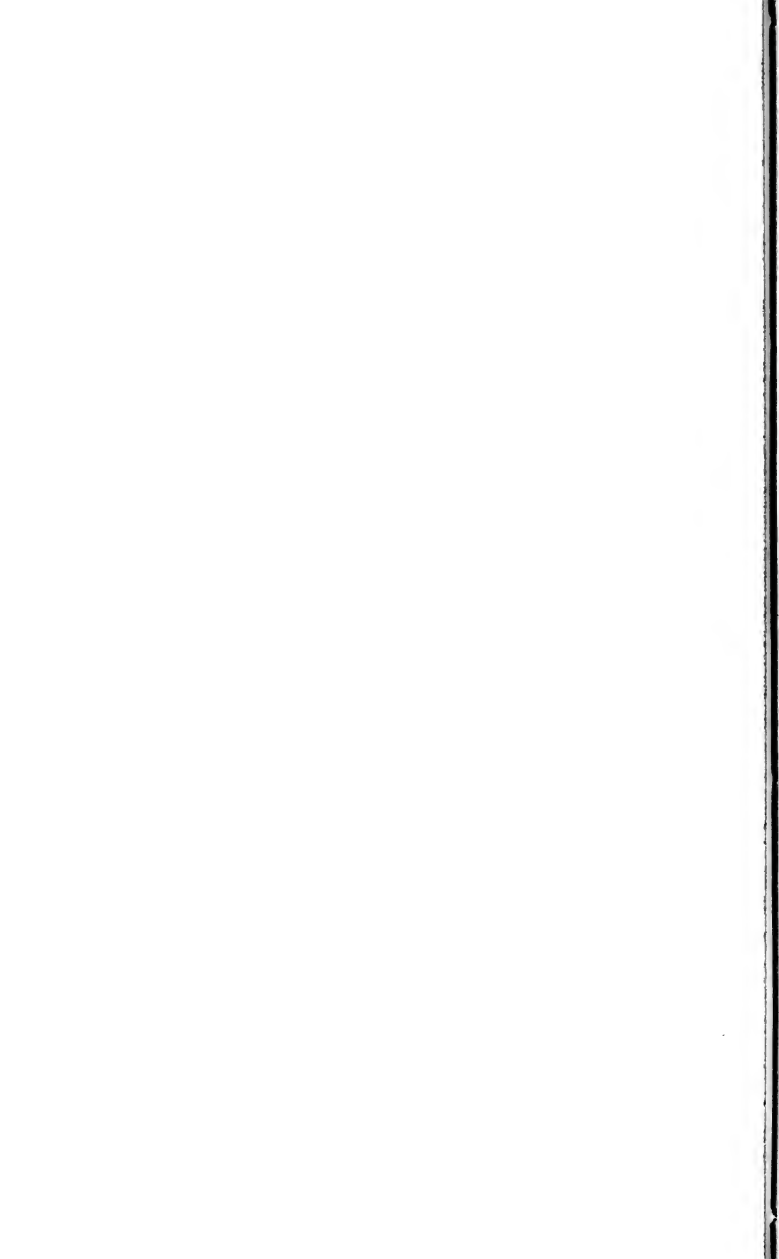
PHELAN

## INDEX.

---

	PAGE
HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN, - - - - -	5
JAMES HOPE, - - - - -	86
WILLIAM PUTNAM M'CABE, - - - - -	155
REV. JAMES PORTER, - - - - -	211
HENRY MUNRO, - - - - -	227

802177





MEMOIR  
OF  
HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN.

---

CHAPTER I.

It has been already observed, that whatever records of the lives and histories of the United Irishmen have been rescued from oblivion, the preservation of them in most instances which have come to our knowledge had been owing to the fidelity of female friendship, or affection on the part of their surviving relatives, the sisters and daughters of the men who were engaged in the struggle of 1798, which neither time, nor obloquy, nor new ties and interests had estranged, nor had been able to extinguish. The name of Mary M'Cracken has become associated in the north with that of her beloved brother. The recollection of every act of his seems to have been stored up in her mind, as if she felt the charge of his reputation had been committed to her special care.

In that attachment there are traits to be noticed indicative not only of singleness of heart, and benevolence of disposition ; but of a noble spirit of heroism, strikingly displayed in the performance of perilous duties, of services rendered at the hazard of life, at great pecuniary sacrifices, not only to that dear brother, but at a later period to his faithful friend, the unfortunate Thomas Russell. Perhaps to those who move in the busy haunts of life, and become familiarized with the circumscribed views and actions of worldly-minded people, the rare occurrence of qualities of another kind, which seem to realize the day-dreams of one's early years, an excellence of disposition devoid of all selfishness, devoted to all goodness, capable of all sacrifices and constant in all trials,—that shakes not in adversity, and becomes insensible to fear where the safety of friends and kindred is in question,—in one who seems to be

utterly unconscious of her own nobleness of mind, may appear worthy of admiration.

We are principally indebted to the sister of Henry Joy M'Cracken for the materials which enable us to give the following sketch of her brother's ancestry, character, and life.

His grandfather's family was driven from Scotland by persecution, on account of religion, at the time Claverhouse was employed in hunting the Covenanters like wild beasts. The refugees settled at Hill-hall, near Lisburn. Henry's father married a Miss Joy, whose ancestors had fled from France, likewise on account of persecution for their religious tenets. Three of the Joys originally came from France, about the same time; two of whom were brothers. One of the brothers settled in the south, the other in the north. Francis Joy, originally a conveyancer and notary-public, established the *Belfast Newsletter*, in consequence of a printer, who had been in his debt, having given up his establishment to him. He had two sons, Robert and Henry, by whom the paper was carried on after his death; and a daughter, Ann. Henry was father to Henry Joy, who went to the bar, and became Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Robert had a son, Henry, who wrote the *Belfast Politics*. Ann married John M'Cracken, who commanded, for many years, a vessel in the West India trade, and subsequently became the owner of that vessel. This John M'Cracken had four sons, Francis, William, Henry Joy, and John; and two daughters, Margaret and Mary Anne; of whom the last named is the only survivor.

Mr. John M'Cracken was a man of polished manners, whose suavity of disposition and integrity of principles caused him to be generally respected and esteemed. His wife was remarkable for an uniform cheerfulness of temper and benevolence of mind, that endeared her to young people as well as to the aged. Both entertained a deep feeling of the importance of religion, and they bowed to many severe dispensations of Divine Providence with a resigned spirit.

H. J. M'Cracken was born in Belfast on the 31st of August, 1767.\* In his character most of the excellent

\* The house in High Street, now occupied by Ogsden, a confectioner.

qualities of his parents were combined. In early childhood he was adventurous and enterprising, courageous, and possessed of great quickness of perception. The absence of selfishness and timidity, which usually secures for a boy an influence over his companions, had made him a great favourite amongst them. In more advanced years, the simplicity of his character was strongly contrasted with the sterner qualities of courage and steadfastness of purpose. One who knew him well, describes him as a person who united in a degree seldom witnessed, tenderness of heart with intrepidity of spirit.

He displayed considerable ingenuity and dexterity in imitating and improving mechanical contrivances; and united a natural talent for mimicry with a delicate sense of what was due to the feelings of others. In ordinary conversation he was full of humour; and those who had only seen him in society would have imagined he was incapable of a serious thought; and yet when important matters called for his attention, his countenance indicated anything but levity. His height was five feet eleven inches; his appearance highly prepossessing; he was well formed, not very athletic, but of remarkable agility. On one or two occasions, when fires took place in the towns, he was one of the foremost in the post of danger, and was sometimes left to occupy it alone. He was at first intended for the linen business, and with that view was taught to work at the loom, as was usual at that period; he was afterwards for some time placed in the counting-house of a general merchant, a relation, for improvement, and then put to the business of the cotton manufacture. The first introduction of cotton manufacture in Ireland has been ascribed to two or three different persons, and amongst these was his uncle, Robert Joy. It had been established only a few years before, when young Henry M'Cracken was first employed in it. The original partners were, his two uncles, Thomas M'Cabe, and his father. M'Cabe in a short time withdrew from the partnership. Henry attended to the manufacturing department. He was about seventeen or eighteen years of age when he was put at this business. About 1789, he was sent to Scotland, to engage calico-printers and other mechanics for his employers.

On his return, it was decided that he was to live at the factory, close to the Falls, to superintend the works there. He was one of a few individuals, about this time, who undertook the establishment of the first Sunday school in Belfast, between fifty and sixty years ago; and it was held in the old market-house, the place of his execution.

About the beginning of 1795, there was a change in the partnership, when his father withdrew, and Henry returned home. In the summer of the same year, the 17th Dragoons committed great excesses in Belfast, attacked the houses of several persons, and wounded many individuals. On this occasion Henry took a very conspicuous part in opposing the marauders. He succeeded in capturing one of the assailants, and disarming him. The people, who had previously kept aloof, rushed forward and demanded to have the man given up to their fury, which he refused to do; but led him through the crowd and surrendered him to an officer. This affair was unaccountable; the chief object of the attack seemed to be the destruction of certain obnoxious sign-boards, and must have been made with the knowledge of the chief magistrate. A son of his, named Sheffy, a lad of weak intellect, who had been at school with M'Cracken, called at his father's house two days before the attack took place, and spoke of it as a matter that had actually happened. He was asked the meaning of what he spoke about; and he replied, that the signs of General Doumourier and Dr. Franklin were taken down. He was told they were not. He answered, if they are not, then they soon will be. After this affair Henry went to reside for some time at Hollywood, where he enjoyed a great deal of the society of his friend Russell.

Russell was a passionate admirer of the beauties of nature, but his visits were not entirely, nor perhaps chiefly for amusement.

The business of the Union were not neglected at those meetings, and on some occasions several of their associates used to meet at M'Cracken's of an evening. Some of those persons were great boasters, professed to be most ardent patriots, talked violently, and afterwards acted cowardly. Henry, speaking of them to one of his friends, said that he did not value much

the enthusiasm which men exhibited over the bottle at night, that he only reckoned on what they felt when they were "fresh and cool in the morning." On leaving Hollywood, he took a place for commencing the calico printing on his own account, near Glenevey, and joined a young man in partnership, who had served his time at the Falls, to assist in conducting it, but he was so deeply engaged in political matters, that when he went from home his family did not know whether he was attending to his own business, or to that of the Society of United Irishmen; things of course went wrong, and all the money he embarked in this concern, in little more than a year was lost.

In the winter of 1790, his acquaintance with Russell had commenced. Their political sentiments were in unison, and in a short time their intercourse ripened into the closest friendship. Russell's position in society, and those personal qualities of his which seem to have been of a kind eminently qualified to make a favourable impression on those he came in contact with, gave weight to his opinions, and an influence to his principles, which soon established their ascendancy over the mind of M'Cracken. In the formation of the first Society of United Irishmen in 1791, Russell found in him a coadjutor, whose activity, intelligence, and integrity were perhaps more useful to the Society than the exertions of any other agent, so far as the successful exertion of considerable influence went, over the middle and working classes. Though his name does not appear in the proceedings of that Society, or in the accounts which have been given of its early history, amongst those who stood prominently forward as leaders, or held important offices in it, from the commencement he was in the confidence of the executive committee; and in a preceding memoir we have seen that he acted with Neilson, Russell, and Tone in the establishment of the first club that was formed in Belfast.

In Societies of the kind with which M'Cracken was connected, the most active, the most useful, the least selfish, and unswerving in their principles are not unfrequently those members who keep in the back ground in all public displays, being either distrustful of their own powers, or of the persons who are about them, and neither thrust themselves into high places, nor

thwart the measures of those who attain to them. M'Cracken was contented to do the work of his Society, and to leave its honours to those who sought them. He laboured late and early in the cause. He was beloved by the people, and all his influence over them was directed to that end, which he believed, whether erroneously or otherwise, to be for the common good. It has already been stated in a former part of this work, that he took an active part in the organization that went on in 1795 and 1796 in Down and Antrim.

In Belfast his activity was not less serviceable to his cause, than his ingenuity in baffling the various attempts made to corrupt the members and frustrate the designs of the minor Societies. In these efforts, however, the means at the disposal of Mr. Pollock, and the power of Lord Castlereagh, at length proved too strong for him.

"The Mudler's club," of Belfast, held at a public-house in "Sugar House Entry," was resorted to a good deal by strangers on coming from the country, and by townsmen of the middle class. "The rules of the club," Hope says, "were set in a frame, and left on the chimney-piece every evening. Its ostensible business was jovial amusement, its real one, extending the connexion of the Society of United Irishmen, and it was visited by every man of known integrity who came on business to town; and if any of the members could not attend, it was always known where they were to be found in case of necessity. Its members were also expert in observing and frustrating the designs of the enemy. In this club many things were told in personal confidence, that could not be safely communicated to the Society; yet this secrecy was merely imaginary, for Hughes the informer was one of its earliest visitors. But, until Castlereagh got initiated by Jemmy Brees into the secrets of the Union, and thereby gained a knowledge of all its ramifications, there was no design of our opponents for which Henry Joy M'Cracken was not an over-match. This club, on all important occasions, had the advantage also of the solid advice of Russell, and of Neilson's ability and activity."

The Mudler's club having been broken up in 1796 in consequence of the information of a girl named

Bell Martin, belonging to the inn, the arrest of several of its most efficient members followed, but by M'Cracken's advice the club was revived under another name, and it continued to exist during his life. The landlady of this small public-house was called Peggy Barclay. The girl who attended on the frequenters of the house, named Bell Martin, became a person of some notoriety, under the auspices of a distinguished member of the aristocracy of the north.

Dr. Dickson, in his Narrative, gives some account of this woman's early career :—

“Some young men very respectably connected in Belfast, were to be tried on charges affecting their lives.\* The principal evidence on which their conviction was *hoped* and *feared*, was that of the notorious and celebrated BELL MARTIN. She had grown up almost from a child under my eye in Portaferry. Her family were very poor, partly from her mother's decrepitude and long confinement to bed. The respectable families of the town and neighbourhood were well disposed to assist them, and Bell was encouraged to call on them for milk, cold meat, and other little comforts. This she continued to do till she became nearly a woman ; though latterly she was so addicted to lying and theft, that she was seldom admitted further than the hall, wherever she called. Unfortunately for her she grew up with a handsome face and good person ; these exposed her to temptations, to resist which she proved deficient, either in wisdom or in will. These circumstances had become known in Belfast, where she had resided for a considerable time, previous to her information against the young men alluded to. Hence, not only Mr. James M'Clavery, a respectable merchant in Portaferry, in whose work her father had been long employed, and I, to whom the poor family had ever looked as a guardian, but Lord Viscount Castlereagh and the Rev. John Cleland, who had for years lived in the neighbourhood, were summoned to appear at Carrickfergus, in order to impeach her character. In consequence we all did appear, and were detained there during a whole week to no purpose. The lady, though

\* The principal one of them was Joseph Cuthbert, who was to be tried the 20th April, 1797, charged with the murder of one Lec, having been arrested on the information of Bell Martin, before Lord Carhampton.

kept under a military guard, contrived, or was permitted by connivance, to make her escape on the night previous to the intended trial, and there was no prosecution.”\*

The *Belfast Newsletter* states that “she rendered important services to Colonel Barber by giving information of soldiers of the Monaghan militia frequenting the meetings of the United Irishmen’s Society, under the name of the Mudler’s club, and being brought to the barracks she identified the men. Four of these men were subsequently tried and executed.”† The services of Mr. John Newell were likewise instrumental to their conviction. The names of these men were William and Owen M’Kenna, Peter M’Carron, and Daniel Gillan. Several others of the same regiment were tried and convicted; but on confessing their guilt and imploring pardon, their sentence was commuted. The above-named men refused to make any similar confession, and they were shot at Blaris camp the 16th of May, 1797. The father of Owen M’Kenna was applied to, for his interference with his son, in order to induce him to make disclosures. His answer was, that “the life of a son was of great value to a father, but if his son was spared to become a traitor, he would shoot him with his own hand.”

The story of these men has been made the subject of several songs and elegies, which are still current among the lower classes of the north. There must have been something to have made an impression in the manner they met their fate, when Lord Edward Fitzgerald spoke of it frequently in terms of admiration. From one of the rural elegies I have alluded to, the following stanza is quoted:—

“I saw the aged father standing by,  
Scorning by treason his son’s life to save;  
For he could bear to see his darling die,  
But not to live a traitor or a slave.”

In the spring of 1795, M’Cracken became a member of the newly modelled society of United Irishmen, which stepped from reform to separation, and adopted the use of a declaration on oath on the admission of members.

The certificate given by this society is printed on parchment, with the emblem in the right hand corner of a woman bending over the harp, with the following inscription:—

\* Dr. W. Steele Dickson’s Narrative, page 194.

† Papers of James Hope in the hands of the author.



*“Tenth Society of United Irishmen of Belfast.”*

“I hereby certify that Henry J. M'Cracken has been duly elected, and having taken the test provided in the constitution has been admitted a member of this society.

“H. M. HULL, *Secretary.*”

“No. 3, *March 24th, 1795.*”

The principal service in which M'Cracken had been employed was in exercising his influence over the defenders in getting them to consent to join the United Irishmen. The former were Catholics, the latter chiefly Presbyterians. The defenders were at first opposed to Republican principles, their chief end and aim was, as their name implied, defence against their persecutors, who under the colour of zeal for the Protestant religion, promoted their own selfish interests by means of plunder and rapacity; the idea, however, seems never to have been wholly eradicated from the minds of the people who entered into these associations, that the descendants of James II. had not ceased to be entitled to their allegiance, and they seem to have had a vague notion that the French king represented the interests of the dethroned Stuarts. We are aware that Mr. Teeling, more competent than any man living to speak on this subject, thinks otherwise, and that the defenders had no views whatever of a French character. Nevertheless it is difficult to understand the allusions to French subjects, in their test and secret passwords, and cabalistic jargon, without supposing that some slight tincture of the old Jacobite principles of 1689 was still mixed up with their modern views and projects. The three gentlemen who held the chief command over the Down, Antrim, and Armagh Defenders, were Charles Teeling, his brother-in-law Magennis, and A. Lowry; Mr. Charles Teeling at that period not exceeding seventeen years of age. The authority of each in his absence was deputed to two delegates; and by one of these, about 1795, M'Cracken was appointed to a command. In 1798, he boasted of having a body of defenders amounting to 7,000 at his disposal. M'Cracken and Joseph Cuthbert rendered themselves extremely obnoxious to the Orangemen in 1794 and 1795, by their active exertions in enabling

the unfortunate people who were the victims of their outrages to seek legal redress for the wrongs they suffered.

In November, 1795, M'Cracken and Cuthbert gave a bond to Mr. James M'Gucken, the attorney, for the law expenses attendant on the proceedings instituted by their direction against the Armagh wreckers and a magistrate of the name of Grier. "The aforesaid Henry M'Cracken and Joseph Cuthbert binding themselves in the sum of 60*l.* to meet any expenses for Michael M'Clooskey, Paul Hannon, Barnard Coil, Patrick Hamill, and Sicilly Hamill, or for any other people against John Grier, Esq., a magistrate in and for the county of Armagh, or against any other magistrate whatever, &c."

Among the papers of M'Cracken there is a bill of costs of an attorney named Harford, dated January, 1796, amounting to 18*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, for services rendered in Armagh by the instructions of H. J. M'Cracken, to the unfortunate people whose houses were destroyed or plundered by the Orangemen. Two of the items are not devoid of interest.

"Mr. Grattan having found out I was concerned in this business, and wishing to know how far he would be justifiable in supporting the distressed Catholics in the county of Armagh, waiting upon Mr. Sampson and consulting him whether I should go to Mr. Grattan and show him the affidavits." \* \* \*

"Riding from my house, county Armagh, to Lurgan, where I staid from the 2nd January until the 6th, during which time I was employed listening to the stories of many unfortunate people who had been robbed and destroyed by the Peep of Day Boys, but many of whom had not complaints to make of magistrates, I therefore did not take any written note of their sufferings." It appears by another item that Counsellor Joy guaranteed the payment of the law expenses.

## CHAPTER II.

For some time previously to October, 1796, M'Cracken was aware that the agents of Government had an eye on his movements; eventually he was arrested on the

10th October of that year, three weeks after Russell, Neilson, &c., had been taken. His friend, Mr. Richardson, who had interfered for the people in the Armagh persecution, and he were arrested about the same time. He was sent to Dublin with a military escort, and during the journey he contrived to gain the confidence of some of the soldiers, and an intimation was made to him that he would be suffered to escape. Every body who was acquainted with him acknowledged that he possessed, in an extraordinary degree, not only that kind of tact which gives an insight into people's characters, but that gentle suavity and frankness of manner which makes friends of ordinary acquaintances. It seems on this occasion as if he was only exercising for his recreation the power he was conscious of possessing; for he did not take advantage of the offer that had been made to him. In the month of April following, his brother, William M'Cracken, was likewise arrested, and on his arrival in Dublin committed to Kilmainham.

On the 11th of October Henry was committed to Newgate, and after a short time was removed to the same prison where his brother was confined. He was kept at first on the felons' side of the prison, and placed in solitary, or at least separate confinement. The humanity of the gaoler, Weir, however, procured for him eventually every indulgence that could be desired, and he appears to have used the favour shewn to him, to render all the assistance it was in his power to afford his fellow prisoners.

Weir was at length removed, and replaced by one Richardson, who installed his nephew, John Dunn, in the office of assistant gaoler, and from that time the prisoners with few exceptions, experienced harsh and cruel treatment. In a few instances, indeed, the turbulence of some of the young men among the prisoners appears to have provoked such treatment.

The northern prisoners in Kilmainham, after a long confinement, like passengers in a ship towards the end of a tedious voyage, began to grow weary of their confinement and of each other.

At the commencement of their imprisonment, there had been an understanding that no separate efforts should be made for liberation. The agreement was

absurd and impracticable. Each prisoner had his particular circle of acquaintance, and some particular influence to exert even without his solicitation in his own behalf. Thus Neilson's friends made use of theirs for his liberation; and Counsellor Joy similarly exerted himself for the M'Crackens. The knowledge, however, of some efforts having been made by Neilson's friends, without the concurrence of the other prisoners, was the occasion of a coolness between him and them, and ultimately of the complete estrangement of Neilson and Henry J. M'Cracken.

Perhaps both were in the wrong, but some allowance for the difference of circumstances should certainly have been made. The man, with a wife and five young children, whose property had been destroyed in the cause, and, what he valued more than property, the paper on which he prided himself so much, could not be accounted very culpable in availing himself of the efforts made to procure his liberation, even though there was a departure from the original agreement; which efforts perhaps his mediators were at first responsible for, and had they succeeded, the situation of those left behind could have been nothing the worse for it. The sisters of the M'Crackens were in Dublin in October, 1797, for the second time after their brother's arrest. Neilson's wife was there at the same time; their mutual endeavours were exerted to restore peace, and to soften asperities of temper, which the sufferings of all parties might well account for.

While this misunderstanding lasted, both parties vented their feelings of irritation, in prose and verse. The following lines were written under the influence of such feelings, by Neilson, previous to his removal to Kilmainham.

“ *Written in Newgate, 16th Sept., 1797.* ”

“ The sable moon since I came here  
 Revolving hath fulfil'd her year;  
 A year's not long, 'tis true, to spend  
 At *liberty*, with many a friend:  
 But in these dreary walls enclosed,  
 Fretted at heart, and much abused;  
 Assail'd by ev'ry babbling tongue,  
 One year appears one hundred long.”

S. N.

FROM MISS M. M'CRACKEN, TO HER BROTHER, RESPECTING  
THE DISAGREEMENTS BETWEEN THE STATE PRISONERS  
IN KILMAINHAM, IN 1797.

“DEAR HARRY,

“Well knowing the candour and generosity of your heart, I am certain an explanation is as much wished for by you as by the person to whose peace of mind it is so very essential, and as you can never find him alone would it not be better to come to the point by writing than to wait for an opportunity which may not occur, and thus defer it until it is perhaps too late. Besides it would agitate and affect him less, and that in his present state of health should certainly be considered. Another reason why a written explanation should be proposed is, that it would be more decisive, and less liable to misrepresentation, as the words of a conversation may be forgotten, and others substituted in their place apparently similar, but not bearing exactly the same meaning, and that without the least ill-will or intention. As a simple relation of facts is all that is necessary to restore harmony and affection, you whose motives, words, and actions will all bear the strictest investigation, need not shrink from the task. Ought men of superior sense and probity, who have long enjoyed mutual esteem and confidence, and who never for an instant suspected each other's integrity, suffer themselves to be disunited, and their affections estranged by the misrepresentations of fools or knaves, when it is so easy to come to a right understanding, by merely declaring the truth? If anything contrary to that was requisite, I would not urge you, for much as I regard his peace of mind, and much as I value his life, if both depended on it, I would be the last person in the world to wish you either to utter or to sign a falsehood—if that were necessary to restore him. Is it not the duty of every person to promote the happiness of others as much as lies in his power? and in the present case it is not merely the happiness of one or two individuals that is concerned, but in this case the links that connect men, and render the happiness of many in some measure dependent on that of each individual, is rather more extended than usual, and it is the ardent wish of all your mutual friends to see you again united and

on the same footing of esteem and affection, if possible, as formerly. Is it not injurious to the cause of union when two men, who from the first went hand and hand endeavouring to promote it, are thus at variance? Would not such an example of disunion betwixt themselves, and that without any serious breach of friendship, afford a triumph to your enemies, and occasion vexation to your friends? Will they not point at each of you as you pass: 'See there goes a promoter of Union, he could not agree with his bosom friend?' And certainly the situation of your families is deserving of some consideration; both have suffered much of late from a variety of causes, and ought you needlessly to add to their unhappiness? Not that your sufferings should induce you to do anything in itself wrong to alleviate them; but would you not feel most unhappy yourself to think you had at least embittered the last moments, perhaps shortened the days of a friend, when it was in your power to comfort and console him? You are above that little narrow pride so inconsistent with real dignity, of hesitating to make the first advance, or I am much mistaken in your mind. Sense and integrity are pearls of too great price to be cast aside for every failing, and, if you both examine yourselves, you will perhaps find that there are very few for whom you have so much esteem and affection as you have for each other. Consider, my dear Harry, how much is at stake; for while the envenomed dart rankles in his bosom the wound can never heal, and it is in your power and yours alone to extract it; I therefore entreat you will seriously reflect on the subject, and remember that an entire reconciliation between you is not only the earnest wish of all your friends, but must be that also of every friend to your cause.

"Your ever affectionate Sister,

"MARY ANN M'CRACKEN."

The above was written in Dublin, in October, 1797; the reconciliation afterwards took place.

The letters from Henry, during the period of his confinement, gave a full account of the scenes of wretchedness and wickedness that were familiar to the inmates of the Dublin prisons at that period. The greater part

of those letters, however, were stolen from his sister, and from the few that were left in her possession of his and his brother William, or of others addressed to them, the following extracts are taken :—

FROM MR. HENRY JOY, (SUBSEQUENTLY BARON JOY) TO  
HENRY J. M'CRACKEN.

“ DEAR HENRY,

“ I arrived here late last night from Belfast, where I left all your family well—your sisters intend coming up in the course of this week to see you. Is there any thing you wish for that I can supply you with? Let me know if there is. Inform me how you are, that I may be able to assure your friends that you are tolerably recovered from your indisposition.

Yours, &c.,

“ *Dublin, Monday, 7th Nov.*

“ H. JOY.”

HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN'S REPLY.

“ DEAR HENRY,

“ I am at present in excellent health, but most closely and indeed ignominiously confined, denied the use of pen, ink, or paper, (though obtained by stealth), or the conversation of any living creature, the keeper and turnkeys excepted, who find me every thing they wish for. I much fear the girls will be denied admittance.

Yours truly,

“ H. J. M'CRACKEN.

“ *Two o'clock, Monday.*”

FROM H. J. M'C. TO HIS BROTHER JOHN.

“ *December 13th, 1796.*

“ On Sunday, T. Stewart said that he had been with Carhampton about getting Potts out of gaol on bail, and that he had applied for John Gordon, which will be complied with, if proper application is made. Carhampton has sworn neither Storey nor Cuthbert will get out, nor need any application be made for them. Miss Haslitt died this morning about twelve o'clock.”

FROM H. J. M'C. TO HIS SISTER.

*“Kilmainham, 10th January, 1797.*

“We continue to pass the time as pleasantly as you can imagine, considering that we think as little of the north as possible; for the comparison is nothing in favour of the capital, except Mr. Dixon and family, (who will always and in every place be remembered with veneration by us;) they are a set of gasconaders, and in every respect unlike northerns. I received a note from Henry Joy; the person you heard of having called on him was Bell Martin, who has sworn against those who were committed to Carrickfergus. Since that, I have been informed that the two men who swore against T. Richardson and myself, have been sent on board a tender. I suppose, or rather I was confidently informed, that Government despaired of their evidence being worth any thing, as they had already perjured themselves, by deserting; and no county Antrim jury would listen to them.

“H. J. M'C.”

FROM H. J. M'C. TO HIS SISTER.

*“K. Bastile, 8th April, '97, or  
“1st day of 7th month of captivity.*

“Although we are far more secluded from the world than we formerly were, yet we live every whit as well, if not better; nor are we now afraid of being seen together. All your letters I received, as we can still find ways and means to communicate with our friends. For all information I must refer you to John Hughes, who will leave this to-morrow, and has been with us every day since he came here. There is still a strong probability of our going to the north, but not for trial, only for show, and to be arraigned; as they could hardly arraign and try us at one assizes, as we must have a copy of our indictment four clear days before trial.

H. J. M'C.”

FROM H. J. M'C. TO HIS SISTER.

*“Bastile, 24th April, 1797.*

“On Saturday nineteen prisoners arrived here from the north in good health and spirits. When they



arrived we were all locked up in our separate cells. Whilst I was looking out into the condemned yard, James Burnside, with several others, stepped into the yard, and told me who were the prisoners. Presently my door was opened by the gaoler, who brought in Mr. Kilburne and Dr. Crawford; at their backs stood a very long ugly officer, and *two great gentlemen*. The gaoler ordered me out, as those two prisoners were to have that room, where they have remained ever since, having every thing very comfortable, but very closely kept; however we send them, under the door, papers, &c., and get in sometimes, to chat a little with them. The other prisoners were divided into two lots; one lot has got possession of the ward where the Stag was kept; (he is gone to Down). William H. Speers, Dr. Nixon, J. Grier, W. Kane, W. Templeton, A. Clarke, J. Haffey, and J. Kennedy, are amongst those with whom we have a constant communication, as they are not locked up. I expect, in a day or two, that William Speer and Nixon will be put over to us. J. Burnside, H. M'Manus, R. Neilson, D. Tolan, H. Kirkwood, J. Harrison, J. Barrett, and T. Jackson, *alias* Dry, are confined in another ward. I have fixed a string out of D. Shannaghan's room (where I now stay) to their ward, by which I send wine, &c., and whatever they want, across to them, J. Burnside being their agent. Hardly were they arrived, when T. Richardson came here from Newgate."

WM. M'C. TO HIS SISTERS.

*"Kilmainham; 29th April, 1797.*

"The day before yesterday we got an additional stool to sit on, which, with the one we had before, will allow six out of nine sitting at once: before, we could only allow three to sit at a time; and yesterday we got a very great comfort—a wooden bowl to wash in. My watch makes an excellent substitute for a looking-glass to shave myself at. "WM. M'C."

FROM THE STATE PRISONERS TO THEIR FRIENDS.

*"Kilmainham, May 11th, 1797.*

"To all whom it may concern, these come greeting; informing the friends and relatives of the under-

signed, that they are in good health and high spirits, although reduced in their finances much, being now closely confined under a new charge, and allowed only gaol allowance. For further particulars we refer you to our good friend the doctor, who has kindly taken charge of this.

“Signed—H. J. M’Cracken, Robert Neilson, J. Burnside, John and Alexander Gordon.”

FROM H. J. M’C.

“On the evening of the 9th of June, 1797, Richardson, accompanied by a guard with drawn bayonets, and some person in coloured clothes, came into the room where we are at present confined: he began to abuse us in a most opprobrious manner, without the least provocation on our part; calling us scoundrels, villains, murderers, &c. After a great deal of such abuse, which we took little notice of, he observed we all wore green stocks, which, with many imprecations, he threatened to cut off our necks, swearing at the same time that he would also cut our throats, and actually attempted to put his threats into execution, by drawing a knife from his pocket [MS. defaced.] James Burnside, who was next ———, but was prevented by the people who were about ———. When he found he could not execute his threats, he left the room, swearing that he would bring Lord Carhampton, who would put his threats into execution before we would [the remainder not legible.]

FROM H. J. M’C. TO HIS SISTER.

“*Kilmainham, 9th June, 1797.*

“You wish to know how we are situated. Six of us—Alexander Gordon, John Gordon, J. Burnside, Thomas Dry, Robert Neilson, and I, are confined in one of the infirmaries, (the women’s) without being permitted the use of a yard, and receive no other support than gaol allowance, except what we furnish ourselves with. We contrive to live very comfortably. Cooking day about—some of us are very good at it, and others very middling. The day before yesterday, we saw from our windows two militia-men conducted to the

park by all the military in this neighbourhood, and there shot for being United Irishmen. Last night the gaol was locked up by Antrim men, who were very much vexed at it: we knew them; they were the last recruits that came from Belfast. Since I came to this part of the house, William got permission to come to see me for a very few minutes.

J. M'C."

FROM W. M'C. TO HIS SISTER.

*"Kilmainham, 10th June, 1797.*

"We are threatened every night with irons and separate cells, but as yet we continue in the same situation: I think to-morrow or Monday will alter the scene, as Richardson is at this moment at the Castle, for the purpose of showing the necessity of putting shackles on us all; in consequence of our making much noise through the jail all last night by singing and shouting 'All's well,' &c. I expect the noise will be doubled to-night, to show our aversion to the conduct of the gaoler, if he does not make some concession. Last night in putting us up, he went to the place where Harry is confined, and seeing the prisoners there with green stocks, he went to cut James Burnside's off, when A. Gordon interfered, and he made a stab at him with the knife; however, it ended there in that ward; but on his going to other wards, the prisoners resented his conduct to their friends. He put them into different cells the rest of the night, and did not even allow them to take their clothes with them, nor give them any straw, so that the rage that was shown through the whole gaol, the instant his conduct was known, by all the prisoners, can scarcely be conceived.

"WM. M'C."

WM. M'C. TO HIS SISTER.

*"Kilmainham, 12th July, 1797.*

"At present there is very little prospect of our getting out, unless some underhand work that is going on may alter the appearance. I don't like to say anything without having knowledge of the subject, but some here are readier (than I am) to attach blame to these

secret correspondences. I think all is intended for the best, and till I have reason, I will not think otherwise: I have too good an opinion of the men to allow me to take up a contrary opinion, though I must confess, there are prisoners here who might have been consulted, who were not. George James and Counsellor Joy, were here the other day, and little Robert Holmes: the Counsellor only got up to see me."

FROM H. J. M'C. TO HIS SISTER.

*"Kilmainham, 19th Nov., 1797.*

"Yesterday, two men were executed in front of the gaol, for robbing the mail in June last: they died with the greatest fortitude. It gives me a sort of carelessness about death to see such sights. One of the unfortunate men, John Bynge, worked in Belfast with a Charles Davis, at the time I was taken up; he knew me very well, and lamented greatly that he was to die for a crime he was ashamed of, and not for the cause of his country. The morning of his execution, going past our window to execution, he turned round and saluted us with the greatest composure. You desire to know what effect the trials being put off will have on the prisoners. It is impossible to say, or to account for any proceeding of Government, as they appear the most capricious set of mortals on the face of the earth, without either principle or wisdom: it is probable that they may be ashamed of confining men fourteen months for nothing. Mr. Sampson was here the other day; he and I had a conversation about matters here; he wished much to do every thing disagreeable away, but I doubt it is out of his power. At all times I have acted according to what I thought right, and hope I will do so, careless who I offend thereby."

FROM JOHN M'CRACKEN TO HIS BROTHER.

*"Belfast, 26th July, 1797.*

"DEAR HARRY,

"I am sorry to hear that your health has been worse than usual, and that some late occurrences have rendered your present situation rather more unpleasant than even confinement in a gaol ought to make it. How-

ever, I hope you will come to a right understanding again, and not afford a subject for rejoicing to your enemies. For this some time past I have been loitering my time at Moneymore, where an opportunity of writing to you was not to be found, and I had nothing to tell you of except the barbarities committed on the innocent country people by the yeomen and Orangemen. The practice among them is to hang a man up by the heels with a rope full of twist, by which means the sufferer whirls round like a bird roasting at the fire, during which he is lashed with belts, &c., to make him tell where he has concealed arms. Last week, at a place near Dungannon, a young man being used in this manner called to his father for assistance, who being inflamed at the sight, struck one of the party a desperate blow with his turf spade; but, alas! his life paid the forfeit of his rashness: his entrails were torn out and exposed on a thorn bush.

This is one barbarity of the many which are daily practised about the county Tyrone and Armagh; however, the county Antrim is not so bad, but I believe is not much better. I suppose you have heard of an engagement between the Kerry militia and the Orangemen at Stewartstown; but as I was at Moneymore when it happened, I can tell you what, from sundry accounts, I think nearest the truth.

The Kerry regiment being mostly Catholics, had of course a dislike to Orangemen; and the Stewartstown people being mostly Orange, were ready to pick a quarrel with them.

The militia were on their march from the neighbourhood of Colerain up the country, and on the 12th of July marched into S. Town, where being drawn up for the purpose of receiving billets, were crowded very much by a number of people wearing orange cockades. The sergeant with his halberd kept off the crowd, but perhaps in a rough manner. When the men were billeted, two fell to the share of one Park, a shopkeeper and old customer of our house, who would not receive them, nor even pay them; but would find them beds at a dry lodging, which the men did not object to, until they saw the beds were not fit for any animals but pigs to lie on. Of course they refused, and were for making good their billets. A scuffle ensued, and Park snatched a

bayonet from some yeomen, and stabbed one of the men, which brought on a partial engagement with stones, the arms having been taken from the militia by their officer. This continued a long time, when the light horse (under Captain Arsdall, the same who at Dungannon rode over the people at a funeral there) were called out on the Kerymen, cut down two and took three prisoners, thus taking from the small party five men. The remainder then in the streets, amounting to about ten, made to a house their arms were in, and stood on the defensive, when they were attacked by the horse, the Scotch fencibles, and about 300 yeomen. They kept up a continual fire from the house, which killed three yeomen, two light-horsemen, one horse, one Scotch fencible, and wounded some more. Their ammunition being out, and an hundred English fencibles coming into the town, they threw their arms out of the house, and surrendered at discretion; but, horrid to tell, the yeomen butchered a number in cold blood, particularly Sergt. Mahonny was shot from a window of the market house, while taking up to the barrack. Another man, who had been in Mr. Teaker's house, where he was billeted, was hunted through the Diamond, and fell with thirty shots through him. Another of them, being billeted on one Smith, a yeoman, was comforting Smith's wife and children, as Smith was killed by a random shot. The poor militia man was in the act of giving money to the children when he was stabbed by the horseman. I am well assured that but two of the seven Kerry men died fairly. The day after this, Lord Blaney, with a party of ninety heavy and twenty light horse espied four of this regiment, but men who were not of the same party; they were sent forward to Dungannon for billets for the grenadier company, and had been in Moneymore at the time the affray happened in S. Town, and I myself saw them go through towards Cookstown. When they saw the horse they thought it best to take into a field and lie down for fear of being insulted by the horsemen; but Blaney spying them, ordered the horse to pursue, and although the sergeant told his business, and wished to show his written order, Blaney d——d them for rebels, and would not hear them, and immediately fell to at them sword in hand. The poor fellows made a

gallant resistance, and fought their way through the whole horse, until, the ditch stopping them, two were killed, and the sergeant got into a house where he was saved by the women. The corporal got into a barn, and withstood the whole horsemen for an hour. At length he fell, covered with innumerable wounds, and Lieut. Col. Blaney, even after he was dead, cut his throat with his sword. Thus died ten of the gallant Kerry militia, lamented by every humane or honest man in the country.

Your affectionate brother,

“J. M'C., Junr.”

### CHAPTER III.

AFTER an imprisonment of fourteen months, Henry and his brother William were admitted to bail on the 8th of September, 1797, on the recognizance of Bernard Coile, for Henry, and of Counsellor Joy for his brother.

Henry's imprisonment had proved so injurious to his health, that on his return to Belfast he was incapable of attending to business. His friends were the less prepared for his illness, as no serious complaint of ill health had been made by him during his confinement. For some time his recovery was hardly expected by them.

But no sooner had he been sufficiently restored to go into society than his old associates again became his companions, and the position of their affairs made his services more necessary than ever to their cause. In the latter end of February, 1798, he was sent on the business of the Society to Dublin. He remained there for some time, and brought to Belfast the instructions of the Leinster Directory with regard to the projected rising. Immediately after the burning of the northern mail-coach, which was the signal for the outbreak, he told one of his family that he had recently communicated with a body of men, amounting to about 200, and their spokesman said (and they all assented to his speech), “they would much rather be in the field like men than be hunted like wild beasts, and see their friends carried off to gaol, their houses ransacked,

the Orange yeomen riding roughshod over them day after day." About this time a daughter of his uncle, Henry Joy, called on him, and urged him very much to leave the town. He took her advice, and left town that evening. As he was passing through Hercules-street he was attacked by some armed yeomen; and James Hope states, that, had it not been for a butcher's wife, who came to his assistance with a huge knife, which she brandished in so spirited a manner that she forced them to retreat, they would have killed him on the spot. His Amazonian ally having thus put them to flight, took Henry into the house, and sent him away by a back entrance.

On the 21st of May, the day appointed by the Leinster Directory for the general rising, there was an evening promenade and music at the Belfast Exchange Rooms, which was attended by nearly all the military officers in town. A proposal was made to the executive that a party should be led to the Exchange, and that the officers should be seized and held as hostages. This proposal was rejected. *It was made by Henry Joy M'Cracken.*

The united Irish system originated in Ulster, and so long as the struggle was a war of words, the aristocratic leaders of that province were active, bold, and violent. For seven years the organization was continually going on, and the end of all this organization was an ill-directed movement that was speedily defeated. To use the words of Teeling, "With an immense organized force, superior, in a military point of view, to all the other provinces combined, her efforts were the least efficient, and her arms the most promptly suppressed."\*

The prominent position, however, of the Ulster leaders in the concoction of this conspiracy, had early drawn on them the notice of Government. The different northern counties were overrun with troops; the men, whose abilities and fidelity to this cause were most signal, were in prison; the mercantile leaders, who were appointed to places of trust in the directory, and to posts of danger in the military organization, were not forthcoming when their services were re-

\* Teeling's Personal Narrative, 295.



quired. Some became doubtful of the issue, others had large debts outstanding, and were not inclined to act before these debts had been got in; many were connected by ties of property with the other portion of the commercial aristocracy, whose political views were opposed to theirs, and not a few, by their position in society, and the prevailing passion for festive entertainments, were in habits of close communication with the authorities, civil and military, who were then most active in their proceedings against these societies, and the subordinate leaders of them.

It was no uncommon thing in 1796 to meet Gen. Lake at the parties of the prime mover of the United system, Mr. Wm. Sinclair, and at a later period, Col. Barber and Lieut. Gen. Nugent. There was a policy, it is said, in maintaining this kind of intercourse, as not a single movement of the troops, or an iota of information communicated by Government to Gen. Lake, but a sister of the Sinclairs, a young woman of considerable personal attractions and intelligence, was not able to obtain from the General, an officer more remarkable for his vanity and incapacity, than for any qualities or acquirements of another kind.

But while the weakness of this vain man was occasionally turned to the account of the United Irishmen, perhaps a similar advantage was taken of the imprudence of some member of the family of his host by some officer of the staff of Gen. Lake, and thus, so far from any advantage being gained from this kind of intercourse, it is not improbable that the other party were injured by it.

The same kind of intercourse was kept up between several other leading mercantile members of the United Irish Society, and the officers and functionaries already referred to. At one of these parties a Miss S—— called a gentleman aside in the ball-room and told him to notice the General and his staff wearing their swords, and the reason of their so doing she informed him had been just communicated to her, namely, that the General had received orders to act on the Government instructions to disarm the people of Ulster, and they were proceeding that night to make the first general search for arms in the houses of the suspected people of a neighbouring district in the county of Down.

The practice of seeking the society of one's political opponents for the avowed purpose of discovering their secrets, or of frustrating their designs, even where it does not afford a pretext to traitors for entering into communication with the enemies of their associates, is attended with consequences which, fortunately, gives no encouragement for its adoption. Society has its obligations as well as its amusements ; but in troubled times the former are too frequently forgotten, and the privacy of social life is violated, with the view of promoting public objects, or under the specious garb of a solicitude for the welfare of a party or a cause. Whatever partial or temporary advantage may be gained by the acquisition of knowledge thus obtained, there is an abuse of confidence, or an unworthy use made of the unreservedness of private intercourse, which amounts to a petty treason against society itself.

The artifices that were put in practice, by the parties who had power on their side, to bring ruin on their opponents, were of a nature ill calculated to set any example of propriety or conscientious conduct to others.

The following communication at a later period was addressed to John Shaw, of Belfast, a woollen draper, of that town. The letter was a fabrication ; its object was evidently to delude the people into a belief of succour from the French, and thus to discover those who might be led to concur in such designs. This ingenious device was regarded as the work of persons in authority. Shaw had been one of the active men of the Northern United System, and being connected with the M'Crackens, the paper came into their hands.

*“ Augereau lugger, off the Mull Cantir.*

“ SIR,

“ His Majesty the Emperor and King Bonaparte has commanded me to acquaint you with my arrival on the coast of Ireland ; he does not lose any opportunity of reiterating his assurance of the unalterable devotion he has for the distressed inhabitants of Ireland, whose rights occupy His Majesty's most anxious thoughts. I have on board my lugger ten thousand

stand of arms, which the Emperor trusts will be another proof of his desire to give liberty and freedom to your countrymen. You may daily expect the arrival of the army off Brest, who are already embarked, which our friends in the north have before been made acquainted with \* \* \* (*the manuscript defaced*) \* at the main top-mast head, which will be my signal, and you may then come off to me, and in a night when I let off one skyrocket, be quick and acquaint your friends of Coleraine and Derry with the arrival of my vessel on the coast, and give them our private signals, as I may be driven by the winds as far as Lough Swilly. I will myself sometimes be in Red Bay and at others off Giant's Causeway. I shall be most anxious for the arrival on board my vessel of some of your guides. We have mostly your countrymen on board, and will answer you in Irish; the name of my lugger is *Augereau*, and we have been three weeks from Ferrol, where our friends Alexander Lowry and O'Connor are embarked coming to your assistance. For fear of this falling into the hands of the enemy, I had better conclude and say no more till we meet; only once more let me entreat you may apprise our friends on the shore to exert themselves, and let the signal for a friend be taught to any person you may send" \* \* \* (*manuscript defaced*).

So much for fabrication of documents, for the purpose of misleading the people. The following epistle is a *fair specimen*, (and the phrase is used with the fullest consideration of its import,) of the sort of intelligence communicated to the superior authorities in 1798, by men in the commission of the peace and holding high offices, for the purpose of poisoning the very source of justice; and of deceiving a Government that took extraordinary pains, and incurred extravagant expense to bring itself into disrepute, and the subjects of its sovereign under suspicion.

The following communication was addressed by a British officer, holding the commission of the peace, and commanding a large district in the North under the orders of General Nugent, in 1798. The letter fell into the hands of a magistrate of the County Down, Mr. F. D., and was communicated by him to the late John Lawless. It is only necessary to state, that the

gentlemen denounced were men of the first respectability, of loyal principles, and unblemished character.

COLONEL ATHERTON'S LETTER TO THE GENERAL  
COMMANDING THE NORTHERN DISTRICT.

“ *Newtownards, 20th June, 1798, half-past eleven.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I have had tolerable success to-day in apprehending the persons mentioned in the memorandum.—The list is as follows.—[Here follows a List containing twenty-seven Names.]

“ We have burned Johnston's house at Crawford's-Bourn-Mills—at Bangor, destroyed the furniture of Pat. Agnew ; James Francis and Gibbison, and Campbell's *not finished yet*—at Ballyholme, burned the house of Johnston—at the Demesnes, near Bangor, the houses of Jas. Richardson and John Scott—at Ballymacconnell-Mills, burned the house of M'Connell, miller, and James Martin, *a Capt. and a friend of M'Curloch's*, hanged at Ballynahinch.

“ Groomsport, reserved.

“ Cotton, the same.

“ We have also the following prisoners, on the information of different people.—[Here follows a List, containing five Names.]

“ We hope you will think we have done *tolerably* well. To-morrow we go to Portaferry, or rather to its neighbourhood. Ought we not to punish the gentlemen of the country, who have never assisted the well-disposed people, yeomanry, &c. ? For my own part, a gentleman of any kind, but more particularly *a magistrate*, who deserts his post at such a period, ought to be ——— I will not say what.

“ Mr. Ecelin, of Ecelinville.

“ Rev. Hutcheson, Donaghadee.

“ Mr. Arbuckle, Collector of Donaghadee—an official man.

“ Mr. Ker, Portavo.

“ Mr. Ward, of Bangor, is now, and only now, to be found.

“ List of inactive Magistrates, or rather friends of the United Irishmen :—

“ Sir John Blackwood.

“ John Crawford, of Crawford's-Burn.

“ John Kennedy, Cultra, &c.

But, among others, Rev. Hu. Montgomery, of Rosemount, who is no friend to Government, or to its measures, and whom I strongly suspect. I have got his bailiff. Believe me, dear Sir,

“ With the greatest respect and esteem,

“ Your most faithful servant,

“ Q. ATHERTON.

“ I am apt to suspect you are misinformed about Smith, the Innkeeper, of Donaghadee. The newspaper account is entirely false. The fellow's fled. I will endeavour to know more about him. I wish for no *Lawyers* here, except as my *Clerks*.”

So much for the notion that was formed in Ireland of the duties of a justice of the peace.

We find by the examination of T. A. Emmet, that in the completion of the military organization, “ it was thought necessary (by the executive) to have an adjutant general in each county,” and further, that “ the colonels of each county returned the names of three persons to the executive, who appointed one of them to act as adjutant-general of the county.” Thomas Russell was appointed by the Colonels of Down, in 1796; his arrest in the winter of that year occasioned the appointment of another adjutant-general, and the Rev. Dr. Steele Dickson was then appointed. Dr. Dickson, in his narrative, has taken a vast deal of trouble to disprove the statements of Maginn and Hughes, with respect to the military appointment conferred upon him, but he takes care to avoid any explicit denial of the fact. The attempt, however, to encumber the statement of it with reasonings on its improbability, and arguments against its credibility was an unworthy effort at deception, where there was no plea of necessity arising from legal proceedings for the endeavour to disprove a statement which could not be denied with truth.

The late Mr. John Gunning, one of the Colonels of the United system in 1798, (then Mr. Byers,) in-

formed us that on Dickson's arrest, Mr. George Sinclair, who had formerly served in the army, was appointed adjutant-general of the County-Down, and that Government through some channel (he named Maginn) was in possession of all their proceedings and appointments from 1796. Dickson was arrested on the 4th of June, 1798, three days before the time appointed for the outbreak of the Ulster insurrection. The adjutant-general of Antrim was a gentleman who is still living, one of the first and most active promoters of the Society of the United Irishmen. About the end of May, several of the Down Colonels having come to a resolution in favour of a rising, provided those of Antrim and the other northern counties were determined to act, the Antrim Colonels pressed their adjutant-general to take the field at a meeting of the latter, about the 1st or 2nd of June. The adjutant-general opposed this determination and resigned his appointment.

It was then determined to name another, and two persons being proposed, either of whom was to be offered the appointment, it happened that neither of them received the intimation in due time, and eventually Henry Joy M'Cracken was nominated not only adjutant-general, but, in consequence of Dixon's arrest, and the confusion in which the societies were involved in the other counties of Ulster, commander-in-chief of the United Irish army of the north. This appointment took place within three or four days of the outbreak, and the intelligence and energy of character displayed in the plans formed by M'Cracken for simultaneous movements in the different parts of Down and Antrim, show what might have been expected from him, had the command been given to him at a time when the affairs of the Union afforded any reasonable expectation of success.

The probability of successive failure in such an enterprise as M'Cracken was engaged in, is a consideration of such awful importance, that to come to a conclusion on it without weighing all the difficulties that might be encountered—all the obstacles that had to be surmounted—all the evils that must result from failure—all the doubt that might be entertained of the absolute necessity for the attempt, would be an act of folly or of wickedness which could only be surpassed by the

imbecility or turpitude of suffering popular commotion to ferment, for the purpose of allowing its outburst to prove destructive to its agents, or goading it to madness, with the view of causing its violence to come to "a permature explosion." In the former case, it is the unhappy consequence of oppression and of public discontent, that when men are involved in the turmoil of the time, they are called upon to decide upon a question of the greatest moment, when their minds are most unfitted for the calm exercise of judgment, and their feelings and their passions are no less urgently appealed to than their reason.

In the south of Ireland, the rebellion of 1798 is designated by a term sufficiently indicative of the confusion attendant on an insurrection. The people call it "the hurry." They speak of events as having happened before or after "the hurry." If those who once embark on the troubled waters of public strife, think they are in a situation which admits of determining with certainty how far their voyage may extend, or what direction it may eventually take, they greatly exaggerate the extent of their own influence, and under-rate the power of the elements which surround them. The great and terrible apprehension which ought to be present to one's mind, when called on to determine on a question which involves, in its consequences, the welfare or the ruin of a vast number of people, is the frailty of human nature, and the fear that, in its weakness, self-consideration should countervail the solicitude that is felt for the people's weal.

The man who "seeks the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth," and he who is ready to serve his country at the hazard of his life, may fight under the same banner, but not for the same object. If reputation set up its claims at the moment that those of country are put forth, the decision may not be without danger to the latter. These observations are not meant to apply to one leader or another, and perhaps least of all to the person whose career is the subject of this memoir. They arise from a general impression—the result of the researches we have been engaged in—that in the time of which we treat, the evils of war were not sufficiently reflected on and feared, neither by the rulers of the country nor the ruled. Both, it is

to be hoped, have become wiser in this respect ; but they have paid dearly for the experience which should make them so.

With respect to the question of the probability of success or failure of the northern " rising," it cannot well be doubted, that had the northern executive not concealed from the subordinate leaders the intelligence which they received from the Dublin executive, of the arrangement determined on for a general and simultaneous rising on the 21st of May, 1798;—had that plan, so far as it regarded the north, not been thus frustrated—had the adjutant-general appointed in Dixon's place, not resigned his appointment when the moment came for action;—from some quarter or another, either from a member of the executive, or from some of the colonels of the County Down, had not General Nugent received information of M'Cracken's plan of attack on Antrim ; in one word, if it had not been for perfidy, M'Cracken's plan of simultaneous attacks on Antrim, Randalstown, Ballynahinch, Saintfield, Newtownards, and Portaferry, would have succeeded, the counties Antrim and Down would have fallen into the hands of the United Irishmen.

