THE

IRISH CONFEDERATES,

AND

The Rebellion of 1798.

BY

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TO THE DESCENDANTS

OF

TONE, SAMPSON, EMMET, AND McNEVEN,

RESIDING IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

This Volume is Inscribed,

IN MEMORY OF THE HAPPY HOURS

PASSED IN THEIR SOCIETY.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Preface.

A VISIT to Ireland in the summer of 1847 won my heart for that country and people. Vague impressions of the fierce rebellion of 1798, and especially the fate of Robert Emmet, drew my thoughts to that portion of her history. But it was not until I came to know the families of the Irish exiles in New York that I learned the particulars of that eventful struggle.

The subject was new to me, and perhaps will be to many. If I mistake not, the history of Ireland is not generally known. Many who are well read on every part of English, and even of Scottish history, seem little informed on that of the sister island. The border wars between England and Scotland have been invested with every charm of poetry and romance, while the far longer and deadlier resistance of the Irish to their conquerors, fills but a paragraph in the general history of Britain. It is hardly remembered that Ireland was once a distinct nation, and that she has a separate history. Of these civil wars that of 1798 was the last, and possesses the freshest interest.

The novelty of the story—the distinguished actors who

figured in it—and the tragical fate which so often terminated the career of the young and the brave—riveted my attention, and led me to think that a connected narrative of these events might possess interest to others.

The struggle for Irish independence—which began during the American war, and closed with the Union in 1800—is one of the most remarkable passages of modern history. It has been thrown into the shade by the cotemporary French Revolution. But the war of factions, and the Rebellion, in Ireland, was one in that series of convulsions which then agitated Europe. It has all the interest of a great battle for liberty. It was a contest carried on for more than twenty years between the passion for freedom on one hand, and arbitrary power on the other, a contest finally ending in civil war. It was a period of military atrocities—yet resisted and set in contrast by individual heroism and popular enthusiasm—by eloquence in debate and courage in the field—a period, in short, like all revolutionary epochs, distinguished by great virtues and great crimes. The spectacle is full of excitement—a nation rising from the torpor of ages, and "shouting to the earth"—the old chieftains, that have long held the fortress of power, alarmed and training their guns on the advancing masses—the people defeated and driven back, yet returning with new vigor to the conflict. The events are all closely connected, and are in continual progress. They succeed each other regularly like the acts of a drama. The interest heightens at every succeeding act. We shall see how a peaceful movement for reform grew into an agitation for revolution; how an open political association

darkened into a secret conspiracy; how entreaties spurned changed to angry menaces, and threats ended in blood. The whole has its catastrophe in the rebellion of 1798.

The progress of this story brings into view every variety of incident. Now armed battalions move across the field in brilliant array—and now we follow peasants in their hiding-places among the hills. At one moment we are in the heat of battle—and then alone on the field at night, listening to the wail of a mother over her son. Now the narrative leads us to the floor of Parliament, watching till midnight the stormy debate—then to the court-room, where the young and ardent patriot is on trial for his life—and next we see him, attended by soldiers, marching to the place of execution with slow step and muffled drum.

There is not a passion of our nature which is not awakened in reading this history—pity, grief, indignation; anger at the treachery of some, admiration at the fidelity of others. The melancholy fate of so many brave men, the sufferings and courage of the peasantry, the pathetic eloquence of the Irish orators—all lend a painful interest to the events we have to relate.

It is a sad story. Yet we are fascinated even in these dark scenes by traits of the Irish character, which constantly break through the adversities of their condition,

"Like skies that rain and lighten,"

by incessant flashes covering the darkened heaven with brightness. The record of so much suffering is relieved by the mixture of much that is honorable to our nature.

These scenes have an additional interest to us from the fact, that several of the principal actors in them were afterward cast upon our shores. At first I thought only to write brief memoirs of the Irish exiles, but this soon ran into a general history of the revolutionary scenes in which they bore a part. It therefore seemed best to make the design of this volume more complete; to embrace in it the origin and course of that projected revolution in which they were actors. The subject is a historical unity: the events of this period are so connected—the subject is so compact that it may be viewed apart. It forms a distinct chapter in Irish history. I however so far adhere to the original design as to detail with particular minuteness the part borne by these illustrious exiles. They are the heroes of the story. It is often by following the fortunes of an individual that we obtain the most graphic picture of a historical period. As the American reader may feel particular interest in their fate, I have glanced rapidly at their history after they left their country and settled in ours. It is pleasant after scenes of strife and blood, to contemplate a picture of repose. It furnishes that relief to the eye which artists seek in painting. It affords that exquisite satisfaction to the moral feelings, which is the highest pleasure in history.

The materials of this history are scattered through many volumes, and mixed up with masses of merely local or temporary interest. To sift huge octavos down to a few material facts, and to cast aside the party rancor with which every page of Irish history is disfigured, has been the labor of many months. The object has been to

glean from this wide field such details as might be of permanent historical value, and to weave them into a connected tale.

It has been my care to make this narrative strictly accurate; to introduce no feature into the scene for effect which was not authentic history. This has made it necessary to compare the different historians of that time.

Many personal incidents have been communicated by the families of the Irish exiles. The reader will miss the vivacity which gave to each anecdote its charm in the relation. But I beg him to imagine that he is sitting before a blazing fire on a winter's night, listening to Irish melodies, and in the intervals, that he hears these brief chapters recited by a fair reader, and with a pleasant voice.

New York, Feb. 1851.

The Irish Confederates and Rebellion.

CHAPTER I.

A Glance at Irish History.

The Irish claim to be a very ancient people. How long the island lay uninhabited—at what time man first set foot upon its silent shores—are matters of conjecture. Probably the same Celtic wave, which, at a remote period of time, swept across Europe, and inundated Britain, reached Ireland. But these aborigines of the island were half-naked savages, with long hair and of ferocious aspect, and belted with skins. They lived in rude huts, and subsisted on acorns, or by hunting and fishing. Society was in its rudest state. Divided into clans, they acknowledged the sovereignty of petty chiefs. Their religion, like that of the ancient Britons, was that of the Druids.

But the Irish historians are fond of tracing their origin to a more civilized people. The Phenicians, the maritime adventurers of antiquity—so run their ancient chronicles—sailing westward, founded Carthage, and planted other colonies along the coast of Africa and in Spain, and from thence crossed to Ireland, the outer limit of the then

known world. Traces of this Asiatic origin yet remain in the land. The round towers, which still stand like solitary columns in her valleys, were erected at a period beyond the reach of history, and are believed to have been reared for the worship of the sun. The feastings and cries of the peasantry at funerals—the Irish wakes—is a custom which carries us back directly to the East.

Even thus early, portions of the country were inhabited by a powerful race. The Irish trace far back into this period the line of their kings. "Remember," says Ossian, "the kings of Erin; the stately forms of old. Let not the fallen be forgot, they were mighty in the field."

But the island was but partially reclaimed by these bands of adventurers. The country itself was still a wilderness, a wild waste of lakes and mountains, of bogs and moors. The aboriginal savages still roamed through interminable forests. Bears had their dens in rocky caverns. The wolf came down to drink of her mountain lakes, and the deer slept in his covert unscared by the cry of the hunter. Wild fowl haunted her inland waters, and the eagle sailed along her northern rocky shores. The island lay in the solitude of nature.

At length came Christianity, the true civilizer of nations. A holy man landed on the shores of Ireland. The life of St. Patrick is enveloped in some degree of obscurity, and perhaps looms up large in the twilight of tradition. Still there seems no reason to doubt that there was such a man, who came over the sea in the fifth century, and devoted himself to the conversion of the poor islanders. He gathered them in the open fields or under the

shade of an aged oak, at the sound of a drum,* and preached to them the gospel. The savages sat at his feet in mute wonder as he related the story of the cross. They were won by his mildness, and awed by the sanctity of his life. And chiefs and vassals together embraced the new religion.

Then rose churches and abbeys in many a sequestered valley of Ireland. Then were the hill-sides pressed by pious feet. The convent bell rang across the vale. Monasteries crowned many a hill, which were the repositories at once of learning and of Christianity. From the sixth to the eighth century, Ireland was confessedly in advance of England in civilization and in piety. Hither came the great Alfred to obtain that learning which his own kingdom could not afford. Irish missionaries propagated the gospel in the surrounding nations. To Ireland the Anglo-Saxon king Oswald applied for learned men to teach his people Christianity. An Irish monk, Columba, founded the monastery in the sacred island of Iona, "which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion."†

The Irish chieftains derived wealth and power from the civilization of their people, and began to assume a rude, barbaric splendor. Lofty castles rose in which the bards of Erin, like those of Wales, sung of the deeds of their ancestors, and the harp was heard in the halls of Tara.

* Neander's History of the Church.
† Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

The Irish still linger with fondness on the traditions of ancient days. It is natural for an imaginative and high-spirited people—crushed by superior power—to try to forget their present wretchedness in the recollection of ancient glory. The Greek and the Italian, fallen, have never forgotten their former name. In twenty centuries the intense life of the ancient races has not become extinct. "Still in their ashes live their wonted fires." So the traditional glories of Ireland give a charm to her hills and valleys. The songs of her ancient bards linger on the air, fainter and fainter, yet still more sweet, like the sound of bells dying away in the distance.*

The pressure of Asiatic nations upon the tribes of Eastern and Northern Europe, precipitated the barbarians of Scandinavia upon the Roman Empire. The same vast migration of nations forced some of the Germanic tribes to the West. The Saxons landed in England, but seem not to have invaded Ireland. Not so easily did she escape the visit of "the rugged Dane." Sheltered behind England and Scotland, she felt not the first shock of invasion. But the bold sea-kings at length passed the Orkneys, and turned their prows to the south. They sailed by the stormy Hebrides, and found a larger and more beautiful island. These intrepid navigators have left their footprints along the coast. Dublin is a Danish city. They retained their power in Ireland for two hundred years.

* Whoever is curious in such matters will find the subject of Irish Antiquities treated at great length in Moore's History of Ireland.

Scarcely were the Danes expelled before another invader came, whose hand is still upon the land. In 1170 the Anglo-Norman first set foot upon these shores.

It is a curious fact that the invasion of Ireland was undertaken by the English to extend the authority of the Pope.

The primitive churches of Ireland were remarkably pure. Remote from the center of Catholic Christendom, they were little affected by the corruptions of the Church of Rome. They cared little for festivals and splendid ceremonies, "only preaching," says the venerable Bede, "such works of charity and piety as they could learn from the prophetical, evangelical and apostolical writings." They acknowledged no allegiance to the Pope. Indeed their churches could hardly be called Episcopal, for though they had bishops their clergy were all equal. There was a bishop to every parish. But he assumed no lordly prerogatives nor splendor. He was poor like the people whom he instructed. This fact may conciliate the regards of Protestants towards that unhappy country.

In 1154, the same year that Henry II. ascended the throne of England, Nicholas Breakspear, the only Englishman that ever filled the Papal chair, became Pope under the title of Adrian IV. Eager to extend his sway over all the British Islands, he issued a commission to Henry II. giving him authority to subdue Ireland to the Catholic faith. He was to pay to the Pope the tribute of a penny for each house, and on this sole condition was at liberty to establish himself as monarch of that country.

This fact Catholic and Protestant historians have com-

bined to suppress, though for very different reasons. The Catholics did not like to admit that they had been betrayed by their Holy Father, nor the Protestants of England that to the gift of their great enemy they owed their only title to Ireland. True, several years after the Pope's commission, the English were invited over, as the Saxons had been invited into England, to aid in settling a civil dispute, which gave another pretext for invasion. But they brought the commission of the Pope as their title to the land. The army under Strongbow, which landed in the south of Ireland, was a band of crusaders, marching under the banner of religion. So that, when English Protestants lament the obstinate adherence of the Irish to the Church of Rome, they may thank themselves for teaching them the lesson which they have learned so well.

CHAPTER II.

WHY THE IRISH HATE THE ENGLISH.—IRELAND A CONQUERED COUNTRY.—NO FUSION OF RACES.

IT is easy to understand the bitterness which exists between the Irish and the English. Ireland is a conquered country. To reconcile a nation to new masters several generations must elapse. The wounded pride of a vanquished race can be healed only by time, and the most conciliating policy.

But this fact alone does not explain the long-continued animosity. If Ireland was a conquered country, so was Scotland; so was Wales; so was England herself. But in all these instances there was a gradual fusion of races. The victorious invaders gradually melted down into the mass of the nation. Thus the fair-haired daughters of the Saxons won the hearts of their Norman lords; and woman's charms effected what could not have been effected by centuries of wars. Thus in all the invasions of England Ancient Britons, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, ran together, and have made that composite race, which is now the noblest in the world.

In Scotland and Wales the English at first encountered the same hostility as in Ireland. For hundreds of years

the name of the Saxon was as bitterly hated among the Highlands, and the Welsh mountains, as across the channel. But these were parts of one island, and the waves of population gradually flowed together. Ireland was a distinct country, and could be Anglicized more slowly. Of a proud race, and inflamed with ideas of the ancient glory of his country, the Celt stood apart from his foreign masters. But time heals all wounds. The blood shed in battle sinks into the earth; the grass grows green over the slain; and ancient feuds and wars at last die out from the memory of men. Here time would have brought oblivion and reconciliation, if continued oppression and cruelty had not kept the wounds fresh and bleeding. The most woful blunder ever committed in the long misgovernment of Ireland, was the laws early passed prohibiting marriages between the English and the native Irish, —even making it an act of high treason. This rendered the evil incurable. The two races, naturally jealous of each other, were thus forced asunder. The nation was divided into a dominant and a servile class; between whom there must be forever jealousy, hatred, and often civil war.

Had the Normans, at the period of their conquest, prohibited marriages with the Saxons, the same bitterness would have been entailed upon England. The two races would never have coalesced. The animosity of slaves to their masters would have descended from generation to generation. The history of England would have been little more than a succession of wars between two races as utterly apart, and as deadly hostile, as the Spaniard and

the Moor. Had the same barbarous laws been passed in Wales and Scotland, to render impossible a mixture of the subjugated people with their masters, the English would have been as cordially detested in those countries to this day as they are in Ireland. It was the interest of England to make the hereditary divisions in her mixed people disappear as fast as possible, and to fuse the whole population of the British islands into one nation. But these laws rendered the line of division indelible. They branded the greater part of the nation as a subjugated people, and compelled the English to stand always in the attitude of invaders, clad in mail, and with arms in their hands. The Irish remained a distinct people, almost as much as the Jews, and with the hereditary sense of injustice which marks that stricken race. The English continued aliens in the land, aliens by blood, by language, and by religion. Thus the two races remained apart, the one to cherish an inextinguishable sense of wrong, and hatred of their oppressors, and the other a bitterness against the poor people whose spirit of resistance they could not break.

In Scotland great social inequalities existed, but the organization of the Highland clans gave the serf an interest in the favor of his lord. The clansman felt a pride in the success of his chieftain. He followed him to the war and to the chase, and in return received his powerful protection. Sometimes he shared his hospitality. The bagpipe was heard in the castle grounds, and rude Highlanders in their tartans danced on the green sward, and then ate and drank at their chief's expense. These

friendly customs, which were remnants of feudal times, softened the rigor of the peasant's lot, and made the relation between him and his superior one of affection.

But in Ireland the lord and the peasant were of different races, and had no feelings in common. The landlord did not deign to speak to the laborer. The peasant did not dare to address his master. They remained sullenly apart, the one in his palace, the other in his hovel. As there was no duty of protection on the one side, there was no gratitude or allegiance on the other. Such persevering misgovernment arose in part from ignorance of the Irish character.

For six hundred years the English have been masters of Ireland, and yet they have not understood the people of that country. The intense self-consciousness, the indomitable pride and will of an Englishman, prevent him from entering into the feelings of one differently constituted from himself. They have regarded the natives of Ireland as a turbulent, half-barbarous people, that must be awed by harsh government. A more ignorant and suicidal policy could not be devised. A Frenchman is not more unlike an Anglo-Saxon than is an Irishman. Like the Highlanders, and all Celtic nations, the Irish are a chivalrous, proud, and high-spirited people. They can not be cowed by severity. Oppression but exasperates them and renders them more ungovernable. They can not be so tamed. On the other hand, they have warm hearts, and might easily be conciliated by kindness. If the English could stoop to conciliation, they would not find a more grateful and loyal people in all their dominions.

But the policy early adopted in Ireland was that often pursued by civilized nations, who have conquered savage tribes; presenting only the alternative of slavery or extermination. At first the English rule was confined to a portion of the island, called the Pale. But as they extended their explorations, they found that it was all a goodly land, worthy of conquest and pillage. The English knight, pricking over the hills of Connaught and Munster, reined in his horse on the heights to look down on the broad lands, and noble bays and rivers at his feet. Sir John Davies wrote home:—"I have visited all the provinces of that kingdom, in sundry journeys and circuits, wherein I have observed the good temperature of the ayre, the fruitfulness of the soyle, the pleasant and commodious seats for habitation, the safe and large ports and havens, lying open for trafficke into all west parts of the world; the long inlets of many navigable rivers, and so many great lakes and fresh ponds within the lands, as the like are not to be seene in any part of Europe; the rich fishings and wild fowle of all kinds; and lastly, the bodies and minds of the people, endued with extraordinary abilities of nature."

Such was the prize offered to English cupidity. It was an age of brilliant conquest. Cortez had subdued the proud Mexican monarchy. Pizarro had added Peru, a land of gems and gold, to the vast dominions of Spain. And now Elizabeth proposed the complete subjugation of Ireland. The policy adopted was as unsparing and relentless as that of Cortez in Mexico. But the Briton found in the Celt a haughtier foe than the Spaniard found in the Mexican. The Irish were often vanquished in battle, but

never subdued. It was then proposed to exterminate the people by laying waste the country. Burning and massacre devastated the land. The flames, set to fields of waving grain, consumed the food of the people. Famine completed the havoc which war had begun. Then ensued a scene of woe, only equaled by the ravages of Hyder Ali in the Carnatic. "No spectacle," says Morrison, "was more frequent in the ditches of towns, and especially in wasted counties, than to see multitudes of these poor people dead, with their mouths all colored green by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend up above ground."

It seems too much to impute to England the deliberate design of exterminating a whole nation. But long enmity and cruel wars had so imbittered the English against the Irish, that they were hardly sensible of the barbarity of their conduct. Even the gentle poet Spenser applauds the success of this policy, and recommends that the country be still kept waste, so that gradually it may be depopulated. "The land being thus kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad, by this hard restraint, they would quietly consume themselves, and devour one another; the proof whereof I saw sufficiently in those late wars of Munster, for notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corn and cattle, that you would have thought they would have been able to stand long, yet in one year and a half they were brought to such wretchedness as that any stoney heart would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they came creeping forth upon their

hands, for their legges could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they eat the dead carrions, happy where they could find them; yea, and one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves; and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrocks, to these they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able to continue therewithall; that in a short space there were none almost left, and a most populous country suddenly left void of man and beast."

During the bitter wars of the time of Charles I., no matter which party got the upper hand, the Irish were fated to suffer. They suffered from the duplicity of Charles, and they were crushed under the iron hand of Cromwell. The Irish were devoted to the house of Stuart, and stood by them in all their misfortunes. But this wretched family repaid their devotion with the basest treachery. Charles I., and James II., while looking to the Irish for support, and for the maintenance of their thrones, were both playing a double game. The Irish were the most faithful supporters of the house of Stuart, and that house abandoned them to ruin. It found, when too late, that in this treachery it had ruined itself.

Cromwell came to Ireland apparently with the feeling that the country had never been conquered, and determined to finish the work. He attacked Drogheda, which, after an obstinate defense, surrendered on promise of quarter. The bravery with which the town was defended would have led a generous foe to grant honorable terms.

But Cromwell refused even to ratify the agreement of his officers, by which their lives were to be spared. He ordered the whole garrison to be put to the sword. It consisted of two thousand men, and the butchery occupied two days. It was the design of this massacre to strike terror into the hearts of the Irish. Perhaps, to some extent, it succeeded. But it fixed the first indelible stain on the name of Oliver Cromwell. The same horrors were repeated at Wexford. Cromwell forbade his soldiers to give quarter.

Then did this holy army take possession of the country, and comparing themselves to the Israelites, and Ireland to Canaan, proceeded to distribute the promised land among their tribes. Confiscation followed confiscation. Almost the whole island changed hands. The best Irish estates were distributed among the praying captains and majors of Cromwell's army. Of the Irish who were permitted to live, thousands were driven into the wilds of Connaught. The Roundhead was as unscrupulous as the Cavalier in taking possession of the Irish lands. Both were ready to raise the cry of "no popery," or "the English interest," whenever it was necessary to secure them. In the civil war in Ulster, in 1641, Sir William Petty observes, "There was now a great game to be played for the estates of the Irish proprietors. Upon so great odds the English won, and have, besides other pretenses, a gamester's right at least to their estates, but as for the blood shed in the contest, God alone knows who did occasion it."

It is an instance of those strange inconsistencies which meet us everywhere in history, that the period when the

English people were most clamorous for liberty themselves, was the period in which they bore most hard upon others. The date of liberty in England was the date of oppression in Ireland. The Parliament under Cromwell humanely declared "that it was not their intention to extirpate the Irish nation!" And yet this same Parliament, which gave liberty to England, resolved in solemn debate by both houses, "that they would not consent to the toleration of popery in Ireland, or any of his majesty's dominions," which was in effect declaring a war of extermination against seven eighths of the whole population of that country.

Every impartial historian now concedes the great services rendered by the Puritans to the cause of English liberty. But that they were more advanced than the rest of their age, in principles of toleration, is not so apparent. If anywhere on earth just religious liberty could be found at that day, it should have been in that band of pilgrims who sought freedom to worship God amid the forests of this new world. Yet from these shores, bleak and inhospitable, yet dear to our fathers, because they afforded a refuge from oppression, went forth this counsel to old England: "I begge upon my hands and knees, that the expedition against them [the Irish] may be undertaken while the hearts and hands of our souldiery are hot, to whom I will be bold to say briefly: happy is he that shall reward them as they have served us, and cursed be he that shall do the work of the Lord negligently, cursed be he that holdeth back his sword from blood; yea, cursed be he that maketh not his sword starke drunk with Irish blood, that

doth not recompense them double for their hellish treachery to the English, that maketh them not heaps upon heaps, and their country a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment to nations: let not that eye look for pity, nor that hand to be spared, that pities or spares them, and let him be accursed, that curseth not them bitterly."*

Such were the sentiments which national jealousy and religious hatred could inspire even in the breasts of good men. With such messages came the English to crush the last spark of liberty out of a brave and unfortunate people. How different from that gentle reign which Christ came to establish on earth!

When Charles II. was restored to his father's throne, the loyal Irish, who had forfeited their estates for taking up arms to support his father, expected to be reinstated in their just possessions. But so far from this, Charles confirmed the confiscations of Cromwell, thus punishing the loyalty of his Irish subjects. The motive of this strange act was curious. It was that Cromwell, though a regicide in England, stood in Ireland as the representative of the English interest, and to dispute the authority of England, by whomsoever governed, was an offense not to be forgiven. The whole aim was to establish in Ireland a powerful English interest. This had a double object—to pre-

* The Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America, by Rev. Nathaniel Ward. This clergyman came to this country in 1634, and was pastor of the church at Ipswich, Mass. He returned to England in 1646, and preached before the House of Commons, and published a book with the above quaint title, on the political state of England. It is a book of much wit. Its spirit may be judged of from the extract above.

vent Ireland from becoming a commercial rival, and to secure her close dependence upon England. It was a scheme of bargain and plunder between England and her Irish colony. To the English residents in Ireland was granted as their share of the spoil, the internal government of the country, the broad lands of the Irish, and their spoliation at home, while they were to purchase the support of England by the sacrifice of national independence and of foreign trade. British statesmen had already begun to see that Ireland, if left to herself, might become a great power on the seas. The natural features of that island, its deep rivers, and broad-armed ports, pointed it out as fitted to be a great commercial country. The English government anticipated this, and it therefore became a settled policy that Ireland should be systematically depressed, to prevent her becoming a rival of England. Thus, while the ships of England were crossing all oceans, extending the wealth and power of their country, the commerce of Ireland was subjected to restrictions which amounted to a virtual prohibition. While English merchants were reaping the wealth of the Indies, the Irish were left to derive a scanty subsistence from digging the soil. In this, Ireland was treated like the other English colonies, which do not exist at all for themselves, but only to pour riches into the lap of the mother country. The policy was successful. In two hundred years it has made England the richest country on earth, and Ireland the poorest.

The Revolution of 1688 gave the English a new excuse for robbery, for the Irish had been faithful to the fallen

monarch. The course of the Irish in this civil war was one of honor, though of misfortune. They defended James II. bravely at the battle of the Boyne, and would have carried the day but for his cowardice and vacillation. But while they were shedding their blood for him on the banks of that stream which rolled red on that terrible day, the monarch deserted them, and fled to France. However, they shed no tears for that. They were heartily glad to have him gone. "Change kings," was their cry, "and we will fight the battle over again." They were then free to carry on the war on their own account, unchecked by a cowardly king. They retired behind the Shannon, and threw themselves into Athlone and Limerick. William advanced to attack them, and was signally defeated. The next year the great Marlborough resumed the war with better success. The last fortress fell, and the war was ended. Two days after the treaty was signed, the French appeared off the coast, coming, as they have generally done, to the assistance of Ireland, a little too late. The glory of that long defense of their country and their king, belongs to the Irish alone. The fate of war was against them, but their honor, their courage, and their fidelity, had at least been maintained, and should have secured them generous terms. Never had a struggle less reason to be denounced as a Rebellion. They fought against rebellion. But the pretense was eagerly seized for new confiscations. Ireland was once more a conquered country, and "to the victors belong the spoils." William himself was an enlightened and tolerant king. He was carried away by no furious hatred of the Irish, or of their religion. The Prince of Orange

was no Orangeman, though that persecuting association have taken his name. But he was overborne by the rapacious soldiers who followed his banners. Again ancient Irish families were compelled to leave their homes and the graves of their fathers, and go forth like Abraham, not knowing whither they went. Again, a new brood settled in the land. Wasted counties were filled up by the English plantations. Almost the whole of Ulster was occupied by Scotch Presbyterians.

In Scotland there have been two open rebellions since —in 1715, and in 1745. It is hardly a hundred years since the English cavalry rode down the Highlanders, who had taken up arms for Charles Stuart, on the field of Culloden. But how different was the treatment of Scotland from that of Ireland!

Such has been the war of extermination which England has carried on in Ireland. By the most sweeping confiscations known in the history of the world, and by a general system of expatriation pursued for hundreds of years, she has tried to root out the old stock, and to cause the nation to dwindle away. God has brought their counsels to naught. The more the Irish have been oppressed, the more they have increased. In spite of war and famine, they have multiplied like the Israelites in Egypt.

Where the proud spirit of the Irish could not be broken, the alternative has sometimes been given them to emigrate. At the surrender of Limerick was witnessed a scene which illustrates the spirit of Irishmen. In the terms of capitulation it was agreed that the troops who were un-

willing to enter the service of England should have liberty to retire to France. A flag was planted in front of the town; the representatives of three kings stood beside it; and as the army marched by, those who chose the service of the King of England were to file to the left, those who chose France to keep on. All was silence on the plain, save the slow tramp of fifteen thousand men. A few hundreds only turned to the left. The great body marched on in solid column, preferring exile to a home in their country no longer free. They were soon the flower of the armies of Louis XIV.

So the severity of Cromwell drove thousands into foreign countries—a suicidal policy, which England has had cause to rue on many a bloody field. This led to the formation of Irish brigades in the continental armies. A reserve of these troops turned the tide of battle at Fontenoy against "the proud Cumberland." So England has often been crossed by the sword of her exiled subjects in the armies of Napoleon, and in both the American wars.

CHAPTER III.

DIFFERENCE OF RELIGION.—WHY THE REFORMATION DID NOT SPREAD IN IRELAND.—PERSECUTION OF THE CATHOLICS.

THE cause which more than all others has kept up the alienation of races in Ireland, has been difference of religion. Without bearing this in mind, no one can understand Irish history. This is the cause which has made its civil feuds and wars so bitter.

Had the Reformation spread in Ireland as it did in Scotland, there might have been a gradual assimilation of the Celtic and Saxon races. But as it stopped the other side of the channel, it rather aggravated the condition of the Irish, as it destroyed the only bond which remained between them and their conquerors, the bond of religion.

A stumbling-block to the reader of Irish history is the fact that the Reformation never spread in Ireland. It will not do to set this down at once to the stupidity of the Irish people. Whatever calamity it may have been to them that they did not embrace the new religion of their masters, the Protestants of England have themselves to blame for it. The measures employed to introduce it revolted the nation. Had it been brought to them in the true spirit of Christianity, it would have met little resistance.

Had pains been taken to instruct the people, to commend the new faith to their intelligence or to their affections, the effect would have been different. Had their prejudices been conciliated by kindness; had their confidence been won by the ministry of truly pious men, who went among the people, who sympathized in their depressed state, who shared their poverty, and instructed them by conversation and by example, they would have found willing hearers in the cabins of that warm-hearted people. Had some bold and earnest reformer, like John Knox, risen up to give his own stamp to the clergy, and devoted himself to the welfare of the people, the Reformation would doubtless have spread as rapidly as it did in Scotland.

Happy for Ireland had it been so! What makes Scotland the glory of all lands? Her hills are bleak. Her glens are wild and savage. The rain beats on her bald mountains. Her gorges foam with mist. What hand unseen hath made flowers bloom upon the barren waste? A pure religion has descended like a baptism on her hills. And from many a lonely sheiling steals up the voice of prayer and of singing. These glens are made beautiful by the feet of heavenly guides. "On the Grampian hills" the spiritual shepherd "feeds his flock."

But in Ireland the change of religion was a mere matter of policy, and it was forced upon the nation in the most harsh and intolerant spirit. That country has been unfortunate in the apostles who have undertaken to teach her a better faith than her early, simple Christianity. Henry II., who was commissioned to subdue Ireland to the Pope, before he could enter on that holy work, was whip-

ped by eight monks for the murder of a saint at the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Of Henry VIII. who introduced the Reformation, the high reputation for sanctity is well known. As the motives of this monarch were the lowest, so the means he employed were the worst. The preachers sent among the Irish were generally ignorant, and often not even men of decent morals. They took no pains to learn the Irish language. The liturgy was read in English, which to the peasantry was an unknown tongue. In condescension however to popular ignorance, where an English reader could not be found, permission was given to celebrate the service in Latin! Of two unknown tongues the people chose that which they had been accustomed to hear from their priests. For the spiritual welfare of the people the imported clergy cared nothing. So utterly neglected was religious instruction, that but for the Presbyterians of the north, and the Methodists, who have been the missionaries of the poor, Protestantism at this day would hardly have a name in Ireland, except among the aristocracy and the hangers-on of government. The rector stood aloof from the peasant, and hardly took notice of his existence except in collecting his tithes; while the priest was his companion, his counselor and friend. Was it strange that the poor people, who always judge more from example than from argument, should have hesitated to abandon the faith of their fathers for a new religion which furnished such sorry examples of piety? Attached therefore as we are to the Protestant faith, we can not but regard the fact that the Irish clung to their ancient religion under these circumstances as most

honorable to their national character. It is no credit to a man to change religions without very substantial reasons. He who does it puts shame upon his fathers by deserting the faith in which they lived and died. But what reason had the Irish to change their faith? Of the abstract points in dispute probably not one in a thousand had the means of forming a judgment, even if he had the capacity to decide upon such questions. Since then they could have no opinion of their own, they could only change on the authority of some one whose superior knowledge and character should be a sufficient guaranty for the truth and excellence of his doctrine. But Henry VIII. was hardly enough of a saint to create a strong presumption in favor of the reformed Christianity. Was it a proof of the stupidity of the Irish that they did not instantly recognize that exemplary king, or his royal daughter Elizabeth, to be divinely commissioned to preach a new religion? Was it to their disgrace that they did not forsake the faith which they had received from their spiritual guides at the bidding of a tyrant, or of an imperious woman? Lordly prelates were easily seduced to change their church for the sake of advancement. Out of nineteen bishops in the time of Elizabeth, seventeen abjured popery as readily as in the former reign they had renounced Protestantism.* But the parish priests and the poor peasantry clung to the

* Taylor's History of the Civil Wars in Ireland. This work has been republished in this country in two volumes of Harper's Family Library, under the title of History of Ireland. The references to it here are to the American edition.

worship of their fathers. Which gave the better evidence of an earnest faith in Christianity?

The Puritans brought still another form of doctrine. But of these new Protestants all that the Irish saw, was that they were foreigners, who invaded their country with their creed in one hand and the sword in the other; that they claimed to be saints, and so to have a right to possess the earth; that they came to drive out the Irish as heathen, and were more anxious to exterminate than to convert them, since the former only would enable them to seize upon their lands. The Irish could not yield to such arguments. They could not associate religion with confiscation and massacre. They could not receive the gospel from hands red with the blood of their brethren.

It was manifestly for their *interest* to turn Protestants. But to have done so, instead of showing them a more devout people, would only have evinced an indifference to all religion. It would have argued about as sincere conviction as Bem's turning Mohammedan. Nothing shows such entire recklessness of religion as facility in changing it. It is therefore the strongest proof that the ancient Christianity had a hold upon the affections of the Irish people, that they would not change it, even when driven from their homes and threatened with death.

If any thing had been wanting to complete the alienation of the Irish from the Reformed doctrine, it was supplied by the attempt to enforce it by cruel laws. We hear much of the persecution of Protestants in former ages by Catholics, and it is well to be reminded that Protestants in their days of power have not always been mild

and tolerant.* Human nature must be changed before the Irish Catholics can regard Protestantism with any other emotions than those of horror. From the day that Henry VIII. proclaimed a new religion throughout the British Islands, they have known nothing of it but its oppressions. It is associated with England, the country which they most hate. To this day they have but one word in their language to designate Englishman and Protestant. Both are *Sassanagh*. The very name recalls the wrongs of hundreds of years. It brings afresh to mind the oppressors of their country, the murderers of their fathers and mothers. The Protestants first came to Ireland, like Mohammed among the tribes of Arabia, sword in hand. Instead of soothing down old enmities, they revived hereditary feuds, and made the hatred of the Saxon and the Celt more bitter and relentless. When religion is perverted to sanction wrong; when an unenlightened conscience or mistaken sense of duty justifies persecution, it produces a cruelty more refined, a torture more exquisite, than mere revenge knows how to prepare for its victims. Thus, when the Puritans came to Ireland, the intensity of

* I shall not soon forget a conversation with the president of Maynooth. We were walking in the library of the College, talking of the Church of Rome. He listened with kindness to my objections, and made such answers as he thought satisfactory. I expressed abhorrence of the persecutions by the Catholics. He stopped, and speaking slowly and with great energy, replied, "Yes, the Catholics have persecuted; but not more than the Protestants; and never—never in the history of the world was there an instance of such persecution as that of the Irish Catholics." The earnestness with which he spoke startled me, but since I am better acquainted with the wrongs of his country, it no longer excites surprise.

their religious zeal led them into cruelties which their hearts would not have prompted. They were ready to call down fire from heaven to burn up their enemies, because these were also the enemies of the Lord. They had continually before their minds the Israelites in Canaan, and felt called upon by the voice of God to exterminate an idolatrous nation. They were fond of quoting the texts, "That thy feet may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and that the tongue of thy dogs may be red with the same," and "The high praises of God were in their mouths, and a two-edged sword in their hands, to execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people."

The Catholics have been branded with infamy because some of them have held that no faith was to be kept with heretics. We are not anxious to screen them from deserved reprobation. A doctrine so atrocious, wherever it appears, should be held up to the detestation of mankind. But let the truth be told. Many of the saintly Puritans taught no better morality. They held that all obligations were dissolved in treating with the enemies of God and man. "Not a few of the preachers of that period denounced from their pulpits the sparing of the papists as a heinous sin, and urged the godly to consummate the work of slaughter, even as Samuel had hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord at Gilgal."*

If we ask the cause of this inhumanity, we shall find that it was owing to religious bigotry, stimulated by self-interest. The Protestants of Ireland were honorable men

* Taylor, vol. ii. p. 45.

in other respects. They made great pretensions to religion. They were men of integrity and uncommon purity of life—honest, upright, fearing God, and not awed by man. They, too, had shown a heroism in suffering in their evil times, which had won for them the admiration of mankind. But fanaticism hardened their hearts. It steeled them against pity. The spirit of religious bigotry, which is set on fire of hell, consumed every sentiment of humanity.

We do not charge these crimes to the whole Protestant world. But neither is it fair to charge the sentiments of a few fanatical Dominicans upon the whole of Catholic Christendom. Persecution was the error not of one church only, but of an age ignorant and superstitious—an age, we trust, forever past.

But the determination to crush Popery was not left to the occasional violence of persecution. It was framed into a code of laws, more bitter and relentless than ever before were devised to put down a religion. Gladly would we pass over this dark chapter, but the truth of history compels us to notice the penal laws enacted against the Catholics of Ireland. Persecutions have taken place in other countries. Religious wars have destroyed the tranquillity of many nations. But a cruelty so systematized, a code so inhuman, we know not where else to find. "You abhorred it," said Burke, "as I did, for its vicious perfection; for I must do it justice, it was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency, well digested and well composed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the op-

pression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

By the laws passed in the reign of Queen Anne, a Catholic could not purchase an acre of ground in the kingdom. He could not purchase any manor, or tenement, or even hold a lease for a term exceeding thirty-one years. Even his lease, if he got over a certain profit from it, he forfeited to the first Protestant who made the discovery. If a Catholic owned a horse, of whatever value, a Protestant could take it from him upon paying him five pounds. Catholics were excluded from many profitable branches of trade, and in many instances from residence within the walls of cities. If they were not reduced to absolute penury, it was from no lack of effort to impoverish them.

A Catholic could hold no office of trust or emolument, either civil or military; and this, though the army and navy were filled with Irish Catholics, serving as privates. They were admitted into the ranks as slaves, but never allowed to be masters. Thus the sense of dignity and self-respect which comes from the possession of property, or from official station, was utterly broken down. Catholics had no hand in the administration of justice, and dared not hope for redress for any wrong. They were not even allowed to sit on grand juries. Thus there was no obstacle to the petty tyranny of the country justice. The Protestant ascendency had the gratification of making their heavy hand felt in every village and cabin of unhappy Ireland. Nor in this extremity had the Catholic the

resource of education, or of peaceful religious worship. Catholics were not allowed degrees in the university of Dublin; nor could they found or endow any university, college, or school of their own, even to educate their own children. A papist could not teach, even as assistant to a Protestant master. A reward of ten pounds was offered for the discovery of a Catholic usher!

This narrow policy punished itself. For as the Irish ecclesiastics could not obtain an education in their own country, they were sent to study in the seminaries of France and Spain, and returned to Ireland, stronger in their Catholic prejudices, and unlimited in their devotion to the Pope.

Still the vengeance of the law hung over them. They were not permitted to celebrate their religious worship. Fifty pounds were offered for the discovery of a Catholic bishop, and twenty pounds for a priest!

A Catholic could not marry a Protestant. As late as 1745, (scarce a hundred years ago,) this law was amended by an addition, that any papist priest, who celebrated such a marriage, should be hanged! Thus were they branded as a degraded race. Guilty of no crime, convicted of no wrong, simply for his religious faith, the Catholic was visited with those penalties, which, under just laws, are reserved for robbery and murder. Catholics and Protestants were kept apart from birth. How could they help feeling that they were natural enemies? "Such laws," said an Irish orator, "were sown like the dragon's teeth in my country; but, thank God, the harvest has been armed men!"

But this infamous code went still farther, and attempted to introduce discord into every Catholic family. It sought to destroy confidence between parents and children, by holding out temptations to the son to rob his father. If the son of a papist conformed to the established religion, he succeeded to the family estate, which from that moment the father could not sell, nor mortgage, nor dispose of by will. No papist could be in a line of entail, but the estate passed on to the next Protestant heir, as if the papist were dead. A papist could not be the guardian of his own child. If the child, though ever so young, pretended to be a Protestant, it was taken from the father, and placed under the care of the nearest Protestant relation. At the same time the father was bound to pay an annuity for its support.*

Such were the laws against the Catholics of Ireland, passed by the Protestant ascendency of that country, backed by England;—a code, which did not come down from the dark ages, but which was enacted at the commencement of the Eighteenth Century! And this at the very time that the ministers of England were engaged in a negotiation with the Emperor of Germany to obtain a full toleration of Protestantism in his dominions! "Shame can no farther go."

These laws were executed in the most sanguinary spirit. Catholic chapels were shut up by force. Their clergy were sent to prison, or into exile. The history of persecution in Ireland has not been so often presented as

* For a full exposure of the enormity of this code, see Sidney Smith's articles in the Edinburgh Review, and Peter Plymley's Letters.

of that in Scotland. But if worthily written, it would be found as rich in tales of religious heroism as that of the Scotch covenanters. Priest-hunting was an amusement for the gentry in Ireland as well as in Scotland. Sometimes bloodhounds were employed to track the game.* And many were the faithful priests, who met their flocks in caves, in mountains, and morasses, to administer the rites of their religion.

We record these acts of wrong in no spirit of triumph at the discovered tyranny of another country. It is no part of the design of this volume to revive bitterness against England, the Mother of Nations. We can speak even of these things with calmness, for they are irrevocably past, and there is no prospect that they will ever return. Still it is fit that they should live in history, along with tales of Bastilles and Inquisitions, as melancholy proofs of

"Man's inhumanity to man."

The attempt to coerce the Irish produced the same effect as that to enforce conformity upon the Presbyterians of Scotland. The Scotch resisted the encroachment on their religious rights with the characteristic stubborness of their nation. "On reading of the new liturgy in Edinburgh, no sooner had the dean, arrayed in his surplice, opened the book, than a multitude, clapping their hands, and crying out, a pope! a pope! antichrist! stone him! raised such a tumult that it was impossible to proceed with

* Taylor, vol. ii, p. 52.

the service."* Such arguments were not to be resisted. The Scotch at last prevailed, and obtained freedom to enjoy their Presbyterianism in peace. The struggle of the Irish, if less violent and less successful, was not less honorable. It was the cause of liberty in both cases. Covenanter and Catholic alike contended for freedom to worship God. And on the Irish moor, as in the Scottish glen, it was to the honor of a poor peasantry that they clung to their ancient faith, rather than receive passively a religion of which they knew nothing but that it was the author of their woes.

That the Irish character has survived such persevering efforts to crush and brutalize it, is the most extraordinary fact in the history of that people. That they retain to this day such wit and humor, such gayety, and an attachment so affecting to their native land, is the most signal proof of the elasticity of their national character, and gives the best hope that they will yet rise above all their misfortunes, and secure the happiness and glory of their country.

* Hume's History of England.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRUGGLE FOR IRISH INDEPENDENCE BEGINS.—THE AMERICAN WAR.—DANGER OF A FRENCH INVASION.—THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS ORGANIZED.—DEMAND FOR FREE TRADE AND AN INDEPENDENT PARLIAMENT.—REVOLUTION OF 1782.—REJOICINGS OF THE PEOPLE.—GRATTAN.—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION BREAKS OUT.

THE first organized movement for liberty in Ireland was occasioned by the American Revolution. Our seven years' war of independence was the beginning of modern revolutions. The wave of liberty, rolling from the west, soon began to break on the European shores. Its first distant echo was heard in Ireland.

When the news came that the colonies of Great Britain beyond the seas had broken out into open rebellion against the mother country, the people of the British islands were unanimous that it should be suppressed by force of arms. They had been accustomed to speak of their foreign possessions as "our colonies," so that almost every man in the united kingdom felt as if the Americans were rebels against himself. Besides it was a matter easily accomplished. One vigorous blow would annihilate the young power that had begun to lift its head beyond the ocean, and to deal this was essential to the integrity and glory of the British empire.

Remote from the scene of contest, Ireland at first felt no danger from the war which England was waging with her revolted colonies. But when France and Spain came forward to take part in the contest, that country was placed in imminent peril. The combined fleets were then superior to the naval force of England, and they rode through St. George's Channel in triumph, and threatened a descent upon the Irish coast. Should they land, there was no force in Ireland to resist them. The troops had been called off to America, and there remained in the whole island not more than five thousand soldiers to repel an invasion, or to suppress domestic insurrection. The loyal inhabitants became alarmed. Only eighteen years before, Belfast had been invaded by the French. The inhabitants now petitioned the English government for troops to protect the city. The answer disclosed the weakness of England at that moment. The government declared that all the force they could spare was half a troop of dismounted horse, and half a company of invalids! Of course the French could enter Belfast without firing a gun. The people then determined to arm themselves to protect their country. Thus began, in 1778, the organization of the Irish volunteers. The spirited town of Belfast took the lead, and other cities and counties soon followed. The government could not refuse them arms, and the organization spread rapidly until it numbered eighty thousand men, well armed, and supplied with near a hundred pieces of cannon. This was a force too formidable to be attacked, and no invasion was attempted. This was the first benefit of the

American Revolution to Ireland. It gave her a national army.

Meanwhile the war was silently producing a vast moral effect. At first the resistance of America was looked upon as an audacious rebellion. Europe had not learned to respect her valor in the field, nor to appreciate the principles for which she fought. But as the war went on, the feelings of the Irish, and to some extent of the English people, changed from contempt to respect, and from respect to admiration. The long line of muskets which gleamed over the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, and shot incessant flame, taught the British battalions that they had an enemy that was not to be despised. The darkest hour of the Revolution was when the army of Washington fled through New Jersey, tracking the ground with blood, the foe in hot pursuit. Yet even then their triumph was short. Crossing the Delaware in midwinter, amid floating ice, the rebel hero had surprised two detachments in their camps, fought and won two pitched battles, and recrossed with his prisoners, before the main body of the royal troops could be brought up to the attack. A brave enemy could not refuse their admiration of these daring achievements, and tales of the rebel valor found their way across the sea, and turned the current of European sympathy in favor of these brave defenders of their native land.

The brilliant army of Burgoyne, as they marched out of their camp to lay down their arms, and cast a look towards the rude farmer soldiery that surrounded them, could not suppress a feeling of admiration for these men, who, though they had wives and children to make life

dear, had come out from their mountain homes at the call of their country, to peril life in the field of battle.

Meanwhile the attention of Europe became more fixed on this colonial war. From being viewed as a rebellion, it began to be regarded as a rightful struggle for liberty, and to attract the sympathies of the friends of freedom throughout Europe. Enthusiastic soldiers of liberty crossed the seas to share the fortunes of the American arms. And when the batteries at Yorktown were silenced, there was many a heart which rejoiced even in the kingly courts of Europe. The French grenadiers, who saw the proud columns of Cornwallis file through their ranks as captives, caught the enthusiasm for liberty, which beat in every American bosom in that glad hour of triumph. And they carried back the principles of freedom to take root in the soil of France.

At the same time the spell of English invincibility was sinking. From year to year the war went on. Campaign after campaign was begun and ended, and yet conquest seemed as distant as ever. No vanquished rebels sued for peace. No royal proclamation announced that the colonists were subdued, and their leaders brought to punishment. Thus it continued for eight years, till England had to acknowledge the unwelcome truth that she could not conquer America, and to give up the attempt.

The war operated in Ireland in other ways. It brought no glory, but it brought heavy taxes. Of the few articles of trade which remained to the Irish, the principal was linens. For these the American colonies had fur-

nished the most profitable market. This trade the war at once destroyed. Besides, the English government had prohibited the exportation of corn, lest it should circuitously reach the other side of the Atlantic. Thus the miseries of war were brought home to their own hearths.

But the great effect was in the example of independence gained. America was free. "British supremacy had fallen there like a spent thunderbolt."* In seven years she had gained her independence, while for six hundred years Ireland had groaned in bondage. Must this always be? Were they doomed to remain forever a nation of slaves?

The Irish volunteers had secured their first object, safety from a foreign foe. By this they had learned their power. And now a greater object seemed within reach, to secure some degree of independence for themselves. They determined not to lay down their arms until the odious restrictions on their trade should be abolished. Their commerce should be no longer the hazard of war, nor sacrificed to the jealousy of English and Scotch merchants. They resolved that Ireland should enjoy that free trade for which she had vast natural facilities. Nor would they lay down their arms, until they had obtained the right to make their own laws; until their parliament should be emancipated from the control of England.

The spectacle was sublime. It was the first organized movement for liberty which Ireland had seen for many centuries. There had often been times of turbulence

* Grattan.

and of popular violence. The old history of Ireland is full of civil wars. The days of strife had been many. Old feuds had descended from sire to son, and often broken forth in deeds of vengeance. Many a chief had marshaled his clan. War-cries had echoed in the glens and down the vales. Corpses had been strewn on the mountain and the plain.

But since that day when the Irish nation assembled on the memorable field of Clontarf, and, in a battle which raged from dawn till set of sun, broke forever the power of the Danes—the people had never appeared united until now. No violence was attempted. The movement was peaceful and firm. For the first time the people of Ireland stood together shoulder to shoulder, to effect a bloodless revolution. A cry arose for universal liberty.

"I never will be satisfied," said Grattan, "so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clinging to his rags: he may be naked, but he shall not be in iron." Before, the nation had appeared as dead. Everywhere reigned the stupor of despotism. But now, beneath this surface of death a great nation's heart began to beat.

England resisted as long as she dared. And Scotland, though she had suffered so much from England, joined in the oppression of Ireland. Glasgow petitioned with Liverpool and Manchester against repealing the restrictions on Irish commerce. But eighty thousand men in arms were not to be trifled with. The columns of liberty were on the march for the capitol, and the English ministry gave way. The principal restrictions on Irish trade were

taken off, and thus was yielded to fear what had long been denied to justice.

It was a great point carried. But a greater one still remained, to secure the legislative independence of Ireland. She had a parliament. She demanded that it should be free. Grattan moved in the Irish legislature, that "no power on earth save the king, lords, and commons of Ireland had a right to make laws for Ireland." The volunteers, as one man, affirmed the declaration. What might have been the result, had the American war been prolonged, it is impossible to say. But "the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown," says an Irish historian, "lost America to Great Britain, but preserved Ireland." Lord North was forced to resign; and a new ministry, of which Fox was a member, at the same time acknowledged the independence of America, and granted justice to Ireland. England renounced the right of control over the legislature of her sister island. That parliament was definitely acknowledged to be an independent body, as free to make laws for Ireland as the English parliament was to make laws for England. The same independence was conceded to the Irish courts. There was no longer an appeal from them to a higher English tribunal.

This great concession, called by Burke "the Irish Revolution," obtained in 1782 for Ireland, what the Revolution of 1688 had secured for England. It was obtained by union and firmness, without the shedding of one drop of blood. This success showed what Ireland might have obtained at almost any period of her history by similar unanimity.

The enthusiasm which the attainment of legislative independence excited in Ireland was unbounded. The nation breathed more freely. The laborer looked around on his hills with a prouder eye. The voice of the peasant was more cheerful in his cabin. His step was lighter on the heath. All classes were in transports at the idea that Ireland was once more a free nation.

But the work was not ended. Great abuses still existed in the internal constitution of the country. The chains which bound her were indeed struck off. But her limbs were paralyzed so that she could not walk. Her legislature was no longer a mere deputation of the English parliament; still it very imperfectly represented the Irish people. The mass had no political power. By the laws against the Catholics three fourths of the nation were disfranchised. And the mode of representation was as bad as it could be. The same rotten borough system existed there which it cost such a struggle to suppress in England. Indeed a large majority of members of Parliament were nominees of boroughmongers. "Two thirds of the Irish House of Commons," said Grattan, "are returned by less than one hundred persons. This is not even an aristocracy. It is an oligarchy." Men who held office were also freely admitted to seats. Of 144 majority in one case, 104 were placemen and pensioners. Thus were afforded facilities for unlimited corruption. That bribery was employed to carry the measures of government, was notorious. Peerages were sold, and the money applied to buy up the borough proprietors, and thus obtain seats in the House of Commons for the servants of the administration.