The town of Antrim, about twelve miles distant from Belfast, though unfit for defensive warfare, was a place of great importance to the insurgents, affording the means of keeping up a communication between the counties of Down and Antrim, and those of Tyrone and Donegal.

M'Cracken quickly perceived the importance of this position, and the necessity of simultaneous risings in the adjoining counties. The force he counted on being able to bring into the field in Antrim, amounted, by the reports furnished to him immediately after his appointment to the chief command, to 21,000, 7,000 of which numbers were defenders. That his plans were not ill-conceived, may be inferred from the fact of the several risings taking place within a few days of each other. That of Antrim on the 7th ; of Randalstown on the same day ; of Saintfield on the 9th ; and Ballynahinch on the 13th of June. At Antrim, it is admitted by his opponents, the rebel force was brought into the town with the greatest order. A hasty proclamation on the day preceding the attack was addressed by him to " The Army of Ulster : "—



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

“HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN.

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

The turmoil of an insurrectionary movement is not calculated for the exercise of taste or judgment for similar compositions; but on the arrival of his force on the eminence above the town of Antrim, when he halted his men, and addressed them in a few spirit-stirring words of encouragement and counsel, he was not wanting to himself or to his cause in energy of language befitting the occasion. The effect of his address was visible in the deportment of the people, as with firm and measured tread they marched in perfect order into the town in three divisions:—the musketeers in front, the pikemen in the centre, and a small body of men, with two small field pieces in the rear.

The advanced guard, Hope states, marched eighteen men abreast; their total force did not exceed 500 men, the far greater number of whom were Killcad men.

Sir Richard Musgrave states that General Nugent on receiving intelligence of the intentions of the rebels, “sent orders to Blaris Camp for the second light battalion, consisting of the 64th regiment and the light companies of the Kerry, Dublin, Tipperary, Armagh, and Monaghan militia, and 150 of the 22nd light dragoons, with two cannon (six pounders), and two five and a half inch howitzers, to march to Antrim with all possible despatch; 250 of the Monaghan militia, a troop of the second light dragoons, and the Belfast cavalry under the command of Colonel Durham, to march to Antrim by Carmony and Templepatrick, the light battalion from Blaris commanded by Colonel Clavering, and the dragoons by Colonel Lumley. He also despatched orderly sergeants to Major Seddon at Antrim, to inform him of the intended attack and of the reinforcements which were going to his assistance.”

At 9 o'clock in the morning, the orderlies had arrived at Antrim, but did not perceive any indication of disturbance. The drum beat to arms and the yeomanry in the town immediately assembled. The

plan of the insurgents was to advance with four columns, one by the Belfast road, and the second by the Carrickfergus road, a third by Patty's land, and a fourth by Bow-lane. But the plan was not carried into execution. Musgrave states that their advanced guard "was composed of about eight hundred musqueteers." Their whole force "about four thousand strong." Of which number they left "one hundred dead in the town, and nearly two hundred were killed in the pursuit." In both the preceding accounts there is the usual gross exaggeration both of the number of the rebels in action and of the slain. Hope's estimate of the former does not amount to the number at which Musgrave estimates the body of musqueteers. But the relative proportion of the number killed in action to the number slain in pursuit, when the action was over, two to one according to Musgrave's statement, is in sad accordance with the result of almost every engagement which took place, in which the rebels were defeated. Musgrave has not thought proper to inform his readers what was the loss of the king's troops, during the action, which commenced at a quarter before three, and according to his account ended at four, when the reinforcements arrived, and their appearance put the rebels to flight. The loss was too considerable to be told.

The attack on Lord O'Neil is represented by Musgrave to have taken place as his Lordship was spurring forward his horse. Hope's account is different: one thing is certain, the yeomanry had abandoned his Lordship to his fate, in their extreme eagerness for their own preservation; they were in the act of flying, or had already fled when he was attacked.

Musgrave says, "he shot one of the men who attacked him, and the yeomanry two more, but the man who had given him the mortal wound escaped." It is a melancholy reflection that in the madness of the times two of the noblemen of Ireland, the most deservedly beloved, the most humane and tolerant in their principles, Lords O'Neil and Kilwarden, should have fallen by the people's hands, though it is more than doubtful if in the case of either, the assailants knew the person they attacked.

McCracken's conduct in the engagement mainly contributed to the success of the first attack. In

an hour after his entering he was master of the town ; a fatal mistake, however, of a party then on their march to Antrim, changed the fortune of the day, but not before a desperate effort was made to retrieve it, by James Hope, one who has survived that struggle, and has given an account of every exhibition of valour that was made that day, except of his own.

“Our division,” says Teeling, “still maintained its position, which, from its determined and heroic courage, M'Cracken had designated ‘The Spartan Band.’ This was commanded by the faithful Hope, a man whose talents were far above his fortunes, and whose fidelity, as well on this occasion as in subsequent calamities of his country, would have honoured the days of ancient chivalry. On this post, a vigorous attack had been made, with the view of effecting a lodgment, which would have commanded an easy entrance to the town. It was assailed and defended with the most obstinate courage, but the assailants were forced to retire. A small detachment of cavalry which had debouched to the left advanced at full gallop, conceiving it to be in the possession of the division of which they formed a part. Their alarm was equal to their surprise on finding themselves surrounded ; they conceived their destruction inevitable, and awaited their fate in silence ; but the generosity of Hope triumphed over every feeling of hostility or revenge. ‘Go,’ said he, ‘your numbers are too few for the sacrifice ; join your comrades, and tell them that the army of the Union feels no triumph in the destruction of the defenceless and weak.’ But the fate of the day had been already decided ; every effort to rally on the part of M'Cracken was ineffectual ; the panic from partial became general, and rout followed.

“The brave division of Hope was now obliged to abandon that post which they had so nobly maintained. They made a last effort to uphold the honour of the day : they marched with boldness, and in the face of a victorious enemy they halted. They presented a bold front ; they sustained the fire of musketry and cannon, and retired with a reluctant step when resistance was vain and the last hope of victory had fled. They effected a retreat with order, and planted the tattered ensign of their valour on the heights of

Donegore. Here M'Cracken collected such of his scattered forces as had escaped the perils of the day or retained firmness for another trial of arms.

“ Ballymena, a town of some importance a few miles to the north, was in the possession of the people, and a junction with these was considered desirable as the only means of retrieving the loss which the recent disasters had occasioned. Thither, it was resolved, they should march; but it was a difficult task to hold men together after defeat, when privations hourly increased and the ardour of their spirit was broken. M'Cracken took post on the lofty Slemish with numbers not exceeding one hundred men. Here, encompassed by a force of 400 disciplined troops, he prepared to try the fortune of the field, when the British commander, Colonel Clavering, proposed terms of capitulation. These terms were full and perfect amnesty on delivering up four of their chiefs, for whom he personally offered a reward of £400. This proposal was spurned by the band of M'Cracken with proper feelings of indignation. They immediately proclaimed Clavering a rebel, an enemy to the union of Irishmen, and offered a reward of £400 for his capture, living or dead.

“ Whether this *gallant* officer conceived it imprudent to attack men whom circumstances had rendered desperate, or whether, in consideration of the nature and extent of their position affording facilities for a protracted warfare, he was induced to adopt precautionary measures, he certainly did not exhibit a very bold or soldierly line of conduct. M'Cracken continued to occupy the heights, and when no prospect appeared of forcing him from his position, Clavering threatened to fire the surrounding country in retaliation for the obstinate resistance of a handful of brave and determined men. M'Cracken yielded to the feelings of humanity, what the force of his enemy could not have obtained, and he withdrew from the heights his little band, considerably reduced from fatigue and the privations of a mountain campaign. He indulged for a time the hope of penetrating to Wicklow or Kildare, but finding the measure impracticable, he recommended his followers to provide for their personal safety. With seven attached friends he proceeded to the lesser Collin, and baffled by a masterly manœuvre the vigilance of

a corps that hung on his retreat, but was unable to impede his march. This manœuvre, though simple, evinced the military talent of the leader, and impressed the enemy with the idea that his numbers were more formidable. Favoured by the nature of the ground, they appeared at intervals on different heights, exhibiting at one time the hurried march of men stripped to their shirts, while the clothes of which they had disencumbered themselves being affixed to poles, presented to the enemy in another direction the appearance of an additional force; these were again as quickly removed; and the rapidity of the change, and the velocity of his movements were successful in distracting the enemy's attention, who fearing to press too closely on him, remained at a secure distance, while he carried off his little band in safety in the presence of a yeomanry force of fifty men. But the hour of his destiny was at hand.\*"

The same humble individual, who in every desperate crisis was looked to by the leaders for assistance, was called on by M'Cracken, and was followed by him in his march on Antrim, and in his flight after defeat, with his usual fidelity to those who trusted in him. The account of this movement, from the time of M'Cracken's appointment to the period of his defeat at Antrim, and his arrest, which follows, was drawn up by James Hope, the person above referred to, and presented to us with the intimation that "he wanted no publicity for any acts of his, nor did he wish for any concealment of his sentiments; he never was an advocate for the secrecy of opinion, and saw no reason to withhold his name from any thing he had written or yet might write."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### JAMES HOPE'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF ANTRIM.

"FROM the time that the French appeared at Bantry Bay, the societies greatly increased, but we soon found that what we gained in numbers we lost in worth. Our enemies propagated rumours varying in their

\* Teeling's Personal Narrative, p. 232.

tendencies, by which the public mind at one time was raised to the highest pitch of expectation, and at another sunk to the lowest depression. The cruelties practised on the people, sanctioned by the Indemnity Act of the Irish Parliament, left life without security, and innocence without protection. This state of things rendered resistance inevitable. In the months of March and April, 1798, the people were in daily expectation of being called to the field by their leaders; an intention, as it appeared afterwards, which the leaders had little idea of putting in execution. The adjutant-general of Down, who could neither be intimidated nor corrupted, had been arrested; and the general of Antrim kept back the signal for a general movement, called a meeting of his colonels and resigned; by which means the whole province of Ulster, which expected the signal from Belfast, was completely disorganised.

“The influence of Henry Joy M’Cracken, especially with the Defenders, had caused many people to consider him as an eligible person for a command in a force in which it was desirable to combine them with the Presbyterians. The Defenders were directed by a committee, by whom their chief was chosen, who communicated with the United Irish Society by a deputy. The latter had to fly to America, and the duty assigned to him devolved on Henry Joy M’Cracken.

“On his appointment, he had an interview with the adjutant-general, and shortly afterwards I was directed to act as aid-de-camp to one of two persons named, when first called on by either of them. I delivered messages from the leaders I have spoken of to several persons, and was pressed to give their names, which I declined to do, telling them they would be forthcoming when wanted.

“On the news of a rising in the south reaching Belfast, I went to the adjutant-general, who said he would call the colonels, to give them their orders; and I went home satisfied that such would be the case, and recommended patience to all those I met with. This was on Saturday, and on the Tuesday following I received a message from the general. I went to him; he gave me a guinea, and directed me to go to a camp which he said was at Dunboyne, near Dublin; that he had ordered the colonels to meet him, and that I

was to return with all haste with such information as I could learn, of the state of the south.

“ I met Henry M'Cracken near Belfast, and he stopped me ; and on learning my order, he said, you must not go, there is no camp at this side of Dublin ; there has been some fighting at a place called Clonee, near Dunboyne, but the men have marched for Tara, and are defeated and dispersed. He has concealed the signal, and must be watched : or the hope of a union with the south is lost. I answered, if he is a traitor or a coward, he will have me tried for disobeying his orders. M'Cracken replied, I will put you under arrest, and let him try me. Go home, until you hear from or see me. I obeyed ; he went into town, and was attacked by some yeomen in Hercules-street. A woman, named Hamell, came to his assistance with a large knife ; the yeomen fled, and he escaped into her house, got out of town that evening, and came over the mountains to meet me that night.

“ Next day we learned that the colonels met, and that the general had resigned. We had no communication from the other chief of the Union, but Henry, as his deputy, watched the movements of the United colonels, and learned that, on receiving the resignation of their chief, they had dispersed in consequence of a false alarm, and adjourned from Parkgate to Templepatrick. They selected Munro, and a man named John Coulter (a linen merchant), as persons to whom the command was to be offered : the first met with, to be applied to, and the proposal made to him. The colonels were to meet on Sunday at Ballyeaston. They did meet ; and Henry and I went to watch their movements, and learned that none of them had seen the gentlemen named for the appointment, and that the colonels had resolved not to fight. I learned afterwards that, of three of the colonels who had written notices sent them by M'Cracken, one went in person, and the other two sent their notices to General Nugent.

“ These orders were sent by the colonels who commanded the districts of Larne, Broughshane, and Lough-geel to General Nugent, which assisted him in his movements to disconcert M'Cracken's plans. The colonel of Broughshane sent his brother to General

Nugent, and appeared himself among the people after the taking of Ballymenagh, and assisted in dispersing a body of men who had joined the Braed men in considerable force, on which the men of Kells and Connor fell back from Antrim, and still retaining their arms, took post in Kells, four miles in advance from Ballymenagh, to Belfast. The manner in which the plot was managed to get the Ballymenagh men to disperse, was this:—The Committee or Council, consisting chiefly of men of the forementioned colonels, gave out that they intended to march for Dublin, through the heart of the county Armagh; they sent home the Braed men and others who had fought in Ballymenagh, for necessaries for the march on Saturday evening. The town-guard of the people then consisted mostly of strangers, who, sending on the Sunday morning to the Council for orders, found the members of it had decamped. They immediately got into confusion, threw down their arms, and dispersed.

“When our general resigned, Henry Joy M’Cracken sent me with a letter to Dr. Dixon, who had been appointed to the command of Down. John Hughes, the then unknown informer, was the man who knew where I would find him. It was early in the morning, and few houses were open. I met William Stewart, a copper-smith, in North-street; he went with me to Hughes; we were admitt d, and sent up to a room adjoining that in which Hughes slept; he came out of his room half dressed, wringing his hands in apparent agitation, and exclaimed, ‘It is all over! our leaders have sold us; the packing and removal of the plate of ——, is the signal for Nugent to commence hanging and flogging the people. There is but one way to stop their career of treachery, and that is to have them arrested; you have done much for the cause, but no service equal to that of lodging information against them.’ I told them that whatever might take place, if this proposal was acted on, I would inform against the person by whom it was carried into effect. Hughes still continuing to express his fear and his determination, if taken, to give full information, I took a pistol from my breast, and pointing it at his breast, said, ‘If you were not so near your wife and children, you would never speak these words again.’ Stewart, who had



sided with Hughes, now joined the latter in applauding my firmness, and both declared they were only trying me. I told them whoever would try the experiment on me again would have no time for explanation. They turned the matter into a laugh, and Hughes bade me go to a house in Church-lane, and Dixon would be there. I went, and waited some hours, but he did not come. I then went back to Hughes, and he sent me over the Long-bridge to Mr. Pottinger's; but he was not there. On returning to Hughes, he told me to come into town next day but one, and bring a man and a horse with me; that he had some things that Harry would want, that would require a day for him to provide, and I went home. When I went to town on the day appointed, it was strongly guarded by the military at every entrance; it was easy to get in, but how to get out was another question. When I got to Hughes' in Bridge-street, they were preparing to flog men in High-street. Colonel Barber and some officers were walking in front of the Exchange; we could see them from Hughes' window up-stairs, and Hughes seemed greatly agitated. One of Hughes' clerks came up, and said they were flogging Kelso, and in a little while the servant girl ran into the room in haste, and said that Kelso was taken down, and was telling all that he knew. At this time we could see the military moving in small parties in different directions through the street in seeming haste, and Barber and the officers coming towards Bridge-street. Hughes exclaimed, 'They are coming here; what will become of my poor family?' 'What ails you, Hughes?' said I, 'you need not be so frightened.' 'Oh! look here,' said he, taking me into another room, where he showed me a strong linen ticken bag with better than a stone weight of musket balls and some packages of gunpowder. 'I'll ease you of that,' said I, gathering them up and running down stairs. The clerk followed me to the hall door, and exclaimed, 'Hope, if Barber sees you, you will be hung at a lamp iron.' I gave him a benediction, and told him he and his master might hide, if they did not dare to walk the street, while the horsemen were jostling me, and laughing as they passed. I went into a shop at the upper corner of Bridge-street, where I had left a sack, and put my bundles into it,

and then went up North-street, and got a comrade named Charles Scott; we took the sack to a carman's yard, threw it down, and my comrade watched it at a distance, while I put some old things together—two swords, the colours which we afterwards fought under at Antrim, and a green jacket. Having packed them up into as small a compass as we could, we went forth and joined the Town Yeomen, and passing on with the soldiers, as if under their protection, we began to quicken our step unnoticed by the escort, and soon got out of their sight, and striking off the high road by Shankhill, we got safe to the mountains.

“The plan of the Antrim movement formed by Henry Joy M'Cracken was sent by express to the colonels of the county Antrim, each of whom was appointed to command five hundred men. The plan, in substance, was as follows.

“The different colonels, at the appointed time, are to attack any military post in their neighbourhood; or leave light parties to prevent communication, and march to Donegore-hill; while he, M'Cracken, with the men from the neighbourhood of Kilead, Templepatrick, Carmony, and Donegore, marched to Antrim to secure, if possible, the governor, deputy governor, and magistrates of the county Antrim, who were to meet in Antrim on the 7th of June; and to devise means for raising men to reinforce the army destined to effect a junction with the men in arms in the south. Some of the colonels sent these orders to General Nugent, and we were betrayed at all points. We, however, marched to stop the rebellion of the Orangemen against the king's subjects, and not to promote their objects, as some writers would insinuate.

“Men at this time were daily driven from their homes, thousands from their country, some by compulsion, some by a kind of choice that was influenced by fear or famine, to be slaughtered on the Continent, or to fly from danger, and to beg their bread in foreign lands: while many persons, not the most unthinking or unsteady in their principles, seemed to be of opinion that it was a question not easily to be solved, whether resistance or submission would be attended with most injury to human life and happiness,—bearing in mind that the gagging bills had left no power to public opinion,

no protection in a free press, no arena for a moral conflict with oppression.

"Some information appears to have been received of my intended journey to the south, to inquire about the Wexford men; for I learnt afterwards that a yeoman was stationed for three or four days at a place I would have had to pass, with instructions to shoot me. Some of my own party wanted to get rid of me.

"It was finally decided, when neither Munro nor Coulter could be found, that Henry Joy M'Cracken should be appointed to the chief military command. He wrote, on his appointment, to Steele Dixon, by one Duffy. The letter fell into the hands of Duffy's wife, and was burned by her.

"The South had been forced into resistance on the 21st of May preceding, but the North had been kept inactive until the beginning of June, by the men appointed to command; whether from prudence, cowardice, or concert with their opponents, is best known to themselves. M'Cracken, who was one of the first founders of the Union, and the only one who was not then in the power of the enemy, drew up and signed the fighting orders for the 7th of June, and sent them to the officers who had been appointed, and were expected to direct the movements of the people, but they declined to act.

"He set out at length on his march, with a force of trusty followers, which did not at first exceed one hundred men, but from the starting point, having five miles to march, they were augmented on the road by considerable numbers, who considered themselves more as a folorn hope, than a force having any well-founded expectation of a successful issue.

"Having no organized staff to convey his orders, M'Cracken could only give advice, which at first was received with attention by the people. We marched into Antrim in good order, until our front arrived opposite the Presbyterian meeting-house, when a party of the 22nd Light Dragoons wheeled out of the lane below the church, fired on us, and then retreated. Another party then advanced from the same quarter, but was soon brought down, men and horse. The rest of their force fled to the market-house, and we advanced under a heavy fire from a body of foot, covered

from our fire by the castle wall and two field-pieces, by a shot, from one of which, a gun we had brought from Templepatrick, placed on a common car, was dismounted.\* We then went into the churchyard, and silenced the field-pieces, and relieved our pikemen from the shower of grape-shot which they had stood without flinching. Part of our rear had been imprudently drawn up in a field, on the left of the church, and rendered useless during the action. Another party, which had appeared on our right on the Donegore-road, as we entered the town, was ordered to enter the other side of the town, by the back of the gardens. On the approach of this party, the horsemen at the market-house, in danger of being surrounded, and being then galled by our fire, made a charge at full speed up the street, some of the troops having previously fled by Shane Castle-road. The body that charged soon fell by our pikemen. At this time, the party stationed on the west side of the town entered by Bow-lane, but were checked by a destructive fire from the men behind the wall, and a volley from another party posted at a house in the lane by which they entered. They were forced to retreat at the moment that a body of five hundred men from Connor and Kells, who had taken Randelstown on their march to Antrim, came to our assistance, and on entering the town, mistook the flying horsemen for a body of the King's troops making a charge, and the retreat of the Bow-lane party for a complete rout. They became panic-struck, and instantly fled. M'Cracken immediately led a party down through the gardens, to dislodge the enemy from their position behind the wall, in front of the demesne of Lord Massarene. This party, however, seeing the flight of the Connor and Kells men, followed their example; and two of them crossing a pike-handle against M'Cracken's breast, threw him down, when attempting to stop them and their comrades. The Monaghan regiment, with Donegall's cavalry, now made their appearance on the road from Belfast, and took up a position at a little distance from the town, and placed two field-pieces on an emi-

\* This gun was one of the pieces of artillery which had belonged to the volunteers, and had been hid in the meeting-house at Templepatrick.

nence, the main body keeping behind the elevated ground, as if expecting an attack, while a party of the Donegall corps surrounded our men who were stationed in the field, between them and the town, and slaughtered them without mercy. We then formed in the street, and proceeded with our colours flying, to the upper part of the street by which we had entered, and kept our ground there until the troops on the hill began to move; we then marched leisurely down the street, and went out by the back of the gardens, on the right hand side of the road, the enemy throwing some round shot at us, which we did not regard, and none of us fell. We retreated slowly to Donegore hill, where we expected to find a body of men in reserve, commanded by Samuel Orr, the brother of William Orr; but they had dispersed before our arrival. There was nothing more to be hoped or to be done; all went home, with the exception of a very small number, of which I was one. Next morning, the news of Lord O'Neil's death reached us. The account of that event I had from some of the men who had advanced, and taken the guns near the market-house. When our men were approaching by Bow-lane, Lord O'Neil came out of a house beside the market-house, with a pistol in each hand, one of which he fired at a pikeman, and wounded him in the thigh, of which wound the man continued lame during life. The man turned round, and seeing the other pistol levelled at him, used his pike in defence of his life. He declared that Lord O'Neil might have entered the castle-gate without any molestation from him, had he only consulted his safety. I believe this to be true, though I was in the churchyard at the time it happened.\*

“Had Lord O'Neil surrendered, the capture and treatment of Major Jackson and others, who did so, is a proof that he would have got quarter, for such was both the orders to, and inclination of, the people.

“The troops under his lordship had intrenched themselves in the houses in Bow lane, to cover their retreat, if necessary, on Shane's Castle, while a light corps, appointed to meet the assailants, were directed

\* Lord O'Neil lingered till the 18th of June. He died at Lord Massarene's.

to wear each a red thread round his hatband, by which to know each other.

“One of the old volunteers who had served under Lord O’Neil, belonging to the Klage company, named Andrew Lewars, whose son fell at his side in the action in Antrim, seeing his boy quite dead, took his pouch and belt, and putting it on over his own, fell into the ranks, and with the additional ammunition during the action, kept up a well-directed and steady fire. He escaped in the retreat, and I met him at Muccamoor ten years afterwards, evincing the same fearless spirit.

“Samuel Orr behaved like a coward at Antrim; his flight caused a party headed by M’Cracken, who were proceeding to dislodge a body of yeomen in Lord Massarene’s demesne, to take to flight, when M’Cracken endeavoured to restrain them, but was thrown down and the panic became general; he then proceeded to Donegore hill, and did not enter the town again. His party diminished in the mountains from one hundred to twenty-eight; Colonel Clavering sent up a letter by a spy to say he would grant terms to all the people, provided they gave up their arms, and give a reward of 100*l.* a piece for each of the four following:—William Orr, Samuel Orr, and his brother John Orr, and Robert Johnstone. M’Cracken was not named. Samuel Orr surrendered, and got home. William Orr, still living, was transported; John Orr escaped to America, from Island Magee, along with Robert Orr, a chandler, who died there.

“Henry was already at Donegore hill, when we arrived, but on seeing the Kells men going home and our party dispersing in all directions, he and a few of his followers went further back into the mountains and joined some Belfast friends in the neighbourhood of Glenerry, but for want of some countrymen to learn the state of affairs, they could not ascertain whether any considerable numbers were brought together; but on hearing that the Kells men still remained in arms, they proceeded to Kells. Early on the tenth, when the Kells men were breaking up in consequence of news from Ballymenagh, that the people who collected had been deserted by their leaders, they likewise dispersed. Henry M’Cracken then went to Slemish, with such as were loath to give up the struggle, and remained there until our number was

reduced to twenty-eight ; we then left that place and took post on the heights of Little Collin, where we heard the guns at Ballynahinch.

“ On our march to the battle of Antrim, M'Cracken said, ‘ if we succeed to-day there will be sufficient praise lavished on us, if we fail we may expect proportionate blame. But whether we succeed or fail, let us try to deserve success.’ Henry had no other design in making this attempt, than to try the last effort for effecting a junction with the men in arms in the south, and to gain that point he was quite willing to sacrifice his life.

“ But the fact is, when persecution and ferocious bigotry were stalking abroad, had we come to a quiet understanding to join in small communities, for the protection of one another's life and liberty, by verbal agreement without any other obligation or design, many a valuable life would have been saved and perjury avoided.

“ News having reached us, that the men from the lower part of the country were flocking into Ballymenagh, from the 7th of June.—I joined them in a few days, and was ordered by the commandant of the town, to open a communication with the Kells men. The town had been taken on the 7th by the neighbours, and they were receiving reinforcements every hour ; the commandant told us he had eleven thousand under his command, a thousand of which number had fire-arms, that he intended to march through the county Armagh into Louth for Dublin, and wished me to accompany the advanced guard, which he intended to be composed of the Kells men, to keep them from running home again. I obeyed his orders, and on the 9th we were ordered to Donegore Hill, but the men mutined on the hill, and returned to Kells in the evening. We got billets and kept pickets on the roads all night. The picket on Ballymenagh-road took a prisoner, who told us, that the people of Ballymenagh had been dispersed by the desertion of their officers ; we sent a messenger to that place, and found the account was true. Henry M'Cracken having joined us that morning, and seeing the Kells men dispersing also, advised such as were loth to go home, to go with him to Slemish, and keep a rallying point, or let such as

durst go home, have time to hear if they would be safe. We went to Slemish, and found a spring at the south end of the hill, which we opened, and we remained there until Colonel Clavering came to Ballymenagh with four hundred men. He sent a message to us offering pardon, and one hundred guineas each, for four men supposed to be with us. We returned for an answer, that the men at Slemish would not pardon him.

“ We were then reduced to twenty-eight, and learning next day that a female visitor had reported our numbers and means of refreshment, to Clavering, we left the hill and marched in the direction of Belfast in open day, but stopped at Glenerry for the night, and assembled on a hill called the Little Collin next morning. In the evening we heard the guns at Ballynahinch, and marched in the direction of them; on our way we disarmed a guard at Ballyclare, and frightened their leaders a good deal, but hurt none of them. We crossed the country to Devis mountain, and saw several houses on fire in the county of Down. On learning by a messenger we had sent to Dunmurry, that the people were dispersed at Ballynahinch, we retraced our steps, and took post on the Black Bohell; there we were informed from Belfast, that the Wexford men were on their march for the north. We were then reduced to eight men, including M’Cracken, who sent word to his friends in Belfast, that he intended to meet the Wexford men; for although the people were dispersed by treachery, their spirit remained unbroken, and men were calling to us to learn if there was any hope, for the burning of houses, and scouring of the country still continued. Two ladies at this time arrived from Belfast at the risk of their lives, with word that General Nugent was apprized of our intention.\* M’Cracken then told us that he could make no farther use of our service, and after many words of kindness and of grief, he parted with us, and bid us think no more of following him. While we were looking sorrowfully after him, as he was going away to get some place of shelter for the ladies, it being then late in the evening, he called

\* One of the ladies was Miss Mary M’Cracken, the sister of the fugitive leader.



to me and another man, and said he had one more request to make, that we should endeavour to ascertain what the Wexford men were doing, and return with the intelligence to him as speedily as possible; but before we could return he had heard of their defeat, and then crossing the commons of Carrickfergus for Larne, he was taken, and suffered death in Belfast on the testimony of James Beck and John Minis. Henry Joy M'Cracken was the most discerning and determined man of all our northern leaders, and by his exertion chiefly the Union of the societies of the north and south was maintained.

“His memory is still fresh in the hearts of those who knew him. Forty winters have passed over it, and the green has not gone from it.

“I had an opportunity of knowing many of our leaders, but none of those I was acquainted with resembled each other in their qualities and their principles, in the mildness of their manners, their attachment to their country, their forgetfulness of themselves, their remembrance of the merits of others, their steadiness of purpose, and their fearlessness, as did Henry Joy M'Cracken and Robert Emmet.”

## CHAPTER V.

HAVING given the account of the battle of Antrim by one who took a far more active part in it than might be inferred from his narrative, in which all mention of his own exploits is carefully omitted, I now proceed to give a verbal account which I received from a gentleman who took a leading part on the other side, and whose statement, I am fully persuaded, is in entire accordance with his impression of the truth of every fact or event related to him or witnessed by him which he describes. On the subject of the capture of William Orr, which precedes the account of the Antrim business, a few words will be found, though not connected with the latter, except so far as the part taken in both by the gentleman referred to, tends to show the side on which his services and sympathies were enlisted.

The Rev. Arthur Chichester Macartney, vicar of Belfast, (son to the late Rev. Dr. Macartney of Antrim),

states that his father was a magistrate in the neighbourhood of Antrim for some years preceding 1797. He had received information of William Orr having administered an unlawful oath to two soldiers, and issued a warrant for his apprehension. Orr kept out of the way, and in September, 1797, Dr. Macartney being obliged to go to England, his son, now the vicar of Belfast, hearing that Orr's father was dying, and that William Orr would be likely to be at home, mentioned the circumstances to an officer, who accompanied him to the father's house at ten o'clock in the morning, and surrounded the house with soldiers. William Orr was not to be found; at length, on searching an out-house, he was discovered in an oatbin, and taken and committed to jail. After his conviction, Dr. Macartney set off for Dublin, and had an interview with Lord Camden, succeeded in getting him respited twice, and strongly pleaded for a pardon for him. The judge who tried William Orr was present on the last occasion, and said, in Lord Camden's presence, "Mr. Macartney, if you can lay your hand upon your heart, and say you do not think the evidence was sufficient to convict the man, I will recommend his Excellency to respite him." Dr. Macartney could not do this, and the execution took place. William Orr was looked upon as a person of singularly great and noble qualities, and as a martyr. The fact is, he was a man of very moderate abilities; athletic in his frame, active, and somewhat of a sporting character among his class. His brother Samuel was a man of great muscular strength, noted for his prowess in party feuds, and for his use of the stick, being, from his great height, better able than most men to strike on and over the heads of his opponents. On one occasion he had led a party to an attack on a place where he (Mr. Macartney) was posted, and had been repulsed with a few shots. At Antrim he had a command assigned to him, and was accused of cowardice by his companions.

Before the engagement commenced at Antrim some houses had been set fire to by the military. The smoke which issued from them caused one of the rebel columns, then on its way from Ballyclare to Antrim, to halt for nearly an hour, whereby the king's troops had time to bring up the guns, and were just crossing the Masserene bridge with them as the head of the

rebel column appeared entering the town. The rebel column came forward with great spirit and steadiness; but when the canister shot began to take effect (five rounds from each gun), when they saw men fall, and heard screams, and the word passed to the rear that many were killed, they broke rapidly. The dragoons then charged them boldly. They had to pass the churchyard, which was occupied by rebel musketry, and the former suffered severely from their fire as they galloped up to the charge. In the midst of the battle a sort of single combat took place between a colonel on their side and a man of the name of Campbell, who came out of the ranks of the rebels, singled out the colonel, and maintained a desperate struggle, keeping his ground with extraordinary intrepidity.

The rebels commenced the attack in an orderly and disciplined manner, with a band of music playing "The Lass of Richmond-hill."\* They had two pieces of cannon; these were formerly, with four other pieces, given to the Volunteers by the Government. When the Volunteers were suppressed, the cannon was taken from them, and kept in the linen hall, but they disappeared one night; two pieces were subsequently found buried at Ballymacarrett, and the other two, the day before the attack on Antrim, were taken from the meeting-house of Mr. Campbell at Temple-Patrick, and were used by the rebels in the engagement. It did not appear to Mr. Macartney that any one man on the rebels' side had a pre-eminence as a commander. There were three or four of their officers seen dressed in green uniforms. The authorities at Belfast had been apprised of the intended rising at one o'clock in the morning, the day of the attack on Antrim. The rebel directory of Belfast had determined on the attack at twelve o'clock, or a little past midnight, and one of the leaders of their executive, within half an hour after their deliberation, had communicated the result of it to General Nugent—consequently, the rebels were completely taken by surprise, when, considering themselves in possession of the town, the reinforcements arrived to the amount of nearly three thousand men, and they were driven

\* Hope states that they had no band, but entered the town singing the Marselloise hymn.

from the town ; and a large body of them who had not entered the town, but were waiting the issue at a short distance, were surrounded and cut to pieces.

Samuel Orr had a command assigned to him at the battle of Antrim, but his own party accused him of cowardice and of skulking about the hill of Donegore, when his services were required in the engagement in the town. A cousin of his, William Orr, took an active part in the rebellion ; he was allowed to go into exile in 1798. For many years he remained in Australia, and at the expiration of several years, he went to India, made a great deal of money, and, through the influence of Mr. Macartney, was permitted to return home, and is now living at Newgrove, near Ballymena.

Mr. Macartney says, the first information of the designs, actors, and strength of the Belfast United Irishmen, was communicated by his father to Lord Camden in the spring of 1797, and his Lordship acknowledged in a letter, still in Mr. Macartney's possession, the country's salvation was due to him ; he had discovered in the country a committee in actual assembly, and seized all their papers.

At the battle of Antrim, being then a member of the College Corps. Mr. Macartney had a full view of Lord O'Neil at the time he received his mortal wound ; they were both pike wounds, the fatal one had perforated the stomach ; he had fallen off his horse on his back, and the mortal wound was given while he was in that position. Mr. Macartney's party were behind the wall of Massarene Castle, and could not fire on the rebel who was engaged with Lord O'Neil for fear of hitting his Lordship ; their fire had driven off two previous assailants. Lord O'Neil walked to Dr. Bryson's and knocked ; the door was not opened, and he sat down on the steps. Mr. Macartney's party called to some dragoons who had their horses shot, to carry him into the market-place, promising to protect them with their fire ; this was done. The rebels in Antrim he estimates at eight thousand, the king's troops at three hundred ; the casualties of the latter, killed and wounded, about fifty ; that of the rebels upwards of three hundred ; of which number, in the town alone, one hundred and nineteen were found dead.

Mr. Macartney's statement of facts and opinions in reference to this subject, was given in a spirit of candour, and of fairness to those whose principles he is so strenuously opposed to, which it would be well if others of similar views and opinions would endeavour to imitate. The account of the great superiority of the rebel force in point of numbers over that of the king's troops is certainly incorrect, but we are fully persuaded that Mr. Macartney is incapable of making any statement of the truth of which he is not firmly persuaded.

We conclude this subject with the official account, communicated by the commanding officer to the Government, and published in the Government organs of the day:—"On the 7th of June, Major Seddon, commanding in Antrim, received information that the rebels were to burn and destroy that town. He sent an express to Blaris camp, Belfast, and Lisburn. At half-past two o'clock, there arrived from Belfast two troops of horse commanded by Colonel Lumley with a six-pounder. The rebels collected to the amount of some thousands. Lord Massarene's corps of yeomanry assisted on the occasion.

"Colonel Lumley ordered his troops to make a charge on the enemy; he was unfortunately wounded, and the light horse obliged to retreat and cross the river; Major Seddon had three horses shot under him. Colonel Durham soon arrived with additional assistance; and on a well-directed fire on the town the insurgents were driven out; two curriple guns were retaken, which had fallen into their hands, and a six-pounder; they were pursued to Shanes Castle and Randalstown with great slaughter. Lord O'Neil having been informed that the rebels were in possession of Randalstown, went to Antrim with a small party, intending to protect his house; he was attacked on the way by a party of the insurgents, and received a desperate wound from a pike, under which he languished till the 11th of June, when he died in great agony. At Antrim the rebels are said to have lost 500 men. After their defeat, the Monaghan militia arrived and plundered them. As to the action in Randalstown, which took place about the same time, the loss of the rebels there is stated to have been above three hundred.

In the engagements of this day the Ballinderry yeomanry suffered a great deal; the loss on the part of the army was three officers, and twenty rank and file killed and wounded; amongst these we have to mention Cornet Dunn and Quartermaster Simpson killed, Lieutenant Murphy wounded. Another body of the rebels attacked the town, where a subaltern's detachment of the Tay fencibles maintained their post in the barrack with great gallantry. On the 5th of June, by accounts received at Dublin from Belfast, it was stated that the rebels in that quarter were dispersed in all directions, except at Toome, whither General Knox and Colonel Clavering were proceeding, and that many of them had laid down their arms; also that Mr. Claverty had returned from Donegore Hill, to which place he had been carried prisoner by 2000 rebels. Whilst he was in this situation the insurgents disagreed and quarrelled among themselves; and, from his influence and address amongst them, 1500 of them left their camp, surrendered their arms, and swore they would never again carry an offensive weapon against his majesty or his loyal subjects; many more of them dispersed, and their commander was left with about fifty men only.

“ On the same day, Colonel Stapleton having information of a number of people assembled at Saintfield, he set out from Newtownards, with a detachment of the York fencible regiment, accompanied by the Newtownards and Comber yeomen cavalry and infantry; altogether about three hundred and twenty men, and two field pieces. About half-past four o'clock in the evening they fell upon the rebels, supposed to have been between six and seven thousand. The light infantry, commanded by Captain Chetwynd, advanced to secure an eminence on the right, which having accomplished, he was attacked by a force of at least three thousand men, the front armed with pikes, the centre and rear with muskets, whose fire galled them severely, till the body of the troops and the field-pieces came up, when the rebels were defeated, with the loss of about five hundred men, amongst whom were many of their leaders. The king's troops, after routing the insurgents, marched to Comber, where they halted during the night; the next morn-

ing proceeded to Belfast. In this action, Captain Chetwynd, Lieutenant Unite, and I. Sparks were killed, and Lieutenant Edenson wounded; the total loss, on the part of the king's troops, was twenty-nine killed, and two wounded.

“Accounts were now received by General Nugent from Colonel Clavering, that the disaffected in the neighbourhood of Antrim had expressed a desire to submit, and return to their duty. At Ballymena, a number of pikes and muskets were delivered up to the magistrates; many more, with a brass field-piece, were also surrendered to Major Seddon.”

The battle of Randalstown, which Hope makes mention of in his narratvie, took place on the same day as that of Antrim.

The following information respecting it was given to us by the late Dr. M'Gee, of Belfast, about two or three months before his death. He was arrested in 1798, on a charge of high treason, being then a resident at Randalstown, and had an intimate acquaintance with the matters of which he spoke:—

“Randalstown battle took place on 7th June, 1798, about two o'clock P.M. The engagement lasted fifty-two minutes. The force of the rebels amounted to about five hundred; that of the king's troops to one hundred and ten. The number of the killed and wounded, on both sides, did not exceed forty. The rebels had no cannon, and only fifty muskets.

“The king's troops were commanded by Lieutenant Ellis, and they had no artillery. The former gained the day; the troops fled to the market-house, which was their barracks: they shut themselves up, and commenced firing out of the windows. The people then set fire to the barracks; the women were particularly active in carrying straw, &c. When the barrack was on fire, the soldiers hoisted out a white flag, and then the firing ceased, and the rebels put up ladders and poles, and all were taken out and treated with the greatest kindness; not one was put to death, or offered either injury or insult.

“Dickey, an attorney of Randalstown, a man of stern resolution, who was not present at the battle, but came in when it was over, was for putting to death the two officers, Ellis and Jones: he was opposed

by Dr. M'Gee. The rebels then left the town, and took their prisoners with them; they posted themselves on an adjoining hill, (Craigmore) and there they received a message from Colonel Clavering, with terms which were accepted by the people, and shamefully violated by this officer. Three of the unfortunate people who remained in their houses were put to death in cold blood by the yeomen; one of these was a poor boy of twelve or fourteen, the only son of a widow of the name of French; they then entered the widow's house, and regaled themselves there.

“ Dickey was taken, tried by court-martial, and hanged in Belfast. Captain Thomas Jones, on being liberated, joined his corps, the Toome yeomanry, and immediately commenced searching the houses in the vicinity, for such of the rebels as he had seen in Randalstown. He entered one house, the widow Neil's; her son was found at his loom working. The young man was taken to the door, held by two yeomen, while Jones shot him dead on the spot. The mother applied to the magistrates in the vicinity, but none would take her information; she went to Dublin, and Judge Day put her in the way of getting her information taken. Jones was committed to jail, and was indicted; the bill, however, was ignored at Carrickfergus, as might have been expected: his father was one of the grand jury.

“ General Clavering was an unprincipled and a merciless man. After the battle of Antrim, he went to his headquarters at Shanes Castle: there he issued his proclamation to the rebels at Randalstown, who were then in great force, but badly armed. He promised them if their arms were given up, he would grant protection to the people, and there would be a complete amnesty; if not, he would ‘put man, woman, and child to the sword, and burn all their dwellings.’

“ They complied with the terms within the prescribed time; this proclamation was issued on Friday, and the arms were delivered up that night at the turnpike, and on Saturday morning he marched the Monaghan militia and 64th regiment into Randalstown, and burned the town, having allowed two hours previously for plunder. He proceeded then to Ballymena. One man was ordered for execution; there



was no person found to act as executioner ; he levied a fine of £50 on the town in consequence, the money was paid, and he then ordered another mulct of £50 to be levied if the head was not struck off and stuck on the market-house. The head was struck off, and the fine was not levied. In one instance he accepted of a sum of money from one Jamieson, an hotel keeper.

“ This Clavering, on the trial arising out of the affairs of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke, was examined as a witness, was menaced with a committal to Newgate for prevarication ; he died in obscurity in Scotland.”

Dr. Magee states that he had no reason to know the plans that were devised and executed by M'Cracken ; and he thinks if they had been earlier adopted and carried into effect, the result would have been very different.

“ The attack on Antrim,” he states, “ was determined on in consequence of Lord O'Neil's calling a meeting of the magistrates for the purpose of proclaiming the county, and quartering the king's troops on the inhabitants, and declaring that part of the country out of the king's peace. On the 7th of June all the magistrates were to assemble in the Court-house, and did so. The people had information of the intended meeting, and determined on seizing the magistrates, and commencing the rising earlier than they intended ; they got possession of the town, but reinforcements came in about two o'clock in the day, to the number of about three thousand, under Brigadier-General Clavering, and they regained the town. The king's troops had two six-pounders. The 22nd dragoons, and the Antrim yeomanry were under the command of Colonel Lumley. The rebels had one six-pounder, mounted on a car ; but which was rendered useless after the third fire, being dismounted by the enemy's guns. They were commanded by Henry Joy M'Cracken, William Kane, and his brother.”

## CHAPTER VI.

THE atrocities that were committed in Antrim, after the defeat of the rebels, were of the usual character of the yeomanry outrages. The following account of the melancholy fate of Mr. Quin, of Antrim, and his daughter, was given to me by a gentleman of that town, one who had a personal knowledge of the circumstance, and in some of the matters connected with it, a closer acquaintance than was consistent with the security of life itself :—

“ Mr. Quin lived in Antrim, near the head of the street that leads to Belfast, (the Scotch quarter, as it is called). After the people had fled, some cannon were placed by the military to play upon the houses. A shot struck the house next to Quin's, when he and his daughter, a lovely girl of sixteen, fled through the garden towards Belmount, but a short distance, when they were shot down by the yeomen or militia, who had orders to shoot every person in coloured clothes. They were buried where they fell, and it was said that the beautiful long hair of the girl was partly above the ground waving in the wind for many days. This was the fact, and I recollect it excited more sympathy among the poor people than many horrid barbarities of the time ; she was a sweet lively girl, much beloved. Her brother, now residing in Belfast, then lived in a distant town. As soon as he dare venture to the spot, he had his father and sister decently interred in the neighbouring burying ground. There were many such murders as this during the twenty-four or forty-eight hours after the engagement, the particulars of which would only be distressing to relate or to read. One of the most cruel and unprovoked was that of James M'Adam and the two Mr. Johnsons. These men had been appointed by the authorities in Ballymena, to convey and see deposited at the military camp beside Shanes Castle, several cart loads of arms which the people had delivered up after the skirmish in that town. They

had deposited these arms at the camp, and had passed through Antrim on their way to relatives who resided a mile or two from Antrim. On passing the avenue of Merckamore Abbey, the residence of Mr. Allison, which was then in the act of being burned and destroyed by a party of the 22nd light dragoons from Antrim,—(these lawless and unrestrained troops had no doubt revelled in Mr. Allison's cellar),—our unfortunate friends, in riding past, happened to attract notice, when they were shot down, and their bodies thrown into the road ditch. Their horses were sold by auction in Antrim, by the military. Some humane persons had the bodies buried the next day in the grave-yard hard by.

“James M'Adam was a millwright and builder, who had erected most of the bleach-mills for many miles round that centre of the linen manufacture; of course he was generally known, and from every thing I could learn afterwards, (I was then very young), he was much esteemed by all classes; by the linen merchants and bleachers as clever and conscientious in his profession, and by others as a sincere friend and good neighbour. Mr. John Johnson was a respectable cattle dealer, and Mr. Andrew Johnson was in the linen business; none of these men were engaged in the insurrection.”

In gratitude to the memory of the then venerable rector of Antrim, Mr. Macartney, and as a tribute to his humanity and goodness, I must relate the following instance:—

“The son of Mr. M'Adam was then a little boy of fourteen, and had gone to business with two persons who were both involved, and had made themselves obnoxious to Mr. Macartney. The one was in prison, the other had been wounded and fled, the house was wrecked, and the goods all destroyed. M'Adam's boy was a wanderer in the streets several days after the fight. He went up to Mr. Macartney in the street, and asked him to give him a pass to go home, he, Macartney, said something that frightened him, but the next moment asked him his name, and the name of his father and mother, and where they were from; he said he knew who they were, and said something that frightened him more, but he immediately turned to the boy, took him by the hand, got him a red ribbon to put into

his hat, and went with him a piece along the road that leads by the steeple to Ballymena, then ordering him not to say one word about what he saw or heard to any person he met, he desired him to go straight home. When the son of Mr. M'Adam had proceeded a short way he saw the escort and carts of which his father had the charge about half a mile before him, where they had turned off to go Shanes Castle; had he met them, his father would not have gone to Antrim, as it was to look after him he went there. Finding his son had gone home, he proceeded to his friends to stay that night, and intended to have returned home the next day."

The fate of William Neilson, the son of a poor widow, who was put to death after the battle of Antrim, was not less shocking to humanity than that of the daughter of the unfortunate Quin. The particulars of this case were communicated to Miss M'Cracken by the mother and sister of young Neilson.

"There was a poor widow of the name of Neilson, living in the village of Ballycarry, near Carrickfergus, who had four sons and two daughters; her second son, Samuel, had been taken prisoner on account of fire-arms having been found in the house, but was liberated on the 2nd of June, on giving bail. On the memorable 7th of June, the people began to assemble for the purpose of going to Antrim. In the same neighbourhood there happened that day to be a man from Carrickfergus, of the name of Cuthbert, a pensioner, who was in the house of one M'Terran. It was considered advisable not to allow him to return to Carrickfergus. William Neilson, a lad of fifteen years, being young and enthusiastic in the cause in which his elder brothers were engaged, offered to be one of a party to go to M'Terran's house, to make a prisoner of Cuthbert, and take him with them to Donegore Hill, the place where the people assembled previously to their marching to Antrim. William, after all was over, returned to his mother's house—no fear being entertained by his friends for him on account of his extreme youth. He was taken and tried by court-martial, and sent back to prison. The boy seemed to be quite unconscious of his intended fate. When his friends visited him, they found him amusing himself with his brothers.

“At midnight an order came for his removal. He was torn from the arms of his eldest brother, John, who was confined in the same cell, and hurried to the new jail, where his second brother, Sam, was confined. He was offered his pardon, on condition of giving information against the leaders at Antrim. He rejected the proposal; strenuous efforts were made to induce him to alter his determination, but they had no effect upon him. He requested that his own minister should be brought to him, the Rev. Mr. Bankhead. This request was granted, and he spent the remainder of the night with that gentleman. In the morning he begged he might be allowed to see his brother Sam; that wish was also complied with. The brother expected he would share the same fate; the fear of it, however, did not prevent his encouraging William to persist in his determination. The boy was then brought to his native village, Ballycarry, and within a mile of the town he was met by his distracted mother, who was then on her way to visit her imprisoned family. She made her way through the soldiery, who endeavoured to keep her back; but he caught her hand, exclaiming ‘Oh! my mother!’—when he was dragged from her. She then threw herself in the midst of the cavalry, at the feet of Richard Kerr, Esq., her landlord, requesting to be allowed to speak one word to her poor child; he ordered her to ‘get out of his way or he would be obliged to ride over her.’ Her son was brought to her door to be executed; but he requested he might not die there. He was then taken to the end of the village; his presence of mind never forsook him. He made a last effort in behalf of his brothers, begging that his death might expiate their offences, and that his body might be given to his mother; which last request was granted. His body was brought to his mother’s, and strict orders given, that no person should attend at his wake. That night some cavalry surrounded the house and forbid any strangers to attend the funeral. The next morning being the Sabbath, he was followed to the place of interment by his almost distracted mother, his little brother, and two younger sisters, all who were not in confinement. His brother John was never brought to trial, but had to sign a paper consenting to his banish-

ment for seven years, his second brother Samuel for life. William's death took place the latter end of June, 1798. His brothers sailed from Belfast in May, 1799. They were taken by the French, and the passengers being in general exiles, were treated with kindness. The vessel was retaken by the English, and sent to the West Indies. Samuel died on the voyage: John contrived to make his escape, and got to America. Their mother had been a schoolmistress, and had managed to get John bound to the first architect in Belfast, Mr. Hunter. He left a wife and child. He followed with success the business of a builder in America, and was employed by some of the first people there. While engaged in building for President Madison, he attracted the notice of Mrs. Madison; and that lady, moved by the sad story of his brother's fate, showed, by many acts of kindness, the interest she took in his welfare. He died in America, 1827.

“The first part of this account was given me by his sister; but I remember his mother telling me that when William was told at the place of execution to cover his face, as was usual on such occasions, he refused, saying, ‘He had done nothing to be ashamed of.’ His mother represented him as a very handsome boy, fair, and blooming, with light hair, and with his open shirt neck, looking even younger than he was. Mr. Kerr offered his mother ten guineas to give up her house, which she indignantly refused. She was at the time extremely poor, and obliged to seek assistance from others. Some time afterwards she left the place and went to live in Island Magee, as everything surrounding her in the place of her bereavement daily reminded her of the loss of her poor boy.”

## CHAPTER VII.

FOR the following account of the short career of M'Cracken, from the period of his defeat at Antrim to his execution, we are indebted to his sister. And without injustice to his memory, the statement could not be given except in her own words.

“Some days after the battle of Antrim, not having received any intelligence of my brother, I set out in

pursuit of him, accompanied by Mrs. M——, sister to John Shaw, of Belfast, who wished to get some information respecting her husband and also a brother of Mrs. Shaw. We went towards the White House and made some enquiries in the neighbourhood. In the evening we joined J. M'G., at the country residence of Mr. John Brown, a banker, then in England, whose gardener, Cunningham, we learned, had given shelter occasionally to the wanderers. At nightfall this man took us to a house near the cave hill, belonging to John Brier, whom I knew a little, where we got a bed that night. In the morning I urged Mrs. M. to return home, which she generously refused, although she had gained the information she required. She insisted on accompanying me. Her husband had got safe into Belfast, disguised as a countryman with a basket of eggs, and was then safe in Mr. Shaw's house; he had been at the battle of Antrim also. The next day we continued our search, and at last met with Gawin Watt and another person, who promised to take us to a place in the evening where we would get intelligence. The latter took us to a smith's house, on the lime-stone road leading to Antrim; we then saw a man, who some years afterwards was executed for the murder of a person of another party, against whom it did not appear he previously harboured malice, but in the madness of party rage had way-laid and assassinated.

“In the back-room of this man's house we found about eight of the fugitives in consultation as to what should be done. I recommended them strongly to separate and return to their homes, if they could with safety. They replied that there was something in view, but in the event of its not taking place, they would follow my advice. Three of the party undertook to escort us; we travelled up hill, across fields, drains, and ditches, for two hours; our companions were Robert Henry, a schoolmaster, William Leith, and Robert Johnston. I had never seen any of the party before, except Johnston, on one occasion, and then only for a few minutes. We had a brisk walk for two hours, when we arrived at the Bowhill, where my dear brother and six others (James Hope one of the number) were sitting on the brow of the hill. Henry seemed surprised and rejoiced at the meeting, and after sitting

with the party for a long time, talking over their adventures and escapes, he conducted us to a house where we were received in darkness, the woman of the house not daring to light a candle, or make the fire blaze. I insisted on Mrs. M—— occupying the only chair for the remainder of the night, while I took a low stool and rested my head on her lap. My brother was to be with us at seven in the morning; we thought the night very long, but when seven o'clock came, and no Harry appeared, we became very uneasy; but still more so when one Smith, a thoughtless fellow, accompanied by the schoolmaster, arrived, and had not met with him, not having taken shelter in the same place. He came at last, having waited for the others till after two o'clock. We then set out on our way home, and he accompanied us a little way, wishing to see M'G., whom we sent out to him. Even then they had no hopes of another movement.

“The spirit of patriotism and the hope of success was not, I believe, so soon extinguished in the country as in the large towns: in the former it was perhaps partly kept alive by the wanderers whose lives were in jeopardy, and the necessary care and attention of others in their preservation, which was carried to a degree of generous confidence almost incredible, and in some cases exceeding the bounds of propriety; for instance, Biddy Magee, a modest and amiable young woman, who made such efforts in saving her brother's life, in 1803, told me that in 1798, (she was then about twelve or fourteen years of age), a young man in the neighbourhood where she lived, and who seldom ventured to sleep two nights successively in the same house, was frequently allowed to sleep in the bed with her and an older sister, in the room with her father and mother: he had fair hair and a fair complexion, like her family. In the event of any alarm, with the disguise of a woman's cap, he was to have been passed off for one of her sisters. Such acts of generous kindness, I believe, were never abused. She also told me that one night she heard the horse patrol pass their door, on the road leading to a house where she knew that some of the wanderers were concealed, about a quarter of a mile off by the fields, but considerably further by the road; that she started out



of bed immediately, threw some of her clothes on, darted across the fields, and was just in time to warn the men to make their escape, and returned home in safety. The act was considered as heroic, for the girl was so timid that she dared not venture to the well for water in the dusk of the evening.

“Soon after the former interview, I received the following letter from my brother:—

“ ‘ *Monday, 18th June, 1798.*

“ ‘ Dear Mary,—The clothes came in very good time, as I had much need of a change, having never had that luxury since I left home before. I will endeavour to arrange matters, so that any thing I want will come regularly to me. At present I cannot, as my lodging is the open air, which, with great abundance of exercise, keeps me in good health and high spirits, although my companions are not so numerous now as they were lately. *These are the times that try men's souls.* You will no doubt hear a great number of stories respecting the situation of this country: its present unfortunate state is entirely owing to treachery. The rich always betray the poor. In Antrim, little or nothing was lost by the people until after the brave men who fought the battle had retreated, few of whom fell, not more than one for ten of their enemies; but after the villains who were entrusted with direction for the lower part of the county gave up hostages, and all without any cause, private emolument excepted, murder then began, and cruelties have continued ever since. It is unfortunate that a few wicked men could thus destroy a county, after having been purchased by blood; for it is a fact, which I am sure you never knew, that on Friday, the 8th of June, all this county was in the hands of the people, Antrim, Belfast, and Carrickfergus excepted. When I see you I will tell you a variety of little anecdotes that have occurred since I left home. Let me have all the news, and when opportunity serves send me newspapers. Remember me to all the family and friends, who I doubt are few, and believe me to be truly yours,

(Signed) ‘ H. J. M'CRACKEN.’

“Shortly afterwards I again went to see him at

David Bodle's, beside the Cave hill, but nearer to Belfast. He was a poor labourer, with a wife and three daughters. The girls often rose out of their beds early in the morning, to let the fugitives get rest. I had afterwards an opportunity of materially serving that family, and some others who had done similar acts of kindness. Leith and Henry got safe away to America, and Johnston is still living at home. It was on Sunday afternoon, the 8th of July, my birth-day, that we got intelligence that Henry was taken prisoner by four Carrickfergus yeomen, one of whom, Niblock, knew him. John Query and Gawin Watt were with him at the time, and were likewise arrested. Harry had obtained a pass in another name, and was then on his way to the place appointed for embarkation on board of a foreign vessel, with the captain of which an agreement had been made for his passage. At a place where they stopped on the road, Watt contrived to get hold of one of the guns of the yeomen, which had been laid down for a few minutes, knocked out the priming without being perceived, and told Harry to save his life; but seeing the impossibility of doing so without involving his associates in additional danger, he thought it better to try, by other means, to save all. He had a written acknowledgment for a sum of £30 on his person, which was the same as money; and this he offered to Niblock, if he would allow himself and his companions to escape. Niblock refused the offer, but M'Gilpin, another of the yeomen, was willing to let them go. M'Cracken had nearly effected an arrangement when they stopped at a public house, one of the party went out unperceived, and brought back with him an officer, who secured the prisoners. Immediately on getting the intelligence of Harry's arrest, my father and I set off to Carrickfergus, and with difficulty obtained permission to visit him; the officer who accompanied us politely standing at a distance, not to prevent our conversation. Harry desired me not to use any solicitations on his account; and after expressing to me his wishes on many matters, he desired me to tell my brother John to come to him. My mother had sent him a favourite book of his, 'Young's Night Thoughts,' and I observed a line from it written on the wall of his cell,—

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

We remained all night at Carrickfergus, and tried the next morning to see him again; but were not admitted. We saw him, however, through the window of his cell, when he gave me a ring, with a green shamrock engraved on the outside, and the words, 'Remember Orr,' on the inside, presented to him by his friend Thomas Richardson, and which he desired me to give to his mother. Since her death it has remained with me. On the 16th, he was brought in prisoner to Belfast, in the evening. My sister and I immediately set out to try if we could see him. He was then standing, with a strong escort, about a dozen, I think, of soldiers, who were drawn up in the middle of what is now called Castleplace. We could not speak to him there. He was then taken to the artillery barracks in Ann-street, and we hastened to Colonel Durham, who lodged in Castle-place; we knocked at the door, and just as it was opened, the colonel, who had been out, came up; and when we earnestly requested he would give us an order for admission to see our brother, who was to be tried the next day, he replied, that, 'If our father and mother, sisters and brother, and all the friends we had in the world, were in similar circumstances, he would give no such order.' He had, by this time, entered his hall-door, which he shut against us with great violence. We returned home, and then learned that there was a large party of officers dining at the Exchange-rooms. We hurried there, and sent a messenger to Colonel Barber, who instantly sent out a young officer to accompany us to my brother; and when we apologized to this gentleman for giving him so much trouble, he said, 'He did not consider it any trouble, and would be glad to serve us.' I did not learn his name. When we reached the place of confinement, he very kindly stood at a distance from the door of the cell, that we might have an opportunity of conversing at our ease with our brother. Harry then told us that he did not know who would appear against him; that he had been told Samuel Orr, a brother of William Orr, was to come forward; but he could not believe it. He desired that Mrs. Holmes (daughter to my uncle, Henry Joy) and Miss Mary Toomb (his grand-daughter) might be requested to attend his trial the next day, to prove the fact of their having advised him to leave Belfast,

in order, if no material evidence was brought against him, some advantage might be derived from the circumstance of his friends having endeavoured to persuade him to leave town previously to the Antrim business.

“The next morning, at five o’clock, we were knocked up by a soldier, who said he had been on guard at the artillery barracks, and that Henry had sent him for half-a-guinea and a bottle of whiskey, which my sister immediately gave the man. But on visiting Henry the same morning she found that no such message had been sent by him.

“I arose at six, and set out in a carriage for the place where Miss Toomb was then staying with a lady, near Lisburn. I endeavoured to keep up her spirits as well as I could, fearing from the state of grief and anxiety she was in she would be unable to give evidence. She came with me, and on arriving in town, the 17th of July, I proceeded to the Exchange, where the trial was just commenced. The moment I set my eyes on him I was struck with the extraordinary serenity and composure of his look. This was no time to think about such things, but yet I could not help gazing on him; it seemed to me that I had never seen him look so well, so full of healthful bloom, so free from the slightest trace of care or trouble, as at that moment, when he was perfectly aware of his approaching fate.

“I sat very near the table when the trial was going on. Colonel Montgomery was President. The first witness called was Minis, who swore that Harry had called at his house the morning of the battle of Antrim, and forced him to go with him; that he was present at that engagement, and saw M’Cracken taking an active part in it. The other witness, James Beck, a poor miserable-looking creature, swore that he had seen Harry only once before the fight, one evening in the street; that he was pointed out to him at Antrim, and that he knew him by a mark on his throat, which mark was not seen until his neckerchief was taken off.

“Hope informed me that an artillery man, of the name of Muldoon, had been on guard the morning of the 17th of July, and had told him that the witnesses who had sworn against M’Cracken did not know him;

that he was walking in the yard when an officer pointed him out to them from a window looking into the yard, and told them of the mark on his throat. (This practice of pointing out prisoners to crown witnesses was by no means uncommon in Ireland at that period).

“Immediately preceding the examination of the witnesses, my father, who was just recovered from a severe and tedious fit of illness, and who appeared to be sinking beneath the weight of old age and affliction, was called aside by Pollock, who told him that he had such evidence against his son as would certainly hang him; that his life was in his hands, and that he would save it if my father would persuade him to give such information as Pollock knew it was in his power to do, namely, who the person was who had been appointed to command the people of Antrim, in whose place he (M'Cracken) had acted. My father replied that ‘he knew nothing and could do nothing in the matter: he would rather his son died than do a dishonourable action.’ The tyrant, however, not content with the trial of his virtue, would torture him still farther by calling Harry to the conference, and repeated the same offer to himself, who well knowing his father’s sentiments, answered, that, ‘he would do any thing which his father knew it was right for him to do! Pollock repeated the offer, on which my father said, ‘Harry, my dear, I know nothing of the business, but you know best what you ought to do.’ Harry then said, ‘Farewell, father,’ and returned to the table to abide the issue of the trial. After I left him, I was told that Major Fox went up to him and asked him for the last time if he would give any information, at which he smiled, and said, ‘he wondered how Major Fox could suppose him to be such a villain.’

“The proceedings went on, and after some time Henry complained of thirst, and asked me to get him an orange or some wine and water. I hastened home, our house being at a short distance from the place, and on my way back I was accosted by the wife of William Thompson, an Englishman, a calico-print-cutter, in my brother’s employment; who, refusing to give information against my brother, had two hundred lashes inflicted on him, on a charge of having engraved a seal with the device of a harp and some popular

motto. Mrs. Thompson inquired of me about the trial that was then going on. She said if his life was in danger, she would appear as a witness, and swear that she had seen Henry in the street of Belfast the day of the Antrim fight. She followed me to the Exchange, repeated the proposal to Henry and Mr. Thomas Stewart, who was his attorney, who called Harry aside to hear it; they both told her, her proposal could not be accepted. Mrs. Holmes and Miss Toomb attended when called on; the latter weeping bitterly, could scarcely answer a single question. They cross-questioned Mrs. Holmes very strictly. Pollock, the crown prosecutor, who seemed most anxious for conviction, endeavoured to entrap her into contradictions; he inquired why she was so anxious for the prisoner leaving the town; she replied, discreetly, that the disturbed state of the town was a sufficient reason for her anxiety about a relative. He strove to make her answers tell against Henry: he asked her, was the prisoner a United Irishman? she said she knew nothing about political societies. He then inquired, did she think he was one, and other similar questions. After the examination of the witnesses, I rose and went forward to the table; I stated what appeared to me to be unlike truth in the evidence that had been given by the witnesses for the prosecution, expressing a hope that they would not consider such evidence sufficient to take away life; the testimony of one witness impeaching the character and credit of the approver, on whose statements the charge was mainly dependent for support.

“Harry had taken notes of the trial, and before its termination he said to me in a whisper, ‘You must be prepared for my conviction;’ all his friends could then do for him was to endeavour to get his sentence commuted to banishment. Before the close of the proceedings, I hastened home with this intelligence, and my mother went instantly to General Nugent’s house, and requested an interview, but he refused to be seen. I returned to the Exchange before my mother came back, but found that Henry had been removed. I little expected that any efforts to save him would be successful; but I felt I had a duty to perform—to prevent misrepresentation, and to put it out of the power of his enemies to injure his character while

living, or his memory when dead. I followed him to the artillery barracks, where I saw Major Fox just going in, and asked his permission to see my brother; he desired me to wait a little, but I followed him, and when he came to the door of my brother's cell I remained behind him at a few paces' distance; the door of the cell was opened, and I heard him say, 'You are ordered for immediate execution.' My brother seemed to be astonished at the announcement; indeed he well might be, at the shortness of the time allotted to him; but seeing me falling to the ground, he sprang forward and caught me. I did not, however, lose consciousness for a single instant, but felt a strange sort of composure and self-possession; and in this frame of mind I continued during the whole day. I knew it was incumbent on me to avoid disturbing the last moments of my brother's life, and I endeavoured to contribute to render them worthy of his whole career. We conversed as calmly as we had ever done. I asked him if there was anything in particular that he desired to have done. He said, 'I wish you to write to Russell, inform him of my death, and tell him that I have done my duty; tell him also that the aspersions which were cast on Tom Richardson by his fellow prisoners were false; and, as I knew him well, my testimony, I trust, will be a sufficient proof of his innocence.' 'Is there anything else you wish me to do?' I asked. 'No,' he replied, hesitatingly; but, from his look, I judged there was something occupying his thoughts which he did not wish to mention. What was then stirring in his mind flashed on mine like lightning, and vanished at the moment; but subsequent circumstances recalled it, and the cause of his anxiety became a source of comfort to me, and the means of fulfilling a duty to his memory. He said, 'he would like to see Mr. Kelburne, who was our clergyman.' I told him, I feared that Mr. Kelburne would be unable to come, but that if he wished to see a clergyman, Dr. Dickson was then under the same roof, and would come to him. He replied, 'he would rather have Mr. Kelburne, as it would gratify his father and mother.' He, of course, was sent for, but being confined to his bed by illness, it was a considerable time before he made his appearance. In the meantime Dr.

Dickson was brought to him; they retired to the far end of the room, when I observed Dr. Dickson take out his pocket-book and write something in it; he afterwards said, that he never met any person whose mind was better prepared to meet death. Mr. Kelburne soon after arrived, and when he did, he burst out crying, and said, 'Oh! Harry, you did not know how much I loved you.' Mr. K., after some time, endeavoured to assume composure, and, turning to Fox, said, 'I hope, Major, you will take care of the arms I sent you; the gun was a fowling-piece of my father's, for which I have a great regard, and would be sorry to lose it.' Harry, perceiving the effort at appearing more unconcerned than he really was, looked at Mr. Dickson and smiled. Mr. K. knelt down, as I believe did all present, and joined in prayer; he soon after retired, and wished me to accompany him, which I refused.

"During the early part of the day Harry and I had conversed with tranquillity on the subject of his death. We had been brought up in a firm conviction of an all-wise and overruling Providence, and of the duty of entire resignation to the Divine will. I remarked that his death was as much a dispensation of Providence as if it happened in the common course of nature, to which he assented. He told me there had been much perjury on his trial, but that the truth would have answered the same purpose. After the clergymen were gone, I asked for a pair of scissors, that I might take off some of his hair. A young officer who was on guard (his name was George) went out of the room and brought a pair of scissors, but hesitated to trust them into my hand, when I asked him indignantly if he thought I meant to hurt my brother. He then gave them to me, and I cut off some of Harry's hair which curled round his neck, and folded it up in paper, and put it into my bosom. Fox at that moment entered the room, and desired me to give it to him, as 'too much use,' he said, 'had already been made of such things.' I refused, saying I would only part with it in death: when my dear brother said, 'Oh! Mary, give it to him: of what value is it?' I felt that its possession would be a mere gratification to me, and, not wishing to discompose him by the contest, I gave it up.



“The time allowed him was now expired: he had hoped for a few days, that he might give his friends an account of all the late events in which he had taken a part. About 5 P.M. he was ordered to the place of execution, the old market-house, the ground of which had been given to the town by his great great grandfather. I took his arm, and we walked together to the place of execution, where I was told it was the General's orders I should leave him, which I peremptorily refused. Harry begged I would go. Claspng my hands around him, (I did not weep till then), I said I could bear any thing but leaving him. Three times he kissed me, and entreated I would go; and, looking round to recognize some friend to put me in charge of, he beckoned to a Mr. Boyd, and said, ‘He will take charge of you.’ Mr. Boyd stepped forward; and, fearing any further refusal would disturb the last moments of my dearest brother, I suffered myself to be led away. Mr. Boyd endeavoured to give me comfort, and I felt there still was comfort in the hope he gave me, that we should meet in heaven. A Mr. Armstrong, a friend of our family, came forward and took me from Mr. Boyd, and conducted me home. I immediately sent a message to Dr. M'Donnell and Mr. M'Cluney, our apothecary, to come directly to the house. The latter came, and Dr. M'Donnell sent his brother Alexander, a skilful surgeon. The body was given up to his family un-mutilated; so far our entreaties and those of our friends prevailed.

“From the moment I parted with Harry, the idea which had occurred to me in the morning that it might be possible to restore animation, took full possession of my mind, and that hope buoyed up my strength, and supported me at the moment of parting with him. Every effort that art could devise was made, and at one time hopes of success were entertained, but the favourable symptoms disappeared, and the attempt was at length given up. I was present when the medical men entered the room where the body was laid, and then retired and joined the rest of the family, awaiting the result with indescribable anxiety. My heart sank within me when we were told all hope was over, and that a message had been brought from the General that the funeral must take place immediately, or that

the body would be taken from us. Preparations were made for immediate burial. I learned that no relative of his was likely to attend the funeral. I could not bear to think that no member of his family should accompany his remains, so I set out to follow them to the grave.

“ A kind-hearted man, an enthusiast in the cause for which poor Harry died, drew my arm within his, but my brother John soon followed, and took his place. I heard the sound of the first shovelful of earth that was thrown on the coffin, and I remember little else of what passed on that sad occasion. I was told afterwards that poor Harry stood where I left him at the place of execution, and watched me until I was out of sight ; that he then attempted to speak to the people, but that the noise of the trampling of the horses was so great that it was impossible he should be heard ; that he then resigned himself to his fate, and the multitude who were present at that moment uttered cries which seemed more like one loud and long-continued shriek than the expression of grief or terror on similar occasions. He was buried in the old churchyard where St. George’s church now stands, and close to the corner of the school-house, where the door is.

“ A most daring outrage, several years after my brother’s interment, was committed on the feelings of the inhabitants by the Rev. Edward May.\* This churchyard, where the departed friends of the principal inhabitants of the town were interred, the rev. gentleman took it into his head to convert to other uses. The graves were levelled, the ashes of the dead were scandalously disturbed, and the tombstones torn up. The sacrilege, however, excited such painful and indignant feelings, that the shameful proceedings were stopped, and it was then proposed to plant the levelled yard with trees, and this in some measure tranquillized the public feeling for a time. Mr. May, however, contrived to get a bill hurried through Parliament, which gave a power to certain parties to dispose of part of the ground. This was done, and large yards were thus given to several of the houses in Church-lane ; and the burying-ground of my family, where

\* Mr. Edward May was the brother-in-law of Lord Donegal.

my poor brother's remains now lie, thus disposed of, is now built over.

“About two days after the fatal event, a servant girl was sent to the prison for the bed and other things that had been sent there for his accommodation, when one of the soldiers spoke of the man getting the half-guinea and bottle of whiskey; and the day following the girl was sent to give evidence at a court martial, by which the unfortunate man was tried for this offence, and sentenced to receive two hundred lashes.

“It was told me as a matter that was calculated to afford satisfaction: it gave me none: I was pained to hear of it. My brother Frank left Belfast for Cork, to embark for Barbadoes, about the latter end of July, and first called to take leave of his acquaintances in the prison of this town, and among the rest visited Dr. Dickson, who expressed a wish to see me. I, of course, attended the summons without delay. The object of it was to inform me of the existence of an infant child of my dear brother, whose inability to provide for it was the only cause of sorrow which weighed on his mind in his last moments. She was left to our care. Good indeed to us came out of evil. That child became to us a treasure. My brother Frank and I would now be a desolate old couple without her. She is to us as an only and affectionate daughter.

“Notwithstanding the grief that overcame every feeling for a time, and still lingers in my breast, connecting every passing event with the remembrance of former circumstances which recall some act or thought of his, I never once wished that my beloved brother had taken any other part than that which he did take.

“In justice to the Northern directory, I must remind you that Harry brought the message from Dublin respecting the plan and time of action. He could not be mistaken, but they might have misunderstood him so far, as to have thought that the first signal was only one for preparation, and that it was to be followed by another, giving a certain knowledge of the rising in Dublin having taken place; and this not being the case, they were not warranted in acting; and by being over cautious the opportunity was lost, which never returned; at all events, I do not think they were influenced by personal cowardice. The general, who

was one of the directory, was, and still continues, a man of most exemplary character, both moral and religious, and a man of such a serious, thoughtful mind, so truly conscientious and well disposed, that he could not be supposed likely to enter into either a dishonest or an impracticable scheme; and his example, moreover, had great influence in inducing others to join the union.

“In considering the unsuccessful struggle in which my brother was engaged, many are too apt to forget the evils of the time. The grinding oppression under which the people laboured, the contempt in which public opinion was held, the policy which prevented its expression, and intimidated the press. The only means then existing of stemming the torrent of corruption and oppression was tried, and they failed; but this failure, grievous as were its consequences, was not without its beneficial effects.

“Happily a new light has now broken on the world, which is perhaps of all modern discoveries and improvements the most important, that of effecting by reason what was formerly attempted, and often in vain, by force, and even when successful was dearly purchased by its unhappy and demoralizing results. But another light is no less essential to our efforts for the public good. Religion should also be called to aid the regeneration (if I may use the term) of our political as well as our social and individual character. Its Divine precepts are simple and easily comprehended—to do to others as we would wish others to do to us; to do no evil that good may come of it; to love our neighbour as ourselves, and to be guided by the parable of the good Samaritan, to consider all who are within reach of our kindness as our neighbours, however they may differ from us in our religious belief; thus endeavouring to become in reality what we profess to be, true and sincere Christians; for then indeed would this world become a paradise of peace.

“Some object to joining religion and politics together; but surely religion should be the ruling principle of every action and of every thought. With such an unerring guide how could we do wrong? The same golden rule that should regulate the conduct of private individuals, should direct the acts of public

men ; and with such direction no government could inflict the wrongs on a people which ours have endured, and found to be intolerable in 1798."

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE last effort of the United Irishmen terminated in their defeat at Antrim and Ballynahinch. The rebellion was now suppressed, and the measure for the accomplishment of which it was fomented remained to be carried into effect. The following extracts from letters of the sister of M'Cracken throw some light on the feelings of the people with respect to the changes in the sentiments of public men who had been lately foremost, condemning popular excitements, and, if not banded against the people, hallooing on men of greater virulence and violence than themselves, in every onslaught of Orangeism in those times of terror ; and now who were holding language as inflammatory and seditious as any which they had denounced.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS M. M'CRACKEN.

*" Belfast, August 22, 1798.*

" At this disastrous period, when death and desolation are around us, and the late enthusiasm of the public mind seems sinking into despair, when human sacrifices are become so frequent as scarcely to excite emotion, it would be a folly to expect that the fate of a single individual should excite any interest beyond his own unhappy circle.

" I endeavour to rejoice in that change of measures which may bring happiness to others, though individually it cannot now affect myself, yet am obliged to confess that the pleasure I feel is but languid to what it would have been, had those measures been sooner adopted ; and the contrast brings with it, if possible, a more painful sense of that loss which I must ever lament. Still it is a consolation, though a small one, that the friend we have lost, died with the regret of all who knew him, nay, with the admiration even of his enemies. They now can afford to extol his noble

qualities ; but of what consequence is their regret or admiration ? neither can recall him from the grave. We think of following our brother Frank in the course of a few months to America, if the situation of affairs here does not before that time greatly amend. William has at last returned home, and was taken up on suspicion, and detained for a few days. Mr. M'Glathery has been admitted to bail, and a great number of those who have been concealed this some time past, several of whom there had been rewards offered for apprehending, have got away a few days ago in an American vessel. I was sorry to hear, by Mr. Zachariah Shaw, who called here a few weeks ago, that his brother Jonas was recovering very slowly. I hope, however, before this time that he is perfectly well.\*

(Signed) "MARY ANN M'CRACKEN."

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM MISS M'CRACKEN,  
WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME OF THE UNION, IN REFER-  
ENCE TO THE NEW OPINIONS ON THAT SUBJECT OF  
HER RELATIVE, COUNSELLOR JOY.

"I consider any event as fortunate which obliges people at last to open their eyes, who have been so long wilfully blind in regard to the interests of Ireland; but what are we to think of those, who have so long preached against the agitation of the public mind as a duty to any government ; who deprecated violence, and censured individuals who dared to call in question the wisdom or the justice of our rulers ; and yet these persons now talk of opposing *force to force*, merely to prevent a union which would only render this country in appearance, that which it has long been in reality, a *province dependent on England*. Have they already forgotten how often it has been asserted by them, that Ireland could not otherwise exist. Revolution, reform, or whatever else you please to call it, is beginning in the right place ; the clouds of error are fast disappearing before the sunbeams of truth in the mind of the public, and it is with pleasure I observe such a change in Harry's political sentiments. The motto of

\* Jonas Shaw never recovered from the effects of being flogged, but lingered for a few months. He was a quaker, and remarkably mild. He was flogged at the provot in Dublin Castle, by Lord Kingsborough's orders.—R. B. M.

his address is perfectly applicable to the present situation of the country ; but in a sense quite the reverse of what he means. Is there no other argument against this union, than 'that it will lessen the property of the rich ?' The question I ask myself is, Can it increase the sufferings of the poor ?—of those especially who are entitled to our commiseration ? Let us turn our eyes to the wretched cottagers of the south, whose labour can scarcely procure them a single meal of potatoes in the day, and whose almost total want of clothing makes them fly the approach of strangers. Yet how entirely insensible did we all appear to that accumulation of injuries and oppressions under which they have so long groaned, and by which they were finally driven to their late unhappy insurrection ;—I say unhappy, because unsuccessful. To what they have suffered in consequence, I shall not advert ; but long before resistance came, the most shocking cruelties were practised on the people, though on a less extensive scale than subsequently to the insurrection. I do not make this assertion on slight grounds, or on hearsay authority, but from the perusal of a great number of affidavits sworn by the actual sufferers, and collected by one whose exertions in behalf of humanity are now at an end ; by one who, in neglect of every personal consideration uninfluenced by every motive of individual advantage, set danger and difficulty at defiance, in prosecuting an investigation into the complaints of the unfortunate people in a neighbouring county, where a licensed horde of ruffians, under the denomination of Orangemen, were allowed, unpunished, to commit atrocities which humanity recoils to think on. It is not every man can look unmoved on every law of justice and humanity trampled on, openly and daily, and that with impunity. And yet we are told that justice even then rested on an immutable basis. The Habeas Corpus Act, the Indemnity Act, have long since proved that these foundations might be shaken or removed at the pleasure of a British minister. As there are two distinct bodies in the North, I know not which of them Harry means to address. Is it that body, who once vainly imagining that they were in possession of an independent Parliament, whose laws were sufficient to protect their liberty,

and stepped boldly forward, and were willing to hazard life, property, and every thing they held dear in support of it? But the delusion is now vanished; the intrigues of the British minister weakened, by dividing the country; it is now no longer necessary to deceive the people; they are left without the means of resistance, if they had the inclination or temerity to have recourse to it, and must patiently submit to the new wrong that is now in meditation for them. All, it is true, do not feel this to be their situation; some having deserted their early principles, and adopted those they enrolled themselves among the volunteers to oppose. What is there left to contend for, now the substance is gone? shall we quarrel for the shadow? for the shadow alone of nationality remains in this unfortunate land."

Henry Joy M'Cracken was not long survived by his father. The latter died on the 20th of December, 1803, in his eighty-third year. The conduct of this venerable man on the trial of his son is the best illustration of his character. The *Belfast Newsletter* of the 23rd December, 1803, contains a detailed account of his career, and describes him as a man whose characteristic qualities were probity of principle, love of truth, suavity of manners, and benevolence of disposition.

On the 25th of May, 1814, the mother of Henry Joy M'Cracken died in Belfast in her eighty-fourth year. The paper in which her death is recorded makes mention of her being the sister of the late Henry and Robert Joy; no doubt, in the editor's opinion, the aunt of Baron Joy was a prouder title than that of *the mother of Henry Joy M'Cracken*, but the latter will best serve to recall her memory, and to remind her countrymen of its claim to their remembrance.

William M'Cracken, who was confined in Kilmainham along with his brother, in the year 1797, died on the 7th of June, 1814.

The last of the brothers, and, it may be added, the last of the original Belfast Company of Volunteers, Francis M'Cracken, ended his days the 22nd of December, 1842, upwards of eighty years of age. He gloried in the name of an Irish Volunteer: when he spoke of the old volunteering times, and the men of 1782; of



his exploits and of theirs ; of their bloodless victory at Dungannon, and of the independence of his country ; the topic seemed to re-enervate his strength and spirits, and, in the momentary glow of ardour and enthusiasm, —in the glistening eyes of the poor old decrepit man, one could discover a spark of the old fire which animated the young volunteer sixty years ago. But this worthy old gentleman had better claims to the respect and esteem of his townsmen than his connexion with the Volunteers ; he was a good citizen, one of the old school and stock—a frank, generous, and kind-hearted gentleman

# AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

## JAMES HOPE.

---

“ Master, go on, and I will follow thee  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.”

*As you like it*—Act II. Sc. 3.

[IN the following narrative, James Hope, a native of Templepatrick, in the North of Ireland—a poor mechanic, self-taught and self-ennobled, now verging on his eighty-first year, has told his own story, recorded his own acts and opinions; and the duty which devolved on me was, to reduce to order a mass of unconnected materials, piled on one another in reference to events, not in the order of their succession, but as passing circumstances or topics of conversation chanced to recall them. The labour which this duty imposed, was sufficiently arduous. With the arrangement of those materials, their orthography and grammar, I have taken the liberty of dealing, as it seemed to me the disinterment of the sense required. It only remains for me to add a few words, as to my own opinions of the character and mental qualities of the writer of the narrative, calculated, I think, to show that no ordinary powers of mind were bestowed on this illiterate man.

James Hope, one of nature's nobility, and one of the finest specimens of "his order" whom I ever met with, is a poor weaver, living in Belfast, not in absolute poverty, but in very humble circumstances. My first interview with him was at the house of a man of his own class, and one of his own stamp—Israel Milliken, of Belfast. Nothing could be more unpromising than our first acquaintance. I have reason to feel proud, however, of having appreciated the man's worth, under discouraging circumstances, of having obtained his confidence, and got the better of his reserve on the second occasion of our coming together. To that circumstance, is due the publication of the following

narrative. The portrait which has been given of Hope, in a former series of this work, conveys a correct idea of the mild, thoughtful, resolute expression of his countenance. He is now in his eighty-first year— hale, hearty, cheerful, and steadfast in his early principles and opinions. Though bent with age, and impaired in bodily vigour, his gait, his frame, his deportment, still give the idea of a man who had been fitted to endure fatigue and hardship, and moulded for emergencies in which great activity and energy of mind and body were requisite to his safety, or that of others.\*

His wife died in Belfast some fifteen or sixteen years ago. He seldom speaks of her; but when he does, it seems as if he felt her spirit was hovering over him, and that it was not permitted to him to give expression to the praise which rises to his lips when her name is mentioned. There is something of refinement—rare as it is pleasing to contemplate, in the nature of his attachment—in the ties which bound him to that amiable, exemplary, and enthusiastic creature; for such she is represented to have been by those who knew her, amongst whom, was Miss M'Cracken, of Belfast.

Hope is a modest, observant, though retiring man, discreet and thoughtful. His height is about five feet seven inches, his frame slight but compact, his features remarkable for the tranquility and simplicity of their expression. His spirits seem to undergo no change: he is always in good humour, gay without levity, and yet laughter appears seldom to go beyond his eyes. His private character is most excellent: he is strictly moral, utterly fearless, inflexible, and incorruptible. The most eminent leaders, both of 1798 and 1803, had a thorough confidence in him. He was always temperate, moderate in his desires, and industrious in his habits. I have had personal experience of the independence of his principles: to no man would he be indebted for his opinions or his comforts. He is a

\* I had an opportunity of seeing the qualities of this man strikingly displayed on a dreary journey, in his company, between Belfast and Antrim, on a most tempestuous night in the depth of winter, when we arrived at our journey's end, (after visiting the scene of that struggle at Antrim, in which he had taken so prominent a part five-and-forty years before), so benumbed with cold and wet, as scarcely to have the power of motion.

self-taught man, of the most clear and vigorous intellect; fond of reading history, of the lives and maxims especially of ancient philosophers, and of the application of the latter to modern times. For a term of upwards of sixty years he has earned his bread by his own industry; strictly honourable in his dealings and in his connections; he is unalterable in his attachments, faithful to his promises, fearless of every consequence in the performance of his duty to his friends and to his country. He is a man of very profound reflection. His courage has been tried on numerous occasions: his fidelity to his associates no less often—to Neilson, M'Cracken, Emmet, Russell, and Hamilton. He was at all times adverse to bloodshed. His mind seems so constructed, as to make it impossible for him to feel or manifest any respect for men, whatever may be their station, except on account of their good or noble qualities. He treats of events in which he was an actor, as if his only anxiety was for the fame of his associates, and his only object had been to promote their common cause. He is perfectly conscious, however, of his intellectual powers.]

#### LETTER FROM JAMES HOPE.

“I have read the first and second volumes of your work. You could not have sent any thing to me of equal value: it refreshes my memory, and recalls the events connected with that resistance which was offered to mis-government in 1798; for I cannot call it by any other name.

“I am so well convinced of the impartiality of your intentions, and their accordance with my own, to be fair and faithful, that my notes are at your service, if you think them of any value to my country, which was the only view I had in writing them.

“To write the history of Ireland from 1782 until 1804, is a difficult task in 1843. Many useful documents having been lost, and few are now alive who have a true knowledge of the events of that period in remembrance. The power and ingenuity of the enemies of our country during that period, exerted in distorting and suppressing truth, have never been surpassed in any age.

“When writing of Ulster, you will require an extensive view of the influence with which patriotism had to contend—sectarian, mercantile, and landed—to a greater extent than in any other part in Ireland. The other provinces had only the land and church interests against them; our landed aristocracy extended to the forty-shilling freeholders, a class to which no other province compared in numbers. We had also a manufacturing aristocracy, little known in the South or West; and corruption ran through those different channels, like that which now flows into a common reservoir elsewhere.

“At the time that politics were first mooted in the North by the press, the mass confided in the *writers and speakers*, as men who were necessarily competent to the direction of public affairs, and laid more on them than they were able to perform, had they even been, all, honest men. The seeming confidence of the mass emboldened their advocates; but the corruption above alluded to, kept pace with the progress of light, detached views of interest prevailed, and every honest man became a victim to ill-placed confidence. Besides, the idea of secrecy was a mere delusion, when so many and complicated interests were connected with the business.

“The historian who avoids suspicion and surmise has the best title to credit. It is hard for a man who did not live at the time, to believe or comprehend the extent to which misrepresentations were carried at the close of our struggle; for, besides the paid agents, the men who flinched and fell away from our cause, grasped at any apology for their own delinquency.

“I know no responsibility equal to that of the historian. To direct the judgment of future ages to the events of the past, is a difficult, and in many instances, a very delicate task.

“The contradiction of falsehood was called sedition in the wicked times of *Pitt* and *Castlereagh*, in consequence of which, the labour of the historian of those times, who wishes to transmit truth to after ages, is attended with great difficulty, and, in some instances, with difficulties beyond his power to overcome. But the leading facts are still attainable by unwearied

perseverance, to which it is the duty of every survivor of that period, to contribute his share.

“Neilson, M’Cracken, Russell, and Emmet, were the leading men in that struggle, with whom I was in closest intimacy. They were men—Irishmen—than whom I have met none more true—than whom none could be more true.

“The cause of Ireland was then confined to a few individuals. The masses had no idea of the possibility of managing their own affairs.

“It is easy to asperse our struggle; but let those who asperse us, take care that those, who come after them, have not to shield them from the misrepresentations which false friends and wicked enemies have forged against them. We had bad men with us, and so may they have amongst them; but no good cause requires the support of bad men. The bad men who joined us had to play the hypocrite; they had the enemy’s ranks for a retreat, whenever they feared detection, and they then charged us with their own evil intentions.

“Mr. O’Connell has written a history of Ireland. He knows more of the corruption in his own ranks than I do; and I know more than he does of the corruption in mine. If our knowledge could be combined, the history would be enlarged perhaps, and enriched. When I speak of myself, I mean the survivors of the working classes, who struggled from 1794 until 1806, when the State prisoners were banished, and the Castle spies paid off: that twelve years was the period of Ireland’s infancy in politics compared to what it is now. Things have undergone a complete change, which make our present struggle comparatively safe and easy. We have not now an overgrown mercantile and agricultural aristocracy, flushed with the profits of every speculation, which an exclusive cotton manufacture, and the war price of provisions, furnished in abundance. A printer cannot now be banished for publishing the advantages of reform to Ireland, (as John Rab, of the *Northern Star*, was), or pillared for the expression of truth, as Richard Dry, of Dublin, was. The leaders of that day had the raw material of moral force to manufacture: they had tyranny to face, and treachery to defeat; and their descendants

have misrepresentations to get rid of. A writer in the *Nation*, speaking of Sam M'Skimmin, of Carrickfergus, cannot account for his aversion to United Irishmen. But I can; he was a spy, and in arms against them in 1798, and was gained over by Serjeant Lee of the Invalids, in Carrickfergus.

“ ‘Belfast was the cradle of politics in Ulster, of which, the ideas held forth at their public meetings, is a clear proof. The foundation of Ireland’s freedom was laid there by a few master spirits; and, although they now rest in death, their memory can neither die, nor be run down.’

“ In my youth, competence was attainable by industry, until the increase of ingenuity produced the means of luxury, and wordly possession was mistaken for the chief good: ranks arose in rapid succession, and physical force became the order of the day; the pressure of ranks on each other, had a convulsive effect on the mass, of which every rank in its turn took advantage, and social intercourse became a civil war, which like convulsions in the elements, expend their fury and finally settle into a calm. Witness the physical-force men of 1798, (myself among the number), appealing to moral force in 1843, a fact that no writer of Irish history ought to overlook, and here a question arises, Do men change? Or is it only a change of circumstances that shews what they are?

“ My life has been a scene of escapes, demonstrating to me, that, ‘*with God all things are possible.*’ I wanted help, and I have found it in you, for which I wish to direct thanks where it is due. Let us look to a higher motive than praise or profit—to promote truth, and labour together as Irishmen, bound by the love of country, which is a stronger tie than any human obligation.

“ To mix biography with the history of any political movement, and do justice to both, is the most difficult task to the historian, especially when he interferes with the personal character of men of whom he has no personal knowledge, whereby he may take, for truthful testimony, the insinuation of a traitor, corroborated by some proof in writing or other evidence, the result of an interested intercourse between him

and the person concerning whose character the historian wishes to inquire.' I was the bosom friend of Neilson, M'Cracken, Russell, and Emmet,—I mean there was not a thought respecting public affairs that one of us, to the best of my belief, would conceal from the other, and for their truth I would answer with my life.

"Volumes have been written, recording the crimes and cruelty of mankind, but the causes from which they spring, is often overlooked, of which the circumstances in which men are placed appear to have a prominent share, and historians often have some reasons for avoiding their delineation, sometimes interest, and sometimes ignorance. If the Scriptures were searched for application to our condition for rules of life, and understanding of the springs of action, instead of recurring to them for arguments for controversy, we would be better prepared for events as they occur. If historians would only state what they knew to be facts, truth would run in a freer channel from age to age. From the extension of literature, the present age lies under a heavier responsibility, than any age since the world began for the transmission of truth to posterity.

(Signed) "JAMES HOPE."

## CHAPTER I.

"I WAS BORN in the Parish of Temple Patrick, in the County Antrim, the 25th August, 1764. My father was a native of the parish of Temple Patrick, he was a Highlander, a refugee, one of the Covenanters. He followed the linen weaving business, and brought me up to it. My parents died at Temple Patrick, and were buried at Molusk. They were simple honest people, Presbyterians, and their children were brought up in that religion, chiefly under the ministry of the Rev. Isaac Patten, near Lisle Hill. I had two brothers who grew up to manhood, one of whom is still living. By the time I was 10 years of age I had been fifteen weeks at school, and this was all the day school learning I ever received.

"The first three years I earned my bread, was with William Bell, of Temple Patrick, who took every oppor-



tunity, of improving my mind, that my years would admit. In winter he made me get forward my work, and sit with him while he read in the Histories of Greece and Rome, and also Ireland, Scotland, and England; besides his reading and comments on the news of the day, turned my attention early to the nature of the relations between the different classes of society, and passing events rather left impressions on my mind for future examinations, than established any particular opinions.

“After some time I was taken from Bell, and hired to a farmer named John Gibson, in the same parish. His father, a small farmer, was still alive, and from this venerable old man, I received a great deal of good instruction, which confirmed my first impressions of a religious nature. I had learned to spell, and he set me to read and write, but he died before I had made much progress. I served half a year with another farmer, named John Ritchy, who gave me a little more help in writing; and afterwards returning to my former master, he assisted me in reading, until I could read a little in the Bible, though very imperfectly.

“At length I was apprenticed to a linen weaver, and I served my full time to him without reproof. On leaving my old master I entered into an engagement with a small farmer who had a loom in his house, at which I wrought, for eight years and a half, during which time I improved in reading and writing by attending a night school during the winter seasons. I subsequently worked as a journeyman weaver with a man of the name of Mullen, and married the daughter of my employer, Rose Mullen, a young woman gifted with noble qualities, with every advantage of mind and person, she was every thing in this world to me, and when I lost her, my happiness went to the grave with her. She died in 1831. I had four children who grew up, two of whom are now living.

“From early age my mind was directed to public affairs. I attended public worship with the members of a seceding congregation in the parish of Templepatrick, in the County of Antrim, in which there were then two congregations, one in the village where the Rev. John Abernethy was minister, and the other

near Lile Hill, taught by the Rev. Isaac Patten, where I was baptized. One day I heard Mr. Patten explaining the 83rd Psalm, and praying for the down-fall of Turk and Anti-Christ, and for the purging of the blood that lay unpurged, on the throne of Britain, and also for the down-fall of Pope and Popery, which latter prayer composed part of his devotions every Sabbath. But when the Royal Bounty was extended to our ministers, then the destruction of Pope and Popery became the principal supplication of the poor northern sinners to the throne of divine grace; the throne of Britain, according to the fanatical notions of those times, was purged and purified in the smoke of the blood then beginning to be shed in the woods of America, and in fairs and markets in Ireland, particularly in the County Armagh; then Mr. Patten began praying for the stoppage of the effusion of *Protestant blood*, but from the impression of his former instructions on my mind, I used to think of the stoppage of the effusion of *human blood* when attempting to join him in prayer.

“These thoughts began to expand, when I saw the regiments of fine looking fellows, driving off to be slaughtered in America, and heard ‘the break of day men’ boasting of the indulgence they got from Magistrates for wrecking and beating the papists, as they called their neighbours, and the snug bits of land that their friends got when the papists fled to Connaught, and the fun they had, when committing depredations, for which warrants lay out against them, of which they had, always notice, in time to escape. Our parish was inhabited by settlers from Scotland, some of whom had fled from persecution in their own country, of which my grandfather was one.

“When King William landed, they joined his interest, and dreaded the natives, of course, who had all left our parish but two families of the names of Niell and Tolan, who were servants in Castle Upton during the siege of Derry, and respected by the Upton family for many years for their fidelity during that war.

“The parish of Templepatrick was thus cleared of all the natives who were Catholics, and was very thinly inhabited, even within my own memory, to what it is now. The republican spirit, inherent in the principles

of the Presbyterian community, kept resistance to arbitrary power still alive, though selfishness prevented its proper direction, and induced men to do to 'others what they would resist if done to themselves.'

"The American struggle taught people, that industry had its rights as well as aristocracy, that one required a guarantee, as well as the other; which gave extension to the forward view of the Irish leaders. The war commenced between the claims of the plough and the sword, fiction became arrayed against reality, the interests of capital against those of labour, and the rich lost sight of their dependance on the poor. Society was disjointed, and there was no guarantee for the preservation of the rights of industry. The claims founded on fiction, however, predominated, and ranks arose in such disproportion that mankind seemed divided into different species, each preying on the other; from necessity, with the exception of a few enlightened men, in every rank, who deprecated those evils, and looked forward to a better state of things.

"Until the commencement of the contest with the United States, foreign war had encouraged industry at home, but the difficulty of recruiting for our armies in America, suggested an unnatural expedient." 'Discourage the linen trade,' said the then Lord Hillsborough, 'and you will have soldiers.' The plan succeeded and the linen weavers suffered. Every other branch in Ulster felt the depression, and until machinery was introduced, trade continued low. The cotton manufacture, however, succeeded the linen one, and many of the hands that it had employed joined the former.

"*The Volunteers* of 1782 were the means of breaking the first link of the penal chain that bound Ireland. They were replaced by the Break-of-day robbers, the wreckers, and murders, who were supported by an indemnified magistracy; and the system which grew out of these combinations, comprehends the political history of Ireland from 1782 down to a later period in the history of orangeism.

"The blood of Ireland has been abundantly shed during that period, at home and abroad. Those who profitted by this system, and were privy to it, are not

guiltless of murder ;—*and w<sup>ho</sup> were they ?* Every man of mature age during that period, who did not use all his rational powers to prevent that mischief, who connived at it, who encouraged, or permitted it to be encouraged, who shared in the temporary plunder, or adopted the policy of sowing dissensions, with the view of reaping temporary or supposed advantages to the governing powers.

“ My connection with politics began in the ranks of the Volunteers ; I was a member of the Roughford corps. Of the first founders of the United Societies only two were intimately known to me—Mr. Samuel Neilson and Henry Joy M’Cracken. I lived in the country when I joined the society, and was delegated to a committee in Belfast, where I met them. Some time after I met Mr. Thomas Russell. There was a rule, then in the societies, that required seven to constitute a society ; and, when constituted, every additional member was proposed and ballotted for at one meeting, and admitted at the next. Mr. Russell told me that he took the test from James Agnew O’Farrell, of Larne, when he was admitted to the society.

“ June 26th, 1795, I was met by a neighbour, who told me that a political society was being formed ; that the members were chosen by ballot ; that I had been approved of, if I was willing to join ; that there was a declaration to be made, and a test or oath to be taken, of which, if I did not approve, I was told I might decline to take it, on condition that I would not divulge any thing concerning the society. We talked on the subject for some time, during which I lamented that we should shrink from an open declaration of our views, into conspiracy ; that oaths would never bind rogues, that I would rather act openly, in which way of proceeding, there was but one danger. I was told that my neighbours would not go with me in this view of matters, and it was necessary to know, would I go with them. ‘ I will not desert my neighbours,’ said I, ‘ though I do not like the road ; I’ll travel it, however, as clean as I can.’ By the direction of the man referred to, I attended the next meeting ; the declaration I felt to be true ; I voluntarily conformed to the rules of the society, and joined it with heart and hand. A deputation from Belfast formed the Molusk society,

of which I became a member, the Hightown society having been that in which I was initiated, and composed of the men I had first joined in arms as a Volunteer.

“I was delegated to a committee in Belfast, and when the baronial committees were formed, I was appointed a delegate to the upper half barony of Belfast; there was a committee in every half barony.

“I was not qualified for public speaking; my mind was like Swift’s church, the more that was inside, the slower the mass came out; my comrades called me the Spartan. My motives for joining the United Irishmen were, to carry out the objects of the Volunteers; my first views were not beyond theirs; they became more extensive. The person who induced me to join the society is still living. I was employed in 1796, 1797, and the spring of 1798, and again in 1803, as an emissary, going from place to place throughout the country, organizing the people. I received my orders generally from Russell, Wilson, and M’Cracken, and communicated with several persons, I was sworn never to name; also with John M’Cann, and Edward Dunn, foreman in Jackson’s foundry, who had a very close acquaintance with the views of the Directory. In my own society, in the north, I held the office of delegate to the county committee. I was in the confidence of the Ulster Director, and of some of the principal members of the Leinster one. I took the oath of an United Irishman by being sworn on the Bible; the Covenanters were sworn by lifting up the right hand; the Catholics on their own prayer-book.

“Manufacture and commerce sprung up rapidly, and corrupt and interested views increased in variety and complication. The manufacturer had two strings to his bow, while the mere cultivator of the soil had but one, and that one only during the landlord’s pleasure. The younger branches of his family either learned some trade, or became day-labourers. Such as were prudent and industrious, rented cottages from the farmers, and were able to offer a higher rent to the landlord, at the end of the farmer’s tenure, which completely destroyed good-will between them. This was the real source of the persecution in the county Armagh, religious profession being only a pretext to banish a Roman Catholic from his snug little cottage, or spot

of land, and get possessed of it. The sufferers were forced into associations, in defence of life and property, directed by a committee, which they agreed to obey. This association was for a time confined to those professing the Roman Catholic religion, but the members joined eventually the cause of their Protestant fellow-countrymen, and became sworn brothers. This plan of union was projected by Neilson, assisted by Luke Teeling of Lisburn, and his family and connection, being a linen merchant of the first rank, and a Roman Catholic, who never came under any oath or obligation to the society, but that of conscientious approval.

“While Tone and Neilson were endeavouring to establish the United Irish Societies in Belfast, young Charles Teeling was labouring in the meantime to unite the Defenders and Catholics of the smaller towns of Ulster; and even the Break-of-day-men and Defenders were made friends, and joining in sworn brotherhood, became United Irishmen.

“At a later period, Henry Joy M’Cracken advised and assisted in the special organization of a body of seven thousand men, originally of the defenders, to act as a folorn hope, in case of necessity, out of the twenty-one thousand that were returned fighting men in the county of Antrim; they were directed by a committee, by whom their chief was chosen, who communicated with the committee by a deputy.

“In Ulster, the population holding on by small patches of the soil, the influence of agricultural wealth, had the greater number of roots, and that influence ran through every channel of rural society, and likewise through the commercial and manufacturing classes; the pulpit and the bench there were under aristocratic influence. Nor was the jury-box exempted from it, so that the men who attempted to stem the torrent of corruption in Ulster, had still the heaviest task. The southern mass, consisting of landlords, tenants, church-lords, and labourers, had but four interests, diverging from that which was general; while in Ulster, manufacture and commerce, fictitious capital, fictitious credit, fictitious titles to consideration, presented the numberless interests of the few, in opposition to the one interest of the many.

“Such were the difficulties with which the men of

Ulster had to contend, besides that perplexity arising from a pensioned clergy, puzzling its followers, with speculations above human comprehension, and instigating them to hate each other, for conscience sake, under the mask of religion.

“So complete was the concentration of aristocratic monetary influence, that nothing but its own corruption could destroy it. I remember when power was law, and physical force settled every question. The destruction of the “Northern Star” silenced moral force for a time, and physical force was then resorted to, by the people, for the preservation of life and liberty.

“In the battle of the press, Neilson, in the hour of danger, stood alone, as M’Cracken did in the field, at the close of the struggle; all their former auxiliaries having abandoned them in the time of peril. Mr. Neilson’s partners in the “Northern Star” establishment retired from it when the capital of the concern was consumed by legal tyranny; he continued the struggle of moral force at his own expense; while a prisoner in Kilmainham, the unlawful destruction of his property, by a military mob, took place. Let posterity observe, the providential turn of affairs, how the sword, that was drawn to put down moral force, now rusts in the scabbard by the operation of other powers, admonishing mankind to ascribe the retribution of evil to the true cause, as in the case of *Herod*, who was consumed by worms, for rotteness itself became the proper punishment of that man’s exalted wickedness. Moral force, in its operation, resembles that of Herod’s visitation; it ultimately works on the opponents of truth like a consuming worm.

“The ‘Northern Star’ represented the moral force of *Ulster*, sowed the seeds of truth over the land, and the opposition of the enemy only caused its roots to strike deeper in the soil, and they are now springing up in all directions.

“Physical force may yet prevail for a time, as we have seen it recently did in China and Afghanistan; but there is music in the sound of moral force, which will be heard like the sound of the cuckoo. The bird lays its eggs, and leaves them for a time; but it will

come again and hatch them in due course, and the song will return with the season.”

## CHAPTER II.

“I EARLY observed, that in the different ranks which had sprung up under the influence of war-making wealth, no one rank was willing to throw its interests into the common stock, and act in concert with another for the public benefit. In every rank there were a few honourable exceptions; but these were marked for death, banishment, or for ruin if they had property, wherever the power of the enemy could reach, or bring pretended friends to desert or betray them.

“The demands of the popular leaders of that day, were, for a bill to regulate places, one to regulate pensions, and one to make the servants of the crown more responsible. Had Grattan produced drafts of these bills, instead of that of the insurrection bill, by which he pointed out to ministers, at a later period, how to tie the people’s hands, he might have done a little good. But Grattan was with a party, not with the people, though he took the test of the United Irishmen from Mr. Samuel Neilson, and the rules of the society from its founder. The knowledge he gained is displayed in the bills which originated with him, when he declared in Parliament, that Ireland required a strong government; for a French party existed in the country. The wounds he had inflicted on faction with his tongue, he healed with his pen, when he drew the gagging bills for his country, and thereby made his peace with the high priests and ministers of despotic power;\* but it is hard for me to note the recollections of fifty-seven years without digression, or be correct in dates. I must only follow my recollection as matters strike me.

“Grattan declared, in the House of Commons, that they might as well stamp on the earth to prevent the rising of the sun, as think to prevent the eventual parliamentary independence of Ireland, when he saw

\* A paper in the appendix on the subject of the sanction given to the insurrection bill, subsequently to the Duke of Bedford’s administration, will throw some light on this matter, and shew Hope to have been, in some respects, in error.—R. R. M.



their drift was a Legislative Union, which, he said, would terminate in a total and perpetual separation after two civil wars. How far he contributed to their success in the first civil war, it is difficult to say. The conduct of public men, of popular men in those times, convinced me, that so long as men of rank and fortune lead a people, they will modify abuses; reform to a certain extent, but they never will remove any real grievances that press down the people.

“It was either in the year 1790 or 1791, that the Belfast Battalion of Volunteers, with the sovereign, Stewart Banks, at their head, first celebrated the taking of the Bastile, on the 14th of July, and next year a review of the Volunteers took place for the same purpose: the company to which I belonged, marched into the field in coloured clothes, with green cockades. We had a green flag, bearing for a motto, on one side—‘Our Gallic brother was born July 14, 1789. Alas! we are still in embryo;’ and on the other side—‘Superstitious galaxy;’ ‘The Irish Bastile—let us unite to destroy it.’ These are the words, though somewhat varied by a writer of a History of Belfast; and I have a better right to know them, being the one who dictated them, and my brother-in-law, Luke Mullan, painted them on the flag.

“Mr. Neilson’s incarceration, and the destruction of his printing materials, left the venal press in quiet possession of the agricultural interest, which had not then emerged from the cupidity of former ages, when every man looked into his neighbour’s field, and wished he could annex it to his own. The higher classes of the old Volunteer officers abandoned their corps, and began to yawn for rank in a mercenary militia.

“There are circumstances which should be kept always before one connected with the events of 1798; to which their production is mainly to be attributed. As a people, we were excluded from any share in framing the laws by which we were governed. The higher ranks (in which there never was, nor never will be a majority of honest-principled men) usurped the exclusive exercise of that privilege, as well as many other rights, by force, fraud, and fiction. By force the poor were subdued, and dispossessed of their interests in the soil; by fiction the titles of the spoilers were estab-

lished; and by fraud on the productive industry of future generations, the usurpation was continued.

“A person called Atkinson, who lived in Belfast, and a Low Church clergyman near Lisburn (Philip Johnson), organised a faction of intolerant turbulent men into lodges, like Freemasons, called the Loyal Orange Institution. It at first consisted of persecuting yeomen, renegade ‘croppies,’ the hangers-on about landlords, and Low Church clergymen, with their spies and informers, all over the country—the bullies of certain houses in garrison towns, and those of fairs and markets in the rural districts. This association, under the nursing care of the magistrates, left no visible protection for either life or property out of its own circle, and its members boasted, that the government protected its institution, and that a judge did not ride the circuit that was not a friend to Orangeism. Their July rites were duly observed by the sacrifice of numerous victims to the memory of King William the Third; and when legal redress was resorted to by the relations and friends of the sufferers, the conduct of the authorities fully justified the above assertion. The character of the Orange lodges was such, that no man who had any regard for his character would appear in them; but most of the United Irishmen, known as the Foreign-aid men, found some means of secret connection with them; some took the Orange oath in personal confidence, and were reported in the lodges to be loyal men.