This shameless corruption was charged upon members of Parliament to their face. They met the charge in a way which showed how low was their degradation. Instead of denying it, they turned it off by imputing the patriotic zeal of their accusers to disappointment that they had no share in the spoils. Sometimes they threatened to fight a duel, or to bring the accusing member to the bar of the House for contempt. Places and pensions were still held out as a continual bribe to members to sell their votes to the government. Thus the Parliament was but the tool of the viceroy, his body of Swiss guards, as obedient to the word of command as those who defend the Pope against his own subjects. It was one of the forms of liberty which are sometimes found so convenient to carry out the designs of despotism. The influence of England was omnipotent. The voice of poor Ireland could not be heard even in her own legislature. The nation was still governed against its will and against its interest. In short, the revolution had been, not in favor of the Irish people, but of a privileged order.

Indeed the English ascendency had learned a more artful way to govern Ireland—by granting a legislature nominally independent, and ruling it by patronage. "The king," said Grattan, "had another instrument, more subtile, and more pliable, than the sword, and against the liberty of the subject more cold and deadly, a court instrument that murders freedom without the mark of blood, palls itself in the covering of the constitution, and in her colors, and in her name, plants the dagger—a borough parliament." So wonderful did this discovery appear, that

many, chuckling at its success in Ireland, expressed regret that it had not been tried in America; that the English ministry had not made concessions with a show of generosity, granting to the colonists all the forms of liberty, and trusting to their royal commissions, and chest of guineas, still to rule them in accordance with their will.

A great contest was ended. But a fiercer one was to begin. Hitherto the effort of Ireland had been to extort independence of her legislature from England. The war was now with the oligarchy at home. The nation had gained the shadow of liberty. It determined to have the reality.

Now began the real struggle for liberty. For centuries Ireland had been ruled by a small faction. All the offices —all the votes, were controlled by a cabal of hoary-headed tyrants, long used to power, and trained in the arts by which it is kept—a party that knew whom to overawe with insolence—whom to conciliate with flattery, and whom to seduce with bribes—a party determined in its ends, and unscrupulous in its means, and now mad with rage at the prospect of losing any portion of its unjust power.

In this great struggle Grattan was the master-spirit. To him mainly was owing the Revolution of 1782. His appeals then had aroused the nation. Many times he was defeated. But as often he brought up the soldiers of liberty to the attack, and at last he was victorious.

Once more the political elements were in agitation, and Grattan appeared as the guiding spirit of the storm. He was formed by nature to be a great parliamentary leader. No difficulties could repress his zeal, no dangers could

daunt him. He was the Chatham of the Irish senate. Like that great orator, one glance of his lordly eye cowed the slaves of the court. His powerful voice reassured the timid patriot. He had to defy the haughtiness of those in power, and to combat the irresolution and cowardice of his own party. But he was equal to all emergencies. He was alike powerful in attack and in reply. His voice reverberated through the nation. "There he was," said Curran, "exerting an eloquence more than human, inspiring, forming, directing, animating, to the great purposes of your salvation." I do not know that the two men have ever been compared, but the figure of Grattan, standing on the floor of the House of Commons, with his short, thick-set person, in his body all compact, and in his style abrupt, condensed, vehement, seems strikingly like that of his cotemporary Mirabeau, with his gnarled and knotted frame, and his shaggy head, rolling from the French tribune those thunders which shook the continent.

Great crises produce great men. The criterion of a good citizen, according to Demosthenes, is to grow with the growth, and to decay with the decline of our country. By this rule we judge that Ireland was now bursting into a new life, for never, in all her history, was there such an array of genius gathered in her capital. And in those days of degeneracy, in a time of defection, when many were ready to sell their country, it is delightful to find so much of what was noblest still arrayed on the side of poor, oppressed Ireland.

But the wave of revolution never rolls back. And

now that legislative independence was obtained, those who carried it determined to make it available for the good of the nation. The volunteers came forward in a body, and demanded a reform in the representation of the country. A convention of delegates—constituting a military congress—assembled in Dublin, to urge their demands in a tone of authority. They demanded that rotten boroughs should be abolished, and that men holding offices under government, or receiving pensions, should not be allowed at the same time to sit in parliament. While this congress was sitting, the great Harry Flood, the rival of Grattan in eloquence and fame, but his co-laborer in this work of reform, appeared in the House of Commons, dressed in the volunteer uniform, and surrounded by other members in the same military array, some of whom were delegates, and brought forward a motion for the reform of parliament. The house was thrown into a tempest. Threats were heard in the hall, answered by shouts of defiance. An eye-witness describes the scene as "almost terrific." But the motion was finally voted down. They had not yet learned the power of popular enthusiasm inflamed with the idea of liberty.

The spirit of the people had been excited by their recent victory. The demand for redress grew louder. The resistance of the government was artful and persevering. Session after session they succeeded in evading the popular demands, when suddenly the French Revolution broke forth, and convulsed all Europe. The American Revolution had lighted the spark of liberty in Ireland, and now the French Revolution blew it into a flame.

Had England at this time been governed by wise counsels; had her statesmen recognized the new spirit of liberty which was abroad in the earth, and yielded to it by timely and just reforms, she would have bound Ireland to herself by the strongest ties of affection and interest; she would have had a faithful nation join its destiny with hers, which would have made the United Kingdom invincible against Europe combined. But, instead of this, they opposed every measure of relief. And when any reform was extorted from them, it was yielded slowly, reluctantly, and with such a bad will, that it lost all the grace of concession. So far from affording redress, they adopted coercive measures to silence the complaints of the people, the method most calculated to exasperate, and to provoke open resistance. They did not at all consider the current of the age, nor the temper of the Irish nation. Hatred of France, hatred of popery, and the obstinate bigotry of George III., rendered them deaf to all measures of conciliation. An instance of more blind misgovernment the world has never seen. The consequence was that, plunging into a war with half Europe, she had, at the same moment, to guard against insurrection at home. With one arm stretched out to offer battle to the continent, she had to reach back the other to hold down prostrate Ireland.

What woes this policy brought upon that unhappy country we shall now see. Henceforth, her way lies through blood and tears.

CHAPTER V.

CURRAN.—HIS BOYHOOD.—COLLEGE LIFE.—IS DESTINED FOR THE CHURCH.—STUDIES LAW.—HIS CONVERSATION.—WIT, HUMOR AND PATHOS.—CONSTITUTIONAL MELANCHOLY.—HIS ELOQUENCE.—DEFENDS A CATHOLIC PRIEST.—THE STATE TRIALS.—LOVE OF IRELAND.

THE next year after the exertions of Grattan had secured the independence of the Irish legislature, and just as the great question of reform began to loom up in the political horizon, there entered parliament another man, whose name is imperishably connected with the history of Ireland, John Philpot Curran. Of a slight and ungainly figure, there was nothing about him to overawe a legislative assembly. Grattan was the colossus of debate. Curran, like a skillful gladiator, played round the arena, and sometimes thrusting himself into the lists in the lighter armor of his wit, carried off the victory where his giant ally would have been less successful. But in truth this was not his proper theater. He came into the Parliament-house in the evening, after having been all day in court. He was then jaded in body and mind, and chose rather to listen than to speak. As Grattan was most at home in parliament, Curran was most in his element at the bar. It was in the Four Courts that he rose above all other men;

that he won the reputation of being the most eloquent advocate that Ireland had ever produced.

But it is on other accounts that Curran deserves a more minute sketch in this history. He represents, perhaps more than any of his celebrated countrymen, the Irish character—a nature compounded of imagination and sensibility. Though of less kingly intellect than Grattan, he was of a warmer temperament, and more fitted to be a popular idol.

Curran sprang from the people. He was born at Newmarket, an obscure town in the county of Cork, in 1750—being thus four years younger than Grattan. On the father's side he was descended from one of Cromwell's soldiers. Passing his childhood in the country, he was thrown much among the people. He loved to recall the days when he played marbles in the street of Newmarket, or assumed the part of Punch's man at a country fair. He loved to visit the peasantry in their cabins, and to listen to their tales. There he saw the Irish character—its wit, its humor, its sensibility to mirth and tears. There too, in those rough natures, which appear so sullen and savage when brought face to face with their oppressors, he found the finest and tenderest affections of the human heart. There too he found a natural poetry and eloquence. He was a constant attendant at the weddings and wakes of his neighborhood. It was customary at that time to employ hired mourners for the dead, and their wild and solemn lamentations struck his youthful imagination. In after-years, he acknowledged that his first ideas of eloquence were derived from listening to the laments of mourners at the Irish burials.

When transferred to Trinity College in Dublin, he became distinguished chiefly for his social powers. Full of the exuberant life of youth, overflowing with spirits, and fond of fun and frolic, he was always a welcome companion among the students.

His mother had destined him for the church. When he came out of College, his tastes took another turn. But his mother never got over her disappointment at his not being a preacher. Not even his brilliant reputation at the bar and in parliament, could satisfy her maternal heart. She lived to see the nation hanging on the lips of this almost inspired orator. Yet even then she would lament over him, "O Jacky, Jacky, what a preacher was lost in you!" Her friends reminded her that she had lived to see her son one of the judges of the land. "Don't speak to me of *judges*," she would reply, "John was fit for any thing; and had he but followed our advice, it might hereafter be written upon my tomb that I had died the mother of a bishop.

But no one as yet knew that he had extraordinary talent for eloquence. Indeed he did not suspect it himself. In his boyhood he had a confusion in his utterance, from which he was called by his school-fellows "stuttering Jack Curran." It was not until many years after, while studying law at the Temple, that he found out that he *could* speak. After his fame was established, a friend dining with him one day, could not repress his admiration of Curran's eloquence, and remarked that it must have been born with him. "Indeed, my dear sir," replied

Curran, "it was not, it was born twenty-three years and some months after me." But when he had made the important discovery of this concealed power, he employed every means to render his elocution perfect. He accustomed himself to speak very slowly to correct his precipitate utterance. He practiced before a glass to make his gestures graceful. He spoke aloud the most celebrated orations. One piece he was never weary of repeating, the speech of Antony over the body of Cæsar. This he recommended to his young friends at the bar as a model of eloquence.

And yet while he thus used art to smooth a channel for his thoughts to flow in, no man's eloquence ever issued more freshly and spontaneously from the heart. It was always the heart of the man that spoke. It was because his own emotions were so intense, that he possessed such power over the feelings of others.

His natural sympathies were strong. Like every truly great man, he was simple as a child. He had all those tastes which mark a genuine man. He loved nature. He loved children. He sympathized with the poor. It was perhaps from these popular sympathies that he preferred Rousseau among the French writers, and that his friend ship was so strong with Mr. Godwin.

His nature was all sensibility. He was most keenly alive to gay, or to mournful scenes. He had a boyish love of fun and frolic. He entered into sports with infinite glee. In these things he remained a child to the end of his days; while in sensibility to tears he had the heart

of a woman. Thus to the last hour of life he kept his affections fresh and flowing.

He had the delicate organization of genius. His frame vibrated to music like an Eolian harp. He had the most exquisite relish for the beauties of poetry. He was extravagantly fond of works of imagination. He devoured romances. And when in his reading he met with a passage which gratified his taste, he was never weary of repeating it to himself, or reading it to the friends who came to see him.

In conversation, perhaps the most prominent faculty of his mind was fancy,—sportive, playful, tender, and pathetic. His conversation was a stream which never ceased to flow. His brilliant imagination, and the warmth with which he entered into every thing, gave it a peculiar fascination. Byron said that Curran had spoken more poetry than any man had ever written. In a circle of genial friends, after dinner, his genius was in its finest action. His countenance lighted up, and his conversation, beginning to flow, now sparkled, now ran like wine. Flashes of wit played round him. Mirth gleamed from his eye and shot from his tongue. He had an endless store of anecdote, to which his extraordinary dramatic talent enabled him to give the happiest effect. He told stories, and hitting off the points of Irish character by the most exquisite mimicry, he "set the table on a roar," following perhaps with some touching tale which instantly brought tears into every eye. "You wept," says Phillips, "and you laughed, and you wondered; and the wonderful creature, who made you do all at will, never let it appear

that he was more than your equal, and was quite willing, if you chose, to become your auditor."

The wit of Curran was spontaneous. It was the creation of the moment, the electric sparks shot from a mind overcharged with imagery and feeling. In this it differed from the wit of another great Irishman. Sheridan had more of the actor about him. His brilliant sayings were prepared beforehand. He aimed at display in the receptions at Holland House as much as when writing a comedy for Drury Lane.

Perhaps no foreigner, who has visited England, has had a better opportunity of seeing its distinguished men, than Madame De Stael. She was constantly surrounded by the most brilliant society of London. Yet even in that blaze of genius, she was most struck, as she often told her friends, with the conversational powers of Curran. This too, was in 1813, when his health had sunk, and his spirits were so depressed, as to make it an effort to support his part at all in society.

From the vivacity of his conversation, one would hardly have suspected the depth and seriousness of his character. In talking with ladies or with young persons, his mind was remarkable for its constant playfulness. A gleam of sunshine illumined his whole being. Yet those who knew him intimately were aware that he was subject all his life to constitutional melancholy. Like many other men celebrated for their wit, his gayety alternated with deep depression. The truth was that he sympathized too intensely with the scenes of real life, to be uniformly gay. In his country he saw so much to sadden him, that his

feelings took a melancholy tone. The transition was often instantaneous from humor to pathos. His friends, who saw him in his lighter moods, were surprised at the sudden change of his countenance. "In grave conversation, his voice was remarkable for a certain plaintive sincerity of tone,"—a sadness which fascinated the listener like mournful music.

In his eloquence appeared the same transitions of feeling and variety of talent. He could descend to the dryest details of law or evidence. Thomas Addis Emmet, who, though younger, practiced at the same bar, says that Curran possessed a logical head. From this he could rise to the highest flights of imagination, and it was here, and in appeals to the feelings, that he was most at home. Sometimes his wit ran away with him. His fancy was let off like a display of fireworks. It flew like a thousand rockets, darting, whizzing, buzzing, lighting up the sky with fantastic shapes.

By turns he could use the lightest or the heaviest weapon, as suited the object of his attack. Where ethereal wit or playful irony were likely to be thrown away upon some gross and insensible subject, he could point the keenest edge of ridicule, or the coarsest invective, or the most withering sarcasm.

When dissecting the character of a perjured witness, he seemed to delight in making him feel the knife. His victim, at such a time, appeared like an insect whom he had lanced with a needle, and was holding up to the laughter and scorn of the world. Thus, when treating the evidence of O'Brien, a hired informer, who had come on

the stand to swear away the lives of men whom the government had determined to sacrifice, Curran apostrophized the patriotic individual, "Dearest, sweetest, Mr. James O'Brien," exposing the utter rottenness of his character in a tone of irony, until the man, who had a forehead of brass, was forced to slink back into the crowd, and to escape from the court.

So in his place in parliament, when exposing the corruption of the officers of government, he did not spare nor have pity. A swarm of blood-suckers had fastened on the state, who were growing fat from draining the life of their unhappy country. Curran proclaimed the immaculate virtue of "those saints on the pension list, that are like lilies of the field,—they toil not, neither do they spin, but they are arrayed like Solomon in his glory." The extent to which this corruption had gone was incredible. "This polyglot of wealth," said Curran, "this museum of curiosities, the pension list, embraces every link in the human chain, every description of men, women, and children, from the exalted excellence of a Hawke or a Rodney, to the debased situation of the lady who humbleth herself that she may be exalted." The road to advancement at that day in Ireland, to the peerage, to the judicial bench, was to betray the country. Curran branded those who thus came into power by one of the strongest figures in English eloquence. "Those foundlings of fortune, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies, while soundness or sanity remained in them; but at length becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as

they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination."

At the bar he often indulged in sallies of wit, and thus conciliated the attention of the court. His delicate satire, his comical turns of thought, convulsed the court with laughter. Then suddenly he stopped, his lip quivered, his sentences grew slow and measured, and he poured forth strains of the deepest pathos, as he pictured the wrongs of his country, or lamented the companions of other days, the illustrious departed, "over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland had been shed." His voice excelled in the utterance of plaintive emotions, and the homage which had been paid to his eloquence by mirth, was now paid in the sound of suppressed weeping, which alone broke the deathlike stillness of the room. In pleading for one on trial for his life, his voice subsided toward the close, and sunk away in tones of solemnity and supplication. Thus would he say, "Sweet is the recollection of having done justice in that hour when the hand of death presses on the human heart! Sweet is the hope which it gives birth to! From you I demand that justice for my client, your innocent and unfortunate fellow-subject at the bar; and may you have it for a more lasting reward than the perishable crown we read of, which the ancients placed on the brow of him who saved in battle the life of a fellow-citizen!"

But the trait which appears most conspicuous in the public efforts of Curran, and which made him the idol of his countrymen, was his enthusiastic love of Ireland. Says

his biographer, "Ireland was the choice of his youth, and was from first to last regarded by him, not so much with the feelings of a patriot, as with the romantic idolatry of a lover." In early life he had learned to love the Irish peasantry, and no lapse of time could chill his affection. No temptation of office could seduce him from the side of the poor and the oppressed. He knew their noble qualities, and his bosom burned at the wrongs which they suffered.

One of his first causes at the bar was pleading for a Catholic priest who had been brutally assaulted by a nobleman. Such was the fear of incurring the displeasure of a lord, that no one dared to undertake the prosecution, until Curran stepped forward, then a young lawyer. His effort was successful. Not long after the priest was called away from the world. He sent for Curran to his bedside. Gold and silver he had none. But he gave him all in his power, the benediction of a dying man. He caused himself to be raised up in his bed, and stretching out his trembling hands to place them upon the head of his defender, invoked for him the blessing of the Almighty. Such scenes as this, while they excited the enthusiasm of the Catholic population throughout Ireland for the young advocate, who had dared to defend a priest of their proscribed religion, at the same time strengthened his determination to make common cause with his countrymen in their sufferings.

As the most important cases in which it was his fortune to be engaged at the bar were political trials, he had constant occasion to refer to the state of his country. The

theme seemed to kindle in him a new eloquence of indignation. Often in the midst of a plea at the bar, he fixed his glittering eye on the court, and poured forth a most vehement appeal for liberty and for Ireland. Thus, in his celebrated defense of Hamilton Rowan, he invokes the spirit of English liberty in a passage which has become one of the commonplaces of literature: "I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, which burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

At this passage the decorum of the court gave way to a burst of irrepressible enthusiasm; the house rang with tumultuous applause, and it was some time before order was so far restored, that Mr. Curran was enabled to proceed. At the conclusion of the speech the same tumult again burst forth, and at his leaving the court, the populace were

so wild with joy, that they took the horses from his carriage, and themselves drew him home in triumph.*

It is melancholy to reflect that efforts so great for the liberty and happiness of Ireland, were not crowned with complete success. But the patriotism and the courage were not less noble because overborne by superior power. It is the honor of Curran that he loved Ireland in her woe, and loved her to the last. Toward the close of life he said, "To our unhappy country, what I had, I gave. I might have often sold her. I could not redeem her. I gave her the best sympathies of my heart, sometimes in tears, sometimes in indignation, sometimes in hope, but oftener in despondence."

The history of Ireland, sad as it is, is bright with many instances of such patriotic affection. We shall have constant occasion to observe them in the history of the struggle which we are now to trace.†

* It may gratify the friends of the late Mr. Sampson, to know that he sat beside Curran through the whole of that memorable defense, and that to his rapid pen we owe the report of this, the best preserved of all Curran's speeches. When he had finished, he bent over Sampson, who was writing down the conclusion, and asked him if he was satisfied with him. Sampson assented, but added, "You might have said something of Russell and Sidney." Curran instantly rose, and reminded the court that they were acting, not for the present alone, but that their conduct would live in history, and concluded by comparing the feelings with which posterity would review the transactions of that day, to the emotions which overflowed in their hearts, at reading the sad history of the sufferings of a Russell or a Sidney.

† Those who would know more of this most remarkable man, I must refer to the admirable memoir, by his son—and also to "Recollections of Curran," by Charles Phillips, which Lord Brougham commends as "the most lively and picturesque piece of biography ever given to the world."

See his Sketches of British Statesmen of theTime of George III.

CHAPTER VI.

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.—HIS EARLY LIFE.—MARRIAGE.—STUDIES LAW.—PROJECT OF A MILITARY EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH SEAS.—SETTLES IN DUBLIN.—FRIENDSHIP WITH EMMET AND RUSSELL.

A DIFFERENT character comes on the stage. We have seen the orator defending his countrymen at the bar and in the senate. We are now to trace the steps by which a political reformer becomes a revolutionist. We are to see an organizer of parties and of peaceful reforms turning into a conspirator and a soldier—an organizer of armies and invasions. We derogate nothing from the many prominent men of this period, in assigning the first place in the designs of revolution to Theobald Wolfe Tone, the founder of the United Irishmen, and the chief agent in negotiating the subsequent French invasions.

This extraordinary man was born in Dublin, June 20, 1763. From childhood he seemed destined for a life of adventure. Though of an active mind, he hated books. He was fond of sports, walking to the country, swimming in the sea; and especially of that which is the delight of every idle boy—military parades. The garrison of Dublin was often reviewed in Phœnix Park, and the sight of their brilliant uniforms, their swords and plumes, with their

quick evolutions, and the inspiring sound of martial music, awoke his ambition to be a soldier—a desire which pursued him through years, and which he was at length able to gratify.

When forced to apply himself to study, the natural quickness of his mind caused him to make rapid progress. At the age of seventeen he entered the University of Dublin, where he distinguished himself particularly as a writer and speaker.

"At length, about the beginning of the year 1785,"—to quote from his autobiography—"I became acquainted with my wife. She was the daughter of William Witherington, and lived at that time in Grafton-street, in the house of her grandfather, a rich old clergyman of the name of Fanning. I was then a scholar of the house in the University; and every day, after commons, I used to walk under her windows with one or the other of my fellow-students. I soon grew passionately fond of her, and she also was struck with me, though certainly my appearance, neither then nor now, was much in my favor; so it was, however, that before we had ever spoken to each other, a mutual affection had commenced between us. She was at this time not sixteen years of age, and as beautiful as an angel. She had a brother some years older than herself; and as it was necessary for my admission to the family, that I should be first acquainted with him, I soon contrived to be introduced to him; and as he played well on the violin, and I was myself a musical man, we grew intimate, the more so, as it may well be supposed I neglected no fair means to recommend myself to him and the rest of

the family, with whom I soon grew a favorite. My affairs now advanced prosperously; my wife and I grew more passionately fond of each other; and in a short time I proposed to her to marry me, without asking consent of any one, knowing well it would be in vain to expect it. She accepted the proposal as frankly as I made it, and one beautiful morning in the month of July we ran off together and were married. I carried her out of town to Maynooth for a few days, and when the first eclat of passion had subsided, we were forgiven on all sides, and settled in lodgings near my wife's grandfather. I was now for a short time as happy as possible, in the possession of a beautiful creature that I adored, and who every hour grew more and more upon my heart."

But he had soon to break away from his young wife to go to pursue his studies at the Temple in London. A year later his brother returned from a voyage to St. Helena, and joined him. The story of his wanderings upon the stormy deep fired the adventurous spirit of Tone. He conceived a project of planting a military colony in the Sandwich Islands. He studied the position of these islands on the map, midway between Asia and America. He considered their latitude, in the temperate zone; their mild climate and clear sky, their harbors for shipping, their mountains and inland valleys, their soil and fruits. His imagination reveled in dreams of green and flowery islands, in far-off summer seas; of lying under the cocoa palms, and having the ready food from the bread-fruit trees, dropping around their tents. But with these tropical visions he coupled the military spirit of Cortez. In

maturing his plan, he read every book he could find relating to South America, the voyages of Ulloa, Anson, Dam pièrre and others, and especially the tales of the daring buccaniers, who had been the terror of those seas. The Sandwich Islands lay in the track of the Spanish galleons from the Philippine Islands to the western coast of America. These he proposed to intercept by sending out privateers. But the main design was to assail the Spanish possessions in South America. He dreamed of another conquest of Peru—of marching in the steps of Pizarro to the throne of the Incas. Subsequently he extended his views farther to an invasion of Mexico. He had learned the internal state of New Spain; that the people were subjected to a cruel slavery, and were desirous of a revolution. To aid them to throw off their yoke would cripple the power of Spain, and turn the treasures of her silver mines into England. He therefore proposed these schemes to the English government as war measures. Several years later he had some correspondence on this subject with Lord Grenville and the Duke of Richmond. But the government was too much engrossed with troubles nearer home, and Tone was left to organize revolutions in his own country instead of planting colonies in the South Seas.

Upon his return from London, he commenced the practice of law in Dublin. In this, he continued but a year. He had an insuperable aversion to the law; and the political questions which now agitated Ireland, and the breaking out of the French Revolution, gave a new turn to his thoughts, and opened a career more congenial to his ardent mind.

It was at this period that his life was most happy. To great talents, Tone united a flow of spirits, a gayety of heart truly Irish. He was restored to a wife to whom he never ceased to be a lover. He had formed an acquaintance with Thomas Addis Emmet, and with Russell, whom he ever after regarded as his dearest friends. They agreed in their tastes and in their political opinions. The friendship of these young patriots bordered on romance. They were ready to die for each other, or for their country, which they loved as a mother. As we are admitted to their councils, we are transported back to the league of the three Swiss confederates on the field of Grutli. Tone had rented a cottage by the sea-shore, where he passed the summer of 1790, and here Russell, who was a bachelor, almost daily dined and deliberated with him.

"Russell and I were inseparable—I recall with transport the happy days we spent together during that period; the delicious dinners, in the preparation of which my wife, Russell, and myself, were all engaged; the afternoon walks, the discussions we had, as we lay stretched on the grass. It was delightful! Sometimes Russell's venerable father, a veteran of near seventy, with the courage of a hero, the serenity of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint, used to visit our little mansion, and that day was a fête. My wife doated on the old man, and he loved her like one of his children. Russell's brother, John, too, used to visit us; a man of a most warm and affectionate heart, and incontestably of the most companionable talents I ever met. His humor, which was pure and natural, flowed in an inexhaustible stream. He had not the strength of

character of my friend Tom, but for the charms of conversation, he excelled him, and all the world. Sometimes, too, my brother William used to join us for a week. When the two Russells, my brother and I, were assembled, it is impossible to conceive of a happier society. I know not whether our wit was classical or not, nor does it signify. If it was not sterling, at least it passed current among ourselves. If I may judge, we were none of us destitute of the humor indigenous in the soil of Ireland. Those were delicious days. The rich and great, who sit down every day to the monotony of a splendid entertainment, can form no idea of the happiness of our frugal meal, nor of the infinite pleasure we found in taking each his part in the preparation and attendance. My wife was the center and the soul of all. I scarcely know which of us loved her best; her courteous manners, her goodness of heart, her incomparable humor, her never-failing cheerfulness, her affection for me and for our children, rendered her the object of our common admiration and delight. She loved Russell as well as I did. In short, a more interesting society of individuals, connected by purer motives, and animated by a more ardent attachment and friendship for each other, can not be imagined."

CHAPTER VII.

Tone Enters into Politics.—Division of Parties in Ireland.—He Endeavors to Unite the Dissenters and Catholics.—Founds the Society of United Irishmen.—Is appointed Secretary to the Catholic Committee.—His Efforts in their Cause.

Political excitement was now agitating the whole island. It was hardly ten years since the American Revolution, the morning gun of liberty, had reverberated through Europe, like a heavy explosion rumbling among the Alps, jarring the mountains and shaking down the avalanche. Now the French Revolution was in full progress,

"With fear of change perplexing monarchs."

The sentiments of the English people were much divided as to the probable result. Burke had published his powerful invective against the French Revolution, lamenting "that the age of chivalry was gone, and that the glory of Europe was extinguished forever." Paine had replied with the Rights of Man. The controversy divided the nation. Political clubs sprang into existence in all parts of the kingdom. Societies looking toward revolution, and holding correspondence with France, were estab-

lished in England and Scotland, as well as in Ireland But in the latter country, especially, the Revolution was hailed with enthusiastic joy. The people of Belfast celebrated the taking of the Bastille with a grand military parade, and voted an address of congratulation to the French people. As might be expected, these rejoicings at the liberation of another people were not unaccompanied with reflections on their own degraded condition, and the address of congratulation to the French was followed by a demand for Irish liberty. These manifestations of popular sympathy were sometimes marked by significant tokens of the way men's thoughts were tending. Thus, at a public dinner at Belfast were displayed around the hall four flags, America, France, Poland, Ireland,—*but no England.*

Tone plunged boldly into the popular movement. His first step was to write a political pamphlet, in which he thus urged the people of Ireland to the work of reform,—"You have no foreign enemies to encounter, look then at home. Now is your time for reformation; if it elapse unprofitably, which of us can promise himself that he will survive till the next era?"

This pamphlet gained him some reputation, and the whigs wished to attach him to their interests, and proposed to make him a member of Parliament. But his views were rapidly outrunning those of any party. Even thus early he had misgivings as to the possibility of accomplishing any thing for his country, so long as the influence of England remained so powerful in the Irish government. "My mind had now got a turn for politics. I thought I had at last found my element, and I plunged into it with

eagerness." He studied more attentively the political state of his country. "I made speedily what was to me a great discovery, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux, that the influence of England was the radical vice of our government; and, consequently, that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable while the connection with England existed. I now began to look on the little politics of the Whig Club with great contempt; their peddling about petty grievances, instead of going to the root of the evil."

Tone did not scruple to avow his new opinions in a pamphlet which he published soon after on the question, "How far Ireland was bound to support England in the approaching contest with Spain." In this he took ground that Ireland was not bound by a declaration of war; that she had in it no interest whatever; and that she might and ought, as an independent nation, to stipulate for a neutrality. In this he spoke without reserve of the possibility of entire separation.

Still, though such were his private views, he did not break with those political associates who sought only a reform of the government. He joined cordially in their efforts, resolved to leave no means of peaceable redress untried before resorting to the experiment, at all times so fearful, of revolution.

He therefore began to look about him, to see what chance there was of a thorough reform in the government of his country. He reviewed carefully the strength of the different parties into which Ireland was divided.

They were three: first, the English or Established Church Party, which, though but a small fraction of the nation, held all the power and patronage of the government. Ever since the revolution of 1688, this party had been in quiet possession of the church, the law, the revenue, the army, the navy, the magistracy, and the corporations of the cities. They, too, held five sixths of the landed property of the kingdom, estates which they had acquired by confiscation. Both their political power and their property they held only by English rule being maintained in the land. It was only in a close connection with that, they saw security for themselves. As the price of protection, they in turn were willing to give up all foreign commerce. It was a matter of bargain and sale. The protestant ascendency agreed to refrain from commercial rivalship with England, on condition that they should be upheld in their usurpation over the poor natives of Ireland. It mattered not to them that the country at large was impoverished, so long as they were made rich. Both Ireland and India are proofs that immense fortunes may be drained from a country, where the natives are kept in the most abject poverty. Of course this party, being in power, desired no reform.

Next to the Established Church, were the Dissenters. This party was twice as numerous as the former, and comprised far more public spirit. The Presbyterians of Ulster had composed the flower of the volunteers in 1782. From the genius of their religion, and their superior political information, many of them were sincere and enlightened republicans.

The third party was the Catholics, which constituted

two thirds of the nation. They, of course, desired reform, but their spirits had been broken by long oppression, and they could not at once act with much concert or effect. The peasantry had been reduced to the level of brutes. The few remaining gentry had no longer confidence to attempt any thing. "It was only in a class of their merchants and traders, and a few members of the medical profession, who had smuggled an education, despite of the penal code, that any thing like political sensation existed."

On this division of parties Tone made his calculation. The government party he despaired of from the outset. The Catholics, on the other hand, he counted upon with certainty. No change could make their situation worse. The Dissenters generally desired a reform, but they limited their demand to obtaining rights for themselves. Their object was a reform of parliament; that of the Catholics naturally their own emancipation. The efforts of both had been paralyzed by their jealousy of each other. In this mutual jealousy lay the strength of England. If united, Ireland could be independent, or remain connected with England as an equal. It was, therefore, the interest of England to foment division, to increase religious feuds, and the hereditary animosity of races.

Tone saw that the only way to carry either reform or Catholic emancipation, was to unite these measures, and to bring up the nation in an unbroken column to the doors of parliament. The dissensions of the Irish had always given their enemies the advantage. If the English ascendency were allowed to play off the religious jealousies of one party against the other, the old game would be fol-

lowed with the old result. Unless the people were united, there was no deliverance for Ireland.

As a Protestant himself, Tone could speak without reserve to the Protestants of Ireland. He accordingly addressed himself directly to the Dissenters, in a pamphlet in favor of the Catholics. He showed them that to be free, they must be just; that to obtain their own rights, they must concede to others *their* rights. "The almighty Source of wisdom and of goodness has inseparably connected liberty and justice." They must join to put an end to that inhuman code which denied all political existence to three fourths of the nation. He adjured his countrymen to bury their religious hatreds, and to unite for the liberation of their common country.

This was a great advance on the political principles of the most liberal party. Grattan had indeed boldly pleaded the cause of his proscribed countrymen.* But he stood almost alone. His own party would not follow him. Even the whigs did not dare to hazard their popularity by touching the question of Catholic emancipation. The Whig Club excluded it from among their subjects of discussion. The Established Church shrank from it with sanctimonious horror.

The only body which had been touched at all with a feeling of humanity toward their Catholic fellow-citizens, was the Irish volunteers. As early as 1783, the people of

* "Grattan entered parliament an opponent of the Catholic claims. He told the late Dr. Hussey, his most intimate friend, that he owed his change of opinion to the accidental perusal of Currie's Civil Wars." Lives of United Irishmen. First series, vol. i. p. 78.

Belfast, always in advance of their countrymen in principles of liberty, had petitioned for Catholic emancipation. And when that year the military congress sat in Dublin, a distinguished Catholic divine, on entering the hall, was received by the volunteers with a full salute of rested arms. Still as an earthquake rived the mountains asunder, an earthquake was needed to bring them together. It was not until the French Revolution shook the foundations of every state in Europe, that the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland approached to a solid and durable union.

The exertions of Tone to unite the Catholics and Dissenters, led to the organization of the United Irishmen. Of this memorable society, Tone was the founder. In October, 1791, he was invited up to Belfast, to consult with other leaders of the liberal party. He there proposed to them to drop the invidious distinction of Catholic and Protestant, and to take the national denomination of United Irishmen. They formed a political club. He wrote their declaration of principles. In this he states the great grievance of Ireland: "*We have no national government.* We are ruled by Englishmen, and the servants of Englishmen, whose sole object is the interest of another country." In an essay the year before he had described the state of Ireland up to 1778. "Our benches were filled with English lawyers; our bishoprics with English divines; our custom-house with English commissioners; all offices of state filled three deep, with Englishmen in possession, Englishmen in reversion, and Englishmen in expectancy." Each member, on joining the society, took the following pledge: "In the awful presence of God, I declare that I

will, so far as in me lies, endeavor to promote a brotherhood of affection and union among Irishmen of every religious persuasion, and that I will persevere in my endeavors to procure a full, equal and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland *in parliament.*" Several years afterward, when all hopes of peaceable redress had failed, and the United Irishmen were forced to think of revolution, the last two words were omitted. But at the beginning their efforts were honestly confined to two objects, reform in parliament, and Catholic emancipation. The people of Belfast, who were most inclined to republicanism, declared that they would consider a government by king, lords and commons, fairly administered, as sufficient for their happiness. That the society was not at first revolutionary in its designs, is evident from the fact that it embraced many wealthy landed proprietors and rich merchants, who had nothing to gain by violent changes, but every thing to lose. It was only when all hope of constitutional redress failed, that they carried their designs farther. And even to the last moment—to the breaking out of the rebellion of 1798, the great body would have been satisfied by these just concessions.

It is not an uncommon impression that the United Irishmen were mainly Catholics, and animated by a hostility to the Protestants. So far is this from being the fact, that the strength of the society lay in the northern Protestant population. Even at a later period, when the design of separation from England was entertained, its warmest supporters were among the Presbyterians of Ulster. These were generally republicans from principle. Descended

from the old Puritans and Covenanters, they retained much of the stern republicanism of their ancestors. The religion of the Catholics, on the other hand, led them to extreme reverence for authority, and thus naturally to monarchcial principles. "Their proud and old gentry, and their clergy, inclined even rather to feudal and chivalrous, and to tory principles than to those of democracy." They were made republicans only by long oppression. As the founder of the United Irishmen was a Protestant, so were a majority of the directory. Of twenty state-prisoners subsequently confined in Fort George only four were Catholics. The greater part belonged to the Established Church.

The organization of the United Irishmen was the commencement of a new era in Ireland. It brought together as friends, two bodies that had regarded each other for hundreds of years as natural enemies. It was itself a revolution in the feelings and intercourse of the people.

At the time of writing his pamphlet for the Catholics, Tone did not know a single prominent man among them, so complete was the separation between them and the Protestants. He wrote on the general merits of the case, and published anonymously. The Catholics were touched with this disinterested effort of a stranger, and called on the author to make himself known. They republished his pamphlet, and circulated it in all quarters, so that, when introduced to their leaders, Tone found himself famous with the whole body. The affairs of the Catholics of Ireland at that time were managed by a general committee which sat in Dublin. This committee had lately employed as secretary Richard Burke, the only son of the great Ed-

mund, hoping that his political connections, and especially the influence of his father, would prove of effectual service to their cause. They soon found that Richard Burke had inherited nothing of greatness but a name. He was assuming and headstrong, and wholly wanting in the tact of a political leader. The committee were not sorry when his return to England left the office vacant. They now turned their eyes upon Tone. His unsolicited and gallant effort in their cause, and still more his manly yet courteous bearing, when they came to know him, showed them at once that he was their man. They unanimously offered him the situation, with a salary of two hundred pounds. This position would give him a certain degree of political influence which he needed to carry out his plans, and he accepted it.

Richard Burke soon wrote from England, desiring to come back and resume his secretaryship, and enlarging on the indispensableness of his political influence. But the work was now in stronger hands.

The committee soon found the difference between Richard Burke and Tone. "In reviewing the conduct of my predecessor, I saw that the rock on which he split was an overweening opinion of his own talents and judgment, and a desire, which he had not art enough to conceal, of guiding at his pleasure, the measures of the committee. I therefore determined to model my conduct with the greatest caution in this respect; I seldom or never offered my opinion unless it was called for, in the sub-committee, but contented myself with giving my sentiments, without reserve, in private, to the two men I most es-

teemed, and who had in their respective capacities, the greatest influence on that body. Another rule which I adopted for my conduct was, in all the papers which I had occasion to write, to remember I was not speaking for myself, but for the Catholic body; and consequently to be never wedded to my own compositions, but to receive the objections of every one with respect; and to change without reluctance whatever the committee thought fit to alter, even in cases where perhaps my own judgment was otherwise." "Others did not stand criticisim as I did without wincing."

His discretion in these respects was not unobserved, and he soon had the happiness to find that he had gained the confidence of the whole Catholic body.

In truth no man ever deserved confidence more. Tone was himself a Protestant, but he was convinced of the justice of the Catholic claims, and he gave himself to their cause without reserve. He could not be intimidated. He could not be bribed. The committee consulted him on all occasions. He advised them, and wrote all their publications.

But the position of Tone was not that of a mere secretary. He was at the head of a great political agitation. The whole nation was to be aroused. Factious elements were to be brought into harmony. The timid were to be encouraged, and the rash to be restrained.

"The Catholics of Dublin were at this period to the Catholics of Ireland what Paris, at the commencement of the French Revolution, was to the departments." The influence of a strong man at the capital was felt throughout the island.

As founder of the United Irishmen, and Secretary of the Catholic Committee, he had a double duty to perform. He soon found how strong were the religious jealousies of Protestants and Catholics; and his exertions were untiring to harmonize them, and to bring them to act together. He traveled into different parts of Ireland to arouse the people, and to organize societies of United Irishmen. Within a few months he made three journeys to Belfast, and had the satisfaction of bringing the Presbyterians generally into the system. He then started off for Connaught, to make a tour of the great Catholic counties of Galway and Mayo.* He aroused the spirits of the Catholics themselves, for so abject had they become from long oppression, that they hardly dared to petition for justice, even in the most supplicating tone. He awoke them from their lethargy, and infused into them the breath of life. The gentry were brought to lend their powerful names. The bishops gave their sanction to the cause. His undaunted courage kept up their spirits when unfavorable events inclined them to despair. In one instance an effort had been made to form a corps of

* Returning to Dublin, he writes to his wife: "Affairs are going on here swimmingly. We have got up a club of United Irishmen in Dublin, similar to that in Belfast, who have adopted our resolutions. We have pretty well secured all Connaught, and are fighting out the other two provinces. It is wonderful with what zeal, spirit, activity, and secrecy, all things are conducted. My book is running like wildfire. The castle has got hold of the story, but very imperfectly. All they know is that the disorder broke out in Belfast, and was carried there by one Toole, or Toomey, or some such name, a lawyer. I suppose they will endeavor to find out this Mr. Toole or Toomey, or whatever his name is."

volunteers from all the religious sects. But a small number of Protestants came forward. The Catholics expressed alarm. Tone answered boldly, "And are not you the nation? Do without them; will you not keep if you are not corned with Protestants?" So far from being disheartened by defeat, he advised the Catholics to keep a bold front, and at every refusal of the government to do them justice, like the ancient Sibyl, to rise in their demands. Thus he gave tone to the Catholic politics throughout the land, and was able to write in his journal, after his return from a political tour, "The country Catholics, I think, will stand fire."

At other moments the party was too precipitate. When their hopes were suddenly excited by the dazzling successes of the French Revolution, which seemed likely to compel England to do them justice, their ardor burst out into extravagant and tumultuous joy. Then his cool judgment restrained them from rash measures. And at all times his liberal feelings, his perfect temper, and his entire devotion to their cause, gave him great command over the Catholics, and enabled him to quell rising discords between them and their Protestant brethren.

But the great movement was not allowed to go forward unopposed. No sooner was it seen that the Dissenters and the Catholics were cordially uniting to obtain reform and emancipation, than all the bigotry of the Protestant ascendency was aroused. Protestant bodies throughout the island adopted the strongest resolutions against the proposed reforms. Of the bitter intolerance of that day, the following language is a specimen. At a meeting of the

Mayor, Sheriffs, Commons, and citizens of Dublin, a long letter was addressed to the Protestants of Ireland, urging them to resist to the last the emancipation of the Catholics. It was adopted unanimously. The following is the closing paragraph:—

"Having thus, countrymen and friends, spoken to you our sentiments in the undisguised language of truth, we shall entreat you to join with us in using every honest means of persuading the Roman Catholics to rest content with, the most perfect toleration of their religion,—the fullest security of their property,—and the most complete personal liberty; but by no means, now or hereafter, to attempt any interference in the government of the kingdom; as such interference would be incompatible with the Protestant ascendency, which we have resolved with our lives and fortunes to maintain. And that no doubt may remain of what we understand by the words 'Protestant Ascendency,' we have further resolved, that we consider the Protestant ascendency to consist in—a Protestant King of Ireland,—a Protestant Parliament,—a Protestant hierarchy,—Protestant Electors and Government,—the benches of Justice,—the Army and the Revenue,—through all their branches and details, Protestant,—and this system supported by a connection with the Protestant Realm of Britain."*

Against this monstrous injustice Grattan raised his powerful voice. "What!" he exclaimed, "the Catholics never be free!" He declared that such mighty wrong could not stand. He anticipated a change of times,—a new order of things. "You may as well plant your foot

* Sir Richard Musgrave's History, vol. ii. p. 223.

upon the earth, and hope by that resistance to stop the diurnal revolution, which advances you to that morning sun which is to shine alike on the Protestant and the Catholic, as you can hope to arrest the progress of that other light, reason and justice, which comes to liberate the Catholic, and to liberalize the Protestant."

Tone was not dismayed at the opposition which the efforts of the Catholics and United Irishmen had provoked. "All parties," he says, "were now fully employed in preparing for the ensuing session of Parliament. The government, through the organ of the corporations and grand juries, opened a heavy fire upon us of manifestoes and resolutions. At first we were like young soldiers, a little stunned with the noise, but after a few rounds, we began to look about us, and seeing nobody drop with all this furious cannonade, we took courage, and determined to return the fire."

Their exertions were most successful. The spirit of the Catholics was aroused. Political information was widely diffused. Union gave them confidence, while the triumphs of liberty in France strengthened their zeal and their courage. The result of these exertions was seen at the close of this year. In December, 1792, a Convention of Delegates from the Catholics of Ireland assembled in Dublin. It was composed of delegates from all the counties, cities, and principal towns of the kingdom. This was an imposing body, representing as it did three millions of men. It assembled in the same room in Back Lane, in which the Parliament of King James sat at the time of the Revolution. Its object was to draw up a

statement of the grievances of the Catholics, and without petitioning further to the Irish parliament, to appeal directly to the King. This was a violation of ordinary rules. The usual course had been to place a petition in the hands of the Lord Lieutenant, who transmitted it to His Majesty. But this was no time for civilities. They had lost all confidence in the Irish administration, and would ask no favors from them. They would not bend the knee of supplication to any power less than the Monarch of those realms. They found—what is generally true—that the higher the authority to which they appealed, the more likely was their petition to be treated with respect. Subordinate officials, wielding a limited and short-lived authority, are generally ambitious to show their power. Wherefore they appealed to Cæsar. Tone was the only Protestant admitted to the Convention. He wrote their memorable petition to George III. The members of the Convention signed it. The Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishop of Cork added their names as representing the Catholic Clergy of Ireland. Tone accompanied the delegation which carried it to England.

On their way they passed through Belfast. So thoroughly had the principles of the United Irishmen pervaded that noble city, that at their departure, the people assembled in crowds, and took their horses from their carriage, and drew them through the town, amid enthusiastic cheers, and cries of "Success attend you," "Union," "Equal Laws," and "Down with the Ascendency." * The delegates pursued their way to London.

* Moore's Life of Fitzgerald, vol. i. p. 155.

Earl Moira at once waited on them to offer them the hospitality of his mansion, and the command of his household. He repeatedly entertained them in a style of princely magnificence. They entered the Palace of St. James, and were presented by Right Hon. Henry Dundas to George III. Thus they had fought their way to the foot of the throne. His Majesty received them very politely, conversing familiarly with each of the delegates, and respectfully considered their petition. The result was a repeal of the most oppressive penal laws, and the admission of Catholics to the elective franchize.

A wonderful change had indeed come over the spirit of the Protestant ascendency. But a few years before the Catholics were in the lowest political degradation. As late as 1759 the Irish Chancellor had declared from the bench, that "the laws did not presume a papist to exist in the kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of government." Though the Catholics had uniformly presented an abject address on the accession of every new Lord Lieutenant, they had been scarcely thought worth noticing. In fact the Duke of Portland in 1782 was the first who condescended to give them an answer. And when they had ventured so far as to supplicate a little redress, in 1790, they could not find a single member of the Legislature to present their petition. Even later,—in 1792 their petition was spurned with contempt by that very Parliament, which one year after hastened to grant it with a precipitation which showed that it was yielded to fear rather than justice.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS DISBANDED.—EARL FITZWILLIAM LORD LIEUTENANT.—THE UNITED IRISHMEN CHANGED TO A SECRET SOCIETY.—TRIAL AND DEATH OF REV. WILLIAM JACKSON.—HAMILTON ROWAN MAKES HIS ESCAPE.—TONE FLEES TO AMERICA.—MEETS OLD COMRADES.—SAILS FOR FRANCE.

MEANWHILE the organization of the Irish Volunteers had gradually declined. They had made a fatal mistake at the outset, in excluding the Catholics from their ranks and from the objects of their petitions. There was a palpable inconsisteney in demanding equal representation for themselves, and denying it to three fourths of the nation. The government had viewed with jealousy the existence of such a body of armed men. They felt the suspicion of the Volunteers which the present governments of Europe feel of their National Guards; and seized every means to weaken their imposing array. Corruption did its work upon some of the leaders. The Volunteers began to hesitate and waver in their policy. Their numbers and their enthusiasm diminished, until in 1793, the government, seeing the moment opportune, issued an order that any assemblage of the Volunteers should be dispersed by an armed force. This gave the death-blow to that body, which had achieved so much for their country, and which might have gained every thing, if they had been

liberal enough to concede justice to the Catholics, and had been at the same time united and firm. As it was, with its limited views, it had done its work. It was time that it should give place to a more sweeping movement for Reform. Some of the disbanded regiments fell back into the ranks of the government party, but those who retained the resolute spirit of the old volunteers gradually merged in the United Irishmen.

In January 1795 a gleam of sunshine broke upon Ireland in the appointment of Earl Fitzwilliam as Lord Lieutenant. This liberal nobleman was extremely popular in Ireland. He called to his councils Grattan and others in whom the nation had confidence. He brought forward a bill for the complete emancipation of the Catholics. The effect was electrical. The rising anger of the nation instantly lulled. Irritated feelings were allayed. The agitation of the public mind calmed down. Had he continued in office, no organized opposition could have become formidable. But his very humanity incurred the hatred of the more violent Orange faction, and through them subjected him to the suspicion of the heads of power at home. He had only been in office a few weeks when he was recalled, and in his place came over Lord Camden, whose "vigorous" government soon raised the whole country in opposition. He was himself rather a weak than a bad man. But however good his intentions, he produced all the evil of the most odious tyrant, in suffering himself to be ruled by one of the worst factions that ever ruined a country. The measures of reform which had been proposed were dropped. There was an end to

hopes of peaceful redress, and nothing remained for the nation but heroic resistance.

The recall of Earl Fitzwilliam was a virtual declaration of war on the part of government against all measures of concession. It forced the United Irishmen to change their policy. The year before the old society had been dissolved. Its members felt that they had erred in allowing its discussions to be public. They now (in '95) formed a new society, embracing more extensive designs than the former, and guarding its councils by an oath of inviolable secrecy. We have seen in our own times secret societies playing a most important part in political revolutions. The Greek clubs in the war with Turkey were so many centers of conspiracy. The Italian Carbonari have been for years a smoking volcano, threatening at any moment to burst out anew. But in all the history of conspiracies perhaps never was an organization so perfect, so secret, so extensive, so formidable, as that of the United Irishmen. Their designs were now bolder than before. Hitherto they had sought only peaceful reforms. There was still room for a compromise with the leaders if the government would make certain concessions. But there was no prospect of one. The obstinacy with which the plainest demands of justice had been resisted by the oligarchy which then ruled Ireland, had forced the people to meditate taking the power into their own hands.

As early as 1792 the French Convention had sent to the popular leaders in Ireland, an offer to deposit in any bank in Europe the pay for forty thousand men for six months, on condition that the Volunteers would declare

independence of England. But at that day few were prepared to take up arms. The offer was declined. It needed several years more of harsh and cruel government to force them to contemplate open resistance. But injustice and military violence at last opened their eyes. They felt that it would be easier to effect a revolution than a reform. The society now became an organized conspiracy for the overthrow of the English power in Ireland. Its members began to breathe the fierce passions of war. In every part of the kingdom they had their clubs and their badges. Green was the national color. "A green velvet stock, or a silk robe, with a shamrock device, were the symbols of Irish feeling."

About this time an unexpected event compelled Tone to fly from Ireland. In the spring of 1794 Rev. William Jackson, an Irish clergyman, was sent over from France to sound his countrymen as to their willingness to receive the French in case of an invasion. The rashness of this man cost him his life, and had nearly involved that of Tone. On arriving in London he communicated the object of his mission to an old acquaintance of the name of Cockayne, an English attorney, who hastened to the government to sell his information and the life of his friend. Pitt advised him to follow Jackson to Ireland, and to watch him. On arriving in that country, Jackson soon opened himself to Tone, who by this time was fully prepared for a revolution. He said to be sure it would be a most severe remedy for their abuses, but that he saw no other; for that liberty was so shackled in Ireland, that the people had no way left to expose their sentiments but

by open resistance. He however avoided committing himself to any projected invasion, for he was disgusted at the unlimited confidence which Jackson reposed in Cockayne. "This business," he said, "is one thing for us Irishmen: but an Englishman who engages in it, must be a traitor one way or another." He made it a point never to open himself in his presence, and soon withdrew altogether from a business in which he saw such ruinous indiscretion. To this timely prudence he owed his life. So rash was Jackson that Tone began to suspect that he was himself an emissary of the British government. This suspicion however was entirely removed by his heroic death.

As soon as the plot was ripe Cockayne turned informer, and Jackson was arrested for high treason. Once in prison every trace of weakness disappeared, and he stood up with manly firmness to meet his inevitable doom. It is pleasant, in a history so sad as that of Ireland at this period, to meet with actions which do honor to human nature. A striking instance of nobleness occurred during Jackson's imprisonment. Just before his trial a friend called to see him, and remained until a late hour of the night. As he rose to depart, Mr. Jackson accompanied him to the door where the jailer generally waited. To their surprise they found that he had sunk down into a deep sleep, with the keys of the prison lying beside him. Mr. Jackson bent down to pick up the keys, but without snatching at the prospect of escape, he merely said, "Poor fellow! let us not disturb him; I have already been too troublesome to him in this way." He accordingly accompanied his friend through to the outer door of the prison. As he turned

the lock, and the free night air blew upon him, he felt the temptation to escape. The door was open. The street was clear. The night would protect him. He had a friend to aid his flight. For a moment he was deeply agitated. Then recovering his firmness, he said, "*I could do it*, but what would be the consequences to you, and to the poor fellow within, who has been so kind to me? No! let me rather meet my fate." With these words, he turned from his friend and liberty, locked the door of the prison, and returned to his cell."*

It was a whole year from the time of Jackson's arrest before he was brought to trial. Curran, the brave, the noble-hearted Curran, who never shrunk from the side of the powerless, undertook his defense. The testimony of Cockayne was positive. But it was contrary to the law of England to convict of high treason on the testimony of a single witness. It was found, however, that the ancient law of Ireland differed on this point. By that one witness was sufficient. The judges were too glad to have difficulties removed in the way of ready conviction. Jackson was condemned. On the day that he was brought to the court to receive his sentence, he was observed to hang his head out of the window of the carriage with the appearance of one deadly sick. When placed in the dock, he could hardly stand. He had swallowed metallic poison. "He beckoned to his counsel to approach him, and making an effort to grasp him with his damp and nerveless hand, uttered, in a whisper, and with a smile of mournful tri-

* Curran's Life, p. 161.

umph, the dying words of Pierre: "We have deceived the senate."*

It was soon apparent that he was dying. He still struggled to stand erect, and crossing his arms upon his breast, to face the court. He strove to open his heavy eye to look round on the crowded room. But his frame was already in convulsions, and before the judge was ready to pronounce the sentence, he sank and breathed his last. A slip of paper was found in his pocket, with the following sentences in his handwriting:—"Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me, for I am desolate and afflicted. The troubles of my heart are enlarged: oh bring thou me out of my distresses. Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my sins. Oh, keep my soul and deliver me. Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in thee."

The trial of Jackson produced a powerful sensation throughout Ireland. It was the first trial for high treason which had taken place in that court for more than a century. It was the beginning of that long series of state trials which were soon to mark a reign of terror. But instead of dismaying the United Irishmen, it had rather a contrary effect. It showed the people of Ireland that the eyes of the French Directory were upon them, and that the power which was effecting revolutions in so many countries of Europe, might suddenly visit them.

But it made it necessary for those who were implicated in the affair to leave the kingdom. Dr. Reynolds immediately fled. Hamilton Rowan was already in Newgate on a charge of libel, for publishing an address which reflected

* Otway's Venice Preserved.

on the government. Cockayne had been introduced to him in prison, and he had compromised himself to a degree which in those dangerous times could easily be construed into treason. Not a moment was to be lost in making his escape. He prevailed upon his keepers to take him one evening from prison to his home, in order to make out a deed, as fear had been expressed that a deed signed in prison would be invalid. Here he did not forget the duties of hospitality. The best liquors were spread upon the table, and his guests, though not perhaps the men he would have invited, were made welcome, and the social glass went round. When good feeling was thus established, Rowan carelessly wished to step into the next room a moment, to speak to Mrs. Rowan. Once in his wife's apartment, he changed his dress for that of a herdsman. A knotted rope was made fast to the bedpost, and passed out of the window, and on this he slipped down to the garden. He went straight to the stable, and mounted his horse. A friend had appointed to meet him, and leaving his keepers, to make merry over their wine, the confederates spurred to the country. They had a friend who lived by the seashore. They made their way to his cottage. Here Rowan lay secreted several days. But scarcely had the day broke, when parties of soldiers were abroad, searching every suspected place of concealment. Dublin rang with accounts of the escape of an important state-prisoner. Proclamations were issued, describing his person, and offering a reward of three thousand pounds for his apprehension. His friend had a little fishing wherry which lay by the shore. Rowan declared that he was willing to risk his safety in it.

His friend then sought three sailors to convey an unknown person to France. One of them came, bringing the proclamation in his pocket. He drew it out and opened to the description. Rowan's person could not be mistaken. The sailor exclaimed, "It is Hamilton Rowan that we are to take to France." "Yes," said Rowan's friend, "and here he is," and he introduced him. The temptation to betray their prisoner was great. But the noble-hearted sailors spurned the thought. "Never mind it," said they, "we will land him safe." The next day they sailed, and landed their passenger in safety on the shores of France. What money he had left, Rowan divided equally among his little crew, and ordered them to make for England.*

A more noble instance of fidelity can hardly be found in history. Divided among three poor sailors three thousand pounds would be a fortune. Rowan could make them but a trifling compensation. He had no claim upon them of former friendship. They had never seen him before. He owed his safety entirely to that impulse of generosity, and to that quick sense of honor, which are native to the Irish breast.

Tone had hardly gone far enough to be convicted of treason, and he remained in Ireland during all the time between Jackson's arrest and his death. Still he was not safe. Hitherto he had been sheltered from prosecution by the personal friendship of persons connected with the government. But he was liable at any day to be arrested.

* The account of this escape in the Memoir of Thomas Addis Emmet, differs from this in one or two slight particulars. I have followed Rowan's autobiography, p. 207.

He therefore regarded it as an act of prudence to retire from the country, and prepared to go to America.

Before leaving Ireland, Tone consulted with his two best friends, Emmet and Russel, about his future course. "A short time before my departure, my friend Russel being in town, he and I walked out together to Rathfarnham, to see Emmet, who has a charming villa there. He showed us a little study, of an elliptical form, which he was building at the bottom of the lawn, and which he said he would consecrate to our meetings, if ever we lived to see our country emancipated. As we walked together into town, I opened my plan to them both. I told them that my intention was, immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, to wait on the French minister, to detail to him fully the situation of affairs in Ireland, to endeavor to obtain a recommendation to the French government; and, if I succeeded so far, to leave my family in America, and to set off instantly for Paris, and apply in the name of my country, for the assistance of France, to enable us to assert our independence. It is unnecessary to say that this plan met with the warmest approbation from both Russel and Emmet; we shook hands, and having repeated our professions of unalterable regard and esteem for each other, we parted; and this was the last interview which I was so happy as to have with those two invaluable friends together. I remember it was in a little triangular field that this conversation took place; and Emmet remarked to us, that it was in one exactly like it in Switzerland that William Tell and his associates planned the downfall of the tyranny of Austria."

The ship which was to convey him to America was to sail from Belfast. He accordingly set off for that city in May, with his wife, sister, and three children. In Belfast he was detained near a month, and during this time nothing could exceed the kindness of the people. Every day they dined with friends. Excursions into the country, and sailing parties, were planned for their amusement. The whole town seemed to unite to make them forget the pain of their approaching exile. This visit was useful to Tone in another way. It enabled him to consult with the northern leaders as to his course. He met the leading men of the dissenters and of the defenders. All entered warmly into his plan, and enjoined him to leave nothing unattempted to force his way to France, and to lay their situation before the government. He says, "I now looked upon myself as competent to speak fully and with confidence for the Catholics, for the Dissenters, and for the Defenders of Ireland."

The day of parting came. It was the 15th of June, 1795, that Tone left Ireland, which he was to see no more until he returned with an invading army. His friends loaded his family with presents. They filled his cabin with sea-stores, fresh provisions, and sweetmeats for their comfort on the voyage—acts of kindness which could not but strengthen his affection for the Irish people, and his determination to leave no means untried to effect their independence.

The voyage was pleasant, except that off the banks of Newfoundland they were boarded by the boats of three English frigates, who impressed every hand of the ship but

one, and nearly fifty poor emigrants who were seeking a home in America. This incident did not conciliate Tone's feelings toward the English government.

On the first of August he landed at Wilmington in Delaware. The next week he went to Philadelphia, then the seat of government. "Immediately on my arrival," he writes, "I found out my old friend and brother exile, Dr. Reynolds. From him I learned that Hamilton Rowan had arrived about six weeks before from France, and that same evening we all three met. It was a singular rencontre, and our several escapes from an ignominious death seemed little short of a miracle. We communicated our adventures since our last interview, which took place in the gaol of Newgate in Dublin, fourteen months before."*

In Philadelphia Tone became acquainted with Talley-

* Rowan, on landing in France, had been arrested as a spy. The suspicion was natural. So many were the ruses resorted to by the emissaries of England to smuggle themselves into France, that a stranger landing alone from a fishing wherry, seemed much more likely to have crossed the channel from England, than to have come in that slender bark all the way from Ireland. Rowan was seized and brought before the commandant of a fort on the coast. He related his story. The commandant heard him through, and then coolly replied that as it appeared by his account that he had escaped from prison in his own country, he would take care that he should not escape him, and ordered him into confinement. He was soon sent on to Paris, and brought before Robespierre. Nothing appeared against him, and he was set at liberty. A few weeks after Robespierre fell. In two days more Rowan stood in the Place de la Revolution, and saw the whole commune of Paris, about sixty persons, guillotined in less than an hour and a half. He stood above a hundred paces from the scaffold, bnt the blood of the victims streamed under his feet. Escaping from these bloody scenes, he sought peace and quietness in another hemisphere.

rand, who was also then in exile, with whom he was afterward to be engaged in such important affairs in France, and who ultimately proved a friend and protector to his family. He immediately presented himself to the French minister with a statement of his plans. The minister received him politely, but showed little enthusiasm in his Irish scheme. From this Tone thought that he might be compelled to remain in America, and he had actually selected a house and farm near Princeton, when he received letters from Ireland which again awoke his patriotic ardor. They informed him of the increasing political excitement in Ireland, and that a collision could not long be deferred. Many expressions were couched in enigmatical language for fear of their falling into the hands of the English. One of the Catholic leaders of Dublin asks, "Do you intend, like Cincinnatus, and your greater Washington, to follow the plow, and *like them, to quit it when your country calls?*" One of the United Irish leaders writes to him to draw upon him for two hundred pounds. All urged him to force his way to France to supplicate their assistance. His resolution was instantly taken. He called again on the French minister, and now found him as eager to forward his plans as he had been cool about them before. He had written home for instructions, and received an order from the Directory to urge Tone to repair immediately to France. He gave him a letter in cipher to the Committee of Public Safety. Tone returned to Princeton to take leave of his family. He was accompanied by Hamilton Rowan. "That night we supped together in high spirits; and Rowan retiring immediately after, my wife,

sister and I, sat together till very late, engaged in that kind of animated and enthusiastic conversation which our characters and the nature of the enterprise I was embarked in, may be supposed to give rise to. The courage and firmness of the women supported me, and them too, beyond my expectations; we had neither tears nor lamentations, but on the contrary the most ardent hope and the most steady resolution. At four the next morning I embraced them both for the last time, and we parted with a steadiness which astonished me." While in New York, waiting for a ship, his brother Matthew, who, after a variety of adventures, had just been released from a French prison, arrived in America. But the brothers did not know that they were so near each other, and did not meet. Tone sailed from New York on the first day of the new year 1796, leaving his family to follow him, if he should settle in France. Once on the voyage they were chased by a Bermudian, so that he threw overboard a part of his papers. But their ship was stout, and flew fast across the waves. In exactly one month Tone landed at Havre, and immediately made his way to Paris.

CHAPTER IX.

Tone in France.—Shiel's Speech.—Acquaintance with James Monroe.—Audience of Carnot.—Life in Paris.—Plans for invading Ireland.—General Hoche.—Tone's Introduction.—Council of War with Hoche and Carnot.

With Tone's mission to France begin the most important transactions of his life. It was in executing this that he accomplished most for the liberation of Ireland. The circumstances in which he embarked in that solitary enterprise, must be understood to appreciate the force of his character. We have now lying before us a speech of Mr. Shiel, the brilliant orator of the English Parliament; a speech made at the time that he was agitating with O'Connel for Catholic Emancipation, in which he thus refers to Tone:—

"I hold in my hand a book which has recently arrived here from America,—the life of the unfortunate and deluded Theobald Wolfe Tone. Of his character upon this occasion it is not necessary to say any thing, except that he was loved and prized by all who knew him. He was chivalrous, aspiring, and enthusiastic; and possessed, not only of great talents, but what is in politics of still more importance, of dauntless determination. * * * It is

right to put you in possession of the exact circumstances in which Tone was placed, that you may judge how much was accomplished by a single man, in the midst of difficulties which it is almost wonderful that he should have surmounted. In the year 1795 Tone retired to America with his wife (an incomparable woman) and two children. He had eight hundred pounds in the world. At first he formed an intention of remaining in the United States, but liberty and the savannahs were not enough for him. Tone was one of those restless spirits who feel that they are born for great undertakings. He set sail for France with a mind full of hope, and with no more than one hundred guineas in his pocket. He arrived at Havre on the first of February, 1796, and proceeded at once to Paris. When he was placed in the midst of that city, and stood upon the Pont-neuf, he looked upon the vast array of palaces turned into the domicils of democracy; he saw the metropolis of France in all its vastness and glory, and he also felt what Seneca has so well expressed,—*urbs magna, magna solitudo.* Still, although without a friend, nay (for the former is not so uncommon) without an acquaintance, poor, desolate, thrown as it were, and shipwrecked upon France, his vast design did not leave him."

After detailing Tone's negotiations with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Shiel proceeds:—

"He took at last a wise determination, and went directly to Carnot, the president of the Directory of France. Carnot was justly called "the organizer of victory," and he was induced to extend his genius for organization to Ireland. Tone succeeded so far as to induce the French

government to determine upon an invasion of this country. At first the project was lamely and imperfectly got up. But to prevail to any extent was to do much. It is really matter for surprise that such a man as Tone, without rank, fortune, or a single friend, could accomplish so much. Yet it remains to be seen that Tone did much more. The French at first proposed to send only 2000 men. Tone saw at once that such a measure would be utterly absurd. By much ado he persuaded them to increase the army to 8000 men, with 50,000 stand of arms. At length Hoche, a general of great fame, was induced to put himself at the head of the expedition; and as he felt that great objects must be attained by great means, he required 15,000 men, a great body of cannoniers, a vast supply of cannon, and arms for the whole population. Such was the force that sailed from Brest. There were seventeen ships of the line in attendance upon the army. It was Wolfe Tone who accomplished all this. It was his vigorous and aspiring mind that filled the sails of that great fleet, and wafted them upon their course."

When Tone entered the walls of Paris, he knew not a human being in it. The first man to whom he directed his steps was James Monroe, at that time the American minister. He had brought a letter of introduction. Monroe received him very politely, and during the whole time he was in Paris, aided him materially in his plans. He directed him to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and allowed him to refer the government to himself for information as to his character and standing. The minister had

his letter from the French agent at Philadelphia immediately deciphered and laid before the Directory, who considered it of the highest importance. The minister ended by directing him to a confidential agent of the government, who spoke the English language, and to whom he could explain himself without reserve. This person, whose name was Madgett, was delighted to see him. He assured Tone that "the government had their attention turned most seriously to Irish affairs; that they felt that unless they could separate Ireland from England, the latter was invulnerable; that they were willing to conclude a treaty offensive and defensive with Ireland; that they would supply ten sail of the line, arms, and money; and that they were already making arrangements in Spain and Holland for that purpose."

This was very gratifying, but Tone soon found that it would not do to transact his business with a subordinate. Monroe, who conversed with him without reserve, said, "You must change your plan; I have no doubt whatever of the integrity and sincerity of the minister De la Croix, nor even of Madgett, whom I believe to be honest. But in the first place, it is a subaltern way of doing business, and in the next, the vanity of Madgett will be very likely to lead him, in order to raise his importance in the eyes of some of his countrymen, who are here as patriots, to drop some hint of what is going forward. Go at once to the Executive Directory and demand an audience; explain yourself to them, and as to me, you may go so far as to refer to me for the authenticity of what you may advance, and you may add, that I am in a degree apprised of your

business." Tone expressed a doubt whether, as he was already in the hands of La Croix, there might not be some indelicacy in going directly to the Directory. Monroe answered, "By no means, that in his own functions the proper person to communicate with was La Croix, but that nevertheless, when he had any business of consequence, he went at once to the fountain-head." "He then proceeded to mention, that in all the changes which had taken place in France, there never was an abler or purer set of men at the head of affairs than at present; that they were sincere friends to liberty and justice, and in no wise actuated by a spirit of conquest; that consequently, if they took up the business of Ireland on my motion, I would find them perfectly fair and candid; that not only the government, but the whole people were most violently exasperated against England, and that there was no one thing that could at once command the warmest support of all parties, so much as any measure which promised a reduction of her power." He told him afterward that Carnot was a military man, and one of the first engineers of Europe.

The very next day Tone presented himself at the Luxembourg, and demanded an audience of Carnot. He soon found himself closeted in a private cabinet with the organizer of victory. All this time, Tone was passing under an assumed name, to conceal his movements from the spies of the English government who might be in Paris. There was a multitude of English agents who passed themselves off as Americans. Tone was dogged by spies. Even in the antechamber of the minister his path was crossed by a very suspicious character. In his first interview with

Carnot he presented himself as the representative of the United Irishmen, to make a statement of the condition of his country, and forgot to mention his name. Hardly had he left the room when this omission occurred to him, and he turned back to correct it. "I then told Carnot, that as to my situation, credit, and the station I had filled in Ireland, I begged leave to refer him to James Monroe, the American embassador. He seemed struck with this, and then for the first time, asked my name. I told him in fact I had two names, my real one, and that under which I traveled, and was described in my passport. I then took a slip of paper, and wrote the name, 'James Smith, citoyen Americain,' and under it, Theobald Wolfe Tone, which I handed him, adding that my real name was the undermost. He took the paper, and looking over it said, Ha! Theobald Wolfe Tone! with the expression of one who has just recollected a circumstance. I then told him I would finish my memorial as soon as possible, and hoped he would permit me in the course of a few days to present myself to him again, to which he answered, By all means."

The diary of Tone at this period abounds in the most lively sketches of his negotiations with the French government, and of the principal personages then in Paris. Confining himself strictly to the object of his mission, he sought no acquaintance. During the seven months he was in Paris, he did not become acquainted with a single family. His sole intercourse was with the government, the Directory, ministers, secretaries or generals, or with two or three Irishmen whom he chanced to meet. Much of his time was passed in drawing up memorials on the state of

Ireland. When the business of writing was over, he went to dine at the Palais Royal; or strolled to the Champ de Mars to witness a military review, or sauntered with a friend under the trees of the Champs Elysées. As he rode into the country, his eye ranged with delight over the plentiful harvests, the orchards, the vineyards, "the fields all rich with corn and wine." Nothing looked desolate, but the chateaux of the old nobility. These were deserted and solitary, for their owners were gone. In the evening, his constant resource was the theater and the opera. He says, "All the theaters are as full every night as they can hold." He could not resist the enthusiasm with which the French sung the Chant du Depart, and the glorious strains of the Marseillaise hymn, when at the verse, "Tremblez tyrans," the whole audience rose to their feet, and the theater rang with applause.

France at that moment presented a heroic spectacle. She was then maintaining in the field fourteen armies, including nearly a million of men. A young lieutenant had just gone off to take command of the army of Italy, and Tone mentioning soon after in his journal the victories of Montenotte and of Millesimo, gives this piece of intelligence, "The French general is Bonaparte, a Corsican."

Tone had a most arduous task before him, yet even in moments of the greatest difficulty, he kept up a brave heart. Whenever in his journal he has occasion to mention any disaster which threatens to defeat his schemes, he commonly ends with some quotation such as, "'Tis but in vain, for soldiers to complain," or "How merrily we live that soldiers be."

Many years after, the journals of Tone were published in full by his son, and constitute an autobiography of romantic interest. "To this book," says Moore, "I must refer the reader for particulars, adding only my opinion, that there are few books, whether for the matter or the manner, more interesting; the character of the writer himself presenting the most truly Irish mixture of daring in design and light-heartedness in execution; while the sense of awe with which it is impossible not to contemplate a mission pregnant with such consequences, is forever relieved by those alternate flashes of humor and sentiment with which only a temperament so national could have enlivened or softened such details."*

Tone now drew up full memorials on the state of Ireland, in which he stated the population and resources of that country, their political discontent, and the organizations which had been formed for revolution. He then went on to state the troops necessary for a successful invasion, and the places on the coast at which they should land. All these points he detailed more minutely and repeatedly in conversation. He said that with 20,000 men there would be no possibility of resistance for an hour, and they should begin with the capital. They would then have all the offices of government instantly in their hands. With 5,000 men he would have no doubt of success, but they must expect some hard fighting, and should begin near Belfast, as the province of Ulster was the most populous and warlike in the kingdom, and it was there the United Irishmen were the strongest. He pointed out on a map

* Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, vol. i. p. 198

of Ireland the position of Belfast. In case of landing here with but five thousand men, they should push immediately for the mountains of Mourne and the Fews, by means of which and of Lough Erne, they would cover the entire province of Ulster, and maintain themselves until they had collected their friends in sufficient force to penetrate to Dublin. He suggested at the same time that if possible, a second landing should be made in the bay of Galway, which army should cover itself as soon as possible by the Shannon, breaking down most of the bridges and fortifying the remainder. They would thus begin with one half the nation, and that the most discontented part. As the Irish had been little accustomed to the use of artillery, they would need a large body of cannoniers. As, however, they had no strongly fortified towns, they need only be provided with light field-pieces, with a few sixteen-pounders. The minister seemed somewhat staggered at the demand of 20,000 men. He said that they could not possibly be transported, unless the French were masters of the channel, in which case they could as well send 40,000, or 60,000, and march at once to London. The Directory therefore proposed a small expedition—not more than 2,000. Tone declared flatly that with that number he thought the business utterly desperate, for that let them land where they would, they would be utterly defeated before any one could join them. Five thousand men he thought the very lowest number that would afford any chance of success, and he had the satisfaction to see that, as he stood firm in his demands, the views of the government steadily rose. He insisted further, that if France

could not send more than five or six thousand, they should be the very best troops—not merely disciplined soldiers, but men accustomed to stand fire, some of the old battalions from Holland or the Rhine.

"As to the place of embarkation," he said, "it might be worth consideration whether it could not be best effected from Holland; that their harbors were less closely watched than the French; and that at any rate England has no port for ships of war to the northward of Portsmouth; so that even if she had a fleet off the coasts of Holland, it must return occasionally to refit, and during one of these intervals, the expedition might take place."

He dwelt much on the fact that two thirds of the seamen in the British navy were Irishmen. "Since the commencement of the present war Ireland had furnished England 200,000 men, of whom 80,000 were for the navy." He detailed the preparations which had been made in Ireland for immediately organizing a new government. "The Catholic committee is already a complete representation of that body; and the Dissenters are so prepared that they can immediately choose delegates. Those two bodies when joined, will represent numerically nine tenths of the people, and of course, under existing circumstances, are the best government that we can form at the moment." His wishes were in favor of a very strong, or even military government at the outset, to give stability to the new order of things.

The Directory began to see the immense importance of invading Ireland. But they wished first to send a person to that country to obtain the latest intelligence in regard to

its political condition. The matter was proposed to Tone. He answered that he was too well known to be there four-and-twenty hours without being seized; that consequently he was the most unfit person in the world. Besides they would find in the English papers, and much more in the Irish, sufficient evidence of the state of the country to support every word he had advanced.

The project of sending such an emissary he thought dangerous, not only to the individual, but to the cause. Whoever went, he cautioned him not to carry any papers, not to write a syllable, nor to take a scrape of a pen with him, nor to speak to above four or five persons, whom he would point out, for fear of hazarding a discovery which might blast all. In fact, from want of proper caution, an emissary who was sent, was seized just as he was about to embark at Margate for France, and tried and executed.

In all his communications with the directory, Tone had insisted much on the importance of an able general at the head of the expedition. He had wished for Pichegru as the one whose name was most known in Ireland, and next to him Jourdan. The command fell upon one younger and less known abroad, but a greater military genius than either. Early in July Tone was informed that General Hoche was coming up with all privacy to Paris, to confer with the Directory on the expedition. This youthful soldier had begun his career as a sergeant in the French guards, and by the force of his intellect had risen to the rank of a general in a single campaign. His rise was as sudden as that of Napoleon. He discovered the same precocious genius in the art of war. He received the com-

mand of the army of the Moselle. He defeated Wurmser and drove the Austrians out of Alsace. Jealous of his growing popularity and power, the Committee of Public Safety had seized and imprisoned him. He was saved from the guillotine by the fall of Robespierre. Released from prison, he began a new career of victory. He was appointed to the command of the army in La Vendée. That province had long stood out against the armies of the Republic. To Hoche was reserved the glory of being, not only its conqueror, but its pacificator. In the management of this civil war he had shown, not only the impetuosity of a soldier in battle, but the humanity, and the conciliating policy of an old and wise statesman. He was as humane as he was brave. He afterward said to Tone, that great mischief had been done to the principles of liberty, and additional difficulties thrown in the way of the French Revolution by the quantity of blood spilled. "For," he added, "when you guillotine a man, you get rid of an individual, it is true, but then you make all his friends and connections enemies forever to the government."

The account which Tone gives of his first interview with Hoche will show the spirit with which his journal was kept:—

"July 12.—As I was sitting in my cabinet, studying tactics, a person knocked at the door, who, on opening it, proved to be a dragoon of the third regiment. He brought me a note from Clarke,* informing me that the

* Clarke, afterward Duke of Feltre, and Minister of War under Napoleon, was the son of an Irishman, and had himself been in that country. He figures much in these negotiations.

person he mentioned was arrived, and desired to see me at one o'clock. I ran off directly to the Luxembourg, and was showed into Fleury's cabinet, where I remained till three, when the door opened, and a very handsome, well-made young fellow, in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons, entered and said, "*Vous êtes le citoyen Smith?*" I thought he was a chef de bureau, and replied, "*Oui, citoyen, je m'appelle Smith.*" He said, "*Vous vous appelez aussi, je crois, Wolfe Tone.*" I replied, "*Oui citoyen, c'est mon veritable nom.*" "*Eh bien,*" replied he, "*je suis le general Hoche.*" At these words I mentioned that I had for a long time been desirous of the honor I then enjoyed to find myself in his company. He then said he presumed I was the author of the memorials which had been transmitted to him. I said I was. Well, said he, there are one or two points I want to consult you on. He then proceeded to ask me, in case of the landing being effected, might he rely on finding provisions, and particularly bread? I said it would be impossible to make any arrangements in Ireland, previous to the landing, because of the surveillance of the government; but if that were once accomplished, there would be no want of provisions; that Ireland abounded in cattle; and as for bread, I saw by the Gazette that there was not only no deficiency of corn, but that she was able to supply England, in a great degree during the late alarming scarcity in that country; and I assured him that if the French were once in Ireland, he might rely that, whoever wanted bread, they should not want it. He seemed satisfied with this, and proceeded to ask me, might we count upon being able to form a pro-

visory government, either of the Catholic committee, mentioned in my memorials, or of the chiefs of the Defenders? I thought I saw an opening here to come at the number of troops intended for us, and replied that that would depend on the force which might be landed; if that force were but trifling, I could not pretend to say how they might act; but if it was considerable, I had no doubt of their co-operation. "Undoubtedly," replied he, "men will not sacrifice themselves when they do not see a reasonable prospect of support; but if I go, you may be sure I will go in sufficient force." He then asked, did I think ten thousand men would decide them? I answered, undoubtedly; but that early in the business the minister had spoken to me of two thousand, and that I had replied that such a number would effect nothing. No, replied he, they would be overwhelmed before any one could join them. I was glad to hear him give that opinion, as it was precisely what I had stated to the minister. He then asked me what I thought of the priests, or was it likely they would give us any trouble? I replied, I certainly did not calculate on their assistance, but neither did I think they would be able to give us any effectual opposition; that their influence over the minds of the common people was exceedingly diminished of late. I explained all this at some length, and concluded by saying that, in prudence, we should avoid as much as possible shocking their prejudices unnecessarily; and, that with common discretion, I thought we might secure their neutrality at least, if not their support. I mentioned this merely as my opinion, but added, that in the contrary event, I was

satisfied it would be absolutely impossible for them to take the people out of our hands. We then came to the army. He asked me how I thought they would act? I replied, for the regulars I could not pretend to say, but that they were wretched bad troops; for the militia, I hoped and believed, that when we were once organized, they would not only not oppose us, but come over to the cause of their country *en masse;* nevertheless, I desired him to calculate on their opposition, and make his arrangements accordingly; that it was the safe policy, and if it became necessary, it was so much gained. He said he would undoubtedly make his arrangements so as to leave nothing to chance that could be guarded against; that he would come in force, and bring great quantities of arms, ammunition, stores, and artillery; and for his own reputation, see that all the arrangements were made on a proper scale. He then said there was one important point remaining, on which he desired to be satisfied; and that was, what form of government we would adopt on the event of our success? I was going to answer him with great earnestness, when General Clarke entered to request we would come to dinner with citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conversation to the apartment of the president, where we found Carnot and one or two more. Hoche, after some time, took me aside, and repeated his question. I replied, 'Most undoubtedly a republic.' He asked again, was I sure? I said, as sure as I could be of any thing; that I knew nobody in Ireland who dreamed of any other system, nor did I believe there was any body who dreamt of monarchy. He asked me, was there no

danger of the Catholics setting up one of their chiefs for king? I replied, 'Not the smallest,' and that there were no chiefs among them of that kind of eminence."

This question was often put to Tone, and he always answered, that Ireland, if free, would become a republic. He afterward said to Clarke, that "as to royalty and aristocracy, they were both odious in Ireland to that degree, that he apprehended much more a general massacre of the gentry, and a distribution of the entire of their property, than the establishment of any form of government that would perpetuate their influence; that he hoped this massacre would not happen, and that he, for one, would do all in his power to prevent it, because he did not like to spill the blood even of the guilty; at the same time that the pride, cruelty, and oppression of the Irish aristocracy were so great, that he apprehended every excess from the just resentment of the people." At the same time he thought the French would act wisely, not to dictate the form of government to the Irish. He wished them to come, not as conquerors, but as liberators, to assist Ireland to gain her own independence, as they had assisted America. There was a very natural jealousy in Ireland of foreign interference, and Tone was careful to guard the Directory from a false impression.

"Carnot joined us here with a pocket map of Ireland in his hand, and the conversation became pretty general between Clarke, Hoche, and him, every one else having left the room. I said scarcely any thing, as I wished to listen. Hoche related to Carnot the substance of what had passed between him and me. When he mentioned his

anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed, and said, 'There is plenty of beef in Ireland; if you can not get bread, you must eat beef.' They soon went off to dinner,—Carnot saying, 'It will be, to be sure, a most brilliant operation.'"

Tone sat down to dine with Madame Carnot and her family, with a number of officers of the Republic. After coffee was served, they rose, and Carnot, Hoche, Truguet, the minister of Marine, Lacuée, a member of the Council of Ancients, and the chosen friend of Carnot, and Clarke, retired to hold a council on Irish affairs. Tone walked with Lagarde the *secretaire general* in the gardens of the Luxembourg, where they listened to a symphony performed in the apartments of La Reveilliere Lepaux, one of the Directory, who had concerts continually, taking music as his resource after the fatigues of his business, which were immense. At nine the council broke up, and Tone and Clarke walked away together.

Tone adds to his account of this interview:—"Hoche has a famous cut of a sabre down his forehead, eyebrow, and one side of his nose. He was pretty near the enemy when he got that, and luckily it does not at all disfigure him. He is but two-and-thirty. Jourdan five-and-thirty, Buonaparte twenty-nine, Moreau about thirty, and Pichegru, who is the oldest of all, about six-and-thirty. The French have no old generals in their service; it is their policy to employ young men, and the event has shown they are right."

He adds also:—"Hoche praised Sir Sydney Smith, now prisoner in Paris, as a gallant officer. He said, '*Il a une rude reputation en Bretagne;*' and that there was hardly

a cape or headland on the coast which was not marked by some of his exploits. I like to hear one brave man praise another. Carnot said they would take care of him for some time, and that he should certainly not be exchanged."

In the life of Curran an interview between the same personages is thus strikingly related:—

"Soon after the question of an expedition to Ireland had been left to the decision of Carnot, Clarke and Hoche, they named an evening to meet Tone at the palace of the Luxembourg. Tone arrived at the appointed hour, eight o'clock. He was ushered into a splendid apartment. Shortly after the director and the generals made their appearance: they bowed coldly, but civilly, to Tone, and almost immediately retired, without apology or explanation, through a door opposite to that by which they had entered. Tone was a good deal struck by so unexpected a reception, but his surprise increased when ten o'clock arrived, without the appearance of, or message of any kind, from those on whom all his hopes seemed to depend. The clock struck eleven, twelve, one—all was still in the palace; the steps of the sentinels on their posts without, alone interrupted the dead silence that prevailed within. Tone paced the room in considerable anxiety; not even a servant had entered, of whom to inquire his way out, or if the director and the generals had retired. About two o'clock the folding-doors were suddenly thrown open; Carnot, Clarke, and Hoche entered; their countenances brightened, and the coldness and reserve, so observable at eight o'clock, had vanished. Clarke advanced quickly to

Tone, and taking him cordially by the hand, said, '*Citizen! I congratulate you; we go to Ireland.*" The others did the same; and having fixed the time to meet again, the persons engaged in this remarkable transaction, separated."

CHAPTER X.

Tone in Hoche's Staff.—Accompanies him to the Army.—Armament preparing at Brest.—A Spy and a Ruse.—Tone enlists Irish Prisoners.—Emissary sent to Dublin.—The Troops embark.—The Expedition sails.—Reaches Bantry Bay.—Driven off the Coast by a Gale of Wind.

From this time the most intimate friendship sprang up between Hoche and Tone. They were of about the same age; both brave and ambitious of glory, and both now bent on the accomplishment of the same object. The Directory immediately gave Tone a commission in the French army. He was to serve in the infantry with the rank of chef de brigade, which answers to that of colonel, and receives the same pay. Clarke embraced him on giving him the brevet, and saluted him as a brother officer. Tone says, "My heart was so full I could hardly reply." He was soon after made adjutant to Hoche, and remained in his staff until his death.

Hoche entered with his characteristic ardor into the projected Irish invasion. Meeting Tone one day in the street he took him in his carriage to introduce him to General Cherin, with whom he was to travel when he set off for the army. "On the way I told Hoche that I hoped the glory was reserved for him to amputate the right hand

of England forever; and I mentioned the immense resources in all respects, especially in men and provisions, which Ireland furnished to that country, and of which I trusted we were now on the eve of depriving her. Hoche observed, that his only anxiety was about finding subsistence for the troops. I replied that as to that I hoped there would be no difficulty; that it was Ireland which victualed the navy, the West Indies, and the foreign garrisons of England; and I reminded him of what I had before told him, that in the late scarcity, so far from difficulties at home, she exported vast quantities of corn to that country. I went on to say, that my difficulty was not how to subsist, but how to get there, for that I dreaded that eternal fleet. Hoche laid his hand on my arm and said, '*Ne craignez rien, nous y irons; vous pouvez y compter; ne craignez rien.*' I answered, that being so, I had not a doubt of our success. Hoche then asked me, 'Who were the Orange boys?' I explained it to him, adding that it was an affair of no consequence, which we would settle in three days after our arrival. '*Oh,*' said he, '*ce n'est rien.*' I then told him I hoped he would take care to have a sufficiency of cannoniers and artillery, of which we were quite unprovided. 'You may depend upon it,' said he, 'that I will bring enough, and of the best, particularly the light artillery.' He then asked me if we had many great plains in Ireland? I said not; that in general the face of the country was intersected with fences, and described the nature of an Irish ditch and hedge. By this time we arrived at Cherin's, who was indisposed and in bed. I was introduced by Hoche, and I remember now

he is one of the generals with whom I dined at Carnot's. After a short conversation (in which the time was fixed that we set off), I took my leave, Hoche and Cherin desiring me to call on them in the mean time, without the ceremony of sending up my name."

Hoche was now appointed to the command of the army of the West, and Tone accompanied him to Rennes. He was here in the family of the commander-in-chief, and dined daily with the staff. He says, "We are all lodged in the palace of the former bishop of Rennes, a superb mansion, but not much the better for the Revolution." The expedition to Ireland had been decided upon, and preparations were going forward with all dispatch. The attention of Europe began to be fixed on the mighty armament that was preparing at Brest. Hoche was disciplining the men, collecting cannoniers and munitions of war, and pushing forward the equipment of the ships. It was said that he had selected for the expedition the élite of the army of the Ocean, which consisted of 117,000 men. He had the satisfaction of having under him a corps of bronzed veterans, who had fought with him in the war in La Vendée, who were "steeled against every hardship, having been well used to dispense with clothes, shoes, or even bread." On the anniversary of the fifth year of the Republic, the army was drawn out in review before their chief. It was a brilliant sight. When the parade was over, Hoche met Tone, and asked him if he heard the cannonade. Tone said he did. "Ay," said Hoche, "you will soon hear enough of that." "The sooner the better," was the reply.

While at Rennes Tone observed with some uneasiness that Hoche treated him with reserve, especially in the presence of others. But the mystery was soon explained. It was important that Tone should preserve as far as possible a strict incognito. He passed in the army as Mr. Smith, an American. If the general were to distinguish him by particular attention, it would be observed and set people to making inquiries. This was explained to Tone privately by a confidential friend of the general, which not only removed his uneasiness, but delighted him by the evidence which it afforded of Hoche's prudence and considerate regard for the safety of his adjutant. The same friend assured Tone "that both the Executive Directory and Hoche were perfectly satisfied as to who and what he was, through a channel which he was not at liberty to inform him of, but that he might be perfectly easy on the score of his credit."* In private the manner of the general was as cordial as ever. Just before leaving for Brest, Tone met Hoche alone walking in the gallery. The general immediately came up to him, and asked if he had occasion for any thing before his departure, desiring him, if he was in want of any thing, to apply to him as his friend, without any reserve.

During this stay at Rennes Tone's constant companion was Col. Shee, a native of Ireland, and uncle of General Clarke. He was nearly sixty years old, and had served as an officer of cavalry thirty-five years. He had been secre-

* Perhaps this information came through Arthur O'Connor and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom Hoche had just met on the frontiers of Switzerland.

tary to the Duke of Orleans who was guillotined, and had many tales to tell of the times before and since the Revolution.

The scene of preparation was now transferred to Brest. Tone's heart bounded at the sight of the sea. He says, "Every day I walk for an hour alone on the ramparts, and look down on the fleet which rides below. There are about fifty sail of ships of war of all sizes, of which perhaps twenty are of the line." It was a magnificent sight. His joy and pride were however somewhat damped by the thought of his wife and children, who were at that moment probably on their voyage to France, exposed to the dangers of a winter passage. Tone was a most fond husband and father. Even amid the terrible "notes of preparation," he could not but think of them as he looked off upon the sea. He writes in his journal, "I lie awake regularly half the night, listening to the wind, every puff of which makes me shudder." In fact his family were then on the ocean. While Tone was on board the French fleet on his way to Ireland, his family in an American ship almost crossed his path in the British channel. Happily they landed in safety.

The only thing which now delayed the expedition was the want of seamen. The Directory had given the most imperative orders to have them impressed all along the coast. But the marine still seemed backward. The minister of marine, Truguet, had a favorite project for an expedition to India, and perhaps on this account felt indifferent about the invasion of Ireland. The admiral of the fleet, who probably dreaded a battle at sea, with the Eng-

lish, started all sorts of objections. But Hoche was not to be trifled with. He had the admiral cashiered, and another put in his place who would obey orders. Then the work went on. It was understood that the English were off Ushant with sixteen sail of the line, and ten frigates, and it seemed altogether improbable that the French fleet could pass the channel without an engagement. Hoche had formed the most desperate resolution of fighting to the last if they met the English fleet. Tone writes: "The general has no confidence in the marine; but is determined, if we fall in with the English fleet, that fight they shall; for as the military will be at least two to one on board, he will give it out in general orders that the first man, officer or seaman, of whatever grade or rank, that offers to flinch, shall be instantly shot on the quarter-deck. This is stout of Hoche. I had rather however that our valor was tried on terra firma, for I am of opinion with the Turks, 'That God has given the sea to the infidels, and the land to the true believers.'

"'If we meet with a privateer, or a lofty man-of-war,
We will not stop to wrangle, to chatter, nor to jar.'

If we fall in with the English, we must fight them at close quarters, and crowd our tops, poops and quarter-deck with musketry. It is our only chance, but against superior numbers that will not do."

While in Brest, Tone was busily engaged writing addresses to the Irish people, to the militia, and to the Irish seamen serving in the British navy.* He prepared a gen-

* In his address to the people of Ireland, Tone tells them to approach

eral proclamation for the French to publish on landing. While this was in the hands of the printer, a gentleman with a foreign accent called and requested to see a copy. The printer refused. The stranger then offered him a sum of money, finally raising it to five hundred louis.

No sooner was he gone, than the printer hastened to Hoche, to inform him of the circumstance. Hoche told him to let the spy have the proclamation, but that he first wished to alter a few words. He took his pen and crossed out "Ireland and Irish," and inserted Portugal and Portuguese; and of this a few copies were struck off, which were handed to the stranger. The ruse was successful. The proclamation was immediately transmitted to England, and is said to have so completely deceived Pitt that he

that gigantic figure by which they have been so long kept in awe, and to see if their fears have not magnified her power. He thus calculates the chances of successful rebellion:—

"But granting she is formidable; so are we. If she is near us, we are near her. Our people are brave, and hardy and poor; we are not debauched by luxury and sloth; we are used to toil, and fatigue, and scanty living; our miseries, for which we have to thank England, have well prepared us to throw off her yoke. We can dispense with feather beds, with roast beef, and strong beer; war, if it makes any change in the diet of our peasants, must change it for the better; they may in that case taste meat and bread, delicacies to them, and which a great majority of them seldom see; we can sleep in our bogs, where our enemies will rot, and subsist on our mountains, where they will starve. We fight for our liberties; they fight because they are ordered to do so. We are at home; they are in an enemy's country. Under these circumstances, and especially with a just and righteous cause, he must be timid indeed who could doubt of success. England, with Ireland at her back, is undoubtedly formidable; England, with Ireland neuter, is still respectable; but England, with Ireland in arms against her, I do not despair of seeing humbled in the dust."

directed the British squadrons to keep particular watch upon Portugal; and when he afterward heard that the French fleet was off the coast of Ireland, he treated the report with derision.* It was probably owing to this circumstance that the expedition went and returned without meeting the English fleet.

As there was great want of men for the ships, by order of the general, Tone went among the prisoners of war, and offered their liberty to as many as would serve aboard the French fleet. He says, "Sixty accepted the offer, of whom fifty were Irish. I made them drink heartily before they left the prison; and they were mustered and went aboard the same evening. I never saw the national character stronger marked than in the careless gayety of those poor fellows. Half naked and half starved as I found them, the moment that they saw the wine before them, all their cares were forgotten. The Englishmen balanced, and several of them asked in the true style of their country, 'What would I give them?' It is but justice to others to observe, that they said nothing should ever tempt them to fight against their king and country. I told them they were perfectly at liberty to make their choice, as I put no constraint on any man. In the event, of about one hundred English, ten men and boys offered themselves; and of about sixty Irish, fifty; not one Scotchman, though there were several in the prison. When I called for the wine, my English recruits begged for something to eat at the same time, which I ordered for

* Tone's Life, vol. ii. p. 218. Curran's Life, p. 218.

them. Poor Pat never thought of eating; but when his head was a little warm with the wine, he was very urgent to be permitted to go among the Englishmen, and flog those who refused to enter; which of course I prevented, though with some little difficulty. 'Arrah, blood and 'ounds, captain dear, won't you let me have one knock at the blackguards?' I thought myself on Ormond quay once more. Oh, if we once arrive safe on the other side, what soldiers we will make of our poor fellows! They all said they hoped I was going with them wherever it was. I answered, that I did not desire one man to go where I was not ready to show the way; and they replied with three cheers. It is to be observed that I never mentioned the object of the expedition; they entered the service merely from the adventurous spirit of the nation, and their hatred of the English, without any idea that they had a chance of seeing Ireland again."

Meanwhile news arrived from Ireland which excited to the highest pitch the hopes of the French. At one time, a rumor reached Brest that the Revolution was already effected, that the people had risen and overpowered the government. Hoche was in rapture. As he met Tone, he embraced him, kissing him on both cheeks, after the manner of the French, and wishing him joy of the event. The report however proved premature. A more authentic statement was derived from an American who had just been in Ireland. He said that every body was expecting the French; that the gentry were making preparations to receive them; that every magistrate was raising twenty

men to preserve the peace in place of the militia, should these last be ordered to the coast; but that it was universally supposed that they would join the French immediately, and that a great majority of them were even sworn to do so. He said that every day persons were arrested. The sum of all was, that Ireland was in a state of excitement, bordering on insurrection, and that nothing but the French were needed to settle the affair at a blow.

Hoche thought it important at this moment to send an agent to Ireland. There was an American vessel lying in the harbor, which would sail at a minute's warning, and also bring back the person who should go. Hoche wished intelligence of the state of the country up to the last moment. Tone named his aid-de-camp McSheehy. It was instantly decided upon. The next day Tone brought him to his lodgings, and made him change his dress from head to foot, equipping him with shirts, boots, stockings, waistcoats, coat, and cloak, all either Irish, or made after the Irish fashion. He then gave him the address of two persons in Dublin, Bond and McCormick, whom he wished him to see, and told him of certain circumstances, known only to themselves, by which he could satisfy them that he had seen Tone. Hoche directed him to go to these persons, and learn from them as much as he could of the state of the country at that moment, the temper of the people, the number and disposition of the troops, whether the French were expected or desired, and if so, in what part particularly. He then gave McSheehy twenty louis, and he sailed that night. Tone had a further object. Many of his friends in Ireland were in

prison, and in danger of being executed for treason. He charged McSheehy to tell Bond and McCormick to have the prisoners profit by every possible delay, which the forms of law could give to postpone their trial, as he had the strongest hopes that in a short time the French would be there to rescue them. He then walked with him down to the quay, where he saw him join the captain, who was in waiting. It was eight o'clock, and a fine moonlight night. In a little while the vessel was standing out of the harbor. The emissary reached Dublin, accomplished his mission, and returned in safety. This officer was afterward killed in the battle of Eylau. Tone had another adjutant in this expedition, Rapatelle, an officer of the staff, who in 1813 accompanied Moreau to the camp of the allies. Moreau died in his arms.

In truth the moment of action was approaching. On the second of December Tone received orders to embark on board the Indomptable of eighty guns. The captain, Bedout, was a Canadian. He had been used to desperate battle on the ocean. Tone had requested to serve with the grenadiers in the advanced guard, as being the post of danger and of honor, but the general, while in the handsomest manner he acknowledged the gallantry of the offer, declared that his arrangements required him to be immediately about his person. Once on board, Tone writes, "We are all in high spirits, and the troops are as gay as if they were going to a ball." With the true spirit of Frenchmen they danced every evening on the quarter-deck. On the eve of departure they received a visit from

another ship:—"General Watrin paid us a visit this evening with the band of his regiment, and I went down into the great cabin where the officers met, and where the music was playing. I was delighted with the effect it seemed to have on them. The cabin was ceiled with the firelocks intended for the expedition, the candlesticks were bayonets stuck in the table, the officers were in their jackets; some playing cards, others singing to the music; others conversing, and all in the highest spirits—once again I was delighted with the scene. At length Watrin and his band went off, and as it was a beautiful moonlight night, the effect of the music on the water, diminishing as they receded from our vessel, was delicious."

The next morning presented a more cheering sight—the signal flying to get under weigh, and the ships heaving up their anchors. It was the 16th of December that the fleet put to sea. It consisted of 17 sail of the line, 13 frigates, with a number of corvettes and transports, making in all 43 sail, and carrying an army of fifteen thousand men, commanded by the ablest general of France, next to Napoleon, and provided with an immense park of artillery, and all the munitions of war. In passing out of the harbor, they had to go through a narrow and dangerous strait in the night. One line of battle ship was lost on the rocks, and the others were in imminent peril. Captain Bedout said that he had rather stand three such engagements as that in which he was taken, than pass again through the Raz at night. But the morning came, and they were clear of shore, and bearing away into the broad Atlantic. Unlocked from land, the fleet now spread its wings. Trans

ports, frigates, and three-deckers, far and near, a gallant sight, went careering on the sea. But the fleet was scattered. Not more than half were together. Another morning they descried a sail on the horizon. A sail! a sail! The signal of a fleet in the offing passed from ship to ship. The officers gathered on deck. Spy-glasses were turned to the horizon. What could they be? French or English? Tone writes, "If this fleet prove to be our comrades, it will be famous news, if it be the English let them come, we will do our best, and I think the Indomptable will not be the worst fought ship in the squadron." Happily, as they drew near, the French flag was descried floating from the distant masts. The fleet was now together, thirty-five sail. But seven or eight ships were still missing. By a strange arrangement both the commander-in-chief and the admiral of the fleet had been embarked in a frigate, the Fraternité, and this ship was gone. The absence of Hoche was more than the loss of half the fleet. The expedition proceeded without its general. It soon made Cape Clear, and proceeded up the Channel. The outline of the coast became distinctly visible. Tone first observed snow on the mountains—then old castles on the shore. The weather was delicious, the wind fair, and they were drawing up to the coast under easy sail. The Indomptable approached so near that Tone says he could toss a biscuit on shore. A landing might have been effected in a few hours. But the command had devolved upon Grouchy. This irresolute general hesitated to land in the absence of Hoche, and with but a part of the army. Tone writes, "All rests now upon Grouchy, and I hope he may

turn out well. He has a glorious game in his hands, if he has spirit and talent to play it. If he succeeds, it will immortalize him." The want of spirit and decision in this officer, which afterward lost the battle of Waterloo, caused the failure of the expedition. "Twice," says Shiel, "had this man the destinies of nations in his hand, and twice he abused his trust."

Grouchy afterward felt bitterly at the thought of the great opportunity which had escaped him. He was all eagerness for a second expedition. He said to Tone, that "he had shed tears of rage and vexation fifty times since, at the recollection of the opportunity of which he had been deprived; and there was one thing which he would never pardon himself—that he did not seize Bouvet* by the collar, and throw him overboard, the moment he attempted to raise a difficulty as to the landing."