“These renegades were the cause of more bloodshed in 1798, than the open enemy whom we knew and might avoid. Some of the sufferers took personal vengeance, but paid dearly for it, either by death or banishment, and several suffered for acts of which they were known to be innocent; for at that time, there was any money got for swearing; and in every district there were some men, who by taking contradictory oaths, became habituated to swear whatever any cause required, in which they were embarked; and although these were few in proportion to the mass, they were sufficient for the reign of terror, and there were still men of high rank among them, who had the address to retain the confidence of the people, who are

ever ready to give such men credit for more than they deserve.

“Ulster was the seat of politics, in which there were three parties: those whose industry produced the necessaries of life, those who circulated them, and those whose subsistence depended on fictitious claims and capital, and lived and acted as if men and cattle were created solely for their use and benefit, and to whom a sycophantic clergy were ever ready to bow with the most profound respect. The town of Belfast was the centre of this factitious system, and, with few exceptions, the most corrupt spot on the face of the earth. In Belfast, the British ministry had, and long continued to have, its sheet anchor, whenever a political storm menaced its interests. These circumstances, and changes in the currency, the staple manufacture of the country, and condition of the people, tended to a state of things, in which hucksters became merchants, merchants became bankers, and bankers became provincial bashaws; and then, as now (1834), when the fitness and capability of Ireland for independence were discussed, the above classes were always with the government. I remember being present at one of these discussions. Mr. Henry Joy M'Cracken was the only man present who supposed self dependence possible. His arguments had little effect on the company. One—the chief difficulty with those who opposed his opinion—was, in reference to naval protection. I said, that Ireland was the eye of Europe—it required no naval protection; it was the connecting link in the chain of the commerce of the two hemispheres. When we parted, M'Cracken blamed my rashness, and bade me never use such language while Ireland remained as she then was; ‘for’ said he, ‘there are many mercantile men, and some of them were in that very company, who are efficient members of our society, and who, rather than see their shipping interests or commercial establishments, on the east and north-east of this island, lessened in value, by the increased traffic on the western coast, would see the whole island, and every vestige of our liberty, sunk into the sea.’ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘Harry, these are the men that will put the rope on your neck and mine, if ever they get us into their power.’ ‘Are you afraid of being hanged, Jemmy?’ said he. ‘It would ill

become one, who has pledged his life to his country, to shrink from death in any shape,' I replied; 'but, I confess, I have no desire for that distinction.' 'For my part,' said he, 'I do not desire to die of sickness.'"

"The struggle at that period, as at the present, was merely between commercial and aristocratical interests, to determine which should have the people as its property, or as its prey; each contending for the greatest share. When an appeal was made to the mass, the mercantile interest had the support of opinion, but the aristocracy, which carried with it the landed interest and the court, had the absolute sway. Grattan was the darling of the merchants, for his exertion in 1782, and Castlereagh that of the landlords; and with these competitors for power,—to a certain extent having one common object, the promotion of the interests of the wealthy classes,—Pitt rode rough shod over the people, and eventually secured or banished all the active leaders of the north, taking care that a traitor or two, should keep them company in prison or in exile, who might furnish him with their secrets the more easily, having gained their victim's confidence, from having apparently shared his punishment.

"The influence of the union soon began to be felt at all public places, fairs, markets, and social meetings, extending to all the counties of Ulster, for no man of an enlightened mind had intercourse with Belfast, who did not return home determined on disseminating the principles of the union among his neighbours. Strife and quarreling ceased in all public places, and even intoxication.

"The 'Break-of-day boys,' and 'Defenders,' lamented their past indiscretions on both sides, and tracing them to their legitimate source, resolved to avoid the causes which led to them. In short, for a little time, Ulster seemed one united family, the members of which lived together in harmony and peace. A secret delegation to Dublin was resolved on, and I was one of two persons, who were appointed to proceed there, to disseminate our views among the working classes. We succeeded to our wishes, and likewise formed connections with Meath and Kildare, which soon extended to the other counties. In Leinster the gentlemen soon found the

people prepared to support them in any effort. and the power of a united population became perceptible everywhere. Our enemies trembled at the prospect of unanimity, they insinuated themselves among the people, and even some of them joined the association. These were the parties who were mainly instrumental in deluding the people into conspiracy, and a desire for foreign aid, pointing out France as the then arbitrator of the destinies of Europe, which the success of her arms seemed to indicate. The people were advised to prepare for action; in 1797 some of their friends who had fled to the Continent were accompanied by traitors, who by the assistance of other traitors at home, deceived the principal leaders *abroad*, and urged them ultimately to consent to attempt with a handful of men, what in reality they knew would have required a considerable and well provided force.

“The idea of foreign aid, and French connection, which although the original projectors of the society did not approve of, was now introduced by men of weight and influence in the societies. Henry Joy M’Cracken was the first who observed the design and operation of this underplot. The majority of the leaders became foreign aid men, and were easily elevated or depressed by the news from France, and amongst their ranks, spies were chiefly found. They were also the prolific source of contradictory rumours, to distract the societies and paralyze confidence.

“The appearance of a French fleet in Bantry Bay, brought the rich farmers and shop keepers into the societies, and with them, all the corruption essential to the objects of the British Ministry, to foster rebellion, to possess the power of subduing it, and to carry a Legislative Union. The new adherents alledged, as a reason for their former reserve, that they thought the societies, only a combination of the poor to get the property of the rich. The societies as a mark of satisfaction at their conversion, and a demonstration of confidence in their wealthy associates, the future leaders, civil and military, were chiefly chosen from their ranks. We had traitors in our camp from the beginning to the close of the career of our society. For years our agent in Hamburg, (Mr. Turner), and one of our state prisoners, at Fort George, were furnishing

Pitt with all our secrets, foreign and domestic. M'Cracken, who was by far the most deserving of all our northern leaders, observed that what we had latterly gained in numbers, we lost in worth: he foresaw that the corruption of Ulster would endanger the union in the south. Agents had been sent to Paris at an early period of the revolution, and while the Republican party predominated, funds were at their disposal, but on the change of parties in France, and the unfavourable turn of affairs at home, many of the refugees were left to starve, or to embarrass private friends. Such was the state of the refugees, when those from Fort George arrived in Paris. For the reason above stated Bonaparte did not like the Irish, and for the same reason they had no confidence in him. It was easy to persuade them, that he was in treaty with the British Government to banish them from France; and even in America, their asylum had been doubtful under one president. But the republican spirit of the Irish refugees did not accord with Bonaparte's imperial views, this was the chief cause of his unfavourable dispositions towards them. The first attempt at invasion, that of Hoche's expedition, seemed powerful enough, but was disconcerted by separation from their commander at an unfavourable season. The aristocrats rushed into the societies, complaining that they had only been deterred from joining, from a suspicion that foreign aid could not be had, but that they now most earnestly wished to join in every prudent attempt to free their country.

“ Their plausible pretensions soon lulled the people into confidence, and having obtained it, they began to persuade the people that if the French came here with a formidable force they would hold the country as conquered, that a few experienced officers, an able general, and a small supply of arms and ammunition, was all that would be required; and that the standard once raised would soon collect a sufficient force.

“ This being communicated to Bartholomew Teeling, in Paris, he made the demand of the French Government, which they reluctantly complied with, as afterwards became evident from their ordering him immediately to the place of embarkation, and then delaying the sailing of the expedition, by retaining the pay of the troops, until General Humbert had to force the

officer whose duty it was, to pay the troops, which he said he only delayed for want of orders.

“The other half of the expedition, with J. N. Tandy, was detained until the defeat of the first was known at Paris, and from this it is conjectured, if not fully ascertained, that there was treachery all along with the French Government, for Admiral Sir John Borlace Warren, knew when to fall in with the last division of their fleet, with a superior force, and to capture it in sight of land.

“General Hoche, who commanded the expedition to Bantry Bay, was of opinion that the frigate in which he sailed was separated from the rest of the fleet by treachery, and this is thought by all who knew him, to have broken his heart, as he died soon after.

“The internal enemies of Ireland were no less successful at home than abroad, headed and directed by a renagado Volunteer, Castlereagh, whose very name rouses all the angry passions of the Irish heart.

“The secret of organization of the people, while it sheltered treachery and nourished spies, completely tied the hands of the honest and resolute: this class, naturally unsuspecting, and possessing moral, as well as military, courage, patiently waited the signal for action, from the year 1797, until May, 1798, whilst the country, suffering every species of military depredation, was driven to distraction.

“The counties of Wexford and Wicklow, which had not been so long organized, were selected by government for singular vengeance. A considerable number of the Foundling Hospital Boys, of Dublin, had been nursed in those counties, and having settled in it, without any natural ties of blood or kindred, prejudiced by their education against the Romon Catholics they were found to be ready tools, from their local knowledge, to point out the men who were suspected. Thus they became a public scourge in those parts: the corrupt and the corruptible, of every circle, from the Giant’s Causeway to Cape Clear, were known to the dominant despotism of that day, and regularly employed either as yeomen or spies.

“The seeds of corruption, it was evident to me, were sown in our society, but I was unable to convince my acquaintances, my observation was only useful to

myself, and prepared me for the worst, which realized my dreariest forebodings, without, however, sinking my spirits in the least, or making me regret any step I had taken. Although I executed the part assigned me, in every movement cheerfully, I was always prepared for defeat, for none of our leaders seemed to me perfectly acquainted with the main cause of social derangement, if I except Neilson, M'Cracken, Russell, and Emmet. It was my settled opinion that the condition of the labouring class, was the fundamental question at issue between the rulers and the people, and there could be no solid foundation for liberty, till measures were adopted that went to the root of the evil, and were specially directed to the restoration of the natural right of the people, the right of deriving a subsistence from the soil on which their labour was expended. The plan of the United Irishmen was carried into effect with success, until Lord Castlereagh had the address to get into the confidence of a United Irishman, named James Breese, who afterwards suffered death in '98; by taking the test or oath of the society, he was put in possession of all the secrets of the society that Breese was acquainted with, by which means he could weigh all the other secret informations he received, and find out proper agents for any purpose he might require."

### CHAPTER III.

"In the spring of 1796, I was sent to Dublin, with a man named Metcalfe, as delegates from the Belfast Society of United Irishmen, to introduce the system among the operatives in the capital. We were promised assistance in money, which did not arrive, and the men to whom we were recommended, showed no inclination to forward our designs, but rather discouraged us: we had to rely on our own exertions. One of them directed us to a man we might rely on, but took care to send him word not to see us; the man was denied, but afterwards acknowledged that he had seen us through a hole in the door. I had the pleasure of freeing the same man at a later period out of Roscommon goal, by appearing at the assizes as a



recruiting sergeant. I took up my residence at Balbriggan, in the character of a silk-weaver from Scotland, and used to come backwards and forwards, between Dublin and that town, without exciting suspicion for some time.

“The man with whom I worked in Balbriggan was a bitter orangeman, and at length I became an object of suspicion to him, on learning which, I returned to Dublin, and succeeded in obtaining my freedom to work in the Liberty, which enabled me to promote the objects of my mission.

“From Dublin the Union soon reached the other provinces, and a National Committee was formed, which met in Dublin. The leading men were still unknown to the societies, for no one knew any thing of the persons belonging to them, besides those who met in his own society, except the delegates who met in the Baronial Committee, and the delegates from it again who met in the County Committee, and those from the counties who met in the Provincial Committee, and appointed a National Council, or Executive.

“After having formed a society, and obtained a deputation to Belfast, I returned to the north, to report, and was again sent to Dublin to complete the organization among the workmen. I got to work on my arrival, and the circle of friends increased; societies were formed through the City and Liberties, and former connections were renewed; but the imprudence of my comrade brought us again under suspicion. He was a Protestant; I a Presbyterian. One of the Dublin societies had entrusted a secret of some importance to him, and there was a breach of confidence on his part. I was brought under suspicion unjustly, and without cause; however, it was thought most prudent to drown us both; for which purpose an appointment was made with us to attend a meeting outside of the Circular-road, by the side of the Royal Canal, where six men were appointed to meet, and drown us. We kept the appointment until it grew dark, and returned to our lodging. On going to work next day, I observed my employer change colour when I appeared. I inquired what was the matter: I insisted on his candidly informing me what caused his agitation. The truth came out—I was suspected of having betrayed the secret which my

comrade had divulged. I had been denounced—my doom had been pronounced—and the man who had left his home to execute his murderous commission, had been accidentally prevented from carrying it into effect : he had met a comrade on the way to the place of appointment, had accepted an invitation to drink with him, and the time of the appointment expired before he quitted the public house.

“Such meditated acts even were injurious to our cause ; but it was the object of our enemies to have wretches in our ranks to blacken the character of our society, and to have crimes ascribed to its members. Nay, even to have them committed in their name, of which they were wholly guiltless. They had even highway robberies, and house-breaking offences, committed in our name.

“I met a man, named Connell, in Dublin, who said he came from the county of Cavan ; he lived at Bluebells, and invited me to breakfast there with him. He introduced me to his family, as a friend to our country from Belfast. He had a stout-looking son, to whom he introduced me ; and also six of his comrades, whom he said belonged to a society of United Irishmen. He told me they lived about the commons of Crumlin. A few nights after, the young man and his mother called where I worked, and asked my employer and myself to take a walk. Our road was up the canal, and the old woman kept my employer in talk until the young man and I were out of sight, for it was then dusk. She persuaded him to go home, as she said there would be a meeting at her house, and her husband wanted to introduce me to the neighbours. There was a line of high trees, and a path behind them, and she could pass on unnoticed by us. I wished to stop until the old people would come up, but my companion said he would stop at a lock that was before us. We stopped at the lock, and he began to whistle a tune, when a number of men came out on the road, and he then told me I was on a command. ‘What for ?’ said I,—‘to lift some arms,’ was his reply ; ‘and we want your north country tongue to give orders.’ I then saw my situation, and asked if there ‘was any money in the way ?’ ‘We don’t demand it,’ said he ; ‘but if it is offered, we don’t refuse it.’ ‘I have no

arms,' said I; 'here is a blunderbuss,' answered one of the company. I took it, drew the ramrod, and found it loaded. 'I'll use no arms but what I load myself,' said I. They gave me a rod, with which I managed to draw the charge; I tried the flint, and put in a heavy charge of swanshot, and, clapping the muzzle to Connell's breast, I said to his comrades—'you cannot save him; if one of you move, he is a dead man; you shall not make me rob. Do you, Connell, walk before me, until I get within a race of the watch; I will not injure you if you obey; turn your back, and walk before me.' He obeyed, and I warned his comrades not to follow us. I made him keep his hands down by his side, for fear he might have pistols; and when I came within a short distance of the watch, I made him stand; I then walked backwards until I could just see him, and, holding up the blunderbuss, flung it into a meadow, and took to my heels.

"I thought it advisable to leave Dublin for some time. I returned home to Belfast; but was soon ordered back to Dublin. I was charged with a message to the Kilmainham prisoners. I stopped with them all night; and in the morning I was standing, conversing with Tom Story, in one of the cells, looking into the condemned yard, when I saw Connell crossing the yard, with bolts on him. Storey informed me, that he had been sentenced to death, for a highway robbery, committed by a gang of robbers, called the Crumlin gang, of which he was the chief.

"An informer, named Edward John Newell, was procured by George Murdoch, a hearth-tax collector, near Belfast. Among other services performed by him, he had pointed out the soldiers who were shot at Blaris-camp. Newell had also five young men of Belfast arrested, who had been sent to Dublin for trial at the Four Courts. He was to have appeared as a witness against them, but the trials were put off, for that term, for want of a material witness in their defence; H. J. M'Cracken, who could not attend from bad health. In the meantime a criminal correspondence was discovered between Newell and Murdoch's wife. The letters which passed between them were sent up from the north, and communicated by me to Murdoch. The consequences were, that the coalition

between these worthies, then living in the Castle, were broken up. They quarelled, and Murdoch shot at Newell, in the Castle-yard, and, for that act, was sent to Newgate, but was only confined a few days; and, on his liberation, Newell fled to the north, taking with him Murdoch's wife. After a trip, in the direction of the Giant's Causeway, he returned to Doagh, and lived there in concealment for some time. At length, when he was about to leave the country, he wrote to Murdoch, telling him where he would find his wife. Newell staid with her at the inn, until Murdoch, and his son Robert, appeared at the door, in a carriage, and then escaped by a back window. What became of him afterwards, little is known; but Murdoch returned with his wife, as if nothing of the kind had ever happened!

“If any committee, or body of men, directors, or managers of assassinations, had existed in any part of Ireland, some traces of the proceedings, discussions, or reports, in reference to such an object, would be forthcoming; but none such are in existence, for the best of reasons, because no such committees ever existed. It is the duty of the historian, in handing down the virtues and vices of the age he treats of, as examples to the virtues, and warning to the vicious, to make the information he obtains confirmatory of the maxim—‘Virtue carries with it its own reward, and vice its punishment.’

“In all the societies, or committees, or in any meeting that ever I attended, I never heard a system of assassination advocated. My motion in the Baronial Committee, to exclude any man that would advise it, was opposed, on the ground, that the agitation of the question would only extend an idea, that no good man ought to be thought capable of harbouring.

“An attempt was made to form a committee to manage assassination, of which it is only necessary to say, *Newell* was one of the agents employed for that purpose, he was seen through by the United Irishmen, and disappointed. We all set our faces against it, and our success is evident; for, if such a system had any existence, evidence of it could easily be had; and no such evidence was ever brought forward on any trial. Assassination was the work of individuals,

either in defence of their lives, or that of their associates. Neilson, M'Cracken, and Russell, were altogether adverse to it. It was by their advice that I brought forward the motion in our society, formerly mentioned; and the motion would have been brought forward again, but from the state of the times; the public mind was ill prepared for its calm discussion. Had such a committee been formed in Belfast, it could not have been kept secret, as most of its advocates that I knew, became orangemen, on our reverse of fortune.

“Nicholas Maginn, of Saintfield, the noted informer, and protegee of Lord Castlereagh's spiritual guide and tutor, the Rev. John Cleland, had a meeting in his neighbourhood, to assassinate the Marquis of Downshire; but the Marquis escaped, by taking a different way home from that by which he was expected to pass; which prevented any further collection of assassins in that county. This account I had from the very best authority.

“The preceding account was given to me by one of the Northerns, who was as undaunted in the field, as he was worthy of credit and respect—Thomas Hunter, a native of Killinchee.\* On his death bed, he was asked, by a woman in attendance on him in his last moments, if he would wish to *turn*? He seemed not to understand the question, or his thoughts were running on events which had been long uppermost in his mind, he replied—‘*No; I will never turn, or take a bribe.*’ These were nearly his last words. He had stood the brunt of the battles of Saintfield and Ballynahinch.

“The following anecdote I had from John Murphy, one of the young men who was arrested with Hart and Weldon, on the evidence of William Lawler, who had caused them to become Defenders, and then had them arrested in 1797. The names of the young men were, John Murphy, John Newburn, John Cusac, John Brady, John O'Leary, Patrick Hart, and a dragoon, named Weldon. Counsellor Curran was employed by Murphy's mother to defend her son. Counsellor M'Nally was employed to defend O'Leary, who was tried and acquitted, on the ground ‘*that the witness was an atheist;*’ upon which admission, Alderman James led the witness to the quarters of the informers, at the Castle, where

\* In Shankhill burying-ground, a stone records his name.

he had the sacrament administered to him. Hart and Weldon were convicted: the others were liberated: and some of them became my associates and friends, when I was sent from Belfast to Dublin, to introduce the Union.\*

“O’Leary, subsequently, went to Roscommon, and through his imprudence, was committed to jail there. A young man, named Richard Dry, had been sent from Dublin with money to him, and was committed also. Two other men had been sent, and were taken in Mullingar, and were sent to the Provost, in Dublin. I was sent for the same purpose, from Belfast, with a comrade, named Daniel Digney. We went through the counties of Monaghan, Cavan, Armagh, and Leitrim. We formed a County Committee in Castleblany, and Societies in the other counties, as we passed. But, arriving at Elfin, the gentleman to whom we were directed, Colonel James Plunket, was in Dublin, and all we could learn of him was, that he was recruiting for some regiment. We returned to Belfast, and were sent to Dublin along with William Putnam M’Cabe, and got beating orders. We had left five hundred

\* There are some inaccuracies in the statement of the order of the trials referred to. James Weldon was the first person tried, and convicted, in Dublin, on a charge of Defenderism, the 22nd of December, ’95. The next person tried, on the same charge, was, Michael Maguire, on the 24th of the same month: the witness broke down, and the prisoner was acquitted. The next person tried for a similar offence, was, John Leary, on the 28th of the same month. The witness, William Lawler, broke down, and the prisoner was acquitted. When this witness was sworn, on being asked by the Prime Serjeant, “to what profession, or trade, he was bred?” he replied—“To the Protestant religion.” He deposed to having been one of a party of four Defenders, charged with the assassination of Cockayne, the night before the appearance of the latter at the trial of Dr. Jackson. They first went to the house where Mrs. Jackson lodged, in Stephen’s-green, in quest of Cockayne, who was expected to be there that night. They found he had been there, and had left. They proceeded to Cockayne’s lodgings, in Henry-street, and walked up and down the street for two hours and a half, when, despairing of seeing their intended victim, they went away. One of them had suggested, instead of killing Cockayne, the better plan would be, to take him out of the way, so as to prevent his appearing at the trial.

It appeared on the trial, that Lawler renounced Atheism, to qualify himself for a witness. M’Nally, in reference to a similar character abjuring his infidel opinions, and receiving the sacrament, to qualify himself for a place, applied the following epigram, made upon him:—

“Who now can think recanting odd,  
To shun a present evil?  
The wretch who oft denied his God,  
Has now denied the devil.”

copies of our constitution in and near Elfin, and went there for head quarters, to wait the coming assizes.

“ Our money failed, and I was sent to Dublin, by M‘Cabe, for more. The man to whom I was directed, was on his death bed, and I had to go to Stratford, in the county of Wicklow, to sell a horse that M‘Cabe had left with the brother of this person. The horse was sold, but the money was not forthcoming.

“ I started for Roscommon, in the disguise of a soldier. I took the rank of a serjeant. The assizes had begun. Colonel Plunket was there, and likewise, M‘Cabe, in the character of an officer of militia, on recruiting service. I enlisted Dry in the dock; and when he was called to the bar, and represented as a vagabond, the colonel and the pretended captain interfered, and I got my recruit. I would have got O‘Leary also, but for his own imprudence. He made such a noise in the dock, with the chains and bolts he had on, that he had been ordered back to his cell, before the arrangements were completed.

“ M‘Cabe, Dry, and myself, went to Strokestown, settled our accounts, and started for Athlone, where we parted,—M‘Cabe for Dublin, and I for Cashcarrigan, in the county Leitrim, to join my comrade, and return to Belfast. Dry proceeded to Cork, and there had the misfortune to be recognised by an Antrim militia man, named M‘Dermot, who prosecuted him, and transported him to Botany Bay. O‘Leary was left in prison, through his own imprudence, and I never heard of his liberation.

On this trial, a Mr. George Cowan, a carver and gilder, appeared as the patron and protector of Mr. Lawler, whom he encouraged so far, as to give him free access, at all times, to his workshop, and thus enabled him to entrap two of Mr. Cowan’s apprentices, and to have them prosecuted on a charge of Defenderism.

On the 30th of the same month, Cooke, Clayton, Turner, Flood, Hanlon, Clarke, Thomas Dry, and Oliver Corbally, charged with the same offence as Leary, were discharged from imprisonment,—the prosecutions being relinquished, for want of evidence in some cases, the infamy of the witness on the former trial, on whose information some of these men had been committed. James Weldon, a dragoon, who had been convicted on the 22nd of December, was sentenced to be executed on the 2nd of March, 1796. Brady, Kennedy, and Hart, were tried on the same charge as Weldon. Hart was convicted, and executed along with Weldon.

These particulars have been given, as the commencement of those judicial proceedings, which made the people frightfully familiar with sanguinary punishments, during the following three years.—R.R.M.

“ Having assisted in forming the county Monaghan Committee, in Castleblany, on a market day, when several very respectable linen merchants were there, we planted the Union at Maguire’s-bridge, Clones, Emiskillen, Ballynamore, Cashcarrigan, Carrick-on-Shannon and Strokestown, where we saw delegates from a body of the old Defenders, and initiated them. We left five hundred copies of the constitution in Roscommon, and on our return home, formed committees in Ballyhays, Butler’s-bridge, and Newtown Hamilton. Such of these connections as we were able to visit the second time, were increasing rapidly.

“ The substance of the reports, however, which we were obliged to deliver in, was communicated to the County Committee, of which Maginn, the informer, was a member: and likewise to the Mudler’s Society, of which Hughes was a member. No real secrecy ever existed among us; for as soon as any efficient measure was proposed, the government was instantly prepared, if not to prevent its execution, yet eventually to counteract its effects.

“ The progress of the revolution in France had excited the mass of the people in this country, and had put the aristocrats to their shifts. The people, as appeared afterwards, wished to rise at various times, trusting solely to their own resources; but were always withheld by their committees, who were, for the most part, aristocrats, and foreign-aid men, who contrived to involve the people with France, thereby frightening government, and enhancing their own value as traitors. Many of them thus obtained and enjoyed tolerable advantages, and some hold them, even unto this day.

“ Mr. Samuel Turner, of Newry, had made great professions of patriotism at an early period. On one occasion, he walked into an inn, in Newry, and was there met by Lord Carhampton, who, seeing a green handkerchief on his neck, proceeded, very quietly, to take it off. Turner sent Carhampton a challenge, and the act served as an apology for him to fly, for fear of arrest. He fled, and settled in Hamburg, where he was entrusted, by the Executive, with carrying on the correspondence between the Irish and French Executives, always taking care to furnish Pitt with true copies of the correspondence.



“Another informer, named H——, formerly a ship-broker of Belfast, was one of the prisoners in Fort George. A coolness had been occasioned among them, from a conversation between Robert Simms and Arthur O'Connor, in which they agreed, that the then present constitution of France, was too good for Ireland. This idea was resented by Joseph Cuthbert, and some others, and occasioned very warm words,—Cuthbert asserting, that no constitution could be too good for Ireland. ‘I am talking to a politician, not to you, Joe,’ said O'Connor. Joe, and his friends, took that ill. Russell took no part in the debate, but was not of O'Connor's, or of Simms' opinion.\*

“Prior to this, some attempt had been made by individuals, to open a communication with the Scotch militia, and H——, having had a knowledge of it, wrote to Pitt about it, who, being in communication with Turner, did not answer H——'s letter;† and the prisoners having notice of an expedition preparing in the Scheldt, were cheered by that prospect, although the misunderstanding still continued individually among them. One night, as they were in society over a glass of punch, H——, observing a feeling of distrust prevailed against him, which he could not account for, concluded that his letters had been intercepted, and in a moment of compunction, of fear or of unguarded conduct, he made a confession with tears and protestations, that he would never follow up his information. Peace coming on, the discharge or banishment of the State prisoners ensued. Messrs. H—— and Turner were permitted to return.

“Mr. John Palmer, of Cutpurse-row, formerly eminent in the hosiery line, and a sincere friend of our cause, had a son named John, one of the warmest and most faithful friends I ever had. He and William Putnam M'Cabe, met Major Sirr and his party in Bridgefoot-

\* I feel bound to state, as far as I am capable of forming an opinion, or qualified by any data whereon to found one, with respect to O'Connor's opinions, the settlement attributed to him is not in unison with any of his recorded sentiments.—R.R.M.

† For the best of reasons, the letter, I am informed, was not answered—it never went to hand. The humane and honourable man who filled the situation of governor of the fort, being charged with the examination of the letters of the prisoners, detained this letter in his hands, believing it was the production of a mischievous and malignant man.—R.R.M.

street, on their way to arrest Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The Major stopped them, and M'Cabe knocked him down, and Palmer made a stab at the Major's neck, which cut through his neck handkerchief. *Palmer would have succeeded in his attack, but M'Cabe prevented him.* M'Cabe was arrested the same night, Palmer was arrested two days subsequently; but in the bustle about the capture of Lord Edward, before the Major had time to visit the persons sent to prison, Miss Bidley Palmer, sister to the young man, went to the Castle, and, meeting Major Sirr, she hung on him, and would not let him go until he gave her an order for her brother's liberation,\* not knowing that he was the man who wounded him the night before.

“M'Cabe, no less fortunate, through being familiar with the Scotch dialect, and the gaol being under a Highland guard, he passed on a Highland sergeant for the son of a manufacturer in Glasgow, named Brand. The sergeant went to his officer, and, as no complaint lay against him, he was liberated. But when the Major came to Newgate a few hours after, a rigorous pursuit was commenced after both Palmer and M'Cabe. Palmer immediately fled to France, and from thence to Holland. He had learned that one Bureand, who had formerly been a spy in Ireland, was employed in the same branch of business in Holland. Although this man had run away from the Castle of Dublin, and written against government, Palmer set off on foot, with the design of frustrating this man's villany, and travelled from Paris to Hamburg, and mostly barefooted, where he met Samuel Turner, and entered freely into communication with him. Palmer gave him a gold watch to keep for him, lest distress might force him to sell it, the watch having belonged to his mother, who was dead. His father had sent him thirty guineas by a man named

\* The same account of John Palmer's arrest and liberation, was recently given me by Mrs. Horan, formerly Miss Bidley Palmer. This lady, in very reduced circumstances, far advanced in years, is now residing in London, in the neighbourhood of Finsbury-square, earning a miserable livelihood by keeping a little school for the female children of the poor, in a neighbourhood where indigence and misery abound. She states that Sirr must have been in possession of information from some one of the persons who formed the body-guard of Lord Edward, for, when another attempt was made to rescue Lord Edward, when they were conveying him to the Castle, Major Sirr was able to tell her, the sword which was used by one of the party engaged in that attempt had been lent by Palmer.—R.R.M.

Murky, which he never got. However, under every disadvantage, he had Bureand arrested, and put into the hands of the French authorities. But Bureand's employers exerted their influence, and caused him soon to be released; while Palmer was forced by want to enlist in a Dutch regiment, and, while bathing with some recruits in the Scheldt, was drowned. Rumour attributed his death to Bureand's vindictive feelings.

"When Turner returned to Dublin, and was applied to for the watch by his sister, then Mrs. Horan, he coolly replied, 'he did recollect something of a watch he got from her brother, but forgot what became of it.'

"At Cashcarragan, we learned that a man named Toby Peter, had seen us there as we passed that way before, and that a chapel in the neighbourhood had been searched for us, the Sunday before. We went over the Cash to one Dignum, a school-master, who saw us safe on the Ballynamore road, before day-break next morning.

"We had formed some acquaintance in Ballynamore, but we changed our rout, and came through Belturbet to Butler's-bridge, in the county Cavan, and from thence proceeded to Newry. My comrade, being then among his relations and friends, stopped there for some time, but came with me as far as the old four-mile house, kept by Andrew Steward; we went into a room, where six of the City Limerick Militia sat refreshing themselves, being on a march to Carrickfergus, for one of their men had been committed to gaol, on the oath of a woman, charging him with a rape, of which they said he was innocent, being taken for another man, which they were prepared to prove. As I was for Belfast, I joined their company; and, while we were talking, we heard a scream. As I sat next the door, I sprang into the hall, and the first thing I saw was a horseman riding into the door, with his sword drawn, and a woman, with a child in her arms, creeping under the stairs, at the end of the hall. I had a sword in my hand—I drew the sword, and the horseman, not having room enough to use his sabre, it struck against the ceiling, when he attempted to cut at me; I threatened to run him through, if he did not instantly leave. By this time the soldiers turned out,

and drew their bayonets. The horseman, on retiring, ran his horse's heels against a door in the hall, and broke it; we followed him out, and saw another, they both rode slowly on towards Banbridge. The affrighted woman then told us, that two of the same corps had stopped at the door just before they came up, called each for a tumbler of beer, drank it, and threw the tumblers on the flags at the door, and rode off, without paying anything; that, on account of her standing at the door, and looking after them, she thought it caused the others, who had just come in sight, to behave as they had done. While we were at the door, the main body came up, with an officer at their head, whose name, we were told, was Wardle.

“A Limerick soldier, named Maher, demanded of the officer if he had given orders for the ‘raking’ of the house. The officer said, ‘who are you, sir?’ Maher replied, ‘I am a soldier of the City Limerick Militia.’ ‘Where is your officer?’ demanded the English officer. ‘I command this party,’ said Maher, ‘and, being here to refresh, and seeing the house perfectly orderly, I think it my duty to acquaint your honour with the circumstance.’ The officer ordered a party forthwith to dismount the two soldiers of his party, and march them away on foot; and desired Stewart to make out his bill of the damage, and come into Banbridge, and it should be paid. But Stewart said he knew where he lived, and might injure him again, and he refused to do so. I went with the Limerick men into Banbridge, and being, as they thought, in the recruiting service, they got me a billet for two men, which I did not think right to use; but after spending the evening with them, I went to a lodging-house, where some of the aforesaid horsemen (the Ancient Britons) were billeted. I slept but little, and the next day proceeded on my journey to Belfast, and was glad to get home, having travelled—

## MILES.

To Roscommon, and home to Belfast . . . . .	200
To Dublin . . . . .	80
To Prosperous, and back to Dublin . . . . .	30
To Roscommon from Dublin . . . . .	79
To Dublin from Roscommon . . . . .	79
To Stratford on Slaney from Dublin . . . . .	26
To Dublin from Stratford . . . . .	26

Astray in the Mountains of Wicklow . . . . .	8
From Dublin to Roscommon . . . . .	79
From Roscommon to Belfast, by Athlone . . . . .	100
	707

“ Early in 1797, we had been led to expect a movement; but what prevented it I know no more of, than what I was told by William Putnam M‘Cabe. He said he had travelled from Dublin with Colonel James Plunket, of Elfin, and another gentleman, a school-fellow of Bonaparte, who had been a soldier, by profession, on the Continent, (whether in the French or German service I do not know), and John Hughes of Belfast, who turned informer in 1798, but was at that time one of Lord Edward’s confidential acquaintances, which confidence continued until the very day of Lord Edward’s arrest. After viewing the camp at Blaris and the adjacent country, the gentleman said, that if the people were firm, and would stand to each other, the conquest of the camp and country would be easy—the counties of Antrim and Down had only so to be directed, to act in concert—to cut off the communication with the camp—to secure some guns that were then in Hillsborough, with the view of using double-headed shot against the wooden houses that were in the vicinity of the camp, and which would render it impossible for the troops to remain there. To ascertain if the organization was as complete as it was reported, the gentlemen went over the mountain to Crumlin, and stopped at John Dickey’s house. His brother James, who suffered in 1798, called a meeting of his company after night-fall, that the gentlemen might see them; but when the men were assembled, and the gentlemen ready to inspect them, James Dickey ran to them with an alarm, that the army were coming to disperse or apprehend them; and they, not knowing why they had been called together, dispersed at once, and were represented by James Dickey as cowards; and when the gentlemen returned to Hillsborough next day, they learned that the guns had been just removed to the camp. They then went back to Dublin, disappointed, and reported that the north was not in a condition to act. Of this I was not an eye witness,

having had the report, as I give it, from Wm. Putnam M'Cabe, who said he was present. It was soon felt in the societies that some disappointment had taken place, and it began to be whispered that our leaders had refused to act.

“Plunkett still continued in confidence, and accepted the command of the county Roscommon; but when the French landed at Killala, he surrendered, and was permitted to go to England. He was a man in whom I was deceived, for, when in his company, he appeared to me a person whose fidelity to our cause was not to be questioned.

“In looking back at the conduct of such men as Plunkett, of which we had many such in the association, I do not rank them with the common herd of traitors, they were rather men who unthinkingly staked more than was really in them—they were like paper money, current for the time, keeping business afloat without any intrinsic value.”

#### CHAPTER IV.

“THE organization of the north being completed, the leaders, civil and military, chosen from the middle ranks, were exposed to greater danger from traitors, than labourers or tradesmen.

“The desire of distinction was a motive that induced many to accept of appointments, without seeing the responsibility attached to them, or the consequence to others of their delinquency, which led them to save themselves at any price, even the blood of the men who appointed them.

“The men of this last sort, were so mixed with the masses, that the derangement of our plans was an easy task to the traitors. Russell, the first appointed General of Down, was a prisoner at Kilmainham. The Rev. Steele Dixon was appointed in his stead. The General of Antrim was arrested with Russell, but was liberated, and had gone home when the tortures commenced. It was agreed between him and another chief, who was to lead a forlorn hope, in case of necessity, that I should attend either as Aide-de-Camp.

“The General of Antrim either misunderstood, or knowingly and wilfully misrepresented, the signal for rising on the 21st of May, and kept us in suspense until the beginning of June. Blood had been shed in the south, and the people of the north became impatient. I went to the General of Antrim and told him that an irregular movement could not long be prevented. He said he would certainly call them out; I went among the people and told them what he said; they wanted to know who he was; I said, they would know that when he appeared, not being at liberty to tell his name, which traitors afterwards made a charge against me.\* The general summoned me, and sent me on a command to the south, and said he had called a meeting of his colonels that day. I was met on my way by Henry J. M’Cracken, who stopped me, and said the general had not obeyed the signal for general action, and must be watched. I went home by his orders, and that evening he came to my house, we learned that the general had resigned; and John Hughes, the informer, being the medium of communication between Down and Antrim, he sent me with a letter to Dr. Dixon, but he had been arrested that day. Hughes sent me subsequently to different places to look for him, but he knew well my labour was lost.

“The organization of the north being thus deranged, the colonels flinched, and the chief of the Antrim men, the forlorn hope party of the union, not appearing, the duty fell on Henry J. M’Cracken; he sent fighting orders to the Colonels of Antrim, three of whom sent the identical orders to General Nugent, and the messenger he sent to Down proving unfaithful, the people of Down had no correct knowledge of affairs at Antrim, until they heard of the battle of the 7th of June.

“The greatest part of our officers, especially of those who were called colonels, either gave secret information to the enemy, or neutralized the exertions of individuals as far as their influence extended.

“I never knew a single colonel in the County of Antrim, who, when the time for active measures came,

\* The gentleman referred to was the late Mr. Robert Simms of Belfast. I applied to him, in 1842, for an interview, in connection with the history of the times, for which I was then seeking the materials, and he declined to see me.—R.R.M.

had drawn out his men, or commanded them, in that character. They had, however, a sufficient apology, for the General-in-chief whom they had appointed, resigned on the eve of action.

“ We were thus situated, forced by burning of houses, and the torturing of the peasantry, into resistance. Without the due appointment of superior officers in the place of those who had resigned and abandoned the cause.

“ I have already given you some account of the battle of Antrim; on some points, and not unimportant ones, you were misinformed by the Rev. Mr. M'Cartney. I was present on that occasion, and not a mere spectator of that battle. I pointed out to you, on the spot, the ground we occupied, and the several places where our people, at the onset, had triumphantly charged their enemies, and had been at last repulsed by them. Previous to our march for Antrim I was not appointed to any command; I had refused to accept of any. In the front rank there were eighteen men, most of them personal friends and acquaintances of my own, led by a man named John M'Gladdery. I was in that front rank; and it was allowed by our opponents the men belonging to it marched up the main street, and met the enemies troops in good order, and did the duty assigned to them in a becoming manner. The first position taken was the church-yard, which commands the main street. There our green banner was unfurled, and M'Cracken was stationed with his principal officers about him.

“ When the street firing on us commenced, a girl came up to us, in the church-yard, and told our leader there was a loop-hole in the wall where he had better go. She had come there in the midst of the firing to point it out to him. When the panic occurred, and the party in reserve mistook the flight of some dragoons for a charge on their companions, M'Cracken on quitting the church-yard to check the disorder, left me in command of that place, and I maintained it as long as there was a hope of keeping possession of the town.

“ I wish to correct a few errors in the statement of Dr. Macartney's, respecting the battle of Antrim. It is not true, that we had two pieces of cannon at Antrim, we had a brass piece which had belonged to the Volun-



teers. It, and another of the same description, had been buried without the knowledge of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, in his Meeting House at Templepatrick. When the Monaghan Militia were burning the village of Templepatrick, the other piece was discovered, and Mr. Campbell, who knew nothing whatsoever of the concealment of the pieces there, was suspected to have had a guilty knowledge of the fact, and was never forgiven by Lord Templeton. The men who were in the foremost ranks of the people, marching into Antrim, were a small body of the Roughforth Volunteers, remarkably steady men, they came on in three files, six deep. The column that followed consisted of Templepatrick and Carmoney men, and some of the Killead people, who had arms. Those of the Campbell family were particularly distinguished among them for their courage; Joshua and Henry fell in the action.

“It is stated by Mr. Macartney, that the people marched to music, or that the air of the Lass of Richmond Hill was played. We had no musical instruments of any kind amongst us. A man of the name of Harvey commenced singing ‘The Marsellois Hymn,’ as we marched into the town, in which his companions joined, but thinking we needed a more lively air, I struck up a verse of a merry Irish song, which was soon joined in by our party.

“With respect to persons dressed in green uniform amongst us, the only green uniform at the battle of Antrim was worn by Robert Wilson, which uniform I had succeeded in bringing out of Belfast, in a sack the day that the flogging of the people commenced there. Wilson was a young man of great courage, and excellent conduct and discretion. He had been very active all along, and always behaved with prudence and resolution. His family were highly respectable, his father held a situation in the Belfast Bank.\*

“Mr. Macartney, and the yeomen he commanded, after the burning of some houses in the town, had taken refuge behind the wall of the park of Lord Massarene, in front of the high street, and occasionally rose up and fired some shots down the street. Close to the market-house, near the castle gate, some yeomen and

\* Miss M’Cracken says her brother spoke in the highest terms of Wilson’s conduct at Antrim.

horse soldiers kept their ground, the yeomen had two pieces of cannon there, which were soon silenced. We were about to attack the horsemen when a body of Ballyclare men entered the town by the west end street, and by Bow-lane. This caused some confusion, and the troops at the market-house profitted by it to renew their fire, and took off some of our leaders. The people began to give way, and in attempting to stop the fugitives, M'Cracken, who proceeding with a party of men, by the rear of the houses, to dislodge the yeomen stationed in Lord Massarene's park, was borne down, disobeyed, and deserted by the panic struck multitude. He then made his way to Donogore Hill, along with Robert Wilson, where he expected to find a body of men in reserve, but all his plans had been frustrated by the defection of the military chiefs. James Agnew Farrel, and Mr. Quin, a person employed in the salt works at Larne, had been appointed colonels, but neither acted. Farrel either brought, or sent, his fighting orders to General Nugent, and then he went to Scotland. One of our prisoners was a Captain George Mason M'Claverty, who had been taken that morning in his house, and carried to Donegal Hill. He used every argument to prevail on the people to disperse and return to their homes, promising them every protection in his power. He subsequently fulfilled his promise to the letter, not one of the persons in his neighbourhood, many of whom he had seen in arms that day, did he suffer to be troubled or prosecuted. He was one of the most humane and just magistrates in the county. The number of the people killed in the town, that is to say in the action, was very few. James M'Glathery, who had a command, wrote a sketch of the action, which Miss M'Cracken saw in the hands of his sister, Mrs. Shaw, of Belfast, in which it was stated that only five or six of the people were killed in the town in action, and H. J. M'Cracken said the statement was correct.\* The dead bodies of both parties were buried in the sands, at Shane's Castle, but those of the people, who were found slain in the fields, were buried in the cross

\* The Mr. J. M'Glathery, who fought at Antrim, in what he considered the cause of liberty, proved a recreant to his principles. He escaped from Ireland—he ended his days on board a slave ship, on his way to the coast of Guinea.

roads at Muckamore, where it had been customary to inter those who committed suicide.

“While any prospect of serving our cause appeared to exist, a few of us remained in arms; our ranks at length diminished, the influence of the merchants on the manufacturers, and that of the manufacturers on the workmen, formed a strong claim of pecuniary interests in the province of *Ulster*, so that shelter or relief of any kind afforded to those who stood out, was at the risk of the life and property of the giver.

“The very perfection of our organization in *Ulster* gave treachery the greater scope, from the greater intercourse it caused in societies and committees, and numbers of persons, thus becoming personally known to each other, the organization of treachery was rendered still more complete, and, if a comparative few had not thrown their lives into the scale, Castlereagh’s plan of keeping the north and south divided, must have sooner succeeded.

“When all our leaders deserted us, Henry Joy M’Cracken stood alone faithful to the last. He led on the forlorn hope of the cause at Antrim, and brought the government to terms with all but the leaders.

“He died, rather than prove a traitor to his cause, of which fact I am still a living witness, who shared in all his exertions while he lived, and defy any authentic contradiction of that assertion now, or at any future date.

“On the 7th of June, 1798, the Braid men had assembled near Broughshane, and marched for Ballymena. They were met, on the way, by some yeomen from Ballymena, whom they took prisoners, and marched back to town. The prisoners seeing their neighbours were suffered to carry their arms, until they should deposit them in the market house, but when they were on the stairs, going up to the market house, one of the prisoners, named Davison, having a blunderbuss, discharged it at the people, killed one man, and wounded another, firing then commenced from both parties, several fell in the streets, and the yeomen got in safety into the house. The people left the street for some little time, until a tar barrel was set on fire under the ceiling, and some shots were fired up through it, one of

which killed a yeoman ; the smoke of the burning tar, admonished the yeomen of their danger, they threw out their arms, and begged for mercy, which was granted, and they were put into the Black-hole under the market-house. A jury sat on the man who broke the peace, and he was condemned to die : two imprudent young men went to put the sentence into immediate execution, and were followed by others, but, on entering the cell, they found the man they were in search of, sitting on some timber that lay there. They ordered him to rise, he refused, and one of them struck him with the butt of his musket, he fell back over the timber on which he sat, and one of the young men taking him by the hand, to raise him on his feet, having a dagger in the other, the yeoman seized the weapon, and drove it through the young man's breast bone, who exclaimed 'I am killed.' Another young man then rushed forward and received three wounds, when an old man entered took hold of the prisoner, and though he was wounded by the yeoman in nine places, the old man dragged him to the door, and there he died by the pike. The other wounded man recovered, but the old man was afterwards prosecuted, and suffered death in Ballymena.

"The people continued to flock into Ballymena for two days ; but treachery was too well organized in the middle ranks, particularly among the rich farmers, who discouraged their neighbours with contradictory reports.

"An officer of the Volunteers of 1784. had the command of the town of Ballymena at this time. He said he had 11,000 men under his command, with whom he would march for Dublin ; that he would put the Kells men in the advanced guard, to prevent them from running home again. We obeyed his order ; joined the Kells-men, who were ordered to Donegore-hill, and on our march were followed by a young man on horseback, who reported, as he rode along our lines, that peace had been made ; that Lord O'Neil had forgiven all his tenants a year's rent, and they had returned home ; and that the men at Toombridge had accepted the terms, and dispersed, which news produced a mutiny. We then returned to Kells—this was on the 9th—and on the 10th, in the morning, we

learned that the leaders in Ballymena had deserted and the people had dispersed; the Kells-men followed the example. Mr. M'Cracken had been employed in collecting a few stragglers in the mountains, mostly Belfast-men, who could not go home; and such as were willing to continue in arms marched with him.

“On Saturday, the 9th of June, I joined the Kells-men, and was told that there were some boxes of new arms in the neighbourhood, that would be distributed as soon as required. I got a fine-looking new musket, which my comrade fancied, and I gave it to him. He brought it to Themish before he discovered that the touch-hole was only bored sufficiently far into the barrel to prevent discovery, without its being tried by a pin; my comrade threw it on the green. Whether his doing so prevented us from getting more new arms or not, I do not know; but we saw but the one musket. The open danger which we ran, was nothing to the deep treachery which we had to encounter and defeat.

“The first authentic account received at Down from Antrim, was from William Kane, a native of Belfast, who crossed the channel in a boat to Holywood. But the principal leader in that district had fled to a tender, that lay in Belfast Lough, for refuge. News went to Bangor, and the people, commanded by James Scott, who afterwards went to New York, secured some guns from a barge that lay in Belfast Lough, and marched to join a body of Killinchy-men, who had defeated a party of the York Fencibles, near Saintfield. They advanced a short distance, when a party of Loyalists, mostly belonging to the towns, who had joined through fear, was met, and permitted to return home. They were reinforced by some men from Holywood, and the surrounding country, and learning that a party from Newtownards had received a check at Newtown, they marched in that direction. The soldiers fled on their approach, and left their drums, baggage, and arms with the people. They then marched to Scraby mountain, and next day joined the Killinchy-men at Creevy Rocks, when Munro appeared, and was appointed, by acclamation, to the chief command. He marched direct for Ballinahinch; divided his men into two parties, in order to enter the town at either end, and, on their

approach, the enemy fled, and left a baker (the only one in town) hanging at his own door. The main body took post on the hill of Ednavaddy, and next day, about two o'clock, the enemy appeared,—horse, foot, and artillery, from Belfast. Munro ordered his musketry to intercept them at the Windmill-hill, which they did by a well-directed fire. The enemy retreated, and the people followed them some distance; the troops rallied, brought up their artillery, gained the town, and planted out-posts at no great distance from the people.

“A company of young men, called the ‘Broomhedge Boys,’ from their having sprigs of broom in their hats, dislodged them, with the loss of seventeen of their number, and thirty-six of the enemy killed, and some prisoners, *for the people gave quarter, though the enemy did not.* A troop of the enemy’s horse was cut off in the night, by an out-post of the people, which was all that happened during the night. Early in the morning, Scott, of Bangor, led a select party into town, under a heavy fire from the enemy stationed in the houses on each side of the street, and grape-shot from the artillery in the street. The guns were taken and re-taken three times. The last charge the enemy made, they fell to a man; but the sound of the bugle for retreat, on the part of the enemy, was mistaken by the people for the signal for another charge, which produced a panic, the people fled in all directions; the retreat from the town caused the panic to extend to the hill, and the whole mass dispersed.

“The people’s cause was finally lost, (at least in that struggle). It now only remained for the enemy to attack the memory of the dead, and the characters of the living, and to slander all who had dared to resist their cruelty. Such as could be neither intimidated nor corrupted, were put to death, or banished; and those, whose fortune it was to escape, could not contradict the false reports, with any chance of safety or success.

“At this period, confidence was driven back to the narrow circles of well-trying acquaintance, and every stranger was met with suspicion. The names of the inmates of houses were posted on every door; the situation of such as would not surrender on Cornwallis’s proclamation, can only be conceived by those

who felt it. What induced so many to risk the danger of refusing the proffered terms, I will not pretend to determine; but mine was this—having joined the Union in the spring-time of its strength, from a conscientious conviction of its principles being right, and having had no reason to change my opinion, when the society was overtaken by adversity, I felt bound to that cause to which I had pledged my life along with my countrymen, and I considered to surrender under that proclamation, was not only a recantation of one's principles, but a tacit acquiescence in the justice of the punishment which had been inflicted on thousands of my unfortunate associates.

“To hold up my hands for pardon to those who had imbrued theirs in the blood of my associates, seemed to me to carry with it a participation in the guilt of the blood of my brethren. Thinking a clear conscience of all things most necessary, and looking to the *Most High* alone for protection, I could not join in any written or verbal acknowledgment of guilt, or solicitation for pardon to any human being. I resolved never to be taken alive; I knew no danger, but that of wilfully and knowingly doing wrong.

“They in Ulster, that acted otherwise, gave our enemies an opportunity of shaking the confidence of our countrymen in the other provinces, by constantly reminding them how the Dissenters of the north began the business, and in the time of need were the first to abandon it. The taunt only served for a time to keep up a desire in the Northerners to show that the cause in the North had not been abandoned by them. There was an earnest watching of the fortunes of the Continental war at this time. The Liberals, or moderate aristocrats, in some instances, affecting to sympathize with the people, became the channel of intelligence to the enemy, of the hopes and expectations that still lingered in the people's mind. In many instances information of this kind was conveyed without intending perfidy; its being given, arose from the intercourse of the parties with the higher classes. The feelings of the people thus ascertained, kept the government in perpetual apprehension; but their hired spies often raised the apprehension to very unnecessary alarm, fabricating conspiracies, plots, etc.

“In this way they fabricated a plot, which they pretended to discover, after the suppression of the rebellion, amongst the state prisoners in Kilmainham gaol. The report occasioned a search to be made, when some papers were taken from a man named Ivers, of Carlow, one of the state prisoners, who immediately after was removed to Fort George in Scotland.

“The few who were neither to be intimidated nor corrupted, were thus sacrificed in one way or the other, either put to death or banished, or pursued, and forced to fly to foreign countries.”

## CHAPTER V.

“I REMAINED at work nearly four months, after the failure of our last effort in the neighbourhood of Belfast and Ballymena. No positive information appeared to have been sworn against me, and so far, I was fortunate enough to escape the fate of my noble leader, and of many of my brave companions. But still I was a marked man, and was compelled for years to wander from place to place, and avoid my enemies. During this period many circumstances came to my knowledge, connected with our struggle, which made a deep impression on my mind, and some of them ought not to be forgotten.

“James Hunter, of Glenely, near Glenarn, was a respectable farmer, and well beloved by every honest man who knew him; when the people assembled in arms, on Balare Hill, above Glenarn, he appeared among them. Squire Boyd, of Ballycastle, came to his house, some days after the dispersion of the people with his yeomen, early in the morning, roused him and his wife and family out of bed, set a ladder to a tree before his door, and fastened a rope about his neck, and setting his house on fire, had him mounted on the ladder ready to turn him off. While the yeomen were about their hangman’s work, Boyd inquired, of the unfortunate man, if he had any confession of his guilt to make, or any thing to say. Hunter, who had previously in vain supplicated to be heard, cried out—there is a child in that house, an orphan, who was brought up by me—if I saw it out unhurt, I would



be content to die : but the house began to burn with such fury that no one dared to enter. Boyd ordered the yeomen to take the prisoner down and let him venture in. He was taken down, and, the moment he was unbound, he rushed into the house. He knew well that no child was there, he ran to a window that was in the gable of the house, and near it was a hollow, where some apple trees grew, which was so covered with smoke, that the yeomen did not observe his escape until they saw him on a lime hill, at a considerable distance, waving his hand for them to follow, which, from his knowledge of the mountains, they knew it was useless to attempt.

“ Hunter was taken afterwards and prosecuted by a school-fellow of his own, under the following circumstances,—the witness’s name was Daniel M’Coy, he had joined the yeomen, and the country people had taken some of the yeomen’s families as hostages to Balare Hill. M’Coy’s wife was one of the hostages, and lay in, on the hill. Hunter had a tent erected on a convenient place, and set a guard over the tent to prevent any annoyance to her or the women that attended her, which M’Coy alleged was a proof of his being a commander among the rebels. Hunter was condemned on his evidence, and lay under sentence of death, nine days in Carrickfergus Jail. By the interest of Sir Henry Vane Tempest, of Glenarn Castle, George Anson, M’Laverty, of Larne Glen, and some other gentlemen, his sentence was changed to banishment, and he was sent to New Geneva, and from thence to the 11th Regiment in the West Indies, from which he escaped to the United States, and got home to his family. He had not been long at home when he was taken again, and by the same interest that had saved his life before, he got permission to go to Norway. The same gentlemen subsequently got permission for him to return home with his family. He had not been very long at home, when the cattle of his neighbour, the man on whose evidence he had been convicted, were seized on for debt. As soon as Hunter heard of the distress the man had fallen into, he went to him, entered bail for the debt, and relieved the cattle. I happened to be on a visit at Hunter’s when the prosecutor came to him for a receipt, in discharge for the debt which had been

punctually paid by him. He talked of his having kept his promise, and began to boast of his honourable conduct. Hunter took no notice of his boasting, but I did, and took some pains to show him the difference between Hunter's conduct and his own. I told him he must never think of boasting in the presence of a man who had gained two such great victories, for Hunter must have conquered himself before he was able to conquer his deadly enemy.