The instructions to the fleet were, in case of separation, that the ships which arrived first should cruise off the shore, till the other ships joined them. Accordingly, when close in shore, they tacked out again, and thus stood off and on. They were instructed to land in Bantry Bay. They were now off the mouth, and began to move leisurely up the bay. Tone was raging with impatience. There lay that mighty fleet, a long line of dark hulls resting on the green water, tossing up their huge bows into the air, like so many black war-horses impatient for the battle. Three or four days passed, when a council of war was called, and it was proposed to land with the portion of the army then in the bay. "I must do Grouchy the justice,"

* Bouvet was the Rear Admiral who now commanded the fleet.

says Tone, "to say, that the moment we gave our opinion in favor of proceeding, he took his part like a man of spirit; he instantly set about preparing the order of battle." Men and guns were got ready, and the disembarkation was to take place the next morning. But at two o'clock in the night, Tone was awakened by the wind. "I rose immediately, and walked for an hour in the gallery, devoured by the most gloomy reflections. The wind continues right ahead, so that it is absolutely impossible to work up to the landing-place." The wind increased to a gale. The sea ran high. A landing was impossible. The gale became terrific. All day and all night it blew right off shore, and finally drove them to sea. The fleet was now so scattered, as to render a landing in force impracticable, and the dispersed ships made their way back to France.

In reading the account of this expedition, it seems as if Ireland had been saved to England by a miracle. Had the fifteen thousand men on board landed, with Hoche at their head, the island would have been inevitably lost. There was no force in the south of Ireland that could have resisted for a moment. A large part of the population were ready to join an invading army, and Hoche would have marched in triumph to Dublin. The young commander in one campaign would have conquered a kingdom. Such was the opinion of the highest military authority of the age. Said Bonaparte, "Hoche was one of the first generals that ever France produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive and penetrating. If he had landed in Ireland, he would have suc

ceeded. He was accustomed to civil war, had pacified La Vendée, and was well adapted for Ireland. He had a fine, handsome figure, a good address, and was prepossessing and intriguing."*

As it was, this expedition produced a powerful sensation throughout Great Britain. The people of England had long felt secure in their insular situation, and guarded by their invincible fleets. "That confidence in the inviolability of their shores was now startled by the incontestable fact, that with two British fleets in the channel, and an admiral stationed at Cork, the coasts of Ireland had been a whole fortnight at the mercy of the enemy."† What rendered it more remarkable, was that neither in going nor returning did the French fleet meet a single English ship. It is not too much to say, that it was the narrowest escape which any part of the United Kingdom has had since the Spanish Armada.

* A Voice from St. Helena.

† Moore's Life of Fitzgerald, vol. i. p. 207.

CHAPTER XI.

Tone goes with Hoche to the Rhine.—Dutch Fleet in the Texel.—Mutiny at the Nore.—Expedition from Holland.—Death of Hoche.—Formation of the Army of England.—Napoleon sails for Egypt.

The failure of this expedition did not break the spirit of Tone. At first the reaction of his mind was great. He says, "I feel this moment like a man who is just awakened from a long, terrible dream."* But it has been said that "none can feel themselves equal to the execution of a great design who have not once witnessed with firmness and equanimity its failure." The Directory were not at all disheartened at the result. Indeed the safety with which their fleet had traversed the seas afforded them a new evidence of the practicability of an invasion. Hoche told Tone to assure his friends that both the French government and himself, individually, were bent as much as ever on the emancipation of Ireland; that preparations were making for a second attempt, which would be concluded as speedily as the urgency of affairs would admit;

* "I see by an article in the English papers, that they were in hopes to catch the vessel on board of which I was embarked, in which case they were kind enough to promise that I should be properly taken care of."—Tone's Journal, Jan. 1797.

that it was a business which the Republic would never give up; and that if three expeditions failed, they would try a fourth, and ever until they succeeded. For the present, however, it was necessary that the expedition should be abandoned. The Republic had need of Hoche elsewhere. He was immediately appointed to the command of the army of Sambre and Meuse. He invited Tone to accompany him, as adjutant-general, and made him a present of a beautiful horse. Tone accordingly left Paris for the Rhine. Here he was in an excellent military school, under one of the best masters of war in Europe. Hoche was now in a position to display his great military genius, no longer conducting a civil war, but at the head of an army of 70,000 men, matched with an equal foe. The hostile armies were separated only by a river. Tone was stationed at Bonn, on the banks of the "castled Rhine," opposite the famous Seven Mountains. "From the windows of the dining-room I saw the advanced posts of the enemy on the other side of the Rhine."

It was not the least curious circumstance in the history of this family, who seemed born to adventure, that, on the voyage from America, an attachment had sprung up between a Swiss merchant and Tone's sister. On their arrival in Europe they were married, and were now living at Hamburg. Tone says, "They will, I believe, settle in Hamburg; so there is one more of our family dispersed. I am sure if there were five quarters of the globe, there would be one of us perched on the fifth." Tone's family, who had landed at the mouth of the Elbe, were with them. As soon as he could be spared from the

army he flew to meet them. Scarcely had he left the camp when the sound of a cannonade startled the echoes of the hills. That very day Hoche gained the memorable battle of Neuwied. He crossed the Rhine in face of the Austrian army, and was advancing on a career of victory which promised to be as brilliant as that of Napoleon in Lombardy, when he was stopped by news that the preliminaries of peace had been signed.

No sooner was the war ended on the Rhine than Hoche again turned his thoughts to Ireland. Scarcely had Tone returned to the army before the subject was reopened. He found also in the camp, to his great joy, an old friend by the name of Lewines, an attorney of Dublin, who had come from Ireland to press the measure of a new invasion. Lewines stated that the organization of the people was complete; that there were a hundred thousand United Irishmen in the north alone; and that they had a large quantity of arms, and at least eight pieces of cannon, concealed. Every thing was ready, and nothing was wanting but a foreign force to land in the country, and set the ball in motion. His instructions were to apply to France, Holland, and Spain. Hoche gave them the strongest assurances that the business should be taken up on a grand scale. The news that Austria was suing for peace had indeed put England in the mood for negotiation. Lord Malmesbury was already at Lisle. But Hoche told them not to be discouraged by the arrival of a British negotiator, for that the Directory were determined to make no peace but on conditions which would put it out of the

power of England longer to arrogate to herself the commerce of the world, and dictate her laws to all the maritime powers. He communicated to them another piece of news not less exciting, that an expedition for Ireland had already been prepared in Holland. The Dutch governor, General Daendels, and Admiral Dewinter had long felt a desire to perform some achievement, which should rescue Holland from that state of oblivion into which she had fallen in Europe. At first the Dutch government had proposed to invade England, to effect a diversion in favor of the French, who, they hoped, would have been in Ireland. Now, circumstances being changed, they had resolved to go directly to Ireland. For this purpose, they had by the greatest exertions got together at the Texel sixteen sail of the line, and ten frigates, all ready for sea, with fifteen thousand troops and eighty pieces of artillery, and pay for the whole for three months. For a moment a difficulty arose, which was only removed by the magnanimity of Hoche. The French minister of Marine had demanded that five thousand French troops should be embarked in place of five thousand Dutch. The matter was one of much delicacy. On the one hand, it was highly important to have Hoche and his grenadiers; but on the other, it was natural and it was right that the Dutch government, after such exertions, should wish to have all the glory of the expedition. Hoche saw their embarrassment. He instantly came forward, upon his own responsibility, and withdrew the demand of the French minister. The generosity of Hoche in this act did him the greatest honor. "When it is considered," says Tone, "that Hoche

has a devouring passion for fame; that his great object, on which he has endeavored to establish his reputation, is the destruction of the power of England; that he has for two years, in a great degree, devoted himself to our business, and made the greatest exertions, including our memorable expedition, to emancipate us; that he sees at last the business likely to be accomplished by another, and of course, all the glory ravished from him,—I confess his renouncing the situation which he might command is an effort of very great virtue. It is true he is doing exactly what an honest man and a good citizen ought to do, preferring the interests of his country to his own private views; that, however, does not prevent my regarding his conduct with great admiration, and I shall never forget it.

"It was easy to see the most lively satisfaction on all their faces, at this declaration of General Hoche. General Daendels especially was beyond measure delighted. They told us then they hoped all would be ready in a fortnight. They hoped that either Lewines or I would be of the expedition, as our presence with the general would be indispensable. To which Hoche replied that I was ready to go, and he made the offer on my part in a manner peculiarly agreeable to my feelings." He afterward told Tone privately, that the Dutch army was much better than it had been at the commencement of the war, and especially that Daendels was an excellent officer, and as brave as Cæsar.

The following conversation discloses another rivalship which at that time existed in the French army. As Hoche and Tone were about to part, "I took occasion,"

says the latter, "to speak on a subject which had weighed very much upon my mind, I mean the degree of influence which the French might be disposed to arrogate to themselves in Ireland, and which I had great reason to fear would be greater than we might choose to allow them. In the Gazette of that day there was a proclamation of Bonaparte, addressed to the government of Genoa, which I thought most grossly improper and indecent, as touching on the indispensable rights of the people. I read the most obnoxious passages to Hoche, and observed, that if Bonaparte commanded in Ireland, and were to publish there so indiscreet a proclamation, it would have a most ruinous effect; that in Italy such dictation might pass, but never in Ireland, where we understood our rights too well to submit to it. Hoche answered me, "I understand you, but you may be at ease in that respect; Bonaparte has been my scholar, but he shall never be my master." He then lanched out into a very severe critique on Bonaparte's conduct, which certainly has latterly been terribly indiscreet, to say no worse of it, and observed, that as to his victories, it was easy to gain victories with such troops as he commanded, especially when the general made no difficulty to sacrifice the lives of his soldiers, and that these victories had cost the Republic 200,000 men. A great deal of what Hoche said was true, but I could see at the bottom of it a very great jealousy of Bonaparte."

In July, 1797, we find Tone on board a second mighty armament for the invasion of Ireland. A few sentences gleaned from his journal will show the prospects of the new expedition.

"July 8. Arrived early in the morning at the Texel, and went immediately on board the Admiral's ship, the Vryheid, of 74 guns, a superb vessel. Found General Daendel aboard, who presented me to Admiral Dewinter, who commands the expedition. I am exceedingly pleased with both; there is a frankness and candor in their manners which is highly interesting.

"July 10. I have been boating about the fleet, and aboard several of the vessels: they are in very fine condition, incomparably better than the fleet at Brest, and I learn from all hands that the best possible spirit reigns in both soldiers and sailors. Admiral Duncan, who commands the English fleet off the Texel, sent in yesterday an officer with a flag of truce, apparently with a letter, but in fact to reconnoiter our force. Dewinter was even with him: for he detained his messenger, and sent back the answer by an officer of his own, with instructions to bring back an exact account of the force of the enemy.

"July 11. Our flag of truce is returned, and the English officer released. Duncan's fleet is of eleven sail of the line, of which three are three-deckers.

"July 14. Several boats full of troops have passed us to-day, going on board the different vessels; the men are in the highest spirits, singing national songs, and cheering the general as they pass; it is a noble sight, and I found it inexpressibly affecting. Daendel assures me that in the best days of the French Revolution he never witnessed greater enthusiasm than reigns at present in the army."

Never perhaps was the English Empire in greater danger than at this moment. "Pitt," says Thiers, "was in the

greatest consternation." Austria, his faithful continental ally, was about to withdraw from the contest, while to France and Holland, Spain was to be added, to the number of her enemies. Besides the formidable armament in the Texel, similar expeditions were preparing at Brest and at Cadiz. A gale off shore might drive the blockading squadrons a hundred leagues to sea, and before they could return, a Dutch, a French, and a Spanish squadron might bear away for Ireland. Besides, an event had just occurred which threatened the naval ascendency of England more than the hostile squadrons. It was the great mutiny on board the English fleets at Portsmouth and the Nore. The right arm of England was paralyzed by this stroke. For weeks those fleets were in a state of rebellion. The red flag was hoisted at the mast-head, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the English government could keep any ships in the channel. Had the French squadron been ready at the moment, it would have found the ocean clear. It was even probable, had a revolution been effected in Ireland, that the Irish sailors in the British navy, would, as they had threatened, steer many of the English ships of war into the Irish ports.

The English fleet lying at the Nore was still in a state of mutiny. Now was the time for invasion. Great anxiety was felt to seize the favorable moment, and to sail for Ireland with the first fair wind. The English still mustered a formidable force of ships of the line off the Texel, but in the high discipline of the Dutch navy, they did not fear an engagement. Dewinter felt the spirit of Van

Tromp beat in his bosom, and like that famous Dutch admiral, longed to sweep the seas with his broom.

"July 16. The admiral summoned this morning all the admirals and captains of the fleet, and gave them their last instructions, which were, that the frigates of forty-four guns should fall into the line; that they should fight to the last extremity, even to sinking of their vessels, in which case they were to take to their boats; that if any captain were to attempt to break the line and hang back, the others should immediately fire on him. This is resolute of Dewinter, and I have every reason to think his fleet will second him. He has sent off a courier to the government to announce all this, and if the wind springs up in our favor, we will set off instantly."—"All is ready, and nothing is wanting but a fair wind. We are riding at single anchor."

"There never was, and never will be, such an expedition as ours, if it succeeds; it is not merely to determine which of two despots shall sit upon a throne, or whether an island shall belong to this or that state,—it is to change the destiny of Europe; to emancipate one, perhaps three, nations; to open the sea to the commerce of the world; to found a new empire; to demolish an ancient one; to subvert a tyranny of six hundred years. And all this hangs to-day upon the wind. I can not express the anxiety I feel. Well, no matter! I can do nothing to help myself, and that aggravates my rage. Our ships exercise at great guns and small arms every day; they fire in general incomparably well, and it is a noble spectacle."

Again the elements fought for England. Week after

week the wind continued to blow against them. They were consuming their provisions, and must soon disembark. The mutiny at the Nore was quelled, and Admiral Duncan was receiving reinforcements.

"July 28, 6 o'clock. I am now alone in the great cabin, and I see from the window twenty-two sail of English vessels, anchored within a league of our fleet. It is impossible to express the variety of ideas which shoot across my mind at this moment. I think I should suffer less in the middle of a sea-fight; and the wind is still foul. Suspense is more terrible than danger. Little as I am of a Quixote, loving as I do, to distraction, my wife and dearest babies, I wish to heaven we were this moment under weigh to meet the enemy, with whom we should be up in an hour. It is terrible to see the two fleets so near, and to find ourselves so helpless. The sea is just now as smooth as a mill-pond. Ten times, since I began this note, I have lifted my eyes to look at the enemy. Well, it can not be that this inaction will continue long. I am now aboard twenty days, and we have not had twenty minutes of a fair wind to carry us out."

"On the 30th, in the morning early, the wind was fair, the signal given to prepare to get under weigh, and every thing ready, when, at the very instant we were about to weigh the anchor, and put to sea, the wind chopped about and left us. In an hour after, the wind hauled round to the south, and blew a gale with thunder and lightning; so it was well we were not caught in the shoals. At last it fixed in the south-west, almost the very worst quarter possible, where it has remained steadily ever since. Not to

lose time, the Admiral sent out an officer with a letter addressed to Admiral Duncan, but, in fact, to reconnoiter the enemy's force. He returned yesterday with a report that Duncan's fleet is of seventeen sail of the line, including two or three three-deckers, which is pleasant. There seems to be a fate in this business. Five weeks the English fleets were paralyzed by the mutinies at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the Nore. The sea was open, and nothing to prevent both the Dutch and French fleets to put to sea. Well, nothing was ready, that precious opportunity, which we can never expect to return, was lost; and now that at last we are ready here, the wind is against us, the mutiny is quelled, and we are sure to be attacked by a superior force."

Week after week passed, and the wind still blew from the same quarter, steady as the trade-wind, until near the close of August; the provisions were nearly exhausted, and the troops were disembarked, and the expedition, at least for a time, abandoned. Early in September, Tone returned to the army on the Rhine.

But a few weeks after Tone had left the fleet, and when Admiral Duncan was still farther reinforced, the Dutch government had the inexplicable folly to hazard an engagement. The result was the victory of Camperdown, one of the most memorable in the naval annals of Great Britain. "Dewinter," says Tone, "fought like a lion, and defended himself to the last extremity; but was at length forced to strike, as were nine of his fleet out of sixteen."

About this time, Hoche died of consumption; and with

him expired the last hope of aid from France. A greater loss could not have occurred to the Republic or to Ireland. At this time Hoche and Napoleon were rivals. The army was divided in its admiration between them. But Hoche was the nobler character, as he was capable of sacrificing himself to his country. He was a sincere Republican. "This young man," says Thiers, "who from sergeant in the French guards, had become in one campaign commander-in-chief, loved the Republic as his mother and his benefactress. In the dungeons of the Committee of Public Safety his fondness had not cooled. In La Vendée it had been strengthened while contending with the royalists." At the time of the conspiracy of the royalists at Paris, Hoche said to Tone, "If these rascals were to succeed and put down the government, I march my army that instant against Paris, and when I have restored the constitution, I break my sword, and never touch it afterward." Had Hoche lived, he would probably have supported the Republic against the ambition of Bonaparte. He is perhaps the only general of France of whom Napoleon ever condescended to speak as a formidable rival.*

But now he was gone—he was dead.

* "To-day, in the course of conversation, the name of Hoche having been mentioned, some one observed that at a very early age he had inspired great hope. 'And what is still better,' said Napoleon, 'you may add that he fulfilled that hope. Hoche possessed a hostile, provoking kind of ambition. He was the sort of man who could conceive the idea of coming from Strasburg with 25,000 men, to seize the reins of government by force.' The Emperor added, that Hoche would ultimately either have yielded to him, or must have subdued him; and as he was fond of money and pleasure, he doubted not he would have yielded to him."—*Las Casas.*

"Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career."

The republic could only testify its grief and its admiration by the pomp of funeral rites. A magnificent pageant was decreed him in the Champ de Mars. An immense concourse of people gazed in mournful silence at the lofty car hung in black. The army of Paris, sad and slow, followed the bier. As it swept through the streets, all eyes were turned to the head of the column, where the aged father of Hoche attended as chief mourner. The body of the youthful hero was appropriately left to sleep on the banks of the Rhine, on the field of his fame. He was buried in the same grave with General Marceau. The reader will recall the lines in Childe Harold—

"By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid."

With his dying breath Hoche urged upon the Directory another expedition for the invasion of Ireland. Had Carnot remained in the Directory, his wish might have been accomplished. But the organizer of victory had been driven from power by the jealousy of his colleagues, and France missed the powerful hand that had guided her armies.

At first was held out the prospect of a more extended invasion of the British Islands. Scarcely had the expedition of the Texel been abandoned, when it was announced that a peace with Austria was definitely concluded. The firing of cannon, and illuminated cities, proclaimed the joy-

ful tidings. Not an enemy on the Continent was in arms against France. *England alone remained.* Immediately followed the announcement that a grand army of England was to be formed under the command of Bonaparte, who had just returned to Paris, fresh from the glory of his Italian campaigns. In this army Tone received the appointment of adjutant-general. He had several interviews with Napoleon on the subject of Ireland. Buonaparte had asked General Clarke in whom he had most confidence as to Irish affairs. Clarke answered, "In Tone, by all means." But Bonaparte had little knowledge of Ireland, and no idea of the importance of thus dismembering the English empire. He is even reported to have said to the Directory, "What more do you desire from the Irish? You see that their movements already operate a powerful diversion." His thoughts were on another quarter of the world, and ere many months had elapsed, the troops destined to invade Ireland, were on their way to Egypt. Napoleon alluded to this at St. Helena, apparently with the feeling that he had made a great mistake: "If instead of the expedition to Egypt, I had undertaken that against Ireland, what could England have done now? On such chances depend the destinies of empires!"*

* Memoirs of Las Casas.

CHAPTER XII.

The United Irishmen organized into a Government and an Army.—Extent of the Society.—Secrecy.—Their Oaths.—Attempt to suppress them by Force.—The Triumvirate, Castlereagh, Clare and Carhampton.—Reign of Terror in Ireland.—The State Trials.—The Struggle approaching.—Military Preparations.

While "the indefatigable Tone," as Moore calls him, was at work in France, moving heaven and earth to effect the invasion of Ireland, his confederates at home were not idle. Great events had transpired since he sailed for America. The United Irish Society, which had then just been established on a new basis, as a secret society, having for its object no longer reform, but revolution, had extended into all parts of Ireland. Nothing could be more perfect than its organization. Every thing depended on maintaining perfect secrecy, and this was difficult in a body so widely extended. But here the admirable contrivance of their organization became apparent. The greatest danger to be apprehended, was from strangers insinuating themselves into the society in order to betray it. To avoid the mixture of persons unknown to each other, it was fixed that no society should consist of more than twelve persons, and those as nearly as possible from the same street or neighborhood. By each of these societies of twelve a sec-

retary was chosen, and the secretaries of five such societies formed a committee.

"Having provided by these successive layers, as it were, of delegated authority, each exercising a superintendence over that immediately below it, for the organization of the several counties and populous towns, they next superadded, in each of the four provinces, a provincial committee, composed of two or sometimes three members elected from each of the county committees; and lastly, came the Executive, the apex of the system, which consisted of five persons, chosen in such a manner from the provincial committees as to leave the members of the latter in entire ignorance as to the individuals selected. Over the whole body thus organized, the Executive possessed full command, and could transmit its orders through the whole range of the Union—one member of the Executive communicating them to one member of the provincial committee, and he again to the secretary of the county committee, who, in like manner, passed them down through the secretaries of the baronials, and these on to the secretaries of the subordinate societies."* In counsel, and in transmitting intelligence, no one saw any but the individual with whom he transacted business. Thus this admirable organization extended like a chain of wires all over Ireland, but the hands that worked them moved in the dark.

To these numerous precautions was added an oath of inviolable secrecy, which was taken by every one who joined the society. Whoever is acquainted with the Irish

* Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, vol. i. p. 196.

character, is aware that they attach a peculiar sacredness to an obligation taken with the solemnities of religion. And never was more signal proof of their fidelity given than in this conspiracy.

"Whoever reflects on this constitution," says Thomas Addis Emmet, "will see that it was prepared with most important views. It formed a gradually extending representative system, founded on universal suffrage, and frequent elections. It was fitted to a barony, county, or province, while the organization was confined within these limits. But if the whole nation adopted the system, it furnished a national government."

In these societies, the people received the political training which was necessary to prepare them to become a nation of freemen. "The Irish people to the amount of half a million or more, were constantly brought together in small bodies to discuss, to vote and to deliberate. The whole presented one grand system of order and subordination." How complete was the discipline maintained, is evident from a single fact. The poorer Irish were much addicted to intemperance. But at a signal from the Executive, intimating that while under the influence of spirits they might disclose something affecting the safety of their comrades, the ale-houses were generally abandoned, so as to produce a very serious falling off in the revenue derived from the tax on spirits.

This rigid discipline was all-important on another account. The leaders wished to effect a change of government, but at the same time to maintain order. They would secure the independence of Ireland, but they would

not run into anarchy. They knew the confusion into which all things are thrown by a revolution, and this they wished to forestall, by having a new government framed to be instantly erected on the ruins of the old. They felt that Ireland by her long oppression, had been prepared for a complete political change, and the introduction of a new government. If the people were united, and stood firm, such a revolution might be effected without the shedding of blood. They had constantly before their eyes the Revolution of 1688, in which a popular general, landing in England with but a small army, gave the friends of liberty an opportunity to declare themselves, and took peaceful possession of the throne. The leaders well knew that the more perfect was their organization, the more certain would be their success, and the less blood would be shed. They could disarm the government in a moment. The confusion which intervenes between the overthrow of one government, and the establishment of another, would be avoided. Ireland would pass at once from tyranny and misrule to liberty and order.

The United Irish Society—or the Union, as it was called in those days—was also strong in the character and rank of those who belonged to it, as well as in numbers. The aristocracy generally stood aloof, for their interests were too closely allied with the English ascendency. But many persons of wealth, as well as men of the first talent in the nation, belonged to it. In the examination of the state-prisoners before the secret committee of the House of Lords, which took place at a later day, particular inquiry was made on this point. Said one of the committee, "Al-

though talent and education are to be found in the Union, yet there is no comparison, in point of property, between those who invited the French, and those who brought in King William."

"Pardon me, sir,"—said Dr. McNeven, to whom the remark was addressed—"I know very many who possess probably much larger properties than did Lord Danby, who signed the invitation to the Prince of Orange, or than did Lord Somers, who was the great champion of the Revolution. The property in the Union is immense; but persons in a situation to be more easily watched were not required to render themselves conspicuous."

General Cockburn, writing to the Marquis of Anglesea, says, "I have the strongest reasons to believe, and quite sufficient to convince myself, that many persons little suspected, and whose names would astonish if disclosed, were of the United Society." They had their agents in every part of Ireland, and in every rank. Not only amid the bogs of Connaught and Munster, but in the Castle of Dublin, in the very councils of the government, treason was at work. It is stated on the best authority, that of the late Dr. McNeven, that a general officer at that time holding a command in the army, and even a member of the privy council, secretly favored them, and kept them informed of the proposed measures of government. In one instance a colonel in the army secretly sent money to a United Irishman who was to be tried for his life, to enable him to make his defense, and to this timely aid the prisoner owed his safety. Thus the government and the Union secretly watched each other, using every precau-

tion to conceal their own movements, and to guard against surprise.

The organization of the United Irishmen resembled that of an army, and naturally suggested that it might be transformed into an army. Accordingly in 1796, as the struggle grew more open, and it became daily more probable that it must be decided by force of arms, a military organization was engrafted on the civil. This was easily done. The officers of the society received military appointments. "The secretary of each subordinate society of twelve was transformed easily into a sergeant or corporal; the delegate of five societies became a captain with sixty men under his command, and the member of a county committee took rank as a colonel at the head of a battalion of six hundred men."*

But a very good secretary might be a very poor officer. Therefore to watch over this great army, the appointment of all officers higher than a colonel was reserved to the Executive. They appointed the commander-in-chief, selecting for that post, as we shall soon see, an officer of great military talents. They also nominated an adjutant-general for each county. Their whole strength was half a million, and they estimated that they should be able to take the field with three hundred thousand men. With this force, disciplined and furnished with arms, they knew that the island was theirs.

The two parties which divided Ireland were now fairly committed to hostilities. The government, blind and obstinate, would make no concessions. The United Irish-

* Moore's Life of Fitzgerald, vol. i. p. 197.

men saw no hope of redress except by force of arms. Thus they stood, looking at each other in defiance, each waiting for the other to begin.

In the autumn of 1796 the government declared open war against the United Irish Society. It endeavored to crush the body by a wholesale system of arrests. Hundreds who were suspected of being members, were seized and dragged to prison. A law was passed making the administering illegal oaths a capital crime, and scaffolds were erected throughout the land.

The man who took the lead in this effort of suppression was Lord Castlereagh. This nobleman had begun his political career as the advocate of liberal measures. He had been enrolled in the ranks of the Irish volunteers. In 1790, when a candidate for the representation of the county of Down, he had given the most ample pledges to support reform. But he was now in power, and showed himself the most uncompromising enemy of liberal concessions. He was not ashamed to serve as inquisitor and jailer to hunt out and destroy the associates of his early political career.

The government of Ireland at this time was nominally in the hands of Lord Camden, but really of a triumvirate, Clare, Castlereagh and Carhampton, who found in the viceroy an easy tool.

Lord Clare was a very violent man. Yet he had some good qualities. Said McNeven, "Lord Clare was a sort of an Irishman in feeling; with all his vices, he was not of the same class as Lord Castlereagh, his blood was warm, and he was susceptible of generous emotions."

Castlereagh was a smooth-faced, calculating politician.

His conduct at this time would give the impression that he was a ruffian. And yet he had a noble air. His form was erect and commanding. His address was that of a high-bred man. It inspired respect, and conciliated the good opinion of those who were suffering from his relentless policy.*

But his heart was cold. No generous impulse, no enthusiasm for liberty, ever checked his remorseless career. He felt no admiration for the valor of a foe; no pity for misfortune. He did not positively delight in blood. But having once adopted his policy, he pursued it as a matter of business, without regard to the amount of suffering which it produced. His character is well described by Lord Brougham in his Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III.

Castlereagh and Clare were both political apostates. Carhampton, the most insignificant of the three, was a descendant of the famous Luttrel, whose name in Ireland is a synonym for traitor. He exercised his cruelty through the country by driving on board prison-ships hundreds, who, in the language of the day, were "in danger of escaping justice," that is, against whom there was no proof of guilt on which even an Irish court could rest a conviction.

The fate of two of this wretched triumvirate gives some color to the popular feeling in Ireland, that the vengeance of Heaven pursued them for having sold their country. Two years after the union was consummated, Lord Clare

* See Teeling's Personal Narrative of the Rebellion, for an account of Lord Castlereagh's visit to him in prison.

was borne to his grave, amid the hootings of the people who had so long suffered from his harsh and cruel policy. His life, said Grattan, was too short for justice, but too long for his country. Lord Castlereagh, after twenty years' longer fighting against liberty in his own country, and throughout Europe, perished by his own hand.

Language is inadequate to describe the horror of the period which followed. It was in Ireland what the Reign of Terror was in France. The jails were crowded with state-prisoners. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. Martial law was proclaimed. The army was distributed throughout the country in free quarters, and perpetrated every outrage of cruelty and licentiousness. The brave Sir Ralph Abercrombie, afterward so distinguished in Egypt, when he took command of the army in Ireland, declared that it was in a state of licentiousness which made it formidable to every one but the enemy. He was so sick with horror at the atrocities around him, that he wished to throw up his command. Sir John Moore was equally appalled at the barbarities of the military. But those in power connived at the work. They said, "The country must be made sick of republicanism." The military were ordered to act without waiting for the civil power. Thus full scope was given to their brutal instincts. Under all this, the people were forced to keep silent. A gunpowder bill was passed to disarm them: a convention bill, to prevent their assembling to remonstrate. Orders were given to disperse by force any meeting of counties to petition the king. Any person suspected of sympathizing with the United Irishmen, was liable to be arrested and whipped or

tortured to extort confession.* Men were employed to act as spies upon their neighbors, and to report suspected persons to the government. A well-known gang of informers was kept about the castle, called the Battalion of Testimony. Servants were tempted by bribes and threats to betray their masters. Many were strangled in the fruitless attempt to force from them some acknowledgment of guilt. A favorite mode of torture was to fill a paper cap with burning pitch, and put it on the head of the victim. The shrieks of the sufferer, as the pitch streamed into his eyes and down his neck, excited the merriment of officers and men. They pricked him with their bayonets, and drowned his cries with savage yells, until often his sufferings were terminated by death. Others perished under the lash, and hundreds were shot down in the quiet of their homes. Houses were burned. If in any thing the soldiery exceeded the limits of their terrible authority, indemnity acts were quickly passed to legalize every barbarity.

It will hardly be believed that torture was practiced in a civilized country at the close of the eighteenth century. But the facts were notorious—"Crimes, many of which," said Grattan, "are public, and many committed, which are concealed by the suppression of a free press by military force." Lord Moira detailed these atrocities before the British House of Lords, and pledged himself to the proof. He moved an address to his majesty, imploring him to conciliate the affections of the Irish people. His motion

* A common mode of obtaining evidence was by half-hanging.

was rejected. Fox pressed the same subject on the House of Commons, but with no better success.

In that day these cruelties were openly boasted of, but since time and a better public sentiment have produced some sense of shame, they have been denied. But Lord Clare published them without disguise in the presence of Parliament, and boasted of his own part in them, declaring "that measures of coercion were to his knowledge, extorted from the nobleman who governed that country." Lord Camden lived long enough to find that such crimes added nothing to his esteem with the world. Toward the close of his life, it is said, that he bitterly complained of having been kept in utter ignorance of the atrocities practiced in the name of his government.

Then began the cold-blooded cruelty of the state trials. The purest characters in the land were dragged to prison and to the scaffold. At this awful moment Curran stepped forward to defend his hunted countrymen. It was the dark hour of Ireland's history. The reign of terror had begun. No man was safe who had dared to oppose the savage tyranny of those in power. Jeffreys on his bloody circuit, hardly excited more terror than did the courts which were now opened. For a time the eloquence of Curran seemed the only barrier to those judicial massacres. Every means was employed to intimidate him. Often, as he entered the court-room, anonymous letters were put into his hand, threatening assassination if he dared to appear on the defense. He knew that the court and the jury were prejudiced against him. "They had already foredoomed his client to the grave." Under the depression of

these circumstances, he rose to do all that mortal man could do to save the doomed prisoner at the bar. Even then the power of his eloquence was often overwhelming. The perjured witness shrunk from his glance. The judge and jury could not escape the terrible fascination of his eye. And if a spectator sufficiently recovered from the spell to be able to glance around at the sea of faces, he beheld many an eye wet with tears. But it was all in vain. Oppression knows neither remorse nor pity. Reason, justice, eloquence, could not avail. The work of blood still went on.

These atrocities were the immediate cause of the Rebellion of 1798. Oppression makes a wise man mad. It now made peaceable men revolutionists. These acts of tyranny were beyond comparison greater than those which provoked the American Revolution. If our fathers were justified in taking up arms, the Irish can not be condemned in history merely by calling them rebels. That they resisted such a government is true. And the fact is to be recorded not to their shame, but to their honor. For they resisted where only cowards and slaves could submit. "If that be treason, make the most of it."*

This persecution drove thousands into the ranks of the United Irishmen, who otherwise would not have thought of conspiring against the government. The organization of Orangemen to support "Protestant Ascendency," that is, to continue the persecution of the Catholics; rendered the movement more rapid. Wherever Orange lodges spread, the United Irishmen astonishingly increased.

* The language of Patrick Henry just before the American Revolution

The county of Armagh was especially the seat of Orange violence. An organized banditti—unchecked, if not actually countenanced by government—ravaged that beautiful region. They posted on the cabins of the peasantry warnings to quit the country. "To Hell or Connaught" was the summary alternative. Thousands of poor families were driven from their homes, without shelter and without bread. Those who remained, naturally armed themselves for defense and retaliation. Hence arose the Association of the Defenders; and afterward Armagh became a stronghold of the United Irishmen.

In the spring of 1797 every thing was ready for the blow. The people were exasperated to the highest pitch by the persecutions of the government, and burned for revenge. The organization had been completed. A revolutionary staff had been formed, and officers appointed in every part of Ireland, who only waited the word of command to draw their swords. A plan of insurrection had been formed, in which they were assisted by some Irish officers, who had commanded in the Austrian service. Part of the army had been gained over. At one time, eight hundred of the garrison of Dublin offered to surrender the barracks, if the leaders would give the signal. The militia were extensively in their interests.

The English navy was also full of Irish sailors. Means had been taken secretly to secure their co-operation. And had the revolution been once commenced with vigor, it is probable that they would have brought a large part of the British fleet into the Irish ports.

In such circumstances the people were impatient of delay. The north especially—the men of Ulster—demanded to be led into immediate battle.* *Then* was their time. Never was there a fairer prospect of Revolution. Had the flag been unfurled, the insurrection would have swept from the Giants' Causeway to Cape Clear.

It is now seen that a great opportunity was missed. But it appeared otherwise then. The councils of the Directory were divided. The commander-in-chief and the more ardent spirits longed to be in the field. But on the other hand, cooler men thought that they put every thing to risk by drawing the sword too soon. Emmet dreaded the idea of a premature insurrection. McNeven, who was personally as brave as a lion, says, "I was always opposed to our beginning by ourselves." Tone wrote from France, entreating them to remain quiet, and not by a premature explosion give the government a pretext to let loose their dragoons upon them. Talleyrand had given the strongest

* While thus impatiently waiting the word of command, "the Northern insurrection had been nearly precipitated by a daring exploit, which if attempted would probably have succeeded. At a splendid ball given in Belfast, the magistrates of the county and the military officers had met to enjoy the festivities without the remotest suspicion of danger; the principal leaders of the United Irishmen stood in the crowd looking at the gay assembly; one of them proposed to seize so favorable an opportunity, to anticipate the day appointed for the signal of revolt; at once assemble their men, arrest and detain the magistrates and officers as hostages, and establish a provisional government in Ulster. The bold counsel was rejected by the majority, but the wiser minority saw that the timidity which rejected such an opportunity was unworthy of reliance, and either made their peace with the government or quitted the country."—Madden's Lives of the United Irishmen. First Series. Vol. i. p. 22.

assurances that an expedition was in forwardness; and it really seemed that they had but to wait a few months, to make success certain.

These arguments prevailed. The leaders postponed the day of rising, in the hope that a French army, marching in the van of their revolutionary soldiers, would render the movement irresistible. Two vast armaments had been fitted out, but had failed, as we have seen, from causes beyond human control. And now postponing the day of battle damped the ardor of the armies of the insurrection. Month after month they looked for a French fleet off their coast. Thus waiting for foreign assistance, the rising was deferred for a whole year.

In truth, as the event proved, this reliance upon France, from which they hoped so much, prevented the success of their plans. Had they thrown off this dependence altogether, they were strong enough to have effected the revolution themselves. Said Emmet, "Had Ireland never relied at all on France, her prospects might have been better realized. The French, however, having once promised, the reliance on this promise embarrassed every thing." Napoleon he pronounced the worst foe that Ireland ever had.

It is a remarkable instance of retribution, that this monarch twice held out the hope of independence to a subject nation, and twice disappointed their hopes. And these two nations, Ireland and Poland, were the two best situated to be a check on his most powerful enemies, England and Russia, and to break the violence of his fall.

But though deferred, it was evident that a great struggle could not be averted. This war of factions must end in blood. As the contest was seen to be approaching, the eyes of the nation were turned upon one man, a young and gallant soldier. But the history of this hero demands a more particular notice.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald.—High Birth.—Serves in the American War.—Wounded at the Battle of Eutaw Springs.—Travels in Spain.—Rejoins his Regiment in Canada.—Tour to the Falls of Niagara, the Great Lakes and the Mississippi.—Returns to England.—Associated with Fox and Sheridan.—Visits Paris during the French Revolution.—Marries a Daughter of Madame de Genlis.—Enters Parliament.—Joins the United Irishmen.—Is appointed Commander-in-Chief.—Talents for War.—Military Tactics.

A more romantic character, and a life more full of adventure, can hardly be found even in the history of this romantic people, than that of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He was descended from the most ancient British family in the island, and the most distinguished in Irish history. His ancestor, Maurice Fitzgerald, landed with the first English invasion in 1170. Yet though of English descent, this family had always espoused the cause of the oppressed natives of the soil, so much that they had been known as *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores.* The father of Lord Edward was the Duke of Leinster; his mother a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, so that he was on this side descended from Charles II. This son was born in 1763. At the age of seventeen he went out to Charleston, as a lieutenant in the American war. He soon became the idol of the army. His high rank and polished manners gave him access to

any society, while his warm Irish heart made him a universal favorite. Those associated with him declared that they never knew so lovable a person. His open manner, his gayety, his bravery, and at the same time, his modesty, attached every body about him.

He shortly distinguished himself in an action at Monk's Corner, and was appointed on Lord Rawdon's staff. He accompanied him in his rapid and successful march for the relief of Ninety Six, always in the van of the army, by which his person was greatly exposed. At the battle of Eutaw Springs he received a severe wound in the thigh, and when the armies drew off, he was lying on the field, insensible. When he awoke, the sound of battle was gone. The first living sight which met his eyes was a poor negro, bending over him. This faithful creature raised the wounded officer on his back, and carried him off to his hut, and there nursed him until he was well enough to be removed to Charleston. This negro's name was Tony, whom Fitzgerald in gratitude for his kindness, took to Charleston as his servant, and afterward to Ireland. And thenceforth in all his wanderings, the "faithful Tony" was never absent from his side.

It has been questioned by those who have followed the subsequent career of Lord Edward, whether he did not imbibe some of his liberal principles during the American war. His biographer thinks not. Yet it would seem that a person of his ardent mind could hardly avoid being struck with the chivalrous daring of the rebel foe. The war in South Carolina was, in some respects, more full of instances of romantic daring than in any other part of the

country. After the American armies had been driven from the field, numerous corps of partisan cavalry were formed, which scoured the country, surprising detached parties, cutting off supplies, and making up for the defect of numbers by the celerity of their movements. They rode abroad chiefly by night, and during the day kept close under cover of the thick wood, or on an island in a morass. From these retreats, they sallied out of a dark night, and after riding thirty or forty miles, came in like a thunderbolt on the enemy's camp.

The Irish dragoons, who were employed in the partisan warfare in South Carolina; began to conceive an admiration for the brave sons of the forest, who, without uniforms or military equipments, were yet more daring riders and more desperate fighters than themselves. The King's troops could not sit down in their camp to take a breakfast, but Marion's men came like so many wild Indians, dashing out of the wood, each horse foaming with speed, and each rider rising out of his saddle, and his blade flashing on high. At midnight they heard the rushing of their steeds, like goblin horsemen, and saw the quick flashes of their guns light up the greenwood round. The Irish troops felt enthusiasm for such a chivalrous foe. These were exhibitions of courage in which Fitzgerald delighted. There were too many points of resemblance between the condition of America and of Ireland—both oppressed by the same power—not to suggest themselves to their reflection—and many a time in this fraternal war, did their thoughts turn sadly to their own country. Discipline and the fierce passions of war made them fight bravely in the

hour of battle. But even when victorious they wandered over the field of the slain, they could not but wish that they were fighting in a better cause.

Fitzgerald saw something of these rebel chiefs. Colonel Washington, our best cavalry officer, was wounded and taken prisoner at Eutaw Springs. Lord Edward, though not recovered himself, volunteered to take charge of him to Charleston. As the two wounded officers rode side by side, Fitzgerald's Irish enthusiasm could hardly help feeling admiration for his prisoner, who had received his scars fighting for his country. On his death-bed, he alluded to his career in America. A military man called to see him in prison, who had known him in Charleston, and alluded to that period of their lives. "Ah!" said the dying hero, "I was then wounded in a very different cause;—that was in fighting against liberty —this in fighting for it."

It is a curious fact that not only Lord Edward but his commander, also an Irishman, should have been found afterward fighting for the liberties of their common country. Lord Rawdon, who led the British armies in South Carolina, was the same who under the title of Earl Moira, was for so many years the devoted friend of Ireland both in the Irish and in the English House of Lords.

At the close of the war he spent some months in the West Indies, from which he returned to his native country. In 1786 he went to Woolwich to complete his military education. The following years he traveled in Spain, visiting Gibraltar, Lisbon, Cadiz, Granada, and Madrid, all which he surveyed with a military eye. The Alham-

bra transported him into regions of Oriental romance. "It is in fact," he says, "the palaces and gardens of the Arabian Nights."

He returned to England to meet with a disappointment which his warm nature made him feel most keenly—a disappointment in love. His fortune was not sufficient for the nobleman's daughter whose hand he sought, or rather for her father's ambition. Despairing, he sailed again for America in 1788, rejoining his regiment at St. John's in New Brunswick. Here he seems to have become enamored of the wild life of the woods. The immensity of the forests, the lofty and dim aisles in which he could wander for days, without emerging into the garish sunlight, touched his spirit with awe. The mighty rivers, unrippled save by the Indian's canoe, or the light dip of the distant oar, taught his thoughts also to flow in peace. Thus Nature, winning his love by her silent beauty, made him forget the heart pain which he had known beyond the sea.*

While in New Brunswick, there served under him an extraordinary man, afterward to be distinguished in another sphere, the famous William Cobbett. He says, "I got my discharge from the army by the kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then major of my regiment." He afterward bore this strong testimony to his character.

* Such are the emotions of every man of sensibility when transferred from the feverish life of a European capital, to the solitude of the forests of the New World. For most beautiful descriptions of these scenes, I may refer the reader to numerous passages in the travels of Humboldt in South America, and to the works of Chateaubriand, particularly to a description of the Cataract of Niagara in the Genie du Christianisme.

In 1800, he dined one day with Mr. Pitt, who questioned him respecting his former officer. He replied, "Lord Edward was a most humane and excellent man, and the only *really honest* officer I ever knew in the army."

Fond of adventure, Fitzgerald set out from St. John's to make a winter march through the woods to Quebec. The journey occupied thirty days, during twenty-six of which they were in the woods, where they saw not a human being but their own party. From Quebec he proceeded in May to Montreal and to the Falls of Niagara. Here he fell in company with the famous chief, Joseph Brant, whom he accompanied to Detroit, where he was adopted by the Indians. He was formally inducted into the Bear Tribe, and made one of their chiefs. From Detroit he continued his journey around the lakes, by Mackinaw, and crossing the prairies to the Mississippi, descended the Father of waters to New Orleans. All this is now a very easy tour by railroads and steamboats. But in 1789, when Lord Edward traversed it, he had to wander through trackless forests, trusting to Indian guides, and sailing up and down rivers in bark canoes. The undertaking was then little less difficult than when the Jesuit missionaries first explored the region of the great lakes and the Mississippi.

From New Orleans he wished to extend his journey into Mexico, to visit the silver mines of New Spain. But this the Spanish authorities would not permit. He accordingly sailed direct for England. Scarcely had he landed in London, before Mr. Pitt sent for him to give information in regard to Cadiz, which he had visited during his tour in Spain. His information was exact, and showed that he

had surveyed its fortifications with the quick eye of a soldier. Pitt nominated him on the spot to command an expedition against that city, from which he was deterred only by hearing soon after that the Duke of Leinster had returned him as a member of the Irish parliament.

The society into which he now entered tended to give a liberal direction to his political views. In the higher circles of London he was thrown much with the Whigs. In the brilliant drawing-rooms of Holland House he held converse with the finest intellects of England. There Fox's earnest, hearty support of liberal principles appealed to all the generous impulses of his Irish heart. There Sheridan's wit, flashing brighter as the night drew on, made the society of the hoary-headed Tories seem flat and dull. Fitzgerald's imagination was caught by thus seeing his political principles presented with the attractions of eloquence, and allied with all that was most fascinating in social life.

And now there was a wonder in the world. France had burst out into a revolution. The most ancient monarchy in Europe had sunk as by an earthquake, and a young republic starting from the earth, had begun to run the career of liberty. Lord Edward, unwilling to lose a scene of such excitement, hastened over to Paris. He soon caught the enthusiasm of the new era. The French were wild with the excitement of liberty. Fitzgerald wrote home to his mother: "In the coffee-houses, and play-houses, every man calls the other *camarade*, *frére*, and with a stranger immediately begins, 'Ah! nous sommes tous fréres, tous hommes, nos victoires sont pour vous, pour tout le monde.' In short, all the good, enthusiastic French sentiments seem to

come out, while to appearance, one would say, they had lost all their bad." In Paris he became acquainted with La Fayette, and others distinguished for their exertions in the cause of liberty, whose ardor speedily communicated to his own breast.

He soon became a republican. It was reported in England that in the ardor of his new opinions, he had renounced his title, and in consequence he was dismissed from the army, a circumstance which by no means diminished his ardor for the principles of liberty.

His attachment to the popular cause was soon strengthened by a new bond. One evening at the theater, he observed in a box near him, a young lady with whose face he was very much struck. It was of remarkable beauty, and it riveted his attention the more because of its resemblance to the face of a lady to whom he had been attached, and who had been some months dead. On inquiry he learned that she was Pamela, the adopted daughter of Madame de Genlis, and, as is now well known, her actual daughter by the Duke of Orleans. She was thus the half-sister of Louis Philippe. He had often heard of her beauty in London, where she had visited with her mother at the house of Mr. Sheridan. He had then declined going to see her, from a disinclination to the society of literary women. But one sight of her face dispelled all prejudices. He immediately sought an introduction. He found the beauty of her face more than equaled by the charms of her mind. Love is a fruit which ripens fast in ardent natures. His attachment strengthened every day. The stain of her birth might have raised scruples in a less generous mind.

But no sooner was his heart satisfied, than he offered her his hand with the frankness of a soldier. In less than a month from their first meeting at Paris they were united for life, Louis Philippe being one of the witnesses of the ceremony.

This marriage was productive of unalloyed happiness. On his wife he lavished all the affection of his warm heart. Her confiding disposition, and her French vivacity of manner, were to him sources of constant delight. He was proud of her. His eye followed her with rapture as she mingled in the dance, the soul of society. Never was there a fonder husband. And when he was a father, his happiness was complete. His greatest pleasure was to see his child in its mother's arms.

These were happy days. He took his bride to his home in Ireland. Now he busied himself laying out his grounds, his walks, his bowers—every improvement more sweet from the thought of her who should share his happiness. Here he promised himself peace. Sweet vision of happiness! too bright to last!

In January, 1793, we find Lord Edward in Dublin, resuming his duties in Parliament. He now had a political station and political duties. He did not often speak. He was no talker. Sometimes, when his indignation was aroused by some act of injustice, his feelings burst forth in the bold language of a soldier. Thus, when the House was about to vote one of its obsequious addresses to the Lord Lieutenant, approving his violent measures for putting down the Irish Volunteers, Fitzgerald sprang to his feet, exclaiming with great energy, "Sir, I give my

most hearty disapprobation to this address, for I do think the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this House are the worst subjects the King has." Instantly the house was in an uproar. Cries, "To the bar," "Take down his words," resounded from all sides. The galleries were cleared of strangers, and the House in close session spent nearly three hours in trying to bring the audacious member to repentance. But all they could get out of him was rather a tame expression of regret that he had given offense, coupled with a not very ambiguous intimation that what he had said was true.*

He soon became disgusted with the petty politics of the House of Commons. The legislation was a farce. Reason, justice, appeals to patriotism, all were lost on a slavish majority, hired to vote as their master pleased. Fitzgerald saw that the breath of orators and patriots was spent in vain.

From this the step was easy to joining in a plot against the government. In 1795 the United Irishmen were reorganized into a secret society, with the undisguised object of revolution. Lord Edward became a member, and soon exerted great influence in its councils. The following year he went with Arthur O'Connor, as a deputation from the United Irishmen, to Switzerland, and there, on the frontier of France, had an interview with Hoche, who was about to undertake the invasion of Ireland. They carried with them an explicit pledge that the expenses of the expedition

* Grattan had spoken in almost as bold a tone. He had said, "The friends of the administration are in fact the ringleaders of sedition placed in authority."

should be reimbursed; that the troops, while acting in Ireland, should receive Irish pay; and insisted in return, on the condition that the French should come not as conquerors, but only as allies, and to act under the direction of the new government, as Rochambeau had done in America.

There was no man in Ireland at this time whose name excited so much enthusiasm as Fitzgerald's. "I remember," says Moore, "as if it had been but yesterday, having once seen him in the year 1797, in Grafton Street; when on being told who he was, as he passed, I ran anxiously after him, desirous of another look at one whose name had, from my school-boy days, been associated in my mind with all that was noble, patriotic, and chivalrous. Though I saw him but this once, his peculiar dress, the elastic lightness of his step, his fresh, healthful complexion, and the soft expression given to his eyes by their long, dark eyelashes, are as present and familiar to my memory as if I had intimately known him."

When the United Irish Society was turned into a military organization, Lord Edward instantly occurred to all as the commander-in-chief. It was important to have some one at the head whose name was widely known, and whose patriotism and capacity were undoubted. The family of Fitzgerald had always been distinguished for their devotion to their country; a devotion which had gained for them in return the unbounded confidence of the nation. In addition to this hereditary patriotism, Lord Edward had evinced from youth the most enthusiastic love

of his country. He loved her people. And no man ever had greater power of attaching others to himself. His amiable, social qualities endeared him to all hearts. He was formed by nature for a popular leader. He loved liberty, and abhorred oppression. He had a hearty love of truth and justice. This was shown in his espousing the cause of the people when his interests clearly led the other way. His high rank, his ancient name, added to his personal distinction, opened to him the most brilliant prospects of advancement. But he sacrificed them all to the noble ambition of liberating his country. If he could not rise with the land of his birth, he at least would not rise upon her ruins.

But aside from this patriotic ardor in the cause, Lord Edward had every qualification for a military leader. His mind was clear and straightforward. His modesty concealed from all but those who knew him intimately, the real force of his intellect. McNeven says, "Lord Edward Fitzgerald had a great deal more of mind, than is generally imagined by those who are supposed to be conversant with the history of those times." He had decidedly great talents in war. His military plans were drawn up with consummate skill. They showed a degree of coolness and prudence hardly to have been expected from his impetuous character. In the thickest fight he never lost his presence of mind. He was as cool as he was brave. He sat on his horse under the enemy's fire as calmly as if drawn up on parade. His eye was everywhere, quick to detect any error in the enemy's dispositions. Agile as a leopard, he only waited the moment to charge, and then

rushed into the smoke of battle with a heart as intrepid as ever beat in a human bosom.

The gentleness of his manners might prevent a casual observer from remarking the strength of character which lay underneath. But he was well known among his friends for a firmness which they sometimes accounted obstinacy.* He had that strong will, which perseveres through many defeats to ultimate victory.

He had received a thorough military education. He had entered the army when very young, and for several years had been engaged in actual war. He was now in the prime of manhood. All these qualities pointed out this young nobleman as the man best fitted to lead the armies of the rebellion.

He accepted the dangerous post, and bent his mind to perfecting the military arrangements. He selected for his officers men distinguished either for military skill, or for their local influence. The vast league of societies furnished soldiers, and thus Lord Edward found himself at the head of an army of five hundred thousand men.

On his arrest there was found among his papers a plan

* In the examination afterward of the state-prisoners before the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, the character of Fitzgerald was much discussed.

"I knew Lord Edward well," said one of the committee, "and always found him very obstinate."

"I knew Lord Edward right well," replied Mr. Emmet, "and have done a great deal of business with him, and have always found, when he had a reliance on the integrity and talents of the person he acted with, he was one of the most persuadable men alive; but if he thought a man meant dishonestly or unfairly by him, he was as obstinate as a mule."

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

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

He details the means to be employed to oppose the progress of an army through a city. The pavements can be torn up and barricades formed at near distances, to check the advance of horse or artillery. By this means their progress must be very slow. At the same time they can be assailed by a fire from the windows, while showers of bricks or coping-stones can be poured down from the

roofs. Simultaneously the country should rise in the rear, and cut off their retreat.

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

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

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

In his tactics for the general conduct of the war he showed great coolness and sagacity. His policy was, not to lead raw troops into immediate battle, but to accustom them gradually to arms, and bring them into the enemy's fire as they were able to bear it. In conducting a popular

insurrection, the principal danger is from the impetuosity and disorder of the people, rushing on eagerly and confusedly, and of course being easily defeated. Said Wellington, when conducting the war in the Peninsula, "The Juntas called out for a battle and early success. If I had had the power, I would have prevented the Spanish armies from attending to this call; and if I had, the cause would now have been safe."

Lord Edward's tactics were therefore to avoid pitched battles, especially in the beginning of the war; to keep to the hills, and thus watch and weary the enemy, while collecting strength for the fatal blow.

CHAPTER XIV.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.*—THE THREE BROTHERS.—HIS EDUCATION.—STUDIES MEDICINE AT EDINBURGH.—TRAVELS ON THE CONTINENT.—ADOPTS THE PROFESSION OF LAW.—COMMENCES PRACTICE IN DUBLIN.—THE STATE TRIALS.—HE TAKES THE OATH OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN IN OPEN COURT.—INTIMACY WITH TONE.—JOINS THE SOCIETY.—IS CHOSEN ONE OF THE DIRECTORS.

IT is one design of this volume to trace particularly the part borne in the projected Irish revolution by the exiles to America. We may break the current of the narrative to furnish some details of particular actors in these scenes, in the fate of whom the American reader may be supposed to feel particular interest.

The leaders of the United Irishmen were now collected in Dublin. Among them were three, whose names are familiar, as fortune afterward threw them together on the shores of the new world, Emmet, McNeven, and Sampson. They came from the opposite extremes of the island, from three different provinces, Munster, Connaught, and Ulster.

Of Thomas Addis Emmet, we have already had occa-

* This sketch of Emmet is derived chiefly from a memoir by Charles Glidden Haines. It is a thin volume, and was published in 1829. The facts were drawn from Mr. Emmet himself, with whom Mr. Haines was thrown during the sittings of the Supreme Court at Washington.

sion to speak as the associate of Tone. He was born in Cork, April 24th, 1764. He was one of three brothers, all distinguished, but both the others cut down in the prime of manhood. His elder brother, Temple, was a barrister, and had greatly distinguished himself at the bar. Thomas Addis was accustomed to speak of him as one of the first men that Ireland had ever produced, and his early death was to him always matter of painful remembrance. The fate of the younger brother Robert was still more melancholy.

The parents of Emmet were affluent, and bestowed upon their son every advantage of education. He was trained to all manly exercises as well as taught from books. His frame was developed in field-sports. He was fond of hunting, and was a very expert horseman.

His father was an eminent physician, and as his eldest son had chosen the bar, he destined Thomas for his own profession. Accordingly, after being graduated with honor at Trinity College, Dublin, he was sent to Edinburgh to pursue his medical studies. Here he remained four years, during which he was the fellow-student of Sir James Mackintosh, and the intimate acquaintance of Dugald Stewart. So great was his popularity with his fellow-students, that at one time he was president of five literary, scientific, and medical societies. From Edinburgh he went to the continent, traveling in France, Germany, and Italy, and visiting the most celebrated schools of medicine. On his return through London, he saw his friend, Sir James Mackintosh, whose advice determined him to change his profession for that of the law. He accordingly studied at the Temple two

years, and attended the courts at Westminster, where he often heard the great advocate Erskine. He was admitted to the bar in Dublin, in 1790. At this time the Irish bar presented an extraordinary array of talent. The courts were accustomed to the eloquence of Curran, and of others only second to him. Emmet became immediately their companion on their circuits, and their competitor. He soon distinguished himself as an advocate, and if he had not the versatile genius of Curran, it was the opinion of many that in legal attainments he was his superior. The attorneys of Dublin told McNeven that Thomas Addis Emmet had few if any superiors at the bar.

In 1796, the Irish courts became engrossed with the state trials. These prosecutions cowed the timid, and those who thought more of personal safety than of the deliverance of their country. But in every true Irish heart they called out all that was noble and brave. The sympathy of the nation was with the defenders of the United Irishmen, though on the side of their oppressors there was power. It was on these trials that Curran made his greatest efforts, and secured the gratitude and affection of his country. Emmet was another of the noble few that in that hour of danger, stood in "the imminent, deadly breach." To put down the United Irish Society, a law had been passed, making it a capital crime to take or to administer an illegal oath. In one case in which a conviction had been obtained, Emmet appeared on a motion in arrest of judgment. He boldly defended the principles of the United Irishmen, and reading aloud with a grave voice the oath of which the prisoners had been convicted, he exclaimed with the deep-

est solemnity:—"My lords—here in the presence of this legal court—this crowded auditory—in the presence of the Being that sees and witnesses, and directs this judicial tribunal—here, my lords, I myself, in the presence of God, declare, I take the oath."

He then took the book that was on the table, kissed it, and sat down. The court did not arrest him. They were in too great amazement to do any thing, and the prisoners received a lenient sentence.

It is remarkable that, without any knowledge of this occurrence, Sampson, in another part of the kingdom, had taken the oath in the same way in open court.

Emmet and Tone had commenced the practice of law in Dublin about the same time. They soon became intimate. Their political opinions accorded perfectly. Emmet did not, however, join the United Irish Society until 1796. He hoped for peaceful reforms, till there was no longer any room for hope. He then turned to the painful alternative of revolution.

No man was less formed for a conspirator. He was not restless by nature. He had a large, calm mind, which, unless powerfully excited, maintained an attitude of philosophical repose. He could not stoop to be an intriguer; nor had he the motives which might spur on inferior men to desperate enterprises in the hope to raise themselves by revolution. He was already in possession of wide fame. His great talents were known to the nation, and if he chose to join the party in power, there was no station in Ireland which he might not hope to reach. But the gloom that overshadowed his country, pressed upon his spirits. Other

nations had awaked from the sleep of ages, and were running a career of improvement and glory. America was free; France was free; but Ireland was still in bondage. He saw around him a people with the finest faculties in the world, and the noblest hearts, yet all crushed and broken by the poverty and oppression in which they lived. He thought upon it long, and at last concluded that there was no hope for Ireland, but to make one bold effort to break her chains.

At a later day, when he was examined before the secret committee of the House of Lords, Lord Clare said to him, "Well, I can not conceive the separation could last twelve hours."

"I declare it to God," replied Emmet, "I think that if Ireland were separated from England, she would be the happiest spot on the face of the globe."

At which, he says, they all seemed astonished.

The next year after Emmet joined the United Irish Society, he was elected a member of the Directory. In this position he had great influence. While Fitzgerald was the military leader, Emmet was perhaps the principal man in the cabinet. From his high position, even party malice hardly dared to breathe a suspicion against him. And yet in secret he was directing the conspiracy throughout Ireland.

CHAPTER XV.

WILLIAM JAMES MCNEVEN.*—A CONNAUGHT MAN.—EDUCATED AT PRAGUE AND VIENNA.—SETTLES AS A PHYSICIAN IN DUBLIN.—BOLD CONDUCT IN THE CATHOLIC CONVENTION.—INTERVIEW WITH AN EMISSARY FROM FRANCE.—SENT ON A MISSION TO PARIS.

ANOTHER member of the Directory, whose eventful life at last ended in the New World, was Dr. William James McNeven. He was born at Ballynahowne, in the county of Galway, March 21st, 1763. His ancestors had large estates in the north of Ireland, but were of the number of Catholic families who were dispossessed by Cromwell, and driven into the wilds of Connaught. This entailed in the family an hereditary hatred of oppression. Young McNeven was brought up within a mile of the field

* For the materials of this sketch I am indebted to the Lives and Times of the United Irishmen, by R. R. Madden, M.D., Second Series, published in London in 1843. These volumes are a sign of returning justice. Published after a lapse of more than forty years, they contain a calm review of the principles and acts of the United Irishmen. A compilation of individual memoirs, each of which traverses the same period, standing side by side like parallel columns, of course can not have the sustained interest of a continuous history in which the action moves forward steadily to one general result. The facts however embodied in this collection are of great value, and the author deserves well of his country for the industry with which he has gathered these memorials of her Revolutionary leaders.

of Aughrim, on which had been fought less than eighty years before, a memorable battle between the forces of James the Second and William. Sporting when a boy over the green sods that had drunk streams of Irish blood, his thoughts were turned even then to the unhappy relation of his country to England.

At this time it was difficult for a Catholic to obtain an education in Ireland from the restrictions of the penal laws, and young men of family or fortune were commonly sent abroad. McNeven had an uncle who had resided many years at Prague, and who had risen to such eminence as to be appointed physician to the Empress-queen Maria Theresa. He had received the title of Baron, and married a lady of rank and fortune, and was settled permanently in that ancient capital. He sent for his nephew, when but ten years old, to come and live with him, and pursue his education in Germany. An Irish officer who was in the Austrian service, happened to be then visiting his relations in Ireland, and when he returned to the continent McNeven was sent under his charge. In passing through Dublin he relates that he saw two fine-looking men brought from a backyard, and handcuffed before his face. He learned that they were American prisoners, and he heard them say, Though their own lot was a hard one, they would be happy to meet the enemy another time on Bunker's Hill. "This incident," he says, "awoke my attention to the events of the American war, and made me a willing reader of the English papers in my uncle's circle, when they brought us the glories of Washington, and the defeats of the British army."

In the family of his uncle eight years passed swiftly away. During the winter Baron McNeven resided in Prague, where his house was frequented by men of science, and the best society of the capital. In the summer he occupied an old castle on the river Seva, about sixty miles from the city. He took pains to give his nephew the most thorough classical and professional education. After passing through the College and Medical School of Prague, he completed his professional studies at Vienna in 1783. He then returned to Ireland, and commenced the practice of medicine in Dublin the following year.

McNeven was a Catholic, and he soon became interested in the effort to obtain for his brethren equal rights with the Protestants. Though a very young man, he was appointed one of the Catholic Committee, a small body which occasionally met in Dublin, and which pretended in a feeble way to look after the interests of the Catholics of Ireland. But in reality their principal business was, on the accession of a new Lord Lieutenant, to present an address, declaring their loyalty, but not daring to demand their rights. It was generally conceived in the most abject spirit, and received with neglect and contempt. In fact, until lately, the representative of England had not condescended to make the least reply. About this time a new viceroy came to Ireland, and the Catholic committee drew up their usual cringing speech. McNeven opposed it. He declared that it was unworthy of their honor. He was ashamed of such sycophancy. He had lived for ten years, in a country where it was no dishonor to be a Catholic, and he had not yet learned to use the tone of a slave.

The address was voted down. This was almost the first sign of returning spirit among the Catholics of Ireland.

It was shortly after, that assembled in Dublin that famous Catholic Convention which appealed directly to the King of England for justice. This was called the Catholic Parliament, and was the first full and strong representation of that portion of the nation. Of this Parliament McNeven was a prominent member. Here he found the same obsequious and timid spirit. They had now ventured to ask a little relief, and to pray his Majesty to grant them a participation in the elective franchise. McNeven moved to amend the petition so that it should read, an *equal* participation.

On this point he spoke in the boldest tone. If McNeven could be characterized in one word, it would be that of Truthteller. His mind was clear. He saw the right and the wrong without disguise, and in giving his opinion he went straight to the mark. In telling his mind he was frank even to bluntness. He scorned subterfuge or evasion. Nor did he feel bound to be guarded in his language when denouncing atrocious injustice. He would not palliate crime because committed by a high authority. The laws against the Catholics were an outrage upon natural justice, and he saw no reason why they should not be called by their right name.

As for that timid, hesitating policy which calls itself prudence, he knew nothing of it. He was totally devoid of fear. In every extremity he maintained an imperturbable coolness and self-possession.

His speeches were distinguished by their plain sound

sense, and by the earnest conviction of the truth and justice of his cause which they manifested. He urged the Catholics to stand firm for their rights, and to demand nothing less than total emancipation. The assembly was animated by his fearless bearing, and soon caught the tone of so bold a leader.

Such were the sentiments of McNeven in 1792. Thirty-seven years rolled away, and though an exile, he was yet alive to see the glorious day when the English Parliament granted full emancipation to the Catholics of Ireland, thus confirming the wisdom and sagacity of that policy which he had so long before demanded, and which, if granted then, would have saved infinite treasure and blood.

Seeing the character of McNeven, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor sought an interview with him, in which they explained their designs, and requested his co-operation. He entered warmly into their political views, and joined the secret society of the United Irishmen at about the same time with Emmet. Lord Edward's house appears to have been the place of reunion for all the liberal spirits of the capital at that period. One evening intelligence arrived that assistance might speedily be expected from France. McNeven and Emmet hastened with the news to the residence of Fitzgerald. They found him with his wife and sister, and the whole party conversed with the greatest animation on the prospects before them, the ladies entering with enthusiasm into their brilliant anticipations.

The courage of McNeven was put to several severe

tests. At one time an emissary from General Hoche and Tone arrived with a message from the United Irishmen. Several of the Directory were uneasy about receiving him. They perhaps remembered the affair of Cockayne, and were suspicious of a stranger. He might prove to be a spy, and this be a snare for their lives. In this perplexity McNeven volunteered to hold the interview. He accordingly repaired at night to the street in front of the Post Office, and walked up and down, until the clock struck eleven, when the agent emerged from the shadow of an adjacent building, and joined him. They exchanged signals and walked away together. McNeven received his communication from France, and in return gave him full information of the state of affairs in Ireland. The interview ended, McNeven accompanied the emissary to the quay, and saw him safely off that night. This gentleman was Colonel McSheehy, already mentioned as aid-de-camp to General Tone, and who was afterward killed in the battle of Eylau.

In July 1797 McNeven was employed on a still more dangerous business—to go on a mission to France. He proceeded to Hamburg, and requested of the French minister a passport to Paris. The minister refused, alleging that his instructions did not allow him to give a passport without especial permission from his government. He offered however to forward any communication to the Directory. McNeven therefore drew up a memorial on the state of Ireland in which he pressed the demand for French assistance. Eight months after, when arrested in Dublin, he saw a copy of this very dispatch in the hands

of the Irish government. There can be little question that the French agent at Hamburg was in the pay of Pitt. With such dangers were the lives of the United Irishmen surrounded! Two days after, the minister's objections gave way, and he allowed McNeven to proceed on to Paris. Here he communicated in person the object of his mission. At the same time he kept up a correspondence with Tone, then in Holland.

CHAPTER XVI.

William Sampson.—Early Voyage to America.—Commences the Practice of Law in Belfast.—Intimacy with Curran.—Anecdotes.—They are employed together on the State Trials.—Friendship of Lord Moira.

William Sampson was not a member of the society of United Irishmen, but he played a part in the political history of his country not less important than Emmet and McNeven, and was their companion in exile. He was from the extreme north of Ireland, being a native of Londonderry, the same city which gave birth to Lord Castlereagh. He was born on the 17th of January, 1764, thus differing but a few months from the age of Emmet and McNeven. His father was a clergyman of Londonderry. "On the mother's side he was connected with Mr. Dobbs Spaight, one of the original framers of the constitution of the United States in 1776; and with the eccentric counselor Dobbs, who believed that a proud destiny of future glory is predicted to Ireland in the Apocalypse, and opposed the union as inconsistent with St. John's Revelation."

At eighteen he held a commission in the Irish Volunteers. About this time he made a voyage to America, to visit an uncle, Col. Sampson, who had settled in North

Carolina, and where a county still bears his name. On his return he studied the profession of law. In 1790 he married a Miss Clarke of Belfast; and on completing his terms at Lincoln's Inn, he commenced the practice of his profession in that city.

Belfast at this time took the lead in the movement for reform, as it had before in organizing the Irish Volunteers. Sampson's associations naturally led him to the Protestant Ascendency party. Londonderry, his native city, was disdinguished for its ultra Protestantism. His father was a clergyman of that church which was most closely bound to England. His own hopes of political advancement lay in supporting the party in power. But he could not support a government fatal to the interests of his country. He could not uphold the corruption of Parliament and the oppression of the Catholics. And when the government undertook to put down the United Irishmen by prosecution, he stood forward in their defense. It shocked him to see thousands of his countrymen branded as traitors, and holding their lives at the will of hired informers, or of a crafty and cruel government. Many he knew to be the purest and most patriotic characters in the land; and he was determined that they should not be sacrificed without a struggle. He soon became conspicuous for his defense of the United Irishmen, who were tried for taking illegal oaths. His profession took him to Dublin during the terms of court, and here he became the intimate friend of Curran. The circumstances of their first acquaintance were amusing. Sampson had been sitting in court all day, waiting for an opportunity to present some business, but

doomed to listen to a tedious argument, which wearied out his patience, and that of the bar. He revenged himself by an epigram, in which he compared the learned counsel to a sluggish, slimy river, winding slowly along, and ended with these doggerel lines,—

> "Leaving nothing he could find
> But his client's cause behind."

"I blush to think of it at the end of near thirty years," said Sampson, "and yet it was to that folly that I owed the first acquaintance with the most interesting personage I ever knew. It was snatched from me by a waggish young friend who sent it about; it found its way among the senior counsel to Curran, who, being directed to the spot it proceeded from, looked and met the eyes of my betrayer, who seemed to acknowledge the offense with a modest air of contrition. Curran, when the court rose, singled him out, and introducing himself as a brother poetaster, invited him to spend the following day at his country house, and lent him his gray mare to go a hunting. The next day my friend thanked me in the hall of the four courts for his entertainment, saying he had dined and hunted on my epigram. Curran summoned us both to appear at a future day, to void the quarrel, at the Priory, when the raillery that passed upon this little adventure made part of the entertainment."

Another anecdote related by Sampson, shows the affectionate nature of their intercourse, as well as the sadness which pressed on every true Irish heart. "It was during the summer circuit of 1797, that having retired to rest after a

day of fatigue and anxiety, I was awoke in the night by the appellation of *Gossip;* and looking up, I saw on a corner of my bed, with his feet gathered up under him, that illustrious orator, whose voice had a few hours before hurled defiance at the proud, and whose eyes had shot their piercing glances through the guilty heart. That voice was now soft and subdued, those eyes lowly and dejected. I looked at him for a time, as he did at me, before either spoke. He held a glimmering candle in his hand, and his appearance, to say the least, was picturesque. I would have laughed, but I saw his heart was sad. He at length opened the object of his visit. His mind was full of gloomy presages, and he had tried in vain to sleep. All hopes of conciliation were now past, and nothing but civil war could follow: crime on one side must in the nature of things produce crimes upon the other; the country must bleed, and good men fall. He had almost determined to retire, not only from public life, but from a land still destined to sorrow and oppression. He put before me the dangers I was threatened with, and asked me if I would accompany him. I told him that I was now sworn and pledged, and must stay and take my chance. He then asked, how much I thought one of his unostentatious habits could live for in France, so as not to be positively excluded from good company. I told him I thought a colonel's half-pay might do; and if he would brush his own coat, and turn his cravat the second day, have the court calendar by heart, and talk of his noble friends and relations, he might come near the fag end of the nobility. If he could produce his passport now I would countersign

it, and then would recommend to him to go to sleep, that he might be ready for his journey in the morning, and in the mean time leave me to my rest. He took this in good part, made a flourish with his tongue to show he understood me, and went off without more words, but sending me back a look of the Irish school of eloquence, which the wit of man is not equal to translate. The next morning he thanked me for having made him laugh; and promised as much for me, when it was my turn of the blue devils. But he had not relinquished his project, and I think if I had accompanied, or even encouraged him, he would have put it in execution."*

In above a hundred of the state trials, Curran and Sampson were engaged as counsel together. They were associated in the memorable case of Orr, the tragical result of which excited such indignation throughout Ireland. Neither of them however ever joined the United Irish Society, though they knew what was going on. But in the great work of resisting a tyrannical government, there must be a division of labor. While therefore Emmet was a leader in the cabinet, and Fitzgerald in the military arrangements, Curran and Sampson could serve the popular cause better by appearing as the public defenders of the United Irishmen when their lives were in danger. To do this, it was necessary that they should keep their own names free from suspicion. Sampson therefore figures in this history rather as a political writer, and as the lawyer of this Society, than as an active participator in their plans of revolution. Besides, Sampson was not born for a con-

* Sampson's Preface to the American Edition of Curran's Life.

spirator. He was a man of peace; and though he shrunk from no danger to which duty or honor called him, he was disposed to try conciliation to the last, and to hope for peaceful reform. Still all his forbearance could not prevent his becoming a marked man. His very moderation rendered his influence more formidable to the ruling faction, and made them more eager to destroy him.

Sampson had also become acquainted with Lord Moira, and exerted himself to collect authentic facts, showing the atrocities of the government and of the military, which Lord Moira spread before the British House of Lords.

From this nobleman he received the most marked kindness. "He once called me into his cabinet, and after apologizing by anticipation, with all that suavity and nobleness of manner which he possesses, and after I had assured him that I knew him incapable of speaking any thing that ought to offend, he proposed to me to go over and live with him in England; that he saw a storm gathering round me, that he knew how I was threatened, that whatever loss it might be, he would endeavor to counterbalance it, and that to whatever amount I chose, he would be my banker, and make my fortune his particular care. I did not immediately recover from the emotion this proceeding excited in me; but when I did, I answered, that had this offer been made a short time before, I might perhaps have accepted it; that I felt the value of it as much as though I did; that, however agreeable such a retreat under the auspices of his lordship might be, I could not consent to it at present as several hundreds of my op-

pressed countrymen looked to me for their vindication; and having in such a crisis undertaken the defense of the wretched, I found it as impossible to abandon my duty to them as it would be for his lordship to quit the field of battle in the moment of action."*

Such were the men brought together in Dublin in the spring of 1798.

* Memoir of Sampson's Imprisonments, p. 60

CHAPTER XVII.

Secrecy of the Conspiracy.—Fidelity of the Irish to their Oaths.—Spies of Government.—Reynolds betrays them.—They are seized while in Council.—Arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.—Trial and Execution of two Brothers.

In examining the details of this vast conspiracy, we are amazed at the secrecy with which its proceedings were carried on. For more than two years a plot had been in progress to overturn the government—a conspiracy not confined to a few individuals, but extending throughout the island, and embracing half a million of men. Everywhere men were organizing and arming. All this was known to the government. And yet the authors of this vast movement could not be discovered. The ministers knew that mining operations were going on, and were in continual dread of an explosion, but they knew not from whom the blow was to come. A part of this security was due to the admirable contrivances for secrecy, but these would have availed little but for the sacred fidelity of the Irish to their oath and to each other. Hundreds were thrown into prison, and had the terrors of death before them. Yet no man's heart failed him. No man sought safety for himself by betraying his associates. The only evidence which could be obtained on

the state trials was through a few hired informers, who had obtained admission into the lower societies for the sake of betraying their associates, and of selling the blood of their comrades for money. The fact of such general fidelity throughout a whole nation has hardly a parallel in history, and is most honorable to the Irish character.

At length a solitary wretch was found base enough to do the work of an informer. One Thomas Reynolds, being pressed for a sum of money, formed the desperate resolution of selling himself and sacrificing his associates. He had wormed himself into the confidence of the leaders,* and obtained information that an important meeting was to be held at the house of Oliver Bond, an opulent merchant of Dublin, on the 12th of March. He hastened to the officers of government to communicate the information. A warrant was immediately made out to arrest the whole party, and the next morning at ten o'clock, a magistrate, attended by thirteen sergeants disguised, sauntered down the street, and knocked at Bond's door. Reynolds had given them the password. They therefore whispered through the door, "Where's McCann? Is Ivers from Carlow come?" This was the open sesame. They were instantly admitted. The committee were in council up-stairs. Hush, hush! Not a word! Softly up the stairs they steal. A moment more, and the door is burst, and the room is filled with armed men. There were the conspirators, sitting around a table which was covered with papers. "Hold up your hands," cried a sergeant, "or I'll shoot you." And in a twinkling they were grasped in the strong arms of their captors. The

* See United Irishmen, vol. i. p. 160.

papers were seized, and carried to the council of ministers, while the party was marched off in a body to prison.

As it happened, neither Emmet, McNeven, nor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, were present at this meeting. But Emmet and McNeven were soon found. Mr. Thomas Emmet, who now resides in New York, says that he remembers distinctly when his father was taken. It was at the house of Dr. Emmet in Stephen's-green. He was sleeping with his little brother, when he was awaked by a noise. Looking up, he saw a file of soldiers standing near the window.

McNeven had lodgings on Ormond Quay. The officer who arrested him passed Lord Edward Fitzgerald on the stairs, and allowed him to leave the house, not knowing who he was. Emmet and McNeven were both conveyed to Newgate.

Sampson, though not one of the Directory, nor even of the society, was included in the warrant. It was particularly desirable to get hold of him, as he had in his hand the proofs of the atrocities of the government. A short time before, the police had paid him a visit. By chance a friend saw them coming, and while they were engaged in searching another house, he hurried to Sampson's lodgings and told him what was going on, and advised him if he had any papers which might compromise him, to destroy them instantly. Sampson immediately threw many papers into the fire.* One packet he had just time to thrust into

* Letters of General C. Cockburn, K. C. H., to the Marquis of Anglesea, on Ireland.

the hands of his servant, who escaped with it through the garden. The police came and found nothing.*

But now they were on his track again. Sampson heard of it in time to elude their search. His first care was to retire to a place of safety, from whence he wrote to the Lord Lieutenant, offering to surrender instantly on

* McNeven thus relates a design of Reynolds against his life:—"When Lord Edward Fitzgerald spoke to me of Reynolds, which was not until early in March, as one of the Kildare colonels, chosen through his influence, I was alarmed, and acquainted him with my strong dislike and distrust of that man. He thought me over-cautious, but it was to the bad opinion I had of Reynolds that I owed my safety, that I escaped from a snare he laid deliberately against my life.

"The day before the meeting of the 12th of March, he called at my residence twice in one forenoon without finding me. The second time he gave my servant a few lines, in which he requested I would inform him where the Leinster provincial was to hold its next sitting, and to leave a note for him before I went out.

His asking a written answer to such a question in those times was so much worse than folly, that it struck me as if all were not right; but I had no idea of the extent of my danger, for I knew nothing of the nature of the confidence reposed in him by Lord Edward, neither had I any knowledge of those traits of villainy in his character which afterward came out on the trial of Mr. Bond. My precaution arose simply from the obvious indiscretion of the demand, together with my contemptuous opinion of the individual himself, and I adopted the following mode of verifying my suspicion. I folded a piece of blank paper after the manner of a letter, which I laid upon the chimney-piece, and as Reynolds left word with the servant he would come back for an answer before dinner, I waited for him within. Between three and four he made his appearance, when I told him, that as he had come himself, it was unnecessary to hand him my answer, throwing the paper in the fire. Never shall I forget the sudden falling of his countenance and his rueful expression of disappointment at that moment. I coldly said I knew nothing of the matter, and looked about as for my hat. He could not recover his composure, but at once withdrew."

promise of trial. Seeing no prospect of this, he fled to England. There he was arrested on landing, and brought back to Dublin. No charge could be brought against him, but his servant was inhumanly flogged to extort from him some confession on which to found an accusation. As he had committed no crime, no attempt was made to bring him to trial. But he was thrown into the Bridewell as a state-prisoner, and there left to languish for five months. During a part of this time his confinement was shared by his heroic wife.

Lord Edward was still at large. Perhaps the government, in consideration of his high family, wished him to escape. Lord Clare, it is well known, expressed such a desire. He thought his step-father might have some means of learning his retreat, and he said to him:—"For God's sake, get this young man out of the country, the ports shall be thrown open to you, and no hindrance whatever offered." His friends urged him to fly. But it was on occasions like this that the heroism of his character showed itself. He had courted danger. And now should he desert his friends as the hour of battle drew near? Should he leave them to perish while he sought safety in France? Never. The heavy blow which had fallen on the society only doubled his zeal. He concealed himself from the officers in pursuit, but he remained near Dublin, and communicated with the leaders of the conspiracy. He rode out by night to reconnoiter the lines of advance, and to choose the point of attack.

His friends still knew where to find him. Says Teeling, in his Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion, "I

was one evening in conversation with Lord Edward, when Col. L—— entered his apartment, accompanied by two gentlemen with whose persons I was unacquainted, but who, I have reason to believe, were members of the Irish legislature. [Thus had the conspiracy extended into the parliament and the army.] The colonel, after embracing Lord Edward with the warmest affection, laid on his table a large canvas purse filled with gold, and smiling at his lordship, while he tapped him on the shoulder, 'There,' said he, 'there, my lord, is provision for—' Both understood the object."

It was now evident to all that the appeal to arms could be delayed no longer. They must "rise then, or be forever fallen." The first week in May they took their resolution to prepare for a general rising before the end of the month. The plan of insurrection was decided, and orders sent off to all parts of the country to be ready for the day of battle.

In this awful crisis of expectation, Lord Edward contrived still to see those whom he most loved. His wife had left the Duke of Leinster's immediately on his disappearance, and taken a more retired house. Here, as the maid servant entered her room late one evening, she saw to her surprise "his lordship and Lady Edward sitting together by the light of the fire. The youngest child had at his desire been brought down out of his bed for him to see it, and both he and Lady Edward were, as the maid thought, in tears."* Sweet, tender scene, soon alas, to be covered with the funeral pall!

Fitzgerald had eluded pursuit for more than two

* Life of Fitzgerald, vol. ii. p. 39.

months. But the chase grew hot. A reward of £1000 was offered for his arrest. At last the place of his retreat was discovered, and a party of soldiers drew up at the door, while a couple of officers ascended to his chamber. Lord Edward was lying on his bed when a major entered the room with his warrant. In an instant Fitzgerald sprang from his bed "like a tiger," and though armed with only a dagger, dashed at his antagonists with such fury that he wounded them both, one mortally, and it was not until he had himself received a ball in the shoulder, and till the guard from below was called up, that he was secured. He was mounted on a sedan chair, and thus transported to the castle. The excitement of his struggle now reacted, and with the loss of blood, caused his spirits to sink into sadness. The Lord Lieutenant immediately sent his private secretary to see that he had every possible attention. Says this gentleman:—"I found Lord Edward leaning back on a couple of chairs, in the office of the secretary in the war department, his arm extended, and supported by the surgeon, who was dressing his wound. His countenance was pallid, but serene; and when I told him, in a low voice, not to be overheard, my commission from the Lord Lieutenant, and that I was going to break the intelligence of what had occurred to Lady Edward, asking him, with every assurance of my fidelity and secrecy, whether there was any confidential communication he wished to be made to her ladyship, he answered, 'No, no,—thank you,—nothing, nothing;—only break it to her tenderly.'"*

* Life of Fitzgerald, vol. ii. p. 65.

The agitation excited in Dublin by this event was intense. The arrest took place just at evening. Word was carried to the Lord Lieutenant, who had gone to the theater. A female relative of Lord Edward was sitting in the next box, and heard it all. She was so overcome, that Lady Castlereagh had to leave the house with her. As soon as the news got abroad, the people were seen collected in groups in the streets, with anxious countenances, and conversing with great earnestness, so that it was strongly apprehended that an attempt at rescue would be made that night. Three or four days after, Neilson, a noted United Irishman, and a man of powerful frame, was discovered reconnoitring the prison, and was arrested.*

There remained no alternative but an appeal to arms. Lord Moira had brought forward in February a motion for conciliation, but it had utterly failed. There was no longer the least hope of a peaceable reform. Seeing how things were going, and wearied out by finding all warnings neglected, the opposition, with Grattan at their head, formally seceded from the House of Commons. Instead of redress, the measures of the government seemed perseveringly designed to goad the people into insurrection. Lord Castlereagh afterward acknowledged that they had taken measures "to make the rebellion explode."

Events now follow each other fast, as the tragedy rushes to its catastrophe. The stream of political events, which sometimes moves sluggishly along—sometimes whirls about in eddies, now began to dart forward with a rapid current. Its motion soon became fearfully swift. The

* Life of Fitzgerald, vol. ii. p. 65.

ship of state was fairly in the rapids, and men trembled as they heard distinctly the roar of the cataract.

On the 30th of March martial law was proclaimed throughout Ireland. This was the signal of preparations for war.

The arrest of the leaders precipitated the rebellion. When such grave councillors as Emmet were taken away, the direction of affairs fell into rasher hands. It was then that John Sheares was chosen to fill a vacancy in the Directory. His brother Henry was also a United Irishman, and entered into preparations for the rebellion. The ardor of these fresh soldiers of liberty led them into danger, and to the sacrifice of their lives.

The whole history of the rebellion furnishes nothing more melancholy than the fate of these brothers. Of five sons they were all who survived to support the old age of their mother. They were devotedly attached to each other, and were now threatened by the same fate. They were arraigned and tried together. The intense excitement of the case prolonged the trial to a late hour. It was after midnight when the examination of witnesses closed, and Mr. Curran rose to address the jury. The court had then sat fifteen hours, with but a recess of a few minutes. But still the trial must go on. The court-room was near Newgate, and the prisoners in their beds could hear the voice of Curran at five o'clock the next morning still addressing the jury. It was daybreak before the judge rose to sum up the case. The jury retired for a few minutes, and returned with a verdict of Guilty. As soon as it was announced, the brothers fell into each other's

arms. At three o'clock that afternoon they received sentence, and the next day they were executed. Their love was strong in death. They came on the scaffold holding each other by the hand. Their bodies were laid side by side in their place of rest.

These arrests were but just in time to save the government. Lord Edward Fitzgerald had been apprehended on Saturday, and the Shearses on Monday. The rebellion was to begin on Wednesday. Their arrest brought to light the fearful mine on which the government was standing.

Poor Lord Edward's career was ended. Stone walls and iron bars were now the sight which met his eye. No friend was permitted to visit him. Alone he watched the long, long day, too happy when the light of heaven was about to close around him forever.

The other state-prisoners were forced to pace their cells in silence when most they wished to be abroad. The sound of war was on the gale. Let us leave here the impatient spirits of the leaders confined within prison walls, to glance at the fortunes of their countrymen in the field.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REBELLION OF 1798.—PLOT TO TAKE DUBLIN.—RISING IN KILDARE.—ENGAGEMENTS.

THE plot was out. The conspirators were in prison. Their papers had been seized. The fatal secret was known,—that the night of the 23d of May was fixed for the insurrection. On the 22d, Lord Castlereagh came into the Parliament House with the appalling message, that the next day the storm of war would burst upon the island. The spirit of the Commons rose with danger. They threw back the threat of insurrection with defiance. To show their loyalty, they marched in a body to the Castle to pledge the Lord Lieutenant that they would stand by him to the last.

No words can describe the state of Dublin at this period. There was treason in the capital. "Committees were frequently discovered in deliberation; blacksmiths were detected in the act of making pikes; and sentinels were frequently fired at, or knocked down at their posts. Immense quantities of pikes and other arms were seized in different parts of the city."* It was said that the houses of obnoxious persons had been marked. No man was

* Sir Richard Musgrave's History of the Rebellion, vol. i. p. 355.

safe. Neighbors shunned each other. Masters were afraid of their servants. It was known that a great number had taken the oath. Even the servant of the lord mayor was found to be implicated in the conspiracy. He had engaged to admit his confederates into the house at dead of night The most loyal citizen knew not but there were conspirators under his own roof. He might be betrayed by one who waited at his table, or piked by his porter at his own door.

Every means was employed to guard against surprise. On the day of the 23d, the streets of Dublin were filled with troops, marching to points of defense. Long columns of infantry filed out through the avenues. Officers galloped through the streets. The cavalry rattled over the pavement. Cannon were dragged to the outposts of the city. Dublin is defended on its north and south sides by broad and deep canals. The troops were posted in strong force on all the bridges. A day or two after, they were fortified by gates and palisades. The troops lay down on their arms. The night was passed in anxious suspense. The capital breathed heavily. But its tranquillity was not disturbed. The vigorous measures of repression preserved Dublin from an outbreak at this time and throughout the war.

While these fearful preparations were going on, the face of nature seemed strangely in contrast with the human passions that raged above it. The beautiful month of May was melting into the warm, blue Summer. The earth had come forth in blossoms and in flowers. The island had put on its robe of spring, unconscious that its

beauty was so soon to be stained with blood. It was remarked by all that the weather was unusually serene. The sky was without a cloud, an omen which the people interpreted as the blessing of Heaven on their cause; and some who were strong in faith prophesied that no more rain should fall until Ireland was free.

The plot had been to seize the mail-coaches coming out of Dublin, on all the great routes, and thus cut off communication between the capital and the country. The burning of these was to be the signal of insurrection to the whole kingdom. Already for some nights fires had been seen burning on the Wicklow Mountains, which were evidently intended as signals to the insurgents.* They were then at the first push to attack a large body of troops which lay seven miles south of Dublin. At the same moment, a rising was to take place within the capital. Silently assembling in lanes and alleys, armed with pikes and other weapons, at a given signal, they were to move to the assault. One party was to attack Newgate, and rescue Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the other state-prisoners. Two bodies, advancing on the Castle, were to assault it at once, in front and rear. A select party provided with ladders was to mount to the chambers, and seize the Lord Lieutenant. The privy council were to be secured in their own houses. Thus the Rebellion would be master of the government at a blow.

* "From a house in an elevated situation in Dublin, I could discern them at a great distance with a telescope, and it is astonishing with what celerity they increased or diminished them, by which they answered the purpose of a telegraph."—Musgrave, vol. i. p. 267.

The plan was well laid, and could it have been carried out with courage and secrecy, might have proved successful. But the government had been apprised of all their plans, and acted with a promptness which disconcerted the insurgents. Still the appointment of the 23d of May was observed in many places, particularly in the county of Kildare.

On that night few of the inhabitants retired to rest. Weapons were brought forth from places of concealment. Peasants took their departure from the cabin door with stealthy steps. Along the roads was heard the tread of hurrying feet.

A few hours saw collected a large body of armed men, grim warriors, who had never stood before in battle array, —gaunt figures on which hunger and oppression had done their work. Some came shouldering a rusty firelock, some trailing an old blunderbuss, but most armed with long, deadly pikes. Over their ranks fluttered a green flag. It was the flag of Ireland.

It was about midnight that the insurgents assembled. Their blood was not suffered to cool before they were led to battle. Two towns were attacked that night. Prosperous was carried by surprise. The barrack was set on fire. A detachment of militia perished by the flames, and by the pikes of the insurgents. The captain is said to have been unusually severe in the infliction of military executions, and to have fallen by the hand of a man whose house he had burned.* At Naas another party had nearly stolen on the town, when a dragoon came galloping in with the

* Taylor's History.

alarm, the drum beat to arms, and the attack was repulsed.

In the course of a few days a number of actions had been fought, but too detached for us to follow. Acting without concert, and in confused masses, the insurgents were generally defeated. But they cut off several small bodies of troops, and took some arms and ammunition. They obstructed the roads so that for a week no mail arrived in the capital. They carried Maynooth. They surprised a military party at Dunboyne, within eight miles of Dublin. The result, too, in several combats, was such as to inspire them with confidence. At Kilcullen a body of rebels had taken post about the church. General Dundas rode up with a troop of forty horsemen, and without waiting for his infantry, dashed upon them. But the Irish pikes proved more than a match for the horse and his rider. The cavalry recoiled. Again they rushed to the shock. Again horses fell backward, and riders rolled from their saddles. At the third charge the troop was almost wholly destroyed. Two captains and twenty-two privates were killed on the spot, and ten so badly wounded that most of them died soon after.* This little affair did much to remove the terror which the insurgents at first had felt of the charges of cavalry.

Though these actions were small, they spread universal consternation. Every man trembled under a sense of insecurity. Men on horseback were shot at from behind hedges. Often in a light night, armed men were seen stealing about the residences of the gentry. The sky was

* Musgrave.

reddened with conflagrations. Loyalists, who remained in the country, were obliged to bolt and bar, and garrison their houses.* Others fled from their homes, and sought safety in the towns. Small military posts were deserted, that the troops might concentrate in large bodies.

But the county of Kildare was unfavorable to this guerilla warfare. No mountains guard it from approach. No wild fastnesses hide the peasant from his foe. Among the hills, climbing among rocks, and darting into the thick forest, the peasant was the equal of the soldier. But the extensive plains of Kildare present no defense against an army. They lie close to the capital, and were of course easily overrun. Troops of cavalry scoured the country. Hundreds laid down their arms. Still a band under the heroic Aylmer kept the field, and by retreating rapidly, now to the bog of Allen, and now to the Wicklow Mountains, they kept the standard of rebellion afloat. This very band was the last that surrendered in the war, and then only on the promise of a general amnesty.

When the news reached Dublin that the rebellion had actually broken out, the lord lieutenant issued a proclamation, "that His Majesty's general officers had orders to punish according to martial law, by death or otherwise, as their judgment should approve, all persons acting, or in any manner assisting in the rebellion." When the proclamation was announced to the House of Commons, a

* "Our house is a perfect garrison; eighteen soldiers sleep in our saloon, and we are all blocked up, except by the hall door, and one door to the kitchen yard; and are frequently ordered all into the house upon the alarm being given that the rebels are near."—A letter quoted in Moore's Life of Fitzgerald, vol. ii. p. 125.

motion was made to give it a retrospective effect, so that the state-prisoners in Dublin could be tried by court martial. This was equivalent to a sentence of death. "I believe, without exaggeration," says Sampson, "that this was no less than to say that we should all be murdered." Even Lord Castlereagh was shocked at this savage proposal, and begged his ferocious partisans not to drive the nation to despair.

This proclamation let loose upon the country the spirit of war in its most terrible form. It legalized every barbarity. It became a war of extermination. Military executions were the order of the day. It was understood that no prisoners were to be made. Those taken were hanged without ceremony; often with no proof whatever of having taken part in the insurrection. Officers and men made sport of shooting at poor wretches in the fields, whom they afterward bayoneted to put them out of pain. The form of a trial could save no man whom a blood-thirsty revenge wished to sacrifice. Some of the officers who sat upon these trials were mere boys. Witnesses wholly unworthy of credit were allowed to swear away the lives of peaceable men; and sometimes whipped to force from them testimony on which to rest a condemnation. In the little town of Carnew, fifty-four prisoners, many of whom had been confined only on suspicion, were taken out and shot in the presence of officers. At Dunlavin thirty-nine in the same way were butchered in cold blood. These atrocities, as we shall see, soon provoked a terrible retribution. To the unlimited authority given to the King's officers to put their prisoners to death, are to be ascribed the horrors of this exterminating war.

CHAPTER XIX.

Insurrection in Wexford.—Provoked by Cruelties of the Soldiery.—The Rising headed by a Priest.—Battle of Oulart Hill.—Battle of Enniscorthy.—Encampment on Vinegar Hill.

But the insurrection had not been in progress four days in Kildare, when the attention of the government was called to a much more formidable movement in a quarter from which it was least expected. In the distracted state of Ireland, it seemed that there was at least one spot of peace and quiet, the county of Wexford. Here the gentry generally resided on their estates, and were surrounded by a loyal and industrious peasantry. While other parts of Ireland were in constant alarm from Orangemen and Defenders, the men of Wexford were plowing their farms, and gathering their crops. So proverbial had been this county for good order, that property was considered more secure, and rents were higher, than in almost any other part of the kingdom. The organization of United Irishmen had extended less than in any other county of Ireland. So secure was the government of its allegiance, that at the approach of the insurrection but a small body of troops was stationed in it to preserve order. Unfortunately these were more fitted to provoke than to repress rebellion.

Not a hand would have been lifted against the government, had not the people been goaded to desperation by the atrocities of the military. Martial law had been proclaimed. A regiment of the North Cork militia was stationed in Wexford. The savage cruelties of these men exceed belief, and were only surpassed by the cowardice with which they afterward ran away from battle. Men suspected of being United Irishmen were whipped or half hung. Cabins were burnt. The peasantry were thrown into such an agony of terror, that they rushed to arms in self-defense, feeling that it was better to die in battle than by the lash of their tormentors.

The county of Wexford is well situated for defense. It lies forty miles south of Dublin, and is defended on the south and east by St. George's Channel, and on the north by a chain of mountains between it and the county of Wicklow. The roads winding among hills present excellent points for defense. It is thirty-nine miles long, and twenty-four broad. Within this narrow space were executed the operations of this memorable civil war.

The first rising was headed by a Catholic priest, whose name soon became famous. Father John Murphy was the son of a farmer. He had been educated at Seville in Spain. He now spread the alarm of war by lighting a fire on a hill which was answered from a distance. A band of insurgents soon collected around him, with which he took post on the hill of Oulart. A detachment of 110 picked men of the North Cork militia marched to attack them. The terror which they had struck into the poor peasantry left them not a doubt that they should easily

scatter the rebels with great slaughter. They fired two volleys and charged furiously up the hill. The Irish were seized with a panic at this first onset of regular troops, and broke their ranks and fled. Father John flew to their head, shouting that troops were advancing also from the other side of the hill—that they were surrounded—that there was no retreat—they must conquer or die. Quick as thought they wheeled, and rushed upon the troops, who were advancing in some disorder, with such fury that all but five were instantly killed. These escaped only to spread the terror of the rebel arms.

The moral effect of this first victory was immense. A similar body of insurgents had been defeated that day on another hill a few miles off, and had these too been scattered, they would perhaps have dispersed to their homes, and the rebellion been crushed in the bud. But this success gave them confidence. It blew up their enthusiasm. As they saw the uniforms of more than a hundred dead soldiers scattered over the hill, every peasant felt strong in his courage and in his trusty pike. The tidings flew fast. Fires blazed from the hills. The insurrection spread in all quarters. And thousands of peasants came flocking to the camp.

The military who had been so merciless to the people had now their turn to fear. The men who had escaped were pale with terror, as they told of the savage ferocity with which the rebels fought. They found that it was one thing to tie up an Irish peasant and whip him in their barracks, and quite another to meet him when "his foot was on his native heath," when his arm was free, and a

pike in his hand. At Gorey the whole population, troops and all, abandoned the town, and fled for their lives. Many came to the priests for protection, and thinking that their only safety was in becoming Catholics, begged to be baptized. To the honor of the priests, be it said, that their interference saved many lives. To the panic which this battle caused, is to be referred more than one disgraceful defeat of the war.

Father Murphy did not suffer this enthusiasm to be lost. The next day he marched to attack Enniscorthy. This town is divided into two parts by the river Slaney, which is crossed by a stone bridge. The insurgents approached on the western side. They drove before them horses and cattle to disorder the ranks of the enemy, and with loud shouts advanced to the attack. They soon penetrated the town, which they set on fire. The troops at the gates were forced to fall back to the bridge. Here they maintained a most obstinate defense. Some idea of the severity of the engagement may be formed from the fact that one company fired forty rounds each man. But the river at this time was low, and by wading up to the middle, and some of them up to the neck, the rebels were able to cross, and to take the troops in flank. The town was set on fire on the eastern side of the river. The order was given to retreat. All was now horror in the town. Men, women and children, mothers carrying their infants on their backs, fled through the burning streets. This terrified multitude poured forth on the road to Wexford, fourteen miles to the south. Happily they were not pursued, and succeeded in making their escape.

The rebels, too content with their victory to chase the flying foe, now set about establishing an entrenched camp. The town of Enniscorthy lies at the foot of a lofty eminence, called Vinegar Hill. As the setting sun fell across the landscape, thousands of armed peasants might be seen climbing up the height. As this was the center of their operations for the rest of the war, we may mount the hill with them, and take a look at their camp.

On the summit stood an old windmill, which they converted into a guard-house for prisoners. On the tower they planted the green flag of Ireland, which floated in full view of the country for miles around. Along the edge of the hill they threw up an intrenchment, on which they planted a few cannon. Sentinels were stationed around the hill, and videts along the roads. The bell of the church of Enniscorthy, which had been taken down, was swung between two beams to mark the hours for changing guard, and to strike the alarm in case of a surprise.

The appearance of the encampment was motley enough. A few white tents dotted the field, under which their chiefs lay down to rest. But the people slept under the open sky. From this exposure they suffered little as the weather was uncommonly mild. In such a promiscuous multitude no great discipline could be preserved. Such was the want of order that many, who lay down by their arms at night, missed them in the morning. Gordon relates—what I hope for the honor of my heroes is not true—that "often, when a rebel was in a sound sleep, he was robbed by some associate of his gun, or other article at that time valuable,

so that many, to prevent stealing, had to sleep flat on their bellies, with their hat and shoes tied under their breasts."

In the day-time the camp was thronged with a multitude of women, who came to bring provisions to their husbands and brothers. All ages were collected, old men with gray beards, leaning on the long pike as on a staff: and young men, as brave lads as ever skipped across a bog, or danced on the village green by moonlight. Men and boys lay about sprawling on the ground, or were collected in groups talking over the fortunes of the war, or listening to some belligerent priest who had taken the command to fight the good fight in a literal sense.

There were many priests in the camp, and they had great influence over the wild peasantry. Mass was performed as regularly as the morning parade. Sermons were preached to inflame the religious fanaticism of the people, and assure them that they had engaged in a holy war. One priest declared in a sermon, "That God Almighty befriended them in all their operations for the attainment of liberty; and that the whole of the business was as visibly his work, as that of dividing the Red Sea by Moses." The Irish derived great confidence from the presence of their priests, for they believed them possessed of almost miraculous power. They said, "Father John Murphy caught red-hot bullets in his hand." Another priest took bullets out of his pocket, and assured the people that they had hit him in battle in different parts of his body, and that they could not do him any injury. The Irish thought that they would derive a part of this security from being blessed by a priest. They had especial veneration for Father Keane,

a little, gray-headed old man, commonly called "the blessed priest of Bannow." He constantly visited the rebel camp. He rode on a pony, which was led by two pikemen, who cried out with a loud voice, "Make way for the blessed priest of Bannow." The crowd fell on their knees, and asked his blessing. He distributed a great many little scapulars to the rebels, assuring them that with these on, a ball from a heretic gun could do them no more injury than a pea.* Often they knelt down, kissed the ground and crossed themselves. Then rising up, they were in an instant in all the tumult of war. Again they were around their camp-fires, cooking a soldier's meal, or drinking success to the Irish republic. Shouts of victory rang round. Nor was music wanting to complete the pomp and circumstance of war. Often was their patriotic ardor kindled with sound of fife and drum. Then some stentorian voice burst into a song to their new-born liberty, while thousands joined in the chorus of *Erin mavourneen*, *Erin go bragh*.