“During Hunter's exile, his farm which was valuable, had been heavily mortgaged, he sold out his interest in it, and went with his family to the United States. I heard of their safe arrival at Philadelphia, but never had any further account of him or his family since his arrival there. \* \* \* \*

“Joseph Corbally, a tailor, lived near Nawl. He was a well disposed young man, and when Defenderism was introduced into the counties of Meath and Dublin, he was appointed a captain, but a faction sprung up in his neighbourhood, the followers of which began to plunder in the name of Defenders. The Defenders of which he had the command, were under obligation to obey him, *not in any violation of the law*, but in the defence of life and property. In virtue of this obligation, he procured a warrant, arrested some of the robbers, and delivered them up to the civil authorities. The Volunteers had not then been put down, and he used to discipline his men, (the Defenders), as if they were Volunteer recruits, on a hill in the neighbourhood. Archibald Hamilton Rowan, and James N. Tandy, happened to pass, from Drogheda to Dublin, by the road, along the side of the hill, in sight of the parade where the men were mustered, and went up to them and gave them their advice to desist, telling them that their appearing in arms would not serve either themselves or the country; and their parades were discontinued. A magistrate, named Graham, having discovered the circumstance, induced two of the robbers, whom Corbally had arrested, to swear against him, as a leader of Defenders, and had him committed to jail; while he lay in Kilmainham for trial, Graham offered him his liberty, and a large reward, if he would swear against Rowan and Tandy.

“Corbally, after his trial was over, told the offer

he had from Graham, to the gentlemen whom it concerned, who commenced, or talked of commencing, a suit against Graham for conspiring against thier lives. Corbally had no witness but the jailer, and he swore that he was drunk at the time, and could not remember the conversation, and Corbally was sentenced to four years transportation to Botany Bay. On his way to his destination, one of the convicts told the captain of the vessel that there was a conspiracy to murder him and the crew, and turn pirates; he pointed out as leader, whose name I have forgotten, and Corbally being observed as the acquaintance of the man that was accused, was put in irons along with him. The man was tried, and condemned, and flogged to death, and Corbally lay for three days hand-cuffed to his corpse, before it was committed to the sea. Before they landed, it was found out that the information was false, and the captain flogged the informer severely. When his term of banishment had expired, Corbally returned to England in a South Sea whaler, came to his own country, and died with his widowed mother at home.

“At the beginning of the short peace, the Orangemen of Dublin held their usual rejoicings on the 12th of July. Cavan-street was then the residence of many of them, mostly nailors. An opposite party, in the neighbourhood, took a notion, that being then at peace with France, they might lawfully hold a day of rejoicing on the 14th, which they did by dressing the fountain, in Cavan-street, with green boughs. The Orange party, who were mostly yeomen, stood inside of their doors with loaded arms. A tall young man, named Ryan, a wine-porter, passing through the street, being a Catholic, but not at all concerned in the business, was shot dead by a nailor named Shiels. The nailor was sought for, and proclaimed by the magistrates, but was concealed in the Royal Barracks. This was disclosed by a soldier from the barrack to a friend of mine; but who dared to go there to apprehend him? I had no knowledge of any of the relations of the deceased; but I had some knowledge of Counsellor M’Nally, so I went and told him, that if he would procure me a warrant, I would go to the barracks, present myself to the commanding officer, and point out the very room in which the murderer was. M’Nally seemed

highly pleased, and desired me to call in the evening, and he would have the warrant, which I did. He then put me off until next morning, when he sent his son with me to Justice Greenshields, of Bride-street, with whom he stayed in private for about ten minutes; and then, coming out of the office with the Justice, he said to him, (pointing to me), this is the man. The Justice then asked me my name, and where I lived, my business, and if I was any relation of the deceased; and, being answered no, he asked what interest I had in pursuing Shiels. I said none, but the common interest, that people might feel, who wished, to be able to come and go through the streets, about their business, without being shot; but if his honour did not think proper to intrust me with the warrant, I had no right to insist; and telling him where Shiels was to be found, I walked away. While I was doing this, word arrived that Shiels was gone off with a party of soldiers. A number of the Liberty-boys set off to keep them in view, if possible. They met the soldiers returning without Shiels, and, being then convinced of his flight, two of the party, one Donally, who had served with Shiels, in the Tipperary Militia, and a lad named Barry, continued the pursuit.

“An uncle of the deceased was called on, and acquainted with the step I had taken; he applied to Greenshields for a warrant, and it was granted to him. The uncle, accompanied by Edward Finn and myself, then began our pursuit.

“Shiels had left the barracks in the morning, and the same day, at sunset, we were at Castleknock, on the track of the murderer. We passed through Dunshaughlin at dusk; we observed Donally standing at a door. He had overtaken Shiels, who said he meant to travel by Enniskillen for Derry; but, a car-man joining them on the road, Shiels agreed for a seat on his car into Navan, and Donally, having no money, was forced to return. At day-break we set out, and passed through the town of Kells, where Shiels had told Donally he expected to meet friends, and stop, perhaps, two days. Barry was left at Navan, on the look-out; others were left on the watch at Kells, and the uncle and I continued our journey in another direction.

“The uncle, an old soldier, who had the ague, in the West Indies, was unable to continue the chase, so I proceeded, alone, as far as Butler’s-bridge, where I had some acquaintance closing that pass also ; but, on my return, I learned that Barry had arrived, and had met with Shiels in a public-house in Navan, and being asked by him, or some of his company, to drink a toast which he did not like, Barry went out, seemingly in a huff, and returned with a constable, and arrested him, and had him confined ; but the magistrate, having no information to warrant his committal, could only detain him for twenty-four hours. He, therefore, sent Barry forward with a carriage in quest of his uncle, who had the warrant, and thus, our object having been accomplished, I set out for Dublin. Shiels was committed to goal in Navan, and from thence transmitted to Dublin.

“When his trial came on, Counsellor M’Nally called the strongest evidence, which was so clear, that no jury could have acquitted him ; but it was so contrived that the jury sat out the commission, and were discharged. A day was appointed for a second trial, he was again brought before a jury. The Judge, in charging the jury, said—‘gentlemen of the jury, I see this is party business.’ And so the murderer Shiels, was acquitted, and rewarded by government, by being appointed to the situation of a guard of the mail coach ; what became of him afterwards I know not, but Ryan was not his first victim.

“Of my many escapes from danger, there was one which I had great reason to be thankful for. I had been working at my trade in Dublin, from the time I came from Tullamore. The house where I lived was next to one in which a tailor, named Oder, lived, who belonged to Major Sirr’s gang. He was what we called a guinea-pig, from the wages which he received weekly, for attending every night, at Symth’s in Cramp-ton-court, off Dame-street, with such information as he could procure. In the house where my family was, there was a very honest man, named Edward Holmes, who was very kind to my wife and children ; he was a slater, and, in the course of his business, he fell into a job, in which the notorious Hugh Woolahan was also employed. Holmes being a United-man, and an

unsuspecting one, was also persuaded by Woolahan that he was a friend also. Holmes invited him to dine at his house, and, while at dinner, told him what a fine fellow lodged up stairs, to whom he would introduce him the first opportunity. When I came home at night, he told me that a friend of our cause had dined with him, from Wicklow or Wexford; and, on hearing his name, 'take care,' said I, 'it is not Woolahan the murderer you have, for whose acquittal the officers who sat on his court-martial were censured by Lord Cornwallis.' Holmes met him going to work next morning, and asked plainly if he was that man, he denied it, and said he was only his brother; but as soon as Holmes went to work, he was warned, by stones and brickbats falling near him, that he was not among friends, and he was glad to get his ladders and his life safe out of it. Shortly after, the wife of Oder, the tailor above mentioned, called on my landlord, John Golding, and said she had a secret to tell him, if she durst, that might be useful to some of his friends who were in danger; but he kept his distance, alledging, he knew of none of his friends being in danger at all.

"One evening, shortly after this occurrence, I had to go to Cork-street, and did not go straight home, which was fortunate for me, for when I came home, a man at the door told me that men of a suspicious appearance had been inquiring for me, and that one, who called himself Adair, a carpenter, said I had appointed to meet him that evening; that there were several of them, and that they parted three and three, and went different roads. My own son James, then about seven years of age, came up, and said, that bad-looking men were there, he saw their pistols under their coats; I then ran up stairs, but Rosy had been invited to spend that evening at Mr. Palmer's. I went down stairs immediately, and Mrs. Barry, whose husband had given me the first warning, met me, and showed me three of the gang at the corner of Little Longford-street. I observed a boy under a lamp opposite, in the lane; I left the house and walked smartly down the lane, with a pistol cocked in each hand, expecting to meet some of the party, and, on turning the corner, I observed the boy following me, whom I had seen

under the lamp: I went down Great George's-street into Dame-street, and over Essex-bridge to Chapel-street, to warn a man named Kirkwood, with whom I had been that evening, that he might be prepared if the search came.

“The boy who had followed me all this way passed me as I entered Bolton-street, and ran before me, I at first thought that Coffey's house might be guarded, and that he was going to warn the guard of my approach, but observing him stop at a gateway, and place himself close up to the gate, I sprang round the corner into King-street, and then turning down by the front of Newgate, and crossing to Church-street by the lower end of Newgate, went up Church-street, and round by King-street, and into the house of one Patrick Martin, a cooper, where I stopped for the night, and next morning sent to inquire for my family, and learned that I had been only gone from home a short time when the guard returned, they stopped there until Rosy came home, accompanied by Mr. Palmer's son, William, a very undaunted youth, but of a mild appearance. She passed in through the guard, and they inquired of her if Mrs. Moylan was in, (the name she went by), she said she was going up to see, and bid Mr. Palmer come up—her seeming unconcern deceived them, and she going into the room, next to her own, and bidding Mr. Palmer good night, he was not stopped at the door. Two of our children being asleep in that room, and the third in care of the mistress of the house, Rosy threw off her cloak, took the child on her knee, and sat on the foot of a bed, in a few minutes the guard came up, and, my door being locked, they went into the room where Rosy was, in which there were two men and two women in bed, whom they examined very strictly, but they all speaking with *up-country* tongue, they never seemed to see Rosy at all, and the mistress of the place not being in bed, kept them in talk until they went out on the lobby, and began to talk of searching my room, when Rosy slipped the key to the mistress, and she told them, the woman left it with her when she went out, they then went in, and searched the room narrowly, not forgetting the chimney, but no discovery. Rosy was represented as a woman whose husband was at

sea, but as she had not heard of him for some time he was thought to be dead, but some of my clothes being in the room they remarked she must be a curious widow who had men's trowsers in her room, which the mistress dexterously answered by saying that she was well handed, and mended or made for men or women for the support of her children. They then went away, saying they would call and see their widow again. They took a letter which we had been both writing, which they noticed, but no clue was in it for them. As soon as they were gone, and the hall-door shut, Rosy took her bed, and the children, down to Mr. Holme's room, for the night, and, at the first light in the morning, the informers returned, and were told she had left the house on hearing of their visit, and no one knew, or wished to know, where she went. Oder, the informer, lost his birth, he was taken and sworn to as a deserter, and sent to a condemned regiment.

“When I arrived in Dublin, in 1798, it was then believed, by the best informed of my friends, that Lord Edward's arrest was occasioned by the imprudence of a girl in Murphy's house, in Thomas-street. But at a much later period, in 1815, I was informed by the wife of an employer of mine, John Blair, who had been a soldier in the Antrim Militia, that she was in the Royal Barracks, Dublin, the day that Lord Edward was taken; and that it was known to the soldiers' wives, the whole afternoon of that day, that Lord Edward was in the house of Murphy's, the feather merchant, in Thomas-street; she said, that one of the soldier's wives had been employed to wash down Murphy's stairs, that Lord Edward had been down stairs when she began to work, and had sprung lightly past her, leaving the marks of his shoes on the newly washed stairs, and when he was out of hearing she cursed his feet, but the servant girl, who heard her, said, ‘why do you speak so rude to a gentleman?’ ‘He is some scut,’ was the answer. ‘Oh,’ said the girl, ‘that is Lord Edward Fitzgerald.’ This agreed so well with what I had heard in Dublin, that I thought it likely to have gone from the barracks to the castle. Nor did I hear any other reason given for the discovery, although I had recourse to Dublin for eight years, immediately after the transaction, and had access



to men of all ranks, that had been kindly to our cause.\*

## CHAPTER VI.

“AFTER the battle of Antrim, I remained in the north, till the month of November, 1798, when I was compelled to quit that part of the country to avoid being arrested. I proceeded to Dublin, where I was joined by my wife and child, in the summer of 1799, and worked there at cotton weaving, until I was employed by Mr. Charles H. Teeling, who was then establishing a bleach green at the Nawl, in the County Meath.

“While I was living at Mr. Teeling’s, a poor fellow who had been discharged from the Armagh militia, and was returning home with his family, his wife and children fell sick on the road near Mr. Teeling’s, and got a lodging in a farmer’s barn for a night, but learning it was fever, they were turned out next morning; being unable to travel further they lay down in a ditch on the road side. I found them in that miserable situation, and told Mr. Teeling of it, he sent his men that instant, and before night had a booth erected and thatched, fit to resist the heaviest rain, and had the family provided regularly with plenty of clean dry wheat straw; by his assistance and support the family were all restored to health, and enabled to pursue their journey. I worked at weaving with Edward Finn, in the Liberty, till June, 1799. Circumstances then obliged me to move my quarters. I went down to Mr. Charles Teeling’s place, at the Nawl, in the County Meath, and remained in his employment, as over-seer of his bleach green, till 1802. A foreman

\* The report respecting Murphy’s servant being the cause of the discovery of Lord Edward, at her master’s house, I believe, has no foundation. The sister of Nicholas Murphy, a few weeks before her death, informed me that neither her brother, nor herself, ever had the slightest suspicion of the fidelity and integrity of that servant. She was rather an elderly woman, her name was M’Loughlin. She and her husband had lived in the service of their family, in Thomas-street, nearly twenty-five years. A few weeks before Lord Edward’s arrest, the husband had gone into the country. Both he and the wife were long since dead. Poor Miss Murphy ended her days in great indigence, at the age of 75 years, in the summer of 1843. The charity of a relative, and the interest of a sum of money saved from the wreck of her brother’s property, amounting to about £10 a year, enabled her to drag out a miserable existence, fully conscious that she had claims on the justice of persons who did not choose to acknowledge them.—R.R.M.

of Mr. Teeling's, named John M'Carroll, gave information against me. I then had to fly, and return to Dublin. With the assistance of Mr. Teeling I set up a small haberdasher's store, at No. 8, on the Coombe, and I remained there till the month of June, 1803. I had formerly worked, for a short time, with Mr. Lawrence Tighe, in his bleach green at Blue Bells, near Dublin. Tighe one day asked me a question which caused me to think he was an informer, and I immediately left his employment.

"The place I lived in, on the Coombe, was directly opposite a temporary barrack, where a company of soldiers was stationed. In the spring of 1803, James M'Gucken, the attorney of Belfast, called upon me for information, which I refused to give him. I had a comrade, a native of Dublin, who had settled with his family in Belfast. Russell had sent for him, and this he had told to M'Gucken. The latter followed him to Dublin, accompanied by Cornelius Brannan, a tailor, and called on me, at my little place on the Coombe, to inquire for my comrade, and to put other questions to me which I did not answer. He then offered me money to quit my connection with the United Irishmen. 'If you have fulfilled your obligation to their society,' said I, 'you can quit when you choose; but it does not seem to me that I have fulfilled mine yet.' 'Well,' said he, raising his voice, and speaking angrily, 'tell your comrade to see me before he leaves Dublin, or by—I will be his death.' I had a case of pistols lying in the desk behind the counter loaded. I took them out, and leveling one of them at him, and pointing with the other to the barrack, I said, 'James, I know the guard is there, you have shewn what you are, I will shew you how little I regard your threat.' 'Ah, Jemie,' said he, recovering himself, quickly, and forcing himself to smile, 'I never thought it would come to this, between you and me.' 'It is your own doing,' said I. He asked if we could not have some thing to drink, in order to shew that we were friends again. I replied that I was not his enemy, unless he forced me to be such. I sent out for some porter, we drank out of the same vessel, and the unpleasant affair went off as a joke. My landlord lived next door. The moment M'Gucken left my shop, I went to the former, paid my rent, packed up my little property, and that

evening I quitted the house. M'Gucken came next day, at ten o'clock, accompanied by an officer of the Liberty yeomen, and a gentleman whom my landlord did not know; but the bird had flown.

"A few days before, I received a note, stating, that if I would walk, on a certain evening, between Roper's Rest and Harold's Cross, I would meet a friend there. I went, and found Robert Emmet waiting for me.\*

"From the Coombe, I removed, along with my wife and an infant, to Butterfield-lane, near Rathfarnham, to a house which had been taken by Mr. Robert Emmet. During my residence there, I assisted Mr. Robert Emmet in all his operations, until Mr. Russel required me to go with him to the North.

"I first became acquainted with Russel, in Belfast, soon after the United system came into operation. He honoured me with his friendship,—friendship, which, ripening to the utmost extent of human confidence, continued during his life, and will continue to endear his memory during mine.

"It was previous to my meeting with Mr. Emmet, that Mr. Neilson, at the risk of his life, returned, without the permission of government, from banishment, and that he applied to me to accompany him to the North. This was in 1802, when I brought him there, and back again, to Dublin, in safety.

"It was in 1803 that I was sent by Mr. Emmet to the North, with Mr. Russel. On our failure there, I went with William H. Hamilton, the brother-in-law of Mr. Russel, to Ballyboy, in the County Monaghan. I kept him there, in safety, at Mr. Crawford's, for a long time. He left that place, against my will, and was taken in a cabin, in the neighbourhood, and I, having been seen in his company, that part of the country was no longer safe for me.

\* All the portion of Hope's narrative, which has reference to Emmet's movement, I have reserved for the memoir of Robert Emmet. The most valuable details, will be found in that portion of Hope's papers.

I am aware of the disadvantage that must accrue, to the memoir of Hope, from the application of such valuable matter, (as his account of the agrarian disturbances, at an early period, in the North,—of the battle of Antrin, of his hazardous journey to Belfast, with Nelson on his return from banishment,—of his connection with Robert Emmet, and of his expedition, with Russell, to the North,) to several memoirs, in which I have availed myself of them. The men, of whom they treat, had the faithful services of Hope, during their struggle. Their memories, I felt I was at liberty, to devote his record of their actions to, in whatever manner his labours could be made most useful to them.—R.R.M.

“ I went to Drogheda, and fell to work, where I remained, until the 12th of July, 1804. I found my wife, after all the perils she had escaped, the same in cheerfulness, in hope, in patience, in fortitude, I had ever found her. She had gone through scenes, which tried some of those qualities.

“ In 1803, a short time after Henry Howley’s arrest, and the death of Hanlon, who was shot by him, while the soldier’s were bringing Hanlon’s body on a door, through a street in the Liberty, my wife was passing, with her youngest child in her arms, having under her cloak, a blunderbuss and a case of pistols, which she was taking to the house of Denis Lambert Redmond, who suffered afterwards. She stepped into a shop, and when the crowd had passed, she went on, and executed her orders. On another occasion, she was sent to a house in the Liberty, where a quantity of ball-cartridges had been lodged, to carry them away, to prevent ruin being brought on the house and its inhabitants. She went to the house, put them in a pillow-case, and emptied the contents into the canal, at that part of it which supplies the basin.

“ After having visited my family, I quitted Dublin, and settled down to work, at Rathar road, from Tullamore to Tyrrell’s-pass, in the county Westmeath, where I continued, until I received news of my wife’s illness, who had been worn out, by attending our youngest child, (who was ill of the small-pox). We had then three children in Dublin, and one in the North. I worked in this place, about a year and a half, at my trade, and paid, with my earnings, the debt of a poor family, amounting to thirteen pounds. I returned to Dublin, and when the child recovered, I fell to work, at corduroy making, until compelled, by the vigilance of my pursuers, to fly once more, when I proceeded to the vicinity of Ratheath, in the County Meath, and remained there, till the times began to be settled.

“ From the period of the failure of this last effort, nothing remained for me, but to baffle the designs of the enemy against myself. I went about armed, for three years, determined never to be taken alive, avoiding all connection (with a few exceptions) with men above my own rank, still working for my bread, or on a journey, in search of work, or to see my family, who were then in

Dublin. I went with a brace of loaded pistols in my breast, but I never discharged them, during all that time, at any human creature, although I had repeated opportunities, to have cut off Major Sirr, and many other enemies, singly, with the greatest safety to myself. I never felt myself justified in shedding blood, except in cases of attack, which it was my good fortune to evade.

“In the summer of 1805, I stopped for a few weeks, and wrought with a farmer in the country, who took me aside one day, and said, ‘Do you know my landlord?’ ‘Who is he?’ said I. ‘He is the Marquis of L—,’ said he, ‘and is one of ourselves, and wishes to see you, and I think he would give you some money, to help you and your family to America.’ ‘I do not know him,’ said I, ‘and cannot conceive how he knows me.’ ‘He was with Mr. Emmet, when Russell and you parted with him to go to the North,’ said he,—(I had seen two gentlemen, at Mr. Emmet’s, in Butterfield-lane, whom I was informed, were, the then Lord W—, and the other, Mr. Fitzgerald, the brother of the Knight of Glyn); and he said, ‘he is afraid you will be taken.’ ‘You may tell him,’ I replied, ‘I will never be taken alive. Thank him for me, for his humane offer; but if I were inclined to prosecute him, I could not identify him, having only seen him by candle-light, and cannot remember one word that ever I heard him say. You may tell him, I will never have any connection with any man, of his rank, and would not give up the protection I have, for the king’s. I am in charge of a higher power than that of man.’

“At the death of Pitt, the system underwent a change. The Castle spies were discharged, and the state prisoners set at liberty. My wife sent in a memorial to the Duke of Bedford, in her own name, acknowledging that I had fought on the side of the people, and had been driven, like thousands of others, unwillingly, to do so. She was given to understand, I would be permitted to take my chance with the civil laws, and an assurance was given to her, by the secretary, that no information, on oath, had been laid against me, at the Castle, but merely insinuations against me, and suspicions had been communicated, by the gentlemen in Belfast.

“Fleming, one of the witnesses against Robert Emmet, by whom I had sent arms and ammunition, into

the Depot, in Thomas-street, much as he had been questioned, and tampered with, had never mentioned my name, either on the trial, or in his sworn informations.

“I resolved to return home, and brave my secret enemies to their face, to call on them for employment, or their interest to procure it. Many made fair promises, which (like their former oaths) they never fulfilled. I was, at length, employed by Mr William Tucker, an Englishman, who, although a true friend to human liberty, had never been concerned in any of our associations. I served him for nine years, the latter five of which, was at his factory, at Glenford, near Larne; and, on leaving his employment, I returned to Belfast, where I now remain.

“Could I have kept a journal, with dates, materials would not have been wanting, for a narrative of some value; but that, being impossible, I have only given detached recollections, as they occurred to me, at various times, of the most remarkable of the events, in which I was an humble actor.

“The power that has, through life, preserved me, is doing the work, to which my poor efforts were directed. It is farther in advance, than I expected to live to see it. It is past the power of human resistance to prostrate it. Its progress is employing every intelligent Irish mind. Every step throws fresh light on the subject, that engages it, whether of success or defeat. The mind of the nation lives and grows in vigor. Its object is still before it; and as one of its promoters sinks into the grave, another is still forthcoming. Even self-interest, that was so strong against the nation's interest, is coming round to the latter. Hope for success, under all circumstances—have your heart. You may live to see Ireland what she ought to be; but, whether or not, let us die in this faith.”

## CHAPTER VII.

“THE result of a long life’s experience, and observation of the evils which press upon the people of this land, and render their condition a mournful spectacle to humanity, a scandal and reproach to civilization, and an eternal disgrace to their rulers; and the gist of the opinions I have expressed in the preceding statements, are embodied in the thoughts I have attempted to give expression to in the following observations.

“A monopolizing commerce at home, and extensive plunder abroad, furnished our rulers, in former times, with unbounded means of demoralizing the landed aristocracy of this country by corruption, and of keeping down the people by physical force; the result is before us in the misery and wretchedness we now witness, which some foresaw, and sacrificed everything in this life rather than see such dreadful evils entailed on their country. Those evils are now at the bottom of the question, called “*the Landlord and Tenant Question.*” In the treatment of it, however, matters are left out of sight, which ought to be of primary importance. Who is the original lord of the soil, and to whom was the first grant given? Sacred Scripture tells us, that the earth is the Creator’s, and that he hath given it to the sons of men; by what authority, then, can any earthly creatures cut off the intail?

“My opinion is, that every such attempt is rebellion against the law of the Most High; and in this opinion I am confirmed by the cause of war, which is the consequence of this lust of the possession of land. No man can have a right to the property of another, which property has been conferred on him by that Lord of the land, who is the Lord of all created things and beings. The true interest of every man, is to protect the life and property of his neighbour, as he would his own, and to cause every man to do his duty, in this respect to society.

“The relation in which the tenant now stands to the landlord, is the relation in which the unprotected traveller stands to the highway-man, who holds a blunderbuss to his breast, while he demands his purse.

“When we see the offspring of the landlords of one age, the beggars of another, it proves the unnatural relation in which they stood to the rights of their fellow-men, and the ruinous consequence of the violation of nature’s laws. It is beyond the power of labour to meet the claims that are made upon it, the thing cannot go on, it must end.

“The class which now fattens on taxation, is driven, by pressure of circumstances, to a sliding-scale, with the view of meeting the varying evils arising from famine and commercial difficulties. The time is coming when the sliding interests of commerce, no longer supported on a sound basis, must sink ; and the interests of trade must be founded on the true principles of barter, namely, of value for value, and these interests will then serve as a plank to the drowning prosperity of the nation, and to the people, who are daily swept from the soil by the torrent of taxation, and the united claims of landlords, churchlords, and standing armies, for the protection of both.

“The soil, which is the social capital, being ever solvent, possession once secured to the cultivator, in right of the labour he expends upon it, and the improvements on it that have been derived from his labour, remuneration will then be forthcoming for him, and the advantages of prosperous agriculture will extend to every other branch of industry. An honest livelihood will then be within the reach of every industrious man of an adult age, leaving sufficient for all who may be old and helpless.

“If one man could labour the soil of Ireland, he might be acknowledged its lord and its proprietor, in right of cultivation, which is a just claim to possession. When we repudiate that claim, we involve ourselves in a war of classes, for a control over the lives, liberties, and properties of each other, by means of force in the field, or stratagem in social intercourse. To establish the cultivator’s claim, and ascertain the relative value of labour to its product, is essential to the peace and happiness of mankind. This consummation of social happiness is fast approaching ; it is advancing with the rapidity of the decline of aristocratic power, and the wealth on which its existence depends. The landlord and tenant question demands the attention of every Irishman.



“There are three heavy burdens, which the law-makers of former ages, have bound on the backs of the people—the landed, the mercantile, and the clerical interests. These compose the oppressions out of which grow the distractions of society, out of which the lawyers and the sword-law gentry live. These burdens having increased beyond the power of the masses to bear, a fixity of tenure is offered to them, to induce them to renounce the title which they have from the Most High, to a subsistence from the soil they labour. The present fixity of tenure is maintained at the point of the bayonet. Let moral force beware of contributing to sustain any, except its just pretensions.

“The leading politicians of our day are only balancing conflicting interests; and, whether for want of knowledge, or want of will, they have never arrived at a rational view of the one general interest. They have not thought of keeping particular interests in proper bounds, or preventing any combination of partial interests from invading that which is general.

“The soil is not like the objects of commerce, which are only possessed for the purpose of barter; it is the social capital, from the cultivation of which all earthly wants are supplied,—food, raiment, and shelter, being necessary to the body, and education to the mind. Every one employed in agriculture, manufacture, and instruction, is entitled to reward in proportion to his industry; and society must protect the person and property of every individual who does the duty assigned him. He who will not perform his duty, has no right to protection.

“The Most High is Lord of the soil; the cultivator is his tenant. The recognition of all other titles, to the exclusion of this first title, has been the cause of an amount of human misery, beyond all calculation.

“The old aristocracy having nearly run its race, politicians are now striving to preserve some of its privileges from wreck. A new arrangement is proposed to ward off its total fall; but the fall has been decreed in heaven, and all the men on earth cannot prevent or postpone it, because the progress of christian truth, which is the perfection of good-will and God-like love, cannot be retarded.

“We have been journeying through our own land,

like the Israelites in the Wilderness, afraid to look our Canaanite landlords in the face, and longing, too often, for the flesh-pots of the old corruption, to which we were directed never to return. The gift of the land of promise, that will give food to the people, lies before our sons at least. My concurrence shall not be given to the scheme of a delusive fixity of tenure, to enable the landlord to continue to draw the last potato out of the warm ashes of the poor man's fire, and leave his children to beg a cold one from those who can ill afford to give it. Is this a remedy for the miseries of a famishing people?

“A fixity of tenure—a fixity for ever in famine—for those who till the soil, and do not get sufficient from it for the subsistence of their families. The landlord interest has been promoted at the expense of national and individual prosperity. Its maintenance has been the cause, not only of domestic plunder, but of foreign aggression all over the globe, by sea and land, in the guilt of which every sane adult is more or less concerned, and liable to his share of retribution, unless he uses all the powers of his mind and body to prevent a recurrence of the evil.

“This conviction induced the calumniated men of 1798, to incur the perils of resistance to such wickedness, to encounter persecution, banishment, or even death itself, rather than submit to crawl, under oppression, or to crouch at the feet of indemnified culprits in high places, and participate in the unhallowed gains of rapacious cupidity. This conviction, too, encourages the survivors to persevere in the same pursuit, waiting with patience the providential direction of circumstances for the establishment of ‘peace on earth, and good-will among men.’

“In all our social relations, it is our duty to preserve the interests of every individual, so as to make the good of each contribute to the interests of the people. This is the true science of politics; every deviation from it is replete with mischief to the masses.

“In former times, we were fooled with the promises of ‘reform, from time to time, as circumstances would permit.’ The same idea is now couched in other words—‘a place bill, a pension bill, and a responsibility bill,’ was the former promise: now it is ‘a fixity of tenure.’ But the seed of moral force, and of natural

rights, that was sown during the American and French Revolutions, is springing up ; the tares are showing their heads, and as the crop ripens, they will still be distinct ; they may stunt the stalks that grow around them, but cannot ultimately mar the crop. Parliaments may decree, but nature will have its course. Patriots may modify their demands, but the people will have their wrongs eventually and entirely redressed. The power of the aristocracy cannot prevent the operation of nature's laws ; it cannot, even, find means at the present time, to sustain itself ; it is unable to pay its advocates, and hardly able to keep the poor from open rebellion against the rich ; it has recourse to a parochial law, with a new name, for every year, to restrain a famished people within the bounds of law : this is the last stage and symptom of its decline. Foreign plunder will not be sufficient for the necessities of the state, nor will domestic industry answer the demands made on it at home

“ The absolute necessity of opening new sources of subsistence to the people is now evident ; that necessity daily becomes more urgent. It must be pressed on public attention by the people themselves, with a dignity becoming the character of men regenerated by temperance, and the exercise of the virtues of fortitude and forbearance. Not like the merciless landlords, of the past and the present day, turning out on the wide world whole families to perish of hunger and hardship, foodless, friendless, and naked, but putting the means of life and comfort within the reach of the industry of the nation.

“ Commerce, freed from unnecessary restrictions, and established on sound principles, would furnish, in abundance, all the commodities necessary to a people, and the abolition of usury and withdrawal of encouragement from the concentration of a nation's wealth, in the hands of a few great capitalists, would tend to preserve the true interests of trade, and to prevent the fluctuations which arise from fraud, money-jobbing, and a reckless spirit of commercial gaming, that follows in the train of usury. But no one mind is capable of directing the minute application of these first principles, to commerce, in a way which the subject requires.

“ When we see the social fabric, which is built on the sandy foundation of lordship, leadership, and imperial

delegation, shaken to its base, by a hurricane of conflicting interests, pernicious in their nature and results, it is time to look out for a rock, on which to found a system more substantial, leaving the rubbish of our statute books, as an example of the worthlessness of the materials, to future builders. That rock is, self-government, based on popular delegation, from small communities, not exceeding thirteen members, of each district or neighbourhood, of determined limits.”\*

[Here ends the narrative of James Hope. But, before taking leave of “honest Jemmy,” the name he is best known by, in the North, I beg leave to call attention to a few specimens of his productions, in verse, as tending to illustrate his originality, and rectitude of mind, rather than to lay claim for him to any merit, of a poetic kind.—R. R. M.]

\* We now have Hope mounted on his hobby, which he rides at a surprising rate; not by ordinary roads, but over the country, and through all its political turnpikes, thick-set hedges, and stone walls. His remedy for all the evils that flesh is heir to, in Ireland, is, the establishment of what he calls, the national jury system; a species of self-government, by means of delegations, from small communities. Strange to say, the idea of a similar system was started, several years ago, in Portugal, by one of the ablest living writers of that country, Senhor Sylvestro Pinheiro. Most assuredly, Hope had no means of knowing any thing of the work, to which I allude—no more, than to the work of Mr. Carlyle, entitled “Past and Present,” wherein many views of matters, connected with the vital interests of society, or agricultural concerns, of the rights of the masses, the natural limitations of those of property, are to be found, which are shadowed forth in the pages of the self-taught weaver of Temple-patrick.

Senhor Pinheiro's treatise, is entitled, “Projecto D'Assoeciacao para o Medoramento da Lorte das Classas Industriales.” The ground work of the proposed plan is, the formation of primitive parochial assemblies, composed of the artizans and labourers of each class. Each of these to send representatives to a district junto, and these again, to a provincial junto, who are to nominate deputies to a central metropolitan assembly, to deliberate solely on the interests of the various classes of the people, represented in that assembly. Each district section, however, to have a local administration, of its own members, for the superintendence of its local interests. And the whole machinery of this system, to be carried into operation, with the concurrence, and, in some respects, under the control, of the municipal chambers.—R.R.M.

LINES WRITTEN BY JAMES HOPE.

ON HIS WIFE'S DEATH.

The coffin's laid by the bedside ;  
 The winding-sheet is spread ;  
 These men have come to take away  
 The partner of my bed.

While I, in poignant anguish stand,  
 The last sad sight to see,  
 My reason, from her features, read,  
 " Ah ! do not weep for me.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 " Could you but join me in the light  
 Of this eternal day,  
 The tears that now bedew your cheek,  
 Would soon be wiped away.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 " The sweetest music on the ear,  
 That mortal ever heard,  
 Or the sublimest thought exprest  
 By any earthly bard.

" Is that, which breathes upon the soul,  
 When blessed spirits sing,—  
 Oh, grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 Oh, death ! where is thy sting ? "

\* \* \* \* \*  
 " Though we have parted off in grief.  
 Our meeting, still, was dear ;  
 But soon we'll meet beyond the reach  
 Of either hope or fear.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 " Then think of that which is to be,  
 And not on what has been ;  
 Give up the wither'd leaf you see,  
 For life and bloom unseen."

THE ROSE-BUD.

In life's sprightly morning, how pleasant the hours,  
 When roaming the fields, and surveying the flowers,  
 I pick'd up a rose-bud, select from the rest,  
 And divested of thorns, it remained in my breast.  
 Its fragrance refreshed me, inspiring with love,  
 Till that fragrance was drawn to the regions above.  
 And now, ev'ry wish of my heart's to repose,  
 In that region of love, with my own little rose.

HINTS TO POLEMICAL CONTROVERSIALISTS.

These are my thoughts, nor do I think I need  
 Perplex my mind with any other creed.  
 I wish to let my neighbour's creed alone,  
 And think it quite enough to mind my own.

FRAGMENT.

The most profound research of learned men  
 Could never comprehend the full extent  
 Of thought annexed to our Redeemer's words.  
 But one command—the great command to love  
 Each other, needs no comment to explain.  
 Why do we leave that path of love and life,  
 And lose our way in subtleties and strife.

## ON FASTS NOT OF ISAIAH'S DESCRIPTION.

When despots wage unbounded war,  
 And suffering nations groan ;  
 When dreadful tidings, from afar,  
 Cause mothers' hearts to moan.

When judgments dread, in thunders roar,  
 Against the human race,  
 From pole to pole, from shore to shore,  
 Peace finds no resting place.

Then sanctimonious men, in prayer,  
 Give thanks for batties won ;  
 And call for heaven's propitious care,  
 And shed more blood anon.

But now, proud men, that God won't deign,  
 To answer your request,  
 While carnage fills your heart and brain,  
 And vengeance wells your breast.

Go, learn the course that God commands :  
 His righteous law obey ;  
 Undo each yoke, and burst all bands,  
 And quit your tyrant sway.

The hungry feed ; the naked clothe ;  
 The prisoner's fetters break ;  
 The poor that's at your gate, don't loathe ;  
 But kindly act and speak.

Then shall your light, at morning, shine,  
 And ev'ry cloud dispel ;  
 Whilst ev'ry gift, that is divine,  
 Shall in your bosoms dwell.

This 's the fast that God demands,  
 Throughout His sacred Word ;  
 And none but this, in mercy stands,  
 Or tells with mercy's Lord.

This be your off'ring, these your fasts,  
 Strict fasts from pride and blood,  
 And keep them, while existence lasts,  
 If you would please your God.

No whip, no gibbets, tortures, fears,  
 Religion needs them not ;  
 Hypocrisy, with all its tears  
 And fasts, deceives it not.

# MEMOIR

OF

## WILLIAM PUTNAM M'CABE.

---

“He was the covertest sheltered traitor that ever lived.”

*Shak., Richd. III.—Act III., Sc. 5.*

### CHAPTER I.

[THE details of the career of the subject of this memoir, appeared to the author deserving of a more extended notice than was given to them in connexion with the memoir of some of his associates in the preceding series.

Mr. W. B. M'Cabe, a gentleman, well known in connexion with the press of England, and of his own country, who had a personal knowledge of M'Cabe, was applied to by his friend, the author of this work, to undertake the task of compiling the present memoir, that application was kindly complied with by him, and it is needless to add, with much advantage to the subject.—R. R. M.]

“In contemplating the events in which the United Irishmen were the heroes or the victims, we seem as if looking upon one of those ancient tragedies, in which all are hurried on by the cold hand, and the stern impulse of fate, to a catastrophe which we are conscious is inevitable, and from which there appears for them to be no escape. Of what avail is it, that they burn with a patriotic feeling, they may behold their fellow citizens treated as slaves, they may feel that for Irishmen no home is sacred, no hearth unprofaned, no altar uncontaminated, no place secure from the ravages of a disorganised and licentious soldiery: \* the torture is for their body and for their souls. They may feel called

\* “Desidium in Castris, licentiam in urbibus.” (See Abercrombie's proclamation).—Tacitus. Ann. Lib. ii. S. 55.

upon by their love of liberty, by their sense of honour as men ; by the purity of their feelings as sons, brothers, and husbands, to make a vigorous and a desperate battle for Ireland : but *they are foredoomed*. Those who excite them to insurrection have already hired the spies, who are to betray them, when the plot is arrived at that state that it can be crushed, not without danger, but still with certainty. They are permitted to appear abroad, to seem that they have a will, and a power of their own, when their very breathings are numbered, and their existence is only tolerated as long as it can be useful to their tyrants, and then, as in the dark and gloomy days of Venice, the authorized official, is armed against them, to gag them in the prison cell, or to poignard them in the jury box. With all of them the tragedy of Ireland closes with the month of October, 1798 : with the ' fugitive ' and the ' Banishment ' bills, the last act of the sad drama is over, and those who figured in it, are but ' the shadow of a shade.'

"To this general remark, however, there are some exceptions, and amongst them is he, who is the subject of the present memoir, William Putnam M'Cabe, he who was most active in organizing resistance ; he who was long known to the government as one of the most dangerous and artful of its opponents ; he who was banished from Ireland, and threatened with the death of a traitor, if he presumed again to visit that country, was one of the few amongst the proscribed, who returned, not once, nor twice, but on several occasions, to set the powers of the government at defiance, and to plot some future mischief against it. Those who feel an interest in the events of 1798, cannot but be impressed with some curiosity to know the particulars of the life of this extraordinary man, who seemed to be animated with the same undying spirit of hostility, which fired the breast of the Carthaginian General, towards that state which had done so much wrong to his native land. The humble effort of the writer of this memoir is to gratify that curiosity, as it has occurred to Dr. Madden that some interest would attach to such a memoir, if it were given by one, who had known and spoken with him, who was the subject of it. In a court of justice, the evidence of a dull witness is regarded as of more importance to the matter at issue, than the



speech of a brilliant counsel, and in the composition of a memoir, it is at least of some importance, if we cannot have the hero himself before us, that we should have some account of him, from an individual who had gathered a few incidents of his career from his own lips. To judge of the actions of William Putnam M'Cabe, and to appreciate his motives fairly, it is necessary for the reader—the *English* reader especially—to turn back to the times in which M'Cabe lived. He saw that which is universally now admitted to have been the tyranny of the Royal Government in America completely defeated—he knew, that the tyranny of the Royal Government in France had been struggled against, and overthrown.

“M'Cabe could find in the history of the past, and the transactions of his own time, nought but injustice towards his country. He saw that Ireland had not to complain like America, of the mere attempt to impose a tax upon her without the assent of her people; he knew that not merely were taxes unjustly and illegally levied, but that the estates of the Irish had been confiscated century after century, not because the people were in rebellion against the Sovereign, but because that Sovereign, whether a Henry, an Elizabeth, a Cromwell, or a William, desired to gratify the avarice, or the ambition of their favourites. He had heard of politicians in England, as well as in his own country, attempting to justify the revolution which had taken place in France, on the grounds of the insolent oppression of the aristocracy of that country, where comparatively speaking a few overbearing nobles and priests, unworthy of their ministry, had domineered over the rest of the community, wallowed in luxury, and abounded in wealth, whilst the great body of the people, were little better than their bondsmen. He knew that in Ireland things were a hundred degrees worse; that those who held the lands of Ireland, were persons who boasted of their foreign descent, whilst as to the Church Establishment, it had not even the merit of preaching doctrines conformable to the opinions of the people, but adverse to them; that instead of its being revived in the country as the harbinger of peace, it was planted there, as a monument of its degradation—that its spires were employed not even as the Mohammedans make use of their mironets, to call ‘the faithful’ to prayer, but to flaunt the orange

flag, which told Irishmen of their disastrous encounters with a Dutchman. He saw that Irishmen were more wronged than the Americans, or the French, who had successfully rebelled; that the faction were not content with the injuries they inflicted, but added insult to oppression. Then there came personal wrong, and pecuniary loss to incense his feelings against those, whom he considered as the enemies of his country. He saw his father's house assailed by a foreign soldiery, because that father had been anxious to see the Parliament reformed, the tithe question settled, and the Roman Catholics emancipated. For seeking these things he beheld his father deprived of the protection of the law. He believed, (and looking back at the circumstances of the times, it cannot but be admitted, that he was justified in his belief.) that for the wrong-doer there was no punishment, and for the injured no redress. He found at length the impartial administration of the law completely suspended—either formally, when martial-law was established, or in substance when the regular courts were sitting; for the verdicts were delivered by packed juries, and the public prosecutor had not, in seeking for the life of his victims, even the decency of a Tiberius, of whom the historian says, '*immotu ejus vultu . . . mox libellos et auctores recitat Cæsar, ita moderans, ne lenire neve asperare crimina videretur.*' But there was one ingredient more than all the rest, which completed his hatred to the English Government, and that was the torture which it inflicted upon Irishmen. The writer need not dwell upon a point, which is so fully described by Dr. Madden in the first part of this work. It was the employment of this torture, which M'Cube conceived placed the government out of the law of nations, and justified his hostility to it in any way and every way that he possibly could devise.\*

"The 'free quarter' system put in practice previous to the rebellion, and the use of the torture during the few months of its existence in Ireland, made the reign of terror more horrible, for the time, than the revolution of France, and its wholesale massacres for any equal period. There is still living a Roman Catholic Clergy-

\* Trials of Wright v. Fitzgerald, and the debate in the Irish House of Commons, where the use of the torture was justified.—*Howell's State Trials*, Vol. XXVII., pages 760 to 819 inclusive.

man, who had the misfortune of being in Paris, during its shocking days of blood, and who was afterwards in Ireland, at the time of the rebellion, in the County Clare—the least disturbed by it. This Clergyman was asked, which of the two was the more dreadful? His answer was—'Ireland—for in Ireland I saw the same recklessness of human life, that had shocked me in France; but in France I saw nothing more than a recklessness of life,—I never saw, as I was doomed to see in Ireland—miserable wretches tortured to death.'†

"M'Cube seemed to have acted as if he felt he had his own wrongs, his father's wrongs, the wrongs of his country to avenge. In all his efforts, schemes, and machinations, he was eventually defeated, but to his last breath he never yielded; and even when maimed, diseased, nay, a bed-ridden cripple, never would yield, but was still regarded amid all his infirmities as a formidable antagonist.

"To the visit of the celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone to Belfast, in the year 1791, may be traced the connexion of William Putnam M'Cube with the United Irishmen. At the time of Tone's visit, the father of William Putnam was a watchmaker, as well as a dealer in gold and silver, in that town. This man, Thomas M'Cube, was, it appears, a citizen universally respected for his talents, his industry, and high honour. He was one of the first in Ireland, if not the very first, who had erected a cotton-mill there. His partners in that undertaking were the father of Mr. Joy, late Chief Baron of the Exchequer, in Ireland, and the father of Henry Joy M'Cracken. That he was a man of considerable ingenuity is manifest, even from the records of the Irish Parliament, for it appears that he was a petitioner to the House of Commons on

† It was by the Orangemen, or in their name, that the most frightful tortures were inflicted on the people of Ireland, in the years 1797-8. It is a curious historical coincidence, that in the attempt to shake off the Spanish yoke in the Netherlands, the same sort of cruelties were *practised in Holland, by the adherents of the House of Orange*, when they were fearful of a reaction. Infamous, however, as the conduct of the Irish Orangemen was, it must in candour be admitted, that in the invention of diabolical cruelties, they were surpassed by the Dutch Orangemen. Wagenaar details some—he admits that all of those atrocities could not bear publishing, and having given a detail of them he remarks, "that all this was done for the purpose of taking from the Papists, once for all, the notion, that a change of government was likely to occur, but *still the inhumanity and cruelty that were used, both in the punishments and the tortures of those whose guilt was uncertain, can be excused by no reason of their being required for the good of the state.*"—Wagenaar *Vanderlandsche Histoire*, Book XXV.

the 14th of February, 1791, along with a Thomas Pearce, praying for a reward from the legislature for an invention of theirs in the common loom, by means of which, a double quantity of work could be effected in a certain time.\*

“At the period of 1792, much of the attention of the people in the north of Ireland was devoted to manufactures of every kind. There was the general persuasion at that time in the north, that their efforts to improve, as a manufacturing people, were regarded with jealousy by England, and that even the court patronized the production of the German, in preference to that of the Irish loom. The belief that such hostile feelings were entertained towards their interests, is manifested in the following extract from Wolfe Tone’s diary :—

“‘England,’ says Tone, ‘threatened to take off the duty on foreign linens, but did not venture it. Ireland, able to beat any foreign linens, for quality and cheapness, as appears by the American market, which gives no preference by duties, and is supplied entirely by Ireland. If England were disposed, she might, for a time, check the trade of Ireland in linens, but she would soon give up that system for her own sake, because she could not be supplied elsewhere with linens so good and cheap. German linens are preferred, out of spite, by some families in England, particularly by the royal family. All the king’s and queen’s linen is German, and, of course, all their retainers. Sinclair, (a Belfast merchant,) for experiment, made up linens after the German mode, and sent it to the house in London which served the king, &c.—worn for two years, and much admired; ten per cent. cheaper, and twenty per cent. better, than the German linen. Great orders for Irish-German linen, which he refused to execute. All but the royal family content to take it as mere Irish. *God save great George, our King!*†

“The commercial enterprise of the north was not, however, confined to the mere desire to excel in the productions of the loom. The northerners looked to see how England was increasing its wealth; and they were

\* See Irish Parliamentary Debates, vol. ii., p. 107.

†Tone’s Life, vol. i.

to'd, by those who had visited Bristol, and other parts of England, that enormous fortunes were made in the slave trade ; that it was the custom there, for a number of merchants to join together in fitting out a slaver, and having laden it with the articles necessary for such a traffic, to participate in the large returns, which a successful voyage was sure to bring them. The idea was adopted by some of the merchants of Belfast. A vessel was purchased—the articles of agreement were drawn up—and, amongst others, Thomas M'Cube was invited to risk a certain sum in this novel enterprise. He attended upon the day appointed for the contract being completed, it was in the year 1786 ; but instead of his joining with others, who sought to make a fortune by such means, he entered into the detail of all the horrors of the slave trade : he pointed out its iniquities ; he dwelt upon its inhumanity, its baseness, and its injustice ; he adjured them, as Christians, and as men, to forego their unholy desire to become rich by such diabolical means : and he concluded his address by these remarkable words, ' May God wither the hand, and consign the name, to eternal infamy, of the man, who will sign that document ! '

“ Such an address from a man of the plainness, simplicity, and honesty of Thomas M'Cube, produced an electrical effect upon his hearers. It at once opened their eyes to the criminality of a project, which they alone had adopted, in imitation of their English neighbours. It might be truly said, that it converted them from the evil of their ways. The scheme was at once given up ; and, perhaps, were it not for the part taken by that good and honest man, Ireland might not now have to boast, and a very glorious thing it is to boast of, never having, in the slightest degree, been concerned, directly or indirectly, in the slave trade.

“ Thomas M'Cube was thus engaged in the practical works of a citizen ; he was, while acquiring a fortune as a manufacturer, and a citizen shopkeeper, also reaping for himself, the best reward of a good subject, the respect and esteem of his fellow townsmen. He was now settled for some years in Belfast, having, at an early age, left the town of Lurgan, where he was born. He had married, and was father of two sons, Thomas and William Putnam—the latter called after a distant con-

nexion, the American General Putnam, the friend of Washington.

“There are few names that occur more frequently in the diary of Theobald Wolfe Tone, than ‘Thomas M’Cabe.’ There is not one, that is mentioned in terms of deeper respect and affection. ‘It is a kind of injustice to name individuals, yet I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of observing how peculiarly fortunate I esteem myself in having formed connexions with Samuel Neilson, Robert Simms, William Simms, William Sinclair, Thomas M’Cabe. I may as well stop here; for, in enumerating my most particular friends, I find I am, in fact, making out a list of the men of Belfast, most distinguished for their virtue, talent, and patriotism.’\* ”

“The object for which Tone visited Belfast, was one calculated to excite sympathy, and obtain support. The union of all classes and creeds of Irishmen; to put an end to their religious rancours, their miserable party feuds; to regard each other as fellow subjects, entitled to equal rights and equal privileges. M’Cabe’s creed did not consign him to the degradation, in which the law had placed the great body of his fellow Irishmen, *he was not of the slave class*, for he was not a Roman Catholic. By his example and his precepts, Thomas M’Cabe did much to secure the success, which Tone afterwards boasted had attended his efforts to Belfast. He was an efficient ally of that most able, and devoted friend to the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics. It was by Tone, and his coadjutors in Belfast, that the brilliancy and glory of popularity were first thrown around the Catholic question; and it must be owned, that had the Roman Catholics of 1792, as many sincere friends amongst ‘*the liberal Protestants,*’ in all parts of Ireland and in England, that they had then in Belfast, Emancipation must have been fully accomplished, long before the close of the last century. There were knaves and schemers, however, in their ranks, who defeated the honest and the sincere; and at length they transferred the decision, respecting religious liberty, from a country, where the question was popular, to a land and a legislature, where, when Emancipation was at length conceded, it was,

\* Life of Tone, (American Edition), vol. i., p. 54.

because the government were afraid to withhold it, and not because the people were willing to grant it.\*

“It was then the idea of many, who were members of the society of United Irishmen, of Thomas M'Cube, amongst others, that the attainments of their objects lay within the bounds of the constitution, and were to be sought solely by those peaceable means, which they, as subjects of the Irish crown, had a right to employ. Such, however, was not the intention of the Irish government, nor of ‘the king of Ireland.’ His majesty was resolved never to grant full liberty to the Irish Catholics; and had an Irish house of lords and an Irish house of commons passed a bill, of full and unconditional Emancipation, after-events have shown that he would have put his veto upon it. He would have lost Ireland, as he had lost America, rather than have permitted perfect cordiality to grow up amongst all classes of Irishmen on that subject. Sir Robert Peel has disclosed† with what difficulty the Wellington administration was able to wring an unwilling assent to Emancipation from the son of George the Third—from the once professing liberal Prince of Wales, in whom the Irish Catholics had, up to the moment of his becoming the Fourth George, reposed the most implicit confidence, as their true and devoted friend. Even George the Fourth was not unwilling to risk an Irish rebellion to prevent Emancipation. The more stubborn, and the more unfeeling George the Third, did not risk that rebellion merely, but he also caused it to be provoked; he had the people prematurely forced into it, sooner than see them placed, by their cordial union amongst each other, in a position that they might have forced it from him. Upon this point, we do believe that the Irish government was much better informed, knew infinitely more of the king's mind than Mr. Pitt; or, else, we must believe Mr. Pitt to have been the basest of mankind, if he, knowing it to be the king's determination not to yield the Catholic claims,

\* “I yield to a moral necessity, which I cannot control.”—Sir Robert Peel's Speech, on introducing the Catholic Relief Bill. See, also, a most able review of the state of popular feeling in England, at the time of the concession of the Catholic claims, in a recent work, “Sir Robert Peel and his Area,” pp. 46 to 96, inclusive.

† See Debates in the House of Commons, (Sir Robert Peel's Speech), 31st January, 1840.—*Handard's Debates*, vol. li., pp. 1042-3-4-5.

yet bargained with the Catholics of Ireland, that their assent to the Union should be paid for by Emancipation.

“ Thomas M’Cabe had, up to this time, followed the pursuits that became a peaceable subject, and an honest man. His well known feelings, however, towards those, whom he considered, as his unjustly oppressed fellow-countrymen, had made him obnoxious to a government, which had determined to yield nothing to peaceful exertions, and whose policy was, to sow divisions amongst Irishmen, and when they were divided, to force them into civil war.