With this comedy of war were mingled other scenes most sad and tragical. The government officers had shown no mercy to the rebels who fell into their hands. The court-martial sentenced them to execution in the most summary manner. And now the rebels had it in their power to retaliate. Many prisoners had been brought into the camp on Vinegar Hill. A revolutionary tribunal was set up, like those in the French Reign of Terror, which passed instant judgment on Orangemen and loyalists. Many to whom fate had denied the milder doom of perish-

* Musgrave.

ing in battle, now suffered military execution. Such was the swift retribution which came on those who had driven a brave people to despair. The passions of the rebel army were beyond control. They raged with savage joy at their power of revenge. Thus each day passed with shout, and song, and blood. Night put an end to the work of death. When twilight fell over the scene, shouts of vengeance, and the shrieks of the unhappy victims, grew fainter on the hill. And peasant and prisoner sank down together into a troubled sleep.

CHAPTER XX.

PANIC AT WEXFORD.—THE REBELS MARCH ON THAT TOWN.—BATTLE OF THE THREE ROCKS.—FLIGHT OF THE KING'S TROOPS.—THE INSURGENTS MARCH AGAINST GOREY.—THEY DEFEAT COLONEL WALPOLE.

MEANWHILE all was dismay at Wexford, the capital of the county. This was but fourteen miles distant. Some who had effected their escape from the battle came riding into Wexford, with their horses in full foam. At the same time a heavy cloud of smoke was seen to roll up from Enniscorthy. In a few hours a multitude of fugitives were descried hurrying along the road. The agitation and distress painted in their countenances added to the general consternation. They poured through the town, and not thinking themselves safe even there, crowded on board the ships in the harbor. The bodies of the officers who had fallen at Oulart had been recovered, and were now brought into Wexford, which added to the general dismay, while the widows of the soldiers who had been killed in that battle, were raving through the streets, filling the air with their cries.

Instantly the town assumed the appearance of war. Houses were closed, doors and windows barred. Streets were barricaded with huge piles of stones and timbers.

Guards were mounted at every exposed point, and additional troops, both horse and foot, marched into the town.

Two days before this the military had seized three gentlemen of influence in the county who were suspected of favoring a revolution. After the battle of Oulart, the North Cork militia wished to revenge the fall of their comrades by massacring these prisoners. But the tide of war ebbed too fast. And as danger to themselves grew imminent, they came to the jail, not to shoot their captives, but to beg them to go as a deputation to the camp of the rebels on Vinegar Hill, to obtain mercy for the town.

If the Irish had been elated before at their victories, the arrival of an offer of surrender completed their enthusiasm. The very proposal showed the weakness or the terror of the enemy, and caused it to be instantly rejected. The insurgents had hesitated what town to attack next. But this decided them. "To Wexford," was the cry, which flew along the ranks. And they were soon under march.

But in picturing the march of this host, which seemed to have sprung out of the earth, we must not conceive of a regular army moving in battle array. No long, glittering lines moved with even tread. Like the French *sans culottes*, the Irish came in their peasant dresses to the war. Their officers presented a more dashing appearance, as they sat on horses, and wore sashes and red cross belts, with sabers and pistols. A few others had picked up horses. But they were in want of saddles. This, however, was soon provided for. In the gentlemen's houses which they plundered, were large libraries. A grave folio, opened in the middle, and laid softly on the backbone, made Pat a com-

fortable seat. This was fastened with a rope, and thus mounted, the Irish cavalry jogged on in the crowd. No long train of baggage-wagons retarded the march. Half a dozen small field-pieces composed their whole artillery. But a small part of the infantry bore fire-arms. In their swift marches they presented the appearance of a moving forest of pikes.

Such was the body that now descended the slope of Vinegar Hill, and poured down the valley of the Slaney. Father John, mounted on horseback, and carrying a crucifix, led the way. Fainter and fainter the sounds of war died down the vale.

This motley army encamped at the Three Rocks, on the eastern end of the mountain of Forth, overlooking Wexford. But General Fawcett the commander at Duncannon Fort, was now on a march with a large force for the relief of the town. When within seven miles he halted, and sent forward a detachment, which advanced close to the mountain of Forth without knowing the position of the enemy. At the moment they discovered it, the insurgents rushed upon them with loud yells, and attacked them with such fury that they were utterly destroyed. Fugitives carried the disastrous tidings to their commander, who retreated in terror to the fort, and immediately sent off his family to England.

By this victory the rebels acquired a large quantity of arms and ammunition. Two cannon they dragged to the top of the ridge, and when several hours later the garrison of Wexford made a sortie, they were driven back with a fire from these guns, which were aimed with a pre-

cision which showed that there were some skillful gunners in the camp of the rebels.

The sallying army instantly retreated into the town. They now thought discretion the better part of valor. The soldiers whose cruelties had provoked the insurrection, did not stay to fight. They evacuated the town in a panic. Soon after the victorious insurgents poured across the magnificent bridge of Wexford with loud shouts of exultation. They instantly marched to the jail, and released all the state-prisoners. Among them they found Beauchamp Bagnal Harvey, a man who was a great favorite with the people, and whom they elected to be their commander-in-chief.

Meanwhile the political character of the town had undergone a miraculous transformation. But an hour ago, while in possession of the king's troops, it was the most loyal town in his majesty's dominions. Now not a trace of loyalty was to be seen. The insurgents were welcomed as good fellows who were fighting for the independence of their country. The houses were decorated with green. Doors were thrown open, and the men invited to enter and refresh themselves. Many in heart favored the Rebellion, but had not dared to avow their sentiments before. Musgrave says, "Provisions had been so scarce that the king's troops were almost starved; and yet, as soon as the rebels entered the town, long tables, well served with food, were laid for them in the streets." Some who had worn the dress of officers were glad to change their regimentals for a ragged coat, and breeches out at the knees. They unbent from the military strut, and slouched into a beggarly gait,

with their eyes humbly cast on the ground. Some so far forgot their warlike character as to hide under women's clothes.

The retreat of the royal troops resembled a flight. They hurried on in consternation, butchering the poor peasants whom they met on the route, as if that were valor, when flying from a foe they dared not face. They pushed with all speed for Duncannon Fort. Many at this moment declared that a revolution was inevitable—that the people had arisen, and that nothing could withstand them. And they were already contemplating with despondency their probable banishment from the country.

These rapid marches and battles placed nearly the whole county of Wexford in the hands of the people. They now divided their army. One division marched to the north to attack Gorey, and force their way toward Dublin, while the main body under Harvey turned to the west, and took post on Carrickbyrne Mountain.

The town of Gorey had been in dread of an attack since the battle of Oulart Hill. The people had deserted it the next day, but not finding themselves pursued, after several days they ventured back. The approach of the rebels now threatened them again. On the first of June, says Rev. Mr. Gordon, "I happened to be on the road near Gorey, when a man on the top of a house cried out to me that all the country to the south was in a blaze; for straggling parties of the rebels, attending the motions of the main body, had, as usual, set fire to many houses. I had hardly got a view of the conflagration when I heard

a discharge of musketry, which continued some time without intermission."

It was the custom of the rebels to pitch their camps on commanding hills, which at once afforded a good military position, and a wide view of the surrounding country. They now took post on Corrigrua Hill, seven miles from Gorey, and here rested several days. The loyalists were in greater consternation than ever at this near presence of the enemy. But on the 4th of June they were completely reassured by seeing 1500 fine troops under General Loftus march into the town. As these long columns, with proud step and glancing arms, moved through the streets, every loyal breast swelled high. Women and children gathered to see them pass. And when the horses dragged lumbering along five heavy pieces of artillery, the least warlike longed to hear the cannon's roar, which was to scatter forever the forces of the Rebellion. Not a doubt was entertained that the final blow was now to be struck. The army was to march to the attack on the following morning.

Among the officers was Colonel Walpole, a favorite of Lord Camden, and who held a confidential situation in the Castle. He had now come down from Dublin that he might have the glory of finishing the war. Though a subordinate officer, no sooner had he entered the camp than he began to give his opinion in a forward manner, as though he were commander-in-chief. General Loftus was annoyed with his officiousness. But he feared to offend him, lest it should bring down upon him the displeasure of his master at the capital. He accordingly assigned him the command of one

of the detachments which was to march against the enemy the following morning.

No sooner had the drum beat at break of day than he was at the head of his column. The day of his glory had come. He was dressed in full uniform, and mounted on a tall, gray horse.

The army now filed out of Gorey in two divisions. General Loftus charged Colonel Walpole to proceed with the utmost caution, and to let him know how he went on. But what is prudence to the brave? He pushed forward to the battle lest his general should arrive first, and anticipate the victory.

Meanwhile the rebels were not asleep. They on their part had been preparing to march on Gorey. Very early that morning they received intelligence of the movements of the royal army, and at the same time that the columns were filing out of Gorey by two roads, the rebel army with better judgment was descending the hill of Corrigrua in a solid body.

Colonel Walpole had not gone far when some rebels were seen at a distance. His officers suggested that they should stop and form, and send out an advanced guard. He put an end to their advice by telling them that *he* was commanding officer. As the number of rebels increased, his officers again begged that the army might be deployed into line, and halt until he could communicate his situation to General Loftus. He answered that the victory should be Colonel Walpole's, and not General Loftus's. He could not stop a moment. He said, "He was afraid the rebels would escape him." There was no danger.

Eager to snatch the triumph, he was advancing at the head of his column, when, at a turn in the road, he found himself within a few paces of the enemy. A confused engagement immediately commenced. The insurgents poured in a deadly fire from the fields on either side of the road. Colonel Walpole was shot through the head. The troops were thrown into disorder, and in a few minutes were in full retreat back to the town, which they had left but an hour ago in all the confidence of victory.*

Meanwhile General Loftus heard the firing, but being at a distance, and on another road, he could not reach the scene of action. He immediately dispatched a company of grenadiers across the fields. This however came up only in time to be intercepted by the victorious rebels, and was wholly destroyed. The general continued his march along the highway, and coming round at last to the field of battle, beheld with horror Colonel Walpole stretched upon the earth. He hurried on in the track of the insurgents toward Gorey, and when after this long circuit, he came in sight of the town which he had left in the morning, he found the insurgents posted on a hill which commands it, and was fired upon from the cannon which had just been taken from his own troops. He did not judge it prudent to attack them in this strong position, and while flushed with victory, nor to enter the town under their guns. He accordingly made a rapid retreat to Carnew.

The detachment of Colonel Walpole had not dared to stop in Gorey, but rushing through the town, fled toward

* For the rashness of Colonel Walpole see Sir Richard Musgrave's History of the Rebellion, vol. i. p. 491–494

Arklow. It was a moment of general panic. The rebel flag floats on Gorey hill! There is a sound of triumph in the camp. Afar off the terrified fugitives hear the noise of the captains and the shouting. Parties flying from the spot are scattered over the country far and near. War-horses, with no riders in their saddles, dash away like wild steeds on the desert. Women and children, piled on jaunting cars, go tilting along the road. Now is the time for horsemen to ride. Ride, ride, brave yeomen; your life is in your horses' speed. On, on, up the hill they spur, and down the steep they plunge. Across the bridges they clatter, racing for dear life. At Arklow a council of war was hastily called, at which it was determined to abandon that town. It was not possible to preserve order. Soldiers threw away their packs to lighten their march. Some mounted on horses did not stop until they reached Dublin. Others sank down by the roadside when their horses could carry them no farther.

This was the most critical moment of the war. The hopes of the insurgents were raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Father Michael Murphy wrote to a friend in Dublin: "Great events are ripening. In a few days we shall meet. We shall have an army of brave republicans, one hundred thousand, with fourteen pieces of cannon, on Tuesday, before Dublin. Your heart will beat high at the news. You will rise with a proportionable force."

The Irish government now became seriously alarmed. The spell of their invincibility was gone. It was evident that the rebellion could be crushed only by an overwhelming force. Men who longed for peace implored the gov-

ernment to try conciliation. But it was too late. The war was begun. They were committed to the contest, and were determined to fight it through. They now acted with a vigor worthy of the crisis. The troops which had fled from Arklow were instantly ordered back, and supported by large reinforcements.

CHAPTER XXI.

Battle of Arklow and New Ross.—Massacres at Scullabogue and Wexford.—The Armies converging.—Sir John Moore defeats the Insurgents near Wexford.—Battle of Vinegar Hill.

Had the insurgents, immediately after Walpole's defeat, marched upon Arklow, it must have fallen without a blow, and a clear road would have been opened to Dublin. But they were detained several days at Gorey for want of ammunition. And when at last they moved north, Arklow was held by a fresh garrison of sixteen hundred men.

And now the roads were black with approaching masses. As the rebel army drew near the town, they halted to form. Each company had a green flag with the harp of Erin in the center. Officers were seen on horseback riding through the ranks, encouraging the men. Then all moved forward. Raising their hats on their pikes and giving the most dreadful yells, they rushed to the attack. They had been divided into two columns. One of these moving along the sea-shore with great rapidity, drove in the guard, penetrated the town, and set it on fire. The battle now raged on all sides. The commander-in-chief wished to order a retreat. The brave Colonel Skerrett begged him to stand firm. He said,

"We can not hope for victory except by preserving our ranks; if we break, all is lost, and from the spirit which I have seen displayed at this awful crisis by the Durham regiment, I can not bear the idea of its giving ground."* Discipline soon evinced its usual superiority over wild courage. The ammunition of the rebels was also exhausted, and they were compelled to fall back toward Gorey.

This kept the rebellion from spreading to the north. Had it burst this barrier, it would have swept through the county of Wicklow, and on to the very gates of the capital. A similar defeat in the south, kept it from spreading in that direction.

While these scenes were transpiring at the north, a battle yet more obstinate and bloody had been fought at the south. The same day that the victorious rebels entered Gorey, the force under Harvey descended from Carrickbyrne Mountain, and advanced to Corbet Hill, within a mile of New Ross. This town lies on the river Barrow, and is the key to the counties of Kilkenny and Waterford. If this were carried, the insurrection would at once become general throughout the south of Ireland. Reinforcements had been pouring into it for several days. It had now a garrison of twelve hundred disciplined troops. Early on the following morning the battle began, and was the hardest of the war. It raged for ten hours. Never was the native courage of the Irish more fully displayed, nor on the other hand the immeasurable advantage of discipline over wild valor. The insurgents at first

* Gordon's History, p. 157

dislodged the troops from behind the walls and ditches, where they were posted, and pressing on, drove them through the town, and across the river. But this first success gained, the Irish gave themselves up to drinking, and forgot the foe. Vigilant and daring, the troops poured back into the town, and the assailants in turn were driven out. Again the place was carried by desperate assault. The masses of the insurgents rushed headlong on the guns of the enemy. The British cannon swept through streets choked with men. The Irish dashed on over the dead. One man, rushing up to the mouth of a cannon, thrust his hat and wig into it, shouting to his comrades, "Come on, boys, she's stopped!" At that instant the gunner applied the match, and he was blown to atoms. Again the town was lost by want of discipline. Three times that day were the royal troops driven from their position, and three times they regained it. At last, after ten hours' desperate fighting, they remained masters of the place, but nearly one fourth of their number had fallen.

As the tide of battle ebbed and flowed, the political character of the panic-struck population changed. The orange ribbon was changed for the green, and the green for the orange. Some of the affrighted inhabitants changed sides two or three times the same day.

The rebel army drew off, defeated for the time, but not dismayed. They retired to a neighboring mountain, where they pitched their camp, answering regularly the morning gun of the garrison.

The most horrible feature of this civil war was the military executions and the wholesale massacres. In the heat of battle neither side gave quarter. It was like the war between the Spaniard and the Moor,—a war to the knife. But the slaughter in battle was mercy to the deeds in cold blood which followed.

On this occasion, a number of runaways from the battle of Ross fled in the direction of Scullabogue, at the foot of Carrickbyrne Mountain, where the rebels had over a hundred prisoners confined in a barn. A rumor was spread that the troops were shooting all their prisoners in Ross. The crowd was wild with excitement. An infuriated mob of men and women rushed to the barn, shouting revenge. The guards tried to drive them back. They were overpowered. The roof was of thatch, and easily set on fire, and the unhappy prisoners were consumed in a body in the flames. This has been represented as a massacre of Protestants by Catholics. But this could hardly be, as there were fifteen Catholics among those who perished. Still religious hatred, doubtless, added intensity to the desire for revenge. These cruelties would have been avoided, had the insurrection been accompanied by a French invasion. Indifferent to all religion, the French would never have permitted persecution for religion's sake. This was fully proved afterward in the invasion of Humbert.

It is but justice to add, that the officers did all in their power to check these atrocities. The next day a proclamation was issued, denouncing death to "whoever should kill or murder any person or prisoner, or set fire to any

house, or commit any plunder, without special *written* orders from the commander-in-chief."

But the passions of the infuriated people could not always be restrained. In spite of orders and guards, a similar tragedy took place a few days after at Wexford. That town was thronged by people flying from the country round, who all had some tale to tell of the cruelty of the soldiery. One man had been flogged; another's house had been burned, and his children driven to beggary; another bewailed with piteous cries his murdered father. The multitude were goaded to indescribable fury. They raged for revenge against the loyalists who were in their power. In vain some men of humanity tried to calm them, and to persuade them to give the prisoners the chance of a trial. "What trial," they exclaimed, "did we, or our friends and relations obtain, when some were hanged, or shot, and others whipped, or otherwise tortured; our houses burned, and ourselves hunted like mad dogs."* Alas, this reasoning would have some force, if it were possible to single out the authors of these atrocities, and punish them as they deserved. But an exasperated multitude do not stop to discriminate, and the innocent often perished with the guilty. The clamor of the weeping and raging populace swelled louder. They rushed to the jail, and brought out the prisoners to the bridge, and thirty-five† who were pointed out as Orangemen, or as having taken part against the people, were piked to death.

We can not sufficiently express our horror at these

* Hay's Wexford Insurrection.

† Hay. Musgrave gives a much larger number.

massacres in cold blood. Yet they were not more atrocious than the butchery of unarmed peasants by the soldiery. The massacres of the troops were less to be excused, for they were under military discipline, and might have been restrained. Indeed, indignantly as we reprobate burning and massacre, we are hardly surprised at these explosions of popular fury. They were measures of retaliation. The king's troops burned the villages of the peasantry. The people retaliated by firing the country-seats of noblemen and the gentry. Scarcely a man of the insurgents but had some friend murdered. They saw corpses lying by the roadside. Their cabins were blazing behind them. And it is not strange that their exasperation was sometimes beyond control.

The massacre of Bloody Friday, near Gorey, was directly provoked by a body of cavalry, who had just scoured the country, shooting down the peasants whom they met. In their revenge it is expressly said, that "no women or children were injured, because the rebels, who professed to act on a plan of retaliation, found, on inquiry, that no women or children of their party had been hurt."*

While this sanguinary struggle was going on in Wexford, where were the men of Ulster? They had constituted the strength of the United Irishmen. Where were they in the hour of battle? Had they been at this moment in the field, the struggle might have terminated in the independence of Ireland. But the arrest of the leaders had disconcerted all the plans of rebellion. Com-

* Gordon's History, p. 192.

munication was cut off between different parts of the country. No one was allowed to travel without a passport. At the same time government could spread its own report of the war. It was said the contest at the south was taking a religious character. Exaggerated stories were told of cruelties practiced by the rebels upon Protestants. This chilled the enthusiasm of the United Irishmen of the north, and they laid on their arms while their brethren were in the field. They struck indeed one sudden and heavy blow. An insurrectionary army appeared near Antrim. A battle was fought, and they were victorious. The town was carried. But their want of discipline soon lost what their valor had gained. The town was retaken the same day. Several bloody engagements followed in the adjoining county of Down. But the rising was not general, and was soon suppressed. Thus the great province of Ulster, though restless and agitated, was kept back from open war.

The government was therefore free to concentrate its whole strength upon a single county. The result between forces so disproportioned could not be doubtful. The fleets of England floated over army after army to the shores of her sister island. The men of Wexford stood alone. Twice had they striven to burst the barriers of the foe, and carry the war into other parts of Ireland. But the two great defeats of Arklow and Ross had kept the Rebellion from spreading beyond the mountains of Wexford. And now the English began to close around the game. The royal armies drew together to surround the stronghold of the Rebellion on Vinegar Hill. This posi-

tion the insurgents had occupied for three weeks. Four different armies now moved toward it. The rebel leaders called in their detachments. An express was sent off with all speed to Wexford for reinforcements. The encampment at the Three Rocks was commanded at this time by Rev. Philip Roche, a boisterous priest, a man of great stature and courage, and not destitute of military capacity. But Father Roche had his hands full. At the same time that four divisions of the royal army were drawing around Vinegar Hill, Sir John Moore was advancing upon Wexford. Father Roche marched resolutely to meet him. As they passed to the battle, old men, women, and children lined the roadside, who fell upon their knees, and prayed for their success. The battle was long and bloody. The rebels showed more discipline than in any previous action of the war. Their force was numerically superior, but from the broken nature of the ground but a part could be brought into action, so that the forces actually engaged on either side were about equal. Thus fairly matched, the battle was sustained with unflinching steadiness for four hours. The rebels at last gave way, but not until their ammunition was exhausted. They had fired their last shot, and night was closing around them, when they drew off from the field.

The same afternoon the divisions designed to attack Vinegar Hill, approached the scene of conflict. General Lake, the commander-in-chief, encamped within two miles. From the plain below, it was easy to see that the Irish forces were in motion on the top of the hill. A priest of

giant stature was particularly noticed, as he was dressed with a cimeter and broad cross-belts, and was mounted on a large horse, and riding from one part of the camp to another, apparently to reconnoiter the enemy. A council of the chiefs was called, at which it was proposed to attack General Lake that night. Had this course been adopted, it would very probably have been successful. The insurgents would have had great advantages in a night attack. Rushing in with their pikes upon a sleeping camp, they might have taken the foe by surprise. In the confusion, discipline could be very imperfectly maintained, and the contest would be decided by hand-to-hand fighting, in which the Irish from their greater numbers would probably have been victorious. Then by rapid marches they might have fallen on the other detachments, and destroyed them in detail. But the Irish, brave to desperation by daylight, had a strange aversion to fighting in the dark. In this democratic army nothing could be done against the will of the people, and the leaders were thus reluctantly compelled to remain in their encampment, and await the attack of their enemies.

The following morning, Thursday, the 21st of June, the long scarlet lines of the British infantry were seen advancing in battle array. The different divisions embodied over thirteen thousand effective men, with a formidable train of artillery. The battle began with a cannonade, which was so heavy that it was heard distinctly at Wexford. Under cover of their batteries the several columns moved proudly up the hill. Some hedges ran across the slope, from behind which the rebels poured in a deadly fire.

General Lake's horse was shot under him, still the troops, strong in numbers and in discipline, bore up, the rebels retreating slowly as they advanced. That the insurgents by this time had acquired some discipline, is evident from the fact that they stood the assault of such an army so long. General Lake, in his account of the battle, says that "the rebels maintained their ground obstinately for an hour and a half." At length, feeling the columns pressing against them from opposite sides, and seeing that they were likely to be surrounded, they gave way.

The war might have terminated here with the surrender of the whole rebel army. But the division of General Needham failed to arrive in time for the battle. Thus a wide gap was left in the line which was to surround the mountain. Through this the insurgents now rushed like a torrent. The British troops marched to the top of the hill. But the enemy had disappeared. The battle was gained, but the prey had escaped. And while the victors occupied the heights which they had just left, the war-cries of the foe were dying away far to the south, like the distant roaring of a lion, that has cleared the hunters at a bound, and is retreating through the forest.

CHAPTER XXII.

Guerilla Fighting kept up in the Mountains.—Warlike Character of the Irish.—Their great want that of Able Officers.—Death of Fitzgerald.—Desolations of the War.

But the battle was lost, and with that went down the cause of the Rebellion. From that day the rebels were no more able to meet the royal armies in the field. From the first rising in Wexford until the decisive battle of Vinegar Hill was less than four weeks, with such rapidity were executed the operations of this short but bloody campaign. The same day Sir John Moore marched triumphantly into Wexford. Thus the places so lately thronged with the forces of the Rebellion, now resounded with the drums of the victorious soldiers.

One hope only remained—to retire into the mountains, and keep up a guerilla warfare until aid should arrive from France. One of the songs of the period ran—

> "Up the rocky mountain, and down the boggy glyn,
> We'll keep them in agitation until the French come in."

With this purpose the rebels executed a rapid retreat into the county of Kilkenny. For weeks after the line of battle was broken, bands of savage warriors roamed upon the

mountains, eluding the enemy by the swiftness of their marches, and carrying terror through the land. At a late day Lord Cornwallis came to Ireland with an offer of general amnesty, and the main battalions of the insurrection laid down their arms.*

Such were the principal events of this memorable civil war. But much of what was most heroic and wild and brave, can not be told. The combats of peasant and yeoman hand to hand, the conflicts of detached bands, were too numerous and desultory to be woven into a connected tale. Vain were it to recount the strifes by rock and glen. The mountainous character of the country afforded peculiar facilities for a guerilla warfare. Often straggling parties met in narrow defiles, and instantly rushed to the shock as those who would neither give nor take quarter. Sometimes peasants crouched in ambush beside the road along which poured a squadron of cavalry. On they came, their plumes dancing in the air, when suddenly uprose a thousand pikes. The bullets flew thick like hail. Away went the foeman and his steed. One shout, one rush, and all was over:

> "And silence settled, deep and still,
> On the lone wood and mighty hill."

* For a still longer time small bands continued to ravage the country. One party lurking in the woods near Enniscorthy, called themselves *Babes of the Wood.* Another under Holt and Hacket concealed themselves in the Wicklow Mountains. Issuing from their fastnesses, they fell suddenly upon detached villages, firing dwellings, and cutting off Orangemen and loyalists, and retreating swiftly into their eagle's nest.

This Rebellion showed fully the natural warlike character of the Irish. It brought to view many military traits, particularly their courage and physical hardihood. In the heat of battle the Irish were brave to desperation. With discipline to regulate their valor, they would have made invincible soldiers. But left to themselves, their courage was impulsive rather than steady and obstinate. They attacked with impetuosity, but if received with a heavy fire, their ardor often turned into a panic, and ended in flight. When going into battle, they raised their hats on their pikes, and gave a shout to strike terror into their enemies. The impulsive character of the Irish was amusingly shown in a little affair after the battle of Arklow. The rebels had taken post on a hill near Gorey. Here they were quite secure, as the terror of their arms kept the royal troops within the large towns. Wearied with this inaction, most of the insurgents had dispersed, or returned to the camp on Vinegar Hill, until there remained not more than a hundred men. Thus defenseless, they were surprised one day by the approach of a troop of horse. Seized with a panic, half of the rebels ran away. But not so the rest. These stripped themselves to their shirts that they might be more active for the fight, and seizing their pikes, they ran to attack the foe with such fury that the yeomen were glad to turn their horses' heads and gallop away.*

Another remarkable feature of the Irish warfare was the rapidity of their marches. They shot across the country with great swiftness. No veterans could have borne

* Gordon's History, p. 136.

better the fatigues of a campaign. "The hardiness and agility of the laboring classes," says Gordon, "were in the course of the rebellion very remarkable. Their swiftness of foot, and activity in passing over brooks and ditches, were such, that in crossing the fields, they could not always be overtaken by horsemen; and with so much strength of constitution were they found to be endued, that to kill them was difficult, many after a multitude of stabs, not expiring until their necks were cut across. In fact the number of persons who in the various battles, massacres and skirmishes of this war, were shot through the body, and recovered of their wounds, has greatly surprised me." By this celerity of movement they long baffled the royal troops, and kept up a guerilla warfare in the mountains, when they could no longer engage in pitched battles.

The government will long remember the men of Wexford. Many of these, being fowlers along the sea-board, were excellent marksmen.

The destruction effected in two months showed with what desperation they fought. The loss of lives was immense. In that time there fell on the side of the government twenty thousand, and of the people fifty thousand. But courage and despair could not avail against disciplined legions.

Still the effort which it cost to put down the Rebellion in a single county renders it probable that, had it been general, it could not have been suppressed. It was the opinion of the ablest general then in Ireland, Sir John Moore, that had the French landed at the crisis of the Re-

bellion, the result would probably have been the total overthrow of English power in that country.

The want of the Irish was that of able leaders. They had brave officers. But they needed at the head men of military skill to conduct the general operations of the war. Many of their officers were Catholic priests, men of courage and resolution, and possessed of boundless influence over the people, but not skilled in the art of war, nor qualified to conduct a campaign.

Had Fitzgerald led on the rebellion, the result might have been very different. One sight of the idol of the people riding along the lines would have brought their broken ranks into battle array. His name would have been a host.

> "One blast upon his bugle-horn
> Were worth a thousand men."

He would have saved the wasted valor of the Irish; the useless sacrifice of lives. The blows dealt with such violence would have been aimed with fatal skill. But Fitzgerald's days of battle were over.

> "No sound could awake him to glory again."

At the very moment that the most bloody battles of the war were fought, his spirit was passing through another strife. Since his arrest, though dying of his wound, not a friend had been allowed to see him. No entreaties could avail with the hearts of stone which then ruled Ireland. At last, as he approached his end, his brother

was permitted to enter his cell. Poor Lord Edward was wandering. But the sobs and kisses of his brother recalled him to himself. He could only speak in whispers. But he fixed his dying eyes upon him with an indescribable look of affection. He said, "I knew it must come to this, and we must all go." But he murmured not at his fate. And when his brother knelt down by his bed, and kissed him again and again, he returned his embrace with a tenderness and satisfaction which seemed to say that now he was ready to die. That same night he ceased to breathe.

Fitzgerald was dead! The young, the brave, the high-born, was no more. Cold as marble was his brow. His eye no more returned the kindly glance. His hand no more felt and gave the friendly grasp. His active limbs were straightened for the grave. Of that frame, so late full of exuberant life, all that remained was dust.

From one end of Ireland to the other came upon the air a wail of sorrow. When the hearse turned away from the prison, bearing the noble dead, many an eye was wet with tears. All classes joined in this feeling, from the royal family to the negro servant. "George IV. on his first interview with the afflicted mother of his friend, is said to have wept with all the tenderness of a woman in speaking of him." "Poor Tony never held up his head after his noble master's death, and very soon followed him."

The ardent character of the Irish peasantry was fully shown in this Rebellion—brave in battle, fighting like a tiger at bay, savage in their revenge, yet affectionate to

their friends, and faithful to the last to their cause. They often judged hastily. They were suspicious, for they had suffered long. Toward Orangemen, whom they regarded as their exterminators, they were implacable. Their camp exhibited many scenes at which a merciful man must shudder. But if a stranger presented himself, who had claims to their hospitality, or who had suffered in their cause, he was welcomed with the enthusiasm with which Rob Roy was greeted by his clan.*

Even women shared the universal enthusiasm. They followed their husbands and brothers in the march. And often in the heat of battle, they were seen rushing through the smoke of conflict, to carry cordials to the wounded, and to support the heads of the dying on their faithful breasts.

And now the war was over. The blast of the bugle called home the pursuing legions. Peace was again in the land. Seven weeks had passed, and what a change! A hurricane had swept across the island. Now the air was still. But everywhere the eye saw marks of that desolating track. Many a village was in ashes. Fighting was ended, but weeping remained. Sobs were heard from many a lowly cot. Sons and brothers were gone. The spring saw them "full of lusty life,"—the midsummer saw them scattered like autumn leaves. Now their cabin was more desolate than ever. Many a father came not back from the war. The peasant's wife, whose true Irish heart led her at night to the field of the unburied slain, recognized,

* See Teeling's Personal Narrative of the Rebellion, for an account of his own reception in the Irish camp, p. 183.

with his face upturned to the moon, the cold clay of him whom she had followed through scenes of poverty and woe.

Yet the memory of the Rebellion of 1798 is still cherished with pride among the peasantry of Ireland. Tales of personal heroism are transmitted from father to son. And melancholy as were many scenes of this civil war, disastrous as was its issue, none can deny to those who took up arms, that they had many wrongs, and that they fought with a bravery worthy of men struggling for liberty. As Lord Chatham said of the civil war in the time of Charles I., "There was mixed with the public cause in that struggle, ambition, sedition, and violence. But no man will persuade me that it was not the cause of liberty on the one side, and of tyranny on the other."

CHAPTER XXIII.

New French Expedition.—Humbert sails without Orders.—Lands at Killala in the North of Ireland.—Takes Possession of the Town.—Is quartered in the Bishop's Palace.—Defeats General Lake at Castlebar.—Surrenders to Cornwallis.

Stationed on the coast of France, Tone had watched the progress of the Rebellion with impatience, amounting to agony. His hopes had been raised to a high pitch by the formation of the Army of England, and the appointment of Napoleon to the command. But his spirits sunk as he saw successive divisions of this magnificent army suddenly leave the north of France, and march toward the Mediterranean.* On the 20th of June, Bonaparte sailed from Toulon for Egypt. The Rebellion in Ireland broke out three days after. When the news reached France that the war had actually begun, Tone urged the Directory to hurry off an expedition with all speed. His heart was faint as to the prospect of success. Still he felt bound to make every exertion to help his countrymen, and especially now that they were exposed to the hazards

* "Poor Hoche!" writes Tone. "It is now that we feel the loss of his friendship and influence! If he were alive, he would be in Ireland in a month, if he went only with his staff in a fishing-boat. I fear we shall not easily meet with his fellow."

of war. An armament was set on foot, but Carnot, "the organizer of victory," was no longer in power. Tone was called up to Paris, to consult with the ministers of the army and navy on the organization of a new expedition. But with that dilatoriness which now marked the councils of the Directory, it was delayed for weeks, when every day was precious. At length, after the Rebellion had been crushed, the expedition sailed.

Even now it might have effected its object, but for the indiscretion of an officer. General Humbert, who was appointed to command a division of the invading army, had risen from the ranks. He had gained some distinction in the war in La Vendée, and was one of the generals under Hoche in the Bantry Bay Expedition. He was now stationed at Rochelle with eleven hundred men, destined to form part of the new invasion. He waited with impatience for the order to embark. But from week to week the expedition hung along. Meanwhile refugees from Ireland, who had escaped from the insurrection, arrived in great numbers in the French ports, with their blood boiling from battle. Humbert listened with eagerness to their tales. His spirit chafed with impatience at the delay. He would wait no longer. He called on the merchants and magistrates of Rochelle to advance a small sum of money, marched his men on board three frigates that were lying in the harbor, and compelled the captains to set sail.

This small force reached the Irish coast in safety. On the 22d of August they arrived off the harbor of Killala, in the county of Mayo, in the north-west part of Ireland. They immediately landed, and took possession of the

town. Humbert led on shore 70 officers and 1030 men; a force about as diminutive as that with which Cortez undertook the conquest of Mexico.

The general, with his staff, immediately took up his quarters in the bishop's palace. This reverend dignitary had expected a visitation from the clergy of his diocese, when the arrival of the French furnished him with unexpected guests. These were not the men whom he had bidden to the feast. Still they seemed disposed to make themselves at home, and to be agreeable. At first he was not a little alarmed at this irruption of barbarians. But Humbert begged him to be under no apprehension. He should be treated with respect and attention, and his people should be protected in their property. Nothing should be taken by the French troops but what was absolutely necessary for their support,—a promise which, the bishop himself says, was religiously observed.

Indeed no one could desire from a hostile force a more generous treatment than that which he received. A suite of apartments in the palace was reserved to the bishop and his family; and no one was allowed to disturb their privacy. Indeed the officers seemed particularly anxious to show their politeness. In the town, so long as the French remained, the strictest discipline was preserved. No plunder was permitted, no persecution of Protestants by the Catholic peasantry.

Thus relieved of his fears, the bishop had opportunity to observe closely this foreign army. For two weeks he saw them daily; and a narrative, supposed to be by him, furnishes minute and most interesting details of the officers

and soldiers. He says, "Intelligence, activity, temperance, patience, to a surprising degree, appeared to be combined in the soldiery that came over with Humbert; together with the exactest obedience to discipline. Yet, if you except the grenadiers, they had nothing to catch the eye. Their stature for the most part was low, their complexion pale and sallow, their clothes much the worse for the wear; to a superficial observer they would have appeared incapable of enduring almost any hardship. These were the men, however, of whom it was presently observed, that they could be well content to live on bread or potatoes, to drink water, to make the stones of the street their bed, and to sleep in their clothes, with no covering but the canopy of heaven. One half of their number had served in Italy under Bonaparte; the rest were of the army of the Rhine, where they had suffered distresses that well accounted for their thin persons and wan looks. Several of them declared, with all the marks of sincerity, that at the siege of Mentz, during the preceding winter, they had for a long time slept on the ground, in holes made four feet deep under the snow. And an officer, pointing to his leather small-clothes, assured the bishop that he had not taken them off for a twelvemonth."*

Of what heterogeneous materials this little invading army was composed is seen from this mention of five soldiers that lodged in one house. The man on whom they were quartered, thus describes his guests:—"When they entered my house, I implored them to spare the lives of me and my wife. They raised us from our knees, and

* Gordon's History, p. 306.

said, 'Vive!' They demanded bread, beef, wine and beer, and by supplying them with those articles, as far as my purse went, I obtained their good-will. The rebels who accompanied them at first plundered us of various articles, but one day, when they revisited us, I alarmed my foreign inmates, who expelled and chastised them severely. One of them was from Holland; I gave him my watch, but he kindly returned it. Another was from Paris, was mild, learned, and rather silent; he had been a priest, but on the overthrow of his order, became a soldier. He denied a future existence. One a Spaniard, was as intrepid as Hannibal. Since the age of fifteen he had followed the profession of a soldier. He had been a prisoner in Prussia, in Paris, and in London. He had been confined in a dungeon at Constantinople. He crossed the Alps with Bona parte, and fought under him in Italy. His body, head, and face, were covered with wounds. He was a hard drinker, a great swearer, and mocked at religion; and yet he was very fond of children, and never entered my apartment without inquiring after my wife. The fourth was from Rochelle, and the fifth from Toulon."*

But an army, composed of such materials, was likely to prove troublesome. The danger was imminent of a new insurrection. The spirit of rebellion, so lately quelled, started up again at the least prospect of revolution. The peasants in great numbers flocked to the invading standard. A camp was formed in the bishop's meadows near Killala. The French furnished the peasants with arms, and began to instruct them in military discipline.

* Sir Richard Musgrave's History, vol. ii. p. 157.

If any of the peasantry thought to make this a religious war, they were quite disappointed. The French officers were much amused, to hear their Irish recruits say that they had come to take arms for France and for the blessed Virgin! They replied that they had just deposed Mr. Pope in Italy, and did not expect to see him so soon in Ireland.

But the movement gained force with every hour's delay. The news that the French had effected a landing soon spread through Ireland, and set the whole island in agitation. Not a moment was to be lost. Lord Cornwallis prepared to march against the enemy in person at the head of his whole army.

A body of four thousand men was soon assembled at Castlebar, under General Lake, the conqueror of Vinegar Hill. This was far on the northern road, and in a position to watch or attack the enemy. But Humbert did not wait to receive the English at Killala. Learning the position of General Lake at Castlebar, he left a garrison of two hundred men to hold Killala, and sallying out with a force of nine hundred, and about a thousand raw Irish, he marched with great celerity to the south. The main road runs direct to Castlebar. He had given out that he should march by this route. The news soon reached the ears of spies that were lurking about the camp, who lost no time in conveying it to the enemy. A heavy force was accordingly thrown forward to intercept him. He left Killala just at evening, filing out, as he had declared his intention, on the main road. On this he advanced some distance, when suddenly he turned to the right, and struck into the

mountains. He now found himself in a circuitous road which was almost impassable for artillery. It led through a narrow defile where a single company with a field-piece, could have stopped the advance of his whole army. But the British generals no more thought that the French would advance in that direction, than that they would drop down from the sky.

It was hardly daybreak next morning when a yeoman, who had been out to look after his farm, came galloping into Castlebar with a report that a large body of men in blue clothes, were advancing on the road from the mountains. "What were these which came in such questionable shape?" The general was instantly in his saddle, and attended by a few dragoons rode forward to reconnoiter. He had gone about three miles, when he saw the advanced guard of the French sweeping up the road. A report of fire-arms, and bullets whistling past, admonished him to change his course. He wheeled his horse, and general and troopers spurred back to town faster than they came.

Now all was bustle in the camp. The drum beat to arms. The garrison was marched out of town to a rising ground, which gave them an advantageous position fronting the enemy. Scarcely were they drawn up in battle array, before the French columns were seen advancing. When drawn out in line to face the four thousand English troops, the little French army made but a slim figure. They were weary with a toilsome night's march, while the English were as fresh as if drawn up on parade. Their batteries were in position, and began to thunder across the

field. Several shot struck the French line, and caused it to fall back. But they had no thought of retreating. "In a short time, they were perceived deploying from the center, which was performed in a quick, masterly style, with the files very open." The rapid evolutions of the French, and their bold front, struck terror into their enemies. Suddenly the English troops were seized with a panic. As the French advanced, they broke, and in spite of every effort of their officers to rally them, ran for life. They rushed through the town, and continued their flight with such rapidity that they reached Tuam, thirty miles distant, the same night. They left fourteen pieces of artillery in the hands of the French.

The defeat was indeed most disgraceful. The effects might have been disastrous to English rule in Ireland, if Lord Cornwallis had not been advancing with a powerful army. Humbert was now obliged to stand upon the defense. He retreated behind the Shannon, and held out until the 8th of September. It was not until he was surrounded by nearly thirty thousand troops, that he surrendered. If an officer of but ordinary military talent, with one thousand Frenchmen, could so alarm the whole island, how long would the Irish government have stood against Hoche, with his fifteen thousand veterans?

CHAPTER XXIV.

Last Expedition of Tone.—Captured in a Naval Engagement.—Trial before a Court Martial.—Curran's Efforts to save him.—Sentence.—Last Letter to his Wife.—Death.

The progress of events now brings to the theater of war the moving spirit of the revolution. The precipitancy of Humbert in sailing without orders, threw the Directory into the greatest perplexity. They must openly desert him, or support him by an immediate reinforcement. It had been designed that the expedition should consist of nine thousand men, but time was more important than numbers, and as soon as three thousand could be assembled, they were embarked on board a squadron consisting of one line-of-battle ship, eight frigates, and one schooner, and sailed for Ireland. Tone felt that the attempt with such a force was desperate, but he had always said that if but a corporal's guard went, he should go with them. He was on board the Hoche, a seventy-four, with the admiral. It was on the 20th of September, 1798, that he bade adieu to the shores of France, which he was never to see again.

Admiral Bompart was an excellent seaman, and once out of port, he sailed away far into the Atlantic, making a broad sweep to the west, to avoid the English fleets. After

twenty days he came round on the extreme north of Ireland, as the Bantry Bay expedition was destined for the extreme south. They were now off the mouth of Lough Swilly, which leads up toward the city of Londonderry. But the land was awake. Humbert's expedition had just struck terror through the island. The panic had not yet subsided. The appearance of strange ships off the coast instantly renewed the alarm. Scarcely had the French fleet come in sight of land before it was signaled. From hill to hill the sign of danger flew. English ships of war were constantly "prowling like guardian giants around the coast," and the next morning, before the troops could be landed, the squadron of Admiral Warren, consisting of six sail of the line, one razee of sixty guns and two frigates, was seen bearing down upon them. There was no chance for the seventy-four to escape. Bompart signaled to the smaller ships to retreat through shallow water. At the last moment a boat came from the Biche, a schooner, to receive his orders. This was his smallest vessel, and had the best chance to get off. The French officers urged Tone to escape on board of her. "Our contest," they said, "is hopeless; we shall be prisoners of war, but what will become of you?" "Shall it be said," replied Tone, "that I fled while the French were fighting the battles of my country?" No, he would stand or fall upon that deck.

Having first cared for the safety of the other ships, Bompart prepared alone to sustain the honor of France. The flag soared to the main-peak. The ship was cleared for action. Bulkheads were knocked down to leave a clear space for her batteries. The guns were run out. Rows

of seamen stood along the decks, with powder and ball, and blazing matches in their hands.

Now ensued one of the most terrible battles ever fought on the ocean. Part of the British squadron had been sent in chase of the flying frigates. But four sail of the line and a frigate surrounded the Hoche. The undaunted Frenchman commanded his batteries to open their fire. The ship quivered under the thunders of her triple deck. But she was answered by the broadsides of a whole squadron. The shot whizzed through the rigging. Down came mast and spar. Again they crashed through the timbers of the ship. Her ribs of oak yawned to the inrushing sea. Men at the guns slipped up in their comrades' blood. The gangways were choked with seamen carrying down shipmates with their arms and legs shot away. The cockpit was crowded with the dying.

For six long hours the spectators on the neighboring shores watched the combat. At length the firing ceased. Every gun was dismounted, every mast shot away. The French flag dropped beside the wreck. But it sunk that day in glory on the sea.

During the action Tone commanded a battery, and fought with the desperation of a man who courts death. But thus often is it, that those who madly seek for Death, he shuns.

When the ship was taken, Tone passed among the officers without being discovered, for he had become a Frenchman in his appearance and language. It was known from the journals of Paris that he was in the expedition, and on board the Hoche, but the impression passed through the

fleet that he had fallen in the engagement. Perhaps the British officers, with the generosity of brave men, were not too curious in inquiring into the matter. At length the prisoners were taken on shore, and an old fellow-student of Tone at Trinity College, Sir George Hill, undertook to discover the arch rebel. The officers were all invited to breakfast with the Earl of Cavan. While seated together, this gentleman entered the room, followed by police officers. Examining narrowly the faces of those before him, he singled out the object of his search, and stepping up, said, "Mr. Tone, I am *very happy* to see you." Tone rose, and replied with perfect composure: "Sir George, I am happy to see you; how are Lady Hill and your family?" He was beckoned into another room, ironed, mounted on horseback, under an escort of dragoons, and hurried away to Dublin.

A court-martial was soon assembled. On the day of his trial the neighborhood of the barracks where he was confined was crowded with spectators, and as soon as the doors of the court-room were thrown open, they rushed in and filled every corner of the hall.

Tone appeared in the uniform of a Chef-de-brigade. The court were struck with his intrepid bearing. They had his life in their hands, but they could not shake the firmness of his mind.

The judge-advocate proceeded to read the charges against the prisoner, of levying war traitorously against his majesty, and closed by asking whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

Tone replied, "I mean not to give the court any use-

less trouble, and wish to spare them the idle task of examining witnesses. I admit all the facts alledged, and only request leave to read an address which I have prepared for the occasion."

An officer interposed—"I must warn the prisoner, that, in acknowledging those *facts*, he admits to his prejudice that he has acted *traitorously* against his majesty. Is such his intention?"

"Stripping this charge of the technicality of its terms, it means, I presume, by the word 'traitorously' that I have been found in arms against the soldiers of the king in my native country. I admit this accusation in its most extended sense, and request again to explain to the court the reasons and motives of my conduct."

He proceeded to vindicate his political course, not to change the decision of the court, for that he knew was already determined, but as a last appeal to the judgment of his country and of posterity. He declared frankly that he had meditated much on the political state of Ireland, and that he saw no hope of amelioration but by a separation from England. The connection with Great Britain he regarded as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that while it lasted, his country could not be free nor happy. Therefore he struggled openly to break that connection, and to deliver his land from bondage. Finding her bound hand and foot, he had sought in a foreign power for aid to begin the work of revolution. He designed by fair and open war, to procure the separation of the two countries. Without money, without friends, or interest of any kind, by his bold and disinterested devotion to the

liberation of Ireland, he had raised himself to the confidence of the French government, and to a high place in their armies. To attain that object he had given up all the hopes of his youth. "I have sacrificed," he said, "all my views in life; I have courted poverty; I have left a beloved wife unprotected, and children whom I adored, fatherless. After such sacrifices, in a cause which I have always conscientiously considered as the cause of justice and freedom, it is no great effort, at this day, to add the sacrifice of my life."

Still he knew that with the multitude such self-devotion is little regarded, when not followed by successful revolution. "In a cause like this success is every thing. Success, in the eyes of the vulgar, fixes its merits. Washington succeeded, and Kosciusko failed."

His address throughout breathed a high disdain of any subterfuge by which his life could be saved. "As to the connection between this country and Great Britain, I repeat it, all that has been imputed to me, words, writings, and actions, I here deliberately avow. I have spoken and acted with reflection, and on principle, and am ready to meet the consequences. Whatever be the sentence of this court, I am prepared for it. Its members will surely discharge their duty. I shall take care not to be wanting to mine."

The calmness and dignity of this address awed his judges. For some moments the court sat in silence. The audience stood in breathless expectation. At length Tone spoke to request a favor of the court. In France the emigrants who had served against their country, were

adjudged to a soldier's death. He requested that the same favor might be accorded him, and that he might be shot by a file of grenadiers. Even this was denied. He was sentenced to be executed in forty-eight hours.

This sentence was manifestly unjust. Tone was not a subject of his Britannic Majesty, and could not be tried for treason. He was a subject of France, an officer in the French army, and entitled to the rights of a prisoner of war. Had the execution been delayed, the French government would have reclaimed him. In fact, as soon as the news of his capture reached Paris, the Directory did reclaim him, but it was too late. It is a curious fact, that, when Carnot was in power, he had detained Sir Sidney Smith as a prisoner of war, to serve as a hostage in such an event as that which now occurred. But that brave officer had escaped from the Temple, and found his way to Egypt, there to defeat the gigantic schemes of Napoleon by his memorable defense of Acre. A year after the death of Tone, the famous Napper Tandy, an Irish officer, who held rank in the French army, was seized at Hamburg, and perfidiously delivered up to the English government. He was threatened with death. But Bonaparte was then first consul. He immediately reclaimed his officer, and named an English prisoner of equal rank to answer with his life for his safety. At the same time he imposed a heavy fine upon the city of Hamburg for their breach of neutrality, in giving up a French officer. Tandy was soon exchanged, and lived and died in the French service.

But the men who now ruled Ireland did not care for

justice. They had at last in their power their great enemy, —the man who had stirred up the spirit of revolution, and who had projected three foreign invasions,—and they were too anxious to put him out of the way to listen to reason, or to stop at forms of law.

At this moment, when terror palsied every tongue, Curran, to his immortal honor, stepped forward to defend Tone. Sampson had been released from prison, on condition of leaving the country, and was then awaiting a ship to convey him to Portugal. Almost every day, while Tone was confined in Dublin barracks, Curran was at Sampson's house, devising means to save him. His object was to get the case before a civil court. There was no reason why martial law should be longer enforced. The rebellion was over. The war was ended. Was then the reign of terror to continue? Or was that of law and order to begin? The Court of King's Bench was then sitting in Dublin. If Tone had been guilty of treason, that was the great criminal court of the land, before which he should be brought.

On the very day appointed for the execution, Curran appeared in court, leading up the aged father of Tone. He presented a motion to arrest the sentence. Lord Kilwarden, who sat on the bench, was a great lover of justice, and he instantly ordered a writ of habeas corpus to bring Tone before the court. The sheriff proceeded to the barracks, but the officers refused to obey the requisition. The court was thrown into the greatest agitation. It seemed probable that Tone would be led out to execution in defiance of the laws. Lord Kilwarden ordered the sheriff to take the

officers into custody. He proceeded again to the barracks, but could not obtain admission. He, however, brought back word that Tone had committed suicide.

The circumstances of Tone's death were strikingly similar to those of the late Count Batthiany of Hungary. Both, it was fated, should complete the evidence of devotion to their country by the sacrifice of life. To neither was it permitted to fall in the front of honorable battle. Both requested as a last favor that they might die a soldier's death. Both attempted suicide.

Tone did not wish to survive his country. Now that the last hope of revolution had failed, it was his time to die. His enemies had made an altar of his ruined country, and with a calm step he ascended the funeral pile. One pang alone shot across his breast. It was the thought of his wife and children. After writing to the Directory of France, and to several companions in arms, to commend his family to their care, he thus addressed his wife:—

"Dearest love,—The hour is at last come when we must part. As no words can express what I feel for you and our children, I shall not attempt it; complaint of any kind would be beneath your courage and mine; be assured I will die as I have lived, and that you will have no cause to blush for me.

"I have written on your behalf to the French government, to the minister of marine, to Gen. Kilmaine and to Mr. Shee; with the latter I wish you especially to advise. In Ireland I have written to your brother Harry, and to

those of my friends who are about to go into exile, and who, I am sure, will not abandon you.

"Adieu, dearest love. I find it impossible to finish this letter. Give my love to Mary, and above all things remember that you are now the only parent of our dearest children, and that the best proof that you can give of your affection for me, will be to preserve yourself for their education. God Almighty bless you all.

"Yours ever, T. W. TONE."

In a second letter he says, "Keep your courage as I have kept mine; my mind is as tranquil this moment as at any period of my life."

On the night of the 11th of November, it is said, that from his windows he could see and hear the soldiers erecting the gallows. The next day was appointed for his execution. But that morning he was discovered by the sentry to have inflicted a deep wound upon his neck. A surgeon was called in who stopped the blood, so that he did not immediately expire. Seven days he lay dying. Not a friend was suffered to approach him. He lay alone with his unconquerable mind. On the eighth morning, the surgeon, who bent over him, whispered, that if he attempted to move or speak, he must expire instantly. Tone faintly murmured in reply, "I can yet find words to thank you, sir; it is the most welcome news you could give me. What should I wish to live for?" With these words his heroic spirit passed away.*

* The members of this family seemed doomed to a tragical fate. Of sixteen children, but five lived to maturity, four sons and one daughter, all of

whom were destined to be wanderers in the world and to an early death. Matthew was a captain of grenadiers in Humbert's expedition. He was taken prisoner, tried for high treason, and executed in Dublin barracks. Two months later Theobald died as above related near the same spot. William had gone to India, and entered the service of the Mahrattas. He rose to the rank of major, and commanded a free corps composed of adventurers of all nations. He was killed in storming a fort in one of the Indian wars. Arthur, a beautiful boy, had accompanied his brother to America. On his return he entered the Dutch navy, under the patronage of Admiral De Winter. Here he became a universal favorite. He was in several battles, and distinguished himself by his bravery. He was another Casabianca.* Being taken prisoner he was discovered by an Irish officer in a corner of the ship, weeping over an account of his brother's death. By the assistance of this kind-hearted countryman he made his escape. At eighteen he commanded a frigate. He sailed for the East Indies, and was never heard of. He is supposed to have perished at sea. Mary, who had married a Swiss merchant, accompanied him to the West Indies, and died at St. Domingo. None of them reached thirty-six years of age. Their mother survived them all. The only living descendant of this family now resides in New York.

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* "The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flames that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead."

MRS. HEMAN'S POEMS.

CHAPTER XXV.

Lord Cornwallis.—Fate of the State Prisoners.—Compromise proposed by Government.—Examination before a Secret Committee.—Mitigations of Captivity.—Emmet's Wife and Sister.—The Prisoners are sent to Fort George in Scotland.—Liberated at the Peace of Amiens.

The coming of Lord Cornwallis saved Ireland to Great Britain. Again we meet a military chieftain distinguished in America. The new Lord Lieutenant was the same whose surrender at Yorktown terminated the war of the Revolution. As we had occasion to admire the character of our gallant foes, Earl Moira and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and to see them afterward fighting in the cause of liberty, so Cornwallis, though he led armies against us, deserves to be remembered in history, as a most humane and honorable man. His arrival in Ireland was hailed as the advent of peace and order in a distracted land. Even the poor peasantry, whose sympathies had been all with the Rebellion, were glad to have Ireland governed by a plain-dealing, straight-forward soldier. They said, "Sure, this is a brave man they've sint us now; he holds the *swoord* of war and the *swoord of pace*, and sure we may do as we like now."

But he had a great work to bring things into order.

He soon found out the wretched misgovernment of Ireland. But all the officers in power, from the ministers to the hired informer, seemed leagued against him. They resisted every measure of conciliation and redress. They wanted fire and slaughter still to ravage the land. They concealed from their chief whatever was likely to reflect on their own corruption or cruelty. But Lord Cornwallis had long been accustomed to rule in the camp, and he soon made them feel that they had a master. He speedily found out the iniquity of the courts, and the cruelties of the soldiery; and he raged in a style of imperial indignation.

An instance of the courage and humanity of this nobleman, and of his horror at the shocking brutalities of the military, occurred soon after he entered on the office of Lord Lieutenant.

In October of '98, when the Rebellion was crushed, and there was no longer any excuse for severity, a yeoman of the name of Hugh Wollaghan, entered the cabin of a peasant, and seeing a sickly boy, said to him, "You dog, you are to die here." His mother screamed out to him not to murder her son. But he coolly drew up his gun, and discharged it into his body. The boy staggered toward his mother, saying, "Pray for me." Wollaghan left the house, but soon returned, and said, "Is not the dog dead yet?" and shot him again, when he fell and died.

The barbarity of this murder was too great to be passed over, even by the king's officers. Wollaghan was brought before a court-martial in Dublin barracks. The fact of the murder was not denied. But he was acquitted

on the ground that orders had been given to the corps, that if they should meet with any rebels whom they knew, *or suspected to be such,* they need not be at the trouble of bringing them in, but *might shoot them on the spot.*

The blood of Lord Cornwallis boiled when he heard of this unrighteous decision. He immediately wrote to the commanding officer, that "he entirely disapproved of the sentence of the court-martial acquitting Hugh Wollaghan of a cruel and deliberate murder, of which by the clearest evidence he had been guilty." He ordered "that the court-martial should be immediately dissolved—and that Hugh Wollaghan should be dismissed from the corps of yeomanry in which he served; and that he should not be received into any other corps of yeomanry in the kingdom. This order he directed to be read to the president and members of the court-martial in open court."

He also directed that a new court-martial should be immediately convened for the trial of other prisoners; and that none of the officers who sat upon Hugh Wollaghan be admitted as members.

It was now a question with the government what should be done with the state-prisoners. The appetite for blood had been glutted with executions. Lord Cornwallis, the new viceroy, was anxious for conciliation. It was proposed to the prisoners to grant a general amnesty, on condition that they should disclose the organization and plans of the United Irishmen. The prisoners on their part had no longer any motive for concealment, since the Rebellion had failed. Indeed, they might be glad to have an authentic account of their designs to go forth from themselves,

rather than to be represented by their enemies. They were further urged to this by the desire of saving their countrymen, who were decimated by executions. Two of their companions, Byrne and Bond, were already under sentence of death. Byrne had been offered his life on condition of saying something to criminate Lord Edward Fitzgerald, now in his grave. If any man could be excused for saving himself at the expense of a calumny on the dead, it was Byrne. He was but twenty-one years old. He had just been married, and had every motive to cling to life. But he spurned this base proposal with scorn, and perished on the scaffold.

This execution thrilled the prisoners with horror. Bond's execution was fixed for the next day. The scaffold was erected. The coffin stood in the yard. The prisoners could hesitate no longer. They felt bound to yield every thing but their honor, to stop the farther shedding of blood. The proposition of the government was first brought to the prison by Secretary Cooke. Dr. McNeven replied in his blunt way that, until they had the assurance of Lord Cornwallis, they would have nothing to do with it. Accordingly three of the prisoners, Arthur O'Connor, Emmet and McNeven, who were deputed to act for the whole, were brought up to the Castle, and had an interview with the Lord Lieutenant in person surrounded by his ministers. Castlereagh proposed that they should disclose the names of their confederates. This they indignantly refused. If that was insisted on, they declared that there was an end of the negotiation. They were willing to give full information of the plans of the United Irishmen, and of all that

had passed between them and foreign states, but they would not implicate individuals. This was finally agreed to. The prisoners then expressed their fears that, after they had made their disclosures, the government would not act in good faith. Lord Clare replied, "Gentlemen, it comes to this, you must trust to us, or we must trust to you: but a government that would break its faith with you could not stand, and ought not to be allowed to stand." The government was pledged to act with honor. A general amnesty should be proclaimed. And the prisoners themselves should be released on condition of going to the United States.

The effect of this agreement was happy in allaying the agitation of the country. It was at once published to the small bodies of insurgents still in arms, who upon this discontinued the now hopeless struggle. The deputies, O'Connor, Emmet, and McNeven, drew up the memoir, and presented it to the government. Lord Cornwallis read and returned it, saying that he could not receive it, unless some passages were expunged, as it was a justification of the United Irishmen. The prisoners would not alter it, as it contained only the truth. They suggested, however, that as a committee of the House of Commons was sitting to inquire into the causes of the Rebellion, they should be examined before it. This was done. O'Connor, Emmet, and McNeven appeared in the secret committees both of the Commons and of the Lords, and answered every inquiry with great frankness and candor. "Their communication to the government," says a late publication, hostile to the United Irishmen, "appears to have been entire-

ly faithworthy and wholly unreserved. The pleading throughout is an able and manly one, and not a little was lost to the country, when imperative necessity demanded the banishment of such men."

They did not affect any contrition for what they had done. They declared the wrongs of Ireland as boldly before the men who had done those wrongs, as they had among themselves. When Lord Clare asked, "Pray, Mr. Emmet, what caused the late insurrection?" he answered, "The free-quarters, the house-burnings, the tortures and the military executions, in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, and Wicklow." He expressed his unaltered conviction, that though this attempt had failed, Ireland would yet be revolutionized unless the wrongs of the people were redressed. When asked, "Can you point out any way of inducing the people to give up their arms?" he replied, "Redressing their grievances, and no other." They detailed their organization, political and military, their preparations for war, and the aid they expected from France. The government then saw what a gulf they had escaped.

They were also undeceived as to the impression they had formed of these blood-thirsty conspirators. Had the Revolution succeeded, the new government would have permitted no assassinations. Even the persons of their most obnoxious oppressors they would only have sentenced to banishment, or have detained as hostages.

The whole power of the revolutionary government would have been directed to maintain order, to restore confidence, and to reorganize the internal administration of Ireland so as to secure the good of her people. The plan

of their new political institutions was fully formed. They would have abolished titles as inconsistent with a republican government. They would have swept away the established church, not to place a Catholic establishment in its stead, but to leave all on the same level. McNeven being a Catholic, was questioned particularly on this point. Said Lord Kilwarden, "I supppose the religious establishment would be abolished with the titles."

"I suppose it would," said McNeven promptly.

Would you not set up another?"

"No, indeed." "Not the Roman Catholic?" "I would no more consent to that than I would to the establishment of Mohammedanism." "What would you do then?" "That which they do in America; let each man profess the religion of his conscience, and pay his own pastor."*

Emmet testified very strongly to the same effect. Said Lord Castlereagh, "Don't you think the Catholics would wish to set up a Catholic establishment in lieu of the Protestant one?"

"Indeed I don't," said Emmet; "even at the present day; perhaps some old priests, who have long groaned under the penal laws, might wish for a retribution among themselves, but I don't think the young priests would wish for it, and I am convinced the laity would not submit to it."

The main object of the new government would be to ameliorate the condition of the peasantry, by diminishing the rents of land, by opening new sources of trade. America, they said, was the best market in the world, and

* Lives of United Irishmen. Second Series, vol. ii. p. 248.

Ireland the best situated country in Europe to trade with that market. Increased commerce would give employment to the people, and cause wealth and plenty to flow into the land. They proposed also to adopt a system of national education.

If a better plan has ever been devised for governing Ireland, for removing its poverty, its ignorance, and its discontent, for making it a rich and happy country, we know not where it is to be found.

A rumor soon got abroad that the prisoners were negotiating with the government; and the facts were much misrepresented. Their enemies seemed determined to give a false view to the matter. It was said that they had confessed themselves guilty of treason, and had implored pardon. A garbled report of their disclosures was published, in which the government took the liberty to conceal as much as they chose. The prisoners thought this unjust. Arthur O'Connor wrote to Lord Castlereagh, stating that his evidence, written and verbal, composed a hundred pages, of which but one was published, and ninety-nine suppressed. McNeven complained to Lord Clare of the same liberties taken with his testimony. He says, "Lord Clare did not deny the fact, but declared very roundly I must not expect they would publish more than would answer their purpose." McNeven, who was equally blunt, seemed pleased with the frankness of this reply, whatever he thought of its justice.*

* See the letter of Thomas Addis Emmet to Rufus King, published in America in 1807.

But one report was abroad to which they could not be silent. It was said that they had betrayed their confederates. This was an infamous lie.

The prisoners therefore appealed to the public. They published an advertisement, to which they subscribed their names, protesting against the government reports as inaccurate and false. They denied indignantly that they had disclosed the name of a single United Irishman. This was a step for which the ministers did not look, and it threw them into a rage. A debate upon it sprung up the same night in the House of Commons, and so violent was the government faction, that an Orangeman proposed that the prisoners should be taken out and hung without trial. The government was, however, contented with remitting them to closer custody.

Even this rigorous captivity, however, had its mitigations. Twenty of the prisoners were confined in the same jail. The cells were divided from each other by a hall. By gaining the favor of a keeper, their rooms were unlocked at night, and they were able to meet. Here they were too happy to stand or sit on the cold pavement, en joying that cheerful conversation, which in Irishmen can not long be repressed. When the gray light of morning gleamed through the bars of the prison, they returned quietly to their rooms.

Occasionally, too, those weary days were relieved by softer faces and voices than those of their jailers. Mrs. Emmet had been admitted to see her husband. Once in his room she declared she would never leave it so long as he remained a prisoner. The attendants ordered her tc

retire. But she was inflexible. She would only be taken away by force. This the keepers did not dare to employ. This heroic woman therefore remained with her husband for twelve months; never in all that period leaving the prison but once, and then by stealth, and with the connivance of the jailer's wife, to visit a sick child.

After the unreserved communication which they had made to the government, the state-prisoners confidently expected to be set at liberty. Lord Castlereagh acknowledged that they had honorably fulfilled their part of the agreement. It remained for the government to fulfill theirs.

Still weeks, months passed, and no welcome hand came to unbolt their doors. At length they were told that Rufus King, then American Minister at London, had objected to their being sent to the United States. The famous alien law had just been passed, by which the President was empowered to exclude from this country foreigners who might be considered dangerous to its tranquillity. An impression prevailed in England that the United Irishmen were a band of revolutionary monsters, and it was natural that Mr. King should share the common opinion, and thence infer that such men would not make peaceable citizens of the republic of the new world. But the suspicion was wholly unfounded, and the interference was most cruel. It was made the excuse for years of further imprisonment.

Early in 1799, when twelve months had passed in weary captivity, an order suddenly came to the prisoners

to prepare to leave Ireland before daylight the next morning. What now was to be their fate? Where were they to go? No one knew. All was mystery. Fortunately by the jailer's wife, Emmet was able to send word to his family. It was evening when his sister came to the prison to be folded once more in her brother's arms,—an embrace that was to be their last!

It was late at night when she tore herself away. In the streets she stood alone, with a heart ready to break. But the courage and affection of woman shine forth most in danger. She instantly took a carriage, and drove to the residence of the Lord Lieutenant. With no introduction, she immediately presented herself. She found Lord Cornwallis alone with his wife. Respectfully, but with an earnestness of affection which belongs only to woman, she begged to know what was to become of her brother. Where was he to go? Into exile, or to the scaffold? The heart of Cornwallis was as humane as it was brave. The sight of a beautiful woman pleading for her brother was too much for the heart of a soldier. He wept. His lady wept also. In the kindest voice they spoke to Miss Emmet and calmed her fears. The Lord Lieutenant said he would tell her all he could, consistently with his duty. The place to which her brother was to be conveyed, he was not at liberty to disclose. But of this she might be sure. No harm should occur to him. News had come that the French were about to make a descent on Ireland, and the prisoners were to be removed to a place of safety. But they should be treated with entire kindness.

The next morning, when the sun rose, they were all on

board ship, twenty in number, gliding away from the green shores of that island,—associated in their minds with so much sorrow, and yet remembered with so much affection. Sadly they turned to gaze at those receding shores, not knowing to what other land they were bound. But soon the Highlands of Scotland rose in sight.

They entered the Clyde, and landed at Greenock. The prisoners were transported to Fort George on the north-eastern coast of Scotland. Here was to be their home for three years.

The change was in every respect for the better. The commander of this fortress was Col. Stuart, an invalid officer, who had served abroad, and who with the generosity of a brave man, did every thing to relieve the weariness of their situation. When they came he told them that he should treat them as gentlemen, and he did so—and more. He was a father to them. Whenever they wished to go beyond the limits of the fort, he instantly gave permission, saying, "Go, I rely entirely upon your honor," a reliance which was more effectual than a guard of soldiers. It was a favorite amusement to bathe in the sea. American and other foreign vessels were frequently passing near the shore, and it were an easy matter to swim off to one and escape. But no one dreamed of taking such advantage of the brave old soldier who had granted them this privilege. "As soon," said Mr. Emmet, "would we have committed suicide."

Their prison life was on the whole quite happy. Mrs. Emmet was permitted to join her husband, bringing their children with her. The prisoners were supplied with

books, and began regular courses of reading and study. Emmet pursued Mathematics for many months. He afterward began a critical study of Shakspeare. He did not touch a law book for the whole three years. Much of his time was occupied in teaching his children. McNeven assisted by giving them instruction in French, with which, from his long residence in Prague and Vienna, he was perfectly familiar. Mrs. Emmet made the acquaintance of families in the neighborhood, and when she went to pay them visits, Mr. Emmet was permitted to accompany her. Indeed they seemed to be on the best terms with every body. The conduct of Col. Stuart gave tone to that of the garrison, so that officers and privates all treated them with respect and kindness. These state-prisoners had passed through stormy scenes. The rugged soldiers who guarded them were men whose business was war. And yet now all seemed to have been transported to a valley of peace, from which every bad passion was excluded.

At length the sound of war which had so long reverberated across the continent ceased. Cities illuminated, shouting and feasting, and ringing bells, proclaimed that France and England were at peace. Then, in that moment of universal joy, there came to the Highlands a message for the liberation of the Irish state-prisoners.

The hour at last had come. They were free. There, off the shore, lay an English frigate that was to take them away. The garrison marched out and escorted them down to the beach with waving banners and joyful acclamations. But when they came to say the last word, it was hard to

part. Their eyes were full as they took the hand of the brave old governor, who had been a father to them in their captivity. And as the boat bounded over the waters, they continued to wave their silent, sad farewell.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sampson is liberated from Prison on Condition of going into Exile.—Sails for Portugal.—Shipwrecked.—Reaches Oporto.—Is seized and imprisoned.—Sent to Lisbon.—Thrown into the Dungeons of the Inquisition.—Is sent to Bourdeaux.—Residence in Paris.—Happier Days.

The fate of Sampson was still more remarkable. From the day that he was thrown into prison, his constant demand had been for a trial. As he had taken no part in the plots against the government—as he was not even a United Irishman—he knew nothing could be proved against him. Probably the government knew so too, and did not care to bring to trial one whose acquittal would cover them with confusion. When the agreement with the government was proposed, he had no personal interest in it whatever, for his life was in no danger. But with the generosity which made a part of his character, he instantly sacrificed himself to save the lives of others. He engaged to go into exile, on condition that the military executions, which were decimating his countrymen, should cease. As his health was declining in prison, he was released before the others on condition of going to Portugal. He embarked, and three days after was shipwrecked on the coast of Wales. Here he found himself an object of

suspicion and almost of terror, from the impressions which were abroad of the Irish revolutionists. Even his name conveyed to their minds the idea of a being capable of great destruction. A military officer wrote to London to ask how he should treat this dangerous character, and received directions "to observe, but not to molest him." After his long confinement he found an exhilaration in the free mountain air. He rambled over the rocks of the country, and the toil of the day made welcome the bright fire and the frugal evening meal. "We had a clean fireside, and that cordial pleasure which arises from past toil. We had a piper to play to us at dinner, and we danced to his music in the evening." The simple Welsh were kind and hospitable, and when they had got over the dread of so terrible a personage, manifested a sincere attachment for him, so that it was with a feeling of regret that, after a detention of eight weeks, he bade adieu to their mountains to resume his voyage.

At Oporto he again met with kindness. An English merchant, to whom he brought letters, with that generous hospitality which the English know so well how to render, welcomed him to his heart and home. In the novel scenes of a strange country he found much to amuse him, and he was beginning to lead a quiet and pleasant life, when he was surprised one day by the visit of an officer with a party of armed men, who seized him and his servant, and commenced a search for papers, turning his baggage upside down, and shaking out every article of linen in the hope of finding some concealed writing. The interpreter told him that he was arrested by order of the

English minister, on account of something he was supposed to be writing. His papers he gave up without hesitation, and was conducted to the house of the Corregidor. Here he was lodged in the style which became a prisoner of state. He had a large audience hall to himself, furnished with a guard, and seven or eight servants to wait at breakfast and dinner. His poor servant meanwhile was thrown amid the malefactors in irons below, though afterward, at his entreaty, allowed to come into the same room with himself.

But what this sudden and strange imprisonment was for, was a mystery. The guards about him conversed freely on every other subject but this. At first they told him that he had been arrested by orders from the King of England. Then they said that the Queen of Portugal did not like him. Meanwhile couriers went and returned from Lisbon; and he was told that his fate depended on the news they brought.

It was now proposed to him to go to Lisbon, where it was said he should see the English and Portuguese ministers, and be set at liberty. His friend advised him to accede to this arrangement, as the most speedy way of coming to an explanation with the authorities. He accordingly prepared to set off the next morning. As soon as he was called up, he looked out of the window, and perceived an armed escort standing before the door. The prospect was dismal enough, but to an Irishman nothing comes amiss, and he found much to amuse him on the journey. A variety of travelers joined their party, so that they formed quite a caravan. Two Dominican friars were of the com

pany, with whom he talked Latin. A troupe of Italian comedians—comprising men and women—fish-carriers carrying eels to some Hidalgo, a mulatto woman following her husband, a soldier, to Lisbon, and a poor barefooted Gallego, going to seek for work, who danced and sang before them the whole way. Sampson traveled in a litter hung between two mules, and it was everywhere given out that he was a grandee going to the minister of state. His servant jogged beside him on a mule. Thus in a kind of ridiculous pomp, and with many a merry laugh, they traveled along the road.

At length, after seven days' journey, the towers of Lisbon rose in sight. Friars and comedians took their leave, and Sampson entered the capital, attended only by his guard. They filed through long streets, and at last drew up before a dark, frowning wall that looked like a fortress. The windows were grated with iron, through which mournful captives were looking at this new visitor. Where was he? What was this? But he had no time to ask questions. Descending from his litter, he was led through long, dreary passages; a bolt was drawn, a heavy iron door swung open, and he was once more the occupant of a dark, noisome cell. He was in the Inquisition!

His situation was now more gloomy than ever. He could hear no friendly voice. The only sounds which reached his ear were the rattling of bolts, the clanking of chains, or the echo of some footfall along the passages of the prison. Here were thieves and murderers, and prisoners of state; men who had committed all crimes, and men who had committed none. Far down in the earth, were

dungeons where captives languished, and sighed in vain for liberty. Here men had grown old. Here they had lived till they had forgotten their very names. Here too he might be left to wear away life till his hair had grown gray.

Strange to tell, one of his predecessors in this very cell had been an American captain, William Atkinson from Philadelphia. Sampson found his name written on the wall with a pencil. He had been secretly confined here for some time, for purchasing a barrel of gunpowder which belonged to the public stores. At length, when his money was gone, and he could no longer fee his jailers, they bethought themselves to inquire what he was put in for, and finding the trifling nature of the charge, they let him go.

Sampson would have had no anxiety in regard to himself, had he known what accusation was to be brought against him. But the mystery with which he was surrounded excited his worst fears. He strongly suspected that foul play was intended, and that it was instigated by those who had persecuted him in his own country. All about him maintained the most impenetrable secrecy. Neither from his jailers, nor from the officers of police, could he obtain the least clue to the crime with which he was charged, nor to his probable fate. At one time a French captain, who was a prisoner of war, passing the door of his cell, whispered through the keyhole, to tell him to arm himself with courage, for it was said that it was he who had made the revolution in Holland. At another time he heard, that he was to be sent on board an English ship of war to be transported to a prison-ship at Gibraltar.

He soon obtained some mitigation of his hard captivity. He was transferred to a larger room, where he had the company of a young Danish nobleman. They were introduced to each other as two grandees of different countries, but for the present under a common misfortune. At length an officer of the police came to the prison with his papers, and in presence of the jailer delivered them safely into his hand. He found them all numbered as if they had served for references, and from certain appearances, Sampson thought they had recently come from England. Still there was no talk of his liberation. The mystery of his situation seemed to grow darker. One night he was disturbed by the arrival of officers of the police, who desired him to enter a carriage. Whither he was going he knew not. The night was clear, and the commanding officer endeavored to amuse him by pointing out objects of interest as they rode through the streets, perhaps to divert the prisoner's thoughts from the treachery of his keepers. The carriage stopped before another prison, and he was immediately locked up in a foul, dark hole, which looked more like the den of a wild beast than a place for the confinement of any human creature. It was a dungeon about as large as the inside of a coach. A faint glimmer of light peered through a small orifice pierced in a wall many feet thick. Even this narrow aperture was partly closed by an iron grate. In this stifling cavern he was left to ponder on the fate that was probably before him. But in his darkest hour he had one alleviation, in the attendance of his faithful servant. This noble fellow never murmured at his own lot. All his regrets were for the hardships of his master.

His jailers, who were not moved by pity, generally were by money, and a timely present now obtained his transfer to a larger room, from which he had a view of the sea. This was a great relief to his solitary hours. It was a happiness even to look upon the bounding waters, for they at least were free. He would sit by the window for hours, watching the ships of different nations going to sea, or returning from their voyages, and for a time forget the gloomy walls around him. Like a true Irishman, he found consolation also in the eyes of some fair señoritas which were bent upon him from across the street. Drawing them to the window by an air on his flute, he contrived signals by which he commenced a harmless flirtation with these Portuguese maidens, who might be supposed to look with pity on the sorrows of a captive knight. He wrote billets and shot them over the wall with a bow and arrows, and was rewarded with glances from the young señoritas in spite of a watchful father and a harsh duenna.

In the yard of the prison there was a gate which led down to the sea. Through this he had often seen files of convicts led away, secured each by an iron ring about his neck, and by this to an iron bar which held all together in a row. The day of deliverance at length came, and he was ordered on board a ship to be sent out of the country. Through this gloomy gate he was conducted like a convict to the place of embarkation, and waving his hand as a farewell to the pitying maidens, he bade adieu to the land of his captivity.

The detail of his adventures during his several im-

prisonments, composes a volume which has been published in this country and in England. In reading it we feel that truth is stranger than fiction.*

Of this mysterious persecution no explanation was ever given. Madden, in his Lives of the United Irishmen, suggests the following clue to it. There had been in Dublin a gang of informers kept about the Castle, known as the battalion of testimony, whose business it was to find or make evidence against any individual whom the government wished to destroy. A wretch by the name of Bird, who had been a hired informer, smitten with remorse for his crimes, sent for Sampson to make a confession of his guilt, and of the perjury and villainy of his associates. Sampson went in company with Mr. Grattan. In their presence this man wrote out a full confession of the whole system of iniquity practiced by the spies and informers of the government. The document was put into the hands of Sampson. Some of the officials obtained knowledge of its existence, and they could not doubt that it would soon see the light. To prevent this terrible exposure was the real cause of his arrest in Portugal, and of the seizure of his papers. Happily the dreaded document had already gone out of his hands, and was safely kept until a day came when the truth could be told.

Once more upon the waves, he found that the ship was bound for Bourdeaux. On entering France he was again

* Several members of Parliament were so affected by the perusal of Mr Sampson's memoirs, that they intended to move for a reversal of the Irish act of attainder, when circumstances interposed to prevent their intention being carried into effect.—Lives of the United Irishmen, vol. ii. p. 388.

threatened with arrest. He began to think that there was no place on earth where he could set the sole of his foot. But finding who he was, the French authorities changed their tone, and treated him with marked kindness. He remained at Bourdeaux eighteen months, leading a retired but not unhappy life. Here his servant died. The loss of this faithful companion of his fortunes was a heavy blow. His tears fell fast as he examined the dead body, and there saw the marks of the lash which he had suffered rather than betray his master. For many days he could not recover from the sadness caused by the sufferings and death of this brave and faithful heart. His mind too was anxious about his family. It was difficult to obtain intelligence of them, as by a humane act of Parliament, it had been made a felony to correspond with him. As rumors of peace began to circulate, he came on to Paris. Here his wife joined him, and his life became once more domestic. Surrounded by his family, and enjoying the friendship of many of the most distinguished men of that time, he passed in France several happy years. In the summer they occupied an old chateau in the forest of Montmorency. Their winters were passed in the society of the capital.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Union.—Proposal to abolish the Irish Parliament.—Designs of Pitt and Castlereagh.—Excuses to justify the Measure.—England in Danger.—Union carried by Bribery.—Promises violated.—The Prosperity of Ireland declines.—Absenteeism of Noblemen.—Effect on the Spirits of the People.—The Irish Orators.—Grattan.—Melancholy of Curran.

During these years of imprisonment and exile, a political revolution had been accomplished in Ireland.

The tragedy of the Rebellion was over. The insurrection had been drowned in blood. And now the government began to show its hand more openly. Before, when the United Irishmen had accused the party in power of a design to sell the independence of Ireland, they had repelled the charge with patriotic indignation. But now they had nothing to fear from the disclosure of their treachery, and the project was openly announced of giving up altogether the Irish Parliament, and merging the national legislature in that of England.

Pitt had long been suspected of a design to consummate a union with Ireland, such as had before been made with Scotland. As early as 1797, when Dr. McNeven was in Paris, Carnot told him that the Directory understood Pitt's policy in his vexatious treatment of Ireland, that

his object was to force that country to give up its Parliament, and sink its independence in the power of England. But the design was concealed until the time for its accomplishment had come.

The man who most distinguished himself in this parricidal work was Lord Castlereagh, himself an Irishman. Indeed it is claimed by the admirers of that statesman as the great act of his life. In a late article on his memoirs, the North British Review says, "The great measure of Lord Castlereagh, and that on which his fame with posterity will chiefly rest, is the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland." We shall not dispute his claim to that "bad eminence." He was Chief Secretary for Ireland at the time, and could be mainly instrumental in carrying the measure. We are told in his Memoirs that he had it much at heart to put on record the history of the Union, and of the events which immediately preceded it. It is much to be regretted that he did not find time to execute his design. We should then have known what defense he had to make to the world for the betrayal of his country. Perhaps, however, it was better for his fame that the history of that period was allowed to rest in the shade.

Many reasons have been given to justify the measure of Union. The Review just quoted, declares that "it was impossible, when the independence of the Irish Parliament was established, and the constitution of 1782 obtained, that the alternative of Union with England, or absolute separation, could be avoided."

It must be confessed that the condition of the Empire

at this moment was most critical. England was at war with France. A great coalition was being formed against her, directed by the genius of Napoleon. At the same time discontent prevailed in Ireland. The flame of rebellion might at any moment burst out anew. The island was threatened with a French invasion. Not only the possession of Ireland, but the safety of England, was at stake. For with the French once masters of a kingdom in her rear, England would be surrounded and must fall. "Vulnerable in Flanders," said Grattan, "vulnerable in Holland, she is mortal here. Here will be the engines of war, the arsenal of the French artillery, the station of the French navy, and through this wasted and disemboweled land will be poured the fiery contents of their artillery." England thought it better to sacrifice the independence of Ireland than to endanger her own.

So long as the Irish Parliament was left to deliberate in Dublin, it might have a will of its own, and its action might interfere with the imperial designs of England. But once let that provincial legislature be absorbed in the great British Parliament,—its members brought up to London, and within the charmed circle of the court, and it would be easy to manage that body. Such were the state necessities which justified the measure of union, and the reasons were as good as are generally brought forward to excuse a great political crime.

But if the danger of England rendered such a measure necessary, what shall be said of the means employed to effect it. It is now admitted by all, that the Union was carried by the most shameless duplicity and corruption.

The Irish were flattered with the idea, that in place of being a mere dependency of the British crown, they were to have a part in the imperial legislature. To different parties were made contradictory promises. The Catholics were entreated to join in the measure, and solemnly assured that, as soon as it was carried, they should receive entire emancipation. At the same time to the Protestants were held out expectations utterly incompatible with such concessions. Thus the nation was kept quiet while the work of treason went on in its legislature. Here more immediate benefits were conferred as foretastes of the blessings of union. Titles and money were distributed with a free hand, to all whose votes or influence were necessary to pass the measure. Thus was obtained a subservient majority in the Irish Parliament to vote their own annihilation.

In vain the Irish orators struggled against it. All the eloquence of Grattan and Plunkett denounced the suicidal measure. Union! Union! The word hath a pleasant sound. But what is Union? The absorption of one nation by another, as of Poland by Russia? That is no fair compact, but conquest and slavery. But they spoke in vain, for they spoke, not to generous Irish hearts, but to hireling voters, dazzled with titles and glittering gold. The fatal measure was carried, and from that moment Ireland was but a province of England—not a coequal branch of a great empire—but a conquered province, to be ruled on such terms as victors give to the vanquished.

There is one consolation in this act. A parliament,

capable of such unblushing bribery, was no longer fit to be intrusted with power. It completed its shame by voting its own destruction. As Currran said, "The wages of their sin was death."

As if this were not shame enough, the members of that Parliament afterward pleaded the extreme corruption of their body, as a justification for selling its independence to England. A nobleman, who had voted for the Union, was standing one day in front of the Old Parliament House. Looking up, he tried to be jocular, and said, "Curran, what do they mean to do with that useless building? for my part I hate even the sight of it." With Curran the matter was too sore for a jest. He therefore replied coldly, not concealing his contempt, "I do not wonder at it, my lord, I never yet heard of a murderer who was not afraid of a ghost."*

"It was on the first day of January, 1801, at the hour of noon, that the imperial united standard mounted on the Bedford tower in Dublin Castle, and the guns of the royal salute battery in Phenix Park, announced to weeping, bleeding, prostrate Ireland, that her independence was no more, and that her guilt-stained Parliament had done itself to death. It was proclaimed abroad that rebellion was crushed, that those designing men who had led the people astray were all brought to justice or to submission, and now with the opening century was to arise a new and happier era."

This bright hope was soon disappointed. Power gained

* Phillip's Recollections, p. 195.

by treachery is seldom used for the good of the governed. No sooner was the union consummated, than the promises made to the Catholics were shamelessly violated. The nation found itself betrayed; and since it had let the power slip out of its own hands, the prospect of Catholic emancipation, or of a reform of the abuses of government, was more distant than ever. It was not until after a battle of thirty years, that the Catholics reconquered their rights.

The nation found too, instead of the prosperity which had been assured them as the result of union, that it was more likely to destroy the little prosperity which remained. Curran had predicted that the Union would be the emigration of every man of consequence from Ireland. And so it proved. Immediately the flood of aristocracy began to set toward England; and fashion and wealth followed it. The palaces of Sackville-street were deserted. Noblemen's houses were converted into hotels. Their equipages no more rolled along the avenues of Phœnix Park. The society of Dublin lost its gayety and splendor. The brilliant shops which denoted a prosperous capital, grew dim and old. The Parliament House was turned into a Bank, a sign that the voice of patriotism and eloquence was to be heard no more within those halls. The rich estates of the country began to wear a neglected look, a sign that the great landed proprietors were absent, and draining off their revenues to enrich other lands, while poor Ireland was left to grow poorer and poorer.

But the most melancholy effect was upon the spirits of the people. The Irish Parliament, corrupt as it was, had at least preserved the show of independence, and kept

alive a national pride. In all their poverty, the Irish have ever cherished a remarkable attachment to their country. Degraded and unhappy as Ireland was, she was still their mother, and they loved her the more for her misfortunes. But now a blow was aimed at the national existence, and the effect upon an already stricken people can be imagined. For years the Irish orators, even when transferred to the more imposing English Legislature, could not allude to the sacrifice of their country's independence, without bitterness. "The Parliament of Ireland!" exclaimed Grattan in the English House of Commons, "of that assembly I have a parental recollection. I sat by her cradle; I followed her hearse.* In fourteen years she acquired for Ireland what you did not acquire for England in a century —freedom of trade, independency of the legislature, independency of the judges, restoration of the final judicature, repeal of a perpetual mutiny bill, habeas corpus act —a great work."

But perhaps no man was so crushed by this act as Curran. It may be truly said that the Union killed him. It broke his heart. He regarded it as "the extinction of the Irish name." He was accustomed to speak of the Rev-

* "Grattan had one excellence of the very highest order, in which he may be truly said to have left all the orators of modern times behind—the severe abstinence which rests satisfied with striking the decisive blow in a word or two, not weakening its effects by repetition and expansion. Dante himself never conjured up a striking, a pathetic, and an appropriate image in fewer words than Mr. Grattan employed to describe his relation toward Irish independence, when alluding to its rise in 1782, and its fall twenty years later he said, "I sat by its cradle—I followed its hearse."—Lord Brougham's Sketches of the Statesmen of the time of George III.

olution of 1782 as a resurrection from the dead, and of the Union as a re-entombment of his country. Sometimes his spirit sinks into irrepressible melancholy. Still there is dignity in his sorrow. He seems to be standing as a mourner at his country's tomb, celebrating in solemn strains her glory and her fall. Like one of the ancient bards of Ireland, he contemplates with sad but composed spirit the mighty, but inevitable ruin. "He represents the great principles of freedom as outraged and depressed, and deplores their fall; but we are perpetually reminded that they deserved a nobler destiny, and are made to feel the same sentiment of exalted melancholy with which we would bend over the grave of the illustrious dead." At other times he gives way to passionate bitterness. He can not think without anger of the miserable men by whom his country has been betrayed. He compares Ireland to "a bastinadoed elephant kneeling to receive his paltry rider."

One who knew Curran intimately, says, "From the time that the knell of his country's independence was tolled, his spirit sunk—as Cicero, when the Senate and the Forum were no longer open to his free exertions, drooped his wing, grew sad and fretful, even with his friends, so was it with Curran, 'a mountain of lead was on his heart,' his genius faded, and like the green bough, when severed from the parent stem, his verdure withered, his spirit bloomed no more."

A few days before his death, Curran dined with a friend in London. After dinner he conversed for a while with his usual animation, but some one alluding to Irish politics, he immediately hung down his head, and burst into tears.

The oppression of this great calamity, acting upon his sensitive nature, saddened all his latter days. Once unbosoming his sorrow to a companion of his walks, he said, "Depend upon it, my dear friend, it is a serious misfortune in life to have a mind more sensitive or more cultivated than common—it naturally elevates its possessor into a region which he must be doomed to find *nearly uninhabited*." "It was a deplorable thing," says Phillips, "to see him in the decline of life, when visited by this constitutional melancholy. I have not unfrequently accompanied him in his walks upon such occasions, almost at the hour of midnight. He had gardens attached to the Priory, of which he was particularly fond, and into these gardens, when so affected, no matter at what hour, he used to ramble. It was then almost impossible to divert his mind from themes of sadness. The gloom of his own thoughts discolored every thing, and from calamity to calamity he would wander on, seeing in the future nothing for hope, and in the past nothing but disappointment. You could not recognize in him the same creature, who but an hour before had 'set the table in a roar,' his gibes, his merriment, his flashes of wit, were all extinguished. He had a favorite little daughter, who was a sort of musical prodigy. She had died at the age of twelve, and he had her buried in the midst of a small grove, just adjoining this garden. A little rustic memorial was raised over her, and often have I seen him, the tears 'chasing each other' down his cheeks, point to his daughter's monument, and 'wish to be with her, and at rest.'"*

* Recollections of Curran and some of his Cotemporaries, p. 289.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ROBERT EMMET.—COLLEGE ELOQUENCE.—VISITS PARIS AFTER THE TREATY OF AMIENS.—RETURNS TO DUBLIN.—EMBARKS IN THE CONSPIRACY.—THE INSURRECTION TAKES PLACE AT NIGHT.—IS INSTANTLY SUPPRESSED.—EMMET LINGERS NEAR DUBLIN.—IS ARRESTED.—SPEECH ON HIS TRIAL.—FAREWELL LETTERS.—HIS EXECUTION.—THE BROKEN HEART.

WITH the consummation of the Union, the struggle for Irish independence may be said to have terminated. The only attempt against the government since was the insurrection of Robert Emmet in 1803. This was from the outset desperate. It did not extend beyond Dublin, and was instantly crushed, and derives importance chiefly from the talents and melancholy fate of its young leader.

During the terrible scenes of '98, Robert Emmet was too young to have any part in public affairs. He was at that time a student in the University of Dublin. Here he was not unobservant of the condition of his country, and already he began to give proofs of a patriotic ardor and eloquence which afforded the brightest promise of future fame. Says Moore, who was at this time his College companion, "Were I to number the men, among all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine, in the greatest degree, pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, among the highest of the few, place Robert

Emmet. Wholly free from the follies and frailties of youth,—though how capable he was of the most devoted passion events afterward proved—the pursuit of science, in which he eminently distinguished himself, seemed, at this time, the only object that at all divided his thoughts with that enthusiasm for Irish freedom, which in him was an hereditary as well as national feeling,—himself being the second martyr his father had given to the cause.

"Simple in all his habits, and with a repose of look and manner indicating but little movement within, it was only when the spring was touched that set his feelings, and —through them—his intellect in motion, that he at all rose above the level of ordinary men. On no occasion was this more peculiarly shown than in those displays of oratory with which, both in the Debating and the Historical Society, he so often enchained the attention and sympathy of his young audience. No two individuals indeed could be much more unlike to each other than was the same youth to himself, *before* rising to speak and *after*;—the brow that had appeared inanimate and almost drooping, at once elevating itself in all the consciousness of power, and the whole countenance and figure of the speaker assuming a change as of one suddenly inspired."*

During the brief interval of peace between the treaty of Amiens and the recommencement of war, travelers from England swarmed to the Continent. Among these was Robert Emmet, at this time but twenty-two years old, and of buoyant and enthusiastic spirits. After a few months in France he returned to Ireland, full of the pro

* Moore's Life of Fitzgerald, vol. i. p. 217.

ject of Revolution. It is commonly said in the histories of this plot, that he had no thought of it until after his return. But I am assured by one who met him often in Paris, that his friends suspected then that he was meditating an attempt against the government.* Thomas Addis Emmet had just been released from Fort George, and gone to the Continent, and on Robert's way home through Belgium, the brothers met at Brussels. There is no evidence that Thomas was at this time aware of Robert's design. Had he been, he would probably have dissuaded him from it as a rash attempt. Besides, his tenderness for his younger brother would have made him hold him back from dangers to which he had not hesitated to expose himself. But once more in Dublin, the indignation against oppression carried away the young patriot. The conspiracy now took shape. A plan was formed to attack and carry the Castle of Dublin, and to organize immediately a Provisional Government. If the capital were once mastered, it was confidently expected that the insurrection in a week would become general throughout the island. A proclamation to the Irish people was prepared, commencing, "A band of patriots, mindful of their oath, and faithful to their engagement as United Irishmen, have determined to give freedom to their country, and a period to the long career of English oppression." In this they declared their object to be "to establish a free and indepen-

* On his trial he disclaimed being the originator of it. He said, "I did not create the conspiracy. I found it when I arrived here; I was solicited to join it; I took time to consider of it, and I was told expressly that it was no matter whether I did join it or not, it would go on."

dent republic in Ireland." They had collected seven or eight thousand pikes, with other arms and ammunition. The attack was to take place at night, the signal to be given by the firing of a rocket.

Accordingly the insurrection broke out on the night of the 23d of July—just five years and two months from that fatal night on which the Rebellion of 1798 had burst forth. But the organization was not sufficiently extended to give it the least chance of success. The garrison of Dublin was instantly under arms, and the whole insurrection was quelled before morning.

It seems impossible to justify so rash an attempt. It can only be said that it was one of those cases in which brave men take counsel, not from their hopes, but from their despair.

For several weeks after, Emmet remained concealed near Dublin. He might have made his escape from the country. But a new motive now appeared, which riveted him to this spot. He had formed the most ardent attachment to the youngest daughter of Curran. It had been his ambition, in the desperate enterprise he undertook, at once to free his country, and to gain for himself a name which she might not blush to own before the world. Now he felt that he had periled not only his own existence, but her happiness. He longed to see her once more, to explain to her all, and to obtain, if not her approbation, at least her forgiveness. This romantic wish cost him his life. The police were on the search; his place of retreat was discovered; he was arrested, and brought to trial for his life.

Then, when all hope of escape was gone, and he was

compelled to face a terrible fate—the sublimity of his character appeared. The trial excited universal interest in Dublin. But the government, perhaps fearing a tumult, excluded the public, and filled the court-room with soldiers.* After an anxious session of twelve hours, the trial closed. Emmet remained silent, as a mere spectator of the scene, until asked by the court what he had to say why the sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him.

Then Emmet stood up. The eyes of the audience were turned upon him. His spirit rose with the excitement of the hour. His form swelled to its full height, his arm was raised, his eye flashed, and his voice rang clear through the hall.

"My Lords," he began, "what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce. But I have that to say, which interests me more than life."—He proceeds to vindicate the motives which led him to seek the separation of his country from England. In the most burning words he describes the wrongs of Ireland. He is repeatedly interrupted—and at length closes his appeal—not to the judge, but to his countrymen and to posterity:—

"My Lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the

* "Nothing could exceed the public anxiety to hear the trial; however the audience was exclusively military—there was not a person in colored clothes in the court house."—Phillips' Recollections, p. 205.

blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim! It circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes.—Be yet patient. I have but a few words more to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph: for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.—I have done." He was sentenced to be executed within forty-eight hours.

The trial over, the sentence pronounced, he was reconducted to prison, heavily ironed, and left to his reflections.

There was no more hope. His earthly existence was closed. He must go down to the dead. He must sleep with the thousands who before him had perished for his country. The tomb opened its iron portal—and he gazed in mournful silence! Sad hour! The enterprise begun in high hope ended in bitter, bitter tears.

But he must not yield to grief. He had yet an object that weighed upon his heart, and he hastened to avail himself of the few hours that remained to him of existence. Even in his last moments his most painful reflections were

not excited by his own fate, but by thoughts of one who should survive him. To her father he wrote from prison, making all the reparation in his power. His last letter was to her brother. It ran thus:—

"My dearest Richard,

"I find I have but a few hours to live, but if it was the last moment, and that the power of utterance was leaving me, I would thank you from the bottom of my heart for your generous expressions of affection and forgiveness to me. If there was any one in the world in whose breast my death might be supposed not to stifle every spark of resentment, it might be you—I have deeply injured you—I have injured the happiness of a sister that you love, and who was formed to give happiness to every one about her, instead of having her own mind a prey to affliction. Oh! Richard, I have no excuse to offer, but that I meant the reverse; I intended as much happiness for Sarah as the most ardent love could have given her. I never did tell you how much I idolized her: it was not with a wild or unfounded passion, but it was an attachment increasing every hour, from an admiration of the purity of her mind, and respect for her talents. I did dwell in secret upon the prospect of our union. I did hope that success, while it afforded the opportunity of our union, might be the means of confirming an attachment, which misfortune had called forth. I did not look to honors for myself—praise I would have asked from the lips of no man; but I would have wished to read in the glow of Sarah's countenance that her husband was respected. My love, Sarah! it was

not thus that I thought to have requited your affection. I did hope to be a prop round which your affections might have clung, and which would never have broken; but a rude blast has snapped it, and they have fallen over a grave.

"This is no time for affliction. I have had public motives to sustain my mind, and I have not suffered it to sink; but there have been moments in my imprisonment when my mind was so sunk by grief on her account that death would have been a refuge.

"God bless you, my dearest Richard. I am obliged to leave off immediately. ROBERT EMMET."

This letter was written with a firm hand. Thus he took leave of his friends, with a heart distressed for others, but undismayed for himself. Now he was to take leave of life.

> "A darker departure is near,
> The death-drum is muffled, and sable the bier."

It was twelve o'clock. Scarcely had he finished these sad farewells when the officers entered his cell to lead him away. He was ready. The turnkey stood by the door, and as he saw his young prisoner pass out attended by the sheriff and executioner, this man, whose trade makes the heart hard as prison walls, wept. Emmet's arms were pinioned, so that he could not extend his hand. But he stopped, and leaning forward, kissed his cheek, and the man fell at his feet insensible, and did not recover his consciousness until all was over.*

* Phillips' Recollections of Curran.

A little more than three years ago I stood on the spot where that young, faithful spirit ceased to live. It is in Thomas-street, in front of St. Catherine's Church. To me it was sacred ground. Many times I walked around the place, and as I moved slowly down the street, I turned often to look back. His spirit seemed to whisper in that air.

Even this brief attempt was followed by a long series of executions. Russell, the intimate friend of Tone and Sampson, had been the confederate of Emmet in this projected Revolution. Both perished. The Mexicans chose for their sacrifices the youths most remarkable for beauty and loveliness. So in these terrible days of blood, the fairest sons of Ireland seemed to be selected as offerings on the altar of their country. With the death of Emmet and Russell, the last spark of resistance was extinguished. But it was something for Ireland to show that the spirit of liberty still throbbed in the breasts of her crushed people.

> "'Tis thus that Freedom now so seldom wakes,
> The only throb she gives,
> Is when some heart indignant breaks,
> To show that still she lives."

When that brave but gentle heart was laid in the grave, there were many who wept for him. But there was one who never recovered from the blow. When he first declared his love to her, he received no encouragement. She answered that she had no attachment to any one, nor did she seem likely to have any that could make her willing to leave her father. It was not until danger

began to darken around him, and fearing to cause her unhappiness, he went to renounce any claim he might have even to her friendship, that he perceived by the manner in which she was affected that his love was returned, and that it was too late to retreat.* Probably it was not until the heart, whose last throb was for her, had ceased to beat, that she found how deeply her feelings were interested. Then appeared the constancy of woman's affection. Then she found that for her the light of existence was gone. Thenceforth the earth had no reality. She walked as in a sad, melancholy dream. Through scenes of brilliant gayety she wandered like a shadow. No more charms she found in dance or music, nor in the voice of man nor woman. She grew wan and pale, the spirit becoming gradually disembodied, till she sunk gently to rest.

It is on this tale of blighting, consuming grief, that is founded Irving's most touching story of the Broken Heart. To one so true Moore refers in the lines:—

> "O make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
> When they promise a glorious morrow,
> They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
> From her own loved island of sorrow."

* See his last letter to her father. Life of Curran, p. 304.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Exiles on the Continent.—They come to America.—Fate of Tone's Family.—His Widow remains in Paris.—Her Son studies at the University.—He joins the Army.—Serves in the Campaigns of 1813–14.—Wounded at the Battle of Leipsic.—Siege of Erfurt.—Quits the Army on the Fall of Napoleon.—The Family remove to the United States.

How grateful is the air of liberty to one who has long been a captive. The spirits of the exiles revived as they felt the free waves bounding beneath them. And yet their departure from Scotland was not unattended with sadness. While they were prisoners, there remained a hope of restoration to their country. But now they were hopelessly banished.