“ In the month of March, in the year 1793, there were introduced into the town of Belfast, two of His Majesty’s regiments—the 17th Light Dragoons, and the 55th Regiment of Foot, at which period, the employment of the Irish Volunteers, was not altogether discontinued. On Saturday, the 9th of March, it seems, that some of those soldiers heard a blind mendicant playing a fiddle through the streets, and the air, as they fancied, was, the ‘Ca Sera.’ This was the pretence for the outrage which they committed—this, the only excuse that could be invented, to account for their leaving their barracks in a tumultuous manner, and marching into the town. There was another apology offered for them afterwards:—that when they were in the streets, they found, at an obscure public-house, a sign, having painted on it, a representation of the French General Dumourier. Admitting, however, that it is sufficient to excite the ire of a British soldier, in a time of war, to hear a French tune, and to see the picture of a French General; and that the appropriate manner of displaying his valour is, by cutting at, and wounding, his defenceless fellow-subjects; how are we to account for these British soldiers, finding their way to the house of Thomas M’Cabe, an inoffensive shopkeeper, and committing depredations on it, without any interference, on the part of the civil authorities?

“ In the midst of a peaceful town, the habitation of this honest citizen was attacked, by a mob of soldiers, the windows smashed, the shutters torn down, and his property injured. In a few minutes, the work of destruction was complete. M’Cabe was politically obnoxious, and he was treated, as if he were a foreign enemy; and had he been present, at the time of the



outrage, there can be little doubt entertained, that he would have been murdered, by those marauders, who are described, by contemporary writers, as '*cutting at everyone, that came in their way.*'\*

"This was a commencement of a series of outrages, practised by the military, on the unoffending inhabitants; and yet, it gave to the unfortunate people but a very incomplete notion of the horrors that they were doomed to endure. The crimes which thus began, in the destruction of property, did not terminate, but with unprovoked and audacious assassinations, in the open street.†

"In the case of M'Cabe, a man so universally loved, and respected, the commission of the outrage, excited a strong feeling of disgust; but still, the wrong done to him, was not redressed, and none of those, who had injured him, were brought to punishment.

"There can be no doubt, but that this unprovoked wrong, this outrage uncompensated, and unatoned for, by the government, produced a deep impression upon the mind of young William M'Cabe, and in it, might be found the moving cause of all his subsequent career. On the defaced sign-board, over the shop door of his father's house, as a satire on the government, as well as a reproach to the people, who submitted to such enormities, he had the words re-painted, in large letters, — 'Thomas M'Cabe, an Irish slave, licensed to sell gold and silver.'

"The following letter, addressed to Tone, from Belfast, by a correspondent, with the signature, R. S.,

\* For the details of a barbarous, and causeless assassination of a citizen, in the streets of Dublin, by an officer in the Fermanagh Militia, see the "Annual Register," Vol. xl., p. 29, of the appendix. When the reign of terror had passed, it was for imitating his superiors, in this respect, that the notorious Jemmy O'Brien was executed. For the impunity granted to soldiers committing assassination, see also, the same volume of the "Annual Register," pp. 90 and 91.

† About two years ago, I was taken by my friend, Mr. Edmund Getty, of Belfast, to the house of one of his fellow-citizens, in the wholesale chandlery business, in that town, who had been one of the persons who "came in the way" of the privileged marauders, on the occasion referred to. This gentleman's features are dreadfully seamed with the cicatrices of sabre gashes. He was standing at his master's door, when he was attacked by one of the dragoons.—R.R.M.

supposed to be Robert Simms, throws some light on this transaction :—†

“ ‘MY DEAR FRIEND—Saturday night presented a new scene, to the inhabitants of Belfast. A military mob, for a while, reigned in all their glory. About one o’clock, of that day, four troops of dragoons arrived in the city, and about half-after six, the greatest part of them, with a few artillery men, and a few of the 55th regiment (quartered here), began their career, by demolishing a sign, on which Dumounier was drawn, and breaking the windows of the house. They then proceeded to another ale-house, which had the sign of Mirabeau ; this was treated in the same way, and not a whole pane left in the front of the house. During these exploits, every inhabitant, that either attempted to approach them, or was passing by accidentally, was assaulted, and some of them wounded severely. They then proceeded down North-street, destroying a number of windows on their way, till they came to our friend M’Cabe’s. This, and the adjoining shop, belonging to a Mr. Orr, a zealous Volunteer, were attacked, with the utmost fury, and parties of them went on to destroy a house, which had the venerable Franklin for a sign, and to a milliner’s shop, who had trimmed the helmets of the Volunteer Light Horse. But the magistrates, and officers of the regiment in town, now appearing, they dispersed, after several of them were taken prisoners. Fortunately for them, they did so ; for the Volunteers began to assemble, and would soon have finished them. *During this business, the dragoons were repeatedly observed to read a card, with the names of houses, which they were to assault, amongst which, were, M’Cabe’s, Neilson’s, Haslitt’s, Kelburne’s, and the ‘Star’ office, with some others, not remembered by the persons who heard them.* The two corps of Volunteers, each, mounted a guard of sixty men, and the town remained quiet, during the night. For a short while on Sunday, there was a calm ; but it was of short duration : those military savages, parading the streets, in great numbers, with haughty demeanour, and often using threats. General White, arriving in town, about two o’clock, restored a calm, by ordering them to their barracks. At three, a meeting of the inhabitants took place, where

† Tonic’s Life, Amer. Ed., p. 270.

a committee was appointed, consisting of the magistrates, and sixteen other inhabitants, who were to inquire, and report, the cause of the riot, and take such steps, as they might think necessary, for the peace of the town. General White promised, on his part, to take every step, that was proper, to keep the military quiet, and ordered the troops to stable duty, an hour earlier than usual. This alarmed the inhabitants, and, about five, the Volunteers began to assemble. In a short time, they were about four hundred strong. The mob, also gathered in great force, and began to threaten vengeance, and the military, in their turn, to tremble. A kind of negotiation took place, between General White and the committee, the result of which was, that the general pledged himself, for the peaceable demeanour of the military, and the committee engaged, that the Volunteers should go home. This took place, and the town remained quiet, during the night, and this day, on a requisition from the committee, the dragoons were ordered out of town. Thus ended a matter, which might have involved the whole kingdom in bloodshed; for, had the riots continued, the whole of the neighbouring Volunteers would have come to town. It is beyond a doubt, that this plan was laid in Hillsborough, and that some of the officers were abettors, and encouragers of it. The sentiments contained in your large packet, are perfectly similar to what are entertained here, and we are as much on our guard, as you could wish.

“ ‘ Yours,  
“ ‘ R. S.’ ”

“ It is well observed, upon this shameful transaction, by the talented son of Wolfe Tone, that ‘ this scene was only a preliminary symptom, of the new spirit of the Irish administration of that reign of terror, and military license, by which, they determined to drive the people to insurrection. Is it wonderful, that against such a government, and such a system, they should rise, and seek foreign aid, when the king, and people of England, gave them up, and even assisted their tyrants ? ’ ”

“ We cannot refrain from adding the same valuable testimony, to the character and conduct of Thomas M'Cabe. The story cannot be better told, than in the words of William Theobald Wolfe Tone :—

“ ‘ M'Cabe, the chief sufferer on this occasion, was a man admirably calculated to resist oppression, and

full of opposition stuff. He had all the stubbornness of a Hampdon, in his disposition. As soon as the riot was over, he hung up a new sign-post, with the words—'M'Cabe, an Irish Slave.' He would never allow his windows to be repaired, but kept them in their shattered state, as a monument. One pane alone, had escaped the soldier's fury. On the king's approaching birthday, when orders were given for a general illumination, he stuck that one pane full of candles, but let the broken ones remain, observing, that the military could do nothing more to them.

"M'Cabe's leaving his windows unrepaired, was a species of revenge, in which he was many years afterwards, imitated, by his countryman, the Duke of Wellington, who, when the windows of Apsley House were destroyed, in 1832, left them thus broken, for a considerable time, and when repaired, secured them from future damage by the mob, with iron blinds, and so they have continued protected, from that time to the present.

"Up to the period of the outrage, perpetrated upon his father's property, we hear nothing of William Putnam M'Cabe. He was, we believe, not then in Ireland; but having been apprenticed in Belfast, to learn the cotton-trade, had, for the purpose of perfecting himself, in a knowledge of the business, proceeded to Manchester. He was then about seventeen years of age. At home, he had been remarked, as a boy, wild, if not mischievous; and it is by no means improbable, but that his father had willingly assented to his departure from Ireland, in the hope, that he might not merely acquire a knowledge of his trade, but also, that he might become more steady in his conduct, and settled in his habits, when removed from his old associates.

"In proceeding to Manchester, however, he did not escape from that, which was the predominant feeling of the day—a tendency towards Republicanism. If Ireland were beginning to be organized, by the United Irishmen, the democratic party were not less actively engaged, with their corresponding societies, in England.

"By M'Cabe's own account, on leaving Ireland, he knew nothing of politics. He returned, however, to that country, imbued, not merely with the political, but, unfortunately also, with the religious, opinions of Paine."

## CHAPTER II.

“ON his return to Ireland, M'Cabe became a member of the Society of United Irishmen ; and, being a person of great energy of character, and gifted with some talents as a speaker, he was employed by the Belfast Committee as one of their missionaries, in inducing others to join their ranks. The following anecdote, published many years since by the writer of this memoir, will show how it was that M'Cabe induced the people of the north to adopt the principles of the United Irishmen.

“M'Cabe's task, of gaining over the people to his cause, was performed in a way calculated to excite their curiosity, and, at the same time, to escape the observation of the magistrates. On some occasions it was notified, that ‘a converted Papist would preach the Word in a certain barn, on an appointed night, and explain how he became convinced of the true doctrines of Presbyterianism.’ This would naturally collect a crowd, and young M'Cabe would rise in a strange dress, and, with an assumed voice, lead on his hearers from religion to politics, until, after a few lessons from him, they were prepared to be ‘sworn into the Union.’

“Some magistrates, hearing strange reports of a new preacher in their neighbourhood, determined upon arresting him. The place of meeting, and the night on which the clergyman should hold forth, were communicated to them. A captain of yeomanry was directed to bring his men to the appointed barn, which they were to surround, and, upon a given signal, to enter, and arrest the preacher. The barn was an old solitary building, it was situated in an unfrequented place, there was no habitation within two miles of it. Towards this spot, on the evening the unknown divine was to discourse, the well-clad, stoutly-mounted Presbyterians were to be seen making their way ; while the ragged and shoeless Catholics were also observed hurrying thither in crowds. A few minutes before the appointed hour, after night-fall, the building was crowded to excess, and many were wondering why the preacher had not come ; when, at the end of the valley, a middle-sized man was noticed,

hurrying forward ; the outline of his figure was concealed by a long dark coat, which trailed after him, something like the *soutans* with which the Catholic clergy are invested in their churches ; a broad-brimmed hat, like a Quaker's, overshadowed his features, which were still further disguised by a pair of green goggle spectacles. He entered the barn, ascended a table, and commenced preaching on charity. At first, his discourse was that of a Christian pastor : he impressed upon the different sects, by which, he said, he knew he was surrounded, the duty they owed to one another ; of forbearance ; of forgiveness of injuries ; of reconciliation ; and of union. He then diverged into the state of the country ; showed how their dissentions had been taken advantage of ; how injurious had been the conduct of England to all Irishmen, no matter what their creed or politics, and besought of them to unite for their deliverance from oppression. He then called on every friend of Ireland to come forward, and to take the oath to be true to his fellows and his country.

“ His address was delivered with that energy and earnestness, which were suited to his auditory ; and those who have heard him express himself under any excitement of his feelings, can well imagine, that in such a discourse, there were not wanting outbursts, approaching to eloquence. The object of the orator was obtained ; numbers were coming forward to swear, when a loud whistle was heard, and immediately the scarlet coats of the yeomanry, filled up the only entrance to the barn. The captain demanded the surrender of the man who had been addressing the people. ‘ *Put out the lights,*’ exclaimed the preacher, at the same time thrusting his broad hat on the candle which was nearest to him. In a few seconds all the other candles in the barn were extinguished. The officer ordered a party to guard the door, and to permit no one to pass without an order from him. The captain called again on the preacher to surrender. In the meantime, a soldier said he had left his musket outside, and asked permission of the captain to bring it in. Permission was given ; the soldier passed, uttering imprecations on the Croppies. The voice of the preacher was soon heard outside the barn, calling upon the people to forget their feuds, and be faithful to each other and their native country. The

call was not in vain ; and that night, M'Cabe stated, that about two hundred persons were added to the muster roll of the county Antrim.

“ This exploit of M'Cabe got talked about ; he became suspected, and suspicion was confirmed, when it was subsequently found that the United Irishmen, resolved upon displaying their physical strength, took advantage of the opportunity of making up, in one day, the harvest of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, by his conduct, had rendered himself very popular. A certain time was fixed upon for the exhibition of their numbers, and their unanimity of purpose ; and upon that day, as it had been agreed upon, thousands of the peasantry were seen marching from different parts of the country, and concentrating upon a certain point, where their leader, M'Cabe, mounted on horseback, was to command their movements. They marched regularly, under his orders, to the place where their operations were to begin. They accomplished their task, and in the evening quietly dispersed to their homes.

“ This, and other rumours that had gone abroad, representing young M'Cabe, as an active organizer of the conspiracy then spreading over the country, made him a marked man, whom it was desirable to arrest as speedily as possible.

“ M'Cabe disappeared from the neighbourhood of Belfast, and was next heard of in Dublin, not by the government, but by the United Irishmen. His fame and his character had gone before him ; he was well received at Oliver Bonds, and at the house of a gentleman in New-row, the rendezvous of the Northern United Irishmen. ‘ Beating orders ’ were now given to him from the Directory, that is, he was commissioned to organize the people whenever and wherever he could.

“ The places selected by him for his new operations were the counties of Leitrim and Roscommon. His companion was a man named James Hope, an humble weaver, a person in the poorest situation of life, but, one who evinced in his entire career, that fidelity, devotion, and sincerity, which are the characteristics of the Irish peasant, in all the epochs of our history, towards those to whom they are attached. This Hope, who thus acted with M'Cabe, was one in whom Neilson placed the most implicit confidence, and who was one of the adherents

of the devoted Emmet, in his sudden and desperate struggle of 1803.

“M’Cabe, in adopting, as the fitting places for his new operations, the counties of Leitrim and Roscommon, had a double object in view—first, he wished to increase the number of the United Irishmen in Leitrim; and next, he hoped, by means of a scheme, as bold as it was artful, to rescue, even from the gripe of the law, those who were his brother conspirators. None but a man of courage, that knew not even fear by name, could ever have adopted the plan which he now acted upon.

“There were, confined in the county jail of Roscommon, a great many persons, charged with being ‘Defenders.’ It was the determination of government to prosecute them with the utmost rigour of the law; and, as the government in Ireland can, if so minded, always by means of the unlimited right to challenge, fill the jury-box with their own partizans, so it might be affirmed, in this instance, that the fate of the prisoners, charged with Defenderism, was sealed, even before an indictment was preferred against them. The plan of M’Cabe was to take them out of custody after they had been convicted, and this, even, with the consent of the prosecutors themselves.

“Such a project, it might well seem, could hardly enter into the minds of a sane man; and yet nothing but a mere chance prevented it from being completely successful. M’Cabe, confident in his unrivalled powers of personation, it cannot be called mimicry, for he was actually, for the time, the character that he assumed, presented himself in court, in the character of an officer. He assumed the manner, as well as accent of an English officer, and as such took his place in the court-house at Roscommon assizes, with Hope attending on him, as a recruiting sergeant; and yet, at the very time that he thus appeared before the judges of the land, and in the face of a crowded court, he was aware that warrants were out for his apprehension. To volunteer becoming a prominent actor in such a place, required a strength of nerve, and a coolness of assurance, which few men could command. As an officer of the army, and at such a period in Ireland, he was, as a matter of course, accommodated with one of the best seats in the court.

“At length the trials commenced. The first man



given in charge to the jury, was a person named Dry, and for whose release M'Cabe was particularly interested. Dry was, as it had been expected, found guilty of appearing in arms, as a 'Defender,' and the moment the verdict was recorded, M'Cabe addressed the judge, and said, 'that he was authorized to make the attempt, of inducing unfortunate men, like the prisoner, to abandon their evil courses, and instead of giving themselves thus up as victims, to forward the designs of the rebellious, to afford them the means of becoming good and loyal subjects, by devoting the remainder of their lives to his majesty's service. He, therefore, asked the permission of his lordship to allow his recruiting sergeant to speak to Dry, and ascertain if he were willing to enlist.' The judge gave his assent; the pretended recruiting sergeant, Hope, was allowed to speak to Dry at the front of the dock. The two strangers met; and Dry, looking at Hope, was astonished to recognise his old friend and political associate placing a shilling in his hand, and inquiring 'if he were willing to enter *the* service?' Dry instantly comprehended the scheme. He declared publicly his desire to enlist, and was, on that promise, ordered out of the dock, and to be taken care of by his brother conspirator! Another prisoner was found guilty, but from some unaccountable folly or stupidity on his part, he failed to profit by the opportunity afforded him of enlistment. A suspicion arose that something was wrong; before, however, that suspicion was matured into a certainty, the military officer, the recruiting sergeant, and his new recruit, had retired from the court-house, and when they were sought after in the town, they were nowhere to be discovered.

"The three United Irishmen made their way from Roscommon to Athlone, where they parted. M'Cabe and Dry returned to Dublin, while Hope proceeded to Cashcarrigan, for the purpose of organizing the United Irishmen in that quarter. During this expedition M'Cabe's resources had run so low, that he was obliged to send Hope to Wicklow, to sell a horse for him, which he had left there. On Hope's arrival, however, it was found that the horse had been sold, and none of the proceeds arising from the sale could be procured.

"A man could not follow the course which M'Cabe was now pursuing; could not visit as he was then

doing, different parts of Ireland, and wherever he went, increasing the strength and adding to the numbers of those opposed to the government, without being frequently denounced by its spies, or those who to save themselves from torture and death informed against their associates. There were warrants issued for his apprehension in all parts of Ireland—persons were placed specially on the watch to seize him; but he was never to be heard of distinctly in any place, until he had *quitted* it. It was his destiny to be like the cunning Brunello when he had despoiled Angelica of her ring, Marfisa of her sword, and Sacriponte of his steed; all were in arms against him, and anxious for his arrest.

“ ‘ Il campo é tutto in arme, e costu i caccia  
Gridando, piglia piglia, para para.’ ”

and all too denounced him as

————— ‘ Un ribaldel. —————  
‘ Di man presto a die pie pin ch’un uccello.’ \* ”

“ It was at this very time, when the hand of every official person was raised against him, when there was an universal ‘ Hue and cry ’ after him, that he travelled in the regular mail-coach from Belfast to Dublin, with the Barrister Mr. Dobbs, M.P., for Carrickfergus, a gentleman well acquainted with his general appearance. On this occasion M’Cabe was so well disguised from him, that Mr. Dobbs was persuaded his fellow traveller was a manufacturer from Yorkshire! It will be found that Mr. Dobbs name becomes afterwards connected with that of M’Cabe in a very curious manner.

“ It was at this time, in 1797, that he, accompanied by Colonel Plunkett, and a French officer, went down from Dublin to Belfast to view the camp at Blaris. They had also in their society the informer Hughes. It was in consequence of this visit, that a meeting of the ‘ Colonels ’ of the insurgent forces was held, when the project was discussed as to whether there should be an immediate rising, without waiting for the promised assistance from France. It was from the report of Plunkett, transmitted by M’Cabe, that this notion was abandoned. That report stated, that there was a

\* Orlando Innomorato di Berni.—*Canto XXXIV.* v. 45.

great falling off in the spirit of the North, many of those who had hitherto been the most active leaders, now refusing to act.

“ We now come to the year 1798, when it was plain from all that was occurring in different parts of Ireland, that it would be impossible to restrain the popular fury longer. In Ireland, there was seen restored, under the Lieutenancy of Lord Camden, the blood-stained tribunal of Alba, in the Low Countries—for of both, the same things may with truth be affirmed—‘ the burning, the quarterings, the hanging, the beheading, the banishing to transport-ships were every day’s work, and with them the smallest offence was considered worthy of capital punishment.’\* The court-martials of Camden were worse, we believe, than the *Bloedraad* of Alba, for, of the latter, there are no records of men, completely innocent, having been found guilty, nor of manifestly criminal murderers having been honourably acquitted. The cruelties of Alba were to deter men from insurrection; whilst horrors upon horrors were accumulated in the reign of Camden, to force the unfortunate people to a rebellion. ‘ Not content with the mere vengeance of blood, they varied human sufferings by new arts of torture. Human life was become a matter of sport, and the murderers’ laugh of scorn, sharpened with increased agony, the throbs of a painful death.’† An open insurrection was resolved upon, it was determined that it should burst forth in Ireland, in May. Human nature could no longer endure the afflictions, which the government caused, and it was considered better to meet death in the field, than to endure oppression, torture, and the worst of deaths at home.

“ As the crisis approached, the activity of M’Cabe increased; he had become, by this time, well acquainted with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and was honoured by the friendship of that amiable and high spirited nobleman. At his own solicitation the trust was confided to him of organizing Kildare, and also, that he should make the attempt, which had previously failed, of arousing the people of Wexford to the necessity of joining

\* Wagenaar Vanderlandsche Historie, Book XXIII. s. 5.

† SCHILLER. Uruhen in Frankeich vor Heinrich IV. bis zum Tode Karls IX.

their fellow countrymen, in ridding themselves of their oppressors.”

### CHAPTER III.

“It would be tedious to go through the detail of M’Cabe’s labours to effect his object in Wexford. The people of that county were nearly a distinct race from the inhabitants of other parts of Ireland, and it was only recently that the system of free quarters, burning, and flogging, had been carried into that county. M’Cabe detailed the horrors he had seen in other counties, and pictured those which were yet in store for those who held back on that occasion. He returned to Dublin, but although he had not initiated the great body of the peasantry, they were maddened into discontent, and were ready for revolt. In the County Wexford, he had gone amongst the people, in the various characters of a mendicant, a farmer, and a pedlar. A simple hearted County Wexford gentleman, who had been induced to take the oath of a United Irishman, assured the writer, in 1826, that he met M’Cabe in twenty different places of that county, in 1798, and never knew him, until M’Cabe chose each time to discover himself; ‘in truth,’ said my informant, ‘no one could know him. I cannot imagine how he disguised himself; but of this I am certain, he must always have had a number of wigs differently fashioned in his pocket.’

“It was precisely at the same period, that M’Cabe was endeavouring to arouse the people to resistance, that the myrmidons of the government were labouring to shew that there was no hope, no protection for them, but in that resistance. Every thing was done to terrify the humble, and disgust the rational, for the instruments of oppression were not less infamous than they were absurd. Ireland had become another Heraclea—‘*millus locus urbis a crudelitate tyranni vacat, accedit sævitia, insolentia, crudelitate arrogantia.*’ While the defendants of the government were making it at the same time odious and contemptible, M’Cabe was preparing them for the struggle which was to commence on the 23rd of May. In his report to his Commander-in-Chief of the result of his efforts in Wexford, his statement with re-

spect to the disposition of the 'Shilmaliers,' so gratified the former, that Lord Edward, by M'Cabe's account, 'embraced him, and stated it to be his intention to employ him as his Adjutant-General.' From that time forward, until M'Cabe was *first* arrested, he was, to borrow a phrase from an old United Irishman, 'Lord Edward's right hand man.'

"One of the most curious events in the extraordinary life of M'Cabe, was his arrest while escorting Lord Edward Fitzgerald from Moira House to Thomas-street. For an accurate account of the circumstances connected with the attempt to arrest Lord Edward, and its failure, we refer to the first volume of the '*Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*,'—See p. 300, et seq. The only addition we have to make to it is, that it was by M'Cabe, that Major Sirr was tripped up, when one of his associates plunged a dagger into the neckcloth of Sirr. M'Cabe at the close of the struggle was arrested by one of Sirr's attendants, and was brought to the Provost, where he was examined, and described himself as a Scotch weaver, who had come to Dublin to seek employment. On his person a pistol was discovered, the fellow to which was afterwards found on the table of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a circumstance which was never noticed at the time, but was related long afterwards by M'Cabe.

"The Provost was at that time guarded by the Dunbarton Fencibles. He was not many hours in confinement, when he persuaded the sergeant of the guard that he had worked in his father-in-law's muslin manufactory in Glasgow; he told to each Scotch soldier, and particularly to the wives of some of them such anecdotes about himself, herself, or their family, as he could learn from one and another of them; and so worked on them, that in the course of a few hours a memorial was drawn up on his behalf, and presented to Mr. Secretary Cooke, stating that their countryman, then a prisoner in the Provost, on suspicion of being a traitor, was a decent industrious lad, well known and respected in Glasgow. This document was signed by a number of men of the Dunbarton Fencibles, and such was the interest used by the Scotchmen for the liberation of their supposed countryman, that an order for M'Cabe's freedom was granted. Information arrived two days afterwards at the Castle, from the County Longford, communicating

the important intelligence, that the man M'Cabe, whom they had been so long searching for, was at that moment in their custody, under a feigned name, and pretending to be a muslin manufacturer from Glasgow.

“Never had Major Sirr been so completely baffled as upon this occasion, and it is to be believed, that when many years afterwards he held M'Cabe as a prisoner in Kilmainham, he used whatever interest he then possessed for the purpose of prolonging his captivity and of adding to its bitterness.

“M'Cabe, however, had escaped, he had made his way not only out of Dublin, but had actually sought refuge in Cork. He was there received in the house of Mr. Conway, one of the Cork Directory, whose country seat, called Gemappe, was in the vicinity of the city. It was known that an attempt to arrest Lord Edward Fitzgerald had failed in Dublin, and some spy gave information to the authorities in Cork, that a stranger was concealed in the house of Mr. Conway. The suspicion arose, that it might be Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and at a late hour at night, the Sheriff, Mr. Harding, accompanied by some soldiers, proceeded to Gemappe. When they arrived at the house, M'Cabe was in bed, in an attic or rather loft, one part of which was elevated above the other, on a sort of stage or platform. The soldiers knew where their victim was concealed, and rushing forward at the same moment, the platform cracked, and broke beneath them, and whilst they were seeking to recover themselves, M'Cabe threw up the window sash, and jumped out on the roof of an adjoining house, and instantly disappeared.

“We have heard this anecdote, of his escape, from the authorities of Cork, placed at a much earlier period of the year, some time subsequent to the 12th of March, when, there can be no doubt, he was in Cork, for the purpose of organizing it, as it was then, like Wexford, considered backward in the cause. The truth of the anecdote is beyond a doubt. It may be added, that Mr. Conway, of the ‘United Irish Directory,’ was the father of the Mr. Conway, who was long so well known to the members of the London press, by his connexion with the *Times*, and who was beloved and respected by all, who were acquainted with him.

“With the death-struggle of ‘the rebels,’ in Wexford,

we find no trace of M'Cabe, nor have we been able to discover where he was concealed, until the news reached Dublin, that the French forces had landed at Killala. He then conceived that the time was, at length, come, for a successful struggle; and he declared to some of his associates, at a meeting, which was held in Pill-lane, that he would make his way to the French camp, for the purpose of giving the foreign allies of Ireland, all the information and assistance in his power. He kept his word faithfully, although every road, from Dublin to Connaught, was beset by the military, and that, for any man to be discovered abroad at night, unless upon the king's service, was death, by 'martial' law. But what cared M'Cabe for those perils? He, who confident in his own resources, and his powers of disguise, was to be found, even in the Castle-yard, disguised as a yeoman, and picking up any information, that was to be procured there, was not to be deterred from a project, by any difficulties. He first established a factory for the making of pikes, in Westmeath, and then contrived to make his way, across the country, to the French camp, and participated in its short-lived triumph."

#### CHAPTER IV.

"ANOTHER of the hair-breadth escapes of M'Cabe, occurred, on his return from the French camp, to Dublin. He had gone to Connaught, in the hope of being able to rouse the different counties, to aid the small detachment of foreigners, in its march; but the spirit of the population was broken—they saw nothing, but the prospect of defeat before them. M'Cabe failed, in his efforts at organization. Hitherto, he had sought, aided by others, to battle for victory; and now, it would appear, as if relying upon his own resources alone, he would seek for, and, if possible, obtain, revenge. His first duty, however, was, to provide for his own safety, as well as for those, who had confided themselves to his guidance. Accompanied by three gentlemen, one, named Palmer, a second, a French officer, and a third, whose name we have not learned, he was able to bring them, unscathed, and almost without any alarm,

from Connaught, to the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin. There, as they were about to cross the bridge of the Grand Canal, they found themselves unexpectedly challenged by a sentinel, one of the Londonderry militia, who, with a portion of his regiment was stationed, at that point, to guard the approach to Dublin, from any surprise, on the part of the rebels. M'Cabe desired his companions to retreat, and appointed a rendezvous for them, in the city, next day. He then pushed on, boldly, by the sentinel, answering his challenge, and pointing out the road, *not the right one*, by which the others had retreated, he passed on, and reached Dublin, where his companions shortly after arrived, conducted by a farmer, named Malone, by whom they had been sheltered, in the demesne of Donore, and brought in safety to Dublin.

“The insurgents, in all parts of Ireland, had been defeated, with the exception of a few hundred men, who were under the command of Holt and Dwyer, in Wicklow, and who, being well acquainted with all the fastnesses of the Wicklow mountains, supported themselves, and their followers, by the plunder, which they were able to collect, from their foes. M'Cabe knew Holt to be a brave, but ignorant and hot-headed soldier; and, conscious that resistance, under such a leader, and at such a time, could only bring destruction on himself, and his adherents, he wished, if possible, that Holt could be made to submit upon terms, which would save him and them, from that horrible death, which appeared inevitable for them all. He even wrote to the government, under a feigned name, offering his services, to attain that end.\* It was intimated that his services would be accepted, and M'Cabe, accompanied by a Mr Farrell, proceeded to Wicklow. They saw Holt, and prepared the way, for that capitulation to which the government, not less than Holt, were willing parties. This attempt to save the life of Holt, put M'Cabe himself in great peril. The officers of the government knew, at last, where he was to be found, and a party was sent down to Wicklow, to arrest him.

\* I have heard it stated, but cannot vouch for the fact, that when the state prisoners entered into the compact with government, in 1798, and agreed to get one of their body to accompany Mr. Dobbs, to the County Wicklow, with the view, of including the outstanding insurgents to surrender, that the person sent with Mr. Dobbs, was M'Cabe.—R.R.M.



“The object for which M'Cube had gone to Wicklow was accomplished. He had parted but a few hours from Holt, and was engaged, in conversation, with Mr. Farrell, at Quin's hotel, at Bray, when a gentleman, unknown to either, joined the conversation, and in the course of it, stated, that he had come down to that village, for the purpose of arresting the notorious M'Cube, the friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Both M'Cube and Farrell, eagerly offered their assistance to the stranger, to attain so 'desirable an object.' The conversation was carried on with great spirit, for some time, when the strangers separated from each other. M'Cube and his friend, walked to the end of the town, ordered a post-chaise, and whilst the government messenger was on the watch, for any rebels coming from the mountains of Wicklow, they were travelling, with all speed, for Dublin, where both arrived, in perfect safety.

“The failure of the Killala expedition, was the death-blow to the cause of the United Irishmen. It became then, in that moment of disaster, and failure, the task of every man to look to himself—the cry was, *sauve qui peut*—and how each could best capitulate with the successful government. It had in its power, most of the leaders of the insurrection; but William Putnam M'Cube was yet at large.

“At the desire of the government, the willing and submissive Irish Parliament, passed two acts, one, an act 38th Geo. III., ch. 79, entitled, the 'Banishment Act;' the other, 38th Geo. III., ch. 80, the 'Fugitive Bill.' The first, was a compromise with the United Irish, in custody, by which they were to be transported to places beyond sea, not at war with his Majesty; the other was, an act of attainder against those, who, charged with the crime of high treason, had fled from the country, and who, if they did not surrender by a certain time, were to be subjected to penalties of treason.

“At the time that both those acts, received the royal assent, the 6th October, 1798, William Putnam M'Cube had fled from the country. He was not in any jail in Ireland; and yet, instead of being included in the 'Fugitive Bill,' he was introduced into the 'Banishment Bill;' that is, he, who was out of the country, was treated, as if he were in jail, and as far as he was concerned, if he were *then* arrested, and brought to trial,

the proof would have lain upon his prosecutors, to show (upon his being found in Ireland) that he came within the terms of an act, which could never be proved to apply to him, whilst his name was excluded from an act, which really did apply to him! He used to boast in latter years, this had been effected for him, by Mr. Dobbs, the gentleman, who when travelling from Belfast to Dublin, with him in the mail coach, he had persuaded that he was an Englishman.

“At the very time that the act was passing, which treated M’Cabe as a prisoner, in one of the Irish jails, he was in Wales. It was generally supposed, not merely by the society of United Irishmen, now completely broken up, and shattered, it might be said, into minute fragments; but it was, also, the belief of the governments, English, as well as Irish, that M’Cabe had exiled himself to France, or the United States. Both were in error: he was living, quietly concealed, in Wales. A life of repose, however, did not suit him; for, in the year 1799, he was unexpectedly met, in the streets of London, by a gentleman, who had been involved in the affairs of the United Irishmen, who was acquainted with all their secrets, and cognizant of all their plans, but yet, declined to join with them, because he could see in them, no hope of ultimate success. This gentleman, upon seeing M’Cabe was quite thunderstruck, upon beholding so unexpected, and it may be added, so unwished-for an apparition, in the open day, and in such a place as London. At first, he hoped he was mistaken; but M’Cabe instantly recognised him, and coming up to him, addressed him by name, and then stated, that he had in his mind, a plan, by which, he hoped to break down, and confound, the English government. He intended, he said, to organize an insurrection, in that country, and when it was ripe for explosion, he contemplated having the Custom House, the Exchange, the Bank, and the Government Offices, all set fire to in one night.

“The gentleman, to whom M’Cabe addressed himself, considered the plan, as absurd, as it was nefarious, and he looked in M’Cabe’s face, to see if he were joking, or really affected with insanity. To his astonishment, he beheld the proposer of the English insurrection, and the concoctor of a general conflagration in London, as calm, as cool, and as innocent, apparently in his manner, as

the most guileless of human beings. The suspicion next flashed across his mind, that M'Cabe had become a spy of the government—that he had initiated the infamous example of Reynolds and his compeers, and was, like them, seeking out a vile existence by selling the blood of his fellow countrymen. Penetrated with this idea, he sought at once to free himself from the dangerous society, into which accident had thrown him. He pretended that the urgency of business compelled him to break off the conversation; and so impressed was he with the idea, that M'Cabe had become a traitor; so impossible was it for him to reconcile the idea, first, that M'Cabe could be safe in London, in despite of the government; and, next, that he could, even in that moment of defeat and disaster to his former allies, be concocting plans of revenge against those who had subdued them, that he determined at once to quit London. The resolution was one he carried into practice the following day.

“With respect to the suspicion of M'Cabe having turned traitor to his former associates, great wrong has been done to him. Whatever were his faults, he was true, at least to them and to their principles, to the last moment of his life. Those who knew him best, were convinced of his sincerity; but in that epoch, when perfidy was rewarded as a virtue, and fidelity punished as a crime, we can be little surprised that such suspicion should have arisen.

“‘There is a point of time,’ says Schiller, ‘when one believes in no virtue;’ and, amid their many disasters, this, too, was the affliction of many of the United Irishmen in their desolate exile, or their still more unfortunate country.

“Shortly after M'Cabe quitted Ireland, he married a lady of highly respectable family, the widow of a Captain M'Niel. Towards the close of the year 1801, he withdrew to France. He had, however, found many disciples in England; and it is to be believed, that he was not wholly unconnected with the disturbances that prevailed in London in 1800; the desperate project of Colonel Despard in 1802; and the attempt at rebellion by the Watsons and Thistlewood, long afterwards. He met again with some of his former associates in Paris, and frequently was employed by them, in visiting England, at different periods; but it was stated by one of

the state prisoners, who had been confined in Fort George, and is now living, that suspicion was excited against him in Paris, because, in one of his visits, he had been seen coming from the Home Office in Downing-street. It was, we believe, said of Garrick, that on the stage, he was, for the time, the person that he represented, and such, too, would appear to be M'Cabe's quality in performing a part in real life, and on the issue of which depended, not the applause of an audience, but his own life; or, with its failure, a certain, speedy, and painful death. We have no doubt of the correctness for the fact, and that, whilst in London, as the agent of the United Irishmen of Paris, he had the audacity to go into Downing-street, for the purpose of picking up any intelligence, that might be useful to the enemies of the English government. We have no doubt of this, because the writer of this has a distinct recollection, that even whilst M'Cabe was a prisoner in Kilmainham, he was able to carry on a correspondence, through the medium of the Foreign Office, in London.

“ For the purpose of aiding his own private or political views, M'Cabe continued at all times to possess the best and most authentic information, and this, too, when the government itself had set a price upon his head, and when its officers were employed in different parts of the country seeking to arrest him. ‘ He was,’ to use the words of Lucian, ‘ a man, whose natural gifts were those of a mimic, who could assume different forms, and shape himself to all circumstances.’\* ”

“ When M'Cabe had once settled down in France, he turned his attention to that business to which he had been reared, and established a cotton factory in the neighbourhood of Rouen. Business, however, had but little attraction for him when political commotions engaged his attention, and at this time it was believed that Ireland was on the verge of an insurrection. He instantly departed from France, and made his way to the north of Ireland. It was known to the government that he was in Ireland, but *where*, none could tell. At last it was suspected that he might have gone to Belfast: an inquiry was set on foot, and the military were brought to the very house, in which he was in bed. He luckily

\* Lucian, Dial, de Saltatione.

heard the tramp of the soldiers as they approached. He flung up the window, and then got between the feather-bed and the matress on which he had been sleeping. The soldiers, it is supposed, having heard of the manner in which he had escaped from Conway's, at Cork, in 1798, fancied he had resorted to the same plan now, and, therefore, instead of making a strict search in the room where he was, they scampered off, and hunted over the entire neighbourhood in quest of him. As soon as they had left the premises, he quitted his place of concealment, and was not heard of in Ireland for some years afterwards.

“ From Belfast he again made his way back, in safety, to France, and appeared for some time to devote himself altogether to the cotton business.

“ Napoleon, in passing through Rouen, visited his manufactory; and, as it was employed, in carrying out his plan of encouraging domestic manufactures, and of excluding the productions of England from the Continental markets, he ordered a present of four thousand francs to M'Cube, as a manifestation of the satisfaction he had received from visiting his establishment. M'Cube accepted the gift, although he never could pardon Napoleon for changing the French Republic into an Empire. In this respect, M'Cube coincided with the feelings so universally entertained by the United Irishmen, or old republicans, in that country. As a General, and as a Consul, Bonaparte was the very ‘god of their idolatry,’ and in him, after the death of Hoche, all their hopes rested; but once he became an Emperor, their ardour abated, and the only interest they felt towards him, was, that he was the enemy of their enemies, and that all his brilliant victories were, at least, conquests over despotic monarchs.

“ Patronized by the imperial favour, the manufactory of M'Cube flourished for a time. The Anti-English feeling of France upheld him; but he soon saw in the circumstances of England, and especially in the discontents of the operative classes, the opportunity of working some mischief in Great Britain. He determined, then, to dispose of his factory. He was not long in discovering a purchaser, and with the proceeds of the sale, he travelled to Paris, having a large sum of money at his command. He met there his old friend Arthur

O'Connor, who was at the time about to be married to a daughter of Condorect. M'Cabe was desirous of investing his money on landed security; and, after consulting O'Connor, it was finally arranged that the money should be lent to the latter, on security given to him, by assignment of his property in Ireland, which was then partly administered by his brother Roger.

“This transaction led to much litigation between the parties, and, as a natural consequence, also to a great deal of ill-feeling. The documents respecting that litigation have, with his usual zeal, in the collection of facts, relating to the United Irishmen, been gathered together by Doctor Madden; but a detail of them could not be interesting to the general reader. It is sufficient to say of that litigation, that it terminated in the repayment to M'Cabe of a part, and to his daughter as his representative of the entire of the money lent. There can be no doubt, but that its non-payment for so many years was the cause of much suffering and affliction to M'Cabe, that it was, in seeking for it, he was frequently arrested, and that, at least, the confinement caused by one of these detentions, hastened his death. It was a curious fact, that this conduct, pursued towards M'Cabe, forced him to adopt proceedings at law, and in the prosecution of them, he had at the same time a suit in the Court of Chancery, in Ireland, against O'Connor, and another in the French Courts. In Ireland, the plaintiff and defendant were suitors in the Court of Equity, even when both, if apprehended in the country, were liable to a capital prosecution.”

## CHAPTER V.

“AS LONG as the faculties of William Putnam M'Cabe were concentrated in his favourite object, his good fortune attended him. He appeared then to have ‘a charmed life,’ and was free from the gripe of the police. He seemed able to ‘laugh to scorn’ all their efforts to lay hold of him, to baffle him, or to thwart his designs. But once he became involved in the snares of the law, his fortunate star declined, and the arrests to which he was subject, were frequent. To harass the authorities, and to unsettle the minds of the English population, he

was able, even in the time that the war against France was at its height, to come to this country, to scatter abroad discontent, and then, having set fire to the train, to escape in time to avoid the explosion. London, Nottingham, Paisl'y, Glasgow, Stockport, Manchester, were severally visited by M'Cabe, and each exhibited, as proof of his presence, symptoms of popular discontent, not unfrequently of open violence.

“ At length, however, he again ventured to Ireland. The first visit he paid to it, from the time of Emmet's insurrection in 1803, was in the year 1810, and, for four years subsequently, he went there for the purpose of carrying on his suit against Arthur O'Connor. The certain intelligence of his presence in Ireland, and where he might be arrested, were at last brought to the Castle, by whom, has been a matter of doubt, and we shall not now revive either what were *his* own suspicions on that subject, or those entertained by others ; but, in consequence of that denunciation, a warrant for his apprehension was placed in the hands of Mr. Michael Farrell, the head of the police in Dublin, and one, whose skill, talents, and resolution, place him in the highest rank with the men, most celebrated in any country, as members of the Detective Police. Mr. Farrell was able to accomplish what no police officer, in England or Ireland, could before effect ; and, on the 19th of February, in the year 1814, he arrested M'Cabe, at the house, No. 70, Capel-street. From thence he was at once taken to prison, and, on the 23rd of March following, transferred to London, in the custody of Mr. Farrell, and at the Home Office had an interview with the Under Secretary of State, of the Home Department. Previously to his transmission from Ireland, he dictated to his daughter, a letter, which he addressed to Sir Robert Peel, the Chief Secretary, wherein he stated, ‘ he was perfectly aware by returning to Ireland, without the permission of government, he had rendered himself liable to be prosecuted for high treason ; that it was in the power of government to hang him, if they should choose to do so ; but he did not think it was Mr. Peel's wish to put a man to death, who had come back to his country for the sole purpose of recovering his property. There was a period when he might have apprehended, his life would have been the forfeit of his rashness, in venturing to Ireland ; the times,

however, had changed. The sanguinary times of 1798, were gone by; the government could have no wish, and no interest, in the prosecution, or conviction of men, who no longer harbour bad intentions towards them. But even, if the government were otherwise disposed, if it wished for his life, it was a matter of little consequence to him—his health was broken down; he was racked with rheumatism, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; his friends were dead; the money he had scraped together, he had lent, and he had lost it; he had nothing left in the world worth living for. It mattered little, then, if they took his life—it was a thing of no value; but, for the sake of his child, and on that ground only, he appealed to the Secretary.

“It is to be mentioned, to the honour of Sir Robert Peel, that the application was not ineffectual, and there is reason to believe that touched by the unfortunate condition of the man who addressed him, he had the humanity, in sending him to London, to make such a representation of his case, as led to his being liberated, after a short time, and sent out of the kingdom.

“M'Cabe stated he had been informed that the Secretary had said, ‘it was manifest *the air of Ireland did not agree with his health*, and that it would be necessary for him to try a more southern climate. Means should be taken for his removal, but great danger to himself would be the consequence if he were ever again found in Ireland.’

“It is gratifying to be able to give such details, however opposed one may be in opinion to the policy of Sir Robert Peel.

“M'Cabe, after an examination, by Sir F. Conant, Chief Magistrate at Bow-street, was committed a prisoner to Tothill Fields, Bridewell, and from thence sent on board a ship about to sail from Portsmouth to Portugal, as, in the then peculiar circumstances of France, it was not deemed prudent to permit him to return to that country.

“The plea of ill-health was not unfounded, he was afflicted with rheumatism, broken down in constitution, and in his impatience to be restored to health, was rendering himself still worse, by the enormous quantity of medicine which he used to take. Miserable, however, as his situation was, he could not rest in peace. The



activity of mind and body, which had formerly distinguished, and which had enabled him so frequently to baffle all pursuit, was now converted into an unceasing querulousness, which made his society but little desirable to those, who had formerly derived such pleasure from it. The instant he was able to stir, he should move; and anxious to recover his property, he, despite of all the warnings, that had been given to him, again ventured to visit Ireland in 1817. He had made his way to Belfast—he was there arrested, and from thence transferred to the jail of Kilmainham, where he lay, as a state prisoner, for at least a year and a half. It was while he was in confinement in Kilmainham jail, that the writer of this memoir was brought to visit him. There was then but little appearance of the man whose activity, courage, and presence of mind, as well as extraordinary powers of imitation, had made him at once so formidable, and so remarkable. He was seemingly not more than forty five years of age, but sickness had made his complexion more sallow than it had been in his natural state of health. His height was about five feet nine inches, and his figure, which was once so muscular, had withered away, and was convulsed and contorted by incessant attacks of rheumatism. There was great animation in his large black eyes, and they exhibited, when he was silent, the look in them of a man who reflected a great deal. His only companion was his daughter, then a beautiful girl, apparently about sixteen years of age, and his only attendant was a valet. When suffering from pain, he always spoke, and, it might be added, swore, in French. In common conversation his language was slightly tinged with the English accent.

“For month after month he had to endure a prolonged confinement in Kilmainham jail, but it was certainly in no patient mood. It was manifest to all who saw him, that his health was rapidly declining, and at length, after repeated representations to the Castle, and with the offer of becoming security for his appearance, a distant connexion of his own, Mr. John M'Cabe,\* obtained permission to have him transferred to his house on Arbour Hill. Even there, the government did not seem to be secure of him, for whilst bed ridden, he was

\* See “Lives and Times of the United Irishmen,” Vol. I. p. 401.

visited regularly every day by one of the turnkeys of the jail, in order that the authorities might be sure he was not again deceiving them. An application was also then made for M'Cabe to be relieved from all restraint, on the ground, that when he was arrested, both in 1814, and in 1817, he was in Ireland, bona fide, but for objects of his own. The answer that was given to the application, it was, we believe, by the present Lord Glenelg, then Mr. Secretary Grant, was to this effect, 'that it might be quite true, that William Putnam M'Cabe, never went to any part of England, or Ireland, except upon business of his own, but it was very extraordinary, that in whatever part of the King's dominions his own business brought him, some public disturbance was sure to take place.'

"It was this opinion, with respect to M'Cabe, this dread of the danger to be apprehended from him, that must be considered, as the excuse of the government, for having, in a time of tranquility, confined in jail, for nearly two years, a man who was actually a bed-ridden cripple. The government, however, at length relented, and he was permitted, towards the close of the year 1818, to leave Ireland for France.

"It has been stated, that even ill as he was, he made his way back to Glasgow, in 1819, when unfortunately for him disturbances again broke out. He was a third time arrested, but contrived to get liberated, or to liberate himself, and to leave the kingdom. Here it may then be said his political life closed. The remainder of his days were occupied with the law proceedings he had instituted in various Courts against O'Connor, for the recovery of the money he had lent him about 1807. For some time, previous to his death, he had been under medical treatment in a 'Maison de Santé,' in the neighbourhood of his residence in Paris, where he terminated his chequered career about the year 1821. His property chiefly consisting of his claims on O'Connor, which he bequeathed to his daughter, who, shortly after his decease, married a Mr. Nesbitt.

"The brother of William Putnam M'Cabe, who was called after his father Thomas, left two children, one a son, was an assistant surgeon in the rifle brigade, and died at an early age in the West Indies, the second a daughter is still living. This daughter, Mrs. Coleman,

resides within three miles of Belfast, and inherited whatever property was left by her grandfather, the honest hearted and manly Thomas M'Cabe.

“ But what, it may be asked by the curious, was M'Cabe's demeanour, conduct, and bearing in private life. Unfortunately the writer cannot speak of these but at a time, when sickness and suffering had weakened the body, disappointment, (and as M'Cabe conceived), bad treatment on the part of former friends had embittered the feelings, and warped the mind. There was a time, and in this we give the testimony of strangers, of persons utterly unconnected with M'Cabe, who declared that he was a man on whose word they could rely with the most implicit confidence, even though the redeeming of his promise should have cost him his life. This was his character in his youth, and his manhood, but he had played a part dangerous for any man to attempt, he had assumed opinions and put on characters which did not belong to him, to attain a political object. It is a perilous thing to tamper with truth, we believe it never can be done with impunity, and in this case the evil effects were visible, when pain had shattered his nerves, and grief had distorted his intellect. Then, and not till then, did M'Cabe become a man full of suspicion, and who acted as if he believed all the world was in a conspiracy against him.

“ While we deplore his faults, it would be well to bear in mind the causes of the aggravation of whatever was evil in his nature. It would be idle to expect in one who led such a life as that of M'Cabe, whose latter days were so embittered by his own real trials, and blurred by his fancied wrongs, the same vigour of mind or resolution that he once exhibited, when he derived all his power and integrity from a fresh and untainted source. We are not to look for this, no more than we should suppose we could find in a fortress that has stood out a lengthened siege, and at length yielded to the superior might of the enemy, the same perfection in its walls, and the same completeness in its battlements, that it once presented, before the shells of the enemy had fallen upon it, or the mines of the foe, had riven asunder its defences. The friend of humanity may weep over the wreck that he beholds; whilst the hypocrite, or the fool, will alone scorn the ruins upon which he tramples.

“ We have now arrived at the conclusion of a task, which a sincere desire to exhibit, the respect and regard entertained towards Dr. Madden, was the sole motive for undertaking. As far as the man himself is concerned, of whom we have had to treat, we have concealed nought of our own opinion, respecting him, in the political career, which he for so many years pursued. The time has come, when such things can be treated with perfect fairness and candour. To us, at least, one privilege is conceded, that was denied to our fathers—the liberty of the press. We can boast, with more truth, in the reign of Victoria, than the great historian did in the time of Trajan ; unlike to the days of Putnam M’Cabe and his contemporaries, we can affirm that ours is the unusual advantage of living at a period, when it is no longer a crime for men to think as they please, nor to speak as they think :\* ‘ rarā temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.’

“ WILLIAM B. MAC CABE.

“ *London, May 2, 1843.*”

## CHAPTER VI.

THE preceding memoir, leaves little, of importance, to be said, of the career of William Putnam M’Cabe ; but since it was written, some additional information was obtained, by me, from his daughter in Paris, and likewise, from a gentleman in London, whose father had been intimately connected with him, which may serve, as an appendix, to the admirable account of this extraordinary man, in the preceding pages.

Circumstances have enabled me, to explain the nature of the pecuniary relations, which subsisted between Arthur O’Connor and M’Cabe, namely, the possession of M’Cabe’s papers, respecting this transaction, including several letters, addressed to him, by O’Connor, and the brother of the latter, Mr. Daniel Connor, of Connor-ville, in the county Cork ; and also, the papers of the other party, furnished by one, mainly interested in the affair,

\* My friend probably omitted, by mistake, to subjoin the words, “ *in England.*” —R.R.M.

contained in the attested copies of all the legal documents, appertaining to the cause, which had been in the possession of O Connor, and now happen to be in mine. In justice to the latter, I feel bound to declare, that those papers lead to the conviction, that there was no disposition, evinced by O Connor, to wrong M'Cabe. The whole of the difficulties arose, from the embarrassments, in which his Irish properties were involved,—the consequence of his exile, and of unnatural family dissensions, promoted at the expense of the absent proprietor. In proof of this assertion, I will give a few extracts from these letters, practising not a little restraint, perhaps, in the mode of doing so, but desiring to abstain from all unnecessary reference, to matters of a private nature.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO DANIEL CONNOR, ESQ., FROM  
A. O'CONNOR.

*“ Paris, February 7, 1807.*

“ This will be delivered to you, by a real, true friend, who, seeing the cruel situation I was reduced to, has sent me £4750. As I am ignorant of what sums you may have been able to collect for me, I leave it to you, to do all you can, to satisfy my friend, in the manner most agreeable to his wishes ; nor need I tell you, how anxious I am, that you may be able to satisfy him, as well for the four thousand pounds he does not want immediately, as for the *seven hundred and fifty*, he has immediate occasion for. The £4000 is to pay an interest of five per cent., until you can pay it ; the rest, you will pay him with my rents, as he will not meet with any one, that can give him better advice, for the plan that he should adopt.

“ I request, you will be of all the use you can, not only on the subject of his money matters, but on any other, all which, his kindness to me merits. He will explain my sentiments fully, on all subjects.....

*(Signed)*

“ A. O'CONNOR.”

FROM A. O'CONNOR TO D. CONNOR, ESQ.

*“ Paris, March 17, 1807.*

“ MY DEAREST DANIEL—Since your letter, of the 1st

of September last, I have never heard from you. I have just received a letter, from my good friend, Evans, by which, I find, he has written to you, acquainting you of the state of affairs, with that wretched being, \* \* \* I hope the arbitration may be agreed on; but, in case he is mad enough, to expose the matchless depravity of his conduct, I request you will inform Evans, of the attorney you wish to have employed, should he force me into a law-suit. In order to induce him to leave all to arbitration, I have pointed out an easy way for him, to discharge the debt he owes me . . . . .

(Signed)

“O’C.”

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM DANIEL CONNOR TO  
W. P. M’CABE.

“*Bristol, July 5, 1808.*

“I find, by the letters of my brother to me, that you lent him £4750, in January or February, 1807: he is not exact, as to date.

“I have ordered an estate of his, of the yearly value of £1000, to be sold. My second brother, William, has a mortgage on it, for £5000, with interest due. The moment it is sold, and the mortgage paid, I shall order your debt to be paid, with interest, to whomsoever you shall appoint to receive it.

“I am, Sir, your faithful obdt. servt.

“DANIEL CONNOR.

“To William P. M’Cabe, Esq.,  
145, Portland-st., London.

“To William Putnam,  
Care of Thos. A. Emmet, New York.”

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM D. CONNOR, ESQ., TO  
W. PUTNAM (M’CABE.)

“*October, 31, 1808.*

“In answer to your last, I request you to consider, if it was possible for me, to do more than I have done. In June last, his estates were advertised for sale. I cannot compel persons to offer for them: they may be on the eve of sale, for any thing I know. Reeves and Ormsby have been entrusted to sell them. My brother William, has a mortgage of £5000. At soon as

that encumbrance shall be paid off, I shall direct your debt to be discharged ; and, though I have had repeated letters from William, requesting the rents to be paid to him, in discharge of arrears of interest, I have refused.

(Signed)

“ DANIEL CONNOR.

“ To William Putnam, Esq.,

Dr. Murray's, Nicholson-st., Edinburgh.

“ Mr. William Putnam,

Care of Dr. White, Baltimore.”

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM WILLIAM CONNOR, JUN.,  
ESQ., TO D. CONNOR, ESQ.

“ *Mardyke, Cork, Nov. 22, 1808.*

“ DEAR UNCLE—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and cannot help saying, that its tenor and contents, amazed me much.

“ I had hopes, and I thought, well founded, that when you had taken charge of my uncle Arthur's affairs, I should have met with punctuality ; and you even said, in your letter, antecedent to the last, that, at the time of your writing, you had not any money of his at your disposal, but that your wish was, to pay as fast as effects came in. This must surely have been satisfactory to me, at that time, as I really understood it, as a promise of my being paid, whenever any sum might be received. I have my family, looking up to me for help and protection. Their claims on me, are of a nature not to be trifled with, or resisted, and the property too small, to allow of such a deduction from its annual amount. Besides, I cannot conceive, by what colouring of justice, my property (for it certainly cannot be called Arthur's) should be carried from this country, to pay any person, in London or Edinburgh. I represent these matters to you, in order to again request your orders, to the agent of the property, to pay me some part of the very large arrear due. If it is not done, I must, though reluctantly, apply to the Lord Chancellor, for the proper means of redress ; at whose hands, I have no doubt of receiving it, and that, speedily, by getting a custodium on the whole issue of the estate, until the whole arrears be discharged.....

“ I beg your pardon, for thus trespassing on your time,

and beg you to accept the assurance of respect and esteem of

“WILLIAM CONNOR, JUN.

“To Daniel Connor, Esq.,  
Bristol.”

The original sum, lent by M'Cabe, was £4750 sterling, and a further sum of £42, for money expended for General O'Connor, with interest, at five per cent., bearing date, from the 7th of January, 1807. By a decree of the Cour Royale d'Orleans, the 9th of April, O'Connor was condemned to pay the sum of 140,523 francs, including interest, to that date. By another decree, of the Orleans Cour Royale, dated 6th May, 1819, the sum was definitely fixed, at 135,000 francs, including interest and expenses. This sum, O'Connor undertook to pay, in eight equal annual payments, of 4375 francs, having paid down to Mr. Ely, for Mr. M'Cabe, 50,000 francs, and given an undertaking to pay 85,000 francs more, in September, 1819.

By the original agreement, the money was to be paid by certain instalments, out of the rents of O'Connor's estate, in the county Cork, the management of which, was in the hands of his brother. These instalments were not paid. The fault was not that of the absent proprietors. Proceedings were taken against him, in France, and resisted, on the ground, that the debt contracted, was in the currency of France, and the claim set up, was for the payment of it in Irish currency, which made a very considerable difference. Eventually, the matter was amicably settled. A portion of the debt was paid during M'Cabe's life, and finally, his daughter received what remained due of it. Among the documents referred to, there is an attested copy of a receipt in full, in liquidation of all claims on O'Connor, signed by Nesbitt, as executor, and acting for his wife, dated the 6th of April, 1827.

The 5th of December, 1820, I find, by the papers in question, that William Putnam M'Cabe appeared, for the last time, before the public notaries, in Paris, in the prosecution of his suit; and on the 24th of April, 1821, Elizabeth Nesbitt (his daughter, recently married) appeared before the same notaries, by her husband, “as the representative of William Putnam M'Cabe, deceased,



the 12th of February, 1821, at No. 17, Rue de Faubourgh St. Jacques." His own residence, was No. 13, Rue du Cherche midi, Paris.

To the son of the gentleman referred to, in a succeeding statement of Mr. Nesbitt, at whose house, at Newington, M'Cube's daughter had been staying, when her father made his appearance there, in the disguise of a servant in livery, I am indebted for a quantity of M'Cube's papers, his passports, letters, and memorandums, from which, a few extracts appeared to me, worthy of being given. By some of these documents, it appears, that, in 1807, he took out his passport in France, under the false name of William Lee, for the United States, via Bordeaux: it is dated, "Paris, 5th December, 1807." The same passport is "viséed" at Brussels, the 27th April, 1808, where he then was, on his way to England.

During his residence in Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London, the year following to his pretended departure from France, for the United States, he made over a power of attorney to Mr Thomas M'Cube, of Vicinage, Belfast, dated the 23rd of February, 1809. In this document, he styles himself a cotton manufacturer, and states his intention, of proceeding to the United States, and of residing there.

In the year 1814, he was at Lisbon; and his Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary, in Portugal—Lord Sydenham—granted him a passport, under date the 13th day of July, 1814, for the Baltic, in the name of Mr. William Putnam, a British subject.

#### EXTRACT FROM DR. ARMSTRONG'S STATEMENT.

"August, 1802.

"Immediately, on the arrival of my friend, Mr Lee, in this country, he communicated to me his business and future plans. The statement which he gave me, was, that Mr. S.\* and another person, had proposed to my friend, to set up a cotton manufactory in this country. They were to furnish, according to his statement, *ten thousand pounds each*. This quota was to have been, what certainly is, and ought to be, deemed an equal

\* Mr. George Smith—an assumed name.

share, to wit, his integrity, knowledge, and the labour of conducting such a concern. Sometime after, the third person above alluded to, declined (according to Mr S.'s statement to my friend) taking any further part in the plan, and it, of course rested with Mr. S. and Mr. L.

"I always, from the very first moment we conversed together, was assured by Mr. L. that, happen what would, Mr. S.'s intentions were, to set this business a-going, with a capital of not less than £20,000. Under such impressions, and with such expectations, I ever understood he had been induced to leave England.

"Shortly after the arrival of my friend and his wife at Mr S.'s house, whither they came, by particular invitation, a misunderstanding took place between them, occasioned by some deficiency, in point of attention, on the part of Mr. S. towards his friends; and on quitting Mr L.'s apartments, one evening, in company with Mr. S., the latter introduced a conversation, entirely unsought for on my part, in the course of which, at his particular request, I explained to him fully the causes of any apparent coolness.....

"Mr. S. made use of the following remarkable expression:—'*Surely he ought to know that I am infinitely more dependant on him, than he can possibly be on me. It never having been my intention to shut myself out of England, by having my name mentioned in the partnership. On the contrary. I shall not, in all probability, spend more than four months in the year here; his honour and industry are the only securities for so considerable a concern as shall be intrusted to him.*'.....

"I can positively state, that the mode of getting over the workmen and machinery, was repeatedly canvassed; that propositions were made by Mr. S., so pregnant with danger, and which danger was to be exclusively his own, that I cannot conceive how any man, who had not made up his mind finally, with respect to the plan, and had not determined to undertake the business on an extensive scale, could have expressed a resolution to run such risks. As Mr. S. may have forgotten some of these conversations, I shall merely mention, that one evening he and Mr. L. proposed, and talked of sending a person over to prepare the men to set out; and he, in particular, mentioned a plan of freighting a vessel at Hull, or else getting a pleasure-boat on the Thames, to

convey them and their families. The same evening he mentioned a very ingenious smuggler, with whom he was acquainted, who might be useful, as he was constantly in the habit of going backwards and forwards from the Thames to Holland, and on whom he could depend.

"Another day, on which we went to see, in company, a machine manufactory, he began talking of getting over machinery, saying, 'let me alone, I would get them over, was I obliged to swallow them piece-meal, and throw them up on landing;' adding, at the same time, 'I hardly think candles, with spindles for wicks, would be very expensive.' . . . . .

"All these circumstances I know that Mr. S. neither can nor will deny, and I really think it would be insulting the understandings of gentlemen, who are to determine on this business, to endeavour to convince them that after such a variety of assertions, on the part of Mr. S., I could form any other opinion, than that his intention from the very first had been to set up a manufactory in *this* country, in the manner already stated. . . . .

(Signed)

"WM. ARMSTRONG.

"A Monsieur Lee,  
"Rouen."

#### MR. LONG'S STATEMENT.

"W. M'Cabe told me in Dublin, in the summer of 1801, that Mr. Smith had engaged with him for the purpose of establishing an extensive cotton manufactory in France, and had promised a partnership in it. That for the arrangement of such an establishment, he had just come from Manchester, and for the same purpose he was proceeding to Glasgow.

(Signed)

"PHILIP LONG.

"London, 3rd Aug., 1802."

FROM GEORGE SMITH TO WILLIAM LEE (WILLIAM  
P. M'CABE.)

"Rotterdam, Sep. 4th, (no year).

"MY DEAR LEE—I have not been able here to procure for you the necessary passports. It was only by the very strong recommendations, which preceded me, that

I was enabled to procure one for myself, and, even with all that, I have been obliged to borrow the cover of a *neutral name*. What you must do, is to apply to Mons. Simonville, at the Hague, tell him who you are; that you are following me to Paris, to assist me in the project which brings me to France.

“If any thing should prevent this arrangement succeeding, you must write to me, at Mons. Recamier, at Paris, and I have no doubt of doing every thing that you want. I have been singularly lucky in a fellow-traveller, who has been of infinite use to me, and who will be of still more at Paris, as he can probably carry me *immediately* to the head of the government. Louisa is vastly well, and very happy. Poor Pearce is miserably stupid.

“Let me hear from you immediately, as I long to hear you are safe on this side.

“We had the devil of a passage, a perfect hurricane all night, but by good luck we picked up a pilot in the morning, or we must have put to sea again. My love to Madam.

“Tout ira au mieux, ça ira, ça ira!

“Yours, very truly,

“G. SMITH.

“A Mons. William Lee,  
“Embden.”

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM G. SMITH TO MRS.  
LEE (M'CABE.)

“*Hotel d'Angleterre, Paris.*

“MY DEAR MRS. LEE—I do assure you, I have had no pleasure, since I arrived in Paris, at all equal to that which the receipt of your kind letter gave me, and that I should have written to you immediately, but that I thought it much more important to set about the business of your passports, and, by so doing, I missed the post.

“Either things here are very much changed since your lord and master was in this part of the world, or he was a very superficial observer, when he described the facility with which I should be able to do this, that,

and the other ; but when I get him safe to Paris I shall lecture him well ; in the mean time, you must preach prudence, and no politics, to him.

“ We must be simple manufacturers, and I am sure we shall do well.

“ If you should find, from a longer stay at Antwerp than you expected, that your purse is drained of its contents, you have only to let me know how much you want, and it shall be sent immediately.

“ Yours,

“ G. SMITH.

“ To Mons. Wm. Lee,  
“ Anvers.”

FROM G. SMITH TO LEE (M'CABE).

“ *Paris, Oct. 11, 1801.*

“ MY DEAR LEE—I am very sorry that any delicacy towards me, has prevented your making other applications for your passports, though, I can assure you, that neither of the quarters you mention would have availed you any thing. Blackburne is not in Paris—indeed, I believe, he has left France—and Mrs. Tone would, on no account, interfere in the matter. I have done every thing I could, and I suppose I shall succeed.

“ When I see you, we shall have many things to discuss ; in the mean time, you may rest assured, I will leave nothing undone to promote your object.

“ Yours, most truly,

“ GEORGE SMITH.

“ P.S.—Remember me most kindly to Mrs. L.”

DOCUMENT IN THE HAND-WRITING OF M'CABE.

“ We, the undersigned, do mutually agree to submit all matters, in difference between us, to the opinion and decision of two persons in England, one of whom to be appointed by each of us.

“ GEORGE SMITH,

“ WILLIAM PUTNAM M'CABE.

“ *Jan. 28th, 1802.*”

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MR. SMITH TO DR.  
ARMSTRONG.

“*Brighton, August 24th, 1802.*”

“DEAR SIR—Your letter of Tuesday was forwarded to me yesterday evening. I am glad that M‘Cabe has fixed on Mr. Bell, as it saves me from the necessity of naming any person on my behalf, and confines the story to fewer persons, which is certainly desirable.

“Yours, truly,

“G. SMITH.

“To Dr. Armstrong.”

LETTER FROM PHILIP CROWE, (*qr.* PHILLIP LONG,\*)  
TO W. P. M‘CABE.

“*Dublin, May 3rd, 1802.*”

“Your answer to my proposal you will immediately make to Mrs. L., or to me direct here.

“On this proposal, or the causes which have led me to it, I will not dwell much; you will readily conceive the most leading one to be my perfect confidence in you, in which I am satisfied I will not be disappointed; I shall, therefore, receive your answer, as dictated by candour and mature consideration, such as you will feel highly necessary for yourself and for me.

“The interest I would expect, in the proposed connection, would be a complete partnership, and a half concern in all manufacturing concerns without exception: to this, I think, the capital I would bring in, the credit I can very extensively command in your country, my own knowledge of trade, and the powerful recommendation, of which I would be sure, entitle me, particularly, as such an undertaking should command my means altogether, and limit them to it. In case of such agreement, between us, it will be my purpose, after some time, permanently to establish myself *in your neighbouring city*. On your friendship, and consideration, I will not impress the very serious step I have now in contemplation; here I am most comfortably and promisingly situated; it will be for your part, not to advise me to

\* The person who supplied Robert Emmet with the funds, which enabled him to carry on his preparations for the insurrection of 1803, was Mr Philip Long, an eminent merchant, residing in Crow-street, Dublin.

any thing which may threaten to render me otherwise. On your advice I will depend, and I will candidly declare, I am myself well inclined to the undertaking. You know I am not fond of any personal inconvenience or danger to you, and I think some might attend your visit to see me ; I would, therefore, prefer making one to you, and I will do so on receipt of an assenting answer. I feel we could make every thing agreeable, and, for myself, that I would be able to carry your abilities, and my own ideas to some extent : the idea of collecting round us the many unfortunates, is one of no small force with me. I would write you much, at large, on this subject ; but we know one another too well for expatiation. I shall only briefly say, that I can be useful.

“ My journey, if made, shall be through London, when I will be glad to see the ill conducted Mr. S. I think I would soon bring him to reason.

“ Your lady has informed you of my very painful but useless trouble, and most pressing exertions with all your friends here ; their conduct has been shameful enough so indeed, to give to a feeling, but superficial observer, a disgust for man—they shall not be without a full knowledge of my sentiments of them. . . .

“ Yours, ever and affectionately,

“ PHILIP CROWE.”

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM PHILIP CROWE TO W. P. M'CABE.

“ *May 5th, 1802.*

“ I will await your reply to my proposal, and its receipt shall determine my instant departure to see you, or my stay here. You are already apprised I can supply £4,000 to £5,000, if necessary. I can, further, command most ample credit. I repeat that I feel I can be useful in leading the undertaking to the most extended limits.

“ I have already said that my residence would be shortly in your neighbourhood. I need not add, my belief, that we would be happy one with the other.

“ On my confidence in your consideration, for my situation, and your care, not to recommend aught that may threaten a worse one, I depend

“ Yours, ever,

“ PHILIP CROWE.”

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF PHILIP CROWE TO DR.  
ARMSTRONG.

*“ Dublin, July 10, 1802.*

“ My delay has certainly been great, and on the score of personal inconvenience to you, may call for an apology, but I feel strongly that it has been by much too strongly arraigned; it did not continue without explanation, direct and indirect to you, and in any event it was at least open to a friendly construction.

“ In your note to me, you are pleased to say that you would not judge of the causes of it; but in your letter to Mr. Gilman, which I have read, you attributed it to pusillanimity, or a worse cause: the true and only one of it, I have now to mention, or rather to repeat to you, has been the imperious call of business, which, with any regard to myself and my duty, to my connections, I could not have neglected.....

*(Signed)*

“ P. CROWE.

“ To Dr. Armstrong.”

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM PHILIP LONG TO  
DR. ARMSTRONG.

*“ Dublin, June 1, 1802.*

“ I feel happy at the receipt of your favour of the 28th ult., and in the prospect it affords me of the pleasure of your acquaintance, assured, and prepared as I am, to experience much satisfaction in it. My esteem you have long had, and, were it wanting, my knowledge, and feeling of the friendly cause of your address to me would be sufficient title to it.....

“ For our friend, and his lady, I entertain the highest respect, I may even say regard and affection; but with all the feelings which consequently follows, I should feel it rather strange, that in an undertaking so serious to me, I should not be allowed full time for examination of its consequences and prospects.

“ The arrival of Mrs. Lee, in this country, was most truly unexpected by me, as was indeed equally so, an application from our friend to raise for him the sum of £1,500, this she may recollect my best endeavours were employed to effect, but completely in vain; on which disappointment, and much occasional conversation, I



did purpose the idea of a connection, if satisfied in all the prospects of it, and in the most leading one, that of the certainty of complete legal security in the country of its undertaking. I am yet without a reply; the circumstances of that country have also changed much for the worse in my opinion, since the period of my proposal, most strangely and disgustingly so, and I find that the demand of our friend, originally made for £1,500, on my proposal, immediately rose to £6,000, and although I was clearly told that the money would answer in September, it is called for at once, and most pressingly; under all these circumstances, I cannot but hesitate; and although I am yet from friendship and opinion, well inclined to the undertaking, I must take of it, the further consideration and explanation which my interview with you and Mrs. Lee will give, and as this is to be soon, I decline for the present accepting the bill drawn on me, as when in London I can hand money for it.....

“ Yours, &c.,

“ PHILIP LONG.

“ To Dr. Armstrong,  
“ 67, Chancery-lane.”

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM P. LONG TO DR.  
ARMSTRONG.

“ July, 13, 1802.

“ On consideration, I have thought it may be necessary for our friend, to have the amount of the bills drawn on me, and I therefore enclose it *to you*, accepted, under the trust, that you will not deliver it, unless you find absolute necessity for doing so, and unless you see the business between him and me likely to take place, on the terms of arrangement which my last alluded to, or, unless you can, on a certainty of repayment to me for this, and my former advance of £200, in the month of September next, being the period for which I told *Mrs. Lee*, I could advance (on separate account) a sum of £500.

“ I address myself to you, with that confidence, which your general good character, and my firm belief of it, inspires, for your government on the occasion. I have to repeat my inclination to the connection proposed, and my ability to advance for it, as may be wanting, in the course of two or three months, as far as £3000, and more

hereafter, as may be occasionally required, independent of credit and accommodation : in short, I can, in every respect, accommodate and support the business, as described to me, on the arrangement and security of engagement, to which I will naturally look. It is always my habit to be perfectly candid, and I will therefore, be so with you, in declaring, that, while I entertain the very highest opinion of our friend, and his lady, I cannot but feel displeasure, or rather, distrust, at the instance of impatience, which I am inclined to think selfish, which you have lately announced to me.

“ Your assured humble servant,

“ PHILIP LONG.

“ To Wm. Armstrong, Esq.,  
Chancery-lane, London.

“ P.S.—A remaining, but declining attack of rheumatism, makes another hand still convenient to me. With my own, I have to assure you, that I am disposed to every rational fulfilment of engagement between me and our friend ; and that on my arrival in London, I command money for such part, as may be necessary for the present, as far as £1500, or even more.”

The following account of M'Cabe, was given me, by his daughter, Mrs. Nesbitt, in Paris, in October, 1843 :—

“ William Putnam M'Cabe was born at Vicinage, near Belfast. His father's name was Thomas, who had a brother, of the name of James, established in business, in England. W. P. M'Cabe was brought up in the Protestant religion, and uniformly professed to be one : his daughter, Elizabeth, was also brought up in the same religion. He was educated at Belfast, and was very fond of reading works of general useful information, particularly mechanics. He was an excellent mechanic, was fond of drawing, and became a very tolerable draftsman, while in France.

“ His early habits were disorderly and wild, but he was extremely temperate throughout his life. He had one brother, named Thomas, who married, and left one daughter, Jane Maria (now Mrs. Coleman) living at Belfast. His father, ‘ the Irish Slave,’ as he was called, died about 1827, in the vicinity of Belfast.

“ W. Putnam married privately, in 1801, Elizabeth, the widow of Captain M'Neil, a lady remarkable for her beauty. She was the sister of Sir Alexander M'Donald Lockhart, of Lee, in Scotland. M'Cabe was married, in Glasgow, under the name of Lee. He first became acquainted with Mrs. M'Neil, at Edinburgh. He had, not long before, been on the point of marriage, with a French lady ; but Mr. O'Connor broke off the match. His wife died in Paris, in 1806, and was buried in the cemetery of Vangirard.

“ He established, about 1803, a cotton mill, at a place called Hulm, near Rouen. Several of his friends gave him pecuniary assistance : his father helped him, and Buonaparte gave him money for that purpose. He had a partner, named Mr. Philip Long, of Dublin, with whom he was very intimate. He afterwards sold this mill to a person named Waddington, who still has it.

“ W. Putnam M'Cabe had several interviews with Buonaparte, and received every encouragement from him.

“ It was in the year 1799 that he fled from Ireland. He proceeded the same year to Edinburgh, where he remained for about two years, and worked in a blacksmith's shop, in order to get a knowledge of his business, for the purpose of being able to direct the making of machinery : he likewise attended lectures on mechanics and chemistry at the same period. He afterwards went over to France, and set up the cotton factory. He was in England and Ireland in 1803. He came over again in 1806, remained there for some time, and went to Holland. In 1808 he was in Scotland ; and from 1803, he was constantly going backwards and forwards between France and England, chiefly on his own business.

“ In 1801, while residing in Scotland, he escaped from the police, after having been arrested in Princess-street, Edinburgh. He assured the police officer, that he was in error ; and told him to beware of mistaking a native of Edinburgh, for an Irish refugee. The officer persisted. M'Cabe put his hand to his breast coat pocket, and said, ‘ Very well, sir ; since you think I am Irish, I will show you an Irish tooth-pick,’ partly pulling out a small pocket pistol, which he never went abroad without. The officer made no further attempt to detain him.

“ He was in Edinburgh in 1809, and was intimately acquainted with Lord Semple.

“ About 1812, Mrs. Nesbitt was walking with him in Cornhill, London, when he was attacked by the police ; a skirmish ensued—he struck at the officers ; a scuffle took place, and he escaped.

“ In 1814, he was in Ireland, and was examined before the magistrates ; he was at that time in very bad health. After being confined some time, a letter was addressed by him to Mr. Peel, then Secretary ; it was written by his daughter, and dictated by him. In this letter, he stated his whole object, in coming to Ireland, was to recover his property, and to secure it for his only child. He said a great deal in it about his wrongs and sufferings. Shortly after, he was sent to London, examined by the Secretary of State, and was lodged in Tothillfield’s prison. After two or three months, he entered into an engagement with government, never to return to Great Britain. He was sent to Portugal, and returned, immediately after his arrival there, to London. His business, she supposed, was private then.

“ In 1814, when he came from Portugal, his daughter was staying with some friends in Newington ; he surprised them by his unexpected visit—he came there at night, dressed in livery, but did not remain long.

“ In 1817, he was in Ireland, and was again arrested there. He was arrested innumerable times, and generally contrived to effect his escape. In England, in 1816, when travelling with his daughter, he was arrested in a mail-coach, he managed to get released by false papers. He was frequently in Scotland, and with similar results. He used to have different suits of clothes and wigs. In 1819, he was arrested in Glasgow, and was imprisoned there for some time ; but never was imprisoned in England, except at the time he was sent over from Ireland. He contracted relations with a woman in England, after his return from Portugal, in 1814, and had several children by her.

“ In 1817, he was arrested at Belfast, at his father’s house. Alderman Darley told him the information came from a relative, and a female, (his step-mother,) who wished to secure all the old man’s property. He had then come from Manchester, where he had been on a visit for two or three months. Darley said they had information of his being in Manchester, but did not think it worth while arresting him ; he was so dreadfully

ill, he was near dying there. He was examined by Major Sirr, and gave up his papers to him on that occasion. Darley behaved with great humanity to him; M'Cabe was related to him on his mother's side. An order was issued to put him in Kilmainham jail, in the Sheriff's room, where he remained for more than eighteen months, chiefly confined to his room, and for a long time to his bed. He would have been released if he had memorialized the government, but he invariably refused to do so. His daughter remained with him in jail, during the whole period of his imprisonment. The statement made by a former friend of M'Cabe's, of his being a spy, and having his life saved by the interference of that friend, is not correct. His last visit to England was in 1819.

“He was very infirm the latter period of his life, and had lost the use of his limbs; his intellect, however, remained unimpaired to the last. He died firmly attached to his former early principles.

“He dictated a narrative of the principal events of his life, to a person of the name of Straghan, in 1814. This narrative was left in the hands of his son-in-law; it has been lost, there is no trace of it amongst any of his papers in his daughter's hands. He published a pamphlet, with the title of ‘Process between William Putnam M'Cabe and General O'Connor,’ about 1816.

“He died, the 6th of January, 1821, in Paris, leaving his son-in-law, Nesbitt, and John Russell, (the latter living in America) his executors. His daughter was not in Paris when he died; it was said that he died a Catholic, though previously strongly opposed to the doctrines of that religion. An Irishman, and friend of his, named Fogo, an ‘United Irishman,’ was with him when he died. Mr. Andrew Robert O'Neill Nesbitt, of Navan, married his daughter a fortnight after his death. His remains were interred in Vangirard Cemetery, with those of his wife.

“He left altogether about £7000 or £8000, which Nesbitt spent in a short time. The latter died in Paris in 1839, leaving his wife and children destitute.\*

\* The daughter of William Putman M'Cabe (Mrs. Nesbitt) is now residing in Paris, in a state of poverty, with several children. The author is privileged to make this statement, and put it in the power of the friends of her father, and of his countrymen, to assist his daughter in her distress. This unfortunate lady is to be heard of at Mr. M'Henry's rue de la Paix, Paris.

“Mrs. Nesbitt states, that her father, to her knowledge, left many papers concerning the events of 1798, which he considered of importance, in the hands of Mr. Boyd, of Belfast, and also in those of a Mr. M'Cube, an ironmonger, of Gervase-street, of the same town.

“The person who had the most thorough knowledge of her father, and of all his extraordinary escapes, both in England and Scotland, was Dr. Sanders, of Edinburgh, whom, she believes, is still living.

“Mr. Walsh, the American Literati, editor of the American National Gazette, happening to call on me in Paris, on the occasion of Mrs. Nesbitt giving me the information above mentioned, stated that he well remembered having met Mrs. Nesbitt's father, when he was concealed in Edinburgh, in the house of Dr. Sanders. He spoke of M'Cube as a man of good address, and pleasing manners, and extraordinary energy and vivacity.”

# MEMOIR

## OF THE

# REV. JAMES PORTER.

---

" You might pardon him, and neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy."

SHAKS. *Meas. for Meas.*—Act II. Sc. 2.

### CHAPTER I.

JAMES PORTER was born in the parish of Ballindruit, in the county Donegal, of which place his father and mother were natives. He had three brothers and four sisters. He received an excellent education, under his father's care, and completed his studies at Glasgow. His parents were Presbyterians; and shortly after his return to Ireland, being educated for the church, he was appointed minister of the congregation of Grey Abbey, in the vicinity of Belfast. Mr. Porter entered on the duties of his calling, in 1784 or 1785. He married, about 1780, Anne Knox, by whom he had eight children, two sons and six daughters.—Eliza, Anna, Matilda, Isabella, Sophia, and Eliza; Alexander and James. Seven of his children survived him.

So far as scientific and classical attainments, of the highest order, were calculated to fit him for professional success, few young men of his day, were better qualified to make a figure in any of the learned professions. That which he embraced, was, probably, the pursuit for which the nature of his talents and attainments was the least adapted. A minister in the Presbyterian Church, stationed in a remote district, deeply versed in classical literature, a proficient in the natural sciences, a man of polished manners, and high talents, all whose tastes were of a literary turn, was not very likely, either to confine

his pursuits to his spiritual duties, or to find in the neighbouring squires, congenial associates, or persons, if they at first courted his society, who might be expected to continue to tolerate his superiority. The young minister of Grey Abbey, soon found himself placed in these circumstances. Some of the gentry, in his immediate neighbourhood, were persons of great political influence in the county; members of the aristocracy, who were accustomed to that kind of homage which landed property then commanded in Ireland, and received, without reference to the worth of its possessors.

The feudal spirit had found, with one exception, its last European refuge in Ireland. Its unrecognised existence there, was worse than its legal one in Russia; for the lords of the soil contrived to exercise that influence over the liberties of the people, by the perversion of law, which formerly they maintained, by the due course of its administration. They did not "*sicut alii Barones Hiberniæ*" of the good old times, hold "*sac and soc,*" "*toll and theam,*" and "*inganthef,*" with "*judgment of water, iron, and the duel;*" but the "*consuetudo provinciæ,*" accorded their privileges, of far greater importance than "*the sac and soc,*" the privilege of making the laws in the name, but without the sanction, of the people, and of administering those laws as justices of the peace, sheriffs, and grand jurors, in a manner which circumvented justice, and thus administered, afforded innocence no more protection, than the old judgment by water or iron.

In such a state of things, the great landed proprietor, who was not only the lord of the soil, but virtually, the lord of the law also, was, in reality, the supreme arbiter of life and death in his locality, on every pretext of popular commotions, when their tenants had grievances to complain of, and at every period, when a pretext was made, for invading the rights of the people in their districts, and consolidating their own privileges. When such power existed, it followed, that it could not degrade without debasing; consequently, fawning sycophancy and subserviency, were the qualities which recommended dependants, and persons of inferior station, to the favourable notice, and protecting influence, of the seigneur, who was then called the squire. Fealty was no longer acknowledged, by presenting goshawks to the lord of



the manor ; but allegiance to his electioneering or territorial interests, was manifested, by carrying to him information of every circumstance calculated to affect such interests, and those of the public, which were subservient to the former, but held to be identified with them. A regular system of rural espionage was the consequence, and each district was divided between sycophants, spies, and family-interest supporters of the rural bashaw, and those who were inimical to the sycophants, or accounted inimical to their patrons.

It is difficult to conceive the extent, or the mischief, of this system, especially in the county Down, at the period in question. It tended more, than many of the political evils, which were the subjects of general complaint, to promote the views of the United Irishmen. Men who had been opponents of certain candidates at former elections,—who were on terms of friendship with the other party,—who differed from them in political principles,—who had come in conflict with them respecting grand jury presentments,—who held land which their partizans required,—who had feuds with some member of their families,—or who had been suspected of canvassing their public acts or views, were set down as turbulent or disaffected persons. There certainly is no method more likely to render people disaffected, than by making charges of disaffection familiar to men's minds, which it is difficult to disprove, and which are felt to be injurious, however undeserved they may be.

Such was the state of society, in the county Down, in the vicinity of Mount Stuart, the seat of the old Earl of Londonderry, in the immediate neighbourhood of which, the minister of Grey Abbey resided ; and such was that system of espionage, which Porter lost his life, for daring to satirize.

His acquirements were very extensive. He was well acquainted with experimental philosophy, (as it was understood at the time), and having a popular manner, and good address, he devoted a portion of his time to delivering courses of lectures on natural history, illustrated by experiments in chemistry, optics, mechanics, astronomy, &c., in different towns in the north of Ireland. The opponents of his politics affirmed, that his lecturing tours were, at least, made to answer the purpose of spreading his political opinions, and extending the

United Irishmen's society ; if they were not undertaken, solely, with a view to that object.

He entered into political pursuits about 1795. The principles of the United Irishmen, so far as Reform and Catholic Emancipation, had always been espoused by him. As they advanced in their views, and the violent measures of government outstripped their progress, his opinions likewise changed, and he expressed them freely. He was, perhaps, the best public speaker connected with the United Irishmen, in his district ; and, as a political writer, he surpassed most of them.

The letters, written by him, signed, "SYDNEY," addressed to the Marquis of Downshire, which appeared in the *Northern Star*, in February, 1794, remind the reader of those, bearing the signature of "MARCUS," in the *Press*. In some of these letters, the style is inflated—the sentiments exaggerated ; but, though inferior in point of style and doctrine, to those of "MARCUS," which were unequalled in their day, they are far from mediocrity, in point of literary merit : and if that violence of language, which was the foolish fashion of the day, had been a little moderated, the thoughts which are clothed in it, would have suffered no injury.

Extracts from Porter's third Letter, in the *Northern Star*, addressed to the Marquis of Downshire, Signed SYDNEY.

" February, 24th, 1797.

" That the nation is on the brink of ruin, from which nothing short of a miracle can save it, is a melancholy fact acknowledged in every corner of his majesty's dominions. Were I to point out a public traitor, whose guilt is of a deeper kind than generally falls within the power of mere man to perpetrate—who has exported the precious metals out of these kingdoms—annihilated public credit and commerce—alienated the affections of the people from their sovereign—wickedly confederated with foreign powers to destroy our liberties, to overturn our constitution, and to tear the royal diadem from the head of the house of Hanover : public justice might screen him from popular vengeance, but his life would be a poor compensation for the enormity of his guilt. I shall attempt no picture of the last fourteen years of

his life, history will neither be unwilling nor unfaithful. However extravagant these charges may at first sight appear, it does not admit of a doubt, were he tried at the bar of Europe, but that man would be found guilty, whose name your Lordship anticipates, *the Right Honourable William Pitt*.

“Gracious Heaven! my Lord, what a state of stupefaction have the men of great landed property fallen into; duped, confounded, and alarmed, they are blind to the root of the evil; their cause is artfully blended with the cause of a few desperate, proud, hypocritical placemen, who would drive not only the nation, but the universe, to ruin, rather than part with their power, or acknowledge their crimes.

“One desperate step succeeds another, and that with so much rapidity, that ere long one step more brings certain death, and that, at a point, where to recede a single yard would produce ruin. What confidence should be placed in a crew, who, while the ship was buffeted with the storm, remained in the hold playing a game of hazard? Never was there a period in which your Lordship’s loyalty, wisdom, and patriotism, were more necessary than the present. There are back stairs in St. James’s Palace. His majesty will see his real interest when real danger threatens; and, at this time every moment is the *tempora fandi*.

“Approach your sovereign, not with the servile flattery of a man who comes to ask a favour, but with the open and dignified carriage of a man who comes to confer one. No service could be done the state,—no favour conferred upon his majesty and family,—no security added to the crown, and no strength given to the constitution equal to what would result from telling the King TRUTH. That such an arduous task would derive importance from its novelty could not be surprising; but that the safety of all I have mentioned would inevitably follow, will admit of little doubt, by those who are sensible of the wisdom and virtues of their sovereign.

\* \* \* \* \*

“You will talk of *Ireland*,—of *Ireland*, my Lord, not of the blood-thirsty, supercilious, unprincipled ascendancy, who watch over the public that they may destroy every thing great and good in the mind of man; who herd together for the purpose of forging heavier chains

for their country ; who distrust the people ; belie their spirit ; scoff at their complaints, and imprudently call themselves *Ireland*. Your duty and inclination, will concur in leaving off this deceitful veil ; your sovereign will know the truth from your own lips ; he will hear that a few proud aristocrats hold the representation of the country in their own hands ; that three fourths of the people are excluded from participating in the benefits of the constitution ; that 800,000 Northerners are insulted and reviled because they talk of Emancipation, Union, and Reform ; and, that forced oaths, overflowing bastiles, and foreign troops, are the only means taken for extorting loyalty from his Irish subjects.

“ Then, my Lord, you will discant on the invasion which is *past*, and the invasion which is (dreadful thought ! ) *to come*. The weakness, the disunion, the cold and immoveable spirit of the mass of the people on the late awful emergency, will be shewn as perfectly commensurate to the duplicity, the arrogances, and the hard-hearted tyranny, under which the people groan. Respecting the armament now preparing, should it be destined for the invasion of this country—your love for your king, and the native sincerity of your heart, will prevent you from insinuating that such an event is impossible, from flattering him with the hopes of any resistance, but a partial one, being made—you will state to him that *the people* are unarmed ; that they are mistrusted, and that they are disaffected to their present task masters ; that while no ear is bent to their complaints—no confidence placed in their courage and patriotism—no attempt at reform, and no prospect of peace, a French invasion will appear to their distracted and despairing minds, as the messengers of heaven to break their chains, and to set their minds and their bodies free. These melancholy truths are now so notorious, that I presume your Lordship will consider any suggestion of them as unnecessary, as the concealment of them from his majesty would be dastardly and dangerous. Hidden evils, while they surprize, they may overcome ; when they are seen at a distance, though they cannot be prevented, they may be *shunned*. Should description fail, much aid may be drawn from a simple fable :—to save you the trouble of turning over *Æsop*, state, ‘ that it was the *turbulent rapacity of the Dung-hill*

*Cock*, which drove the chickens to seek protection from the eagle who was hovering round.’

\* \* \* \* \*

“That the man who contrived this delusion to cover his diabolical machinations, deserves to lose his head—that the plan was dictated to him by the Directory; and that it eventually places the crown and constitution at the feet of the Republicans of France, are the awful truths which his majesty must hear; the truths which he must believe,—and the evils he must avert. Here is a traitor worthy of your talents and your zeal, you will find millions ready to support you in rescuing the king from his faithless servant. I aver it, my Lord, unless this be immediately done, so entwined will he be round the pillars which support the throne, that his fall will overturn the British Constitution. We recollect the temple which the blind man of old levelled to the ground, when the lords and the idols perished in the ruins.

“SYDNEY.”

Porter was intimately acquainted with the movements of the leaders of the Society of United Irishmen, and was often consulted by them; he thought his clerical character made it improper for him to take the test, and, for this reason, he declined being admitted a sworn member of the society. Unfortunately, he was well known to aid their cause too freely with his pen; but, except the testimony of an infamous informer, there was no evidence of his ever having taken any more active part, or of having been present at any engagement with the king's troops. The vile system of espionage, which was carried on in his neighbourhood, he exposed with great ability, and ridiculed with happy humour, in a series of letters, called “Billy Bluff, and the Squire,” published in the *Northern Star*. These letters were received with extraordinary avidity; they were frequently reprinted, even so recently as 1840.

The characters he introduced, under the titles of Lord Mountmumble, Squire Firebrand, and Billy Bluff, were Lord Londonderry, the Rev. John Cleland, and a farmer in the neighbourhood of Newtownards, who acted the part of the Jackall to the Lions of his neighbourhood.

These letters gave great offence to Lord Londonderry,

Poor Porter paid dearly for his squib. Pasquin himself would have paused, had he been in Ireland in 1798, before he offended interests like those of Mr. Cleland, or his patron—he might have heard “the parson was no jester,” and have known the *mos regionis* to be of equal force with any statute of the land; and though there might be no law which declared a political pasquinade a capital offence, that the marked man never “lived exempt from all attainder of suspect,” and that suspicion seldom failed to realise its own surmises.

These imprudent publications, it must be admitted, were open to much censure; a great deal of the language was of a character very ill suited to the pursuits of the author. The application of scriptural expressions to a subject of this kind, and the use of names, which one is accustomed to hear pronounced with reverence, in connection with such topics, are much to be regretted.

The following extracts (which are pretty free from the defects referred to) from the letters published in the *Northern Star*, July, August, and September, 1796, styled “Billy Bluff and Squire Firebrand,” will give some idea of those productions:—

“Billy Bluff, my neighbour, was up yesterday at the squire’s, with his duty hens. ‘Well, Billy, what news?’ says the squire. ‘Troth, sir, plenty of news, but none very good,’ says Billy. ‘What is your neighbour R—— (meaning me) about now?’ ‘Why, please your honour, he’s at the old cur—railing against the war, against the tythes, and against game-laws; and he’s still reading at the newspapers. He is a —— villain, and must be laid fast, by ——; but what more do you know of him, Billy?’ ‘Why bad enough, and please your honour, him and the Popish priest drank together last market-day, till all was blue again with them; they shaked hands, so they did, drank toasts, and sung songs.’ ‘Pretty work, by H——ns! did you overhear them?’ ‘Ah, that I did so, and listened like a pig.’ ‘What were the toasts?’ ‘First, the priest drank—‘*Prosperity to old Ireland*,’ and—‘Stop, Billy! the toast is infamous; the word *old* never was, and never ought, to be applied to any country but England; and he who would apply it to Ireland is a rebel, and ought to be hanged.’ ‘He ought, an’ please your honour, as round as a hoop.’ ‘Well, what toast did the villain R—— drink?’ He

drank, ' *Union and peace to the people of Ireland.*' ' Worse and worse, Billy ; a — deal worse : he who wishes union, wishes ruin to the country ; I say ruin to the government, and that is ruin to the country. Union, forsooth ! that is what never was, and what never must prevail in this country ; and as to peace, 'tis flying in the face of government to speak of it.' "

“ *July 18, 1796.*

“ BILLY BLUFF has been at the 'Squire's again, Mr. Editor, of which I wish to give you notice, as formerly.

“ “ Well, Billy, where's the list of what I gave you to spy out for me ? ’ ‘ Here it is, an' please your honour.— Let me see ; aye, well :

“ “ 1st.—To find out all in the parish who have not registered their arms.

“ “ 2nd.—To find out how many United Irishmen there are in Ireland.

“ “ 3rd.—To find out what those people say, who will not register their freeholds.

“ “ 4th.—To find out the United Irishmen's word and sign.

“ “ 5th.—To find out what songs the people sing.

“ “ 6th.—To watch if R—— and the priest drink together at any time.

“ “ 7th.—To put notices on the chapel, church, and meeting-house.' ”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ OATHS ! OATHS ! OATHS !

“ Oaths of all forms, prices and denominations ;— great oaths and small oaths, simple oaths and compound oaths, noble oaths and common oaths, purgation oaths and electioneering oaths, bribing oaths and corruption oaths, loyal oaths and disloyal oaths, new oaths and old oaths, oaths for quieting disordered minds, allaying evil spirits, soothing bad consciences, procuring sleep and banishing remorse, oaths for defending the country, for dividing it, for preventing a reform in parliament, for conquering the French, and for stifling public opinion ; eating oaths and drinking oaths, singing and laughing

oaths ; oaths to prevent oaths, and oaths to promote oaths, religious and irreligious oaths, voluntary and involuntary oaths ; forced, wheedling, and humbug oaths, all to be had at the above office, from one penny to three shillings each, according to their nature, extent, and efficacy.—*God save the King.*”

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

“ I do solemnly swear, that the House of Commons, being a branch of the constitution, is a house of wisdom, a house of purity, a house of virtue, and the real, true, faithful representatives of the people.

“ And furthermore, I do solemnly swear, that the boroughs, being a part of our constitution, are the great source of our liberties, insomuch as they are never bought or sold ; that the men who represent them are freely chosen, and never receive the wages of corruption.

“ And furthermore, I do solemnly swear, that the House of Lords, being a branch of the constitution, is endowed with all knowledge, and goodness, and patriotism, to the end of the world and for ever.”

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

“ ‘ *Fire.* Every man must be questioned on his oath. Here are the questions prepared and ready.’

“ ‘ Question 1st.—What is your name ?’

“ ‘ Do you know any secret which every body else knows ?’

“ ‘ 3d.—Did you ever meet a large body of men where nobody saw you ?’

“ ‘ Did you ever take an oath not to tell any body that you did take it ?’

“ ‘ 5th.—How many United Irishmen are yet to join the Union as they call it ?’

“ ‘ 7th.—How long will it be till the whole nation becomes United ?’

“ ‘ 8th.—Is not the silence that prevails in the country a proof of uproar and rebellion ?’

“ ‘ Ought not every man that complains of the king’s ministers, and who asks a reform, be hanged ?’

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

#### “ THE GENIUS OF IRELAND.

“ ‘ They told me the town I saw to the left was Athlone, and that the spot on which the hill stood was the



centre of Ireland. In her right hand she held a branch of olive, which she waved round and round, at which all the people seemed filled with joy, and began to smile. After hovering a little, she rested on the hill, and sat down on the verdant top, that was covered with nothing but shamrocks. The crowds pressed forward, with their eyes fixed on the genius; as they approached the base of the hill, the throng became greater; they took each other by the hand, and began to ascend. The Genius beckoned with the olive branch, as if inviting them to come forward. They ascended but a little way, when they linked in each other's arms, and the circle narrowing as they proceeded, they pressed closer together, and grasped each other round the waist. There seemed to be mixed all ranks, ages, and professions. The old and infirm were assisted by the young and vigorous. The weak leaned upon the strong, and the rich smiled upon the poor. While this was going forward, I espied, here and there, several, stop at the verge of the plain, others in the middle; some halted at the foot of the hill, and several were thrown down who had been a good way up. A vast number of coaches, chariots, phaetons, &c., were driving in promiscuous profusion over the plain; some had lost their drivers, and others their owners, who had flown to join the multitudes that were ascending the hill. But the greater part still retained their ponderous load of the dignitaries of the church, the sages of the law, and the lords of the land; they were flying to the dark clouds that still hung over the east, which had now turned to the colour of clotted blood. Then I immediately saw, issuing from the opening of the sky, from whence the angel came, a beautiful transparent azure cloud, bordered all round with alternate shades of crimson, white and yellow, which spreading round, involved the whole hill, and hid from my sight the vast multitudes which covered it, and left nothing to be seen, but the face, neck, and breast of the beautiful angel. At that instant the Genius spoke, with a voice exquisitely fine, that ravished my ears:—THESE, said she, ARE ALL MY CHILDREN. This is the HILL of UNION.'"

On the occasion of the dispersion of the French fleet, off Bantry Bay, in 1796, a use was made of the pulpit, to which, unfortunately in those times, it was too frequently converted. Politics were not only blended with polemics

but the former alone made the subject of a discourse, pronounced in the pulpit of his church at Grey Abbey.

On the "Thanksgiving day," on occasion of the dispersion of the French fleet, at Bantry Bay, Porter preached a sermon, which he afterwards published under the title of "The Winds and the Waves." In this discourse he expatiates at large upon the dreadful dangers that would have inevitably befallen the constitution in Church and State, had the French fleet but reached its destination. He then shews that we owe our preservation, from that catastrophe, entirely to Divine Providence; human foresight, and human power, had no share in our deliverance: the French fleet met with no obstruction from our navy; and had the armament but landed, no force could have withstood its progress. After all, he intimates that we ought to rejoice with trembling: for the French were still a great nation: their fleet was still in existence, and still capable of action: it had been dispersed, not defeated: not a vessel had been lost: and it might some day revisit our shores, when no storm might be at hand to disperse it for us once more. The whole is in a strain of grave sarcasm, and ironical loyalty, better suited for the pages of Billy Bluff, than for the place where it was uttered. When men, like Porter, were so far forgetful of their sacred office and functions, as to make them subservient to political purposes,—no stronger proof can be adduced, that no common mischief can have so confounded the sense of right and wrong, and that their source must be sought in the gravest of all evils—bad government.

Porter was arrested, and tried by court-martial, at Newtownards, on the charge of intercepting a despatch which had been forwarded from Belfast to Saintfield, during the time that the insurgents were in possession of that town between the 9th and 11th of June, 1798. No attempt was made to connect him in any other manner with the insurgents. The messenger from whom the despatch was taken, was unable to identify him as one of the party, by whom he had been assailed. The alleged fact of the presence of Porter, when the act was committed, was sworn to, by another witness.

The proceedings of most of the courts-martial, in those days, were not publishable proceedings. No report of Porter's trial was given. But the impression, that the

proceedings in his case, made on the minds of some of those who were present, is not yet removed. They describe the defence of Porter, as very able and impressive. He declared the evidence given by the second witness, to be false ; that the accusation brought against him, was utterly unfounded ; that the fact of his being known to profess liberal opinions had brought on him the malice of their opponents ; that those principles had never been concealed, nor needed concealment—they were such as he then avowed and justified.

It palls the sense, to come to the same undeviating issue in every account of the court-martials of those times—the never-failing sentence of death, and the order for immediate execution.

In the brief interval between those events, Porter's wife proceeded to Mount Stewart, to implore the merciful interference of Lord Londonderry, the neighbour, and formerly intimate acquaintance, of her husband. She had been informed, by the authorities, at Newtownards, that Lord Londonderry alone, had the power of suspending his execution. Mrs. Porter succeeded in obtaining an interview with the ladies at Mount Stewart, where he had been, at one period, a frequent and welcome guest. Some of the daughters of his lordship, had frequently attended his lectures on elementary science, and delighted, as well they might do, in the society of such a man. They were deeply affected at the intelligence of his fate ; and one of the young ladies, then in wretched health, and a few months later in the grave,\* undertook the task of soliciting her father to interfere, for the preservation of Mr. Porter's life. The poor young lady returned to Mrs. Porter, bathed in tears ; her father had refused to listen to her entreaties, and no further hope remained.

His wife was permitted to see him, on her return from her unsuccessful mission. After they had remained together for some time, the order came for his execution. He was informed that part of his sentence, which directed the mutilation of his remains, would be remitted, and the latter would be given up to his family. Porter said to his wife, " Then, my dear, I shall lie at home to-night."

\* Lady Elizabeth Mary Stewart died in her nineteenth year, Dec. 18, 1798.

That wretched wife attended him to the place of execution, and was removed from it in a state of distraction.

The place chosen for his execution was selected, in a spirit of fiendish cruelty, unnecessarily wanton, and outrageous to the feelings of the family, and the congregation of the unfortunate Christian minister. They erected a temporary scaffold on the green, midway between his dwelling-house and his place of worship, close to the pathway which led from one to the other, and in the full view of both.

With the exception of those, whose hearts were insensible to the ordinary emotions of humanity, whose faculties were limited to bounds of intelligence, as narrow as those which circumscribed their feelings, amongst all classes, the fate of the minister of Grey Abbey excited universal sympathy. He is buried in Grey Abbey church-yard, where a plain marble slab, with his name, and the date of his death, marks the place where his remains are deposited.

Porter inherited no fortune from his family. His income, by his profession, sufficed for the maintenance of his family; but, at his death, they were left in straitened circumstances. The only passion he indulged in, that crippled his resources, was, the purchase of books and apparatus, for experiments in natural philosophy. His library was very extensive, and his scientific instruments, and objects connected with the illustration of natural philosophy, were far superior to any of the kind, which, at that day, were known in his part of Ireland. He was on intimate terms with all the nobility and gentry of his neighbourhood, till politics sundered the bands of society; and he maintained his position amongst all, as a gentleman and a scholar, without any approach to servility; but, on the contrary, with the bearing of a man, who was conscious of what was due to himself, and to his pursuits. It is evident, from the way in which his old friends speak of him, that his qualities were calculated to gain the friendship of men, who had some knowledge of their fellows, and ample opportunity of discriminating between the pretenders to worth, and the possessors of it. In his habits, he was strictly temperate. In his political principles, a zealous advocate of civil and religious liberty.

Mrs. Porter died in Belfast, in 1822. His sons, James and Alexander, went, at an early age, to America, and

were called to the bar. Alexander became one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and afterwards represented the State, in the Senate of the United States. In the month of January, 1843, he was again elected, by a large majority. James was long Attorney-General of the same State.

Of the daughters of the Rev. James Porter, one is the wife to Mr. W. D. Henderson, of Belfast. Another married a Presbyterian minister, Mr. Gower, of Ballywalter. Another went to America, and resided many years with her brother, the judge, and died in Louisiana.

If Porter, in his devotion to liberty, loved not wisely, but too well, no enemy of his can say, he was inconsistent in his profession of attachment to it. It was not the acquisition of political privileges for one party, pre-eminence in power or influence for the members of one church, civil rights for one class of men, or those of a religious nature for one portion of the community ; but for the children of one common father, of every clime, creed, and colour, believing that they were born free and equal ; and having that belief, not only written in the declaration of his independent principles, which bears the appropriate name of "Sydney," not only ready, at certain times and seasons, for utterance on his lips, but in indelible characters, written upon his heart ; he sealed, with his blood, the sincerity of the opinions which he professed to hold.

The Honourable Alexander Porter, son of the Rev. James Porter, died at his plantation, Oak Lawn, in the State of Louisiana, on the 13th of January, 1844, at the age of fifty-eight. Judge Porter was one of those who framed the Constitution of Louisiana ; he was a representative of that State in the Senate, a judge on its supreme bench ; he refused being placed in nomination for the office of Governor, more than once. He was the only Irishman in the Senate of the United States. On the announcement of his death, the Senate and House of Representatives adjourned, after passing resolutions of condolence, and issuing orders for mourning for the space of thirty days. The national flag, in the Place d'Armes, was suspended half-mast high. When Porter left Ireland, accompanied by his uncle, after his father's execution, he was about ten years old. He was educated in Tennessee, and brought up to the profession of the law,

and practiced for many years at St. Martinsville, in Louisiana. He was raised to the supreme bench at the age of thirty-two; and, it is said "fourteen years of intense application enabled him and his coadjutors, Matthews and Martin, to build up the beautiful fabric of civil law, which has commanded the praises of Kent and Story, and elevated Louisiana to the highest pitch of American jurisprudence." I wish most sincerely, that the code in question was entitled to the praise of a man of the name of Thomas Clarkson, as well as to the encomiums of Kent and Story.

MEMOIR  
OF  
HENRY MUNRO.

---

“ Forget not the field where they perished,  
The truest, the last of the brave :  
All gone, and the bright hopes they cherished,  
Gone with them, and quenched in their grave.”  
MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

HENRY MUNRO was born in Lisburn, in the county Antrim. The mansion, in the vicinity of Lisburn, now belonging to Major Waddle, was the residence of an uncle of his, who had been in the army. His father, a descendant of Sir Hector Munro, was of Scotch extraction, and had entered into business in Lisburn, early in life ; he died in that town, at the age of sixty, in the year 1793, whilst his children were young, leaving his widow with three children, a son and two daughters.

His mother (the daughter of a respectable country gentleman, of the name of Gorman, in the county Down) survived him many years ; she died in Lisburn, about 1832, at the age of seventy-two, and was buried there. Henry Munro received his education in Lisburn, and served his time there to a manufacturer engaged in the linen business, which he entered upon about the year 1788.

At the death of their father, who was a Presbyterian, the children were educated by their mother in strict Protestant principles, as professed by the Church of England. Henry married, in 1795, Miss Margaret Johnston, fourth daughter of Robert Johnston, of Seymour-hill, in the county Antrim. He had two children, who died in infancy. He was of a fair complexion, with in-

telligent features, and large blue eyes. He was in person about the middle size, and remarkable for his personal strength and activity. In his private character he was amiable and generous, and temperate in his habits; his friends were strongly attached to him. He possessed great intelligence; received a good mercantile education, but was not a man of literary taste; his recreations were hunting and shooting. He was in the habit of going to England to make sales of linen, and purchases of silks, cotton, and broad-cloth, being extensively engaged in business. He lived within his means, and maintained a respectable position. He was scrupulously honourable in his dealings; truthful, and faithful to his promises. Those who were well acquainted with him, speak of him "as a man, whose sense of honour would not have allowed him, for any earthly good, to take an undue advantage of another's weakness."

From his boyhood he seemed to have had a predilection for the military profession; he had been a member of the Lisburn Volunteer corps, and was supposed to have had a good understanding of military tactics. He was Grand Master of the Freemasons' Lodge in Lisburn; and from his connexion with that body, being known as a ready speaker, he was often called on to preside at public entertainments. The political object which seemed to him of the most importance, and in which he took the greatest interest, was the Emancipation of his Roman Catholic countrymen, and with the view of assisting in the struggle for its attainment he joined the Society of United Irishmen about the year 1795.

Such were the qualities and principles of another of those men whom the ascendancy faction, then in rebellion against humanity and justice, drove into resistance in the memorable year of 1798.\*

In the early part of June, of that year, when the few Northern leaders, who had not then abandoned their cause, had determined on a final effort, arrangements were made for filling up the vacancies in the posts of Adjutant-Generals of Down and Antrim. That of the former was ultimately conferred on Munro. The appointment was made without any intimation to him, in the

\* The preceding account of Munro's early career is given on the authority of one closely connected to him, by marriage, the widow of a distinguished man of science.



first instance, of the decision of the leaders. Two persons had been named by them for the post, and the first of these persons who were met with by their agent, was to have the appointment conferred upon him.