When they touched the Continent they felt for the first time that they were Exiles. Liberty lost half its charms as it was to be enjoyed away from their own country. "Perhaps exile," says Curran, "is the bitterest ingredient of captivity. The Jew felt it when he wept by the waters of Babylon. If adversity ever becomes a teacher, surely her school ought to be found in exile." Nothing can exceed the affection of the Irish for their native country. It is like that which Burns so often expresses for "poor auld Scotland." Their hearts pine, away

from their native hills. No splendor of foreign cities can compensate for long separation from the green island of their birth. It was from meeting an Irish exile at Hamburg that Campbell wrote his touching poem:—

"There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin."*

The prisoners from Fort George landed in Holland. There they separated. "The world was all before them." Some went to Hamburg; others to France. McNeven went to Switzerland, and spent the summer and autumn in traveling through its mountains on foot. He afterward published a volume describing his tour. He seized this opportunity also to visit his relatives in Germany. Emmet spent some months in Holland, at Amsterdam and Rotterdam. He passed the winter at Brussels. The next year McNeven and Emmet met in Paris. Here among other exiled countrymen, they found Sampson with his family, and the widow and children of Tone.

For a time it was the hope of the Irish Refugees in Paris, that the French government, on the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, would undertake another expedition to Ireland, in which Emmet and McNeven were eager to engage. In this they were disappointed. Napoleon, ambitious to raise himself to the throne, was no longer the young and ardent soldier of liberty. Republican France was relapsing into despotism, and the exiles felt that they must seek for freedom in another hemisphere.

* "Anthony McCann, 'the Exile of Erin,' was exiled previous to 1798; he was a handsome man, with a dejected cast of countenance; he lived at Altona."—*McNeven.*

Domestic grief also turned away the heart of Emmet from Ireland. In the summer of 1803 had taken place the insurrection of his brother Robert, with its tragical termination. His parents, broken with their misfortunes, had sunk into the grave. His mother was mercifully taken away two or three days before the execution of her youngest son. His idolized sister too was no more. In such circumstances he could not think of returning to Ireland, even were he permitted. Every link which bound him to the land of his birth was broken! It was associated with scenes of bitterness, with prisons and scaffolds, and family desolation, with the destruction of kindred, and the extinction of his name. "Fortunately," says Madden, "in turning his face toward the transatlantic Antium, he could say, 'There is a world elsewhere.'"

There was no longer any barrier to the Irish patriots becoming citizens of this country. The cruel policy of excluding foreigners for their political opinions, was repudiated by Jefferson. "Shall we," he exclaimed, "whose forefathers received hospitality from the savage of the wilderness, deny it to our brethren in distress? Shall there be nowhere an asylum on the earth for persecuted humanity?"

Precluded by distance, and by her uniform policy, from engaging in the struggles of liberty abroad, our country delights at least to furnish a refuge for the brave and the unfortunate. We in America owe our best blood to the oppressions of the old world. The Puritans in New England, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Huguenots at the South, and the eminent Irish exiles at New York, are

the gifts of foreign despotism. And within the last year some of the most eminent men of Hungary have become citizens of this New Free World.

To America then the exiles turned.—* * * The anchor is up; the sail is set; the wind blows fair. At last the shores of Europe fade from sight.

The family of Tone remained in France until the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815.

After the death of Tone, his widow fixed her residence in Paris to attend to the education of her children. She remembered the dying charge of her husband, "You are now their only parent," and she devoted herself to them as one who was executing a sacred trust. The fate of Tone excited universal interest in Paris. Lucien Bonaparte was deeply affected by the story, and upon his speech in the Council of Five Hundred, Mrs. Tone was taken under the protection of the French government, and her children adopted by the nation. Two of them died in early years. Her only surviving son Talleyrand had proposed to adopt upon the death of Tone. But his mother preferred to have him under her own eye. She placed him in the University of Paris, and removed to the Latin Quarter, that she might be always near him. Here he pursued his studies eleven years. He then entered as a cadet in the School of Cavalry at St. Germain, under the special patronage of the Emperor. In 1813 he entered the army as Sub-Lieutenant of Chasseurs. He led a detachment into Germany to join the Grand Army, with which, after the retreat from Russia, Napoleon tried to beat back the allied armies

from France. It was the most stupendous campaign of the Great Captain. All Europe was pressing upon him. Our young soldier was thrown into the midst of this scene of war, incessantly on the march or in battle—at one time away in Silesia, then riding in the squadrons that are "pouring in hot haste" across the bridge of Dresden, while the battle is raging on the surrounding heights, and next fighting among the mountains of Bohemia, with "the enemy's bivouacs at night forming a complete circle of fire all around the horizon." We see him, now fighting hand to hand with Cossacks, and now charging under the furious Murat—then, when the bloody day is done, and the last volley has echoed among the hills, sitting around the camp-fires, listening by the ruddy light to the wild and stirring tales of war. Just before he set off for the army his mother had bought him a little Arabian horse, swift and full of fire, yet so gentle that it would eat bread out of her hand. This gallant little steed proved the best horse in the brigade, and three times saved his master's life, at last by the sacrifice of his own. Young Tone had already been wounded by a grape-shot at Goldberg, and received three saber thrusts at Muhlberg In the latter action he was surrounded by Cossacks. "The speed and ferocity of my Solyman," he said, "saved me; he flung and kicked about, and how I clung to him I know not, but he carried me off like a flash of lightning." At Leipsic he was pierced with six lance wounds, and owed his life to his horse being killed under him, and falling upon his rider. He was left upon the ground for dead.

When he awoke, the French and Austrian cavalry were

gone. The hurricane of battle had swept by. He was lying on the cold ground, in the midst of the unburied slain. By degrees the blood flowed through his stiffened limbs, and he was able to crawl back to the camp.

He was faint with loss of blood. "Two days he lay in a kind of stupor, stretched on the straw of the bivouacs, in the rear of the army, in the midst of the cannonade which thundered all around. Every now and then he would raise himself to inquire of the passing events." On the fourth day he was able to stir. Scarcely had the day broken, when bombs burst over the city and crashed through the houses. Napoleon had ordered a retreat, and the allies were endeavoring to carry the city by storm. The Imperial Guard held the rampart, while the rest of the army defiled out of the gates. The young wounded officer rushed forth into the street, and, carried forward in the current, crossed the bridge over the Elster a little before it was blown up.

The seat of war now approached the frontiers of France. Lieut. Tone was one of the garrison left to hold the strong fortress of Erfurt, which was bravely defended against the allies for seven months, and surrendered only when Napoleon had abdicated, and Louis XVIII. was on the throne of France. Then Tone was sent to Paris to signify its submission. The garrison felt not a little pride in being the last that yielded. Tone had risen to the rank of captain, and received the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

He remained in the army, and on the return of Napoleon from Elba, again took the field in support of his old

commander. His military career was closed by the battle of Waterloo.

In Tone's last letter to his wife there was a postscript: —"I think you have a friend in Wilson who will not desert you." This was a Scotch gentleman of the purest and noblest character. Since the death of Tone he had proved a friend indeed. He had purchased a large sum in the French funds, and left it in the hands of a banker in Paris for her to draw upon whenever she had need. And now that the fall of Napoleon had deprived her of her protector, he came over to France, and offered her his hand and fortune. The case was a difficult one. He was her best friend on earth. But, like the intended bride of Robert Emmet, she had once loved another, and

"Her heart in the grave of her hero was lying."

But he had her esteem, and now sought her hand that he might have a right to be her companion and protector. She yielded, and they were privately married in the chapel of the British Embassy. They left shortly after for America, and settled in Washington.

CHAPTER XXX.

Career of Emmet in America.—Admitted to the Bar.—Immediate Success.—Character of his Eloquence.—Appears before the Supreme court at Washington.—Described by Judge Story.—His home.—His Death.

When Emmet landed at New York, he was about forty years of age. He had lost six years of the prime of manhood in imprisonments and in exile. His fortune was reduced, and he had a large family to support. At first he was in doubt whether to commence the practice of law or medicine. He had long been broken off from his legal studies, and he was equally qualified to enter either profession. When he had decided upon the bar, he proposed to remove to Ohio, thinking that a new country would be better for his children.

As it happened, a man of Irish descent was then governor of the State of New York. It was the venerable George Clinton, who the next year became vice-president of the United States. De Witt Clinton had just resigned a seat in the Senate, and was then mayor of the city. Both these gentlemen sent for Mr. Emmet and told him to remain in New York. His great talents must command patronage. General Hamilton, who had been at the head of the bar, had been killed in a duel by Aaron Burr, and

there was a great opening which Mr. Emmet could occupy. As to the western country, it was at that time a wilderness, and no place for a great lawyer. Mr. Emmet replied that he would gladly remain in New York, but that he could not practice without three years' study. George and De Witt Clinton therefore made application to the judges of the Supreme Court to dispense with the usual requirement, and obtained their assent—a departure from the ordinary rules of the court, which was only justified by the knowledge of his great legal attainments, and of his distinction at the bar of another country.

Mr. Emmet now began his brilliant professional career. The impression which he produced was immediate and decided. His first cause was a defense of several fugitive slaves. He entered into it with the ardor of his Irish nature, and pleaded for the helpless with great eloquence and pathos. The audience were electrified. His friends said that his fortune was made, and so it proved.

From that time he rose rapidly. Business flowed in upon him, and he soon found himself in the possession of a lucrative practice and of extensive fame, and was employed in the most important causes in the country.

Mr. Emmet had every qualification for a great lawyer. His mind was quick. He saw the points of a case at a glance. And once entered upon it, his temperament led him to investigate it to the bottom. The same ardor and perseverance, which he had shown in studying mathematics, when a prisoner at Fort George, he now showed in investigating the facts of a case. He was a hard student

to the close of life. Often, after returning from a day of exhausting labor in the courts, he would retire to his room, and continue the investigation of a cause until after midnight. Hence he came into court thoroughly prepared, and was not to be taken off his guard. When necessary, he could make nice distinctions with the subtilty of a metaphysician. Yet the general character of his mind was comprehensive. He could enlarge or contract the lens of his mind so as to make it either a microscope or a telescope.

He was perfectly familiar with the detail of statutes, yet he preferred to rest his cause on the broad principles of the common law. Clear in the statement of a case, lucid in the arrangement of facts, it was in bringing forward the principles of justice which lie at the foundation of all law, that his power chiefly lay. His feelings became excited, and his countenance betrayed his emotions. At such moments he used much action, often gesturing with great violence. It was then, in giving utterance to his indignation against wrong, and in his plea for right between man and man, that he awed the assembly and made their blood run cold.

In common with the Irish orators he possessed a rich and exuberant imagination. But this faculty was perfectly under control. He knew when to use it—to enliven the dull details of law, or to revive the attention of the jury. But it was never suffered to overload or obscure the subject. As was said of Erskine, that "while he dazzled, charmed and astonished all who heard him in Westminster Hall, the hard head and watchful skill of the

lawyer were always perceptible," so Emmet, in the wide sweep of his imagination, and the rush of his emotions, never suffered the point of the verdict to escape him.

The speeches of Mr. Emmet abounded in illustrations, which were generally very happy. His life had been spent in the old world. He was familiar with its history. He had acted history. References to the actors of his own or other times, were often introduced pertinently and with very striking effect. Especially in allusions to his country his voice swelled with indignation at her wrongs, and subsided into pathos, as he pictured her wretchedness, which moved all who heard him.

The courage of Emmet, which had borne him through a stormy period of Revolution, was conspicuous at the bar. He had an undaunted spirit. He was never cowed by an overbearing opponent. He indulged in no personalities, manifesting the utmost courtesy in debate. But if attacked, as was sometimes the case, his retort was always ready. Perhaps his most extraordinary power was that of instant and overwhelming reply. Attack aroused him. On such occasions his eye flashed fire, and pointing with his quivering finger to his assailant, he poured forth a vehemence of invective which taught his presumptuous adversary not to repeat the offense. Mr. Duer mentions as the great peculiarity of his eloquence, "that *imperiatorial* tone which his superior genius enabled him without affectation to assume."

In other ways, the character of Emmet was apparent in his speeches. He had the keenest sensibility for others who had suffered injustice. Hence he was led to take side

ardently with one who was wronged. This warmth of feeling sometimes betrayed him into error, as he was easily persuaded into a conviction of the justice of his cause.

The following impressions of Mr. Emmet are from the highest authority—that of the late Judge Story:—

"It was in the winter of 1815 that I became acquainted with Mr. Emmet. He was then for the first time in attendance upon the Supreme Court at Washington, being engaged in some important prize causes then pending in the court. Although at that period he could have been little turned of fifty years of age, the deep lines of care were marked upon his face, the sad remembrances, as I should conjecture, of past sufferings, and of those anxieties which wear themselves into the heart. There was an air of subdued thoughtfulness about him, that read to me the lessons of other interests than those which belonged to mere professional life. He was cheerful, but rarely if ever gay; frank and courteous, but he soon relapsed into gravity when not excited by the conversation of others.

"Such, I remember, were my early impressions; and his high professional character, as well as some passages in his life, gave me a strong interest in all that concerned him. There were too some accidental circumstances connected with his arguments on that occasion, which left a vivid recollection upon all who had the pleasure of hearing him. It was at this time that Mr. Pinckney, of Baltimore, one of the proudest names in the annals of the American bar, was in the meridian of his glory.—Mr. Emmet was a new and untried opponent, and brought with him the ample honors won at one of the most distinguished bars in the

Union. In the only causes in which Mr. Emmet was engaged, Mr. Pinckney was retained on the other side; and each of these causes was full of important matter, bearing upon the public policy and prize law of the country. Curiosity was awakened; their mutual friends waited for the struggle with impatient eagerness; and a generous rivalry, roused by the public expectations, imparted itself to their own bosoms. A large and truly intelligent audience was present at the argument of the first cause. It was not one which gave much scope to Mr. Emmet's peculiar powers. The topic was one with which he was not very familiar. He was new to the scene, and somewhat embarrassed by its novelty. His argument was clear and forcible, but he was conscious that it was not one of his happiest efforts. On the other hand, his rival was perfectly familiar with the whole range of prize law; he was at home, both in the topic and in the scene. He won an easy victory, and pressed his advantages with vast dexterity, and as Mr. Emmet thought, with somewhat of the display of triumph. The case of the Nereide, so well known in our prize history, was soon after called on for trial. In this second effort Mr. Emmet was far more successful. His speech was greatly admired for its force and fervor, its variety of research, and its touching eloquence. It placed him at once, by universal consent, in the first rank of American advocates. I do not mean to intimate that it placed him before Mr. Pinckney, who was again his noble rival for victory. But it settled forever, his claims to very high distinction in the profession. In the exordium of his speech, he took occasion to mention the em-

barrassment of his own situation, the novelty of the forum, and the public expectations which accompanied the cause. He spoke with generous praise of his opponent, whom fame and fortune had followed both in Europe and America. And then, in the most delicate and affecting manner, he alluded to the events of his own life, in which misfortune and sorrow had left many deep traces of their ravages. 'My ambition,' said he, 'was extinguished in my youth; and I am admonished by the premature advances of age, not now to attempt the dangerous paths of fame.' At the moment when he spoke, the recollections of his sufferings melted the hearts of the audience, and many of them were dissolved in tears. From that period I was accustomed to hear Mr. Emmet at the bar of the Supreme Court in almost every variety of causes; and my respect for his talents constantly increased until the close of his life. I take pleasure in adding that his affability, his modest and unassuming manner, his warm feelings and his private virtues, gave a charm to his character which made it at once my study and delight.

"That he had great qualities as an orator can not be doubted by any one who has heard him.* His mind possessed a good deal of the fervor which characterizes his

* This impression of greatness he produced on all who approached him. Says Mr. Duer, "Thomas Addis Emmet, in head and in heart, and in no vulgar sense of the term, was a great man, and as an orator, with the single exception of Burke, unsurpassed by any that his country has produced." It was this union of head and heart which made him great. After all, the truest greatness is of the soul—the divine beauty of virtue—the love of truth and justice. A strong intellect and noble passions must combine in every great human character.

countrymen. It was quick, vigorous, searching and buoyant. He kindled as he spoke. There was a spontaneous combustion, as it were, not sparkling, but clear and glowing. His rhetoric was never florid; and his diction, though select and pure, seemed the common dress of his thoughts as they arose, rather than any studied effort at ornament. Without being deficient in imagination, he seldom drew upon it for resources to aid the effect of his arguments, or to illustrate his thoughts. His object seemed to be, not to excite wonder or surprise, to captivate by bright pictures and varied images, and graceful groups and startling apparitions; but by earnest and close reasoning to convince the judgment, or to overwhelm the heart by awakening its most profound emotions. His own feelings were warm and easily touched. His sensibility was keen, and refined itself almost into a melting tenderness. His knowledge of the human heart was various and exact. He was easily captivated by the belief that his own cause was just. Hence his eloquence was most striking for its persuasiveness. He said what he felt, and he felt what he said. His command over the passions of others was instantaneous and sympathetic. The tones of his voice, when he touched on topics calling for deep feelings, were themselves instinct with meaning. They were utterances of the soul as well as of the lips."

Thus constantly engaged in the highest court of the nation, the fame of Emmet extended to all parts of the country. An eminent lawyer, writing from the west, said, "Thomas Addis Emmet is the great luminary whose light

even crosses the western mountains. His name rings down the valley of the Mississippi, and we hail his efforts with a kind of local pride." It was happy for his fame that the last half of his life was given to the new world. He has thus connected his name with both hemispheres.

In private life Emmet was the most simple of men He was modest and unassuming, a trait particularly beautiful in one of his eminent talents. Plain in his dress and in his style of living, he was a model of republican simplicity. He was strictly temperate in his habits, by which he preserved uninterrupted health, notwithstanding the severe and constant application which his profession required. In his dealings he was scrupulously honest and upright, while to his friends he was generous and obliging. The kindness of his heart was particularly manifest in his treatment of the younger members of the bar. He encouraged their efforts, and pointed out their faults, with the kindness of a father, sometimes adding playfully, "Let me see you do that again."

In ordinary conversation he was not particularly brilliant. His mind seemed then to be in repose. Though he had by nature the cheerful spirit of his countrymen, he was rarely gay. The sad events of his early life had given to his countenance, when not animated, an expression of thoughtful melancholy.

Exile did not wean his attachment from his native land. He continued to watch its fortunes with interest. Yet he had no wish to revisit Ireland. There were too many sad memories connected with that soil. In a letter to a friend

in Dublin, he said, "I am too proud, when vanquished, to assist by my presence in gracing the triumph of the victor, and with what feelings should I tread on Irish ground? as if I were walking over graves, and those the graves of my nearest relations and dearest friends. There is not now in Ireland an individual that bears the name of Emmet."

He went little into society. His happiness was at home. His wife was the worthy partner of such a man. She had shared his imprisonments. And she had his devoted attachment in his prosperous days. He was fond of his children and of reading. In the midst of his family and of his books he had all which life could afford to make him happy. He lived to see his sons attain to manhood, and occupying high positions in society.

Emmet died in 1827. He had been engaged in an important cause for the Sailor's Snug Harbor. He was employed to defend a humane bequest to superannuated seamen. It seemed beautifully suited to the whole tenor of his life that, as his first effort at the American bar was in defense of a slave, his last was in behalf of a charitable institution. He began his career in the service of liberty, and ended it in the service of charity. He was trying this cause in the United States Circuit Court when he was struck with death. The pen with which he was writing dropped from his hand. He fell back in an apoplectic fit. Instantly the court rose. The bar gathered round to raise up the great advocate, fallen on the field of his fame. The judges came down from the bench, watching with painful interest the signs of death stealing over that noble countenance. The audience stood in anxious sus-

pense, with their eyes riveted on the form of the dying orator. He was carried to his home, and expired that night.

The news of his death fell upon the city as a public calamity. When he was borne to his grave, the mayor and council of the city, the judges of all the courts, the members of the bar, and an immense concourse of citizens, in mournful procession, followed the bier.

A marble obelisk was erected to his memory by public subscription, bearing inscriptions in three languages, one in English by Gulian C. Verplanck, Esq., one in Latin by Mr. John Duer, and a third in Irish by Bishop England of Charleston, South Carolina. It stands in the cemetery of St. Paul's Church, fronting Broadway, a fitting monument to the ever passing crowd of the virtues of Thomas Addis Emmet.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Dr. McNeven settles in New York.—Chosen professor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons.—Marries an American Lady.—Efforts for Irish Emigrants.—Sampson resumes the Practice of Law.—Friendship of the Exiles.—Their Families connected by Marriage.—Happy Days.—Death of Sampson and McNeven.—They are buried side by side.

McNeven followed Emmet to America in 1805. He landed in New York on the 4th of July. He often spoke of his feelings, as he stepped on the Battery, and found himself in the midst of a crowd of military and citizens, celebrating their deliverance from that power which still oppressed his own land. "His heart warmed to his new brethren," but he knew no one, and as he walked up Broadway to the City Hotel, he felt that he was a stranger in a strange land. By a singular coincidence Sampson landed in New York the same day of the following year.

Neither McNeven nor Sampson had reason long to feel that they were strangers. McNeven resumed the practice of medicine in which he soon became honorably distinguished, and was appointed to a professorship in the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

In America he found a home and a wife. In 1810 he married a lady of one of the oldest families of New York.

He had now every thing to make him feel that he was an American citizen. He accordingly entered with interest into the political questions of the day, and took pride in the prosperity and power of his adopted country.

Still he never lost his affection for Ireland. He followed with interest its political agitations, and sympathized warmly in the exertions of O'Connell. He lived to see Catholic Emancipation, which had been the great measure of his early life, triumph gloriously after a struggle of forty years.

McNeven took much to heart the unfriended condition of Irish emigrants, arriving in great numbers in America without friends and without a guide. In 1816 he opened a free office for procuring them employment, and afterward a free registry office for servants.

Sampson resumed the profession of law, and rapidly rose to eminence. He was the legal adviser of Joseph Bonaparte and of the most distinguished French refugees who came to America on the fall of Napoleon. Some of these had befriended him when in exile, and it was now his power and his happiness to aid and cheer them in their banishment.

He had come to America alone, but in 1810 he was joined by his wife and family, from whom he was never again separated. The stormy scenes through which he had passed in his own country, set in brighter relief the repose which he found in ours. He was peculiarly fitted for domestic pleasures. He had that union of gentleness with intrepidity which marks the heroic character. His

warm Irish heart, his placid temper, and cheerful spirits, enlivened every circle into which he entered. In the society of New York he frequently met Englishmen, who were perplexed to find that the atrocious rebels of whom they had heard, were humane and kind-hearted men, and of the most gentle and courteous manners.

The Irish exiles among themselves always maintained intimate and affectionate relations. Their families were afterward connected by marriage. Among the French emigrants who were befriended by Sampson, was the only son of Wolfe Tone. He had thrown up his commission in the French army on the fall of Napoleon, and now sought a home in America. Mr. Sampson received him into his office as a student of law. After a few years, when he had entered on his profession, he was married to the only daughter of Sampson. The eldest son of Emmet had already been married to the step-daughter of McNeven.

In Madden's Lives of the United Irishmen there is a sketch of McNeven by his daughter, which contains a pleasing reference to the intimacy which existed between the Irish families then settled in New York:—

"At the period of Mr. Emmet's death I was too young to have many personal recollections of him; but of Mr. Sampson I have the most vivid and affectionate remembrance. His family and ours have ever been united in the warmest friendship, and when I look back, the pleasantest of our past recollections are connected with him. He possessed, more than any one I ever knew, the power of creating enjoyment; it was impossible that any company could be dull of which he was a part. His brilliant wit

and pleasant fancy enlivened and adorned the conversation, whether grave or gay. I wish it were in my power to describe, as I remember it, the delightful social intercourse between our families.

"My grandfather, Mr. Riker, a descendant of the early Dutch settlers, resided on his farm, on the shore of a beautiful bay about eight miles from the city. He had served his country through her revolutionary struggle, and afterward as a representative in Congress; and had a mind and heart to appreciate and understand men like my father and Mr. Sampson, whose society he greatly enjoyed. Mr. Sampson, to the great qualities of his mind, added a refinement, I may say a poetry of feeling, which enabled him to relish keenly the beauties of nature, and to tinge even the commonplace realities of life with a bright and pleasing coloring. He had always great delight in boating, and during his years of health and vigor, was never without a boat large enough to hold himself, his friends, and their families, and it was one of his greatest pleasures to collect them together, and make excursions up the river, to visit the Rikers, his friends at Bowery Bay. The sail from New York up the East River is one of much variety and beauty, with just sufficient peril in passing through the narrow passage called Hellgate, to give it a romantic interest; but Mr. Sampson was a master of boat-craft, and used safely to conduct his little vessel through all dangers, until it entered the smooth waters of the bay, when he would give notice of his approach, by playing an air on his flute, always his companion, and he was greeted by a hearty welcome before his boat could reach the shore.

Sometimes the sound of his flute might be heard at the quiet farm-house, of a moonlight night, as late as eleven or twelve o'clock. The doors were immediately thrown open to receive the party, and after passing an hour or two in cheerful conversation, he and his friends would take the turn of the tide and sail gayly back to the city. I have often, in thinking of these scenes, contrasted the peaceful serenity and pure pleasures of the exiled lives of my father and his friends, with the stormy and painful ordeal they had encountered in their native land."

In 1829, Sampson writing to his old friend Hamilton Rowan, says, "It is so long since I have encountered any hostility or ill office, or envious or angry words from any man, that I may truly say, I live in charity with all mankind, in which blessed spirit, as they say at the end of all sermons, may we all live."

Thus happy in the bosom of his family and respected by all who knew him, he lived here in peace and honor thirty years.

But the longest and brightest day must come to a close. In 1820 Sampson had received a severe shock in the death of his only son, who bore the name of Curran, and had been educated for the bar. He had studied at the law school in Litchfield, and in 1818 entered upon practice in New Orleans. Here he had great advantage from speaking the French language with the same facility as the English. His Irish warmth of manner, and his liberal political opinions, made him a favorite with the French population. This, united with fine talents and a thorough education, gave promise of high success. He had already entered on

a brilliant career, when he was struck down by the yellow fever in August, 1820, about the same time with another young man of great promise in a different profession, the lamented Larned.

Sampson died in 1836, after a lingering illness, which he bore with the serenity and fortitude which had marked his whole life. His widow still lives in New York in a beautiful old age. She is the last of the exiles.

Mr. Wilson, who married the widow of Tone, and settled in Washington, lived but a few years. Mrs. Tone Wilson (as she was always called) died at her residence in Georgetown, March, 1849. Her son, who settled in New York, and married the only daughter of Sampson, his father's friend, died in 1828, leaving a widow and daughter, who are all that now bear the name of Tone. Mrs. Sampson and Mrs. Tone reside together, watching over the only descendant of two families distinguished in the history of their country.

In 1841 McNeven was borne to his grave. He died as he lived, in the communion of the Roman Catholic church. His funeral took place from St. Patrick's Cathedral, where his countryman, Bishop Hughes, read the solemn service for the dead, and as the heavy tones of the organ rolled through the aisles, solemn and plaintive voices chanted a requiem for the departed soul.

A few miles from New York, in a small grave-yard overlooking the waters of the Sound, rest Sampson and McNeven, two as brave hearts as ever lived or died for any country. The Protestant and the Catholic sleep side by side, as if to carry out even in the grave the principles of

the United Irishmen. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided." A rose-bush, planted on this spot, has grown till it now covers it with beauty and fragrance. Not many months ago an Irish heart, led by sympathy to the spot, discovered that a little bird had built its nest over the graves. Was this the spirit of some Irish exile, which had come to pour its lament over the dust of the benefactors of his country?

We might lament the hard fate of these men, were we not consoled by the reflection that no great example is ever lost to the world. It is not in vain that we contemplate the sad and beautiful lesson of virtue in adversity, a sight worthy of the gods. No men ever had a better cause, or fought for it with more steadiness, or suffered for it with more constancy. They awaked their country from the sleep of ages. They strove to raise up a crushed people from the most abject bondage. They sought to extinguish the religious feuds which had descended from generation to generation. They drove away the foul fiend, bigotry, from the island. They set an example of union. They taught their countrymen that they were brothers, and that, if united, they might be free.

For a time they met only obloquy and persecution. Their names were cast out as evil. The storm of power burst upon their heads. They were scorned and outlawed, imprisoned and finally banished forever from their country.

But the seed which they had planted in the Irish soil still remained and grew. From their home on the other

side of the Atlantic, they watched the progress of their principles. They lived to see them triumphant, not only in Ireland, but in England. Time vindicated the wisdom of their policy. A great change has taken place since 1798. Fifty years, if they have not completed the liberation of Ireland, have accomplished the objects at which the United Irishmen originally aimed.

The very government which drove them into exile or into the grave, has paid the highest tribute to their memory in the adoption of their measures. Those military atrocities which goaded a brave people into rebellion, have long since ceased. Catholic Emancipation, which was derided as an impossible reform, is now an accomplished fact. And the English Parliament has had to carry out in its own body, that more just representation which was vainly demanded in Ireland. In this great victory of justice over injustice the exiles had a part.

The voice of the exile from a foreign shore, is often more powerful with his countrymen than if he still lived among them. It derives pathos and power from distance. It sounds afar off, sad, yet mighty, as the ocean. It becomes prophetic. It is like the voice of a remote time. It anticipates the sentence of history.

How strange are the revolutions of opinion! Fifty years ago these men were banished as traitors. But

> "Time is the restorer of the just,
> The beautifier of the dead."

Now their names have entered into history. Even the sternest judge can pronounce no severer condemnation

than that they loved their country, "not wisely but too well."

The exiles sleep on a foreign shore, but they are not forgotten in the land of their birth. They shared her unhappy fortunes. It is their reward to have left a name which shall be forever green as their native island.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A last Look at Ireland.—Sad Aspects.—The late Famine.—Bright Spots here and there.—Emancipation of the Catholics.—The Established Church.—Grant to Maynooth.—The Queen's Colleges.—Old Parties broken up.—The Orangemen.—No more Repeal.—Sale of Encumbered Estates.--Tenant Right.—Elasticity of the Irish Character.—National Faults and Virtues.—Warm Affections.—The Irish Emigrant.—Welcome to America.—Hope of better Days.

Standing thus by the graves of the exiles, we turn to take a last look at the land they left beyond the sea. How fares she now?

We take leave of Ireland with a feeling of sadness. She is still unhappy. The harp of Erin, that hangs suspended in the night wind, gives forth a melancholy strain. For several years past that country has presented the saddest spectacle under heaven. Famine and pestilence stalk through pale and stricken millions. In those who have strength left to go, is begun a wholesale system of expatriation. The sands of every beach echo the tread of their departing feet. Ship after ship bears them away across the rolling billow, to Australia or to America, yet never to forget

"Their own loved island of sorrow."

It was happy that the exiles did not live to see the miseries which have since visited their native land. Their eyes were closed in death before they could witness this accumulation of woe.

Yet even in this dark prospect there are some bright spots. Ireland is not dead. The island is not sunk in the sea. The stormy Northern Ocean has rolled its tremendous waves for centuries against the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway. And still it dashes its spray high in air, but the mighty cliffs remain.

So the resources of Ireland are not all gone. It is common to think that a country so old, and that has seen so much suffering, must have exhausted its life. But in nature there is eternal youth. Ireland blooms to-day as fresh and fair as ever. The corn on her hills is springing fresh and green. Her rivers still run swift and sparkling to the sea.

Indeed man has but begun to appreciate the wealth of that beautiful island. The capital of London is beginning to pour into it. English travel turns from the highlands of Scotland to the beauties of the sister island. A railway conveys the tourist from Dublin to the Lakes of Killarney.

The mind of the nation too is awaking. In 1797 Grattan said, "The progress of the human mind in the course of the last twenty-five years has been prodigious in Ireland." The struggle for independence gave a spring to the life of the people. Even the political agitations since, have been a sign of hope, returning into the breasts of a crushed and abject people.

The Irish are also slowly experiencing political justice. We believe the people of England are now disposed to do justice to Ireland. The emancipation of the Catholics was finally carried in 1829, thirty years after it had been promised as the price of union. The exertions of Sidney Smith and Brougham, and of so many of the noble spirits of England, obtained this great act of national justice, and the first Catholic who entered the British House of Commons was Daniel O'Connell.

Since that day Ireland has never wanted an advocate on that floor. The eloquence of Shiel, the companion of O'Connell in the struggle for Catholic emancipation, and now the strong voices of Cobden and Bright, plead for justice to Ireland, and do not plead in vain.

To render complete justice to both Catholics and Dissenters, the present Established Church of Ireland should be abolished. It is an abuse which ought not to stand. It is not the Church of the people. It is forced upon them against their will. It accomplishes little for their moral improvement, while it is a heavy burden to the State. It is little changed since the time of James II., when it is characterized by Macaulay as the "most absurd ecclesiastical establishment the world has ever seen.—Four archbishops and eighteen bishops, were employed in looking after about a fifth part of the number of churchmen who inhabited the single diocese of London." We have heard of "a church without a bishop," but never until we visited Ireland, did we understand how a church could subsist "without a congregation."

To some it may appear a laudable religious zeal to

maintain expensive churches, which are unvisited except by the rector, the clerk, and the beadle. But to Americans, who abjure all establishments, it appears downright stupidity, and a waste of wealth which might be applied to better use.

We cherish no Puritan hatred to the Church of England. All honor to that great Communion which has furnished a refuge to so many distracted minds and weary hearts, and given them the unspeakable blessing of a Christian faith and hope. We would not displace a single arch or column from her temples, nor pluck rudely the moss from a single gray wall. Burke has uttered the true sentiment in his noble language:—"I wish to see the Established Church of England great and powerful. I wish to see her foundations laid low and deep, that she may crush the giant powers of rebellious darkness. I would have her head raised up to that heaven to which she conducts us. But Episcopacy may fail and Religion exist. The most horrid and cruel blow that can be offered to civil society is through Atheism.—Do not promote diversity. Where you have it bear it. Let it be but a serious religion. Take what you can get; cherish, blow up the lightest spark."

It is by general tolerance and encouragement of all forms of Christianity, that a principle of reverence and of religion is to be planted in the hearts of the nation, rather than by forcing one Church on a reluctant people.

The Act of Parliament, granting £27,000 a year to Maynooth College, though many of the Protestants made an outcry about it, was but an act of justice to the Catho-

lics of Ireland—none the less so because so long delayed. The Protestants have seized the old cathedrals, the vast religious foundations, the Church lands, and it is but right that they should make a slight restitution, even at this late day. As a matter of policy also, to tranquilize Ireland, a first point must be to gain the priests. And they are much more likely to be loyal subjects, educated at home, than if driven abroad by oppressive laws to the Universities of France and Spain. It is better that they should go to Maynooth than to St. Omer's or Seville.

It is the true interest of England to educate all her Irish subjects, Catholic and Protestant. This noble object is sought in the establishment of the Queen's Colleges. Three are already in operation—at Belfast, Cork, and Galway. They are richly endowed, and are open equally to Catholics and Protestants.

It is a hopeful sign for Ireland that old parties are being broken up. The Orange association, after having caused discord and misery enough, is dead.

This body, which takes its name from William, Prince of Orange, banded together—so say its members—to support "Protestant ascendency" in the island. The Catholics affirm with more reason, that its object is to persecute them. A body organized for a political purpose, yet taking the pretense and the sanction of religion, must always become an abuse. The professed zeal for Protestantism which has animated the Orange party, has been well described as "hatred of popery, ignorance of Christianity, and a total absence of moral principle."

But this organization, that has perpetuated religious hatreds so long, has had its day. The late dismissal of their chief, Lord Roden, from the magistracy, is a sign that government is disposed to break with this faction that has ruled and ruined Ireland. Severe acts of Parliament against their processions have completed their humiliation. The last tidings were that the Orange lodges were tearing up their flags and smashing their drums, signs of entirely disbanding. It is the best thing they have done since they had an existence. "Nothing in life becomes them like leaving it."

On the other hand, little is to be expected for the permanent good of Ireland from violent agitation for Repeal. The day for this too has gone by. Guilty as the Union was at first, it does not follow that its repeal is to be thought of as a remedy for the present distresses of the country. The Union was consummated by bribing a legisture, but the parties are now married to each other for better, for worse, and they must make the best of it. The evils of Ireland will be mitigated much more by drawing still closer the bonds of union, than by perpetually suing for a divorce. In the late famine England made the most noble exertions for her relief, and it is time to forget old causes of bitterness and to live in harmony. Lord John Russell proposes to abolish the vice-regal court. This will draw closer the bonds of union. Why should Ireland be regarded as a separate kingdom any more than Scotland? Besides, the Lord Lieutenant has generally fallen into the hands of the Orange faction, and helped to

maintain an odious party ascendency, which must always irritate the feelings of the native Irish.

Now that railroads traverse every part of the United Kingdom, and that steamboats cross the channel in three hours, Ireland is not so far off as Wales was a century ago. Dublin is as near to London as Edinburgh.

It is time then to give up useless agitation, and to turn the people to practicable reforms. No more monster meetings! Let the strong arms of the peasantry cultivate the land. The bill for the relief of encumbered estates was a great step in the right direction. There is land enough in Ireland to support her whole population, could it be in the hands of persons living on it, and be properly cultivated. But it has been divided into immense tracts, owned generally by noblemen residing out of the country, who have drained off the whole income to be spent in London. Of course they have depreciated in value, and been encumbered with heavy mortgages. But by the law of entail they could not be sold. The proprietor who seldom visited his estate had little inducement to make improvements. His policy has been to get the full income from his land, and to expend nothing upon it. Thus Ireland has been reduced to the lowest point of poverty. Her people have been starving while whole districts lay waste.

The effect of this bill is to break up this old feudalism, to sweep away those vast properties which have been an incubus upon the prosperity of Ireland. Great estates are brought into market. They are divided into small farms, and sold,—generally to the cultivators of the soil. These are men who live on the land, and who will pour back

into the bosom of the country the wealth which they draw from it.

One thing more is wanting, to encourage the laborer in his toil—a just Landlord and Tenant law. The bane of Ireland is an abominable system of land-letting. Every proprietor wishes to get the utmost from his estate, he employs an agent to grind the faces of the poor—a character proverbially as harsh and exacting as the overseer on a slave plantation. This petty tyrant does not scruple to extort from the miserable peasant the highest rent, and at the same time to refuse him any allowance for his improvements, for the better cultivation of the land, or the buildings he may put upon it. Of course he has no motive to labor for any thing beyond his bread. If he tills the soil so well as to get a large crop, and raises the value of the land, the landlord will raise his rent. If he build a good house for his family, he may be turned out of it at the end of the year without a penny for his trouble. Thus the Irish proprietor is a slaveholder. The peasants are his slaves. They hold life but at his pleasure. They are indeed far more miserable than the slaves on our Southern plantations, for while they are equally dependent, they have not the claim on their master of being his property. If the landlord *owned* his serfs, he would take care of them for the same reason that he keeps his horses in good condition. But now he works them like slaves so long as it is for his interest, and then turns them out by the roadside to starve.

These facts should be remembered by those who charge the Irish with being an idle and shiftless people. They

have no motive to work. The Irish laborer has not had a fair chance. Give him his rights, and then see if his arm is not as strong, and his will as hearty, as that of the free and independent laborer of our own country.

At length this has become the absorbing question in Ireland. Other excitements have subsided. Emancipation is carried, and Repeal is dead. Now for Tenant Right —the right of the honest laborer to the work of his hands, to the bread which he earns with the sweat of his brow.

Recently a large convention assembled in Dublin and organized a Tenant Right League, which promises to prove as powerful as the Corn Law League in England. All sects and ranks join in the movement. In the Convention Presbyterian ministers and Catholic priests sat side by side. We anticipate more from this measure than from any other which could be passed. Hitherto the effort to extinguish pauperism has been by means of poor-houses and poor-rates. A more effectual method now presents itself, by removing the causes which have reduced a nation to beggary. This is the true organization of labor—to give to every man the fruit of his toil.

Yet our chief hope for Ireland is in the unconquerable spirit of her people. Centuries of oppression have not broken it. There is an elasticity in the national character, a never exhausted freshness, like the perpetual green of their island. The carol of the lark is not more light and joyous, than is the Irish heart when the burden of oppression or sorrow is taken off.

No country has been more prodigal of genius than

Ireland. But other nations have reaped the glory. For six hundred years Ireland has had no distinct history. Her orators, her poets, her warriors, have swelled the fame of many lands. Her Burkes and Goldsmiths have spoken and written the English language, and have gone to swell the glory of English literature. To an Irishman we owe the Vicar of Wakefield, and many of the most charming writings in our language. The melodies of an Irish poet are sung on land and sea, far as English voices make music in their native tongue. An Irishman—Burke—was long the great luminary of England, the statesman and philosopher from whom senates learned wisdom. An Irishman—Sheridan—made that speech on the charge against Warren Hastings, of which "the wondrous three," Burke, Fox and Pitt, united to declare their admiration;—which Burke pronounced "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition;"—of which Fox said—"All that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapor before the sun;"—of which Pitt declared, "that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed every thing that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind."

An Irishman commanded the English army at Waterloo. Irish soldiers have fought the battles of England in Spain and India. What mighty public monuments might have been reared upon this island is unknown, for her temples and her pyramids are planted on English soil. Many a palace of the west end of London has been built

with wealth drained from her fields and from her famishing peasantry. Thus for England has she poured out her treasure and her blood. For this unreserved sacrifice of herself, "as poor, and yet making many rich," she deserves at least the gratitude of mankind, and sympathy in her misfortunes.

The faults of the Irish are often a subject of remark. It is well that their good qualities be not forgotten. Whoever has observed closely the traits of that extraordinary people, will recognize a noble nature, quick to form friendships, and full of liberal impulses. Their faults are those incident to a generous character—or induced by the miseries of their situation. "I love the Irish," said Charles Fox, "what they have of good is of themselves, what they have of bad is from you."

They are said to be improvident. This is partly the effect of those cruel laws which destroyed in the peasant all hope of accumulation, or of bettering his circumstances. He had no home, no plot of ground which was his own, no cottage which was his castle. He lived as he could from day to-day. Such people are always improvident. Insecurity of life or property begets reckless habits. He who is liable to be robbed of all he has, will hasten to spend it before the spoiler comes. He will waste in extravagance to-day, though he knows not where he is to get bread for to-morrow. But improvidence is partly the error of a too free and generous nature. Though poor himself, the Irish peasant is as hospitable as an Arab chief. The cabin door is ever open. He has little to offer, but what he has is at

the service of the stranger. In this respect Goldsmith, poor, but sharing his last farthing with a friend, is a type of the whole Irish nation.

The Irish are accused of deceitfulness. But this is the vice of servitude. "Oppression," says an old writer, "did of necessitie make the Irish a crafty people; for such as are oppressed and live in slavery are ever put to their shifts." Is it surprising that a people who have been treated as slaves for six hundred years, should have some of the vices of slaves?

They are said to be turbulent and resentful. But it is their tyrants who have made them so. They have been so long accustomed to oppression, that a sense of injury and wrong has been ground into their nature. They have come to regard resistance to authority, as almost of course resistance to injustice. But says Sir John Davies, "There is no nation under the sun that love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves, so as they may have the benefit and protection of the law when upon just cause they do desire it." Sir Edward Coke says, "I have been informed by many of them that have had judicial places there, and partly of mine own knowledge, that there is no nation of the Christian world that are greater lovers of justice, than they are, which virtue must of necessity be accompanied with many others."

Against these faults we may set up many of the noblest qualities of the human heart. If they are quick to resent an injury, no people in the world are more easily

touched by kindness. None are more susceptible to friendship, or show greater fidelity. Indeed their whole character is one of simple-hearted affection, so that they have been called truly the Children of the Nations.

Perhaps the most remarkable trait in the character of the Irish is their affection for each other. In any part of the world they recognize their countrymen as brothers. The ocean rolling between them and their fathers and mothers, does not make them forget the kindred they have left. Of this warmth of the Irish heart we have a striking proof, in the thousand remittances which go back monthly from poor laboring men and servant girls in this country, to help their brothers and sisters to emigrate. In the year 1849, nearly two millions of dollars passed through Liverpool and New York houses, from emigrants to their friends in Ireland.

A recent article in Frazer's Magazine on the British Post Office, speaking of the dead letters, says, "In looking over the list of articles remaining in these two offices, [the Scotch and the Irish] one can not help being struck with the manner in which they illustrate the feelings and habits of the two peoples. The Scotch dead letters rarely contain coin, and of articles of jewelry, such as form presents, sent as tokens of affection, there is a lamentable deficiency; while the Irish ones are full of little cadeaux, and small sums of money, illustrating at once the careless yet affectionate nature of the people. One item constantly meets the eye in Irish dead letters—"A free passage to New York." Relations, who have gone to America, and done well, purchase an emigration ticket, and forward it to some

relative in 'the ould country,' whom they wish to come over to join them in their prosperity. Badly written and worse spelt, many of them have little chance of ever reaching their destination, and as little of being returned to those who sent them. They lie silent in the office for a time, and are then destroyed, while hearts endeared to each other by absence, enforced by the sundering ocean, mourn in sorrow an imaginary neglect."

It must be matter of gratification to every heart that can feel for others' woe, that the relations are so intimate between Ireland and this country, and that we can furnish a home for her famishing children. America has already shown her sympathy for Ireland by sending ships laden with corn, to furnish food to her people when stricken by famine—an act of kindness which sunk deep into their hearts, and which they will never forget. America in return is looked to with affection by all the poorer Irish, as the land where their brothers and sisters have gone. No American traveler can visit Ireland, without being touched with the affectionate manner in which the peasantry speak of his country. "O never," says Phillips, "can Ireland forget the home of her emigrant, and the asylum of her exile."

We too, on our part, owe much to the Irish race. The very land we occupy, the freedom which we boast, have been purchased in part by Irish blood. Irish soldiers have fought in all our wars. The gallant Montgomery falling on the heights of Quebec, with the snow drifting around him for a winding-sheet, showed the chivalrous ardor with

which the sons of Ireland rushed to the battle for freedom. In that long and doubtful struggle for independence, colonists from the north of Ireland, who had emigrated but a few years before, were found in the ranks with our fathers. Their bodies were stretched on many a bloody plain. An Irish emigrant's boy, who was struck for refusing to black an English officer's boots, lived to draw up the riflemen of Kentucky in a line which stood like a wall of fire before the English columns at New Orleans, and which drove them headlong to their ships. In many a strife by land and sea Irishmen have stood beside our soldiers and sailors on the rampart and on the deck. Irish valor helped to plant the stars and stripes on the walls of Mexico. In boarding the enemy's ships in the last war with England, often the Irish brogue shouted with the men of Marblehead. And when we

> "Think of them that sleep
> Full many a fathom deep"

beneath our blood-dyed waters, let us not forget the strangers whose frames decay beside the bodies of our brave American tars.

But "peace has her victories as well as war." And in these Ireland has contributed still more to the grandeur of our country. We doubt if a railroad lies between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico, whose embankments have not been piled up by Irish hands. They have built our great public works, those monuments of national wealth and power, which are more glorious than the pyramids of

Egypt. A goodly sight it is to see these sturdy laborers swarming along the line of our iron highways, digging through the hills as if mining a city's walls, and to see their axes clearing a path through the forest. As a matter of policy therefore, we should draw closer our relations with Ireland, and encourage emigration to America.

The two countries are daily drawing nearer. Ireland lies in the track of our European commerce. A railroad has just been opened across the kingdom from Dublin to Galway, there to connect with a line of Ocean steamers to America. The trade of this country, which has enriched Liverpool, will yet enter the noble harbors on the western coast of Ireland. Those great ports stretch out their broad arms into the Atlantic, as if to welcome the ships which come sailing from the West.

But beside the obligation of mutual favors, which draw us together, Ireland has upon us the more sacred claim of misfortune. Her children are still in want and woe. Misery and famine are at their doors. The peasant is forced to leave his country, but he does it with a heavy heart. We can imagine no more touching spectacle than that of the Irish emigrant, about to bid farewell to his country, standing for the last time on one of her mountains, taking a last fond look of his native Erin, and turning mournfully to the setting sun that shines down on his future home. Be it our pride to offer hospitality to the suffering of the Old World. It is matter for congratulation that we have an empire so rich and vast—that in our great

Western Valley we are able to spread a table for the whole world, and invite mankind to a feast.

We sometimes hear regret expressed at the swarms of Irish emigrants which land upon our shores. But surely those who speak thus have never visited Ireland, and seen the miserable condition of her peasantry. If so, they would say, Welcome, one and all; welcome, in God's name, to our wide and bountiful land.

To see these peasants in their cabins at home, sitting on the floor of earth, or with faces pale and sunken, bending over the peat fire burning low, and distributing the last quart of potatoes to a group of ragged children—or to see the miserable objects, draped in tatters, that stand by the road-side, to beg,—these are sights to melt the sternest heart.

So it is a sad sight to see the Irish emigrants who land upon our wharves, as they first walk through the streets, staring about with a bewildered look, and feeling that they are indeed strangers in a strange land.

But it does one good to follow these same peasants, whose backs are bent, and whose spirits are almost broken, and to see them in a few months rising to the condition of independent and happy laborers; to see the abject of other lands, as soon as they touch Freedom's soil, erect themselves to the dignity of men.

A goodly sight it is to see these sons of Erin marching in the ranks of our soldiers—or to mark their plow-shares turning up the rich soil on our Western prairies—to see their cabins sprinkled about the clearing; the house-wife sitting before the door, plying her needle in the sun,

the children playing on the green sward, and to hear their voices bursting with a merry shout from the doors of our common schools—or to see the parents in their Sunday's best, walking to church, their children trooping by their side.

Welcome then to the brave, warm-hearted peasantry of Ireland. In this New World there is room enough for all. Welcome to the prairies of the Great Valley—and to a thousand towns and villages along our lakes and rivers. A mixture of Irish enthusiasm with New England shrewdness would improve both characters. The fusion of races will form a composite national character, superior to that of Celt or Saxon alone.

And let us hope too that Ireland will not be left to pine like a mother bereaved of her children. While thousands of her sons find happy homes this side the ocean, and here help to build up a mighty nation, the green Island itself may rise to a new life.

Poor Ireland! Her history is the saddest in the world. But may we not believe that her days of suffering are nearly ended? Many indeed of her bravest sons are beyond the reach of consolation. Their race is run. But they sleep sweetly, where every Irishman wishes to take his last repose, on the bosom of their mother, as if even in death they could not rest in peace except upon her breast. Their graves are green, and their memory does not die. For the living a better day is even now at hand.

The traveler who shall visit Ireland a few years hence, will not be made heart-sick by rows of poor-houses which

darken the land, and by groups of savage men who look out of the grated windows of jails. His eye will be gladdened with the sight of school-houses which stand under the aged oaks; boys and girls that now loiter along the road to beg of travelers, will trip merrily to school, and all the glens shall ring with holy bells. The low wail that now comes across the deep will cease, and hearts grow gay, and glad voices be heard in peasant's cot and lordly hall, at wedding and at festival, as in the days of old Erin. Then may her children assemble on the ancient hill of Tara, to revive the glories of their country, and sing the songs of other days. Then it may be seen that long adversity has made Ireland stronger and purer. These centuries of woe may unite the hearts of her people. Misfortune softens pride and bitterness. It brings reconciliation. Common grief becomes a bond of union and strength.

The human character is made perfect through sufferings. When the flower is crushed, it yields its richest and most abundant fragrance. So it is when heart and hope are crushed, that the human spirit exhales its finest essence. Already have the poverty and oppression of the Irish produced a rich harvest of beauteous affections. If these trials exalt their virtues, it is not in vain that they have suffered. Past sorrow may conduce to a serener future. When the storm is spent, there is a fresh life in the air, and often the long, dark day is followed by a clear, mild evening.

THE END.