When Munro quitted his home, his friends affirm he had no intention to take part in any insurrectionary movement. The horror of seeing a man, with whom he was well acquainted, scourged at the door of his own house, for the purpose of extorting a confession, was the cause of his flight, having good reason to fear, that a person of his independant principles would be sure to be suspected of disaffection, even if the fact of his connection with the Society of United Irishmen had been unknown. To be suspected of hostility to Orangeism, was then sufficient to deprive the king's Irish subjects, throughout the country, of the protection of the laws; perjury or torture was sufficient, for all judicial purposes, to obtain convictions; it mattered little whether the evidence was procured by the foulest means, or wrung by the severest tortures.

He left his home to escape the enormities he had seen committed by an infuriated rabble of Orange yeomanry; and not only on his trial, but in his communications with his friends, previously to it, he asserted that his meeting with the insurgents, on their way to Ballinahinch, was wholly accidental. If "rebellion lay in his way, and he found it," the Terrorists, whose savage cruelty drove him from his home, and caused any desperate enterprize to come opportunely to him, these were the real rebels, who cloaked their factious designs under the garb of loyalty, and faced the garment of their rebellion, against humanity and justice, with regal colours. Thousands of persons were members of the Society of United Irishmen, whose views did not originally extend beyond parliamentary independance and reformation, and the extension of religious liberty to all classes, but who were driven by the cruelties they saw inflicted on the people, not only with impunity, but with the sanction of the provincial authorities, and the commendation of parliament, into the ranks of the United Irishmen, and, finally, into open resistance to the state.

The people of England are to be conjured, by the historian of those frightful times, before they pronounce judgments on the victims of the laws, or rather of those

who administered them; to consider what those laws were, how they were carried into execution, and for what especial object their terror was rendered still more terrific by the mode of their administration. The people of Italy had their Beccaria to appeal to the reason, as well as to the feelings of their masters; but the oppressed people of every country are the clients of Beccaria. The histories of Ireland, its Draconian history, the statute book, will serve for the volume we are told to open in the following passage:—

“Apriamo le Istorie e vedremo che le leggi che pur sono, o devrebbon esser parti di uomini liberi, non sono staté per lo piu, che lo strumento delle passioni di alcuni pochi o nate da una fortuita e passageira necessita: non gia dettaté da un freddo esaminatore delle natura umana, che un sol punto concentrasse le azioni di un moltitudine di uomini, e le considerasse inquesto punto di vista—LA MASSIMA felicità DIVISA NEL MAGGIOR NUMERO.”\*

Munro was solicited by the people to put himself at their head, before the messenger had met him, who had been despatched to apprise him of the appointment offered to him by the Belfast leaders, and had already consented to join them in any capacity in which he could be useful to them, when that messenger arrived; and on communicating the object of his mission, Munro was declared Adjutant General of the men of Down, with the acclamation of the multitude. Munro immediately proceeded with his force, in the direction of Saintfield, with the intention of leaving a small force in that town, and then proceeding to Ballinahinch, and making the latter his head quarters, in conformity with the views of M'Cracken, whose great object it was to gain possession, simultaneously, of the most important towns of Down and Antrim, and by this means to open and maintain a communication with the insurgent forces in Wexford, Carlow, and Kildare.

A body of the Down insurgents had taken the field, the 9th of June, near Saintfield; Colonel Stapleton had marched against them from Newtownards with a corps of yeomanry, another of cavalry, the York fencible regiment, and two pieces of cannon. The people lay in

\* Dec Deletti e de' e pene, Intro. la i ne.

ambush, on his line of march, behind a thick set hedge on either side of the road. The attack on Stapleton's force was prematurely made. A clergyman, in the ranks of the yeomen, the Rev. Mr. Mortimer, Vicar of Portaferry, his nephew, and seven or eight yeomen fell by the first fire. The half of Stapleton's force was not then between the hedges; the action became general, Captain Chetwynd, Lieutenant Unit, and Ensign Sparks, were killed in attempting to dislodge a party behind one of the hedges; another party who ventured on the road was beaten, and Stapleton, who acted throughout the engagement with the most signal bravery, retreated to Comber.

The skirmish led to no important result. Stapleton marched on the 10th, from Comber, to attack the Ards insurgents, but changing his route, after he had proceeded a short distance, retreated to Belfast. The people of the Southern barony of Ards rose at the same time, and made an attack on Portaferry. They were vigorously opposed by Captain Matthews with a small yeomanry force under his command. In the engagement which ensued, a considerable number of pikemen fell; the rest of the body retreated. Matthews apprehending a second attack abandoned the town, and with his inadequate force returned to Strangford. On the 10th, Newtownards was attacked by a large number of pikemen; the assailants were repulsed; they returned, however, a second time, the same day, with a larger force, and found the town deserted by the troops. From Newtownards they proceeded to Saintfield, which was then the principal rendezvous of the insurgents, and on the 11th their force amounted to 7,000 men. Musgrave states, that while they were at Saintfield, "they sent a party to the house of one M'Kee, a farmer, in the neighbourhood, and having set fire to it, he and his whole family perished in the flames."\*

The atrocious act of setting fire to the house, and of preventing M'Kee's escape, was not sufficient for Musgrave, it was necessary to include the unfortunate man's family in the destruction. His wife and children, however, are stated to have been living in Sligo, twenty years subsequently to the commission of the crime in question.

\* Musgrave's Rebellion, 4th. Ed. p. 545.

Musgrave states, erroneously, the commission of this atrocity was between the 9th and 11th of June, 1798.

In the *Belfast News-letter*, of April 17th, 1797, I find an account of "seventeen persons tried for burning the house of H. M'Kee, at Saintfield, and shooting at him, all of whom were acquitted."

One man, however, was subsequently convicted and executed for the crime, of the name of James Brees. M'Kee had the reputation of being a spy and informer in the employment of the Rev. John Cleland, the spiritual pastor and agent of Lord Londonderry, the tutor of his hopeful son, the panel arranger of the County Down, and the magisterial information hunter of the district. James, or as he is better known by the name of Jemmy Brees, was a small farmer in the barony of Killinchy, a sporting, rollicking sort of character, famous for wrestling, dancing, fighting, and other similar accomplishments, including the popular ones of taking his glass at wakes, and cracking his jokes at fairs. He was, moreover, a man of great personal strength, and was looked upon, on the whole, as an ugly customer to vex, a useful ally in a quarrel, and on indifferent occasions a good tempered fellow, for whom "the young Lord, at Mount Stuart, had a mighty great regard."

Brees was an humble electioneering agent of Lord Castlereagh's, (then the Honourable Robert Stewart.) He was one of his chair bearers in the Down election, in 1790, and the principal fighting man, whose services were counted on, while the opponents of "Honor and Honesty," (the appropriate motto of Lord Castlereagh,) became troublesome, or his Lordship's own party pressed too rudely on the champion of liberty, (for the young Lord stood on the independant interest.) Poor Jemmy was an United Irishman, but every one said, if half of the United men in the North were to be hanged, Jemmy Brees would escape, for "he was under great protection." A good many people, however, were taken up, and charged with the breaking M'Kee's house, who had no hand in the business; and as I was informed by the late Dr. M'Kee of Belfast, and Mr. Gunning, the real criminal escaped. Whether Brees was guilty or innocent, it is certain that he fully expected to be pardoned by Lord Castlereagh's interference, and complained loudly of being deserted by his noble patron.

The opinion that Lord Castlereagh had taken the United Irishmen's oath, with the view of ascertaining the extent of the danger which threatened the country, was pretty generally believed among the Northern leaders of the United Irishmen, and is believed by their descendants. I have endeavoured to trace this report to some authentic source, and I find it rests on the assertion of Brees, and the authority of Samuel Neilson. Neilson told Hope, that Brees had informed him, he had sworn in the young lord. It is to be borne in mind that Neilson took a very active part himself, in this election referred to, in favour of his Lordship, and, as will be found in the appendix, acted as secretary, on some occasions, at the meetings, for promoting the return of the popular candidate. Gunning, however, informed me that he was acquainted with Brees, and that he disbelieved his statement.

An eye witness of the assembling of the people at Ballinahinch, gives the following graphic description of the assembling of the insurgents, and of their preparations, during the night, for the engagement which took place at the dawn. It may be proper to premise, that the writer's political views and principles, are by no means in unison with those of the United Irishmen.

Requisitions had been sent by Munro, to all the neighbouring gentry, and small farmers, for provisions; and these were carried to him, at Ballinahinch, by the servants of the former. The writer of this account, then a lad, unknown to his parents, accompanied the servants with the provisions, and remained with the insurgents during the night.

"When we arrived," the writer says, "there were on the ground, a considerable number of females, chiefly servants, or the daughters or wives of cottiers, or small farmers. They were almost all employed on the same business as ourselves; though, it is said, that two or three of them remained on the field, during the night, submitting to their share of its labours or dangers, and performing as valiant deeds as the men: nothing could surpass the delicacy and kindness with which these female visitors were received and conducted through the camp. When those of our party entered the field, they were immediately lightened of their burdens, and escorted along with them to a particular part of the ground,

where the provisions were placed, under the care of persons appointed to receive and distribute them; and two or three young men offered their services to conduct us through the field. Every thing was explained with minuteness; pikes of different constructions were pointed out, and their uses explained, the cannon and ammunition were shewn, and the tremendous effects glanced at, which they were calculated to produce. The leaders were also pointed out; the more distinguished, and the greater favourites among them, with pride and exultation. A mixed and motley multitude met the eye; some walking about, others stretched listlessly on the green turf along the field, a considerable number sheltering themselves from the scorching sun under the shade of the trees with which the field was skirted, and many sleeping on the grass. They wore no uniform; yet they presented a tolerably decent appearance, being dressed, no doubt, in "their Sunday clothes," some better and some worse, but none in the ragged costume that is often to be seen in other parts of Ireland. The only thing in which they all concurred, was, the wearing of green; almost every individual having a knot of ribbons of that colour, sometimes intermixed with yellow, in his hat. Most of them, besides, had their hats and button-holes, decorated with laurel from the adjoining grounds. Their leaders also, in general, wore green or yellow belts, and some of them green coats, and many, both of them; and those under their command, bore accoutrements of various descriptions, and of different degrees of taste and execution, the most of which, had been presented as tributes of regard and affection, and as incentives to heroic deeds, by females, whose breasts beat as high in patriotic ardour, as those of their husbands, their sweet-hearts, or their brothers. The most common of these decorations were, the harp entwined with shamrock or bays, but without the crown; the British lion and unicorn in a falling attitude, and many other symbolic representations, with various corresponding inscriptions, expressive of the wishes and feelings of the people; such as, 'liberty or death,' 'downfall to tyrants,' 'freedom to Ireland,' and many others of a similar characters. In their arms, there was as great a diversity as in their dress. By far the majority of them had pikes, which were truly formidable instruments in close fight, but of

no use in distant warfare. These had generally wooden shafts seven feet long, with sharpened heads of steel of different forms, and commonly ten or twelve inches long ; some of these heads consisted simply of one longitudinal piece ; but others had another piece, crossing this, and forming a sort of hook, which was thought likely to be of use in cutting the bridles of their opponents' horses ; others wore old swords, generally of the least efficient kind, and some had merely pitchforks. Those of the higher class were armed with guns. There were also seven or eight pieces of small cannon mounted on common cars, which were not calculated to produce much effect."\*

The author I have just cited, estimates the number of insurgents from five to seven thousand ; that of the king's troops, from two to three thousand. He says, the number of the former killed in the field, has been stated in the published accounts, to be from four to five hundred ; and on the other hand, it is alleged, that only twenty bodies of the insurgents were found in the town and the field of battle, and twenty-eight scattered over the country.

Sir R. Musgrave says, "near five hundred rebels are said to be killed on this occasion." A gentleman lately deceased, of the name of Byers, who took a very active part in the Northern struggle, and was fortunate enough to outlive it, under the name of Gunning, informed me, that the people in arms at Ballinahinch, did not fall short of eight or ten thousand men ; and the king's troops, including yeomen, were about three thousand.

## CHAPTER II.

MUNRO's first arrangements were judiciously made. He had despatched a part of his force, on the 11th, under a man of known bravery, named Townsend, to take possession of Ballinahinch. No resistance was made : the troops, few in number, fled at the approach of the insurgents. Munro continued to occupy the neighbouring heights. He stationed a strong force at Creevy Rocks, to oppose the march of the troops from Belfast, and to

\* *The Belfast Magazine*, (the second of that name), 1825, Vol. I. p. 57.

prevent his communication being cut off between Saintfield and Ballinahinch. On the 12th, the troops under Generals Barber and Nugent, were already on their march from Belfast. A party of the insurgents was stationed, by Munro, in an advantageous situation, at Windmill-hill, in ambuscade, consisting of his best musqueteers, under M'Cance; the remainder of his force, was drawn up, on the hill of Ednavady, overlooking the town of Ballinahinch awaiting the approach of the troops. Their approach was announced by volumes of flames and smoke, extending, as they advanced, as far as the eye could discern: they had fired the houses and cabins along their line of march. The same operation had been performed, on the march of the troops from Belfast to Antrim. On the 7th, the flourishing village of Templepatrick, was burned down, and has never been rebuilt. Some scattered cabins, few and far between, are now only to be seen in the midst of the ploughed land, where a thriving village stood in 1798. In Ireland every thing was fair in war—conflagration and rapine, almost invariably, followed in its footsteps.

M'Cance displayed extraordinary skill and courage in maintaining his position. He kept the British general in check, for upwards of an hour; and when he did succeed in getting his force out of reach of his opponents, it was with considerable loss. General Nugent's division formed between the hill and the town. Munro, having only a few small guns of little use, withdrew his men from Windmill-hill, the town, and the several posts in its immediate vicinity, and offered battle to the British troops. Night came on, and no disposition was shewn, to come to an engagement. The troops entered the town during the night, and had no sooner taken possession of it, than burning of houses, plundering of property, and intoxication ensued. "All discipline seemed sunk in licentiousness."

The people rested all night on their arms. Munro went about from rank to rank, cheering his men, and communicating his orders. In the early part of the night, an inhabitant of the town brought Munro the intelligence of the disorders of the troops, their being scattered in an unguarded state over the town, and at the mercy of their enemies. The officers were called together, and the general cry was, for an immediate



attack. Munro at once opposed it ; vanity, or generosity, or fatuity predominated in his decision. He said, it would be disgraceful to avail themselves of the advantage of a night attack, under such circumstances. " They would meet them in the face of day ; they would fight them like brave men." Munro's determination proved ruinous to himself and his cause. The people complained loudly of it, and began to desert—seven hundred in one body, under their leader, left the field that night. The only chance of success for them, was in the proposed attack : there was not sufficient ammunition for the expected battle the next day, and it was not required for the night attack.

Next morning, the 13th, Munro commenced the action, by a discharge of eight small pieces of cannon, which were promptly replied to by the heavy artillery of their opponents. One division of the people made an attempt to penetrate the town, while Munro, at the head of the remainder of his force, charged the main body of the king's troops. They displayed the greatest courage in this charge, drove back their opponents, and effected an entrance into the town, though under a very heavy fire of musketry and grape shot, which swept away whole ranks, which were as rapidly replaced. Munro made his way to the centre of the town, where, being still exposed to a heavy fire, from the market square, he ordered a charge with the bayonet and the pike : the charge bore down all before it. The British general ordered a retreat. The sound of the bugle for the retreat was mistaken by the insurgents, for the signal of a new charge of the troops, and they instantly fled in all directions from the town, by the southern exit, while the troops were, as rapidly, evacuating it on the north. This extraordinary mistake led to the defeat of Munro, and the utter ruin of his cause. This was the last effort of the United Irishmen in the field. Munro, hotly pursued, endeavoured to rally his men on the heights of Ednavady ; but the hill was surrounded by the troops, one opening only, affording him a retreat. By this, he led off the small force that still remained with him, then not exceeding one hundred and fifty men. Numbers, as usual, fell in the retreat, more than in the field.\*

\* For the account above given of the battle of Ballinahinch, I am chiefly indebted to the " Personal Narrative " of my venerable friend, Charles Teeling.

I must now refer for an account of the events which followed the battle of Antrim, to the statement of an actor in them, communicated to James Hope, which contains some additional information, and corroborates what is material in the preceding statement.

“The first authentic account the people of Down had of the movement in Antrim, was from William Kean,\* a native of Belfast, who crossed the channel in a boat to Holywood. On his arrival, he found that the man on whom the people of that district depended for direction, had fled on board the Tender, then stationed in the Lough. The news reached Bangor on the 9th of June, and the people, immediately after its arrival, assembled.

“A company arrived from Ballymacconnell, commanded by James Scott; they seized some guns from the barge that lay off Bangor, and marched to a neighbouring hill, where they were joined by men from Holywood and the surrounding country, and then marched forward to join a body that had defeated a party of the York Fencibles, near Saintfield; but learning that some of their body had received a check at Newtownards, they took that place on their way; the enemy fled on their approach, leaving their drums, baggage, and arms, with which the country people marched to Scrabo Hill. This was on the 10th, and on the 11th they joined the Kilinchy men at Creevy Rocks, where Munro unexpectedly appeared, and was appointed, by acclamation, to the chief command. Having made the necessary preparations for an attack on Ballinahinch, he marched for that town, dividing his men in two parties, in order to enter the town at both ends. At their approach, the troops in possession determined on flight; but before they fled, *they seized on the only baker in the town, and hung the man*

\* William Kean and John Templeton had been employed as clerks in the *Northern Star Office*. Kean took a distinguished part both at Antrim and Ballinahinch. He was taken, along with Munro, near Castlewella, and was, probably, not recognized; he was sent to Belfast, and confined in the Provost, now called the Donegal Arms. On the 2nd of July, he effected his escape, and was sheltered in the house of an Orangeman, with whom, in the guise of a sailor, he walked through the town to the place of embarkation, where he was put on board a vessel, bound for America, by his generous protector. The act of sheltering him was one which was punishable with death; for a notice, bearing the name of James Dermam, Colonel-Commandant, was posted, immediately after Kean's escape, declaring that if “the said traitor (William Kean) had been concealed by any person or persons, or by the knowledge or connivance of any person, &c., such person's house will be burned, and the owner thereof hanged.”—*History of Belfast*, p. 470.  
—R. R. M.

to prevent his baking for the rebels. They then fled, at the approach of the people, in the greatest confusion. The main body then took post on the hill of Ednavady. On the 12th, about two in the afternoon the troops appeared, horse, foot, and artillery, from Belfast.

“Munro ordered his party to stop them with all their musquetry, at the Windmill-hill, which they did by a well-directed fire. The troops retreated, and were pursued some distance; but, their artillery coming up, they regained the town, contenting themselves for that evening, by placing out-posts, to prevent surprise; one of which was stationed near the people. A company of young men, called the ‘Broom-hedge,’ from wearing sprigs of broom in their hats, volunteered to dislodge the party stationed at this post. They accomplished their object, with the loss of seventeen on their side, and thirty-six on the other side, with some prisoners, for the people gave quarter, though the king’s troops gave none. A picquet of horse fell by one of Munro’s out-posts, in the night, and that was all that passed until next morning, when Scott, of Bangor, (who afterwards went to New York), led a select party into the town, under a heavy shower of grape-shot from the guns in the principal street, and a shower of musquetry from the windows on each side of the street. The cannon had been once taken by the people and re-taken by the troops. Another desperate charge was made when the opponents sounded a retreat, which the people mistook for the sound to return to the charge. The people, slackening their fire, the troops kept the ground. The numbers of the people were fast diminishing, by the constant fire of the soldiers, who had taken shelter in the houses. At length they retreated, and the panic reached the hill: the people fled in all directions, and were pursued by the yeomanry cavalry, who had thronged into the vicinity from all quarters, waiting an opportunity of slaughtering their neighbours, many of whom were their *sworn brethren*.”

“The above,” says Hope, “is a faithful account of the movement in Down, from its commencement to the dispersion at Ballinahinch, given to me by James Nicolson, a native of Bangor, who was an eye-witness from the first, and one of the party who stood the last charge, led by Scott.

“The Killinchy men,” he adds, “had left Ednavady

during the night, so that the morning attack fell on the men from the neighbourhood of Bangor. A party, which was assembling near Rathfriland, was advised to disperse by John O'Neil, of Eight-mile Bridge; they did so, and traitors represented them as Catholics who had deserted the people. There was another false report industriously spread, and which is current to this day, that Maginnis had gone to Ballinahinch, with a body of Catholics, but in consequence of a dispute with Munro, had abandoned the people, and taken away his party with him. Maginnis was not there at all, nor any body of men, exclusively Catholics; the Catholics that were there were mixed with the Dissenters, and fought side by side with them, in a common cause, and exposed to a common danger, as they might be expected to do.

“Munro had a Catholic, named Francis Walsh, for one of his Aide-de-Camps. The Killinchy people were the men who deserted; they did so in a body, and they were Dissenters. When the enemy advanced to the Windmill Hill, they took some prisoners who were posted there, and who had remained faithful to their trust, and these men on the spot were hanged on the hill.”

The following official account, published by government, of the Saintfield and Ballinahinch engagements, as given in the *Collectanea Politica*, vol. iii. p. 289, will put the reader in possession of sufficient data, to form some opinion of the preceding statements:—

“On the 11th of June, Major-General Nugent marched against a large body of rebels, who retired, on his approach, to a strong position on the Saintfield side of Ballinahinch, and there made a shew of resistance, endeavouring to turn his left flank; but Colonel Stewart arrived from Down, with a pretty considerable force of infantry, cavalry, and yeomanry; they soon desisted, and retired to a very strong position, behind Ballinahinch. General Nugent attacked them the next morning, at three o'clock, having occupied two hills, on the left and right of the town, to prevent the rebels having any other choice than the mountains in the rear for their retreat; he sent Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart to post himself, with a part of the Argyle Fencibles and some yeomanry, as well as a detachment of the 22nd Light Dragoons, in a situation from whence he could enfilade the rebel line; whilst Colonel Leslie, with part of the

Monaghan Militia, some cavalry, and yeomen infantry, should make an attack upon their front. The rebels impetuously attacked Colonel Leslie's detachment, and even jumped into the road, from the Earl of Moira's demesne, to endeavour to take one of his guns; but they were repulsed with slaughter. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart's detachment was attacked by them with the same activity, but he repulsed them also; and the fire from his howitzer and six-pounder soon obliged them to fly in all directions. Their force was very considerable, about four hundred of them were killed in the attack and retreat, and the remainder dispersed all over the country; their principal leader, one Munro, was taken. Part of the town of Fallinahinch and Saintfield was burnt. In this engagement Captain Evatt, of the Monaghan Militia, was killed, and Lieutenant Ellis, of the same regiment, wounded. The loss of rank and file, was *five* killed, and fourteen wounded. Major-General Nugent acknowledged the services received from Lieutenant-Colonel Peacock, and Major of Brigade Machinnon.

“On the 11th of June, the Portaferry yeomanry, under the command of Captain Matthews, made a most gallant defence against a large body of rebels, who attacked the town of Portaferry, the yeomen having taken possession of the Market-house, from which post they repulsed the rebels, who left behind them about forty dead, and many more were carried off. Captain Hopkins, of a Revenue Cruizer, brought his guns to bear upon the town, and was of great service in defending it.

“On the 16th of June, advices were received from Major-General Nugent, by which it appeared that the rebels who had been defeated at Ballinahinch, petitioned for pardon, and offered to surrender up all their arms and ammunition. The Major-General, in reply, promised to accept their submission, *on the condition of their giving up their leader, Munro, and the other principal traitors*, who had instigated them to their late wicked practices; they were to have surrendered on the 15th, by twelve o'clock; however, Munro was taken by General Nugent early on that morning. The General stated his acknowledgments for the services of Major-General Barber; and mentioned, with great satisfaction, the conduct of Mr. Boyd, of Ballycastle. The General went,

on the Friday before, to Coleraine, where he collected the Dunsevenich and Giant's Causeway corps, with which, together with his own, he returned to Ballycastle, and beat the rebels of that place, and then proceeded to *punish them* between that town and Glenarm.

The rebel commander, Munro, was tried by a Court-martial, and executed. On the trial, the following proclamation was produced, and proved, viz. :—

“ ‘ GENERAL MUNRO'S PROCLAMATION TO HIS ARMY, AND THE INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTY DOWN.

“ ‘ Not to pay any rent to the disaffected landlords, as such rent is confiscated to the use of the National Liberty War.\*

“ ‘ *Head Quarters, Ballinahinch,*  
“ ‘ *12th June, 1798.*’

“ The following curious letter from Munro, directed to Citizen Townshend, of Ballynahinch, was also produced, and proved :—

“ ‘ WORTHY CITIZENS—We have some small reinforcements, say three hundred men ; I hear your's is much more ; I hope the Defenders have rallied to you ; send me express. I send some ball-cartridges. You must press for provisions, as we do. I will send you some more to-day, and any thing that can be got here.

(Signed) “ ‘ MUNRO.

“ ‘ *Tuesday Morning.*

“ ‘ The Citizens are in choice spirits, longing for action.

“ ‘ Health and respect.’ ”

The Tory journal of Belfast, “ *The Belfast News-Letter,*” gives the following information, among the ordinary occurrences of the day :—

“ June 15th.—When the army returned from Ballinahinch, on Wednesday, many of the soldiers were loaded with plunder, taken from the houses of the insurgents.”

\* This proclamation, as it is termed, was probably a fabrication, devised and executed for the purpose of exasperating the minds of landlords, who were the prosecutors, and principal members of the court before which he was tried,

If this had happened in India, or the insurgents had been savages, and Pagans of a dark complexion, the inhabitants of some country, ten or twelve thousand miles afar off, the pillage of the huts of the defeated, or deluded peasants, would have been execrated as an act of barbarity, and the officers permitting it, reprobated by their countrymen.

Another authority, of the same political principles as those of the editor's of the journal just cited, M'Skimmin, the historian of Carrickfergus, a man the most strongly opposed to the United Irishmen, and most disposed to believe every thing that was bad of them individually, I ever met with, gives the following instance of "burning loyalty," and predatory zeal of the military, subsequently to the Antrim battle:—

"Early on Sunday, (10th June,) about three hundred of the military, with two pieces of cannon, set out for Ballyclare, where they burned a number of the houses, and also burned and destroyed some others in Doagh and Ballycastor; and, in several instances, those unconnected with the rebellion were the chief sufferers. The country, at this time, appeared almost deserted, scarcely a man was seen, and very few women or children. In the evening the military returned, many of them loaded with plunder, taken from the houses that had been burned or demolished."\*

There was no quarter given to the fugitives from Ballinahinch; and amongst those who perished, was a young girl of extraordinary beauty, and daring courage, who had accompanied her lover, and his faithful companion, her own brother, to the field.

This girl is described by Teeling, as the pride of a widowed mother, the loved and admired of the village, where to this hour the comeliness of the fair Elizabeth Grey is spoken of as the perfection of female beauty. Her fate, her beauty, and her heroism, have been the theme of one of the most touching pieces of Miss Balfour's poetry.

The following account of this village heroine, whose memory will yet be done honour to in Ireland, I received from Miss M'Cracken, and on her authority the facts stated will be held entitled to credit.

\* M'Skimmin's Carrickfergus, p. 93.

“Elizabeth Grey, of Killinchy, went to the camp of the people at Ednavady, near Ballinalinch, with some things for her brother, and an associate of his who was her sweetheart, on the Saturday before the battle. She remained with him, and determined to share their fate. They procured a pony for her, and thus mounted, she went into action bearing a green flag. On Wednesday, the day of the fight at Ballinalinch, after the people were defeated, she and her friends fled, and on their retreat they were overtaken by a party of the Hillsborough yeomen, within a mile and a half of Hillsborough. The young men were at a little distance from the girl, seeking a place for her to cross the river, and could easily have escaped. But when they saw her in the hands of the yeomen, they ran to her assistance, and endeavoured to prevail on the men to release her, offering themselves as prisoners in her stead. Their entreaties were in vain, the girl, her brother, and her lover were murdered on the spot. The two wretches, who perpetrated this brutal act, were Little, and Thomas Neilson, of the parish of Anahilt. The young woman was the first who suffered, Neilson shot her through the right eye, the brother and lover were then despatched, and their dead bodies were found, and buried by their friends. (Little’s wife was afterwards seen wearing the girl’s ear-rings and green petticoat.) An officer of the regulars came up shortly afterwards with the party, and he reprobated their conduct in the strongest terms. These particulars were communicated to me by a man on whose veracity I could entirely depend, whose friends had been at the battle, and who lived in the neighbourhood of the yeomen.”

### CHAPTER III.

MUNRO fled to the mountains. Musgrave states he was captured by three Orangemen, who discovered him where he lay concealed under some litter in a potato field. The object of making a display of Orange zeal, and an exhibition of the abject condition of a *defeated* rebel chief, is more apparent in the preceding statement than its veracity. The family of Munro are likely to be better acquainted with the circumstances of Munro’s capture, than Sir Richard. From the nearest surviving



relative of the former, I received the following account :

“Munro was taken by a party of military, sent for the purpose, to the house of poor people, where he had taken shelter the Sunday after the battle of Ballinahinch. These people gave information in Lisburn of his place of concealment. He was tried by a court-martial, condemned, and executed, the same day. Doctor Cupples administered the sacrament to him, immediately after his sentence was passed, according to the rites of the Established Church. His father-in-law was the only friend who was admitted to see him, and that for a very short time in the presence of the guards ; and this gentleman expressed his surprise and sorrow at seeing him in so distressing a situation. He answered, ‘There has been a fatality attending it, when I left Lisburn, to avoid seeing Hood flogged, I had not the smallest intention of joining the insurgents.’ Hood was a respectable tailor, on intimate terms of acquaintance with Munro, and a member of the Freemason Lodge, of which he was master. After recommending his wife and infant child to his father-in-law, he parted with him, and shortly after he was led to execution. He died as it became a brave man.\* His head was cut off, spiked, and placed over the market-house, where it remained for some months, until a Scotch regiment happened to be quartered in Lisburn, commanded by Lord Bredalbane, when this nobleman had the humanity to order all the heads there, similarly spiked, to be taken down, observing, ‘that it was a bad way to conciliate the people.’ Others say they were taken down to gratify the Scotch soldiers, as Munro was of Scotch descent, the former I believe was the reason.

“The circumstances attending the execution are painful even now to think of. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, adjusted the rope himself, and exclaiming in a loud voice, and in a clear emphatic tone, ‘I die for my country,’ threw himself off the ladder. A temporary scaffold for his execution had been erected before his dwelling house door in Lisburn, (where his mother, his sister, and wife were living.) His house and property

\* Musgrave states, “When brought to the place of execution, he recollected that he had left an account unsettled with a neighbour, he requested pen and ink, and wrote some lines respecting its adjustment with all the coolness of deliberation.”

in Lisburn, being subsequently completely wrecked and destroyed by the yeomen and military, his papers, &c., were destroyed at the same time. Mr. Munro's eldest sister, Margaret, was obliged to leave the country for a length of time after her brother's death. On returning she was imprisoned for twenty-three weeks in Carrickfergus, and was only liberated on procuring bail to a large amount. His youngest sister, Anne, married a Mr. Rolleston, who resides in the vicinity of Coleraine: her children, four promising sons, went abroad on arriving at the age of manhood. His widow died on the 5th of February, 1840, in the house of her nephew, Alexander Arthur, in Belfast. His daughter married an Independent Minister of the name of Hanson.

“Munro in childhood had imbibed a passion for military exercises. During the period of his service, as a Volunteer, he became a proficient in the use of military weapons, and every kind of military exercise. The knowledge of his talents in this way, no doubt led the United Irishmen to consider he would be useful to them. Though, I believe, with my sister, that when her husband first joined the United Irish Society, his views were limited to Catholic Emancipation, and reform in Parliament, still we know that owing to the disappointment of their hopes, and the irritating conduct of the government of that day, in refusing all concession to the just demands of the people, that the United Irish, with equal want of wisdom, depending on their numbers, did extend their views to the great dissatisfaction of many of their friends. Had this issue, and its accompanying evils been foreseen, I am sure that many sincere patriots would have hesitated joining, both from prudence with respect to their own personal safety and their property, as well as the idea of the horrors of a civil war, but it was the fashion of the day, and fashion even in matters of political opinion, we all know has a great influence over our actions.

“In conversation with my sister, she informed me that her husband was aware of the change which ultimately took place in the councils of the United Irish, and had been appointed to a command as colonel in the County Armagh. In such a situation he would have

been invaluable to his party, as all he required was a superior officer to say 'take this, or defend that,' and the order would be executed at the hazard, or the sacrifice of life.

"It is distressing to look back on those awful times and remember how many valuable lives were lost, for no useful purpose, and their nearest and dearest friends left exposed to all the malice of a worthless mob, and all kinds of contumely heaped upon them, but if it serve as a useful lesson to a future generation, we may still profit by it."

# Catalogue of Popular Publications.

## HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

### SERIES "A."

	Price.	Free by Post for
	s. d.	s. d.
1. NEW IRELAND: Political Sketches and Personal Reminiscences of Thirty Years of Irish Public Life. By A. M. SULLIVAN. Crown 8vo, 470 pages, Paper Cover, ... ..	1 0	1 3
Do. Extra Green Cloth, ... ..	2 0	2 3
2. LIFE OF MICHAEL DAVITT, Founder of the National Land League, with Selections from his Speeches. By D. B. CASHMAN; to which is added THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE LAND LEAGUE. By MICHAEL DAVITT. Crown 8vo, 256 pages. Paper Cover, ... ..	0 6	0 8
3. A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND. By THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE, B.C.L. Crown 8vo, 768 pp., Ex. Cloth, Full Gilt Back, Do. Cheap Edition, Coloured Paper Covers, ... ..	3 0 1 6	3 6 1 10½
4. THE HISTORY OF IRELAND. By JOHN MITCHEL. Demy 8vo, 576 pages, Extra Green Cloth, ... ..	3 0	3 6
Do. People's Edition, Coloured Emblematical Cover, ... ..	1 6	1 10½
5. THE HISTORY OF THE IRISH BRIGADES in the Service of France. By JOHN CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN, M.R.I.A. Royal 8vo, 650 pages. Red Cloth, Extra, ... ..	4 6	5 0
Do. Cheaper Edition, Picture Covers, ... ..	2 0	2 6
6. MEMOIR OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER. By Captain W. F. LYONS. Crown 8vo. ... ..	0 6	0 8
7. O'CONNELL (LIFE AND TIMES OF). By THOMAS C. LUBY, T.C.D. Demy 8vo, 550 pages, Cloth, ... ..	4 6	5 0
Do. Cheap Edition, Coloured Cover, ... ..	1 6	1 10½
8. TEELING'S (C.H.) HISTORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1798. Crown 8vo, Cloth, ... ..	2 6	2 9
Do. Coloured Cover, ... ..	1 0	1 3
9. LIFE OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD. By THOMAS MOORE. Crown 8vo, ... ..	0 6	0 8
10. LIFE OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE. Written by Himself. Crown 8vo, ... ..	0 6	0 8
11. MITCHEL'S (JOHN) JAIL JOURNAL; or, Five Years in British Prisons. Crown 8vo, Pictorial Cover, ... ..	1 0	1 2½
Do. Cloth, ... ..	2 0	2 3
12. MITCHEL'S (JOHN) LAST CONQUEST OF IRELAND—PERHAPS? Crown 8vo, Pictorial Cover, ... ..	1 0	1 2½
Do. Cloth, ... ..	2 0	2 3
13. BARRINGTON'S MEMOIRS OF THE MEN OF HIS TIME; Personal Sketches and Recollections. Coloured Cover, ... ..	1 0	1 3
Do. Cloth, ... ..	2 6	2 9
14. THREE CENTURIES OF IRISH HISTORY; From the Reign of Mary the Catholic to that of Victoria the Protestant. By JOHN FERGUSON, ... ..	0 6	0 7½
15. LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT EMMET. By R. R. MADDEN, M.D., M.R.I.A. Paper Cover, ... ..	0 6	0 7
Do. Cloth, Gilt Top, ... ..	1 6	1 9

Popular Publications.

PEOPLE'S CHEAP EDITION OF  
HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL WORKS.

SERIES "B."

	Price.	Free by Post for
1. THE HISTORY OF IRELAND. By JOHN MITCHEL. Demy 8vo, 576 pages. Coloured Emblematical Cover, ... ..	s. d. 1 6	s. d. 1 10½
2. A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND. By THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE, B.C.L. Crown 8vo, 768 pages, Coloured Paper Cover, ... ..	1 6	1 10½
3. LIFE AND TIMES OF O'CONNELL. By THOMAS C. LUBY, T.C.D. Demy 8vo, 550 pages, Coloured Cover with Portrait, ... ..	1 6	1 10½
4. TEELING'S (C.I.L.) HISTORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1798. Crown 8vo, Coloured Illustrated Cover, ... ..	1 0	1 3
5. O'CALLAGHAN'S HISTORY OF THE IRISH BRIGADES in the Service of France, ... ..	2 0	2 6

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

SERIES "C."

1. THE WHITE ROSE OF KOUCIE: A Tale of the French Revolution. By Miss O'NEIL DAUNT. Library Edition, Coloured Cover, ... ..	1 0	1 3
2. FAITH AND FATHERLAND. By the Very Rev. THOMAS N. BURKE. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Top, ... ..	2 0	2 3
Do. Cheap Edition, Paper Cover, ... ..	1 0	1 2½
3. REFUTATION OF FROUDE AND OTHER LECTURES. By the Very Rev. THOMAS N. BURKE. Crown 8vo, Cloth, ... ..	2 0	2 3
Do. Cheap Edition, Paper Cover, ... ..	1 0	1 2½
4. FATHER BURKE'S LECTURES, complete; Splendid Volume in Green Cloth, Gilt Emblematic Sides, Gilt Edges, ... ..	3 6	3 10
Do. do. do. Green Padded Morocco, ... ..	5 6	6 0
5. THE STIRRING INCIDENTS IN IRISH HISTORY (Ancient and Modern). Royal 8vo, ... ..	0 3	0 4
6. FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT FERNS: a Book for Fern Growers. By JOHN G. NEWSHAM. Foolscap 8vo, with Coloured Illustrations and Numerous Wood Engravings, ... ..	0 6	0 7
7. READY RECKONER AND TRADESMEN'S ASSISTANT, Cloth, ... ..	0 3	0 4
8. READY RECKONER. Large Print, Complete, with Profit, Discount, and Interest Tables; also, Wages Calculator, ... ..	1 0	1 3
9. ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN SIMON SUGGS; An American Innocent with an Elastic Conscience, who always Fell on His Feet. Crown 8vo, ... ..	1 0	1 2½
10. RARE FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE. Demy 4to, ... ..	0 6	0 8½
11. THE PUBLIC SPEAKER'S GUIDE; or, the Whole Art of Modern Oratory. Crown 8vo, ... ..	0 6	0 7½

Catalogue of

---

SHILLING VOLUMES

OF

Historical Romances, Society and Sensation Novels.

*Each Free by Post for 1/3 in Stamps.*

**SERIES "E."**

1. M'HENRY'S IRISH TALES: containing "The Insurgent Chief" and "Hearts of Steel." Crown 8vo, Boards.
2. ROMANCES OF THE HEROISM OF SCOTLAND: containing "The Scottish Chiefs" and "St. Clair of the Isles." Crown 8vo, Boards.
3. THE GREEN AND THE RED; or, Historical Tales and Legends of Ireland. Crown 8vo, Pictorial Enamelled Boards.
4. M'DONNELL AND THE NORMAN DE BORGOS. Crown 8vo, Boards.
5. DR. CAMPION'S IRISH TALES: containing "Michael Dwyer," "The Last Struggles of the Irish Sea Smugglers," and Minor Tales. Cr. 8vo, Enamel. Bds.
6. ROMANCES OF SOLDIER LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD.
7. WHO CAN HE BE? By Miss NETHERCOTT.
8. THE HEIRESS; or, a Slave of Circumstances. By ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.
9. ADRIFT; or, A Father's Remorse. By NEMO.
10. LOST AND FOUND; or, The Mystery of the Iron Vault. By WILLIAM SCOTT.
11. THE FAIR ENCHANTRESS; or, How She Won Men's Hearts. By Miss M. K. KELLER.
12. PAULINE'S TRIAL. A Novel. By LADIA D. COURTNEY.
13. SEA AND LAND; or, FLOOD AND FIELD. Crown 8vo, Pictorial Cover.
14. THACKERAY'S TALES. Crown 8vo.
15. DICKENS' TALES. Crown 8vo.
16. ROMANCE OF THE FOREST AND PRAIRIE. Demy 8vo, Coloured Pictorial Cover.
17. MAXWELL'S FAMOUS NOVELS. Crown 8vo, Pictorial Cover.

---

**NEW SERIES OF SOCIETY NOVELS.**

**SERIES "F."**

Bound in Cloth Extra. Embossed, Gilt Title on Side and Back,  
Gilt Top.

*Each Free by Post for 2/3 in Stamps.*

1. INFELICE. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
2. ST. ELMO. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
3. BEULAH. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
4. INEZ. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
5. VASHTI. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
6. MACARIA. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
7. AT THE MERCY OF TIBERIUS. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
8. KEPT HIS TRUST; or, The Doctor's Household.

# SIXPENNY NOVELS.

SERIES "H."

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE

Illustrated Cover, Printed in Colours.

*Each Free by Post for 8d. in Stamps.*

1. THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS. By JANE PORTER.
2. ST. CLAIR OF THE ISLES; or, The Outlaw's Revenge.
3. THE INSURGENT CHIEF; or, The Pikeman of '98.
4. HEARTS OF STEEL; or, The Celt and Saxon.
5. GALLOPING O'HOGAN; A Romance of the Days of Sarsfield.
6. MICHAEL DWYER, The Insurgent Captain.
7. ROSE WALDRON; or, A Drag on the Wheel.
8. STERN AS FATE. By Mrs. SOUTHWORTH.
9. FLORA MACDONALD; or, The Wanderings of Prince Charlie.
10. TRUE HEARTS' TRIALS; A Tale of Ireland and America.
11. MERVYN GREY; or, Life in the R. I. Constabulary.
12. JOHN WARD, PREACHER. By MARGARET DELAND.
13. AT WAR WITH SOCIETY; or, Tales of the Outcasts.
14. GERALD AND AUGUSTA; or, The Irish Aristocracy.
15. DICK MASSEY; A Tale of the Irish Evictions.
16. THE MISTLETOE AND THE SHAMROCK; or, The Chief of the North.
17. BLANCHE OF BRANDYWINE; or, The War of Independence.
18. SAINTS AND SINNERS; A Romance Illustrating the Origin of Irish Outcasts.
19. THE EDINBURGH DETECTIVE. By JAMES M'LEVY.
20. DONAL DUN O'BYRNE; A Tale of the Rising in Wexford.

---

NEW ISSUE OF THE UNDERNOTED

# SOCIETY NOVELS.

In Beautiful Coloured Floral Covers,

*Each Free by Post for 8d. in Stamps.*

1. INFELICE. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
2. ST. ELMO. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
3. BEULAH. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
4. INEZ. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
5. MACARIA. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
6. AT THE MERCY OF TIBERIUS. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.
7. KEPT HIS TRUST.
8. VASHTI. By AUGUSTA E. WILSON.

# LIBRARY OF STANDARD AUTHORS.

## Series "K."

Demy 8vo, 128 Pages, Coloured Illustrated Covers.

Price 3d. Each, or Free by Post for 4½d. in Stamps.

MASTERMAN READY. By Captain MARRYAT.	WHY DID HE LOVE HER? By ELIZA A. DUPUY.
HANDY ANDY. By SAMUEL LOVER.	HECTOR O'HALLORAN. By W. H. MAXWELL.
RORY O'MORE. By SAMUEL LOVER.	THE SCARLET LETTER. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORN.
WHY DID HE MARRY HER? By Miss DUPUY.	CONINGSBY. By BENJAMIN DISRAELI.
THE LADY OF THE ISLE. By Mrs. SOUTHWORTH.	HE WOULD BE A GENTLEMAN. By SAMUEL LOVER.
VALENTINE VOX. 1st Series.	
VALENTINE VOX. 2nd Series.	

## Series "L."

Crown 8vo, 128 Pages, Coloured Illustrated Covers.

Price 3d. Each, or Free by Post for 4d. in Stamps.

By Captain MARRYAT.

MIDSHIPMAN EASY.	PIRATE AND THREE CUTTERS.
PRIER SIMPLE.	POOR JACK.
RATTLIN THE REEFER.	THE KING'S OWN.

## Series "Y."

Small Foolscap 8vo 256 to 262 Pages, Coloured Illustrated Covers.

Price 3l. Each, or Free by Post for 4d. in Stamps.

TEDDY'S VENTURE.	BETWEEN TWO LINES.
MARJORIE DEANE.	DOWN THE SLOPE.

## Series "X."

Small Crown 8vo, 93 Pages, in Coloured Illustrated Covers.

Price 2d. Each, or Free by Post for 3d. in Stamps.

THE SCOUTS OF THE WINOOSKI: or, Nathan the Spy.
THE VULTURE'S BRIDE: or, Jack Wyndon's Trail.
THE RANGER: or, The Green Mountain Boys of '76.
THE MASKED GUIDE.



---

# SONG BOOKS.

## SHILLING SERIES.

*Each Free by Post for 1/2½d. in Stamps.*

1. THE NATIONAL AND HISTORICAL BALLADS OF IRELAND.  
Stiff Cover, Embossed on Side and Back, Gilt Title.
  2. THE CASQUET OF BRITISH SONGS. Coloured Paper Cover.
- 

## SIXPENNY SONG BOOKS.

With handsome Illustrated and Coloured Covers

*Each Free by Post for 7½d. in Stamps.*

1. THE GREEN FLAG OF IRELAND SONG BOOK.
  2. THE EXILE OF ERIN SONG BOOK.
  3. THE RISING OF THE MOON, and other Songs and Ballads.
  4. THE CRIMSON BANNER SONG BOOK.
  5. THE BLARNEY COMIC SONG BOOK.
  6. THE POPULAR BRITISH SONG BOOK.
  7. THE BOOK OF ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH SONGS.
  8. THE BUDGET OF FINE OLD ENGLISH SONGS.
  9. ARMY AND NAVY SONG BOOK.
  10. THE "MONSTER" ENGLISH SONG BOOK.
  11. THE LAYS OF ANCIENT DERRY AND THE ORANGE BROTHERHOOD.
- 

## THE "GAIETY" SERIES OF THREEPENNY SONG BOOKS.

Demy 8vo, 128 Pages. Enamelled Covers.

*Each Free by Post for 4½d. in Stamps.*

1. THE GAIETY SONG BOOK.
  2. CONCERT HALL SONG BOOK.
  3. SONGS OF OUR DAY SONG BOOK.
  4. HOME RULE SONG BOOK.
- 

## THREEPENNY SONG BOOKS.

Beautifully Illustrated and Coloured Covers.

*Each Free by Post for 4d. in Stamps.*

1. THE YOUNG IRELAND PATRIOTIC SONG BOOK.
  2. THE NATIONAL BALLADS OF OLD IRELAND.
  3. THE HARP OF TARA IRISH SONG BOOK.
  4. THE WEARING OF THE GREEN SONG BOOK.
  5. THE PROTESTANT BOYS' SONG BOOK.
  6. THE BALLYKILBEG SONG BOOK.
  7. TONY PASTOR'S IRISH-AMERICAN COMIC SONG BOOK.
-

THE "GAIETY" SERIES OF  
THREEPENNY SONG BOOKS.

Demy 8vo, 128 Pages, Enamelled Covers.

*Each Free by Post for 4½d. in Stamps.*

THE GAIETY SONG BOOK.  
CONCERT HALL SONG BOOK.

SONGS OF OUR DAY SONG BOOK.  
HOME RULE SONG BOOK.

---

THREEPENNY SONG BOOKS.

Beautifully Illustrated and Coloured Covers.

*Each Free by Post for 4d. in Stamps.*

THE YOUNG IRELAND PATRIOTIC SONG BOOK.  
THE NATIONAL BALLADS OF OLD IRELAND.  
THE HARP OF TARA IRISH SONG BOOK.  
THE WEARING OF THE GREEN SONG BOOK.  
THE PROTESTANT BOYS' SONG BOOK.  
TONY PASTOR'S IRISH-AMERICAN COMIC SONG BOOK.  
ALL THE NEW COMIC SONGS.  
THE VERY LATEST NEW SONGS.  
SONGS THE PEOPLE ARE SINGING.  
THE HISTORICAL AND OTHER SONGS OF THE MAIDEN CITY.

---

TWOPENNY SONG BOOKS.

THE "SCOTTISH" SERIES.

Crown 8vo, Floral Coloured Covers.

*Each Free by Post for 3d. in Stamps.*

THE BALLADS OF BONNIE SCOTLAND.  
THE GOOD OLD SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

---

CAMERON, FERGUSON & CO., Glasgow.

# LETTER WRITERS.

SHILLING.

*Free by Post for 1/2 in Stamps.*

THE COMPREHENSIVE LETTER WRITER Cloth, Gilt Title.

---

SIXPENNY.

*Free by Post for 7½d. in Stamps.*

BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE. Cloth.

---

THREEPENNY.

*Each Free by Post for 4d. in Stamps.*

THE LADIES' LETTER WRITER. Sewed, Coloured Floral Colour.

THE GENTLEMEN'S LETTER WRITER. Sewed, Coloured Floral Cover.

THE LOVE LETTER WRITER. Sewed, Coloured Floral Cover.

---

TWOPENNY.

*Free by Post for 2½d. in Stamps.*

THE JUVENILE LETTER WRITER. Sewed, Fancy Cover.

---

## BRUDDER BONES'S LIBRARY OF AMUSEMENT.

Beautiful Illustrated Coloured Covers.

THREEPENNY.

*Each Free by Post for 4d. in Stamps.*

NIGGER DIALOGUES, LAUGHABLE DROLLERIES, AND FUNNY STORIES.

NIGGER COMICALITIES: or, Book of Ethiopian Wit and Humour, Jokes, Dialogues, and Stump Orations.

LAUGHING GAS: A Reservoir of Nigger Wit and Humour.

NIGGER SERMONS AND DISCOURSES TO HIM DARKEY BREDDREN.  
BLACK JOKER AND PLANTATION HUMOURIST.

---

CAMERON, FERGUSON & CO., Glasgow.

# SIXPENNY NOVEL

New issue of the undernoted

## FOUR SOCIETY NOVELS.

IN BEAUTIFUL COLOURED FLORAL COVERS,

Each Free by Post for 3d. in Stamps.

1. INFELICE.
2. ST. ELMO.
3. BEULAH.
4. INEZ.

---

## MUSIC BOOKS FOR THE MELODEON.

The Notes marked and figured for the 10-Keyed Instrument.

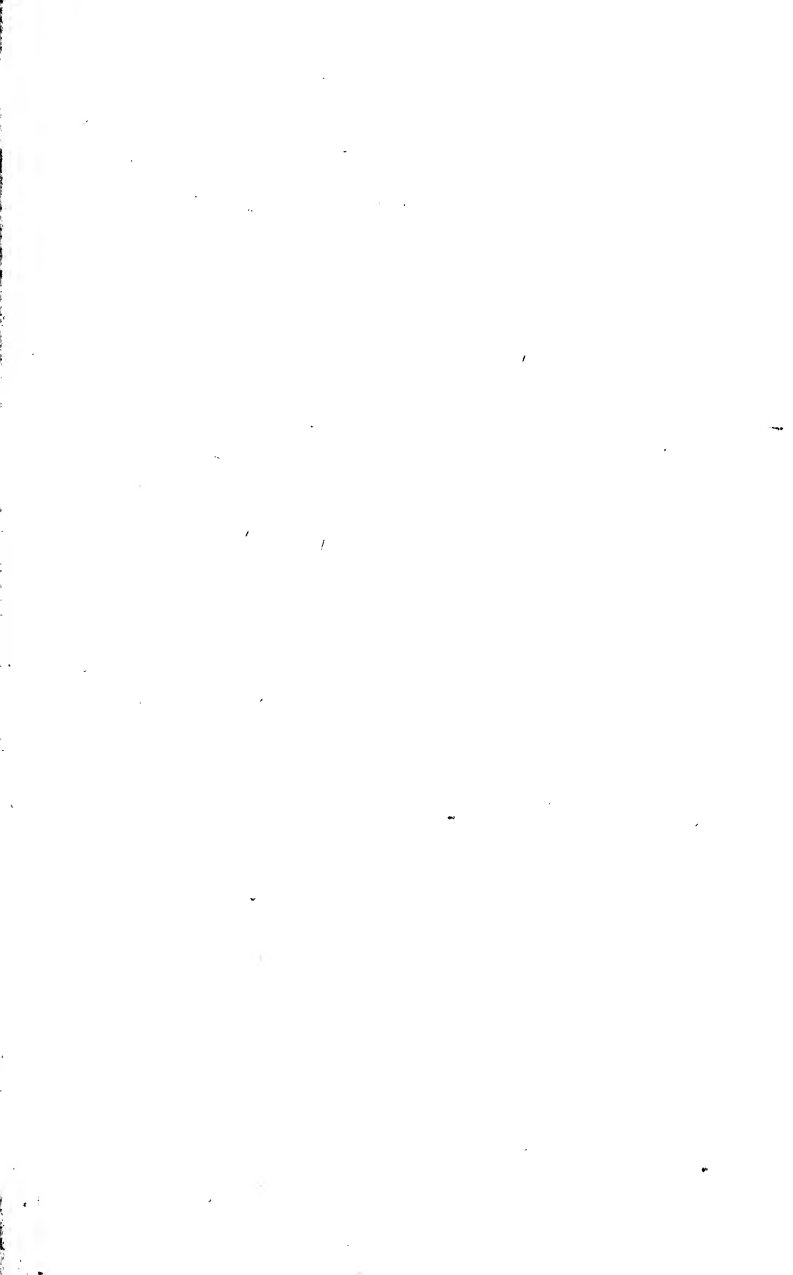
SIXPENCE each; or Free by Post for  
7d. in Stamps.

- 1.—THE MELODEON WITHOUT A MASTER.
- 6.—ENGLISH SONGS, AIRS, and DANCES.
- 7.—IRISH SONGS, AIRS, and DANCES.
- 8.—SCOTTISH SONGS, AIRS, and DANCES.

---

ONE SHILLING each; or Free by Post for  
1/2 in Stamps.

- 2.—SONGS and AIRS.
  - 3.—SELECTION OF SACRED SONGS and HYMNS
  - 4.—GEMS of SONGS.
- L.H.



RETURN TO the circulation desk of any  
University of California Library  
or to the  
NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY  
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station  
University of California  
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

---

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling (510) 642-6753
  - 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books to NRLF
  - Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.
- 

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

---

AUG 15 1997

---

SENT ON ILL

---

DEC 05 1997

---

U. C. BERKELEY

---

JUN 23 1998

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



061339534

802177

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

